

University of St. Michael's College



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# NIAGARA



# RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

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No. 1.

## The New Shepherd.

ON Sunday next, with all the elaborate ceremonial of the Church, His Grace Neil McNeil, D. D., the Fifth Archbishop of Toronto, will be duly enthroned in his new Cathedral Chair, and undertake the heavy task of administering this great Archdiocese. He comes to us at the command of Our Holy Father the Pope, who is over all the churches, as the best available head for this widowed one, and as the prelate endowed with the necessary qualities and talents to make the complex work of the Lord prosper in this important center of English-speaking Catholicity. It goes without saying that he shall have the intimate and cordial adhesion of the faithful clergy in the performance of his arduous duties.

Wondrous are the ways of Providence! Neil McNeil, a humble farmer's son, in Nova Scotia, feels the Divine call to the priesthood away back in the sixties, and is sent to the Propaganda in Rome to study philosophy and theology. He outstrips his class, carries off the doctorate in the two Sacred Sciences, and is duly ordained to the ministry. Returned to his native diocese, he becomes rector of St. Francis Xavier's College at Antigonish, and whilst in that exacting position either edits entirely or collaborates on the *Aurora* and then the *Casket*, feeling with Leo XIII., the Pontiff then gloriously reigning, that the Catholic newspaper is the greatest power for good in a diocese—"a perpetual mission in a parish."

To fit him for future high and exacting duties, he is made parish priest, and at Arichat and Des-

cousse discharges fittingly his sacred ministry, speaking to the people in two languages—the English and the French. He might do so equally well in Italian, Spanish and Gaelic, for he knows all these live tongues, as well as the dead languages, Latin and Greek and Hebrew.

After parochial service, Dr. McNeil is made a missionary Bishop, and consecrated in 1895, at Antigonish, for the poor, barren, exposed western coast of Newfoundland. After nine years the Vicariate is made into a Bishopric, and he becomes the first Bishop of St. Georges. When rearrangement of the British Columbian Province transpired three years ago, the Metropolitanity is changed to Vancouver, and Monsignor McNeil is sought out by Rome to face the difficulties and poverty of a new diocese and to reorganize the Church in it. The poor people of Newfoundland where sixteen of the best years of his life were spent in self-abnegation, and a service as loyal and touching as was ever given to the mission fields of the Church, could not make up their minds to part with him so keen was their sense of loss. They manifested this love and devotion in innumerable ways, the most surprising being a large sum of money, marvelously gotten together, for him who gave them everything, and was most reluctantly leaving them for a higher post on the other side of the Continent, but one still more exacting and almost as resourceless as their own. He went to work with a will in Vancouver—wrote to all of Canada through *Register-Extension*, and tried to arouse the missionary spirit in the people, so that

the necessary co-operation in the saving of souls might follow. He was doing well in Vancouver; he was intensely beloved and he was happy—as happy as God's Bishop may well be anywhere.

Then came the call to Toronto. The great and good Archbishop McEvay was dead. Rome had to the coast, his predecessor said, in an almost man of learning, zeal and prudence was required. Many looked towards Vancouver at once. When Monsignor McNeil had passed this way going to the coast, his predecessor said, in an almost prophetic way: "Take good care of him; he may be your Archbishop yet." So Rome gave him to us, much to his own surprise and regret, we know, but because he was necessary to us for the furtherance of the great things to be done here for the spread of God's Kingdom. He shall have to administer a large and rapidly expanding diocese, he shall, as Apostolic Chancellor of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, have to help develop and maintain this great engine, clothed with spiritual powers by the Pope, and organized to foster the home missions of Canada; he shall have a splendid seminary to endow and operate, with a view of giving English-speaking priests, formed with due regard to the exactions of present day conditions and the English mentality; he shall enter into the great task of Catholic education, high and low, for his own diocese, and with a view to the perfectionment of the system of Separate Schools in Ontario. He comes to us well equipped for the work. He has succeeded in whatever post he was placed. He shall not fail here. And here he will have loyal and hearty assistance from clergy and laity alike.

Placed over us by the Holy See, installed in his diocesan seat by the Pope's representative, received with joy and satisfaction by priests, religious and people, a lover of God's poor, a protector of infancy, a guide to youth, a director of the faithful, an instructor of the ignorant, a corrector of the erring, a holy High Priest, offering sacrifice for his spiritual children, and full of love and charity for all mankind, we welcome Neil McNeil, Fifth Archbishop of Toronto, to his new scene of labor, and bid him fearlessly and lovingly to put his hand to the great work God intends him to do amongst us. "*Ad multos faustissimos annos*"

## Niagara: a Description.

### I.

**L**IGHT and atmosphere are magicians who take time to show us all the phases of any landscape, and at Niagara their interpretations are peculiarly important. The evening of our first day by the falls will differ greatly from its morning; neither will be quite like the evening or the morning of any other day; and yet some indispensable aids to appreciation may be long postponed. There must be strongest sunshine to show the full glory of the place—the refulgent possibilities of its opaline falling sheets, snow-white rising mists, and prismatic bows. But only a soft gray light can bring out the local colors of its horizontal waters and its woodlands, and only the shadow of storm-clouds the vehement temper of some portions of its rapids. Night brings her own revelations—lambent, ineffable in the full, and occult, apocalyptic in the dark of the moon. Again, a wind is needed to raise the clouds from the cataracts in fullest volume, and to whip the crests of the rapids into farthest-flying scud. But if it blows too strongly it dissipates the clouds and flattens the white crests, and may drive us back from some of the best points of view, drenched and blinded by torrents of vapor.

Even if light and wind never altered at Niagara, still it could not be seen in a day or a week. It must be studied in detail—in minutest detail—as well as in broad pictures. Its wealth in idyllic minor delights is as astonishing as its imperial largess in dramatic splendors. Its fabric of water, rock, and foliage is richly elaborate, as a cathedral's fabric might be if carved and damasked all over with intricate patterns and colors, each helping to explain the ideals of its builders. One whole side of Niagara's charm is unfelt unless every great and little passage of its waters is learned by heart, and every spur and recess of its shores, and especially of its islands, is lovingly explored.

Moreover, the eye alone cannot really perceive high beauty of any sort. It needs the help of emotion, and the right kind of emotion develops slowly. True sight means the deep, delicate, and complete sensations that result, not from the shock of surprise, but from the reverent, intelli-



GENERAL VIEW FROM CANADA.



RECLAMATION OF SECOND SISTER ISLAND.



gent submittal of sense and soul to the special scheme that the great Artifex has wrought and the special influence it exerts. We cannot see anything in this way if we hurry. Above all, we cannot see Niagara, the world's wonder, which is not a single wonder and yet is a single creation complete in itself—a volume of wonders bound compactly together and set apart between spacious areas of plain, as though nature had said, Here is a piece of art too fine, too individual, to be built into any panorama, to need any environment except the dignity of isolation. Such a volume must indeed be studied page by page; but it must also be read so often that it will leave us the memory of a harmonious whole as well as of a thousand fine details.

And the best season for Niagara? Each has its own claim. Winter sometimes gives the place an arctic picturesqueness, a dazzling semi-immobility, utterly unlike its affluent, multicolored summer aspect; but one could hardly wish to see it only in winter, or in winter first of all. It is most gorgeously multicolored, of course, when its ravine and its islands commemorate its long-dead Indians by donning the war-paint of autumn. And it is most seductively fair in early spring. Then, at the beginning of May, when the shrubs are leafing and the trees are growing hazy, its islands are the isle of paradise. This is the time of the first wild flowers. Spread beneath the forest that still admits the sun floods through its canopies, massed in the more open glades, and wreathed along the edges of pathways and shores, they fill Goat Island full, whitely bank and carpet it—snowy trilliums in myriads, bloodroots, dicentras, smilacinas, and spring-beauties, varied by rose-tinted spring-cresses and yellow ivularias, and underlaid by drifts of violets. Hardly anywhere else over so large an area can these children of May grow in such profusion, for even when the sun shines hottest upon them the air is always delicately dampened by the spraying floods. Here nature so faithfully fosters them that they need not be jealously guarded by man. Whoever will may gather them by the armful.

It is good to see Niagara at this time. But it is still better to see it when its trees and shrubs and vines are in fullest leaf and many of them in blossom. Then their value is greatest as a setting for the endless series of large and small,

near and distant water pictures; and then the temperature incites to lingering. The very best time of all is in June.

## II.

Above the falls the broad river runs between shores so flat that one wonders why it never mistakes its course; and where its rapids begin, at the head of Goat Island, it is nearly a mile in width. For half a mile these rapids extend along both sides of the island, and at its farther end the waters make their plunge into the gorge that they have themselves created, cutting their way backward through the table-land which extends from Lake Erie to a point some seven miles south of Lake Ontario. They make this plunge as two distinct streams, with the broad, precipitous face of Goat Island rising between them. The American stream falls in an almost straight line, the broader, stronger Canadian stream in a boldly recessed horseshoe curve. And there is another difference also. Just at this place the river-bed makes a right-angled turn around the lifted shoulder of Goat Island; and the Horseshoe Fall, which is doing the real work of excavation, drops into the edge of the gorge and faces northward, while the American Fall, like the island's bluff, faces westward, sending its waters over the side of the gorge into the current that flows down from the Horseshoe.

The wonderful hemicycle that is thus created measures almost a full mile from mainland brink to brink.\* But the gorge, about one hundred and seventy feet in height above the surface of its stream, is less than a quarter of a mile across. Its cliffs rise almost sheer from their slanting bases of detritus, naked in some spots, in a few defaced by the hand of man, but still for the most part clothed with hanging robes of forest. At first, just below the falls, they look down upon waters that no longer rush and foam, but slip and swing with an oily smoothness, exhausted by their daring leap, still too giddy from it to flow quite straight, and showing proofs of it in long twisting ropes of curdled froth. For nearly two miles their lethargy lasts. One may swim

\* Precisely, it is 5,370 feet, the Canadian Fall measuring about 3,000, the face of Goat Island 1,300, and the American Fall 1,050. The narrower branch of this fall, between the two islands, is 150 feet in width; yet at Niagara it seems so unimportant that no one has ever given it a name.

in this part of the Niagara River, the smallest rowboat need not fear to put out upon it, and the Maid of the Mist pushes past the very foot of the American Fall, up toward the Horseshoe until she is wrapped in its steamy clouds. This is because, within its gorge, the Niagara is the deepest river in the world. Even near the falls the distance from its surface to its bottom is greater than the distance from its surface to the top of its gorge walls—more than two hundred feet; and down into these depths the falling sheets are carried solidly by their tremendous impetus and weight, leaving the face of the water almost undisturbed. Moreover, the current is relatively slow, because, in the two miles below the falls, the slant of the river-bed is gentle.

At the end of these two miles the water visibly rages again. In the narrowing, curving gorge it is beaten once more into rapids, much deeper and fiercer than those above the falls and gaining somberness from the high walls that enframe them. At the end of another mile the channel turns at right angles again. But before its waters can turn with it they dash themselves against the Canadian cliff, and swirl back and around in a great elbow-like basin, blindly seeking for the exit. This is the famous Whirlpool, and it shows the Niagara in still another mood. Except around its edges there is no rioting and splashing as in the rapids, yet there is no exhaustion as near the foot of the falls; instead, a deep, saturnine wrath, more terrible in its massive leaden gyrations than any loud passion could be. And when the waters which thus dumbly writhe with the pain of their arrested course find the narrow outlet at last, their great surge outward and onward is sullen like their circlings within the pool. Incredibly swift and strong, running at a rate of some forty miles an hour, they pile themselves up in the middle of the channel but are not boisterous with breakers or combs and jets of spray. These soon come again as the channel enlarges a little and the immense pressure is relaxed; and then, three miles below the Whirlpool, the throttling of the river ends. Here, near Lewiston, the gorge itself ends with the limits of the more elevated plain through which the river is gradually cutting its backward way. The gorge ends, and to right and left, eastward and westward, the edge of the high plain stretches off as a bold escarpment,

showing what used to be the shore-line of Ontario when, a larger lake than it is to-day, it covered the lower flat land. And across this flat land for seven miles, until the present lake-shore is reached, the Niagara, half a mile in width, flows smoothly and gently—beautiful still, but now with a beauty like that of many other rivers.

### III.

The Niagara River belongs to our own era of the world's interminable history, and to it alone. We may believe, with some recent investigators, that it began to cut its way through the higher table-land about six thousand years ago, or we may say, with others, thirty thousand years ago. But even the farther end of thirty thousand years is a geological yesterday; and if it is true that the falls will stand well back of the head of Goat Island in five or six hundred years, this is a very near to-morrow. Moreover, the finest phase of Niagara's life belongs to the geological to-day. It is at its very best now that Goat Island is the central feature of the falls. Before they reached it they must have formed a single undivided and relatively narrow cataract or series of cascades; and after its upper end is left behind there can never again be such a combination of diverse majesties and lovelinesses. Only for the half-mile along Goat Island's side are there divided yet fraternal channels filled with shining, shouting rapids. When it has been left behind, the wide river, flowing over an almost level bed, will approach its cliff quite calmly, and will calmly make its plunge, like a mill-stream over a dam. Meanwhile, this forest-clad island, lifted high and set in a fortunate elbow of the river-bed, gives views which no other, farther up-stream, can ever afford. It separates and yet unites the cataracts. Now it puts the eye far above them, and again it brings them quite close. Helped by the islets that lie near it, it gives outlooks up both the streams of rapids and the placid river beyond them, across the gorge and down its length, and athwart the one fall and the other; and most of these views it enframes in draperies of luxuriant green. Truly, the pilgrims of a later day will not see Niagara, the marvel that belongs to us.

Hennepin, the famous Jesuit Father who, in



TERRAPIN POINT BRIDGE IN WINTER.



PROSPECT PARK AFTER RESURFACING.

1697, published the first description and the first picture of Niagara, did not find it beautiful. "The waters which fall from this horrible precipice," he says, "do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise more terrible than thunder." The seventeenth century hated the large, the wild, and the awesome in nature. The mood of the twentieth is different, of course. But to-day some people find fault with Niagara on another count. They do not agree with Hennepin that it is "vast and prodigious." They say that they expected something larger.

This is partly because nothing in the world is great enough to satisfy certain kinds of dullards. But it is partly because standards of size as well as of beauty have changed since Hennepin's time, while the tradition of Niagara's incredible size has not yet been outlived. The mountain-ranges of the Far West have supplied us with new tests for magnitude. Judged by these, Niagara shows only a small gorge and a waterfall of only medium height. Of course no waterfall in all the West, or in any familiar part of the world, is even remotely comparable with Niagara in breadth or in volume of water. But height stirs the imagination more than breadth or mass, and makes a more instant appeal to the eye. Again, its appeal is much stronger to the upturned than to the downturned eye, and therefore the real height of Niagara is not appreciated from the most accessible points of view.

But these facts are immaterial. When nature began to build Niagara she planned a display of the grandeurs and the fascinations of falling water. When, by her patient processes, she got it as it stands to-day, she must have felt contented with herself. And modern man, discontenting her in many ways by his treatment of her masterpiece, can hardly offend her more than when his most emphatic cry is, How wonderfully large!

This is not the right exclamation, and it does not express the right anticipation. Put magnitude out of your mind when you approach Niagara. Think of beauty instead. Think of the most beautiful things you have ever seen. Expect to see things still more beautiful. Unless your senses are benumbed you will not be disappointed. Then, gradually, truths of great size will dawn upon you, and coming at their proper

time, they will impress you doubly because you will feel them as you ought. You will feel them as factors in greatness of beauty, not as facts, primarily important in themselves.

Also, put out of your mind that image of the queen of cataracts which you have probably built up from the memories of such lesser ones as you may have seen. Niagara is as unusual in design as in magnificence. Nature intends most of her waterfalls to be seen from below. Niagara she exhibits from above. It does not come falling into a valley whither our feet are naturally led. It goes curving into a chasm in a plain across which we are forced to approach it. Of course it can be seen from below, and there alone it reveals the whole of its size and strength. But nature made this standpoint just possible of access in order that it might complete and emphasize impressions gained elsewhere. The base of Niagara is like the top of a mountain: its revelations are more astonishing and grandiose than any others, but it is not the place where we are meant to dwell. We must look down upon Niagara while we are learning most of its lessons in regard to the beauties of flowing and falling water. And when, at the last, making our way to its base, we stand there precariously on narrow ledges of rock; when, almost defying nature's prohibitions, we pass behind the thundering veil of liquid glass and foam in the Cave of the Winds; when, after sharing all their phases of feeling before they fell and as they were falling, we meet its waters again just after they have fallen, our little ship challenging them to touch us in so fearless a fashion that again we become their comrades; when we swing off from the edge of their white caldrons, exhausted with emotion like the current that bears us back—then, because we have already learned so many other lessons, we are able to appreciate the most tremendous of them all. Then we have really seen Niagara because we have felt it; and we have felt it because we have felt with it. Nature made no mistake in designing this cataract. With waters so mighty and so varied the logical plan, the artistic plan, was to lead through lesser toward greater effects. Thus the greatest win the sublimity of the inevitable; and the impression made by their fearful splendors is enhanced by the way in which they are hedged about with obstacles and are briefly, dramatically shown.

## IV.

Of course it is easy to ignore nature's leadings and to see Niagara in the wrong way. It is easy to rush at once to the brink of the cataracts, or even to their base. And this is what curiosity counsels. But it is best to sacrifice a little of the ignoble pleasure called amazement, to see beginnings before culminations, to make acquaintance with the upper rapids before the falls themselves are seen near at hand.

Fortunately, the chief hotels on the American side stand on the low shore of the rapids, near the Goat Island bridge. Between them and the water runs a narrow parkway, part of the State reservation. Beyond the water spreads the long, lateral shore of Goat Island flanked by eleven lesser islets. The prospect is wholly composed of water and verdure. The water is the most beautiful although not the most powerful stretch of rapids at Niagara. And the verdure is the primeval forest that Goat Island has almost by miracle preserved,—richly luxuriant, exquisite in sky-line,—and the dense, picturesque masses that overweight the smaller islets, drooping from their never-trodden bits of rocky soil like tall green bouquets set adrift in boats hardly big enough to hold them. There is little to suggest that this brilliant, impetuous current is more than a stately woodland river passing from one tranquil phase to another through half a mile of rapids. There is only a distant glimpse of the edge of the fall, where the tossing flood suddenly ends as a straight line of water drawn against the much more distant face of the Canadian cliff on the opposite side of the gorge, and a filmy upright cloud wavering over the trees of Goat Island—a plume of mist from the Horseshoe beyond them. Even Niagara's lunar bow is hardly as poetic as this high feather of vapor, too thin to be conspicuous in the bright light of day, but shining against a darkened heaven as a pillar of pearl by night, faithfully poised yet ever dimly swaying, beckoning, as though thrown aloft for a sign where the finest feature of the great spectacle may be found. But, of course, we do not need its proof that the American rapids are indeed a part of a larger whole. This thought is with us as soon as we look upon them, even if we have as yet seen nothing else; and it deepens our delight in the most purely charm-

ing, the least dramatic of all Niagara's chief pictures.

As this is the best picture to see first, so it is the best to live with if we tarry long. The Canadian hotels are set on the brink of the gorge, directly opposite the American Fall, and they also command the face of Goat Island and the Horseshoe. A sensitive eye must be either dulled or overstimulated by the long continuance of such a prospect, as a sensitive ear would be by the constant sound of an orchestra. Moreover, certain blots mar the scene, like discordant notes in music. Between the hotels and the edge of the cliff run a highroad and a trolley line. Opposite, close to the American cataract, rises the ugly silhouette of the town of Niagara Falls, and the cliff beneath is defaced by the discharging waters and the rubbish-heaps of the many mills. It is better to live with a less heroic and a more harmonious view. Day after day in sunshine or gray weather, and moonlit or starlit night after night, one can look without satiety or strain upon the American rapids, where their swift green-and-white tangle is brought to perfection of charm by the long background of quiet forest. Moreover, the islands are the places where one wants to go most often and to loiter longest, and they form part of the American reservation, while the intervening gorge sets them far away from Canada.\*

The mainland part of the reservation forms, by the brink of the American Fall, a wide, shady pleasure-ground called Prospect Park. Thence it extends up-stream for nearly a mile to the historic point still known as Frenchman's Landing. A sordid medley of mills and sheds once crowded this waterside. Now its walks and its driveway, its banks of turf and its romantic nooks, shadowed by old willows, traversed by glinting rivulets, and backed by the trees and

\*Since the establishment of the New York State and the Canadian reservations the surroundings of the falls have been made free to all comers, and have been redeemed from disgraceful ugliness into a high degree of beauty. The story of this excellent work for the public good is too long to be told here, but none could more convincingly prove the necessity that the people themselves should own and control all places that nature has made of peculiar interest and value. And it must at least be added that the plans for the restoration of the land owned by New York were conceived by Mr. Fredrick Law Olmstead, and that their execution has been supervised by Mr. Samuel Parsons, Jr., under the direction of a board of commissioners which has always been kept free from political interference; also, that the public owes an immense debt to Mr. Thomas V. Welch, who, from the first, has been the local superintendent of the reservation, and whose good taste is as exceptional as are his practical qualifications for his important post.



NEW ROAD CAVE OF THE WINDS HORSESHOE FALLS.



IMPROVEMENT EAST END COAT ISLAND.



sloping lawns of a series of villas, lead us in peace and beauty all along the rapids. And we should linger by them here, and on the bridge that, by way of Bath Island, crosses to Goat Island, and on the eastern shore of the latter, before we look at their wilder brethren of the broader Canadian branch.

At the upper end of Goat Island mere tiny ripples break upon its shore. This is the "Parting of the Waters," where the channels divide just as their storminess begins. Then, as we pass westward the Canadian rapids appear, and their immense spread amazes us even if we already understand that only about one-fifth of the water of Niagara runs over the American Fall. The American rapids look like a wide, effervescent river, the Canadian like a wide, passionate lake filled with fuming, whirling pools and vortices, and with unnumbered companies and clans of arching, shattering, spraying breakers.

The waves of the sea advance, although, excepting just along a coast, the water that forms them simply rises and falls. In the rapids of Niagara the case is reversed. These waves are eternalized. Always, in the same places, they are renewed in the same flexuous shapes; for they are not born of the lashings of the wind but of the irregularities in their sloping bed. On the other hand, the water that forms them advances with an assiduous velocity, with a militant impulse to accomplish its fate, and cheers its own triumph by loud and ceaseless laughter. This swift and strong progression of the substance of the rapids, combined with the permanence in impermanence of their shapes, gives them an astonishing attraction. We are not tantalized by their beauty as we are by that of the breakers on a sea-shore. With each of them we grow familiar, until they seem like gay and friendly water-horses, nymphs, and giant Tritons, always, for our pleasure, doing in the same places the same delectable things. And meanwhile the spirit of the water which, in passing, forever builds them, runs into our veins. Our pulses and our hearts beat fast with its eager wish to reach the cliff it is seeking and to prove that it has the courage and power to calm itself for its great leap.

All this may best be seen and felt on the islets called the Three Sisters. One beyond the other they stretch away out from the western shore of Goat Island; and as we stand on the farthest

boulders of the third one, brilliant sunshine means an intoxicating spectacle. In stormy weather it grows vertiginous, and then the up-stream view is even more impressive than at other times. At the head of these rapids their rocky bed is steep and stair-like. It forms, in fact, long rows of low cascades rather than a network of rapids; and these cascades cover so many feet of descent before they reach the Sisters that, looking up-stream, we see nothing else—no smothered flood beyond them. An extraordinary effect of force is thus produced, and of mystery also. We seem to have done what, as children, we always hoped to do: we have reached the horizon, the edge of the world. But we cannot look over it. Where do these violent waters come from? What lies behind the ragged line they draw against the sky? It may be anything—or nothing. All we can say is that, apparently, they are being riven from the heavy clouds. It is like a perpetuation of the second day of the earth's existence. Then the Almighty "divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so." Except in this place at Niagara. Here it was not so. Here it is not yet so. The miraculous division is still going on.

## V.

Where the tiny ripples of the Parting of the Waters touch Goat Island its surface is low and flat. Here some acres were once cleared and cultivated, and now they are grassy meadows dotted with trees and edged with sumac thickets. Their openness harmonizes with the effect of the peaceful stretch of river; but it is well indeed that everywhere else the old forest garment of the island should have been preserved. It has been thinned, of course, along the shores, and cut by one or two paths. But otherwise its wild-wood density and dignity are unimpaired, and it plays the chief part in giving Niagara a romantic charm. Of all the qualities of Niagara this is the one which has been most seldom celebrated. And among the rare pilgrims that have celebrated it, he who has found the best phrase for it is, oddly enough, Anthony Trollope. "One of the great charms of Niagara," Trollope writes, "consists in this: that over and above that one great object of wonder and beauty there is so much

little loveliness—loveliness especially of water, I mean." But he meant loveliness of vegetation also, and it is the combination of the two that gives Niagara the special kind of sorcery that our fathers recognized when they preferred it above all other places for their honeymoons.

Between the Parting of the Waters and the bluff that separates the two cataracts the surface of the island gradually rises while the river-bed slopes downward more than fifty feet. So, fortunately, we can look down upon the cataracts; and yet there is provision for near-at-hand views of them. By the Canadian Fall we can descend the cliff and pass, over low ledges of rocks and precarious-looking boulders, far out along its brink. And by the American Fall we can descend again, and can cross by a bridge to the little island called Luna, which lies as flat upon the water as an island may. At both of these places the stairs and their platforms, down to the very edge of the water, are so thickly embowered that every step gives us a new picture set in a newly delightful frame. On the other high parts of Goat Island we look down upon the water, now over broad slants and curtains of foliage, and again over bold rocks sprinkled with tiny flowering plants delicately poised like moths on the wing. Luna Island and the Three Sisters are also densely wooded. The breadth of the rushing floods keeps all these summer garments as exuberant as the wild flowers of May, and they are singularly varied in character. One hundred and forty species of trees and shrubs have been counted in the immediate vicinity of the falls; most of them flourish on Goat Island and its wealth in herbaceous plants is quite as remarkable.

On the steep cliffs and on Luna Island the trees are grotesquely distorted by the burdens of ice they must carry when the mist-clouds freeze. But in summer we hardly notice this, for their trunks are screened by thickets of shrubs and their branches by veils of creepers—ampelopsis, grape, bittersweet, and poison-ivy.

On the American mainland shore the renovating hand of man has already done much to reproduce the natural effects that persist on the islands. Here also are trees and shrubs and vines, fringing the rapids and varying the broad open outlooks with a thousand smaller pictures set apart as in verdant alcoves. And here, per-

haps, at Prospect Point, where we stand at the cataract's very brink, the first near-at-hand sight of the falls themselves may best be gained. Here we get one of the finest of all the comprehensive views of Niagara. We look across the American Fall and the bluff of Goat Island, seeing them in sharp perspective, to the full face of the Horseshoe in the middle distance. Here we appreciate the breadth of the great semicircle; and as we get this glorious picture we begin to perceive another of Niagara's peculiar charms. We realize that it invites us to a very intimate acquaintance with its larger as well as its lesser features.

## VI.

In order that the high charm of mystery may not lack in the sum total of its attractions, Niagara keeps a few things inaccessible—the center of the Horseshoe Fall, for instance, and some of the smaller islands. But in many places it admits us close to very tremendous sights. At Prospect Point we stand only a couple of feet above the American stream, just where it makes its smooth downward curve. We might touch it with our hand as it bends, solid and glassy, over the long lip of rock. We can lean on the rails and note how soon its polished surface breaks into silvery fragments, powders into glistening dust; and far beneath we can see the frosty mass strike the black boulders and, over and between them, flow off as frosted torrents into the dark-green flood of the gorge. We can also look directly across the descending curtain of water. So again, we can look from the edge of Luna Island, and on the other side of the same fall; and here, if we face about, we are close to the narrower stream which divides Luna from Goat Island and forms the roof of the Cave of the Winds. Each change of place, changing the angle of vision, reveals a different effect in the falling waters, all their effects depending, of course, upon the way they receive and reflect and refract the light. Nature could have made no better place than Luna Island to show us what water does and how it appears when it falls in great volumes and is seen very near at hand; for what its surface does not reveal to us, we learn at the foot of this fall in the Cave of the Winds. Of all the accessible spots in the world



NEW TERRAPIN TRAIL.



this must be the most remarkable, excepting, perhaps, one within the crater of an active volcano.

Such testimonies as these do not need to be repeated. The Canadian Fall offers us new ones. It is not a teacher of beautiful details of fact. The grandest part of Niagara, it is, befittingly, the high priest of beautiful mysteries. It shows the poetic grandeur of vast falling waters that cannot be closely approached.

Even the ledges to which we descend from Goat Island do not really make the Horseshoe accessible. They cross no part of the main Canadian stream, but merely a wide border of it where its current is shallow. Beyond, its bold sweep prevents us from looking directly across its curtain, and forbids us to see deep into the great recess that varies its curve midway. The brow of this central arc glows with the richest of all Niagara's varied colors. Here the falling sheet is exceptionally deep. Therefore, as it curves it shows a stretch of palpitant, vivid green which is repeated at no other point, and it preserves its smoothness far below the verge where shallower currents almost immediately break. No one could wish that this great royal jewel, this immense and living emerald, might be approached and analyzed. It is rightly set in the way that the great Artifex has chosen—ardent, immutable, and forever aloof, as on the crest of the walls of heaven.

Cross now to the Canadian shore. The spot where Table Rock broke off about fifty years ago puts us more nearly in front of the Horseshoe. Here, unless the vapors blow too thickly around us, we get the most astounding impression that Niagara gives, excepting those that will come at the bottom of the gorge; and even more than any of these it satisfies the sense of beauty. Here we can almost see into the central arcum of the irregular curve. We could see into it, and we imagine that we could see through it into something unimaginable beyond it, if only the clouds that it generates would cease their billowing. But, blazing white and iris-spanned if the sun shines, pearly white when the sky is gray, they never do cease. Forever they roll upward and outward—lower or higher, rhythmical, mutable, but immortal. No rocky fangs show at the foot of this great middle current. Below are only breakers of foam flowing off in a river of foam, as above are cumuli of snow and then

of mist and, still higher, streamers of smoke, of steam, of gossamer. Behind these is a cliff of diamonds; in front is an aura of rainbows; and dominating the whole there gleams through the white translucencies the mobile adamant of the emerald brink.

Try as we will, wait as we may, even here we cannot see into the heart of Niagara. But here we can see it beat, and the organ-peal of its beating fills our ears. We are wrapped in soft splendors, soft thunders, until the senses blend their testimonies. Sight and sound, things motionless and moving, cannot be separated, and our own being is lost in their illimitable rapture. No other sensation wholly physical in its origin can be at once as overpowering and as enchanting as this one. And although we know that its origin is physical, is terrestrial, we cannot grasp the fact: the beauty that we are feeling is too different from any that we have ever felt before. It is a transfiguring of the familiar things of earth into the imagined things of heaven. To the eye it is a revelation of the divine possibilities of light and color, form, movement, and sound; and to the mind it is an allegory of power and purity in their supreme and perfect essence. If there are walls to the city celestial, built of opal, emerald, and some vast auroral whiteness for which we have no mortal term, and bridged for the feet of angels with arches of the seven pure colors, the gateway through them must look like the heart of Niagara. It cannot be more immense, more mystical, more sacredly resplendent. It cannot be more aerial or more everlasting.

## VII.

The impression that the falls are everlasting is not received with our first glance. The first effect that they produce is an effect of transitoriness. They awaken an intense delight half composed of terror. They are phenomenal, we say, they are perfect, they are mobile; therefore, in a moment, they must vanish in a blinding burst of glory. Yet very soon we realize that Niagara's true effect is an effect of permanence. Many as are its variations it never alters. It varies because light and atmosphere alter. The rapids are always themselves, the falls are always themselves, perpetually reborn as they pass and perish. Tremendous movement thus pause-

less and unmodified gives, of course, a deeper impression of durability than the most imposing solids. It is active as compared with passive force. The mutable sea, not its immutable shore, is the synonym for things that change not and cannot be changed. The motion of Niagara is more powerful than any motion of the sea, and is much more coherent and persistent. As soon as this fact is felt, the falls seem to have been created as a voucher for the permanence of all the world.

Bound up with the sense of its steadfastness is the sense of Niagara's serenity. Before it falls and after it has fallen it may be agitated, impassioned, wrathful. Yet everywhere the persistence of the special mood gives it a dignity greater than that of the moods of the sea; for the sea, we know, whether it most calmly sleeps or most furiously rages, will soon be in another temper. And as Niagara actually falls, it is sublimely serene. Its descent, says Hawthorne, is like "the march of destiny." Unresting, unhalting, invincible, and proudly fair, "rolling calmly into the abyss, rather descending than precipitating itself. . . . it soothes while it awes the mind."

Perhaps it is this quality, incomparably impressive to an artist's or a poet's eye, which makes Niagara seem disappointing to the eye of the mere marvel-hunter. Does he hope to see something barbarously passionate in temper, cataclysmic in effect? He cannot find it at Niagara. He finds a stupendous spectacle, but it is not spectacular. It is dramatic, but not theatric. It is primeval, elemental, but not barbaric. It is phenomenal, but not monstrous. It is not really passionate (Mr. Howells has drawn this distinction), it is only impassioned. It is not chaos made visible; it is the exact opposite of this. The great flood comes to its cliff, not as to a catastrophe, but as to a triumph. It is the finest example in the world of enormous force in glad and confident submission to unalterable law. After we have watched it for a few moments its motion seems as normally august as the rolling of the round earth itself.

This serenity, Hawthorne also says, seems to be based upon prescience. Niagara's flood is not "taken by surprise." It appears "to have anticipated in all its course through the broad lakes that it must pour their collected waters down this height." In truth, beyond the map of Niagara

there is always visible to the mind a much wider map, with not Lake Erie only but three still greater lakes as the feeders of the falls, and not Ontario alone, but the St. Lawrence and its estuary as the offspring of the falls. This is Niagara's task: to drain the vast midcontinental basin into the far-away sea. Therefore, it may well show speed and ardor. Yet it may well seem permanent and serene, for it knows that fret and hurry are not needed and cannot be helpful. Before it receives its supplies they have been caught and stored in four reservoirs even more remarkable for their depth than for their surface spread—reservoirs that, even if they should receive no further supplies, would keep Niagara flowing as it flows to-day for at least a hundred years.

## VII.

At Niagara the existence of the Great Lakes benefits the eye as well as the imagination. If the falls were fed by rivers their volume, which now varies very little, would conspicuously wax and wane with the changing seasons. Again, new-born river-waters would be thickened and discolored with sediment and sand. Niagara's are strained to an exquisite purity by their sojourn in the Western reservoirs, and to this purity they owe their exquisite variety of color.

To find their blues we must look, of course, beyond Goat Island where the sky is reflected in smooth if quickly flowing currents. But every other tint and tone that water can take is visible in or near the falls themselves. In the quieter parts of the gorge we find a very dark strong green, while in its rapids all shades of green and gray and white are blended. The shallower rapids above the falls are less strongly colored, a beautiful light green predominating between the pale-gray swirls and the snowy crests of foam—semi-opaque, like the stone called aquamarine, because infused with countless air-bubbles, yet deliciously fresh and bright. The tense smooth slant of water at the margin of the American Fall is not deep enough to be green. In the sunshine it is a clear amber, and when it is shadowed, a brown that is darker yet just as pure. But wherever the Canadian Fall is visible its green crest is conspicuous. Far down-stream, nearly two miles away, where the railroad bridges cross the gorge, it shows like a little

emerald strung on a narrow band of pearl. Its color is not quite like that of an emerald, although the term must be used because no other is more accurate. It is a purer color and cooler, with less of yellow in it—more pure, more cool, and at the same time more brilliant than any color that sea-water takes even in a breaking wave, or that man has produced in any substance whatsoever. At this place, we are told, the current must be twenty feet deep; and its tint is so intense and so clear because, while the light is reflected from its curving surface, it also filters through so great a mass of absolutely limpid water. It always quivers, this bright-green stretch, yet somehow it always seems as solid as stone, smoothly polished for the most part but, when a low sun strikes across it, a little roughened, fretted. That this is water, and that the thinnest gossamer that floats above it is water also, who can believe? In other places at Niagara we ask the same question again.

From a distance the American Fall looks quite straight. When we stand beside it we see that its line curves inward and outward, throwing the falling sheet into bastion-like sweeps. As we gaze down upon these every change in the angle of vision and in the strength and direction of the light gives a new effect. The one thing that we never seem to see, below the smooth brink, is water. Very often the whole swift precipice shows as a myriad million inch-thick cubes of clearest glass or ice or solidified light, falling in an envelope of starry spangles. Again, it seems all diamond-like or pearl-like, or like a flood of flaked silver, shivered crystal, or faceted ingots of palest amber. It is never to be exhausted in its variations. It is never to be described. Only, one can always say: It is protean, it is most lovely, and it is not water.

Then, as we look across the moving precipice, the marvelous substance that composes it may be milky in places, or transparent, or translucent. But where its mass falls thickly it is all soft and white—softer than anything else in the world. It does not resemble a flood of fleece or of down, although it suggests such a flood. It is more like a crumbling avalanche, immense and gently blown, of smallest snowflakes; but, again, it is not quite like this. Now we see that, even apart from its main curves, no portion of the swiftly moving wall is flat. It is all delicately fissured

and furrowed, by the broken edges of the rock over which it falls, into the suggestion of fluted buttresses, half-columns, pilasters. And the whiteness of these is not quite white. Nor is it consistently iridescent or opalescent. Very faintly, elusively, it is tinged with tremulous stripes and strands of pearly gray, of vaguest lemon, shell-pink, lavender, and green—inconceivably ethereal hues, shy ghosts of earthly colors, abashed and deflowered, we feel, by definite naming with earthly names. They seem hardly to tinge the whiteness; rather, to float over it as a misty bloom. We are loath to turn our eyes from them, fearing they may never show again. Yet they are as real as the keen emerald of the Horseshoe.

#### IX.

The aspect of the falls from below, the gorge with its tragic Whirlpool and its exciting miles of rapids, the Canadian reservation with the Dufferin Islands set back in an elbow of the shore—these are things that even the hasty tourist sees, now that there are trolley lines to carry him quickly to them. So I am tempted to speak, not of them, but of the little lovelinesses that only the true pilgrim, the true lover of Niagara, notices and adores. Everywhere they are offered by the friendly giant of beauty to those who seek them, but the Three Sisters are wholly compounded of them.

Each of the channels that divide these islets has a character of its own. The first is very shallow, tinkling over its bed of rock like a sheet of sparkles, bordered by unbroken thickets, and sometimes running dry in summer, the very pattern of a mountain brook. The second is wilder, with a rapid of some importance just above the bridge; the third is still wilder and broader, with a great dash of rapids just below the bridge; and the banks of these two are of foliage and great rocks most picturesquely intermingled. Then one may leave the narrow paths which thread the islets, and climb among their glades and thickets down to their edges, finding little fringing waters that are various and enchanting beyond all words. Here are cascades of every kind, two or three feet in height or only a few inches, daringly accidental in their aspect or as daintily finished as though planned for the

corner of a flower-garden. Here are small and smallest streams in all kinds of channels, calm pools and boiling pools, jets like tiny fountains, wavelets, eddies, pockets, smooth back-waters—all things pretty, odd, and captivating that nature can make with the most flexible of her materials. Each is wholly satisfactory in itself, but each doubly delights the soul because, as much as the great Horseshoe itself, it is a part of Niagara. No matter how feeble or how vagrant it may seem, each is doing its best to help the surplus floods of Superior to reach the Atlantic.

Hour after hour we can watch these miniature devices of Niagara as we have watched its greatest; and then it changes the quality of its charm once more. It grows endlessly amusing. Racing, leaping, pirouetting, these offshoot streams, we see, now gain time by their divergence from the main one, and again they lose time, overingenious in their zigzag progress among little capes and massive boulders, projecting ledges and the half-submerged trunks of prostrate trees. Here, sly traitors to their task, they grow tired and pause in cool shallows; there they rage in infantile wrath because some obstacle turns them back. Their delicious vagaries are past counting; and countless, too, are the idyllic pictures that their surroundings imprint upon the memory. Here is a cascade of three steps, so thickly overshadowed that we must part the boughs and pull away the creepers to find the source of its singing. Here is a big bush of ninebark, set in the lee of a rock and leaning its burden of white blossoms into the rapids' spray. Here is a baby gray-birch, stretching itself over a mossy log, and babbling to a brawling rivulet with the restless pointed leaves that are its own little tongues. And here is a raging white cauldron with a big boulder out beyond it, a dead juniper slanting over them, in the hollow top of the boulder a pink fleabane trembling beside a scarlet columbine, and on the tip of the juniper a bold, small Blondin—a squirrel nibbling his nut as jauntily as though beds of soft grass lay beneath him. These things also are integral parts of Niagara. They are infinitesimal parts of its infinite grandeur and beauty, humanizing and poetizing it, changing the austerity that stern shores would give to such wild waters into a most romantic fairness. For never, while we tarry with the Sisters' small delights, are the wild waters them-

selves forgotten. Their splendid cry is always in the ear, and if their rioting is hidden from the eye, a step will reveal it, and beyond it, far away, the edge of the great emerald that marks the brow of the great fall.

What we may forget, on the Three Sisters, is that they are parts of a public pleasure-ground. In their most secluded nooks are shy signs which prove the transit of many thousand pilgrims. Here and there a stone has been worn black and shining by the touch of frequent feet; and where a difficult step must be taken and the bent trunk of a sapling offers support for the hand, its bark has been so barnished by repeated clasplings that it looks like a piece of old Japanese bronze. Yet everywhere is such a wilding richness of growth, such a dainty embroidering of flowers and berries and frail tendrils, that we almost believe that even the pathways have been made especially for us as the very first comers.

#### X.

"It was worth while to come to Niagara," I heard some one exclaim, in June, "just for the sake of its odors." They are, indeed, many and pervasive. Yet one of them dominates the rest. Centuries ago Pliny wrote that the vineyards of Italy gave it sovereignty over all other lands, "even those that bring forth odoriferous spices and aromatical drugs"; and he added, "to say a truth, there is no smell whatsoever that outgoeth vines when they be in their fresh and flowering time." He would surely have written the same words had he stood on Niagara's islands in one of his far-back Junes. Everywhere are wild grape-vines, draped in thick curtains or swung in wide loops; and they bloom a long time, for one species begins to open its flowers as another is setting its fruits. For many days this most dainty, individual, and bewitching of all odors meets us on every soft puff of wind, with such persistence that wherever we may perceive it again in future years it will seem like a message from Niagara.

And the noise of Niagara? Alarming things have been said about it, but they are not true. It is a great and mighty noise, but it is not, as Hennepin thought, an "outrageous noise." It is not a roar. It does not drown the voice or stun the ear. Even close by the foot of the falls



it is not oppressive. It is much less rough than the sound of heavy surf—steadier, more homogeneous, less metallic, very deep and strong, yet mellow and soft; soft, I mean, in its quality. As to the noise of the rapids, there is none more musical. It is neither rumbling nor sharp. It is clear, plangent, silvery. It is so like the voice of a steep brook—much magnified, but not made coarser or more harsh—that, after we have known it, each liquid call from a forest hillside will seem, like the odor of grape-vines, a greeting from Niagara. It is an inspiring, an exhilarating sound, like freshness, coolness, vitality itself made audible. And yet it is a lulling sound. When we have looked out upon the American rapids for many days it is hard to imagine contented life amid motionless surroundings; and so, when we have slept beside them for many nights, it is hard to think of happy sleep in an empty silence.

Still another kind of music is audible at Niagara. It must be listened for on quiet nights, but then it will be heard. It is like the voice of an orchestra so very far away that its notes are attenuated to an incredible delicacy and are intermittently perceived, as though wafted upon variable zephyrs. It is the most subtle, the most mysterious music in the world. What is its origin? Why should we ask? Such fairy-like sounds ought not to be explained. Their appeal is to the imagination only. They are so faint, so far away, that they almost escape the ear, as the lunar bow and the fluted tints of the American Fall almost escape the eye. And yet we need not fear to lose them, for they are as real as the deep bass of the cataracts.

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

### A Woman's Work in the World.

**W**OMEN at present want what they call "women's rights," and wish to take men's places in the world. Can they do it? There may be a few clever, strong-minded women capable of this, but these are rare. In history, women have been known to rule both their countries and homes wisely; for example, the late Queen Victoria. How nobly she ruled, every one knows; but the average woman of to-day is not fitted for such a position.

If a woman takes a man's place, who knows, she may, perhaps, do some good; but what becomes of the home and children? Both are neglected. There is where she is most needed. There is her place; there, alone, the duties which God has assigned her are being neglected. There is where she can do more noble work, at once, than she can ever hope to do in the business world. While instructing the child at her knee, she directs the household and at the same time, by her gentle art of persuasion and praise, encourages the father and his work. She desires to take a man's place, yet be treated and respected as a woman. This is impossible, for if she does a man's work she will be treated by men, as a man, and at this she revolts.

Man desires to protect a woman from the hardships and temptations of the outside world. The question is not one of superiority. What one has not the other has, so the aid of each other is necessary for completion. Man, says Ruskin, is the doer, the maintenance and the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention. His energy for war and conquest. It is not so, however, with a woman. Her intellect is for ordering, arrangement, and decision. Man gives her a home to govern and his work depends a great deal on how she performs hers, as she has a great influence over him, which she does not, unfortunately, always use wisely. If she will she can be his constant companion, his guide, confidant and adviser.

All branches of science are open to a woman. She is capable of knowing them all. She does not need, however, to know them as thoroughly as a man, but just enough to sympathize with him. A woman is weak both bodily and physically and has only two means of defense; they are tears and praise, which she never fails to use when opportunity offers. If she wishes experience in the outside world, let her have it. She will only find what hundreds of other poor women have found, that she does not belong there, and gladly will she come home, a tired, physical wreck, wondering why she so foolishly left home and all pertaining to it.

So a woman's place is at home. Let her be a queen in her own household, no matter how luxurious or humble. Let her exercise power, which, in the home, is hers alone, and diligently perform her duties. If happiness is to be hers,

only will be found in carrying out the obligations assigned. If not, she will have the satisfaction of knowing that she has made an attempt and also set a good example. A woman is responsible in a way for the next generation. So let her give to her country citizens worth while. It is said, "A noble woman finds roses in her path, but they often spring up behind." Let her remember this, and who knows she may yet find, as others have done, that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.

FLORENCE KELLY.

LORETO ACADEMY, WELLESLEY CRESCENT.

### Golden Jubilee of Mother Mary Theodora, at Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

IT would be a difficult task to give an adequate sketch of fifty years. It is a long time to look over, and then the even tenor of a life hidden from the world,—circumscribed only by work and prayer,—offers few events that strike the world. All day long only God and the angels record the labors.

The religious would not have it otherwise, for she has been near enough to Him to realize how far His loveliness surpasseth all things. "If thou wilt be perfect, sell what thou hast and give it to the poor and come and follow me." The rich young man found the sentence hard and the world has been thinking it hard since. But He calls who is able to sweeten the yoke and render light the burden, and so His elect go forward through half a hundred years, bearing a joy that no earthly joy resembles. Fifty years!—and the heart keeps young and joyous and strong with the strength of the cross.

Mother Mary Theodora entered the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary when she was but thirteen years of age. After the usual three years' probation, she made her vows and assumed in her seventeenth year the responsibilities of the religious teacher. She was very young, but she was very wise to give Him all. Placing her trust in His strength, she has gone forward through the transient years, bearing the great hope within her heart of being more His for the long eternity.

Various duties, besides teaching, have been assigned to her care during the past fifty years. She has been given charge of the building of new houses and other important responsibilities. Many of the improvements and conveniences in the houses of the Institute are the results of her suggestion and the product of her forethought. These will stand monuments of her labors after she has passed from the earth to heaven. Numbers will tread the halls that her ingenuity has planned, and carry out with them the rewards that training and knowledge confer; and she will be remembered the only way in which her good, true spirit looks for remembrance—in having been helpful to others on life's perilous path.

The completion of her fifty years fell on the fifteenth of October. The usual Pontifical High Mass was postponed, however, until the following day, owing to the funeral of M. M. Magdalena Weber, at Stratford Convent. On the morning of the sixteenth, Monsignor McCann, a greatly revered friend of the Community, celebrated Pontifical High Mass, with the usual beautiful ceremonies that attend the Divine Service in the Church.

The altar was artistically decorated with magnificent bouquets of white and yellow flowers.

One hundred and fifty young ladies in white veils filled the nave of the chapel, while the stalls on both sides were occupied by the nuns. A prie-dieu was ornamented with white and gold at the rear of the chapel for the Jubilarian. She appeared very venerable under her "Crown of Gold." The exquisite chapel, full of worshippers, so reverent and intent at the great Sacrifice, presented a spectacle edifying and impressive.

At ten o'clock, a. m., the community repaired to a room where a table of gifts to the Jubilarian was displayed. These were various and beautiful. Three hundred dollars in gold, presented by relatives, she requested to have deposited as a beginning for the new chapel,—"the fairest for the Master's use," for He is worthy.

Generous to a fault and equally kind and good to all, no wonder she receives to-day marks of esteem and devotion beautiful to behold. May they be but the trails of the glory reserved for the reward of her consecrated life!

## Impressions of the Eucharistic Congress in Vienna.

O Salutaris Hostia!

THE hymn recurs to my thoughts, rises to my lips with the sweet melody that I love to hear, and lingers in my memory with a peculiar fragrance. It is, as it were, the keynote of the great Eucharistic Festival at which we were privileged to make public profession of our love for our Eucharistic King.

I should like to give you an idea of the impression made by this great international demonstration of homage to Christ, but words fail to describe the deep piety of those who shared in the Divine Banquet, the animation and enthusiasm of the scenes witnessed in the Austrian capital. From first to last, despite the rain, which on four days threatened, but failed, to mar the success of the proceedings, the fervor was kept up without interruption. Oh, that I could communicate to you the joy we all felt—and which, I trust, will shed its golden hue upon our after life and its dark hours.

Pilgrims from all European lands, many, too, from distant regions beyond the seas, urged by one great impulse—the love of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament—hastened to Vienna to proclaim their faith before an unbelieving world, to join in one overwhelming act of love, to unite in one single psalm of praise! Nationality, political differences, ambitions and jealousies—all were laid aside—from that moment onward nothing mattered but Christ—Christ the Son of the Living God, and His adorable gift of Himself to mankind. There was not one discordant note in that great assembly, so different in customs, opinions, and aims, proving how fervent to-day is belief in the central dogma of the Church. And what a noble testimony to the earnestness of Christian convictions was the vast procession on Sunday, and the acknowledgment of the Divine Presence by representatives of Church and State—the classes and the masses. This union of the hearts of aristocrats and democrats, of rich and poor, in adoration of the Eucharist, upon the banks of the Imperial city on the Danube, was evidence that the army of believers is a compact and a mighty force.

The sectional meetings were full of interest. The fourth section—*The Apostolate of Woman*—was a very popular one, for it was especially intended for the ladies, who were numerous among the Congressists. All that Christian women do and can do, in the way of apostolic work, beginning with family life and extending to all conditions and situations that bring modern women in contact with society, was discussed. That this section was allowed to meet at such an important Congress, that it publicly sanctioned and honored the work, showed at once the importance which the Church attaches to woman's co-operation, in modern times.

In the morning assemblies, eminent clergymen of wide experience spoke of the necessity of this lay apostolate; in the afternoon, distinguished women treated the same question from their viewpoint, aided by ripe experience and solid studies.

Bishop Faulhaber, of Speyer, gave a magnificent address on the "Apostolate of Woman," tracing her religious duties and her high vocation as handmaid of the Church, friend of the poor, nurse of the sick, teacher of the ignorant, inspiration of true art, and guardian of high ideals in society.

All considered that the apostolate finds its best and only stronghold in Holy Communion.

Three points were outlined. First, family reformation through the Blessed Eucharist. Second, piety and common sense in the writings of holy women. Third, the Blessed Eucharist as the source of light and strength of charitable works.

These discourses were of the deepest interest, showing what believing and self-denying women can do in this line. It was not alone in the discussions that the fact was demonstrated, for women of every social rank had a large share in the success of the Congress. An Archduchess, standing at the head of the female committee, learned typewriting in order to despatch her correspondence more speedily—indeed, she labored strenuously, accomplishing herself all the most important work.

The flowers with which the churches were so artistically decorated were made by women, and it is a fact that many humble young girls in the flower factories worked daily some hours longer, without payment, to bind flowers for the Con-

gress. Ah, how much sweeter than any summer blossoms these flowers of sacrifice, offered by these hard-working women, smelled!

There is in Vienna an association of pious ladies, called "The Friends of the Sick," who have taken it upon themselves while visiting the hospitals to bring the inmates some relief. By means of charitable acts, they wish to gain their confidence, win back those who are far from God, and urge them to receive Holy Communion. What these ladies did during the Congress was really admirable. They had made it a point to inaugurate General Communion in the hospitals—by no means a slight undertaking, when one considers how many patients of different creeds are here together in the dormitories, and that among the doctors and other authorities, there are many who are more than indifferent to religion. The ladies took all the hard work upon themselves, several of them rising at four or five o'clock in the morning so as to be in the hospital in due time. Their efforts were crowned with extraordinary success—obviously, God's blessing rested upon their apostolate. They had no difficulty with the authorities or with the patients. Priests, and even bishops, from other countries, offered to assist in hearing the confessions of the sick, and the number was scarcely sufficient for the wants of the patients. All the Catholics received the sacraments, and it is said to have been a touching sight to see the patients of other creeds remaining quiet during the time, notwithstanding their sufferings, in order not to disturb the general devotion. Even Jewish patients, who were well enough, had helped to decorate the humble altars.

It was not alone in the public hospitals that the ladies were successful. In the garrison hospital, where only sick officers are tended, there was not one who did not join the general Communion. In the children's hospitals there were many First Communion, adding to the beauty of the ceremony.

And here I must note, in passing, that one of the dearest wishes of our Holy Father was realized on the occasion of the Congress, for thousands of little ones approached the Holy Table. In all the churches there were children's Communion, and, on Wednesday, there was a general Communion for them in the Schwarzenberg Park. Unfortunately, the weather was most un-

favorable, rain falling heavily, but the little ones, to the number of six thousand, made a brave show despite the unpropitious circumstances. The Schwarzenberg Palace was richly decorated for the occasion. In the garden of the Palace was erected a high altar and six smaller altars. At 7.30 the Cardinal Legate celebrated Mass. Many members of the nobility were present. Among the communicants was a grand-nephew of the Emperor. The sweet voices of the children joining in the hymns, and the devotion with which they received Our Divine Lord, moved many to tears.

It is altogether a joyful fact that the Eucharistic Congress has caused an extraordinary increase of spiritual life in our dear country, and especially in Vienna. Priests have said that it was wonderful how, without the help of missions or retreats, such a renovation was possible.

In the Jesuits' church and in St. Stephen's Cathedral, as many priests as could be procured had to sit in the confessionals all night from Friday to Sunday. And what confessions those were! Some of 30-60 years. Those of 7-13 years were quite common.

From three o'clock in the morning Holy Communion was given until late hours, and crowds followed one another to the Communion rails. I know of a family that had not been to the sacraments for many years. During the Congress, not only this family but the clerks employed by the head of the house, approached Holy Communion.

In some churches, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed day and night. Priests and Catholics of all ranks and nations had hours of adoration. One night the Catholic students had it all to themselves. This was no trifle for them because during the day they were fully occupied in volunteering to perform other offices. From four o'clock in the morning, some were serving Masses, and, in the hours not taken up by the Congress, they were acting as guides.

I once read that Catholics are merrier and more joyful than those of other creeds. Here the fact was manifest. Under any other circumstance, the incessant downpour would have been looked upon as a calamity, in view of the hardships entailed by the crowded state of the city, and which obliged many to live in a complete want of comfort—having no possibility of

changing their clothes and shoes. Thousands slept in the schools and gymnasiums, and even with all the hospitality the city could afford, eight thousand persons, who arrived by the last trains on Saturday, had to spend the night in the streets. Notwithstanding all this, there reigned a general gladness, which could only come from a higher source.

The four great meetings were held in the Rotunde, the largest place of assembly in Vienna, and which was taxed to its utmost capacity. Speeches, marked by brilliancy of thought and love for the Holy Eucharist, were delivered there. One of the finest was that of Rev. Karl Andlau, S. J., who acknowledged with gratitude the part played by the House of Habsburg for the glorification of the Blessed Sacrament. He showed how throughout the centuries, beginning with Rudolf of Habsburg, and up to the time of our own venerable Emperor, under whose protection the Congress was held, the members of the Habsburg Dynasty had looked upon fidelity to the Eucharistic Lord as a sacred and highly esteemed privilege. "Above all," said the speaker, "I thank thee, beloved Emperor, in the name of all the Catholic nations." At this utterance the delegates present rose from their seats and broke out in vociferous cheering for the members of the Austrian royal family. Some voices sang the first notes of our National Hymn, the "Gott erhalte," and thousands joined them.

It was at the final meeting, on Saturday, that a famous Viennese member of the committee, Rev. Victor Kolb, S. J., asked the question which had occupied everybody's mind for the past twenty-four hours: "Will not the weather frustrate the final success of the Congress and render the procession impossible?" The Father suggested an idea which relieved the general anxiety. "It is raining," said he. "Rain comes from the hand of God. As not a hair falls from the head without His knowledge, neither shall a drop of rain fall from the sky except by His will. It is not for a tourist enterprise that we shall assemble to-morrow but for an act of adoration of the Holy Eucharist, and to make reparation for the many offences to which Our Lord is exposed in the Sacrament of His Love. Let us gladly accept this weather in a spirit of penance. And if the rain is not pouring, we shall go."

These words were received with a storm of enthusiasm, and, in the Hail Mary, which the Father invited us to say, all hearts joined in perfect submission to God's will.

With great anxiety did the multitudes who attended the Eucharistic Congress await Sunday morning. It dawned grey and dripping. Still hopes were entertained that a change would take place and that the sun would shine on the closing event—the crowning glory of the Congress—the procession. At 7.30 the rain gradually ceased and the sky became clearer, but, after the lapse of half an hour, the bright hopes which had been formed were dashed to the ground. The rain came on again in torrents and it was a question whether the procession could take place. Eventually, the final vote was left to the Emperor, by common consent of the Cardinals and Bishops. This devout son of the Church decided to abandon the open-air Mass, but to have the procession, insisting on taking his place therein despite the anxiety of his medical attendants, for he did not wish to deprive Our Lord of His triumph, and the thousands who had journeyed from afar of an opportunity of honoring Him by a glorious manifestation of faith in His Divine Presence.

The people braved the elements, not heeding the torrential rain, kneeling in the mire to receive a blessing as Our Lord went by—they had been patiently waiting for hours—many of them fasting—oh, it was a soul-inspiring, glorious sight in our cold century!

At last, the procession reached the Heldenplatz, where all had assembled for the final homage. Had the weather been fine, Holy Mass would have been celebrated on the summit of the great entrance-gate of the Hofburg. The ringing of silver bells announced the approach of the Blessed Sacrament. In a coach which the Empress Maria Theresa had used for her coronation drawn by eight priceless coal-black horses, and wrapt in clouds of incense, came the Papal Legate and Cardinal Nagl, the latter holding the golden monstrance in which reposed the Sacred Host. The carriage was accompanied by deacons of honor, with lighted candles. In deep devotion the multitudes doffed their hats—all knees were bent—all heads bowed in adoration.

In contrast with the stillness of that hallowed

moment was the great shout of love and devotion that arose from the hearts of the people as the gilded coach, drawn by eight white horses, containing the aged Emperor and Archduke Franz Ferdinand came into sight. Every eye was fixed upon the octogenarian ruler who for sixty years has stood erect in the midst of bitter griefs and trials, holding aloft the finest traditions of humanity, a king whose manhood crowns his nobility.

While the troops paid military honors, cries of "Hoch!" and "Vive l'Empereur!" rent the air. All the church bells were rung and salvos of artillery fired. The Emperor was visibly moved and great tears rolled down his face.

The concluding address to the Congress was spoken by Cardinal van Rossum, in clear, resonant tones. He described the impression made upon him by the Congress, and his intimation that he would convey to the Holy Father his sense of the magnificent success which had been attained was received with cheers and jubilation. He tendered to the Emperor and the Imperial House the profound thanks of the delegates and representatives, and, as he did so, the hall resounded with cheers. He made a vigorous appeal to the people of Austria to be true to the Faith and to the Church, and, with a blessing on Austria, he brought the address to a close.

Yes, the Congress is over—but not the impression it made upon the participants. I heard an English priest remark, the following day, "It was a sight never to be forgotten—not a sight of curiosity or pleasure—but one of penance and love."

To my mind there could not be a more sublime and consoling spectacle than that witnessed, day after day, in the churches, as endless crowds—some in their humble working dress—approached the altar-rails to receive the Bread of Life; and I cannot but feel that belief in the Real Presence of Our Divine Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament will be strengthened, and Catholic life and labor revived and promoted in every class, station, and age, by this world homage to the Hidden God of the Eucharist.

MARGARETE HARTTMANN.

ST. PÖLTEN, AUSTRIA.

### Immaculata.

"**F**AIREST thou where all are fair." So sing Mary's children in the Office of their Mother,—and, in any assemblage of ideal women, we find their loving utterance verified.

To state just what the vision of God's Mother is, is beyond the power of a humanly-guided pen, for her loveliness and beauty far surpass the possible expression of the richest of vocabularies.

St. Bernard says, "Only the Saints can understand what they in Jesus find"; and, we may add, "Only the children who love her, know what Mary is."

St. John, the beloved disciple, describes her as "The Lady clothed with the sun, the moon beneath her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." Tipping the rays of grace which emanate from this beauteous center, are the various titles under which we greet her, and, like jewelled points, they complete a round of transcendent loveliness.

From her humble state as the "Maid of Nazareth" to her regal dignity as Heaven's Queen, there is no womanly honor which does not befit our matchless Mother; and there is no duty however lowly, which our fancy can picture her as not performing.

Do we wonder how or why a mere woman can be so infinitely and beautifully variable? It is by being so pure in heart, in mind, and in soul, that God's grace is in no way impeded; for, as glass that is pure and without spot, hinders not the passage of the infinitely variable light, so a spotless soul is transparent, too, and hinders not the operation of the infinitely variable light of God's grace, and need we marvel that what we behold is beautiful beyond expression?

To Bernadette, our Lady said, "I am the Immaculate Conception," and Gabriel saluted her as "full of grace." This is her whole vesture, and such is our Immaculate Mother.

"Nought that is defiled cometh near her. She is the brightness of the Eternal Light, and the Mirror without spot."

M. G. A.

How valuable is time! Yet we trifle with dear hours, with dearer days, mayhap with dearest years, in the great contest for immortality.



RECEPTION ROOM. LORETTO 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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As we go to press, the following message was received from Reverend Arthur O'Leary:

*To Reverend Mother Stanislaus, Mother Alexandrine, and all the Religious of the Abbey.*

Greetings from Rome and the Father of Christendom. Upon my request, at a recent audience, Pius X. imparted to you his blessing.

I had a private audience with His Holiness, on the Feast of St. Cecilia. The Holy Father sends his Apostolic Benediction to all the Religious of the Abbey and affiliated houses.

I met Cardinal Merry del Val in his private room, and His Eminence remembers the Abbey very kindly.

Faithfully,

A. O'LEARY.

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There is a world of brilliant promise in the rosy dawn of a New Year, heralded by Hope and welcomed by the music of rejoicing bells. To each one of us it brings the gracious gift of renewed opportunity, coupled with the saving admonitions and the sound philosophy that, for centuries, have guided the world in its higher progress; revealing in glowing outline the pinnacles of great achievement and pointing the way to their loftiest heights. Exultantly, therefore, do we turn to the future, forgetting the defeats

and sorrows of yesterday in ecstatic contemplation of the brightness and the promise of the new-born year.

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We record with warm appreciation the last meeting of the Alumnae, when, after three vocal numbers by Miss Buckley, which were heartily applauded, Mrs. Ambrose Small contributed a profoundly interesting and instructive account of her late sojourn in Turkey and in Egypt.

It is one thing to travel abroad and to add chapter after chapter to one's book of information as to foreign conditions, geographical and social; even indeed to receive a wealth of impressions, with all their broadening effect upon one's culture; but quite another thing is it to be able, in the recital of such experiences, to awaken in the minds of those whose plane of travel has been less extended, if not unduly circumscribed, a glow of enthusiastic interest and delight.

This rare gift we claim to be in the possession of Mrs. Ambrose Small.

Calm and unrheterical as her utterances are, they never fail to arouse a very great interest and feeling.

It may be that much of the charm lies in their impersonal character, and her adherence to facts so wonder-rousing in themselves. We all know how the persistent intrusion of the pronoun "I" spoils many an otherwise laudable discourse. But the real secret of success seems to lie in her choice of just those points which, though of peculiar interest, are widely ignored in written travelogues.

Matters which touch upon likenesses rather than differences are apt to attract us. Those sidelights upon the home life of the better class of Turkish women, their social customs, dress, education, etc., with which, through a delightful little business manoeuvre, she became so intimately acquainted, were quite irresistible.

When the scene shifted to Egypt, the speaker warmed perceptibly to her subject. In her glow

ing description of the Pyramids she made the past centuries live again, and there were few present who did not share with her the indefinable charm of that sojourn in the great desert, where, not the gorgeous monuments, nor the magnificence of ancient kings and emperors dazzled the eye, but the solitary and silent grandeur of the King of Kings, was evident, and all but visible, luring the soul to heights and vistas undreamed of, and tempting it to explore, in ever-growing wonder, that other temple "not made with hands."

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We are indebted to Reverend Mother Augustine, of the Ursuline Convent of Our Lady of the Straits, St. Ignace, Michigan, for a copy of the *Republican News*, containing a sketch of the life of the late Reverend Mother Angela, assistant foundress of the Ursuline College, Chatham, Ont., foundress and superioress of the Ursuline Academy of Our Lady of the Straits, Michigan, who, after fifty-five years of religious and educational activity, obeyed the final summons, on the twenty-third of September:

"For more than fifteen years, Reverend Mother Angela labored at St. Ignace with zeal and devotion, energy and executive ability, and in successful achievement of great results. Such a task as that which she undertook, in her sixtieth year, might have daunted a much younger person. The privations and hardships of a new start were borne by her unflinchingly, despite her advanced years; her fortitude and example inspired, as her discipline and instruction edified, her followers. Her indomitable energy surmounted every difficulty, and her remarkable powers of administration were the marvel of St. Ignace. In her latter days, sickness assailed her, but in sickness or health, her life was one of constant devotion to her religious duties, her beloved Order and its noble work. The last and greatest effort of her career remains as her monument in St. Ignace, and her name and memory will long

be revered in the city, while from those of her faith, fervent prayers go up to the throne of grace for her eternal rest.

Reverend Mother Angela was ever most devoted to the Loreto nuns and always spoke of them with grateful affection. A few years ago when two of the Religious came to Sault Ste. Marie, her joyful expectancy to see once again the loved teachers of her youth, was beautiful to behold. She frequently referred to the training she had received from the Loreto nuns in Dublin and to her indebtedness to their painstaking efforts for the method which characterized her scholastic work. One of her teachers, Mother M. Purification, is still living at Niagara Falls.

In speaking of Reverend Mother Angela's greater achievements, her ability as a teacher is sometimes lost sight of; as an instructress in music, particularly, she was efficiently successful.

Of the little band of self-sacrificing holy women who came to St. Ignace, in 1897, two alone remain. For their departed leader these words are truly fulfilled: 'Jam hiems transit, imber abiit, et recessit: surge amica mea, et veni coronaberis.'

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After a severe illness of several months, M. M. Magdalena Weber breathed her last at Loreto Abbey, Toronto, on the fifteenth of October.

At the request of her family, the remains were transferred to Stratford for interment. There, in a house of the Institute, a Requiem-Mass was celebrated, at which the family and friends of the deceased had the consolation of assisting. Despite the grief occasioned by the loss of so devoted a member, a sense of sweet religious peace prevailed throughout.

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A very charming little drama, dealing with the miraculous Grotto of Lourdes, the apparition of Bernadette, and the cure of two persons afflicted, the one with physical, the other with spiritual blindness, was presented by the pupils of Loreto

Abbey, Toronto, to a large audience on Friday evening.

Right Reverend Monsignor McCann and about twenty-five priests honored the occasion with their presence.

A more wisely selected or fitting play to grace the boards of the convent stage could hardly have been chosen. Certainly, nothing more chaste in tone or elevating in character could be conceived, and right warmly was it approved and applauded. The scenery and stage-setting were appropriately beautiful. The costumes were chosen with the unerring taste of an artist, and the actors, while betraying the amateur in certain parts, to the amusement of the hearers, in one or two instances, yet never to their own discredit, acquitted themselves well enough to arouse a genuine feeling of interest and sympathetic attention.

We do not expect, nor, indeed, would it please us to see a too-finished professional skill in such performances. What is lacking in this way is more than made up for by the subject matter, and the charm which characterizes the genuine, healthy-minded schoolgirl in everything she does. Nature is always more attractive than art.

And yet, when a very marked ability, clearly one of Nature's own gifts, is manifest, as in the case of several of the performers on this occasion, notably that of Miss Edith Smith, who personated Bernadette, and Miss Angela Ryan, who sustained the difficult and lengthy part of the blind Princess; there is no denying the added charm and value to the play. The graceful ease and unaffected modesty in voice and manner of Miss Edith Smith contrasted most effectively with the vivacity and emotional fire of Miss Ryan, giving a dramatic value to the performance, which it would otherwise have lacked.

The apparition of Our Lady herself, personated by Miss Mildred Clear, provided a focus point for the whole play. So realistic was this presentation, that an almost sacred awe seemed to hold the audience spellbound while it lasted.

The final was touchingly sweet. A procession wound around the Grotto, singing "Immaculata, Immaculata," with an unction, which made all forget, for the time, this was only a play, and not a religious ceremony of sacred beauty and significance.

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This has been called an age of all manner of things which tend to embarrass our daily mode of living, and rob us of the little "naturalness" we still possess; but if we were to call it the age of living along the line of least resistance, there would probably occur a revolution among those who wish to make us what we are not. Yet, despite the constant insistence on the strenuousness of modern purpose, whether in making for noble ends or mere personal convenience in pleasant occupations, it is apparent, or should be apparent, that what is really aimed at is the simplification of existence by making it innocent of rules, formalities, indeed, of everything which appertains to the ceremonious.

In this way we strive to strip life of its embroidery, and remove all those little elaborations of simpler actions which at one time constituted the difference between refinement and a rough and ready mode of existence. "Just ourselves"—and our selfishness—is the motto of the unceremonious world, which does not hesitate to excuse itself from all the small embellishments of word and deed because they are "such a bother."

There is a section of society which prides itself on having edited the laws of etiquette by the process of wholesale elimination. This work is conscientiously executed in the belief that a greater degree of happiness and enjoyment is to be gained by omitting as much as possible of what belongs to higher civilization when humanity consorts. Ceremony is regarded as a marjory, and those who oppose it profess to think that we "get on better" when we are free to be moderately frank, which is to say rude, to one

another. Having inaugurated the systematically unceremonious procedure of society they may, perhaps, already begin to feel that it reacts against them from a direction with which they did not reckon.

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Among the many modern devices for combining work with pleasure,—the number and variety of which in the educational field alone, are well-nigh infinite,—there are none perhaps more helpful, certainly none more pleasant or better calculated to achieve the end in view, than those which deal with a marked period in history and literature and whose aim is to reproduce that period with all its coloring of language, dress and prevailing custom.

Besides divesting the class or lecture room of its stiff and sometimes tedious formality,—though, after all, this may have been the very kind of training necessary to produce the great lights under consideration,—it heightens the interest and zest of the student and lightens the burden of the teacher, to have the pupil act out rather than learn and recite a number on the study programme.

The Arts and Faculty students at Loreto Abbey proved this to their own satisfaction and to the pleasure of many spectators, on Wednesday last, when, in the quaint and beautiful costume of Eighteenth Century England, they reproduced scenes from "She Stoops to Conquer," "The School for Scandal," and "The Rivals," with skill and finish, by no means ordinary in a purely amateur performance.

The acting, which was far above the usual standard, added to the vocal and instrumental ability displayed between the acts, established the reputation of these young ladies with one bold stroke, and ensures them an enthusiastic hearing on all future occasions.

But the most delightful and unique part of the programme came when the Eighteenth Century Dames in all their brave array of powdered hair,

quilted skirts and laced bodices, lined around the four-square Mitre Inn dining-table, laden with present century delicacies, and gay with ferns, red roses, and waxen tapers, the surrounding walls hung with pennants and appropriate mottoes, and a cosy fire-place glorifying the whole.

There, after doing ample justice to the viands before them, they waxed becomingly merry, and assuming the characters of the Johnsonian dinner-table, were soon involved in a lively and noisy discussion, literary and otherwise. An amusing incident, told in connection with Johnson, Goldsmith, and Garrick, was reproduced here with charming reality.

Toasts (in Nature's own beverage) were proposed and wittily, if not learnedly, responded to. At a seemly conventional hour the party broke up,—but not before impressing its useful literary lesson upon both audience and players.

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The readers of the RAINBOW will perhaps be interested in noting the fact that two years of college work have already been carried on at the Abbey. As no announcement has yet been made of the fact, a few words of explanation will perhaps be seasonable.

Loreto Abbey is a Woman's Residential College attached through St. Michael's College to Toronto University. St. Michael's College appoints the professors, and the students write the examinations and receive their degrees from Toronto University, attending lectures there in what are known as University Subjects, e. g., Geology and Chemistry of Second Year, and making use of the magnificently equipped laboratories for practical work. All other subjects, such as Classics, Modern Languages and Philosophy are pursued at the Abbey.

The students thus enjoy a unique advantage—that of obtaining a degree from a University of the acknowledged standing of Toronto, combined



MISS CERTRUDE MC QUADE      MISS CECILE COUGHLIN      MISS EDNA DUFFY      MISS ELLEN MADIGAN  
MISS DOKOTHY FURLONG      MISS THERESA O'REILLY      MISS CERTRUDE MURPHY  
MISS CERTRUDE RYAN      MISS THERESA COUGHLIN      MISS MARY POWER

STUDENTS OF FIRST AND SECOND YEAR COLLEGE COURSE, LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO



with a thorough Catholic training and environment—a fact which, we think, the Catholics of the Dominion will not be slow to appreciate.

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We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, "The Little Cardinal," by Olive Katharine Parr, 12mo., cloth, \$1.25.

"The Little Cardinal" is a most absorbing novel in which piety, pathos, and humor are happily blended. The author, Olive Katharine Parr, is a very gifted and a graceful, charming writer. At an early age she followed the example of her mother, beginning a long-continued work in the slums of London. In this new book she has drawn the characters from life; consequently, the story possesses a realism and an interest not to be obtained by imaginary plots. Miss Parr's former literary achievements give us an assurance that any new work of hers will be found worth while. This book is no exception; on the contrary, it is the finest piece of work we have had from the pen of the author.

From the moment that Uriel, "The Little Cardinal," is introduced until we lay down the book at the end, our eyes dimmed with tears, the interest is unceasing. It is the story of a child, a little boy, that every one, young or old, who has a heart within him can read and sympathize with. There is no sickly sentimentalism about it: it is simply an unusually beautiful story, charmingly told.

\*

From the above publishers comes "The Sugar Camp and After," by Father Spalding, S. J., 12mo., cloth, \$0.85.

The announcement of a new book by Father Spalding will, we are confident, bring joy to many hearts. No writer of the present day understands the tastes of the American boy better than this distinguished priest. The lively characters that figure in his books, the innocent,

though stirring, adventures that he presents in a setting of attractive and striking scenes, all tend to make wholesome and interesting reading.

Diverting as the book is, it is also highly instructive. The characters are well drawn—they are real boys, not mere goody-goodies—there are many humorous, and a few pathetic situations, and all is done with the object of making the reader—boy or man—better and manlier.

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"Faustula," by John Ayscough, published by Benziger Brothers, 12mo., cloth, net, \$1.35.

"Faustula," John Ayscough's masterpiece, and newest romance, is in fact, a very old one, going back to the middle of the fourth century. It is a Roman tale, dealing with the new state of things resulting from Constantine's conversion, but rudely interrupted by the accession and apostasy of Julian. Though placed so far back in time, "Faustula" has no wooden archaism; in such novels the author often uses his tale merely as a stalking horse for the display of his erudition. It is John Ayscough's rare merit to do the contrary; his erudition slips out in a word here, a phrase there, an allusion, a jest, but slips out in spite of him, as though he had tried to keep it in. "Faustula" is true to history; but what matters much more, it is true to human nature; so that the characters are as easy, as vital, as full of warmth, color and actuality as though they were all alive now instead of having lived nearly sixteen hundred years ago.

John Ayscough's finest gifts—characterization—atmosphere—romantic spirit—spiritual dignity and elevation—a singularly rare, restrained, half-concealed humor—a power of description that enables him to create an imperishable picture in a paragraph of a few lines—are all shown at their highest in "Faustula." It is a gallery of marvellous portraits. The air of the place and of the time is so wonderfully given that one seems to be living in it. The whole book is high and rich romance. There flows beneath it all a

half-hidden wit and humor, that is never obtruded, and never fails, and that never jars with the deep pathos and solemnity of many parts of this rare book. John Ayscough works so frankly and yet with such delicacy of restraint, that he hardly seems to have an object; and one discovers it only by discovering what is his result. In that way we arrive at the knowledge that the whole purpose of all this author writes is to show, in a thousand varying lights, the beauty, splendor, dignity, sweetness, and truth of the Catholic Church.

We feel confident that "Faustula" will enormously increase John Ayscough's reputation and that it will speedily eclipse in fame even "Marotz" and "San Celestino."

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"The Road Beyond The Town" (Benziger Brothers), by Reverend Michael Earls, S. J., 12mo., cloth, \$1.25.

"The Road Beyond The Town" is a beautiful little volume of songs, sonnets, and ballads of an author whose verses have appeared in the leading magazines of America and abroad.

When Father Earls was but a youth in Georgetown University, his poetical contributions to the college journal were reprinted in high-class foreign magazines, and such a discerning editor as the late Father Matthew Russell, S. J., who had criticised verse and prose for over forty years—predicted that when Father Earls should launch his first volume of poems they would meet with great success.

"A perfect poetical gem on Father Tabb"—included in "The Road Beyond The Town"—printed in "The Atlantic Monthly," drew from the distinguished critic of the London *Tablet* the statement that Father Tabb's mantle had fallen upon Father Earls.

Lovers of poetry will find these tributes well deserved on perusing these verses, some of which are dainty as snowflakes, and others rugged as

oaks. From them all breathes the soul of the true poet, the incense of Christian resignation, hope, and joy rising to heaven from the earthly fires of trial, suffering, and temptation.

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"Up In Ardmuirland," by Reverend Michael Barrett, O. S. B. (Benziger Brothers), 12mo., cloth, net, \$1.25.

The scene of this story is laid in a little village of Scotland, among simple-living Catholic people. The pastor of this flock, whose delicate lungs enforce an indoor life during the bleak winter weather, has, at the suggestion of his twin brother, recorded the doings of his people and, in some instances, the story of their lives, with the result that we have a delightful book. There is much of pathos and no little of humor in the telling of it; there is even a touch of the supernatural, for a real ghost is introduced. When we remember that the author is a priest of experience, we can imagine that most of the incidents of the story, especially that of the ghost, are actual happenings in his life. It is an unusual book, written in a simple style, and will hold the attention of the reader to the end.

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"Saints and Places," by John Ayscough (Benziger Brothers), 12mo., cloth, with illustrations, net, \$1.50. Postage 15 cents extra.

Volumes that tell of saintly lives and of travels to hallowed places are not rare to-day, nor are they very uncommon in matter and style. But here is one, by reason of the deep erudition, keen historical analysis and happy style of the author, that is most rare and most uncommon. It will surely add a laurel to the fame of its author. An extensive traveller, his descriptions of the places he has visited and the Saints that they recall are told with a delightful freshness entirely foreign to the usual pedantic volume of travel. His pictures are vivid and the manner of painting brilliant. There is no dry narration in these really



entrancing pages. They are aglow with light and color, and the author's sensitive appreciation of the golden past of the cities and kingdoms, heroes and saints—that are dead but still live—wraps them all in a pathos that moves the reader—as it did the writer—to thoughts of the One Unending. No finer tribute to "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" has ever come from the pen of man, Christian or Pagan. And John Ayscough shows this glory and grandeur, enhanced and intensified by the halo that Christianity had placed over the mighty past, as well as by the holy lives of those who lived and died for the Man-God.

To the rare combination of philosopher, poet, and cultured writer, John Ayscough adds a wit of a high order, and his delicate humor increases the charm of his work, which is embellished with fine illustrations of the "saints and places" touched upon in the book.

### In Classic Stratford.

"The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not mindful what they mean thereby,  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing  
He can at pleasure stint their melody."

#### A Stratford Lamb's Tale of Shakespeare.

**J**ULIUS CAESAR told Juliet that Shylock stole the Comedy of Errors from Othello and sold it to the Merchant of Venice for three thousand ducats. Cassius said the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Brutus and Mark Antony, met Bassanio and Portia in the forest of Arden on their way to the Rialto, where Hamlet lived. Richard II. said, "Why make 'so much ado about nothing'?" Julius Cesar replied in the immortal words of Shylock, "Measure for Measure!" but Romeo seemed to think "Love's labor lost" in the Tempest. Macbeth considered it only "A Winter's Tale" about the "Taming of the Shrew" in Belmont. Lady Macbeth was spending "12th. Night" at Elsinore, and Antony and Cleopatra sailed down the Avon on their way to the Forum, but when Cymbeline awoke from her "Midsummer Night's Dream,"

she exclaimed, "Not poppy and not Mandragora nor all the drowsy syrups" of Stratford shall ever medicine me to forgetfulness of the way the girls of the I. Form played the Merchant of Venice; but "all's well that ends well," as Shylock remarked to Portia, after the "Trial Scene"!

### A Wasted Day.

The day is done,  
And I, alas! have wrought no good,  
Performed no worthy task of thought or deed,  
Albeit small my power, and great my need.  
I have not done the little that I could,  
With shame o'er forfeit hours I brood,—  
The day is done.

One step behind,  
One step through all eternity—  
Thus much to lack of what I might have been,  
Because the temptress of my life stole in,  
And rapt a golden day away from me!  
My highest height can never be,—  
One step behind.

I cannot tell  
What good I might have done, this day,  
Of thought or deed, that still, when I am gone,  
Had long, long years gone singing on and on,  
Like some sweet fountain by the dusty way;  
Perhaps some word that God would say, —  
I cannot tell.

O life of light,  
That goest out, I know not where,  
Beyond night's silent and mysterious shore,  
To write thy record there for evermore,  
Take on thy shining wings a hope, a prayer, —  
That henceforth I unfaltering fare  
Toward life and light.

J. BUCKHAM.

The yesterdays and to-morrows are the bugbears of humanity only because of the failure of most of us to make the best of to-day. To-day well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness, and every to-morrow a vision of Hope. The mistakes of yesterday create the fears for to-morrow.

### Island Reveries.

Mary Stuart's Vindication.

(Continued from October Number.)

**A**GNES STRICKLAND affirms that "the first insinuation against Mary Stuart's reputation, as a woman, emanated from her base brother, Moray (the Lord James), who consigned to the ready pen of Randolph the task of disseminating vague but malignant hints, tending to defame her, his sister and Sovereign, whom he dared face neither in the senate nor in the field. The document wherein his mysterious aspersion against her is promulgated to Cecil, is dated the same day the news of the rebel Lords from their city of refuge in Scotland, Dumfries, reached Edinburgh, October 13th., 1565. Finding themselves worsted in the game, they resorted to the cowardly weapons of calumny, but calumny as yet harmless and undefined."

This renegade brother and priest had, in his ambition, opposed, for obvious reasons, Queen Mary's second marriage. He had accused Lord Darnley and his father, the Earl of Lennox, of a plot to murder him; had fled when required to produce evidence.

His royal sister had married the Catholic Lord Darnley; and was now likely to bring an heir to Scotland; so blackest defamation of character and cold-blooded murder were now the only means of securing to this desperate man either the regency or the crown of Scotland. A glance backward will show us that his career had prepared him for the most satanic crimes that were ever perpetrated upon this earth.

Pitied and cherished by Mary's mother; beloved and trusted by his royal sister; accepted and advanced by ecclesiastics until he became Prior of St. Andrew's—he had put off his religious vows as if they had been a mantle; had headed the insurgent lords; had feigned repentance; and, upon his magnanimous sister's return to Scotland, had been made her prime minister.

To entrench himself in place and power, to draw thereto honors and titles, to destroy all who opposed his career or his pretensions, was the life-task set himself by James Stuart, the renegade prior. He had unroofed his church, turned away the poor, retained the lands, and diverted their revenue into his own pockets.

Now he would found a family: so, at the new year of 1562, he married Agnes Keith, daughter of the Earl Marischal. Before his marriage, the Queen had elevated him to the peerage by the title of Earl of Mar.

The marriage ceremony was conducted by the "reformers" in the Church of St. Giles, which they had captured some years previously.

His royal sister's multifarious favors conferred upon him elicited only the cry of "More, more!" while his cruel heart and unclean mind sought her undoing. As an instance of the latter we shall give an incident in Agnes Strickland's own words:

"One day (in 1562) while Queen Mary was conversing with Sir Henry Sidney in her garden at Holyrood House, Captain Heiborne (or Hepburn) approached, and delivered a packet to her, which she handed to her favorite minister, the Lord James. He appeared at first to regard it as a thing of no consequence; but after a while, opening it, drew forth an obscene drawing, with a copy of ribald verses, both of which he had so little regard to decency as to show to her Majesty in the presence of the English ambassador. The insult was probably contrived for that very purpose, although the suspicion and wrath of the Queen fell on Hepburn—about as reasonably as if a postman were to be held accountable for the contents of the letters consigned to him for delivery. Hepburn fled, to avoid the evil consequences of having been the bearer of the said offensive missive. He was so fortunate as to escape the peril of being interrogated with thumb-screw or boot by the Council, according to the laws of the period, to discover the person from whom he received the packet, and the mystery was never unfolded. Mary's feminine pride and delicacy received so great a shock from the circumstance, and the mortification caused by its coarse exposure to the English ambassador—who might, she feared, draw conclusions derogatory to her honor—that she fretted herself sick with vexation and grief."

What a vile wretch! Where is the *brother* who would not fell to the earth the man who would dare place before his sister's eyes a picture so reprehensible?

Ah, could her royal father but have risen to the side of his defenceless daughter of nineteen!

but again, what would have been his thoughts at sight of the monster he had left to bear the name of James Stuart!

The covetousness of the Lord James was unappeasable. He desired lands and titles and preferred that, if possible, they should be taken from the Catholic nobles, whom he hated with all the malice of an apostate.

"In the commencement of the year 1562, his royal sister, Queen Mary, gratified him with a secret grant, under her privy seal, of the Earldom of Moray, for which he had been a suitor ever since her marriage with Francis II. This much-coveted peerage and its rich demesnes had been granted, on the death of the last earl, to Gordon of Aberdeen, Earl of Huntley, and Chief of the Gordon clan; but that nobleman had been forced to resign it in a somewhat irregular manner, by the late Queen-regent. During the civil war and the anarchy that prevailed after her death, Huntley had quietly taken possession of the estates and castles pertaining to the said earldom again; and trusted that his good and loyal services to Mary would induce her to restore the title to him as the lawful claimant. She might possibly have done so, had it not been for the incessant importunity of her greedy premier of St. Andrew's, who continued, like the daughters of the horse-leech, to cry, 'Give, give!' And Mary, carelessly profuse in her generosity, did give not only such things as were in her gift, but many that were not lawfully hers. The earldom of Mar, for instance, which she had bestowed upon him at his marriage with Agnes Keith, was, properly speaking, the right of his uncle John, Lord Erskine, to whom, when he had obtained a large equivalent, the Lord James subsequently resigned it—with the exception of two of the largest estates, which he refused to relinquish. The title of Moray he did not think proper to assume until he could obtain the lands; but as these were in the occupancy of the Earl of Huntley, it became necessary to kill before he could take possession. Huntley, though the head of the Roman Catholic party in Scotland, had been treated with great coolness by the Queen, who feared his ill-judged zeal would embroil her with the Reformers." (Was his zeal ill-judged? Let the world judge by what followed.) "Moreover, he had seriously displeased her, by com-

plaining to her uncles of her slackness in the cause of her religion; when finding himself very much at discount in her court, he had withdrawn into Aberdeenshire, where his great strength lay. Two of his sons were married to daughters of Hamilton, Duke de Châtellierault, and the accusation of treason recently brought against that nobleman operated in some measure to color the charges of disaffection which the inimical premier was ever and anon whispering in his young Sovereign's ear against Huntley."

Also for the persecuted Huntley,—the still noble Gordon!

"Unfortunately for Huntley, but very opportunely for the Earl of Moray elect, it happened that while the Queen was at Stirling, on Saturday, June 28, 1562, a brawl occurred in the streets of Edinburgh, at nine or ten at night, between Sir John Gordon of Finlater, Huntley's third son, and Lord Ochiltree (later John Knox's father-in-law), in which the latter was dangerously wounded. A lawsuit of long standing between the parties was on the eve of decision—(we can imagine who would win!)—when, the opponents encountering on the causeway, thought proper to argue the point with dirk and rapier,—a method of prefacing trials on matters of property very common in those days. Sir John Gordon was considered the aggressor in this affair; and even if he had not been, he would probably have been treated as such, as he was not only a member of a proscribed church, but the son of a house which, subsequent events prove, was devoted to destruction by the *ruling* power in the realm. The bellicose parties were taken into custody by the Edinburgh magistrates, and held in restraint till the Queen's pleasure could be ascertained. Mary referred the matter to the decision of her brother and premier, the Lord James, and he committed Sir John Gordon to the Tolbooth, where he was subjected to the same treatment as the vilest of criminals. At the end of a month, Sir John, finding his lodgings intolerable, contrived to effect his escape, and took refuge with his father in Aberdeenshire. This misdemeanor afforded a convenient handle for effecting the long-desired ruin of the house of Gordon."

"The young Queen was easily persuaded by her premier, and his coadjutor, Lethington, to

undertake a progress into the northern portion of her realm, to hold a Justice Court at Aberdeen, for punishment of disorders; but the principal object of her journey was to put her fraternal favorite in possession of the demesnes pertaining to the earldom of Moray. The only excuse for Mary's conduct, in a matter which forms the great blot of her reign, is, that she was an inexperienced girl of nineteen, acting according to the advice of her self-interested prime minister, in whose hands she was at that period an unreflective puppet."

Agnes Strickland's next chapter on the history of the Gordons must make very interesting if not disquieting reading for our present Earl of Aberdeen.

We go into details of the Gordon family story because the same weapons—calumny, forgery, and the axe—were employed in their destruction as were to be employed in that of their fair young Queen and unconscious persecutor, and by the same "Reformers," always headed by the Lord James.

To resume: "Mary and her ladies left Edinburgh on horseback, August 11th., accompanied by the Lord James, and a numerous train of his friends and partisans, her officers of state, and Randolph, the English ambassador, who was invited to accompany the progress, which at first assumed only the sprightly appearance of a hunting and hawking tour. . . . At Old Aberdeen the Queen was dutifully met and welcomed by the Earl and Countess of Huntley. The Countess availed herself of this opportunity to cast herself at the Queen's feet, and entreat grace for her rebellious son, Sir John Gordon. Mary assured her that no favor could be granted, unless he would appear to his summons in the Justice Court of Aberdeen on the 31st., and surrender himself into ward at Sterling Castle; but on his way thither, suspecting that foul play was intended, he fled to one of his strongholds in Aberdeenshire, and got a company of his vassals together for his defence. Meantime his parents wooed the Queen to be their guest at Huntley Castle; but she refused to honor them with her presence. . . . At Rothiemay their Sovereign was again met by the Earl and Countess of Huntley, who continued to implore her to visit them at Strathbogie. But Mary, deaf to their

entreaties, crossed the swollen waters of the Spey, and on the 10th. of September arrived at Tarnaway, the principal mansion of the earldom of Moray. Here the Lord James for the first time produced his patent under her privy seal for the earldom of Moray, and took his place in Council by that style and title;—having thus cleverly brought his Sovereign two hundred and fifty miles through moss and moor personally to induct him into that demesne. This was only the opening of the game. The next day, September 11th., the Earl of Moray conducted the Queen to Inverness, where she and her train arrived in the evening; she immediately presented herself before the Castle gates and demanded it to be surrendered. A demur arose, although it was a royal fortress. Lord Gordon, the heir of Huntley, was the hereditary keeper as well as Sheriff of Inverness, and his deputy, Captain Alexander Gordon, acknowledging no authority but that of his chief, resolutely refused to admit even the Sovereign without his orders. Queen Mary, being thus repulsed, was obliged to lodge in the town. The country assembled to the assistance of the Queen; and the Gordons not finding themselves so well served, and never amounting to above five hundred men, sent word to the garrison, only twelve or thirteen able men, to surrender the Castle, which they did. The Captain was instantly hanged and his head set on the Castle. Some others were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and the rest received mercy. . . . Mary quitted Inverness on the 15th. of September, and reached Spynie Castle, the palace of the Bishop of Moray, on the 17th. Here she remained till the 19th., having the whole force of the country and two thousand Highlanders to escort her. As she approached Fochabers, intending to repossess the Spey at that ford, divers reports were brought to her. Some told her she would be attacked as she passed the river; others, that she would be assailed from the woods which skirted the road within a short distance of the river. . . . It is, however, easy, even for ladies, to be valiant where no actual danger exists; and Mary rode through the heart of the Gordon country without encountering a single foe. All the hostility was on her side! On her way to the mansion of the Laird of Banff, she paused before Finlater House, one of Sir John Gordon's castles, which she sum-

moned by sound of trumpet, and was refused admittance. Having no cannon, she could not force the contumacious castellan to surrender, and be hanged, like him at Inverness. Mary having been deluded by her artful ministers into the notion that Huntley meant to force her into a marriage with one of his sons, and that bonny Sir John Gordon, though a married man, was intended for her husband, and to be made King-matrimonial of Scotland, whether she would or not, was, like any other high-spirited girl, wonderfully irate against the presumptuous traitors who cherished such daring designs against her person and regal authority. Surrounded as she was by Moray's creatures, and the sworn foes of the Gordons, she had no means of detecting the falsehoods with which her credulity was abused. Thus she continued to play out the part assigned to her in crushing the greater barrier against the ambitious designs of her fraternal rival, the Lord James, now Earl of Moray.

The Queen arrived at Old Aberdeen, safely, on the 22d. of September. . . . She had now provided herself with artillery and arquebusers, to be used, if necessary, in reducing the castles belonging to the Earl of Huntley and his sons. She sent a haughty command to Huntley to deliver up one of her cannons, which had been many years in his possession, within eight-and-forty hours, at a place four miles from his castle. Huntley did as he was commanded, and besought the Queen's messenger, Captain Hay, to assure her Majesty, 'that not only the cannon, which was her own, but his goods, and even his body, were at her disposal.' But Mary's mind had been so poisoned against this unhappy family that she gave no credit to these protestations, and so she declared to her Council; 'whereat,' writes Randolph to his colleague, Cecil, 'there hath since been good pastime.' Ay! fiendlike sport to those who were urging her as their blind instrument for the consummation of the dark tragedy in which her clandestine grant of the earldom of Moray to her greedy premier was the first act. It now progressed rapidly.

The Queen sent Captain Stuart, with six score soldiers, to invest Finlater Castle, of which Sir John Gordon, who had been at hide-and-seek among the fastnesses of his native county, hearing, came by night with a company of his faithful followers and surprised them, slew some,

disarmed the rest, and captured their leader. Due advantage was made by those about the Queen of this exploit. She sent to summon Strathbogie, and arrest the Earl of Huntley. The Earl, perceiving the approach of the assailants, fled to a safe retreat. His wife threw open the doors, and invited all who came in the Queen's name to enter, and partake of her good cheer. They ate and drank and searched the house, but found neither treasonable papers nor warlike preparations. Huntley was summoned to appear, with his son John, before the Queen and her Council at Aberdeen. Failing to appear, both were proclaimed rebels and traitors at the market cross, with three blasts of her Majesty's horn, according to the usual formula of such denunciations in Scotland. Driven to desperation, Huntley was, at last, goaded into the fatal resolution of marching in hostile array against his Sovereign, at the head of five hundred hastily-raised men, chiefly his own tenants and servants, with intent, as was asserted, to surprise her at Aberdeen. About twelve miles from that town he was intercepted by her lieutenant, the Earl of Moray, who had two thousand men under his command, well armed. Huntley and his handful of followers posted themselves on the hill of Fair, a position apparently impregnable; but the galling fire of Moray's arquebusiers drove them from it into the narrow morass below, through which flows the burn or rivulet of Carrichie, where, being deserted by most of his men, and surrounded by his foes, he and his two sons, Sir John and young Adam, were compelled to surrender. The Earl, immediately he was taken, being placed on horseback before his captor, died without a word. The kindred historians of the house of Gordon declare that he was strangled by Moray's orders. His body was carried on a rude bier, formed of creels or fish panniers, to Aberdeen, and deposited in the Tolbooth, where his daughter, Lady Forbes, seeing it lie on the cold stones, clad in cammoise doublet, and gray Highland hose, reverently covered it with a piece of arras, saying as she did so, 'What stability is there in human things! Here lieth he who, yesterday, was esteemed the richest, the wisest, and the greatest man in Scotland.'

So, after murdering the richest, the wisest, and the greatest man in Scotland, the Lord James

now stepped into his shoes as Earl of Moray by right of murder—the inalienable right of the “Reformers.”

Strickland continues: “Moray, whose title to his new earldom was thus secured, sent a message to the Queen, informing her of the ‘marvellous victory,’ namely, having with two thousand well-armed men defeated five hundred, and humbly prayed her to show that obedience to God as publicly to convene with them, to give thanks unto God for His notable deliverance. She *gloried*,” continues our authority, “both at the messenger and the request, and scarcely would give a good word or a blithe countenance to any that she knew to be earnest favorers of the Earl of Moray. It is easy to believe that Mary’s heart smote her, when too late, for having rejected the submissions of her unfortunate Chancellor, and her refusal to see his wife, and that she regretted having dealt with him so ungraciously as to provoke him into a show of disloyalty foreign to his nature, followed by such dire results. No wonder she was sad. ‘For many days she bore no better countenance,’ observes Knox. Whereby it might have been evidently espied that she rejoiced not greatly at the success of the matter.

“When Sir John Gordon was paraded through Aberdeen, bound with ropes like a common felon, and Moray led the Queen to the window to see him pass, her tears were seen to fall. This demonstration of womanly compassion rendered it necessary to persuade her that designs of a most atrocious nature had been meditated against her, both by Sir John and his unfortunate father. Letters were produced, found, *as asserted by Moray*, in the pockets of the dead man, from the Earl of Sutherland (ancestor of the present Duke of Sutherland)—who was a Gordon, also, and marked for ruin—containing evidences of a treasonable correspondence against the Queen. Sir John, she was assured, had confessed that, ‘if his father had reached Aberdeen, he intended to have burned the Castle, with her and all her company in it.’ The ruin of the noble Gordons, root and branch, was meditated. Randolph informs Cecil that ‘the Queen beginneth to show how much she was bound to God who had given her enemy into her hands. She declared many a shameful and detestable part that he thought to have used against her, as to have married her

whether she would or not; to have slain her brother, Moray, and whom other that he liked; the places, the times, where that should have been done,—and how easy a matter it was, if God had not preserved her.’ Thomas Keir, one of the confidential servants of Huntley, also confessed that it was the intention of his late Lord to have murdered the Earl of Moray, and others of the Queen’s councillors, at Strathbogie, and to have kept her at his own disposal. These tales were devised to convince Mary of the expediency of consenting to the death of the unhappy man for whom she had betrayed symptoms of compassion.”

Sir John Gordon was arraigned before the Justice Court at Aberdeen, November 2d., found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to lose his head. He was instantly hurried away to execution. His youth and beauty—he was accounted the handsomest man in Scotland—interested the sympathies of the people so much in his behalf, that Moray insisted upon the Queen countenancing the execution by her presence. (The fiendish coward!) The scaffold was, by Moray’s order and direction, erected in front of the house where she was lodged; and she was placed in a chair of state at an open window.

Gordon, understanding she was present, turned him about, knelt, and looked steadfastly upon her. Mary, greatly moved by this mute appeal, burst into a flood of tears, and wept and sobbed with hysterical emotion; yet she was powerless to save the victim who excited her fruitless compassion, for Moray stood by her side, and the work of death commenced. The executioner, either unskilled in his cruel business, or unnerved by the Queen’s emotion, struck an erring blow, which wounded and covered the unfortunate Gordon with blood. The indignant spectators groaned aloud; Mary uttered a piercing cry and swooned; and, while she was borne in a state of insensibility, from the window, and laid on her bed, the revolting butchery was accomplished.

Sir John Gordon’s brother, Adam, a youth barely seventeen, had been doomed to die with him, but Mary positively forbade so barbarous a sentence to be executed. He lived to evince his gratitude to his royal mistress for the grace she accorded to him, by many a gallant enterprise for her sake in the days of her adversity. Six

gentlemen of the name of Gordon were hanged in Aberdeen the same day the goodly form of Sir John Gordon was mangled by the headsman's axe. The office of Lord Chancellor of Scotland, having been rendered vacant by the death of the unfortunate Earl of Huntley, was by the infatuated young Sovereign bestowed on her brother Moray's able confederate, the Earl of Morton, who subsequently became one of the principal instruments in her ruin. . . . During her homeward progress along the coast of Scotland, Mary was met at Dundee by the Duke de Châtelherault, who came to make humble supplication to her in behalf of his son-in-law, George, Lord Gordon, the heir of Huntley, who, though he had had neither art nor part in the revolt into which the late Earl had been goaded, nor in the misdemeanors for which Sir John Gordon and his six kinsmen had been butchered, was marked out for another victim by Moray's fears or policy. The Duke told the Queen that 'in obedience to her commands, he had kept Lord Gordon in ward at Kinneil, where, in very sooth, he had been living peacefully with his wife during all the late turmoils, in Aberdeenshire.' Apparently incredulous of this statement, her Majesty signified that it was her pleasure that Gordon should stand his trial, and ordered the Duke to lodge him in Edinburgh Castle, where his own son, the Earl of Arran, was still detained as a state prisoner, with the accusation of high treason hanging over him. . . . The Queen returned to Holyrood on the 14th. of January, where she was again attacked by illness, which confined her to her bed for several days. It was at this time that her minister, the new Earl of Moray, caused the heir of the ruined house of Gordon to be brought to trial of high treason; and although the only crime of the unfortunate young nobleman was being the representative of that devoted family, he was by his time-serving judges found guilty, and doomed to be hanged by the neck till he was dead, his head to be separated from his body, which was to be quartered, and disposed of at the Queen's pleasure. Nothing could induce Mary to consent to the execution of this iniquitous sentence, and she caused the destined victim of Moray's policy or vengeance, to be removed by her royal warrant from Edinburgh Castle to Dunbar, on the 11th. of February, and put in tree ward there, under the charge of the captain

of that fortress, until further orders. Moray finding it impossible to induce his royal sister to sign the death-warrant of another Gordon, endeavored to compass his sanguinary designs by outwitting her. One day, when he brought an unusual number of ordinary papers which required her signature, and which she was accustomed to sign without reading, fully confiding in the description he gave her of their purport, he shuffled in among the rest a mandate in her name, addressed to the Captain of Dunbar, ordering him immediately, on the receipt thereof, to strike off the head of his prisoner, George Gordon, commonly called Lord Gordon and the Earl of Huntley. The Queen signed the fatal order, unsuspecting of its murderous intent; and the astute statesman who had thus imposed on the implicit reliance she placed in his integrity, despatched the paper by a trusty messenger to the Captain of Dunbar. When that gentleman read it he was surprised and troubled, and with much concern communicated its purport to poor Gordon. 'It is the malice of her brother,' exclaimed the young Earl, with passionate vehemence, 'for the Queen sent me assurances of her pity; and I know, and am sure, it is not her intention to take my life.' He then implored the castellan to suspend the execution of the warrant till he should have seen her Majesty, and heard from her own lips whether it were indeed her irrevocable intention that the instructions in that paper should be acted upon. Touched with compassion for his noble prisoner, and suspecting that foul play was designed, the Captain of Dunbar generously risked his own ruin, by venturing to postpone the execution of the warrant till he should have returned from Edinburgh. With all the despatch he could use, he arrived not there till the dead of night. Being, however, well known to the warders and porter at Holyrood as a person in her Majesty's confidence, he obtained admittance into the palace, and made his way to her bed-chamber door; but there he was stopped by those on guard, who told him that the Queen was already retired for the night, and was in bed. In consequence of his urgency the lady in waiting was summoned, to whom he protested that he must see her Majesty on business that would brook no delay. Mary, being informed, desired that he should be brought in, that he might declare his errand by her bedside.

He entered with heavy looks, approached, and kneeling, told her he had obeyed her order. She, wondering, asked, 'What order?' 'For striking off Huntley's head,' he replied. Thus suddenly roused from her sleep with intelligence so astounding, Mary seemed at first as one dreaming; but when she comprehended the nature of the announcement, she burst into cries and lamentations, mingled with passionate reproaches to the Captain of Dunbar, for the murderous deed which had been perpetrated in contradiction to her instructions. He showed her the order signed by her own hand. Tears gushed from her eyes as she looked upon it. 'This is my brother's subtlety,' she exclaimed, 'who, without my knowledge or consent, hath abused me in this and many other things.' 'It is good,' said the Captain of Dunbar, 'that I was not too hasty in such a matter, and resolved to know your Majesty's will from your own mouth.' Mary, in a transport of joy at finding the murder had not been actually perpetrated, tore the paper eagerly, commended the prudence of her trusty castellan, and enjoined him to give no credit to any instrument touching his noble captive, but only to her own word spoken by herself in his hearing; and charged him in the meantime to keep him securely till she could resolve what best to do.

On May 28, 1853, an awful ceremonial, unmeet for lady's eyes to look upon, took place in the presence of the Queen, namely, the attainder of the corpse of her late chancellor, the unfortunate Earl of Huntley, which had been kept unburied ever since the battle of Corrichie, October 28, 1562, for that purpose. According to a barbaric law which then disgraced the statute book of a Christian (?) land, the indictment being read, the body was brought into the Parliament Hall in the Tolbooth, in a coffin or kist covered with his escutcheons and armorial bearings; then, the treason being declared proven, and the forfeiture passed, the escutcheons were torn from his bier and riven and 'deleted forth of memory.' The forfeitures of the Earl of Sutherland and eleven other barons of the name of Gordon, were passed at the same time, and their arms riven. How far the unfortunate girl, who, dressed in the glittering trappings of royalty, was placed beneath the canopy of State to countenance these despotic proceedings of her ministers with her presence, was accountable for them, it

would be difficult to decide. The devoted manner in which the gallant Gordon brothers subsequently supported her cause looks as if they absolved her of wilful wrong, whose power at the best was but woman's weakness. When she pleaded for the release of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and the other prelates and priests who were in confinement, her entreaties and commands were alike disregarded, and she wept to see her authority defied."

(To be continued in April number.)

### The Late Dr. Furness.

"**A** MAN of exquisite charity, speaking evil of no one." That is how Agnes Reppelier begins her article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the death of Dr. Furness. She yields him his due meed of praise for his munificent gift, to lovers and students of Shakespeare of 14 volumes containing the essence of the comment and criticism of two hundred years, with all the results of ripe scholarship as to the sources and date, with account of the fortunes of the drama on the stage. A score of dramatic versions such as Dryden's are summarized with varying degrees of fulness. Gifted with a mind singularly clear, sagacious and penetrating, a mind richly stored with information acquired by arduous labors, painstaking study and wide original research, he brought new light to dark corners of the past, a wealth of erudition, clear, convincing arguments, and a style that at once claimed attention and demanded acquiescence. The quality of this compilation is as noteworthy as its compendiousness, but his eager desire to serve Shakespeare does not end here; he not only chronicles the opinions and conclusions of others, but, in dealing with disputed points, closes with a judgment of his own, which, when we consider the official standing that the weightiness of the edition seems to confer upon these utterances, warrants us in considering them with great care, for an effort is necessary not to be overawed by the *ipse dixit* of one whose labors so amply vouched for, point him out as umpire! The wholesome optimism of his long life never forsook him. Alluding to his approaching end he said, "My grave yawns at my feet, but I look down and find it snug and comfortable."





AND THEY WRAPPED HIM IN SWADDLING CLOTHES AND LAID HIM IN A MANGER.

*St. Luke 11, 7*



### A Mystic in Fiction.

**N**O one could read through the works of John Ayscough without coming to the conclusion that though the novel may exist primarily to amuse, yet it is no failure on the part of the writer when the reader is not deeply interested, but finds incidentally that his outlook on life is, for the moment, at any rate, chastened and elevated. In many ways John Ayscough, as a novelist, may be grouped with Henry Newbolt, though Henry Newbolt is more of a poet, and John Ayscough more of a mystic. Both writers trail after them luminous mists of mediævalism. Both undisguisedly give their tales more than any other an ethical significance. But while Henry Newbolt sets forth, for the admiration of his readers, the chivalrous moral ideal, John Ayscough insists always on the value of the ascetic moral ideal. These two moral ideals have much in common, and are often identical, as true chivalry includes not a little asceticism; but Henry Newbolt's feet remain more firmly on the earth than John Ayscough's. Henry Newbolt's affections go out, for the most part, towards England, the old country, to her chivalry and her heroes, while John Ayscough includes in his romantic interest all Catholic countries in a wider spiritual patriotism.

John Ayscough's success in presenting character, one of his leading characteristics, is not so much achieved by analysis as through a gradual unfolding. He seems to see his heroes or heroines first from the outside in an appreciative spirit, and then to live with them till he imparts to the reader a consciousness of their fine singleness of motive, their acceptance of the spiritual nature as the great reality of life. Whether it be a mediæval priest of whom he is writing or a present-day subaltern, he presents the character equally surely, developing it before our eyes till we see it in its completeness.

John Ayscough possesses a true historical sense. He writes equally successfully of present-day life, of life a hundred years ago, and of life six hundred years ago. He writes with simplicity, and his style seems to turn simpler as he goes back, as the times were simpler. He is equally at home in England and in Italy, and in these days when we appear to be having yet an-

other renaissance, as regards things Italian, this is an interesting asset for an author, and pure gain to the reader. Thus he writes with confidence of "San Celestino," as well as of the wandering artist and his daughter in "Mezzo Giorno," of "Marotz," and of the heroine of "Hurdcott."

It is hard to say if John Ayscough is in his finest vein in "San Celestino," or in "Dromina." "San Celestino" gives the story of that hermit Pope who held office for a few months, and then laid down the keys, of whom are said to have been written the lines of Dante:

"Poscia ch'io v'ebbi alcun riconosciuto  
Vidi e conobbi l'ombra di colui,  
Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto."

John Ayscough's power of making manifest the intricacies of human psychology, if not so much analysing as of causing to appear clear and as a whole, states of mind and feeling, has full play in a subject most congenial—the presentation of the state of mind of a rapt mediæval saint. He tells of the life of this saint of the thirteenth century, from his boyhood in the Abruzzi to his death, aged, and in prison, and by some, called anti-Pope; how he followed in the steps of the great saint of his infancy, Saint Francis of Assisi, till he died himself, a little before the birth of Dante. "The great refusal," seen through the eyes of John Ayscough, becomes an act of saintly renunciation, one to elevate the hero of his tale to the *Paradiso* rather than to cast him into the *Inferno*. Our author's sketch of mediæval Italy, before the Renaissance, while art was still in the Byzantine mode, and the poetry still written in Latin, and the lute was the everyday musical instrument, has the same quality as Henry Newbolt's mediæval sketches, a lifelike modernity, a tendency to bring these ages near through their human characteristics, instead of making it a cult that they should seem as remote in reality as in time. Petruccio di Murrone, as theological student at Salerno, goes to see the paintings of a fellow student. "Petruccio did not see that Amero's paintings were beautiful. Many people at the present time would be much of his opinion. Even Cimabue was not born till a year later, and Giotto remained unborn another quarter of a century.

Religious painting, and there was scarcely any other, was tied fast in the stiff Byzantine tradition.

"Does he really think people look like that?" the mountain-bred lad asked himself. He knew nothing of art and nothing of criticism, but for that reason he looked with simpler eyes and more frank observation: he had no conventional knowledge of what he ought to see.

"Petruccio doesn't know what to make of it all," said Quito, maliciously.

"He is not used to paintings," said Amero, indulgently.

"No, I am not," Petruccio confessed with ready humility, surveying a Madonna, with narrow eyes like slits, and fingers at least ten inches long. The bambino in her arms, if the figure were proportionate, could not have been larger than a rabbit. "Nevertheless," he observed, "the figures have a dignity."

In reading "San Celestino" we are conscious, from time to time, of an illusion such as we come under in reading "John Inglesant." The heroes, it is true, are nearly four hundred years apart in time, and John Ayscough's book remains a work of imaginative historical reconstruction, while "John Inglesant" is a rather great romance, but there is a strong similarity in the atmosphere of the books, in the authors' appreciation of the beauties of asceticism, in their realization of the humanity and the spirituality of the human race throughout the ages.

The scope of John Ayscough's remarkable romance, "Dromina," goes beyond the scope of most historical novels, for here we read of the lives of no fewer than three separate royal kings, though two of them are uncrowned. That a lineal descendant of the old Irish kings should find alliances for his children in the royal families of the gipsies, that his daughter's apparently gipsy husband should be, in reality, the missing Louis XVII. of France, that his son's son should make himself the youthful emperor of a great West Indian island, makes a crowded and stirring tale though it flows so smoothly. We might be in the company of George Borrow as we wander in the gipsy encampments in Ireland and in Spain, so real and of such a suspicious, friendly presence are the gipsy characters; while the adventures of the gentle Ethna,

as the wife of the fugitive and intriguing dauphin, take us into an equally romantic, though more historic, atmosphere. The climax of the chronicle is reached when we land with the wonder of a boy, young Mudo, on the island to find him received as emperor, at his own behest. There have been self-made emperors of Hayti, but they were singularly unlike Mudo. Mudo is the child of our author's fancy, and the reader will turn in vain to books of reference for his identification.

In his modern tales, such as "A Roman Tragedy" and "Mr. Beke of the Blacks," John Ayscough seems to write on a more ordinary level, though they are full of interest. When he writes of India, he is specially exact in showing, without prejudice, the tawdry side of ordinary Anglo-Indian society there, and the sort of laxity that is apt to come to Anglo-Indians in their struggle to be happy, or, at all events, jolly, in spite of the climate. In Mr. Beke, this at first sight quite commonplace young man, who is yet touched in the core of his consciousness with the spirit of chivalry, he gives us a character sketch of some one we seem to have met, an individuality that remains with us long after we have seen him, under the rule of his silent, honorable nature, go quietly down with a sinking vessel beneath the tropic ocean.

A. M. T.

### The Spirit of Julius Caesar.

THE drama of J. Caesar was written three centuries ago and is one of Shakespeare's greatest and profoundest plays, exhibiting a remarkable insight into the Roman character; it is based entirely on political facts. History repeats itself indeed, for we find ourselves actuated and enveloped by the same spirit which dominated Rome during the career of one of the world's greatest men.

When Shakespeare undertook this historical play it was not primarily to entertain his audience with historic details of which they were ignorant, but he wrote as a dramatist who found an interesting story. To-day this play comes into prominence, not for the tragic tale which has long ago been exhausted, but because of the return to the same spirit of independence and liberty that was abroad many years ago in the reign of Julius Caesar.

This spirit it was which, when aroused in the fickle mob brought about the assassination.

However, it would be better perhaps first to give a short synopsis of the entire drama than to dwell too long on any one portion except that which we have chosen, viz., the spirit pervading the play, it being the idea dominant which brings Julius Cæsar now into evidence.

Shakespeare took the plot entirely from "Plutarch's Lives." The play opens at a time when there is a general belief that Cæsar desires an imperial crown and hopes to receive it, supported by the acclamations of the people. He knows the public attitude towards himself, for Antony remarks, when Cæsar says, and Brutus calls him "the foremost man of all this world," "Do this," it is performed—

"Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Cæsar king;  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land  
In every place save here in Italy."

The green-eyed monster enters the arena and in consequence we have the conspiracy plotted and lead on by Cassius, who, with wonderful tact and skill, induces Brutus to join with the conspirators. Brutus hated tyranny, Cassius tyrants. New forces are at work till the climax comes. Cæsar is stabbed, and when he falls one of the world's greatest acts of folly is committed.

Nowhere can we find a more vivid expression of the failure to reap good fruit from an evil deed. The murder of Cæsar has brought about the evils that Brutus, "the noblest Roman of them all," would give his own life to prevent. The scene changes; new discords arise. If three men share the supreme power the weakest must go to the wall.

"This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,  
The three-fold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?"

So throughout the later scenes there is a scheme or plot against Lepidus, for Cæsar's death is to be atoned for and vengeance must follow.

Shall we then ask where the wit lay in critics who wondered why Shakespeare did not end the play of J. Cæsar with the scene of his assassination?

Cæsar is great, but it is his frailties which render the attitude of the conspirators intelligible, for Cassius argues the cause and defends it on the ground that "Cæsar himself is no better man than his neighbors." But the conspirators from Brutus down read him wrong. While he lived he was the incarnation of the new, the inevitable order of things; when slain, he is not dead, he is the spirit pervading the world.

Consequently, if Brutus, seeking with the noblest motives to make evil his good, found that evil sown was evil reaped, still less can men of humbler lives hope for success in the attempt to advance the public good by means which, if used for self-interest, would be considered infamous. There is no difference between private and public morality. From Brutus comes the comment and the prophecy,—

"O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet,  
Thy spirit walks abroad."

MYRELA DUGGAN.

### Lyrics.

SOMETIMES, in our dreams of heaven, we picture ourselves with golden harps and revel in the thought of the sweet, full strains we hope to call forth from these wondrous instruments, realizing not that all the while we are overlooking the happy possession of that for which we are sighing—these harps are already ours, voiceless it may be, but if so, why?

There is, perhaps, no more common figure in use than that of the harp or lyre as a symbol of the chords of feeling with which man's heart is strung, and it is not strange; harps were ever instruments of praise, and is not such the purpose of man? And, just as measureless as is the range of lyric tones is the range of feelings which thrill the heart-strings and wing their way—"The still, sad music of humanity."

One expressed form of this music we call "Lyric Poetry," so named, it is said, from the fact that it was intended to be sung to the accompaniment of the harp or lyre; it seems more probable that it received its name from its origin, that human lyre, the wondrous, pulsing heart of man.

Legend tells us of a boy who, one day, fashioned a harp from strands of fine hair and delighted himself with the tones called forth by the touches of a gentle breeze. Far sweeter and more delicate were these sounds than any he had heard before, and such as the touch of human hand could not evoke.

How like to this aeolian harp are those hearts whose clear, pure tones are not a response to the violent touch of human passion, but harmonies, "Beautiful, soft and sweet and low," awakened by "The Spirit of Love," who, we are told, "breatheth where He will." Truly divine are these melodies, and we call them Psalms or Sacred Lyrics.

It is true, the most beautiful of these lyrics find expression only on the pages of "The Book of Life," for from the hush of the "Valley of Silence" the Mystic sings:

"I have heard songs in the valley,  
That never will float into speech;  
And I have had dreams in the valley,  
Too lofty for language to reach;  
And I have seen thoughts in the valley,  
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred;  
They wear holy veils on their faces,  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard,  
For they walk through the valley like virgins,  
Too pure for the touch of a word."

Yet to some chosen souls God gives the power to reveal as well as to feel, and to them we turn for sympathy when our less gifted hearts find need of giving definite expression to their intense feeling.

Many, whose great minds have shed light on deep and ponderous subjects, gave their heart-thoughts expression in verse. Listen to Newman—

"Grant to me, great God, the constant soul,  
Ne'er fooled by pleasure nor enslaved by care,  
Each rebel passion (for Thou canst) control,  
And make me know the tempter's every snare,  
What though alone my sober hours I wear,  
No friend in view, and Sadness o'er my mind  
Throws her dark veil; Thou but accord this  
prayer  
And I will bless Thee for my birth, and find  
That stillness breathes sweet tones and Soli-  
tude is kind.

"Each passing year, Oh! grant it to refine  
All purer motions of this anxious breast  
Kindle the steadfast flame of Love divine  
And comfort me with holier thoughts possess,  
Till this worn body slowly sink to rest,  
This feeble spirit to the sky aspire,  
As some long prisoned dove toward her nest,  
There to receive the gracious, full-toned lyre,  
Bowed low before the throne 'mid the bright  
Seraph choir."

It would be an endless task, to name all the sweet singers whose verses reveal communings with the Divine, but those whose fervid raptures of spiritual emotion are revealed in the Canticles and Psalms of Holy Scripture must ever stand as witnesses to what wondrous and exquisite harmonies God may call forth from the hearts of His creatures to swell the Canticle of Praise which the beloved disciple describes as "The voice of many harpers harping on their harps." M. G. A.

### Under the Rain:

**I**T is raining. The day is dark and the world is silent save for the puffing of the steam from the passing engine. The birds are silent, too, for God has covered the world with a black shadow and they are fearing lest, perhaps, some harm find the cradle of their little ones. My heart is more silent than these—for birds have never known disquietude and yearning for "the divided half of such a friendship as had mastered time."

It is raining but God is over the raining. One whom I love is under it. This rain is disturbing the grass blades on his grave. Once he walked upon the earth through its winds and rains, bravely, grandly; now the rain is falling on his grave, this quiet, sobbing, soothing rain.

How it comes down! The super-saturated air is filling the world with volumes of water. The roofs are dripping, and glittering with spluttering drops while the windows chant pitter-patter, pitter-patter, to the high concert on the roof.

If I had an umbrella and a gossamer and a pair of rubber boots, do you think I would remain here inside this window? I would go into childhood once again under my umbrella. The music of the falling rain upon a big umbrella, I

remember yet. Since, the umbrella has grown larger, until the unplumbed dome of the sky is the one I love best. It is my great jewelled umbrella, set with the pale-eyed stars. It is my Temple Beautiful sending down benedictions of rain.

Why have I always loved rainy days?

"If only I could borrow  
A rainbow from to-morrow  
To pay the lovely debt  
I owe—"

for the memory of a day of rain! I would tell you. I would tell you of the dimpling water under a soft rising mist, of the glassy sheet, like a great world-mirror, showing the under sky, of the fear lest I should fall through to the cold, lashed stars, of the gladness when the birds sang again over the rain-washed world.

And why have I always loved to hear the birds singing?

"To join my voice to all the music sweet  
Of crowding leaf and busy, building wing,  
And falling showers?"

How can I tell you why!

O dear little birds! You have been silenced only to rise up brighter, sweeter, more triumphant than ever. You never get discouraged, you never grow cynical, you only sing all the day, proclaiming the love and the beauty of Him who made you a bird. If you were a man or a woman would you always sing? Or would you fret and pine at times for what is not? Would you always hold the sky by the right of sublime invasion, or would you fall under the forces of this little world of sand and water? It is an idle question: the answer matters not at all. You will always be singers. The earth knows it, and gives you her green glades, and cool forests, and running waters, for an opera-house. And there you hold high carnival all day long, and all night long you do nothing but sleep. And we build houses to sing in when you are sleeping for we are men and women and you are our rivals in song.

Delightful and charming little players! You make me forget my subject and showering moments have passed unrecorded. But you are more than the wind and the rain. You are life; and these are only blind forces; this slashing,

belching, deluging shower is blind and dead and only indirectly good for you and for me.

The seedling needs it; and we need the seedling. You and I, little bird, must not starve. You gobble up a worm—have I not seen you often!—and I—if you are a wild duck—but I must not tell you. You are only a bird, after all, and I am not a vegetarian! Perhaps a bold, bad cannibal in your bird eyes. There is no knowing your thoughts. I believe they are beautiful, though, like your songs. And if you happen to have an eye for a worm, let him who is unbiassed judge; is it not incomparably more heartless to have chloroform for a worm? And yet, eyes have witnessed stranger things on the face of the earth. But it is all over. I am too far removed by my poverty to be an idle spectator on a scene of earthworms any more. I am not on the ground floor. However, I am nearer to the roof and I have ears; and I am nearer to the stars and I have a great love for the quiet stars. So an attic living-room is a minor consideration. You would think so if you were a king or a queen in the air! Or if you were I, under the rain and the shingles.

\* MARGARET SHEEHAN.

### Piano Recital at Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls, Madam Mary Hallock Gibley Talented Exposition.

**L**AST evening the students of Loreto Academy heard in "Piano Recital" Madam Mary Hallock, an artist of unusual talent, who rendered a programme of varied interest, including numbers from the great Arch Priest Bach to that most elusive impressionist of futurists, Debussy.

Besides being filtered through, so to speak, the artist's own charming personality which, while not obtruding itself, was felt in a subtle conscious way in every number, the message of the composer was delivered to the audience with a certainty of touch and clarity of tone that left no doubt as to the meaning.

A feature of much value to the students was the brief and poetic spoken foreword that preceded each number, in which not only the structural form was outlined but in some cases Madam

Hallock's sense of humor made clear in her delightfully rampant, boisterous Debussy "Minstrels" that followed on the programme an evanescent, intangible, unrhythmic, unmelodic number of the same composer.

The following is the programme:

1. Etude of C Sharp minor.....*Chopin*
2. G minor.....*Schumann*
3. The Skylark.....*Tschaikowski*
4. Fugue, A minor.....*Bach*
5. Nocturn, G major.....*Chopin*
6. Prelude Number 4, 22, 2.....*Chopin*
7. Waltz, A flat major.....*Chopin*
8. And the Moon descends on the Temple  
that was.....*Debussy*
9. Minstrels.....*Debussy*
10. Rakoesy March.....*Liszt*
11. Rhapsody, Number 8.....*Liszt*

Mrs. Bampfield chaperoned her daughter, Miss Margaret, and Miss Willox, Misses McColl, Miss Benson, Miss Clarke and Miss Brown.

### What the Moon Saw on Our Street Last Night.

"That orb'd maiden with white fire laden  
Whom mortals call the Moon."

**L**AST night was New Year's Eve.

She rose in all her pale and silvery glory, rejoicing in her voluptuous and full-fledged radiance—Queen Luna. Early in the evening she appeared while as yet the weary-world workers were home faring, and, smiling, she watched them as they wended their way along the streets—the long, white, city streets, scintillating with the sheen of a hoar frost.

How fair, how radiant she seemed, this satellite of our earth, and what strange and marvelous sights was she to behold ere the New Year dawned!

The rays from the arc-lamp at our doorway danced a stately minuet, but hers, cold, calculating, silvery, shot out in a fairy waltz, hither and thither, now peeping through a window, and then playing hide-and-seek among the gaunt, bald branches of the trees.

But the street was alive with shoppers and the moon laughed softly as she looked down on the

motley throng—a truly cosmopolitan collection, worthy of our cosmopolitan city. There was the grande dame from the avenue beyond, the business man, with his quick, decided manners, the newsboy, with his inevitable papers and shrill persistent call, and, lastly, the little mother from the frugal home.

And again Queen Luna laughed and hid her pallid disc behind an infinitesimal cloud, but, for a moment only, and then she stole forth, glinted, and dropped in through the stained glass window of the cathedral. She groped along, gently, timidly, wreathing now a pillar in silver light, then gleaming on the tabernacle, and, at last, with a defiant dash, touched and clung to the head of the organist.

Soft music swept the incense-laden air as the man's nimble fingers passed over the keys. Somewhere from the shadow of the choir loft a boyish voice trebled forth a beautiful cadence:

"Sancta Maria, Mater Dei."

"Mother of God!" The moonbeams quivered and drew back in awe, as no doubt did the beams that played about the crib at Bethlehem, nearly two thousand years ago. And then, reverently, tip-toe, as it were, they retreated, and, loath to depart, lingered among the pillars and arches until

"Thou wouldst have thought some fairy hand  
"Twixt poplars straight the osier wand  
In many a freakish knot had twined,  
And changed the willow wreath to stone.  
The silver light, so pale and faint,  
Showed many a prophet, man a saint."

Then, with a sudden start, the moonbeams escaped and next glided in through a nursery window which overlooked the cathedral grounds.

The room was plain, white and sanitary, and the babe was pretty and mischievous. As the mother tried vainly to croon it to sleep, the chubby hands caught daringly at the wavering silver moonbeams, and the father in the doorway laughed.

"Catch at something more substantial, babe," he advised, "moonbeams are rather elusive."

And, as though understanding and obeying, the child's elfin fingers grasped the mother's wavy tresses and then, slowly but surely, the



babe's eyes closed to the accompaniment of the mother's lullaby.

The baby slept, and the father and mother went softly out, while the moonbeams played caressingly around the child's head, forming a nimbus there as though it were the head of an angel, and perhaps it was—who can tell?

And then they darted out and wandered aimlessly along the street until—yes, surely, that was a sob, and alas! the sob of a child.

Groping along, they reached a stately mansion and then hesitated.—surely, no unhappiness could touch that regal pile? Warily they glanced into the servants' quarters, the kitchen was spotless and deserted. All seemed as usual, but the sobs continued. The moon stood aghast, for, in an upper chamber, with face pressed against the pane, sat a young girl. Her dark riotous curls were wonderful to behold, and Queen Luna paused when she saw the beauty of her great dark eyes, now filled with unshed tears.

What was it?

The girl raised her head, and, looking vacantly towards the sky, cried aloud in anguish, "Mother! Mother!"

The moon drew back and sent her beams through the closed shutters below. They entered and streamed across the coffin face of the dead mother. Dead, but beautiful, she lay amid a wealth of snowy blooms. The waxen hands were entwined with a great pearl rosary, and a sweet, sad smile was frozen on the beautiful lips. Again the moonbeams withdrew, and the feeble rays of the waxen tapers kept the midnight watch alone; the mother slept her last, last sleep, and the girl up-stairs still sobbed and prayed.

"There comes a day in our lifetime  
 (Have you felt it—do you know?)  
 When the world seems stilled a moment,  
 Sorrow has crushed us so,  
 But alas! 'tis only a moment,  
 Tho' weary and faint at heart  
 Life calls us back to the workshop,  
 We must each fulfil our part."

And the moonbeams crept away from the mansion—grief is sacred—and strayed along the now deserted streets for the midnight hour was

passed and the New Year's morn had dawned. Another year was added to the cycle of centuries, fresh, young, and beautiful—and who would be the first to sully its purity?

With a sigh, as though glad to escape all humanity, the moonbeams seized upon a new house and entered. Ah! here, at last, were peace and shelter from human griefs and trials—here amid the fresh timbers and pungent odor of paint and varnish.

"Now are the builders gone,  
 Silent the new house stands,  
 For the last, last touch is on  
 From the last, last workman's hands:  
 Spotless and clean and sweet,  
 From rafter to tiniest thole,  
 But a structure still incomplete,  
 Awaiting the birth of a soul."

Just then a man hurried along and stealthily sought the shelter of the wall and waited, listening painfully for a noise that came not. Queen Luna knew him well. She had seen many of his calibre before for his dark lantern proclaimed him for what he was—a burglar! But there still seemed some trace of goodness in the face and an almost womanish softness about the lips of an otherwise Machiavellian countenance. He stood alert, listening, with eyes bent on the palatial home just opposite. At last it appeared—a tiny thread of smoke which quickly developed into a cloud and then flames—lurid, leaping flames, which spread destruction before them. Soon the street was in an uproar and pandemonium reigned. Fire-bells clanged, jets of water played upon the flames, but still the fury raged. Servants flocked from the house and all were safe, it was supposed, until a carriage dashed up the street, and a lady in evening dress, with diamonds on her neck and arms, sprang down.

"My baby!" she gasped, and, as though in answer, far up a white-robed child appeared, with leaping flames below, above, and around her.

The mother's anguished cry whipped the hot blood to the face of the man cowering by the wall. For a moment he hesitated, then, springing past firemen, servants, and all, he made his way through the burning building to the child. How he reached her no one knew, but he tossed

her safely and unhurt into the net below, held by willing, eager hands, and then, raw and singed, sank back and disappeared among the leaping flames.

No one of all the watchers knew how the fire started—no one but the man, the moon—and God!

The night was far, far spent and Queen Luna was weary, so, with a sigh, she dropped behind the drifting clouds and disappeared.

“For look! what envious streaks  
Do lave the severing clouds in yonder East.  
Night’s candles are burnt low  
And jocund Day stands tip-toe  
On the misty mountain tops.”

TORONTO, KATY CAMILLE ADAMS.

### Calendar of the Year 1912.

“Let’s carry with us ears and eyes for the times  
But hearts for the event.”—*Coriolanus*.

**A**S the old year draws to a close our thoughts naturally wander back to the events that have taken place during the last twelve months. The most recent and important of these is the war between the Balkan States and Turkey. It is hoped that terms of peace will be arranged and it is probable that not only Constantinople but Adrianople will be ceded to Turkey in Europe.

Perhaps the next most important event is the birth of the Chinese Republic. For centuries China has been the victim of a despotic government; the consequent restraint has wearied the people—the sufferings and injuries they have endured is an old story, and there is much rejoicing that the Manchu régime is at an end; and we see the dawn of happier days for the “Sunrise Kingdom.”

By the great political upheaval across the line the Democrats have come into power for the third time since the Civil War, and in four states of the Union woman’s suffrage has prevailed.

The greatest calamity of the year 1912 was the loss of the “Titanic”—the death list by shipwreck highest on record.

An interesting event was the coronation of King George and Queen Mary as Emperor and

Empress of India, which took place at Delhi. Nothing was spared to add to the magnificence of the occasion. The ceremony or pageant is called the Durbar.

The military preparations throughout Europe bring into prominence the value of the aeroplane for the purpose of keeping generals informed of the movements of the enemy.

An important question in the Canadian Parliament is that of the navy. The Conservatives urge the necessity of an independent navy; the Reformers would prefer to strengthen the English navy and claim its aid in time of need.

Another crowning question, “Home Rule,” subject to Imperial supervision. Lloyd George is at the head of these matters and there is much bitter discussion in Parliament over them.

The organized labor strikes in England have caused much trouble to the various industries. A general panic was imminent, but the Trades Union Conferences are restoring order and more satisfactory conditions for labor and capital.

Canada was honored this year in the appointment of the Duke of Connaught, uncle of our beloved King, as successor to Earl Grey, Governor-General.

The rival nations in the commercial world are eagerly watching the progress of work on the Panama Canal. The opening of this waterway means a revolution in the world’s commerce. The cheapening of freight rates will stimulate the growth of industry, consequently, commerce on the shores of the Pacific. In anticipation of this result new trans-continental railroads are opening a direct way to the Pacific through Canada, United States, Mexico and Central America. Panama will become part of the United States’ coast line, and the most vulnerable part being the vital link between the Atlantic and Pacific slopes, the meeting point of two oceans and two continents. See the Point!!

The sudden death of Frederick, King of Denmark, and brother of the Queen-mother, Alexandra of England, is deeply mourned by his subjects, who loved him for his simple ways and gentle democratic rule.

Another ruler has recently passed away, the Emperor of Japan, a great empire-builder and benefactor of his people. Great demonstrations

of grief were shown at his funeral and every effort to do honor to his memory. His son succeeds him.

After a prolonged estrangement, Great Britain and Germany are coming to a better understanding. Since Germany entered into the ranks as the colonial powers, and the nation of thinkers has become one of maritime trade, manufactories, merchants, there was danger of clashing with England. Still whatever their rivalry in commerce, amicable terms must be maintained for mutual advantage.

Sir Richard Cartwright, one of the fathers of Confederation and a prominent figure in the political circle the last four years, died recently. He was a Liberal, strong, fearless in expressing his views, and honest in his aim.

"O great Eternity, our little lives are but a gust  
That bends the branches of thy tree  
And trails its blossoms in the dust."

DOROTHY RIDDELL.

**Voreto Convent, "Osborne" Claremont,  
West Australia, 1912.**

List of successful candidates who passed in the Theory and Practice of Music The Associated Board of Royal College of Music and Royal Academy Music, London.

THEORY.

Primary Grade—Eva Wenlock, Olga Stenberg, Beatrice Smith, Pattie Mitchell, Cassie Connolly, Gladys Jackson, Kathleen McDonald, Eileen O'Brien, Catherine Hoctor, Anita Hoctor, Sara McLeod.

Elementary Grade—Ida Wenlock, Rose McMeer, Jessie Martin, Enid Carroll, Gertie Treacy, Dorothy Smith.

Lower Division Harmony—Janie Lukin, Gladys Meagher, Dorothy Cavanagh, Mary O'Reilly.

Higher Division Harmony—Melba Mitchell, Kathleen Cornwall, Eileen Daly.

Intermediate Grade Harmony—Constance Molloy, Verona Rodriguez.

PIANOFORTE

Primary Grade—Thelma Lloyd, Olga Stenberg, Alice Cornwall, Doris Wolff, Thelma Greville, Muriel Rodriguez, Mollie Blaxland, Una Hamel, Mary Martin, Mollie Hampshire, Delsie Hoult.

Primary Violincello—Eva Wenlock, Eileen Daly.

Elementary Grade—Vera Connolly, Beatrice Smith, Enid Carroll, Kathleen Sheil, Grace Sholl, Lulu Rodda, Eileen O'Brien.

Lower Division Piano—Pattie Mitchell, Eva Wenlock, Rose McMeer, Mollie Sheil, Nora Monaghan.

Lower Division Violin—Gertie Treacy.

Higher Division Pianoforte—Dorothy Cavanagh, Janie Lukin, Gladys Meagher, Gladys Jackson, Ida Wenlock, Mary O'Reilly.

Higher Division Violin—Lily Kavanagh.

Intermediate Grade Pianoforte—Eileen O'Reilly, Lily Kavanagh, Kathleen Cornwall, Edith Castieau.

Advanced Grade Pianoforte—Kitty Falconer, Ruby Cornwall.

Dorothy Cavanagh obtained Honors in Harmony and Practice.

Melba Mitchell, Janie Lukin and Gladys Meagher Honors in Harmony.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC, LONDON.

Junior Grade Piano—Kathleen McDonald, Pass.

Intermediate Grade Piano—Eileen Daly, Pass; Mollie Moseley, Honors.

Senior Grade Violin—Connie Molloy, Pass.

Senior Grade Piano—Eileen O'Reilly, Honors; Dorothy Smith, Honors.

In connection with the Examinations held by the "Alliance Française" Board, the six pupils who entered passed, with the following results:

Kitty Falconer obtained the medal in the Intermediate Grade, Melba Mitchell the medal in the Primary Grade, Edith Castieau second place on list, Marjorie Hayhow seventh place on list, Mary O'Reilly eighth place on list, Enid Carroll tenth place on list.

The Exam. consisted of two hours of written work, then Dictation, Conversation, Recitation and Reading—all in French.

**The Institute of Mary in Many Lands.**



Examiner's report for the examination of the *Choir* at Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, 1912:

	Max.	Result.
Tone and voice production.....	40.	37.
Intonation .....	50.	50.
Time .....	50.	50.
Attack and ensemble .....	40.	40.
Expression and style .....	60.	60.
Sight-reading .....	100.	98.
Musical knowledge .....	60.	60.
	-----	-----
	400.	395.

It is next to impossible to find any flaw in the singing of this admirable choir. There was just a slight tendency to tremolo in some of the voices, and there was a suspicion of hardness now and again. In every other point they were nearly perfect.

Signed:

J. C. AMES,  
B. JOHNSON,  
*B. A., Mus. Bac., F. R. C. O.*

Examiners.

Examiners report of the *Senior Orchestra* at Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, 1912:

	Max.	Result
Tone and balance.....	40.	40.
Intonation .....	50.	50.
Time .....	50.	50.
Attack and ensemble.....	40.	40.
Expression and style.....	60.	60.
Sight-reading .....	100.	100.
Musical knowledge .....	60.	60.
	-----	-----
	400.	400.

Nothing further need be said. The above marks speak for themselves.

Signed:

J. C. AMES,  
B. JOHNSON,  
*B. A., Mus. Bac., F. R. C. O.*

Examiners report for the *Junior Orchestra* at Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, 1912:

	Max.	Result
Tone and balance.....	40.	35
Intonation .....	50.	42
Time .....	50.	40
Attack .....	40.	32.
Expression .....	60.	55.
Sight-reading .....	100.	70
Musical knowledge .....	60.	55
	-----	-----
	400.	320

This orchestra of young girls gave an excellent account of themselves. The work all round was good, the expression refined, and the intonation very good, if we except some little unsteadiness in the middle parts. The sight test was very fairly well done, and their musical knowledge excellent.

Signed:

J. C. AMES,  
B. JOHNSON,  
*B. A., Mus. Bac., F. R. C. O.*

The choir sang the following pieces:

- (a) "Questionings" .....*Branms*
- (b) "Now all the Roses are Blooming"  
..... *Branms*
- (c) "Surrexit Pastor Bonus".....*Palestrina*

The junior orchestra performed the following pieces:

- (a) First Primrose Gavotte.....*Filtenberg*
- (b) March in D .....

The senior orchestra performed the following:

- (a) "Orpheus"—Concerto for Harp and Orchestra, by .....
- (b) Symphony No. 4.....*Beethoven*

**Musicals at Loreto Academy, Wellesley  
Crescent, Toronto, by Mr. Paul Hahn  
and Miss Muriel Lillie.**

**A**N afternoon of rare enjoyment was afforded the Religious and pupils of the Academy by Mr. Paul Hahn's artistic and brilliant performance on the 'cello.

In Mr. Hahn's interpretation we realized, as perhaps we had never realized before, the depth of sympathy enclosed within the 'cello, when guided by one of Nature's gifted artists.

Mr. Hahn's handling of the instrument gave way to the appeal he made to the emotions, for Mr. Hahn is a true poet. His music is the very essence of harmony. It has a wondrous charm which captivates the heart and lures it from the sorrows of life.

Exceptional musical talent was also disclosed when Miss Muriel Lillie rendered a most artistic programme. The numbers were unusually attractive and delightfully played, especially the 11th. Rhapsodie, by Liszt, and Polonaise Brillante, by Chopin, both of which, were rendered in a finished style, which charmed her audience.

Miss Muriel Lillie has studied for some years under Mr. Wellsman, and she certainly reflects the greatest credit on her worthy instructor.

We wish Miss Lillie every success in her study of piano, which she purposes to continue for two years in Berlin, Germany, and then, we trust, she will return to her Canadian home, a finished artiste.

Following is the programme:

Ave Maria .....Gounod  
Gavotte .....Pappei  
Butterfly .....Noelck

MR. PAUL HAHN.

Turkish March .....Beethoven  
Dancing Dervishes .....Beethoven

MISS MURIEL LILLIE.

Lullaby .....Schubert

MR. PAUL HAHN.

11th. Rhapsodie .....Liszt

MISS MURIEL LILLIE.

Duo- Introduction and Polonaise Brillante .....Chopin

MR. P. HAHN AND MISS LILLIE.

Steinway piano used.

**Letter Box.**

"THE HEIGHTS."  
OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR SISTER:

Since seeing you I finished my studies at The College of Music, then several years were given to "Society," wintering in Washington, D. C., and summering in Saratoga Springs with my aunt. After that I took a Studio at Carnegie Hall, N. Y. C., and wrote in the mornings, taught music in the afternoons, and gave "Drawing-room Entertainments" in the evenings. About two years ago I was suddenly informed that my papa was dying. I immediately closed my Studio and hastened out here to do what I could for his comfort and pleasure, then it was I prayed more earnestly than I had ever prayed before that I might be allowed to have some years of the real home life with papa that I had always longed for.

God has been good to me and we are living in a wee three-room cottage, amid a forest of acacia, pine and Eucalyptus, on one of the hills above Oakland, with a view of five villages this side of the Bay, then the Golden Gate and San Francisco across the water. At night it is difficult to determine where the lights from the town end and the stars begin. We are two miles from the nearest shop, with but few neighbors, and lead the simplest of simple lives. I will give you briefly my daily routine and then describe my hour of recreation, which is usually devoted to making rose beads. My mornings are given to cooking and serving breakfast, feeding six cats, bathing papa, and answering letters for him, sometimes on my typewriter and again by hand. His mail is huge, and although he is not sick, he is not strong and it is necessary for him to conserve his strength in every possible way. Afternoons are spent preparing dinner, walking about the grounds with papa and making rose beads in the arbor, sewing or reading, preparing tea, feeding five horses, and, after supper, retiring with the birds. There are over fifty rose bushes on this place, the small red flower with the golden heart is the Agrapina - the wild rose of the Campagna - which seems to flourish here almost as

well as in Rome; there are also La France, Jacqueminot, Castilian, Van Hoot, Bride, Rève d'Or, and the pink wild rose. It is necessary to grind the rose leaves over and over again, returning the pulp to the grinder about twelve times until the pulp is firm enough to mould with the hands into beads, then I pierce each with a pin and stick the pin on wood to dry and harden; after two or three days I string them on strong floss, using very small steel, copper, or gold embroidery beads between the rose beads instead of the chain. Sometimes I use fifty-three pearl beads and only six of the larger rose beads, or vice versa, as there are endless ways of arranging them with other beads, but the rose beads retain their fragrance—and it always reminds me of The Convent.

Fondly,

JUANITA.

CONSTANTINOPLE.  
WEDNESDAY.

DEAR RAINBOW:

The Turk has been so much in the public eye of late that I thought a line concerning him might be of interest to your readers. Strolling aimlessly through the reeking streets of Stamboul, the other day, I was listening with fitful attention to the rambling narrative of a Turkish acquaintance. He was endeavoring to throw a set of pictures of the revolution on to the retina of my mind's eye—pictures which, I now think, cannot have been sharply outlined in his own. For the result was a blur. In the many pauses of his story-telling—while he was lighting a fresh cigarette or struggling to rejoin me, after having been jostled away by a group of carriers or a drove of heavily-laden asses—I hastily took stock of my impressions. And first of all I likened Constantinople, with its towered heights mirrored in the dreamy sea, and its fetid thoroughfares and filthy houses, to the alternation of a soothing dream with a terrorizing nightmare. I was struck, too, with the strange way in which extremes merge here at times, becoming almost indistinguishable from each other, just as in Yakootsk, in mid-winter, a bar of cold iron burns the hand and takes off the skin as a heated poker would.

An atmosphere of evil from the Mohammedan

past seemed to cling to the ancient city walls, the slimy streets, the oozy passages, and the superlatively squalid buildings that shut out our view from the symphony of light and color by the Golden Horn, and our cheeks from the sweet, fresh sea-breeze. That was, at least, my feeling. But the men and women of to-day were not weighed down by historical reminiscences. They were absorbed by the present, its tasks, duties, and pleasures. The comedy and tragedy of life were being enacted in all the actuality of fact there before our eyes, by types of almost all races, past and present, near and far.

The panorama thus unrolled to our fascinated gaze was soul-stirring; all ages, all sorts and conditions of mankind, all virtues and vices incarnate, a variety of personified strivings, successes and failures, passed us, smiling, scowling, or indifferent, on the way to the last act of their own little dramas. Arabs, Turks, Afghans, Bulgars, Syrians, Greeks, Egyptians, negroes, Serbs, Montenegrins, Albanians, gipsies, Armenians, Germans, Austrians, Italians, Levantines, and Americans were among those who met and parted like ships in the night. In many cases, the workings of their minds could be read from their gestures, acts, words, and facial expression. For some of the most untutored of these races live continually in what may be termed psychical *négligé*. Their souls, like the bodies of South Sea savages, are naked.

This, therefore, is the place for a psychologist to study human mind and character. It is a vast museum of specimens, containing remnants of extinct peoples and lost civilizations, puzzles which no philosopher will ever solve, and clues to mysteries that long seemed impenetrable. One thing that struck me, as we threaded our way laboriously through the maze of streets and the throng of men and animals, was that—to use a Hibernicism—"the people were mighty similar in one way—there was no two of them alike." But that holds good of the males only, and not in the purely Greek or Armenian quarters. Chimsy figures, pre-umably women, loosely cased in black or parti-colored bags or baggy coverings, with as much grace of form as a sack of potatoes, trudged along in silence, their eyes alone visible. On this dress one might write in monumental letters: Death to the tender passion.

Much better worth looking at are the hammals or carriers, men who quit their villages in Armenia or Kurdistan and come hither to compete with asses, horses, and, one might almost say, to emulate the camels. The load one of them manages to carry would be too much for three average railway porters in England. Bronze-faced, large-limbed, broad-chested men, they move steadily, if slowly, under a crushing burden, the picture of physical strength and of the self-satisfaction that flows from its exercise. That one over there is carrying the carcasses of four big sheep, suspended from a long, bending pole, slung across his right shoulder. He breathes rhythmically, without panting; every muscle is visibly, but not painfully, strained; the features of the man are prepossessing, and his countenance expresses the pleasure that comes from difficulties overcome. The sight of one of these hammals performing some such difficult feat, has always suggested to me—I know not why—a Roman gladiator emerging triumphant from the arena.

A tall, lithe-limbed theologian, attired in a long black mantle, from beneath which one caught glimpses of bright yellow boots, encased in rubbers, picks his way gingerly on the slippery stones and over the deep holes. While gazing curiously at the Medusa-like head of the wizard, he was elbowed a little to the other side, and his spotless garment was slightly sprinkled with the blood of a turkey, which an itinerant vendor, who had a live flock of them tied round his side and back, was deliberately killing there in the street for a chance customer. The Moslem divine uttered a guttural exclamation; two men who were being shaven in the street moved their soapy faces and looked up, and we were all suddenly driven to take refuge in shops by huge oxen, their foreheads adorned with great blue beads, who tossed their massive heads and spreading horns in strenuous efforts to drag forward their load of stones.

And so the never-ending procession of human and bestial types wended along. Pilgrims fresh from Mecca, convicts whom the revolution had prematurely released from gaol, spies out of work, pompous pashas, a pale-faced man with frenzied look who is a dancing Dervish, a pedlar whose ass was carrying two great cupboards full

of such finery as rusties love, and several hand-boxes on the top of each cupboard, all passed along seemingly contented, each with his respective destiny. Nobody murmured, not even those—and they were many—for whom life holds only pain and who are certain to meet death before they find surcease of sorrow, the balm of pity, or the thrill of love. But even they are resigned. They know that it was written thus in the book of Fate, Kismet. What time has done, eternity will undo; for Allah is great and his prophet is Mohammed.

Opposite a fountain we stood deeply interested. For a perfect cluster of human beings—hung from it and clung to each other just like swarming bees. They held vessels in their hands or on their shoulders that ought to be annihilated by order of the Sultan or the Young Turkish Committee; no longer the dainty stone pitchers of antique pattern, which we still admire, but hideous square tin cans, originally made for petroleum, and since adapted to their present use. As the day is wearing to evening, all the water-carriers are males. The girls go in the morning and down to the early afternoon; later on, they leave the field to the men, some of whom are emphatic figures that arrest attention and challenge like or dislike, fellows with savage yet handsome features such as one often finds among the Kurds, men of dignified bearing, graceful attitudes, and sonorous chatter and hearty laughter. Here and there among them you descry a type of crafty Oriental, who can smile sweetly while his heart is bursting with grief and pent-up passions, and who might have invented such proverbs as these: "He who would speak the truth must have one foot in the stirrup." "Strike up friendship with the dog, by all means—but throw not the stick away."

But Christian women are met with even at this hour. They are picturesquely clad, and the bright colors they affect become their beaming faces, and the caressing suavity of look, which may be truly fascinating. Near the fountain one such figure, simply dressed, flitted gracefully by. At first we could see but the shapely arms, the well-poised neck, the thick, glossy hair, and the soft, sweeping lines from shoulder to waist, that affect the admirer of human beauty as a sonata by Beethoven affects a musician. Her features,

when, as she turned to look around, we caught sight of them, evoked visions of Helen, or of the foam-born goddess. Yet there she was, almost a Cinderella among mortals. She had been born there of Greek parents; she was earning her livelihood there literally in the sweat of her brow; and she will probably die there when her seemingly insignificant rôle is played out.

A whirr of oars at the end of a sun-proof alley reveals the nearness of the sea. A flock of sheep-kipping blithely over the ruts, and holes, and pools of the fetid thoroughfare, on their way to the shambles, compelled us to cross the threshold of a tiny shop—a mere niche, occupied by a man who was roasting little bits of mutton on a skewer before a clean, bright charcoal fire, appetisingly. Tastefully-laid-out stalls of luscious fruit, fresh-culled flowers, and vegetables reveal a scheme of color to which it is impossible not to pay the toll of admiration. Pomegranates from Syria, black, purple, green grapes, in perfectly-formed bunches, semi-green and golden lemons, pale citrons, vermilion paprika pods, bursting green figs, humble, cheerful marigolds, pink little radishes, salads of various shades of green, tomatoes of all sizes, peas, beans, cabbages, purple aubergines—or eggplant—dahlia, rosebuds, chrysanthemums, violets, and pansies—all contribute to the making of a delightful picture, worthy the brush of an old Dutch master. And the effect is enhanced by the squalid surroundings in which it is framed.

Just then I caught sight of the sea, whose presence transforms squalor into majesty and beauty, and reconciles the beholder to the grating sounds, the disgusting sights, and the sickening smells of Stamboul. The hills in the distance, as they descend to the sea or uncrown their summits to the gorgeously-colored cloud-fleeces on high, are swathed with the faintest of mist films, that impart a touch of dreamy evanescence to the shadowy outlines. The surface of the amethyst waters is furrowed by canoes—little rowboats plying between the two halves of the great city—the din of human beings, savage and civilized, comes from the great, long bridge, over which the Prime Minister, a hoary old man, is now driving in a closed carriage, escorted by two soldiers. How the times have changed since he was first Minister, and how rapidly they still are

changing! Another ten years and a new and glorious city will have risen on the foundations of the new.

D. M.

#### THE HAGUE, HOLLAND.

DEAR M. M. F.—

Here we are at last in the "land of the dahlia," waited on by Rika, the sweet-faced Friesian maid, with eyes like gentian bells, shining bronzed hair, and skin like milk and roses.

The milkman and the baker—the latter dressed in white linen—have just delivered their wares. The baker brought the rolls for breakfast on a long box, set on a barrow, which he trundled up to the steps where the maid was hard at work.

The red tiles of the kitchen are dazzling when the sun falls on them, the copper and brass of the utensils hanging on walls of absolute whiteness make one sigh at the thought of the English culinary appointments in the average household. Charcoal or anthracite burns in the stove, however, which accounts for much of the perfection of cleanliness in Holland, and if one is cold, a charming maid brings a picturesque little footstool, with hot charcoal inside it, on which the feet are placed, and there is no smoke to sully the walls of the rooms. Long before eight o'clock in the morning, the maids have neat hair, and are dressed in cotton gowns, in pink, white, blue, or grey checks, and aprons that in themselves are marvels of domestic carefulness. The folds are seldom out of the aprons, so frequently are they renewed, and the small cap that is the sign of domestic service is a round ruche of white muslin, always crisp and fresh. They are charming persons to meet of a morning, or from whom to ask any little favor.

The Dutch maid thinks nothing of running out, even in the aristocratic Hague, with her print gown and her cap strings flying. She has not yet learned, as have the English, the necessity of curling her hair and dressing herself, even to her gloves, simply to go as far as a pillar-box. She has been out early, no doubt, for in the morning she must wash the hall, the steps, the windows, the door, and she even goes the length of polishing the stones of the house as far up as ever she can reach. A long stick, with a clip,



in which a sponge is held, is used to add to the length of her arm.

The brilliant polish of the Dutch milk-cans is something to look at, and people are so careful that at almost every door sterilized milk in patent-stoppered bottles is delivered, in no small supply, but by the dozen, even for a modest household. The Dutch are generally supposed to know something of the importance of good food, and a Dutchman once merely laughed when some reproach on the subject was made to him. "Why," said he, holding out a brawny arm, he was at least 6 ft. high, "I am a credit to my feeding, am I not?"

Vegetables are freely used, and at certain seasons, prices are exceedingly moderate. Both fruits and vegetables are brought to the door of the house, and offered by clean, well-dressed men. The system of delivering is the same in London, but the cleanliness and the white jacket of the vendors are more attractive than the rig out of the average coster. Vegetables are always cooked with butter, Dutch cooking being, on the whole, even richer than German, and certainly more substantial.

A typical dinner will commence with soup of excellent quality, followed by a large dish of vegetables, served as an entrée, and well drenched in butter. In the case of asparagus, the method of eating is quite different from that of the English. This delicate vegetable is chopped up with the knife and fork, and eaten with a plentiful supply of sauce made of hard eggs minced in butter. Roast beef might follow, in which case, no English roast would be served, but the French cut, known as filet de boeuf, and it would assuredly be served with sugar, peas, and potatoes. The next course is frequently pork chops with apple sauce, and, strange sequence to unaccustomed palates, flounders would be put on the table, soles, or any other fish, fried, and served with salad. That these may be cold is not at all unusual, and the salad is dressed with a great deal of oil. This custom of serving dishes cold that in England are considered to be necessarily hot, is rather common. In the morning, for instance, instead of serving boiled eggs hot, a large dishful of cold eggs will be placed on the table, and people may eat as many as they like. The true Dutchman would not consider it

worth his while to eat one egg. Puddings are not much used, sweets partaking more of the nature of French dishes than of English. Dainty little cakes are eaten with sauce made of fruit, or ices. Strawberries, in their season, are freely used, and oranges are usually on the table.

In a Dutch boarding-house or hotel, even at The Hague, prices are by no means exorbitant, and accommodation is excellent. As in Japan, tea is considered a beverage which might be wanted at any moment, consequently, in most rooms there is a little "tea stove." This is a quaint little pail of rosewood or mahogany, with a brass pan inside containing a pot with charcoal, on which is a copper kettle for the boiling water. The china in use would perhaps be blue Delft, often of fine quality; the maid brings milk and sugar, and then the visitor helps herself. Such appliances as charcoal fires, tea stoves, and small footstools with hot charcoal, do much to lighten the labor of the house, but the Dutch maid is accustomed to hard work, because of the standard of cleanliness.

Au revoir.

MARGUERITE.

MANLY, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR M. M. F.—

Here we are in sunny Queensland! It seems like a dream—and a very pleasant one.

Let me begin with our journey. We sailed for Melbourne, March 22d., on "Waimate," of the New Zealand Shipping Co. The "Waimate" is a boat of eight thousand tons, with a speed of seventeen knots. She had accommodation for twelve passengers. She is not a regular passenger boat but we had every comfort, and we decided it was nicer than going from Vancouver because the steamers sailing for Australia were crowded.

The run to Melbourne was made without calling at any port, and, for fifty-two days, no land was in sight. The cargo was paper, farm machinery, motor-cars, organs—I saw some from Guelph—and deals. Captain Ryley and his officers are English gentlemen whose society we enjoyed very much. Mr. Ward, of whom I spoke to you, was at college with one of the Coffey boys.

Boat drill every Saturday, after afternoon tea, was quite exciting. As soon as the alarm rang, officers and sailors rushed to the deck and swung the life-boats out as quickly as possible, ready to lower.

March 31st, we were fifty miles from Bermuda, and it was a beautiful warm day—my birthday. I had no idea the officers were aware of the fact until they entered the saloon to greet me. They were all in white and the effect was extremely pretty. Just before we had finished luncheon, the steward placed a huge cake in front of me—the captain had given the order. Can you imagine the expression on my face? I wondered, the night before, why every one was smiling—Marjorie was in the secret—and kept it. Afterwards, Captain Ryley invited our family to his cabin, where my health was drunk. In the afternoon we saw a Portuguese man-of-war and spoke to a passing boat from New Orleans. The flying-fish—whose wings are transparent and of every color in the rainbow—were in shoals. They travel with a speed of forty miles an hour, and there is a great dispute as to whether they fall into the water when their wings become dry, or use them as a parachute. Hundreds of birds followed us through the tropics. It was interesting to watch them.

The albatross, a beautiful black bird, with white spots on its back, and wings tipped with white, measures from fifteen to twenty feet across, with wings spread. It seems rather to float and glide in the air than to fly like other birds. Except when it is rising from the ocean, the motion of its long wings is scarcely perceptible.

We had one bad storm in the tropics, when the waves were forty feet high. One night, my trunk slid across the cabin and I fell over it. Papa rushed in to see what the trouble was, but I quickly crawled into bed and pretended I was asleep. Next morning, papa said that he must have been dreaming.

On the twelfth of May, Cape Otway was in sight—our first glimpse of Australia, or indeed, of land, since we had left Canada. A pilot-boat met us before we reached Port-Phillip Heads, to take us safely through because of the danger to ships. That night we anchored at Williams-town, near Melbourne, where the doctor and cus-

oms officers came on board. In the morning, we moored at Victoria dock, Melbourne, up the Yarra.

While in Melbourne, the "Irishman" came in from England, with fifteen hundred emigrants. They had the measles on board, and the poor creatures were quarantined. Several babies and children died on the way over.

One evening, two of the officers took me to see "Kismet." The players were all London artists. Lily Brayton, who was leading lady, is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and is charming off the stage.

We visited the Botanic Gardens and were shown a willow taken from Napoleon's grave. On the way to Sydney we saw Mt. Everard, Cape Howe, and Mt. Genoa. Sydney must be a second London—no pen could describe the beauty of its harbor.

I fear I shall not have time to send a letter on the next boat, but shall try to have one ready for the one after. Good night, dear Mother. You know you are frequently in my thoughts.

With much love,

Your devoted friend,

LUCILLE BUCHANAN.

That master of paradox, Chesterton, in one of his gay and sensible little essays, tells us that what makes life interesting is the ever-coming of its difficulties, and draws a picture of the flat, stale, altogether stupid thing it would be if we had everything smooth and easy before us. He stimulates us to grasp our nettle and firmly and cheerfully assert that it is a posy. It is well to read him when flesh and heart grow a little faint.

What we need is to take a deep breath and relax. Not relax our efforts to steer things in the right direction; but rest from the needless waste of energy that pushes faster than the train.

It is well to remember that we are part of the universe, and only part; that its laws govern us; that it is our intense self-consciousness which so throws us out of focus. Let us get a long-distance view of human affairs and take them calmly. We need to work, to work hard and steadily. We need to be brave and strong and determined. But we do not need to hurry.

## School Chronicle.

### Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

"There are never two works of equal beauty of any kind, just as there are never two moments of equal pleasure; seize the one you have and make much of it, for just such a moment will never return."

During the early days of October, we have taken advantage of the delightful weather to make some unusually long excursions. Two walks to Chippewa and home by the beautifully-paved river-road have given us the idea that we are going to make a record as pedestrians.

A marsh-mallow roast, which proved a success in spite of occasional rain-drops and a high wind, was the great event of the first week of October.

Reverend Father McGinnis, O. C. C., accompanied by Reverend Father Brocard, O. C. C., visited the various classes.

We were all interested in the fact that Father McGinnis had recently arrived from Rome and intended soon to visit the Australian houses of his order.

October fifteenth—A pleasant surprise was, this evening, given to the St. Catherine's Literary Society by the members of the St. Teresa's Literary. An interesting programme was presented after which, ice-cream and cake were served.

October sixteenth—The announcement of the marriage of Miss Irene Isabelle McCarney to Mr. James Linus Dolan has just been received. To dear Irene, we extend heartfelt congratulations.

Several members of the Senior Academic classes had the privilege to-day of visiting Buffalo and attending "Julius Cæsar," played by William Paversham.

October the eighteenth—A visit from Reverend Thomas Spratt, P. P., Wolfe Island, occasioned deep pleasure to his old friends as, also, to new acquaintances who were charmed by his simple, genial, fatherly manner.

October twenty-first—An appreciated visit, all too brief, from a distinguished and ever-welcome guest—Reverend Bernard Vaughan, S. J.

Father Vaughan offered Mass in our chapel this morning and then, addressed us soulfully on one of his favorite topics, "Devotion to Our Blessed Lady." Later, in the study-hall, he outlined for us his journeyings across this great continent and dwelt on various points that had particularly interested him since his last visit to Niagara Falls.

We feel grateful and honored in having had the privilege of meeting again this celebrated orator and devoted priest, and receiving his blessing and impressive words of counsel.

October twenty-eighth—Canadian Thanksgiving—a half-holiday granted and spent entirely to our satisfaction.

October thirty-first—Hallowe'en. Not in years, our teachers say, have Hallowe'en festivities been carried out so elaborately and effectively. The recreation hall was decorated most appropriately and, as only a favored few were allowed to catch a glimpse of the interior until doors opened precisely at nineteen o'clock, there was the charm of surprise from the moment of admission.

The games, which were numerous and novel, and the awarding of prizes filled very happily the closing hours of an exceedingly enjoyable day.

Of the many events that occur to add pleasure to our school-life here, few are more welcomed than the visits of former Loreto students whose enthusiastic remarks and happy faces while here give testimony that a return to Loreto ranks high among their pleasures.

Our latest visitors have been: Miss Cecil McLaughlin, Florilla Webb, Helen McCarney, Veronica Altenberg, Kathleen O'Gorman, Madeleine McMahon, Neenah Brady, Mrs. T. C. O'Gorman (Iona McLaughlin).

November thirteenth—Our kind friend, Reverend Father Rosa, C. M., visited us to-day and entertained us with story and song.

November eighteenth—Feast of St. Hilda. The minims had prepared a very pretty entertainment in honor of M. M. Hilda. At the last minute, they were persuaded to allow the young ladies—those formidable critics—to be present also.

The solos and pretty drama and chorus were deservedly well-applauded.

A delightful half-hour's recreation with the young ladies, after the programme, was the immediate reward of their success.

November twenty-second—"David Copperfield." Any praise of the artistic and sympathetic manner in which Mrs. Dunn rendered the selected portions of this well-known classic proves inadequate. The highest commendation rests in this that we are all counting the weeks until we may have the pleasure of listening again to one of her recitals.

November twenty-eighth—American Thanksgiving. A perfect day brought to a close by one of the most laughably-exciting performances of the season—"The District School." The costumes were striking, though not Parisian.

Particularly worthy of laudation were the singing class, reading class and a Friday-afternoon performance in which undreamed of talents were revealed in some of our most diffident companions. The school-mistress, Miss Kathleen Baulfe, deserves high praise for the excellent discipline maintained, the power displayed of dividing her attention—in a word, for her modern pedagogical methods!!

November thirtieth—Mr. Von Thiele favored us this afternoon with some choice piano selections. Two improvisations were particularly appreciated.

Mr. Paul Hahn, in the several numbers exquisitely rendered on his sweet-toned, two-hundred-year-old cello, to perfect piano accompaniment by Mr. Von Thiele, made the least musical of us realize that there are tones and melodies so rich—so tender that no words can describe them. The memory alone gratefully treasures them.

### Loretto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton

October the thirty-first—Hallowe'en merrily observed with the old-time zest. What an irresistible fascination there is about this festival of fun and frolic—"the night o' Hallowe'en, when a' the witchie might be seen!"—indeed, one of the "witchiest" of them left her cauldron, unperceived, and, gliding along the silent corridors, wended her way toward the *sanctum*. Just as the editor-in-chief had extinguished her light,

she saw peering out of a shadowy corner in semi-darkness, the "weird sister," weaving her uncanny spells. Could any one imagine the dignified ruler of the "Bow" picking up her skirts and fleeing?—It is really incredible—but—she must have had the temptation!

On Hallowe'en, you know, witches, goblins and other mischief-making beings stalk through the land on their baneful midnight errands or—more pleasantly—one on which those aeronautic folk, the fairies, hold a grand anniversary and are unusually active and unusually propitious—a fact of which we had delightful proof when the hall resounded with the elfin music of Miss Jean Mitchell Hunter's magic bow—music that would make the elves of eve their dwelling in the moonbeam leave.

Miss Hunter—a pupil of Herr Hugo-Kortschak, Frankfurt a/M, and Mons. Henri Verbrugghen, Edinburgh, is an artist of consummate skill and possesses in a very marked degree the temperament that invariably reveals the artist. Her tone development is melodious and soul-inspiring, and she played with a poetry of touch and a tunefulness that proved her an interpretative artist of rare and distinguished ability.

Miss Hunter's playing has a charm which evades description—in our ears is yet the dimming echo of the last plaintive strains of that sweetest of Scotch ballads, "Annie Laurie," given in response to insistent encores.

Following is the programme, at the close of which Marion Sweeney presented Miss Hunter with a shower bouquet of white chrysanthemums:

- (a) Andantino ..... *Padre Martini*
- (b) Minuet ..... *Mozart*
- (c) Sicilienne & Rigandon. . . . . *Hancock-Kreisler*
- (a) Gondoliera ..... *Ries*
- (b) Poem ..... *Fibich*
- (c) Perpetuum Mobile ..... *Noracek*
- (a) Andante & Scherzetto. . . . . *Passé*
- (b) Mazurka ..... *Mlynarski*
- (c) "Annie Laurie" .....

November the third—The beautiful chrysanthemums that have recently been adorning the altar and attracting the admiring gaze of prayerful visitors to the sanctuary, have prompted many a fervent petition for the thoughtful and gener-

ous friend to whose bounty the lovely offerings are owing.

November the ninth—It was our rare good fortune to enjoy again the artistic performance of the Hamilton Ladies' String Orchestra, under the bâton of Miss Jean Hunter. The devotion of the members of this organization to high ideals in music and their sincerity as interpreters were reflected in the close attention of the audience and its sympathetic appreciation of the musicianly efforts of the performers, who discoursed sweet music in a manner worthy of the "Heavenly Art."

The unstinted applause which welcomed every number testified to the delight and enthusiasm of the very grateful hearers.

Mrs. Aldous graciously contributed two vocal solos—"Killarney" and "Bendermere Stream"—accompanying herself on the harp, and won many appreciative compliments.

PROGRAMME.

- 1 (a) Menuet in G ..... *Alan Gray*  
 (b) Intermezzo ..... *Aletter*
- 2 Overture—"Zampa" ..... *Herold*
3. (a) Valse Triste ..... *Sibelius*  
 (b) Mazurka No. 2 ..... *Wieniawski*  
 (c) Serenade ..... *Wuerst*  
 'Cello Obligato—MRS. JEX.
- 4 Three Dances from the Music to Henry VIII ..... *German*  
 Morris Dance.  
 Shepherds' Dance.  
 Torch Dance.
- 5 (a) Andantino ..... *Lemarc*  
 (b) Sextet from Lucia di Lammermoor ..... *Donizetti*
- 6 March and Soldiers' Chorus from Faust ..... *Gounod*  
 GOD SAVE THE KING.

November the eleventh—The announcement of the death of Mrs. J. Burris Mitchel—née Edna Tracy, Class '08—in the full radiance of her young womanhood, was received with deep regret.

Since her marriage, two years and a half ago, Edna had made her home in Los Angeles, California, where, by her winning grace of manner,

refined personality, and unswerving devotion to the duties of her position, she had won the hearts of those with whom the sweet memory of her beautiful, unselfish life will linger throughout the years.

To her bereaved husband and parents and all mourning the loss of one so dear, the RAINBOW, in behalf of the Faculty and students, extends profound sympathy.

November the twentieth—The little ladies of the Minim department—a perfect beehive of activity—and, though least in years, not by any means least in importance—have had a series of spelling contests, at which they acquitted themselves so creditably that too much cannot be said in their favor.

In the oral portion of the test, Helen O'Reilly and Merle Patrick outstood the others, thus winning the prize; in the written part, Helen O'Reilly was the victor, and, in addition to the prize, bore the burden of the praise bestowed upon her with charming modesty.

November the twenty-third—"An Evening with Verdi" was the alluring title of a programme rendered last evening at seven o'clock.

The name of the great composer whose lyre once struck continued to vibrate into newer and richer strains, is familiar to every music lover, and we were glad to accept an invitation to spend an evening with him.

A pleasing variety to the musical selections was given by the readings with which the programme was interspersed. The violin numbers were amongst the interesting offerings and elicited hearty applause. To say that we enjoyed the evening expresses the pleasure we felt, very inadequately, indeed.

Following is the programme:

- Hymn to St. Cecilia.....*Myerscough*  
 Sketch of the Life of Verdi.  
 JOSEPHINE MORRISSEY.  
 Story of the Opera "Aida."  
 ANNA RANKIN.  
 Description of the "Triumphal March," from "Aida."  
 MARION SWEENEY.  
 Piano, "Triumphal March".....  
 IRENE CARROLL.

Argument of "Il Trovatore."	BEATRICE McBRADY.
"Anvil Chorus" .....	PUPILS OF THIRD FORM.
Vocal Solo and Trio "Home to Our Mountains" .....	SOLOIST, MONICA MCGOWAN.
Violin, "Miserere" .....	MASTERS W. AND B. MORRISSEY.
Sketch of the Last Act of "Il Trovatore."	MARION SWEENEY.
Vocal Solo and Trio, "Prison Song."	SOLOIST, IRENE CARROLL.
Evening Hymn to Our Lady .....	GOD SAVE THE KING.

December the sixth—Reverend V. Naish, S. J., gave a "talk" on British India. The occasion was honored by the presence of our beloved Bishop, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton, whom we rejoiced to welcome.

From the fact that the Reverend speaker had spent thirteen years in India and had a wide experience among its people, he is the possessor of intimate knowledge of the local conditions of which he gave a vivid portrayal, throwing, at the same time, interesting sidelights upon the most important events.

A map of Asia was brought into requisition, by means of which we were instructed in the geographical and political divisions of the country. Reference was made to the dismemberment of the Mogul Empire, which opened a wide field for ambition and enterprise to the nations of Europe, notably the Venetians, the Genoese, the Portuguese, and the Dutch. In 1602, the English appeared on the scene and slowly worked their way until Clive, the first and most famous of British soldiers and statesmen who have shed lustre on the British occupation of India, laid the foundation of his country's supremacy in the East, and, by the memorable battle of Plassey, fought in 1757, completely defeated Suraja Dowlah.

Then followed a description of the different races, castes, places of historic interest, architecture, scenery, rice-fields, rainfalls, &c.; but many of us were most interested in Father Naish's account of a visit he paid to a Begum,

who practised the seclusion of the system known as the *purdah*—to us it had novel and amusing features—and we were glad we were not Eastern ladies, garbed in ungainly *boorkhas* and barred by the cramping influence of the *zenana*.

At the close, His Lordship tendered a vote of thanks to the Reverend speaker for the very instructive and enjoyable hour he had afforded us.

December the eighth—A hallowed date to remember—the Feast of our Immaculate Mother's special prerogative gloriously commemorated throughout the Catholic world.

After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, His Lordship, whose voice is never so resonant as when eulogizing the Mother of God, tendering his meed of praise to this exalted model of all womanhood, recommending devotion to her, or enlarging upon her wondrous privileges, addressed us in touching words that carried the mind back to the great Pontiff, Pius IX., who, after he had undergone the martyrdom to which he had been subjected by the enemies of the faith, and been robbed of his possessions, after he had suffered exile and imprisonment, returned to the palace of the Popes, assembled the hierarchy around him, and proclaimed to the world the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. How sweet the vision that rises before the eyes of the Catholic young woman! How inspiring! How elevating! Mary, the Mother of God, her soul aglow with grace and beauty! Mary, leading her children up to the pathway of Christian perfection by the example and the influence of her life and character!

His Lordship congratulated us on being "Children of Mary," enrolled under her banner, pledged to labor to cultivate in mind and heart her distinctive virtues. "Follow in her footsteps," he said, "until you reach your heavenly home, where you will be her children for all eternity."

December the ninth—There are already indications that soon every one will be deep in thoughts of Christmas and holiday time. A gentle and gracious suggestion of its coming was a children's concert, given at Loreto Convent, Kirribilli, North Sydney, Australia. To it were bidden parents and friends of the little ones, who went through a very entertaining programme, which included vocal and instrumental music,

a well as recitations. His Grace the Archbishop presided.

Not having yet adopted aerial navigation as a means of travel, we have been obliged to forego the pleasure of assisting at the *Matinée Musicale*, at Loreto Convent, Normanhurst.

December the tenth—A visit to the studio, with its bewildering array of decorative work, dainty calendars, clippings, kodak books, &c., reveals the fact that not only has creditable work been done but that surprises are in store, in the near future, for the prospective recipients of the pretty gifts so artistically fashioned.

Miss Ashton's plaque, decorated with American Beauties, her ribbon plates with Jacques, together with several smaller pieces, are a triumph of ceramic art.

A joy to the eye are Miss Irene Carroll's dainty after-dinner mint set, in conventional design; beautiful claret set, and antique cup and saucer in raised emerald, the prevailing tone being delit blue.

Miss T. Campbell shows a pastoral scene in oil, which is really charming, and proves that the artist is a close student of nature and keenly impressionable.

Miss Gordon's studies in sepia are picture-que, sunny, and thoughtfully worked out.

Miss K. Hanley exhibits an after-dinner mint set in poppy design, also a pretty lemon pitcher in the antique, and several cups and saucers.

Miss B. O'Sullivan has a chocolate pitcher in the conventional, in currant design, with lustre effect; a large grapefruit dish, and a cylinder vase in raised enamel and gold.

Miss M. Radigan's three very pretty sea-scapes and a landscape in sepia, and Miss G. Radigan's dozen cups and saucers—and a number of smaller pieces—are well worthy of notice.

Miss L. Blake exhibits some remarkably fine landscapes in water colors, also pretty kodak books, calendars, &c.

A prize has been offered for the most artistic calendar design.

December the thirteenth—An account of the celebration of St. Cecilia's Day by the St. Cecilia Circle, Loreto Convent, Joliet, Ill., has just reached us. The President, Miss Genevieve Baskerville, made a charming address, after which a programme was rendered by the mem-

bers of the Circle. At its close they repaired to the refectory, where refreshments were served. The remaining hours were devoted to musical games. First prize—a statue of St. Cecilia—was awarded to Miss Loreto Henneberry, while Miss Marie Caveny was quite pleased with a tiny candle to light the path of the "booby."

We have to thank the "Bard of Athol Bank" for the much-prized lines of appreciation and encouragement offered the *RAINBOW staff*, together with an accompanying token of "good luck," white heather.

In this age of thoughtless rush, when "improvements" of all sorts have almost relieved us of the necessity of doing our own thinking, it is indeed refreshing to be reminded that there are those walking the earth with us, who taste the sweets of a world apart, which may be presented to sight and mind by this little sprig of God's humble but sweet white heather.

Long may the "Bard of Athol Bank" sing to the inspiration of his muse, and that many happy New Years may await him in *his* beautiful world, is the wish of the *RAINBOW staff*.

December the twenty-first—Home, sweet home!—the joyous keynote of Christmas-tide. On no other day of the year does the sentiment of the familiar song ring truer or deeper than at Christmas, the day interwoven with sweet and tender memories of childhood and childhood's joys. How can a mere adult experience the mysterious undercurrent of wonder at the Story of the Christ-Child, the rapture of the holiday, with its visions of resplendently decorated fir-trees, laden with gifts—the last thing the wee folk see as they drift off into the moonlit dream-world. "Merry Christmas!"—every letter in it seems to dance to the music of tinkling bells, for childhood is the same the world over, and king's son and cotter's son are born with an equal share in childhood's heritage of happiness.

Standing upon the threshold of the gladsome day, with hearts thrilled by the antiented message of the angelic choir, let us try to widen the horizon of its shining joy. The angels sing, the sky glows bright above us, and the Christmas benediction descends upon our souls as we endeavor to bring within the radiance of that happiness those who are poor or neglected whose lives have not been cast in pleasant places.

That all in this fair land of ours may share abundantly in the rejoicing of this blessed season is the prayerful wish of the RAINBOW.

BEATRICE McBRADY.

### Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

October the eighth—This afternoon the alumnae held their monthly meeting. The gathering was well attended, and no more delightful entertainment could have been provided than the interesting travel talk given by Mrs. Ambrose Small. It is not the first time that the Ladies of the Alumnae and also of Loreto have had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Small, and no one could have more vividly portrayed the picturesque—and to us—fantastic life of these Oriental countries than she. There are few people who derive so many benefits from visiting foreign lands, and who can portray these scenes to us in such an interesting manner as Mrs. Small, and our only hope is that we may have the pleasure of hearing her again in the near future.

October the ninth—How great was the joy when it was announced to the pupils that a great treat was in store for them, that they were invited to attend the matinee of the Musical Festival held at the Arena. This is one of the largest of Toronto's public buildings, and the Festival was held to celebrate its opening. The entertainers for the afternoon were Miss Yvonne Trevelli, soloist, Mr. Spaulding, the great American violinist, Mr. Orville Harold, and Nahan Franko and his splendid orchestra of sixty members. Miss Trevelli is one of the most famous of America's coloratura sopranos, and, in her wonderful Indian Bell Song, she showed her power to hold spell-bound a fastidious audience. The work of Mr. Spaulding and Mr. Harold need not be commented upon, at least, in America, for their names are already synonyms for all that is highest and best in the musical world.

Never before has the music-loving populace of Toronto had the pleasure of hearing such a wonderfully-trained orchestra as this company of American entertainers, and certainly much praise is due to the fascinating leader.

October the tenth—Julius Cæsar! How many of us thrill at the name of "Mighty Cæsar," and for how long have we desired to see this great tragedy of William Shakespeare enacted on the stage, especially as Faversham plays the leading rôle! This afternoon the graduates and members of M. M. Delephina's Literature Class had the pleasure of seeing this wonderful drama, owing to the kindness of Mrs. Cummings, who was good enough to chaperon the party. Mr. Faversham took the part of Mark Antony, Frank Keenan that of the grasping Cassius, while Tyrone Power applied all the force of his dramatic intellect to impersonating probably one of the strongest of the "Great Artist's" characters—the noble Brutus. Miss Julie Opp took the part of Portia, and would have done justice even to Portia, the heiress of Venice.

October the nineteenth—A very enjoyable afternoon tea was given at the Abbey to the University pupils. The lecture hall was charmingly decorated in blue and white, while the tea-table was arranged with white chrysanthemums and ferns. Only the pupils and members of the Faculty were present.

October the twenty-first—At four o'clock the auditorium was well filled to hear a most enjoyable violin recital given by Miss Rose Hunter. This young lady has been studying in Edinburgh and London for the last two seasons, and is one of the most distinguished young violinists. Before her sojourn abroad she was a pupil of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. We hope that some time again in the near future, we shall have the pleasure of hearing Miss Hunter.

October the twenty-fourth—What appeals to one more, in this age of activity and frivolity, than those simple, quaint, yet beautiful old English and Scotch Ballads? This afternoon the Ladies and Pupils of Loreto and many outsiders had the pleasure of one of these rare treats, when the Misses Harcourt made their first visit to the Abbey. These two ladies are from southern England, but render Scotch as well as English songs with striking power. Miss M. Harcourt accompanies her-self on the lute, and she gave to us with charming sweetness that grand old song which touches the heart of each and every one of us by its truth and pathos, "Home,



Sweet Home." The Abbey will only be too glad to welcome these two musicians the next time they visit Toronto.

October the twenty-sixth—School closed to-day for the Thanksgiving vacation, and a goodly number of the pupils availed themselves of the opportunity of going home.

October the twenty-ninth—School reopened again this morning. This afternoon, at five o'clock, a reception was held by the Ladies of Loreto for the members of the Catholic Women's Club. After tea, which was served in the refectory, decorated most tastefully in Loreto colors, a number of the young ladies presented the old-fashioned minuet, and the enjoyable evening was brought to a close by a dance in the auditorium.

October the thirty-first—Hallowe'en was celebrated here this evening by an oyster supper, and an informal masquerade dance. The costumes represented were numerous and oddly picturesque, varying from "The queenly ladies of Japan" to ghosts of every imaginable shape and size. Probably, Miss Monica McKernan, representing a schoolgirl, though certainly not a twentieth century young lady, was the belle of the evening. Certainly no outsider would have recognized the fact that these costumes were gotten together in the short space of one half hour.

November the first—All Saints' Day was kept here in the usual manner. Benediction was given at five o'clock by Very Reverend Dr. Kidd.

November the fifth—The eleventh meeting of the Alumnae for the year of 1912 was held here this afternoon, and the members had the pleasure of hearing a lecture on "Women's Rights" by Reverend Father Conway. Father Conway is a member of the Paulist Order, and has been giving a series of missions in the city. The lecture was both interesting and instructive. The afternoon was brought to a close by two delightful solos, which were rendered by Mrs. J. J. Barron.

November the sixth—This evening, the annual three days' retreat for the pupils was commenced. Father Connolly, a Redemptorist Father, and the rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, was in charge. The usual series of instructions and sermons will be given.

November the tenth—This morning the retreat was closed with customary ceremonies and Papal Benediction.

GERTRUDE MURPHY.

**Loreto Convent, Stratford.**

October the sixteenth—Funeral of the late Mother M. Magdalena Weber, whose remains were brought here from Loreto Abbey, Toronto, for interment. The Mass was sung by Reverend F. Arnold of Lucan. In the sanctuary were Very Reverend Dean McGee, Reverend J. Lowry, Reverend D. Egan and Reverend J. Dantzer. At the grave, Reverend F. Lowry and Reverend J. Arnold officiated.

November the fourth—St. Charles Borromeo—Feast-day of our loved pastor, Very Reverend Dean McGee, celebrated by a little entertainment.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Opening Chorus, "Welcome".....
2. Address and Floral Greetings.
3. Chorus, "Ave Maria".....
4. Piano Solo, "The Shepherd's Song".....
5. Recitation, "The Soldier."

PART II.

1. Chorus, "Even Song".....
2. Melodrama, "The Madonna."
3. Chorus (Juniors)—
  - (a) "The Gobbler" .....
  - (b) "Skating" .....
4. Vocal Solo—
  - (a) "Nocturne" .....
  - (b) "Kathleen Mavourneen" .....
5. Chorus, "Praise Ye the Father".....

GOD SAVE THE KING.

In the address, the Senior Students were represented by Miss Myreta Duggan, and Juniors by Miss Bessie Gilpin, while the floral greetings were presented by Miss Lenore Moir.

November the fourteenth—This was an especially interesting day for the Third Form, for

at last, the long-looked-for debate was to take place—a debate on the respective merits of the Earl of Chatham and the younger Pitt. At two o'clock promptly the leader of the opposite side rose and opened the debate in the following words: "Resolved, that the elder Pitt was a better statesman than the younger Pitt." Then followed a heated argument. The class-room presented a lively scene. The late lamented Pitts—elder and younger—would have turned in their graves if they heard their virtues—or vices, as the case may be—enumerated, and the advantages reaped by the country through the able administration of father and son.

The younger Pitt won by two points! Hurrah! "To the victors belong the spoils." The spoils, on this occasion, took the form of a delicious luncheon, served on the octave of the victory by our defeated opponents.

"And statesmen at her councils met  
Who knew the seasons, when to take  
Occasion by the hand and make  
The bounds of Freedom wider yet,  
By framing some august decree  
Broad based upon the people's will,  
To keep her throne inviolate still  
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

November the twenty-second—The Cecilian Music Club celebrated the day in a modest and profitable way. A musical review. Each of those who took part in the programme gave evidence of diligent study during the first term.

December the third—Great revels and rejoicings. Santa Claus' advance agents have surpassed themselves by specimens to delight the heart of the most fastidious. Who says Christmas trees are out of fashion? Cinderella, in all her glory, could not compare with Anna's "Doll Bride." Aladdin and his wonderful lamp never conjured into existence anything like the "Olla Podrida," to suit all tastes and fancies.

December the eighteenth—The young ladies of Form I, gladdened our hearts by a quite unexpected treat, "The Merchant of Venice," *en costume*. The cast was as follows:

Shylock .....Helen Golden  
Portia .....Geraldine Sydney Smith  
Bassanio ..... Helen McCarthy

Antonio ..... Agnes Storey  
Prince of Morocco.....C. Morrisson  
Prince of Aragon.....M. McIlhagy  
Jessica .....M. O'Brien  
Lorenzo .....A. Story  
Gratiano .....Mary T. O'Brien  
Nerissa .....Mary McIlhagy

In the moonlight scene between Lorenzo and Jessica, the music was rendered by Miss Myreta Duggan, whose exquisite interpretation of W. O. Forsyth's "In the Twilight," was applauded by the audience as well as by Portia and Nerissa, while the vocal duet, "When Evening's Twilight" which followed, formed a "concord of sweet sounds."

In the Trial Scene "Portia" and "Shylock" did their parts admirably.

"Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor," from Händel's *Esther*, brought to a close a pleasant evening with Shakespeare and his juvenile lovers.

M. KEYES.

### Loreto Convent, "Osborne" Claremont, West Australia.

There is an old saying that—"Variety is charming," so I thought I would put it into practice, this time, by sending a general letter, as it were, instead of the usual school record.

Well, to commence, when school reopened, at the beginning of the year, and many of the girls had returned, some old faces were missing although, of course, their places were filled by new arrivals. One most missed was Margaret Burke; after twelve unbroken years at Loreto, she seemed to be part of the place, but, unless she intended to remain here altogether, she could not stay much longer.

It is wonderful how quickly schoolgirls settle down to every-day work, after the long holidays. Nothing very remarkable happened to break the even tenor of our term except, perhaps, the time-honored feast—St. Patrick's Day. Each and every one enjoyed the holiday. After Mass, on the way to breakfast, the strains of Ireland's National Air could be heard on the various pianos and violins, played by the musicians, and, dear RAINBOW, I must confess, by some who have not

yet attained that title, however, they did their best, and if there was a little scraping, the motive that produced it was accepted instead of the correct key, as you may imagine, all the instruments were not too particular to commence on the key-note.

After breakfast we went, in different contingents, for a swim and had an extra long time in the water, which was most enjoyable. Then, came home, and spent the time in various ways. Those musically inclined took possession of the pianos! (how could they do that on a holiday when they were not marked to practise!) others went to the library and procured nice story-books, while some of the juniors had games, and a few patronized the swinging boats. After dinner, those in charge of the concert repaired to the hall and seemed to have great rehearsing for the numbers went off so well, and gave great pleasure to the Irish nuns.

As usual, a Procession, in honor of our Blessed Lady, took place on May Eve, but, owing to the intense heat, we could not have it until 7.30 p. m. Certainly, it was a lovely idea, the quietness of the evening, the stillness of the atmosphere, helped to make us raise our thoughts on high, and then the singing seemed so devotional. We all felt that our Immaculate Mother must have been pleased with her children in this far-away Western Land. The month of May ended as it had begun, as the hot weather had not passed away, so the Procession took place after tea, in the cool of the evening. Notwithstanding our hard study in our different classes, in preparation for the University Exams., somehow we manage to enjoy ourselves in divers ways. One event that caused great excitement was the swimming match at the end of the bathing season. On the appointed day, M. M. Dorothea and the Community were present, by invitation, on the Osborne jetty, to witness the event.

The different matches were keenly contested, and it was difficult to get in first, so, great honor is due to the successful girl. What caused the greatest amusement was the "Porpoise" race. It consisted of the juveniles of the house, about twelve in number, in competition. Ages ranged from six years to nine. They could not swim, so they caught each other's hands for a few minutes, and seemed to get quite shy suddenly. After a few steps, they all let go, and made for the goal

in different ways. They did really look like porpoises, the way they flopped up and down in the water; there was a stiff breeze blowing at the time, and, when the race was over, they panted to such a degree that we thought they would never reach their normal state again. It is needless to say that we all came home very hungry and did ample justice to afternoon tea. Some of us were quite stiff for a day or two after. However, that stiffness did not prevent the usual evening study in order to be ready for school work next day. The funny part was that we said good-bye, as we thought, to swimming that evening, but the following week the weather was so warm that bathing was resumed for more than a month. Like schoolgirls in every other part of the world, we love a break into the ordinary routine of daily life. Our class-singing master gave us a lovely surprise one evening, in the shape of a small concert. He is the Conductor of several Society Clubs and Glee parties, so he obtained permission to bring down some of the principal members of these organizations. Three gentlemen and two ladies entertained us for a few hours. The voices of the gentlemen were really beautiful. One selection was especially appreciated by many "The Gipsies' Laughing Chorus." It would be difficult to single out any special number. The only fault was that time passed too quickly.

On June 21st., the holiday of the school year was celebrated in true Loreto fashion. After breakfast, most of us selected a long walk, so we set out for the Beach, chaperoned, of course, by the nuns. Osborne is only a mile and a half in a straight line from the Ocean, along a private bush walk. It was just lovely to sit and listen to the roar of the Indian Ocean. The Breakers were magnificent. Some of us strolled along the beach to pick up sea treasures, such as pieces of sponge in different shapes, shells, and curious bits of stone. Others took their loved story-books so as to enjoy a quiet read far away from the din of pianos, violins, etc. All came back in time for dinner—it is needless to say that full justice was done to that earthly item. After dinner, it was warm enough to sit out of doors—mind, this day is the shortest one of the year and the very middle of winter—to read or play games or enjoy a little music among a few so inclined. After 4 p. m., biscuits and a cool

drink were indulged in, down on the school verandahs, as we suspected that the preparations for the party, of historic date, were going on in our dining-room. When the 6.30 p. m. bell rang, it was wonderful to see figures from all parts of the place making for the one direction—the stairs to the dining-room. The room looked beautiful. And the party!—what schoolgirl does not enjoy it! After it was over, there was a lovely surprise awaiting us in the large concert hall, in the shape of Moving Pictures, very kindly lent for the occasion by our kind friend, T. G. A. Molloy, Esq., the Mayor of Perth and Connie's father. Dear RAINBOW, are the Canadians as fond of Moving Pictures as we are? In the views of your magnificent Falls, Niagara Loreto was very distinctly seen from different sides. You may be sure that we went to bed rather tired but, all the same, with a pleasant recollection of the feast of St. Aloysius, 1912.

The next day when coming down from breakfast, we noticed an air of sadness over the place and soon were told the sorrowful news of the death of one of our former companions, Cecily Young, known at school as Cecily Daly, R. I. P., after eight months of married life. The next day or the day after, a Requiem-Mass was said, and a General Communion for the dear departed one, was made by the Community and the pupils. It is a great consolation to think, that, when each of us is far away from dear Loreto, we shall not be forgotten at the time when we most need to be remembered—after death.

Enclosed you will find the account of our Music Exams., which took place the 8th. and 9th. August, after which, "Home, Sweet Home," for three weeks!

We missed the visit of the Irish Envoys to Loreto, "Osborne," as it occurred during the holidays. The nuns told us that they were delighted with their visit to Australia, and they spoke of their visit to some of your houses in Canada. Mr. Devlin remarked that Loreto is doing splendid work in Canada and Australia. Mr. Redmond is an "Old Loreto Boy." One of the nuns here remembers him at Loreto, North Great George's Street, Dublin.

September came round all too soon, so we said good-bye to our loved ones at home and settled down very quickly again to work hard until Xmas. Our dancing lessons continued, and a

week or so after the last one, we had a lovely Fancy Dress Ball. The great thing was to keep secret, as much as possible, our different characters. Just as all had finished dressing,—fortunately, I say—something happened—the electric light and semi-darkness gave us a chance to get to the hall without being observed. Oh! we did enjoy ourselves, and we did laugh as, seeing ourselves in long dresses, we tried to recognize each other. It was fun to see Betsy Trotwood dancing with an Italian lady, or to see a lady of the Victorian period in crinoline and corkscrew curls, dancing with a Grecian Girl. If the account that was published in the papers can be had, it will go with this. We supplied the supper, at least, our friends and relatives brought all that was necessary for the occasion, as we did not wish to give trouble, on that auspicious night. What was our surprise when we went to supper to find our different tables most artistically arranged. It is needless to say, everything was fully appreciated.

Six of our companions entered for the Exams. in connection with the "Alliance Française," and all were successful. The Exam. began with two hours of written work, then, after an hour's intermission, each candidate had to converse with the Examiner in French, recite from memory, and, read 20 lines of unprepared French. Melba Mitchell got the medal in the Primary Grade, Kitty Falconer won it in the Intermediate Grade, and the others obtained high places on the list, according to their marks. Edith Castieau 2nd., Marjorie Hayhow 7th., Mary O'Reilly 8th., Enid Carroll 10th., out of 150 places. Such success for the first time, has given a great impetus to the Study of French.

Dear RAINBOW, before I bring this to an end, I wish to ask your prayers for another former pupil of "Osborne," who died the 6th. October—Mrs. Beeson, known at school as Kathleen Griffen. She was only twenty-three, and left three young children to mourn her loss. She expressed a wish to die on Rosary Sunday and Our Blessed Lord lovingly took her to Himself that day. Strange, at the moment of her death, there were four generations in the room. The great-grandmother—a pupil of St. Teresa's day-school, Rathfarnham—Mrs. Griffen, Kathleen and her sweet little daughter.

Good-bye, dear RAINBOW, for the present.





1. FORD'S COLLEGE, ST. CATHARINES, ONT. 2. FORD'S CONVENT, SAINT MARY, HAMILTON  
3. FORD'S COLLEGE, CHURCH ST. HAMILTON, ONT. 4. FORD'S CONVENT, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO  
5. FORD'S CONVENT, GOLFVIEW

6. FORD'S COLLEGE, ST. MOTHER HOUSE OF THE INFANTS OF THE  
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY IN AMERICA

7. FORD'S COLLEGE, NIAGARA FALLS 8. FORD'S CONVENT, BRANT, ONT.  
9. FORD'S CONVENT, WILLESLE, ONTARIO 10. FORD'S CONVENT, STRATFORD, ONT.  
11. FORD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, WILTON AVENUE AND BOND STREET, TORONTO

# NIAGARA



# RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XX.

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No. 2.

**Reception Tendered to His Grace Most  
Reverend Neil McNeil, D. D., Arch-  
bishop of Toronto, by the Pupils  
of Loreto Abbey, Thursday,  
January the Twentp-third.**

**L**ORETO ABBEY'S formal reception of welcome to His Grace Archbishop McNeil of Toronto, on Thursday afternoon last, was a function which no words can more happily describe than those so felicitously chosen by His Grace himself, when, at the close of the brilliant programme, he assured the pupils that their entertainment was "one of rare prettiness—as pleasing to the ear as it was to the eye."

Certainly, the imposing concert hall, gay with bright lights and tall palms, and tiers of girl choristers, ranged like rows of great lilies across the entire stage, was, as one came in from the rain and gloom outside, an altogether lovely spectacle; and the short, effective programme, arranged with much delicate deliberation to specially suit the interesting occasion, was carried out with skill and sympathy by the clever young pupils, which made the ear, if possible, happier than the eye.

To the large audience of Torontonians present, such an entertainment was a most satisfying exhibition of what a prominent, progressive, local educational institution can do in competition with the best schools of any country. It was more than a peep into a busy hive of many high educational activities, presided over by a band of keen, capable, scholarly Canadian women, directing a little army of bright, clever, ambitious Canadian girls into every useful and honorable career our splendid young country affords.

But, to one interested onlooker it was something over and above even all this, for only a few short months ago the present writer was strolling through the vineyards of a rose-hedged villa on the lovely Via Nomentana, under a heavenly Roman sky, where another group of these very Ladies of Loreto—the English Ladies, as they are always called abroad—are doing for the ambitious Italian girl just what Loreto Abbey is so busily and with such ever-growing success accomplishing here for her competitors in our northern clime. And under the ilex-trees in that Roman garden, on that lovely midsummer day, the thing most eagerly talked about was the work of the sister Abbey away in far-off Toronto! Near the house, in the shade of the brilliant flower borders, with the rolling Campagna stretching out before them to Frascati and the further line of velvet hills, a physical-culture instructress was calling out her drill in Roman Italian, while the class exercised, just as our girls do in the Abbey gymnasium, here in good old Toronto. It was this retrospect, this picture rising up beside the other, that carried one guest at Thursday's interesting function so far beyond that event itself, that made the splendid choristers so full of spirit and harmony, and the gracefully-spoken address of welcome, and the clever work of the school orchestra, and the caps and gowns, and all the other amenities of the place and the occasion, seem to stand out as simply the inevitable harvest of the fine traditional saturation at the root of such an institution; and that emphasized above everything else the value to us in this new country, of a sentiment of pedigree and perpetuity in the system which works for the instruction and refinement of our growing girls. Add to "higher education" for women an asso-

ciation with a force like this, rooted in religion, and pledged to permanency, and what can result but the very highest education of all?

K. M. B.

**Address.**

I.

Open wide Loreto's portals! Let her halls re-sound with welcome!

In our hearts are joy-bells ringing, and we gladly greet the hour

That has seen our hope's fruition, that calls forth our loyal homage,

As we hail the Lord's Anointed, who comes clothed with prelate power.

II.

"Go ye forth and teach all Nations! Win them all unto My Kingdom!

Go ye forth! For lo! the harvest-fields already gleaming white!

Dire the need of willing laborers to glean the golden richness;

Go forth and labor whilst ye may, ere cometh on the night!

III.

On earth's broad plains are other fields where armies stand embattled,

Where the strife with powers of darkness calls for heroes in the fight;

There are souls to save, and victory can only follow combat,

I am with you! Go, lead ransomed ones unto the realms of light!"

IV.

Still the Master's word of power echoes down the passing ages;

Still shall echo, till this world and all its glory shall have passed;

Still it stirs to deeds heroic, souls, who, hearken-ing to His Message,

Have left all that earth could offer, and with Him their lot have cast.

V.

From the shores of broad Atlantic, where lies ocean-girt Newfoundland,

To the western isle, encircled by the clear Pacific wave,

Speeds a Servant of the Master, for the ranks await a leader,

Fertile fields await the tiller—here are ransomed souls to save!

VI.

Short the space of long fulfilment—heart and hand put forth to strong things—

And the Master's Eye hath rested upon deeds of noble worth;

Yet, shall others reap his sowing—others garner where he planted—

Once again he hears the Mandate—once again is bidden forth!

VII.

Open wide Loreto's portals! Sound the chords of loyal welcome!

As we hail the Lord's Anointed, in our hearts the joy-bells ring!

Hope, expectant, bends her radiant, eager gaze upon the future,

With its heavy sheaves—the guerdon which the toilers homeward bring!

VIII.

In that future—in its promise—in its hope of high achievement—

E'en the heat and burden of its day—thy children fain would share;

And, mayhap, in hour of trial, shall thy purpose find new strength'ning,

Through the hearts for thee uplifted in Loreto's shrines of prayer.

IX.

Bless thy Children, that their prayer find acceptance with the Master!

That their toil be worthy, at its close, to merit His "Well done!"

And when, from His Own Sacred Lips thou'st heard the final "Welcome,"

May they share, with thee, His smile of love, whilst endless ages run!



**An Incident in the Life of St. Patrick.**

[Under the Head of "The Forbidden Flame," Sister M. Christina, of Loreto Convent, Clonmel, in the Dublin *Irish Catholic*, gives a graphic picture of an Historical Event in the Life of Ireland's Apostle.

**I**T was the morning of Easter Eve, in the year of grace, 432. The clear spring sunshine sparkled on the green slopes of the Hill of Tara and on the dancing wavelets of the River Boyne, that watered the fertile meadows of Royal Meath, for many a mile. To the northeast rose the Hill of Slane, its rounded summit showing clear against the cloud-flecked April sky.

The heights of Tara itself were crowned by the great group of buildings comprising the residence of Ard-Ri, or head King of Erin—the Hall of Heroes, where rewards were bestowed for deeds of valor and the praises chanted of those who performed them; the Hall of Council, the School of Military Instruction, and the National College, erected by Cormac MacArt, the best and most enlightened of the Milesian Kings of Ireland. Outside those buildings the ground was portioned out into the different spaces set apart for the athletic sports, the trials of military skill, the competitions in music, song, and recitation, which took place at the Feis, or public games held there at stated periods. At Tara were also inaugurated the great celebrations of the pagan worship of the time. On these occasions the assemblies partook of a very solemn character, and were presided over by the Ard-Ri, the chief Druid, with his attendant priests, and the head Brehon, or judge, an important personage in the land.

The view from the hill was beautiful and far-reaching. The wide plains of Meath, with their quiet pastoral loveliness, unfolded their stretches of emerald green as far as the eye could reach, until they blended into a broad girdle of white, stretching to the horizon. It was the first fringes of the Bog of Allen, carpeted with a white wealth of the ceanbhan, the bog-cotton, springing in snowy drifts from the dark brown peat beneath. In the extreme distance, the outlying spurs of the Donegal Mountains, veiled in a tender blue haze, outlined themselves softly—

"The blue, blue hills of Erin, flushing faintly  
In the rose-light of the dawn,  
The misty hills of Erin, glimmering pearly  
In the sun at high noonday,  
The purple hills of Erin, shadowed rarely,  
When the gold hath waned to grey."

And the noble river formed a picturesque waterway from its birthplace in the heart of the blue hills, to the stone bulwarks of Inver Colpa, now Drogheda.

On the morning of which we write, a remarkable and impressive scene was being enacted at Tara. It was the celebration of the great religious festival of Bel-tane, a function of the fire-worship, which formed so leading a feature in the cult of pagan Ireland. The crests and slopes of the hill were thronged with the multitude, representatives of every class and clan, come together from Mononia (Munster), Ulidia (Ulster), Lagenia (Leinster), and Conacia (Connaught), to take part in the festa. Not at the cost of overmuch inconvenience had they assembled, for from Tara started four broad, well-kept roads, leading north, south, east and west, through the entire length and breadth of the land. At certain distances along these highways were stationed "houses of hospitality"—hostels or inns—maintained at public expense, where travellers might enjoy rest and refreshments, free of charge. So, to Tara they had come in hundreds, and before the palace and on the hillside they stood in ordered ranks. The Ard-Ri, Leogaire, was arrayed in his garb of peace, a crimson tunic, fastened at the breast with a brooch of curiously worked gold, over which was worn a short cloak of white linen, embroidered with gold. Behind him stood his shield-bearer, carrying the king's bronze shield, tipped with gold, and his gold-hilted sword.

Next to the Ard-Ri stood Lochron (or Loughru) the chief Druid, his sweeping white mantle confined at the waist by a crimson cord, a thin gold fillet encircling his white hair. A man of venerable aspect, but with an expression of relentless severity. On his forefinger gleamed the mystic ring, with its maledictive stone, which was used in invoking a curse upon any one who incurred the druidical displeasure.

Close at hand was the King's Bard, a conspicuous figure in his voluminous yellow robe, with its

crimson facings and massive gold buckle, set with precious stones.

Those were the central figures in a wide ring formed by the warriors of the Craev Rud, or Knights of the Red Branch, the Clanna Morna, or Warriors of Ulidia, and the Fianna Eirian, the national militia of Erin. On the hillslopes were stationed, each in its specified place, the ranks of brehons, olavs (i. e., learned men), charioteers, huntsmen, and chess-players, a semi-professional class of the time. And all awaited, with hushed attention, the first act in the religious drama of the day.

This consisted in the enkindling of the sacred fire by the chief Druid. Throughout the entire land, all fires had been put out since the previous day, and it was forbidden, under the strictest penalties, to light one before the sacred flame blazed forth on the summit of Tara. In front of the Ard-Ri stood a tall bronze tripod, its supports formed in the shape of serpents intertwined, a broad vase of silver and bronze resting on it. In this were contained the materials for the fire. At a given signal, the royal bard struck a few resonant chords upon his harp, to which accompaniment the Druid Lochron intoned in the sonorous Gaelic tongue an invocation to the great fire deity, the sun. He then seized the flint, from which the flame was to be struck, and was in the act of raising it, when a hand was laid upon his arm, and, turning sharply, he beheld the Ard-Ri, who had grasped him gazing, as if transfixed, in the direction of the hill of Slane. Following the line of Leogaire's outstretched arm, the Druid could not restrain a cry of angry surprise. For there, from the summit of the hill, there flamed up into the opal-tinted sky a clear, bright fire, the kindling of which meant open disregard of the religious laws of the country.

"What means this?" exclaimed the monarch, wrathfully. "Who has dared thus to disobey our mandates? Speak, O Lochron! Whence comes that flame on yonder hill?"

"Long and earnestly," we are told, the druid gazed at the bright glow; then turning towards the Ard-Ri:

"That fire, O King," he said, solemnly, "is one which if it be not put out this very day shall never be put out in Erin!"

### Mary Magdalen.

**I**F a king called your name what would you say? How would you feel as you drew near? And if he were great enough, and dear enough to fill your heart with the great joy of love, what would you do? To meet his expectations would you consider obstacles? Would you stand outside the door like Mary Magdalen, shrinking and fearful lest the bitter word from one whom you knew sicken your heart as you enter to find the king? Would you care if they said it, or if they did not say it?

You would not mind if He knew who knew your sorrow and who knew your love for Him. He is so much greater than the words of men or their scorn. How could you listen when the glory of Israel was dazzling your eyes?

If you held within your heart the memories of Mary Magdalen, you would not mind anything—menacing stones even.

But when she stood upon the threshold with the box of precious ointment in her hand did she hesitate because she feared death, or because the precious ointment was for His burial? Her sorrow was so great and her love was so perfect, did she not know more than they who surrounded His chair, about the hour when the earth would tremble and the veil of the temple be rent?—when the Christ would be slain? When she broke the box of precious ointment upon His beautiful head, and upon His sacred feet, when the fragrance of its incense filled the room, when she heard His prophecy for her, and His defence for her, do you think the word from a mortal man about the waste troubled her spirit?

"Why this waste?" said the son of perdition.

"Why do you molest her? She hath done a good work!" said the Son of God.

Surely, she did not mind the other word. She knew that her misery brought Him down from heaven; she knew that He was the acknowledged heir of all things; she saw the wonderful writing in the sand. On that day His words absolved her, His grace transformed her being, and she rose up the Saint Mary Magdalen, the great lover of Christ for all time.

"If he were a prophet he would know what manner of woman she was," they said. How well they knew only her sins! But He knew that she would stand by His cross at the end when they would be hiding away; that she would

weep by His tomb, alone, when they were not there to see. They only knew that she was a sinner and so He wrote in the sand for their instruction. They read it and slunk away; she read it and remained with Him!

"And rising up he said, woman, hath no man condemned thee?"

"No man, Lord."

And the sorrow of the ages came into her breaking heart! If she had been true to Him! If she had kept her innocence!

No man had condemned her because He stood there who saved her from their stones. And the love of the seraphs entered her soul, crushing from her heart forever the disfigurement of sin! What will she do? She only weeps.

Those tears touched the Lord of Heaven, and to her afflicted soul He gave His peace!

"Is not this rather the fast that I have chosen? loose the bonds of wickedness, undo the bundles that oppress, let them that are broken go free, and break asunder every burden."

Nothing mattered now to Mary Magdalen,—nothing except His demands upon her. Peter and Andrew, John and James might censure her conduct and question her right to approach the Immaculate One. Let them! And let them learn the ways of her sorrow-broken heart, let them learn the courage of her great love, let them learn the faithful trueness of her regenerated heart—to Him who came to call, not the just, but sinners.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

### Twilight.

Day stands upon the border of its going,  
The night creeps softly up behind,  
Now like a hidden breeze that's gently blowing,  
Then changing to a rushing wind,  
It overtakes the drowsy, waning day,  
And dims its dying, lingering light,  
By shrouding it with folds of misty grey  
That deepen slowly into night.  
The stars shine forth their bright and silvery gleams  
In scattered clusters in the blue,  
Until, to us, it almost really seems  
Undaunted twilight still peeps through.

MAUDE CRAWFORD.

LORETO ACADEMY, WELLESLEY CRESCENT, TORONTO.

### Island Reberies.

#### Vindication of Mary Stuart.

(Continued from last issue.)

THE tragedy of the Gordons—albeit they were cut down in their devotion to God, queen and country—cried to heaven for vengeance upon their supplanter, the Lord James, who was also to be the supplanter of their queen. Only a few years triumphant, we shall see him cut off in his sins without a moment's time to beg mercy on his immortal soul.

How pathetic, how cruel is the thought that the youthful sovereign of Scotland, not yet nineteen, virtually a captive, was compelled to assist in compassing the ruin of her best and ablest friends, and thus to hurry on her own destruction. She helped to weave the web and to draw it about herself.

As already intimated, we have gone into the details of the Gordon tragedy simply to bring to our readers' notice the fact that diabolical calumnies, and forged letters, were brought by the "saints" as testimony against the innocent, a quarter of a century before these same weapons were employed against Mary Stuart. They had become experts at forgery—no, Satan always bungles!—before their queen's head fell from her shoulders at Fotheringay.

Reverend Whitaker, the English Church historian, says that forgery was a favorite resource of the Reformers.

"Works," good or bad, did not matter: they had given up the Catholic religion for all-sufficing "faith"; so repentance, confession, and amendment of life, were no longer essential to "salvation."

"The office of Lord Chancellor of Scotland, having been rendered vacant by the death of the unfortunate Earl of Huntley, was, by the infatuated young sovereign, bestowed, in evil hour for herself, on Moray's able confederate, the Earl of Morton, who subsequently became one of the principal instruments in her ruin."

About this time the poet Chastellar—who, later, for his mad infatuation for the queen, was to pay with his life—arrived from France, with a proposal of marriage from his master, the Maréchal D'Amville, who was a married man!

We shall let Agnes Strickland finish the paragraph: "In reply to his master's unwelcome and persevering addresses, she answered, as she had previously done to her cousin, the King of Navarre (the leader of the French 'Reformers' or Huguenots), 'If he had been single, I might have been free to listen, but he is already married.' Both these infatuated men offered to divorce their wives, in order to remove the obstacle of which the royal beauty had courteously reminded them. Mary's rejoinder conveyed, with emphatic brevity, the horror with which she revolted from the iniquitous proposal. 'I have a soul,' said she, 'and I would not endanger it by breaking God's laws for all the world could offer.'"

Bear this in mind, dear reader, for we are coming to the time when the "Reformers," knowing that "a divided house" would less impede their plottings, besought Queen Mary to divorce her irresponsible husband, Lord Darnley, or "King Henry," as she styled him. Mary gave a horrified and emphatic "No! Never!" so the "saints" had to murder him. To justify not only themselves, but their "religion," they imputed complicity in the murder to the sterling Catholic queen whose conscience would not even countenance anything like a divorce, but who, when as a captive having been compelled to submit to a "reformed" marriage ceremony with Bothwell, never regarded it but as a mockery, and always spoke of herself as the widow of "the King," and of Bothwell's wife as the only Lady Bothwell.

Lady Bothwell lived and died Queen Mary's friend and vindicator. In the spring of 1563, Queen Mary experienced her greatest sorrow since the death of her husband, King Francis: "A letter, with its ominous black seal, of which Roullet was the bearer, was from the Duchess de Guise, announcing the assassination of her lord, by Poltrot. Her sorrow was embittered by its being represented to her, by the kindred of the deceased, that Coligny (the leader of the French 'Reformers') and Beza had encouraged the assassin to undertake the murder by telling him 'that it was a good work and angels would assist him.' According to Cobbett, Poltrot was the 'man' or villain of Coligny, who employed him to pretend loyalty to Francis, Duke of Guise, to thus secure a place near his person and at a favorable moment to assassinate him,—all of which Pol-

trot did. The Duke of Guise was a great statesman, soldier and patriot; he it was who took Calais from the English. He was Mary's paternal uncle, had been a second father to her during her sojourn in France, and was the seer who told her 'she was brave, and would know how to die well'—clearly did he foresee what murderous hearts might compass, both against himself and his beloved niece!

"The question of Mary's marrying again was of world-wide concern. Queen Elizabeth claimed the right to take active interest, since Mary was next heir to the throne of England. All the eligible kings and princes of Christendom proposed to the royal beauty of Scotland; from among them all Mary chose her handsome young cousin, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, whose mother was a half-sister of James V., Mary's father.

"Lord Darnley was a subject of Queen Elizabeth. He and his father, the Earl of Lennox, having obtained permission to visit Scotland, he wooed, won, and privately married the Queen of Scots before the perfidious Elizabeth knew anything about it.

"Queen Mary and Lord Darnley had become acquainted in France when he conveyed his mother's condolences to her after the death of King Francis.

"The news of the marriage infuriated Elizabeth: as she could not get her hands upon Lord Darnley or the Earl of Lennox, she vented her ire upon the Countess of Lennox, whom she imprisoned in the Tower, and made miserable for the remainder of her life."

The public nuptials of Queen Mary and Lord Darnley were solemnized at six o'clock, on Sunday morning, July 29, 1565, and according to the rites of the Catholic Church. Darnley had been carefully brought up in the Catholic religion by his good and clever mother, Margaret, Countess of Lennox.

Agnes Strickland, alluding to Mary's choice of Darnley, says: "With the sincerity of true affection she had preferred Darnley to all the kings and princes who had sought her hand during the four years of her widowhood. Those years had been checkered with many cares, and some griefs; but she had won the esteem and love of her people; her gentle sway and refining

influence had been blessed to Scotland. She had loosed the bonds of the prisoners, and considered the low estate of the poor, in providing officers to distribute her alms to the needy, and advocates to plead the cause of those who had wrongs. She had established peace in her borders, and commercial relations with all the nations of the world. Years of domestic happiness and wedded love appeared now to be in store for her. A flattering dream of these joys, indeed, mocked her; but brief was the glimpse of sunshine that was to be hers, before the gathering of the storm-clouds chased the bright dance of her golden hours, and finally rolled a pall of terrific darkness over the meridian of her days."

Yet, to-day, wearing an imperishable crown, she may look down from her throne in heaven, and behold all the kings and queens of Christendom proudly claiming their descent from her. She is the one common mother of all the royal lines of Europe.

What higher praise from a descendant than that offered her by our beloved King Edward—"My favorite queen—Mary Queen of Scots"!

The queen's marriage drove the Lord James or Moray to desperation. Here was Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, near to the throne by birth, come between him and his ambitions; besides, if he and the other "saints" could not prevent it, the young couple would, in all probability, have children to ruin his prospects forever. He was not long waiting for an excuse to hate Darnley, personally. The latter, looking over a map of Scotland, amazed at the extent of Moray's possessions, exclaimed: "He has too much, seeing that he inherited nothing." This remark did not fail to reach Moray's ears. He revengefully asserted that Darnley and his father had conspired to kill him. The queen commanded her brother to bring forward his witnesses; he could not do that, so he fled into Argyleshire to preserve his freedom and to plot further mischief. He then formed a conspiracy with some of the other lords, proposing to seize Darnley and his father, the Earl of Lennox, and hand them over to Queen Elizabeth to be executed for treason, whilst Queen Mary was to be captured, and confined for life in Lochleven Castle. This plot was thwarted by the energy of the Scottish queen.

At the head of a loyal army, Mary and Darn-

ley rode forth to meet Moray and his insurgent lords. The latter retreated from place to place; the armies did not meet, the insurgents scattered, and the queen's victory was a bloodless one.

Of this first but unsuccessful plot against Darnley's life by the Earl of Moray, Strickland says: "The news of the incarceration of Lady Lennox in the Tower of London, an act of Tudor despotism, was received with barbarous exultation by Moray and his party. 'They liked well of it,' they said, 'and wished her son and her husband (Darnley and his father) to keep her company.'" The disobedience of Darnley and his father to Queen Elizabeth's repeated summons for their return to England, had involved both in the pains and penalties of treason—penalties she would not hesitate to inflict if these offenders were within her reach. To place them there, that they might be slain by her sword, appeared to Moray and the rest of the confederate lords the most convenient way of ridding themselves of these inconvenient persons. The evidence of their deadly purpose against both is thus furnished by Randolph: "The question hath been asked me, 'whether, if they were delivered by us into Berwick, we would receive them?' I answered that we could not, would not, refuse to receive our own, in whatsoever they came unto us."

Encouraged by this assurance, Moray and his confederates determined to make a bold attempt to seize their intended victims in the presence of the queen; to hurry her away to Lochleven Castle, there to imprison her till she conceded to all their demands; and to carry Darnley and his father to Castle Campbell, the stronghold of Moray's brother-in-law, Argyll, and thence to Berwick, where it was proposed to surrender both to English law, and the tender mercies of their offended sovereign, Elizabeth. If resistance or rescue were attempted, more summary measures were to be taken by the conspirators with Darnley. And who that has traced the conduct of Moray, from the first day he became assured of his royal sister's determination to deprive him of political power and importance, by her marriage with Darnley, can be blind to the fact that the plot for the assassination of that unfortunate prince, and the incarceration of the queen in Lochleven, devised in June, 1565, was

but the abortive foreshadowing of the tragedy, consummated in 1567?—(when they finally succeeded in killing Darnley).

"Queen Mary denounces the sanguinary purpose of Moray in these impassioned terms: 'Let him put his hand on his conscience, and ask himself if he can deny that he would have slain those that were with me? and that among other murders, he had not conspired the death of the Earl of Lennox, when I was coming from St. Johnstone towards Edinburgh, to prepare for my nuptials, intending to shut me up in a castle? as I can prove by hundreds of gentlemen then in his band, whom I have pardoned since his flight to England.'

"Queen Mary's statement is corroborated past dispute by the declaration of seven earls, twelve barons, eight bishops, and eight secularized abbots, among whose signatures are those of two noblemen to whom leading parts in the execution of the treason had been assigned, namely, the Earls of Argyll and Rothes—who affirm that 'Moray and his assistants conspired the slaughter of the said Lord Darnley then appointed to be married with her Grace; also of his father, and divers other noblemen being in her Grace's company, at that time, and so to have imprisoned her Highness' self at Lochleven, and detained her there all the days of her life; which conspiracy was near put in execution in the month of June, 1565, as many who were in council with him, and drawn ignorantly thereon, can testify.'

"The conspiracy of Moray and his confederates to seize her person, her spirited demeanor and romantic escape, had kindled a glow of loyal enthusiasm in the true hearts of Scotland; both gentles and commoners were eager to band in her defence."

Alas, fewer seek God than Mammon! If, almost without exception, the Scottish nobles had their price, Elizabeth was always willing to pay that price!

At the time of Queen Mary's marriage to Lord Darnley she had attained the full perfection of her wondrous beauty.

Even Randolph, the English ambassador, thus writes of her charms to Sir Henry Sidney, a former English ambassador to Mary's court: "If she were unknown, or never seen unto your Lordship, you might well marvel what divine

thing that is by whom this great felicity may be achieved. To that which yourself hath been judge of with your own eye there is now so much added of perfect beauty, that in beholding the self-same person, when that you come again, you shall neither find that face nor feature, shape nor nothing, but all turned into a new nature, far excelling any (our own most worthy sovereign only excepted) that ever was made since the first framing of mankind."

Strickland comments: "Such, then, was Mary Stuart at two-and-twenty, when her heart had found, as she fondly believed, an object worthy of her affection; and 'love,' to use the exquisite observation of St. Pierre, the student of nature, 'was giving forth all its beauty in the presence of the beloved.'"

We of the Old Faith can perceive across the centuries the secret, the substance of Mary Stuart's surpassing, entrancing beauty; it is that her majesty and dignity of presence, the charm of perfect form and feature was in the heart-bloom, the soul-bloom, that animated and encompassed face and presence, and which was the health resulting from that Daily Bread, the all-sustaining, all-comforting Body and Blood of Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of the Altar. Mary Stuart lived every day of her life in closest communion with her Saviour; and while breaking on the way, her brave heart battled nobly with the demons, step by step, although her Calvary was never out of sight.

As to Lord Darnley's personal appearance, Strickland informs us: "Lord Darnley, whom Queen Mary had first seen as a pretty boy of fifteen, had now completed his eighteenth year, and presented himself before her in the pride and glory of early manhood, distinguished by his lofty stature, beautiful hair, features, complexion, and princely bearing. He made a very agreeable impression on the queen, and her commendations are thus recorded in the quaint phraseology of Sir James Melville, who was present at their first meeting: 'Her majesty took well with him; she said he was the handsomest and best-proportioned *lang* man she had seen,' for he was of high stature, *lang* and small, even and *brent up* (straight), and well instructed from his youth in all honest and comely exercises."

It is pleasant to fancy the imposing appearance of this majestic, youthful pair, happy among the roses of their life's summer, and destined by heaven to be the ancestors of every Christian prince and princess now on the thrones of Europe. How saddening to look on the darker side, and behold the demons that stoutly beset their path, and finally succeeded in destroying their earthly paradise and their very bodies, but, providentially, not the souls, protected by their Almighty God!

After their futile insurrection, Moray and the other insurgent lords wrote Queen Mary, offering "to return to their allegiance, provided she would restore to them their forfeited estates, replace them in the places and preferments they formerly enjoyed and permit them to choose her council, that she should remove all *foreigners* from her service, and refrain from the use of the Mass."

As Mary treated these demands with contempt, they proceeded to publish seditious letters; finally they betook themselves out of the country and to their friend, Queen Elizabeth. The latter had incited them to rebellion, had furnished them with funds, and now secretly welcomed them to England. To deceive Mary, Elizabeth ordered Moray to appear before her at a public audience, when she harangued him upon his rebellious conduct towards his sister and queen, and upon his breach of faith with herself, who desired, above all things, as he knew, that all should be sweet and lovely between him and his royal sister, etc., etc.

Then Elizabeth and Moray withdrew to plot in private.

A number of Moray's aiders and abettors were still occupying high places in Scotland.

These, including Morton, Mary's deceitful Lord Chancellor, were in secret correspondence with Moray.

George Douglas the Postulate, an apostate priest and brother of Moray's mother, and Lord Ruthven, another of Moray's relatives, set themselves to corrupt and entrap Darnley.

The conspirators, always including Queen Elizabeth, united in one rallying cry—"Mary Stuart, her husband, and all hope of heirs from them, must be destroyed!"

To employ the victims in their own destruction was the first desideratum. Randolph, the English ambassador, afterwards boasted that he was the first successful agent in this policy.

So "a divided house" was to be effected, as preliminary.

Queen Mary, now twenty-two, and well tutored in kingcraft, knew well the cunning and malice of her foes; but her nineteen-year-old boy husband became a mere puppet in their hands. The vanity and arrogance of poor human nature suddenly exalted, betrayed him into the hands of their enemies; Mary's wholehearted, foreboding, protecting love, was powerless to save. The queen had, of her own authority, and without a single encouraging voice except his father's, proclaimed him "king."

Then, urged by the plotters, he clamored for the crown-matrimonial, despite the opposition of the nobles, and the advice of his fond wife, who tried to persuade him to wait until he had attained his majority.

George the Postulate and other bad livers enticed him to drink intemperately, and to accompany them to carousals; while they represented to him that he, a prince of the royal Stuart and Tudor blood, should be King of Scotland indeed, and should hold no second place to a wife, or in the realm! Ruthven, Randolph, and George Douglas, pointed out to him that even Mary's secretary, David Rizzio, was more King of Scotland than he, and much more in the queen's confidential favor!

Rizzio was the middle-aged, ugly, deformed, but clever, honest, and scholarly Italian whom Mary's uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, had recommended to her as private secretary, for his ability and honesty, adding that "his misshapen person would disarm scandal."

Ah, well did the anxious relative and churchman fear the tactics of demons!

These Scottish nobles were jealous of Rizzio, who, because of his familiarity with all foreign languages, could conduct the queen's correspondence with foreign courts,—which not one of them could ever hope to do.

About the time of her marriage, Queen Mary released from *durance vile* the imprisoned Earl of Huntley, whom Moray had doomed to death; she also then permitted the outlawed Earl of

Bothwell to return and take possession of his estates, upon promising good behavior.

To quote Strickland: "The last gay doings in Holyrood ever to take place under the auspices of Mary Stuart commenced on the 24th. February, 1566 (four months before the birth of her son, afterwards James VI. of Scotland and I. of England), to celebrate the nuptials of the Earl of Bothwell with their mutual kinswoman, the Lady Jane Gordon, sister of the Earl of Huntley. (Bothwell, being descended from the Kings of Scotland, stood in the same degree of relationship to the queen as he did to the Lady Jane.)

"As the lady was a member of the Church of Rome, the queen desired that the marriage might be performed in her chapel-royal, with the Mass and all the solemnities with which that religion renders wedlock an indissoluble tie, preventing either husband or wife from entering into a second marriage during the life of the other. Is it credible that Mary, if enamored of Bothwell, would have married him to another woman, a lady of the blood-royal withal, and related to herself so nearly as to place an obstacle to any chance of their future union without the aid of Papal dispensation. Bothwell would neither gratify his Roman Catholic bride, nor oblige Queen Mary, by allowing his nuptials to be solemnized according to the rites of the Church of Rome.

"Their majesties, nevertheless, united in honoring the bridal of this powerful border chief with signal tokens of respect; for Mary regarded him as a faithful servant of the crown who had resisted the bribes of England; and Darnley, knowing that he had all the military force of the realm under his command, saw the expediency of propitiating him. So there was royal cheer in Holyrood at Bothwell's wedding with bonny Lady Jane Gordon, the sister of Mary's faithful counsellor, the Earl of Huntley; and Mary herself presented eleven ells of burnished cloth of silver with suitable garniture to the bride for her wedding-dress. 'The king and queen,' says Lindsay of Piscothe, 'made the banquet at Holyrood the first day, and the feasting continued five days, with jousting and tournaments'; and it is further recorded that five Knights of Fife were made on this occasion. The idea that the queen

was enamored of the rough, ungraceful, one-eyed bridegroom, would certainly have been regarded, at that time, as something too absurd for even party malignity to assert. Why he should become more attractive to her as a married man than he had been as a bachelor, it would be difficult to explain."

Strickland continues: "In the midst of the fêtes and public entertainments at Holyrood Abbey in honor of the Earl of Bothwell's nuptials, the conspiracy for depriving Mary of her regal authority was actively proceeding. The history of that conspiracy *has been little investigated* by those who, misled by the libels of Buchanan and the narrative of the assassins, imagine Darnley's absurd jealousy of David Rizzio to have been the exciting cause; and the assassination of that friendless foreigner the principal object of the league, which included not only the exiled Scotch lords and their confederates at home, but the leading members of the English cabinet. Elizabeth cared nothing for the conjugal wrongs, had such existed, of her contumacious subject, Darnley, in a marriage contracted by him in defiance of her express prohibition; but it suited well her policy to have him rendered the instrument of overturning Mary's throne, defaming her, and destroying the prospect of an heir, whose claims on the regal succession might prove most formidable. That the confederacy was against Mary herself is proved by the fact that Darnley, in the first instance, tried to induce Rizzio to join it. But the misshapen body of the dwarfish Piedmontese enshrined a soul more noble than that of his royal tempter. He not only refused to act the part of Judas, but warned the queen that her husband, his father, and some of the confederates of the banished lords, were enleagued against her. Mary, at first, knew not how to credit this sad intimation; but having ascertained that a secret meeting of the suspected persons was to take place one evening in her husband's chamber, she entered unexpectedly, and surprised them together. The guilty conclave exhibited signs of confusion and dismay; but Darnley assumed an imperious tone of conjugal authority, gave her ungentle words, accused her of listening to spies and tale-bearers, and of watching him, and intruding her company when not desired by him.



Mary proudly withdrew, and entered her husband's apartments no more. Darnley's personal vanity was piqued by this assumption of coldness and disdain on the part of the royal beauty; and although it had been caused by his own unkindness, he put on the airs of an injured person, complained resentfully of her 'coying him,' and injuriously pretended to believe that her personal estrangement was caused by her preference for another.

"The only man with whom the queen was much in private was David Rizzio, and this the nature of his office rendered necessary; while the defects of his person were such as almost to defy scandal itself to insinuate that she, who was esteemed the most beautiful princess in the world, could prefer him to the husband of her choice—a prince so eminently distinguished by nature with external graces of form, features, and complexion. . . . The murder of David Rizzio was, however, only intended as the opening move in the attack on the queen, and in this it was expedient to obtain the co-operation of her besotted husband.

"The Earl of Morton, who had first incited Darnley to enter into these treasonable intrigues against the queen, suddenly forsook the meetings of the conspirators, and appeared disposed to abandon the league. Alarmed at his demeanor, the confederates sent Andrew Ker of Fandonside, and Sir John Bellenden, the justice-clerk, to inquire the cause of his alienation. Morton replied that 'it was because of the king's persisting in claiming the Earldom of Angus,' and was with some difficulty persuaded to meet him in the Earl of Lennox's chamber. A family treaty was entered into then and there, whereby Darnley and his father renounced once more, for themselves and Lady Lennox, all claims on that patrimony in favor of Morton's nephew and ward, the young Earl of Angus. This sacrifice (or blood-money) having purchased the full co-operation of the Lord Chancellor, Morton, in their enterprise, the bonds or secret articles were drawn between Darnley and the banished lords, in which it was stipulated that Darnley should obtain their pardon and recall on condition that 'they would procure for him the crown-matrimonial of Scotland, and that, *in event of the queen's death*, he should be declared her rightful

successor, and his father the next heir after himself; and that the lords would pursue, slay, and extirpate all who opposed this resolution.' . . . The cause of religion was, of course, brought forward in the general and more public bond; yet what grimace was this for Darnley, the most violent and bigoted Roman Catholic in the realm, he who had done what Mary never attempted to do—inhibited John Knox from preaching, rated the lords for not going with him to Mass, tossed the psalm-book into the fire, and swore he would have a Mass in St. Giles's. Small was their care for religion; but Darnley had guaranteed to them the possession of their unlawful acquisitions, *the mammon of unrighteousness being their idol.*"

How well does Agnes Strickland hit off the Reformers' religion!

"The king and his father subscribed the bond," says John Knox, "for they durst not trust the king's word without his signet."

Strickland continues: "Lennox undertook the office of going to England to assure Moray and the other outlaws that they might return with safety. It must be remembered that the reason Mary had refused to treat with them was because they had conspired against her husband's life."

Randolph, who was then at Berwick, acting as he had long done, entirely as the agent and organ of communication between Mary's traitors and the English sovereign, wrote Elizabeth, on the 6th. of March, that "a matter of no small consequence in Scotland was intended," referring her for particulars to a letter addressed by himself, in conjunction with the Earl of Bedford, to Mr. Secretary Cecil. "No one except the queen, Leicester, and Cecil himself," as the joint writers of the latter record of diplomatic villainy state, "was to be informed of the great event on the eve of its being put in execution." This, they describe, is to be done with the co-operation and in the presence of Mary's consort, which was necessary to give a color to the scandalous imputations of injuries done to him by the victim of the murderous confederacy. Copies of the bonds entered into for the perpetration of the slaughter, and the subsequent treason of which that enterprise was only to be the first step, were enclosed—copies made, as expressly stated, by the hand of Randolph himself, from the orig-

inals, which he had seen. (State Paper Office M. S. Correspondence—Bedford and Randolph to Cecil, March 6, 1565-6.)

"To this determination of theirs there are privy in Scotland," continues the equally honorable co-adjutor in the confederacy, Bedford, "these five—Argyll, Morton, Boyd, Ruthven, and Lethington. In England these—Moray, Rothes, Grange, myself and the writer hereof. If persuasions to cause the queen to yield to these matters" (the resignation of her crown and high vocation to her worthless, intemperate husband) "do no good, they purpose to proceed *we know not in what sort.*" After this emphatic hint of an intention against the fair sovereign of Scotland, too black to be committed to paper, or even acknowledged by our cool pair of Englishmen—unworthy of the name!—"These," they add, "are the things which we thought and think to be of no small importance; and knowing them certainly intended and concluded upon, thought it our duties to utter the same to you, Mr. Secretary, to make declaration thereof as shall seem best to your wisdom." One word from Elizabeth, from Cecil, or Bedford, of disapproval to Moray, the master-mover of the plot at Newcastle, would have prevented its execution. But the blow was aimed at Mary Stuart, intended for her destruction and that of her unborn infant, and for the destruction of Darnley, also, who, in the event of his consort's death, would have been torn limb from limb by the terrible justice of popular vengeance. Nay, would not the plausible Moray himself have assumed the character of the avenger of his royal sister, and trod his way, over the mangled corpses of her guilty but deluded husband, and his unprincipled father, to the throne of Scotland—that throne so long the object of his ambition, but which he could only hope to fill as the creature of the English sovereign? Mary, meantime, was warned that some dark plot was in agitation against her; but so sure was she of the affections of her people, that she fancied it was merely an attempt to intimidate her from the strong measures she contemplated against the exiled lords. The work of death was not to be confined to the foreign secretary, Rizzio; a wholesale scene of slaughter was contemplated, including the whole of Mary's ministers, who had shown themselves opposed to

her virtual deposition by refusing to concur in granting the crown-matrimonial to her ungrateful husband. The intended victims were the Earls of Huntley, Bothwell, Athol, the Lords Fleming and Livingston, and Sir James Balfour,—the last was for some unexplained reason, to be hanged at her chamber door; and several of her most attached ladies were to be drowned. Mary herself, if she survived the horrors of the tragedy purposed to be acted in her presence, was either to be slain or imprisoned in Stirling Castle, till she consented to legalize her husband's usurpation. The day appointed for the great enterprise by the conspirators, with the consent of Darnley, was Saturday, March 9, 1565-6, as concerted between them, the Earl of Moray, and the other rebel lords in England. The Earl of Morton introduced about eight score of those judged by him fittest for the purpose into the inner court of Holyrood Palace; he then ordered the gates to be locked and took possession of the keys. When he had taken these steps he came to Darnley, accompanied by a party of the banded conspirators, and told him all was ready. Darnley was ready, too, having taken his supper an hour earlier than usual, in company with Moray's brother-in-law, Lord Lindsay of the Byres, and Moray's uncles, George Douglas the Postulate, and Lord Ruthven. These noblemen were already notorious in Scotland for their immorality and their murderous crimes. Mary, being indisposed, had been enjoined by her physicians to keep herself very quiet, and sustain her strength with animal food, instead of observing the Lenten fast. She was, therefore, supping privately in her closet—a small cabinet about twelve feet in length and ten in breadth, within her bedroom (leading out of it, rather)—in company with Jane, Countess of Argyll, and Lord Robert Stuart (her half-brother, and half-sister), attended by Beton, Laird of Creich, one of the masters of her household, Arthur Erskine, her equerry, her French doctor, and several other persons. David Rizzio was also present, the queen expressly says, "among others our servants." Her statement is confirmed by the testimony of that faithful historian, Camden, who, writing with the key to all the mysterious tragedies of her life and reign, Cecil's secret correspondence before him, states that "David Rizzio

was standing at the sideboard, eating something that had been sent to him from the queen's table." Darnley, having led the way up the private stair from his apartment into his wife's bedroom, entered her cabinet alone, about seven o'clock. Neither surprise nor disturbance was manifested at his appearance by the queen or her company; on the contrary, he seemed to be to Mary a welcome guest; for when he placed himself beside her in the double chair of state, one seat whereof, in his absence, having remained unoccupied, she kindly inclined herself towards him, to receive and reciprocate the conjugal caresses with which he greeted her; they kissed each other and embraced, and Darnley cast his arms about her waist, with deceitful demonstrations of fondness. Conventional civilities were then exchanged between the royal pair. "My lord, have you supped?" inquired Mary. "I thought you would have finished your supper by this time," Darnley replied evasively, indirectly implying an apology for interrupting a meal he did not intend to share. Before the utterance of another word, the tapestry masking the secret passage into the queen's bedroom was pushed aside, and Ruthven, pale, ghastly, and attenuated, intruded himself upon the scene. The evil reputation of this nobleman, both as a sorcerer and an assassin, had from the first rendered himself an object of instinctive horror to Mary. He had been withal the sworn foe of her mother. To the queen's indignant interrogations, Ruthven answered: "There is no harm intended to your Grace, nor to any one, but yonder poltroon, David; it is he with whom I have to speak." "What hath he done?" inquired Mary. "Ask the king, your husband, madam." She turned in surprise to Darnley, who had now risen and was leaning on the back of her chair. "What is the meaning of this?" demanded the queen. He faltered, affected ignorance, and replied, "I know nothing of the matter." Mary, on this, assuming a tone of authority, ordered Ruthven to leave her presence, under penalty of treason. As he paid no attention to her behest, Arthur Erskine and Lord Keith, with her French apothecary, attempted to expel him forcibly.

"Lay no hands on me, for I will not be handled," exclaimed Ruthven, brandishing his rapier. The conspirators rushed in, in warlike

array. "What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Mary. "Do you seek my life?" (Let us bear in mind this was only three months before the birth of her son, the heir to the crowns of Scotland and England.)

"No, madam," replied Ruthven, "but we will have out yonder villain, Davie," making a pass at him as he spoke. The queen prevented the blow by seizing his wrist, and, rising to her feet, intrepidly, interposed the sacred shield of her royal person between the ferocious baron and the trembling little foreigner, who had retreated into the recess of the embayed window. The table, which had hitherto served as a barrier to prevent the near approach of the assailants, was now flung violently over on the queen, with the viands, knives, and all that was upon it, by the fresh inbreak of unscrupulous men, rushing forward to the work of death. Lady Argyll caught one of the lighted candles in her hand, as it was falling, and thus preserved her royal sister and herself from being enveloped in flames. The first blow was given by the Postulate, George Douglas, who stabbed Rizzio, over the queen's shoulder, with such fury that the blood was sprinkled over her garments, and the dagger left sticking in his side; others followed the example; and Darnley, having succeeded in unlocking the tenacious grasp with which the wretched victim clung to the queen's robe, he was dragged, while vainly crying for mercy and for justice from her feet. Darnley, forcing Mary into a chair, stood behind it, holding her so tightly embraced that she could not rise. The ferocious fanatic, Andrew Ker of Fandonside (who afterwards married John Knox's widow), presented a cocked pistol to her side, with a furious imprecation, telling her he would shoot her dead if she offered resistance. Darnley hastily turned the weapon aside; but Mary afterwards declared, "She felt the coldness of the iron through her dress, and that Fandonside had actually pulled the trigger, but the pistol hung fire." Nor was this the only attempt made on the life of the defenceless queen on that dreadful night, for Patrick Bellenden, the brother of the justice-clerk, aimed a regicidal thrust at her bosom, under cover of the tumultuous onslaught on David; but this malignant purpose was observed and prevented by the gallant young English refugee,

Anthony Standen, her page, who, with equal courage and presence of mind, parried the blow by striking the rapier aside with the torch he had been holding to light the music score the queen and David, with others of the company, had been singing in parts that evening. This interesting fact, which confirms the statements of Adam Blackwood, Belforest, and Mary herself, "that a blow was aimed at her by one of the assassins with a sword or dagger during the *mêlée*," was derived by our authority from the lips of Anthony himself, when an old man residing in Rome. The assassins dragged Rizzio through the queen's bed-chamber, and such was their ferocity that they wounded each other in their eagerness to plunge their swords and daggers into the body of their victim, he all the while uttering the most agonizing cries, which the queen hearing, exclaimed, "Ah, poor David, my good and faithful servant! May the Lord have mercy on your soul!" They had at first proposed to hang the unfortunate secretary and others of Mary's officers with him, and had brought cords for that purpose. With those cords they bound the murdered man's feet together, and dragging him along the floor of the queen's chamber, hurled him down the narrow staircase into the king's lobby, where his corpse was stripped and spoiled of the decorations (of court dress), especially a jewel of great value, which he had hanging around his neck,—perhaps the costly diamond sent him by Moray from England to purchase his pardon.

Mary and the bewildered, sobered, and repentant Darnley, were left alone in their cabinet and the key of the door was turned upon them both, while the assassins completed their sanguinary work and disposed of the body of the murdered man.

Ruthven and his savage followers returned to the cabinet and entered the presence of the queen—"with their blood-stained hands and garments reeking from the recent slaughter, to rate, menace, and insult their sovereign, both as queen and woman." But now a mingled clamor and clash of weapons was heard in the court and lobbies below, and Lord Gray, one of the conspirators, knocked hard and fast at the door of the queen's chamber, to announce the tidings that the Earls of Huntley, Bothwell, Caithness, and

Sutherland, the Lords Fleming, Livingston, and Tullibardine, the comptroller, with their officers and servants, were fighting in the courtyard with the Earl of Morton and his party.

The queen's would-be rescuers were outnumbered. The rumor of her distress having reached the Provost of Edinburgh, he caused the alarum bell to be rung for assistance, when not less than five hundred burgesses, understanding their queen was in danger, appeared in warlike array in answer to the summons, and, hastening with him to the Palace, required to see their sovereign. But she was not permitted to approach the windows, being brutally threatened by Ruthven and the other assassins that "if she attempted to speak to the loyal muster, they would cut her into collops, and throw her over the walls"; while her false husband, being thrust forward in her place, opened the window, and bade the Provost "pass home with his company, as nothing was amiss," adding, "the queen and he were merry." "Let us see our queen, and hear her speak for herself," was the reply of the Provost and his followers, to which Darnley imperiously rejoined, "Provost, know you not I am king? I command you and your company to pass home to your houses."

The people, perceiving by this, that the queen was a prisoner in the hands of her ungrateful English husband and his faction, were greatly irritated, and spoke of devoting all who were against her within that palace to fire and sword. Then the conspirators told them that "it was only a quarrel with her French servants"; but this not pacifying her loyal champions, it was declared to them that "the Italian secretary was slain, because he had been detected in an intrigue with the Pope, the King of Spain, and other foreign potentates for the purpose of destroying the true *Evangile* and introducing Popery again into Scotland." (Such were the words, the works, and the methods of the Reformation in Scotland—Plunder! Murder! Lies!)

Darnley, promising to return to his agonized wife, went to his rooms, where he evidently was drugged, for he fell into so deep a slumber that he did not awaken until morning. None of her ladies being allowed access to her, the queen spent that dreadful night alone in her bedchamber, the floor of which was covered with Rizzio's

blood. She was in a frenzied state, fearing that Ruthven would return to murder her.

Mary became so ill that her ladies and a midwife were allowed to come to her. The latter said there were symptoms of premature labor. The conspirators, believing she was too ill to attempt to escape, called off the guard of soldiers from her doors. But her ladies managed to convey intelligence between the captives and friends, and a plan of escape was perfected. "In order to avoid suspicion, their Majesties both went to bed, but rose two hours after midnight; the queen being only attended by her faithful maid, Margaret Cawood, and Bastian, who was also an assistant in the enterprise, and gave the proper signal when all was ready. They stealthily descended a secret stair to a postern leading through the cemetery of the chapel-royal. At the outer gate of the cemetery, Sir William Standen was waiting with the king's horse, he being the only person in his household whom he ventured to take with him. The queen was, with some difficulty, and at the danger of her life, we are told, lifted up behind Arthur Erskine, her equerry, the hereditary shield-bearer to the sovereign of Scotland—he being mounted on a fleet palfrey provided with a pillion for her use. Lord Traquair, the Captain of the Guard, took her maid, Margaret, behind him. Sir William Standen and Bastian rode singly. The little cavalcade—seven persons, with five horses only—cleared the precincts of the palace unperceived, under the shadow of night, and arrived safely at Seton House, their first and only resting-place. Lord Seton, apprised of their intentions, was in readiness, with two hundred armed cavaliers, to receive his fugitive sovereign and her consort, and escort them on their journey to the fortress of Dunbar, where eight thousand loyal Scots, well armed, rallied to the assistance of their beloved queen.

"Although Moray and his confederates had returned from England before Mary escaped from Holyrood, and had appeared there very penitent in her presence, he had not shown any active sympathy in her cause, and, of course, was now, with the other conspirators, deeply chagrined over her successful dash for life and freedom."

The castellan hastened to receive their Majesties with proper demonstrations of respect, and

admitted them and their company into the Dunbar Castle hall.

"The first thing the queen did was to order a fire to be made to warm her, and to ask for some new-laid eggs."

Our lively Italian authority records the pleasant fact that "when the eggs were brought to the Queen of Scotland, she herself put them on the fire to cook."

"How Mary and Darnley must have enjoyed that early breakfast after their twenty miles' race for life along the East Lothian coast, in the sharp air of a March morning! Small appetite for food could either of them have had during the last dreadful eight-and-forty hours they spent in their palace of Holyrood."

When Mary and her repentant young husband were eating the eggs, cooked by the fond, forgiving wife, Queen Elizabeth was waiting in hourly expectation of hearing that the beautiful Scottish queen and her expected heir, had perished through murder's horrors and resulting premature labor. Disappointed she-demon, earning well the torture, the fire, in which, before her death, she saw herself consuming!

Poor Darnley—as Mary learned at Dunbar—had not had a more evil adviser than his own father, the Earl of Lennox; so, hard as was the necessity, she forbade Lennox ever to come again into her presence.

Eight thousand men rallied to their queen at Dunbar.

Strickland continues: "So strong was the queen's party in Edinburgh at this time, that although the traitors were still in possession of the town, proclamation was made on the 15th. of March at the Market Cross, 'requiring, under pain of treason, the nobles, gentlemen, and substantial yeomen, with their servants and followers, to meet their Majesties at Musselburgh on Sunday, March 17th., with weapons of war and eight days' provisions, in readiness to perform such services as might be required.' Intimation was also given that, if the rebel lords were allowed to remain, Lord Erskine, the governor of Edinburgh Castle, would be under the necessity of firing on the town. This threat produced the expulsion of the whole of the conspirators and their accomplices: Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, Kerr of Fandonside, George Douglas the Postu-

late, the ringleaders of the assassination, fled to England, and took possession of the quarters Moray and his company had previously occupied at Newcastle. Lethington retired to Dunkeld, and John Knox fled to Kyle. . . . The Castle of Tantallon, which Darnley had resigned to Morton during their guilty confederacy, was now summoned in the name of their Majesties, and being surrendered, possession of this fortress and other appanages of Archibald, Earl of Angus, was resumed by the Crown. Morton finally recovered the management of this vast inheritance for his nephew and ward, but not till after the formidable claims of the consort of Mary Stuart had been effectually exploded at the house of Kirk-o'-Field. . . .

"Morton, who within a year, was to become one of the murderers of Darnley, was discharged from the office of Lord Chancellor, and the seals bestowed on the Earl of Huntley. . . . Lethington was stripped of the rich abbacy of Haddington, the queen's misapplied bounty. This she now transferred to the Earl of Bothwell, whose ancestors, the Lords of Hailes, were the original patrons of the abbey. Lethington never forgave either the queen or Bothwell, and least of all, Darnley. Bothwell, having given no ordinary proofs of his fidelity on the late trying occasion, was restored to his hereditary office of Lord-Admiral, confirmed in the appointment of their Majesties' Lieutenant-General, and made Captain of Dunbar. Thus all the military force of the Crown was confided to his charge by the joint authority of the king and queen, who acted in perfect unity in affairs of state at this critical time. Darnley was, however, for having every one severely punished, while Mary was willing not to inquire too closely into the conduct of those who could plead an alibi on the night of the outrage. Among this number was her crafty brother, Moray, whom she had never ceased to love, and earnestly desired to win over to her party. Intent on this object, Mary, at her hasty flitting from her palace of Holyrood, had charged one of her faithful ladies to tell Sir James Melville to persuade the Earl of Moray to leave the rebels and return to his allegiance. As Moray saw that their case was hopeless, he sent Melville to the queen at Haddington, with letters protesting his own innocence, and his entire re-

pu diation 'of those who had committed the late odious crime, solemnly pledging himself to have nothing more to do with them.' The credit due to his professions let the pens of his English confederates, Randolph and Bedford, testify, in the following postscript of the joint letter addressed by them to Cecil, on the 27th. of March, ten days after Mary had signed his pardon: 'My Lord of Moray, by a special servant sent unto us, desireth your Honor's favor to these noblemen, as his dear friends, and such as, for his sake, hath given this adventure.'

"The confederacy between him and them remained unbroken, as their English coadjutors have shown. The great object for which it was organized—the destruction of Queen Mary—was for the present rendered abortive by the unexpected part played by her husband in delivering her out of their cruel hands, but it was not abandoned.

"The tragedy which," as Sir Nicholas Throckmorton subsequently observes, "began with the death of David Rizzio, was soon to be followed by that of the intractable Darnley, as a prelude and pretext for the accomplishment of the malignant purposes so long meditated against Mary herself. The first step towards this had been accomplished; mistrust and jealousy had been sown between the royal pair. . . . All Edinburgh came out to meet and welcome their queen, who was received with the most flattering demonstrations of joy. . . . Mary's first care was to exonerate her husband, as far as she could, from the reproach and ill consequences of his folly, by granting him letters containing the fullest form of pardon that could be devised for every sort of treason it was possible to commit, 'that if, in case of her death,' she said, 'proceedings should be instituted against him, he might be able to produce them in proof of her forgiveness.' These were documents of great importance to Darnley; for had his royal wife and sovereign died in childbed, or undelivered, he would have stood amenable to the statutes against high treason. If Mary had borne the slightest malice against him, she would not have taken these prudential measures for protecting him from the vengeance of her country. . . . Nothing could be more wretched than the position in which Darnley found himself placed by

his late folly. His alliance with the conspirators had deprived him of the confidence of the queen, and excited the contempt of her friends. His retreat from the conspiracy, denial of his own acts, and betrayal of the secrets of Morton and his confederates, provoked their scorn, their hatred, and their vengeance. His natural irritability was, of course, aggravated by his degradation in popular opinion; and his puerile jealousy of his consort's superior rank and importance increased by the homage and tokens of respect he saw lavished upon her. . . . Morton, Ruthven, and the rest of the assassins, and their numerous accomplices, were summoned to answer for their offences, and not appearing, were put to the horn, outlawed, and their possessions entered upon by the Crown authorities."

An especial council sat on the 5th. of April to decide where the queen's accouchement should take place, when it was unanimously agreed that Edinburgh Castle would be the safest and most commodious of all her royal abodes for the birth of the expected heir of the crown. Mary complied with the advice of her ministers, and removed to her royal fortress with her ladies and officers of state. Joseph Rizzio, the brother of her late secretary, arrived in the train of the French ambassador, most probably to look after David's effects; and Mary, who knew not at that time whom to trust with her ciphers and private foreign correspondence, prevailed on him to accept the office held by his unfortunate brother. It was at this period that Moray recovered his old ascendancy over the mind of his royal sister, and had made himself so completely the master of the castle, of which his uncle, the Earl of Mar, was then the governor, that neither the Earls of Bothwell, Huntley, nor Athol were permitted to sleep within its walls. As for Darnley, offended and jealous at Moray's superior influence and importance, he withdrew himself from the castle to Holyrood Abbey, where he took up his abode with his father in sullen discontent.

"While Mary, sad but patient, was endeavoring to beguile her cares by reading and plying her needle among the ladies in Edinburgh Castle, and superintending the preparations for her confinement, an incident occurred which ought to have relieved her mind from all anxiety regarding the

English succession. Queen Elizabeth was suddenly attacked with an illness of so alarming a character that, her death being confidently expected, both parties in the Privy Council, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, without confiding their intentions to each other, made up their minds, in case of that event taking place, to proclaim the Queen of Scots as the Sovereign of England and Ireland. Mary's charms and mind and person, her learning and accomplishments, the feminine sweetness of her manners, her liberal sentiments, her clemency and generous temper, would probably have been better appreciated among the more civilized gentlemen of England than in her own then semi-barbarous realm, where, indeed, the poisonous influence of English gold had created a base counterbalance against her gentle influence. Elizabeth's malady, which, at first, had puzzled her medical attendants, proved to be small-pox; and, as soon as the pustules appeared, all danger was over.

"According to the ancient customs of female royalty on such occasions, Mary took to her chamber with the usual ceremonies the first Monday in June, there to await the birth of the expected heir of the crown. . . . She was painfully haunted at this period with apprehensions of Morton and the other assassins of Rizzio returning to consummate their deadly purposes against her and her babe. Several suspected characters who had been ordered to quit the realm, 'tarried to see what would become of the queen in the time of her travail'—(Randolph to Cecil, June 7th.). Anticipating the worst, she made her will, which she copied thrice, sending one duplicate to France, keeping another herself, and reserving a third for her executors.

"The anxiously-expected event took place on Wednesday, the 19th. of June, 1566, between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, when the queen gave birth to a fair and goodly boy after sore travail, and with great peril of her life. Mary was attended on this occasion by Margaret Housseton, the widow of a person of the name of Beveridge.

"The happy tidings of the safety of the queen and the birth of the Prince Stuart of Scotland, were announced by a triumphant discharge of the castle guns, although these were in startling proximity to the head of the royal mother.

"The same day, Darnley wrote to Mary's uncle, Cardinal de Guise, to announce the birth of their son—"To Monsieur the Cardinal de Guise"—"From the Castle of Edinburgh, this 19th. day of June, 1566. In great haste."

"Sir, my uncle: Having so favorable an opportunity of writing to you by this gentleman, who is on the point of setting off, I would not omit to inform you that the queen my wife has just been delivered of a son,—an event which, I am sure, will not cause you less joy than ourselves; also to let you know that I have written on my part as the queen has on hers, to the King (of France), begging him to be pleased to oblige and honor us by standing godfather for him, whereby he will increase the debt of gratitude I owe him for all his favors to me."

Darnley was evidently proud of his boy, and Mary "happy in a mother's first sweet cares"; and thus a brief interlude of harmony was restored by the birth of their child. That auspicious event was hailed with unbounded transports of joy in Edinburgh; bonfires blazed the same night on Arthur's Seat and the Calton Hill, which were repeated on all the beacon stations through the length and breadth of the land, diffusing gladness through the hearts of Mary's loving people, that the regal succession was to be continued in her issue, and the name of Stuart perpetuated. The whole of the nobles and civil dignitaries, and a vast concourse of people of all degrees, assembled in the Church of St. Giles on the morrow, and united in a solemn act of thanksgiving to God for the safety of the queen, and the national blessing which had been granted in an heir to the crown.

Sir James Melville was appointed to be the bearer of the announcement of the birth of the prince to Queen Elizabeth. He tells us how *pleasing* the news was to Elizabeth: "Her Majesty (Elizabeth) was for the time at Greenwich, where her Majesty was in great merriness, and dancing after supper. But so soon as the Secretary Cecil sounded the news of the birth of the prince in her ear, all merriness was laid aside for that night, every one that were present marvelling what might move so sudden a change-ment, for the queen sat her down, with her hand upon her haffet (temple), and bursting out to some of her ladies, that the Queen of Scotland

was the mother of a fair son, and she but a barren stock."

Melville, according to his instructions, requested Elizabeth to accept the office of godmother to the new-born heir of Scotland, to which she returned a gracious assent. He then mentioned Queen Mary's uneasiness on account of Morton and the other conspirators against her life continuing to reside in England. Elizabeth, with shameless disregard to truth, "assured him on her honor that they had all departed out of her dominions."

"Unhappily a fresh quarrel broke out before the queen emerged from her lying-in chamber in Edinburgh Castle, in consequence of Darnley's political jealousy of Moray's influence over Mary's mind; for she, finding herself involved in a sea of difficulties, and having been accustomed to rely implicitly on her brother's counsel, had restored him to her favor and confidence as before. Darnley, who had formed only too correct an estimate of Moray's views during his own fatal league with him and the other conspirators, finding all his warning thrown away on the queen, and that Moray's opinion always prevailed against him, took great displeasure, and showed himself sullen and offended. One great cause of contention between Darnley and Moray was the conduct to be adopted with regard to Morton and the accomplices in Rizzio's slaughter, Moray urging the queen to publish an Act of Grace on account of the birth of the prince, which Darnley vehemently opposed, declaring openly 'they were in nowise to be trusted, from the experience he had had of their false, disloyal practices, and knowing them to be without fear of God or pity towards men.' As for Moray, their friend and confederate, 'he distrusted,' he said, 'his very shadow.' At last he told the queen that 'he saw no security for his own life, or her government, as long as Moray was in existence; that the death of such a traitor would be a public benefit; for which reasons he had made up his mind to have him slain, as soon as opportunity might serve for the execution of his purpose.' Terrified at this intimation, Mary indignantly reproved her husband for his wicked design and sanguinary disposition. 'Are you not contented,' said she, 'with the murder of my secretary, but you must dip your hands in my brother's blood, which, for



the honor I bear the late king, my father, I will by no means suffer, seeing I have always acknowledged him as his son; and albeit he be false and disloyal, have I not justice on my side to punish him according to law, instead of ridding him by a fate so cruel, forbidden alike by God and man?" Sternly enjoining her husband at the same time, 'not to stain his honor by mentioning such evil thoughts to any one else,' for well she knew that Moray's enemies were many and powerful. Notwithstanding the abhorrence Mary expressed at the idea of her husband carrying his design into execution, she had so much cause to suspect that he was, as indeed he assured her, 'bent on doing it,' that she considered herself under the necessity of warning Moray of his danger.

"Never perhaps was either queen or woman placed in a more painful position. She was perfectly aware that her brother had sinned frequently against her, but she had forgiven him, and fondly imagined he would now be bound to her. But it must be acknowledged that the rash, unreflective Darnley understood the character of Moray somewhat better than the queen, not being, like her, blinded by affection."

Alas, that Mary's hopefulness, Christian charity, and sisterly affection should have stayed the hand of justice in cutting short the career of this incarnate fiend! True, Moray had only three years remaining ere his murderous career would be cut short by the heart-broken husband and father, Hamilton of Bothwellhangh, but in that short time he was to destroy both his royal sister and her husband. Ah, for the Day of Judgment!

Mary and Darnley, on the 27th. of July, 1566, held a Court at Alloa Castle, to receive Mauvisière, the French ambassador, who bore letters of congratulation from the King and royal family of France, to the royal parents on the birth of the prince.

"Darnley refused to enter the same vessel with Moray and his coadjutors, and chose to perform the journey by land. If Bothwell was on board the royal vessel, it was only in accordance with his duty as Lord-Admiral of Scotland; but the Earl of Bedford's letters afford substantial reason to believe he was fully occupied on the borders, then in a very unsettled state. In the jour-

nal subsequently fabricated by Moray to misrepresent his royal sister's proceedings at this time, for the purpose of bolstering up his false accusations against her, he states that 'on July 20th., or thereabouts, Queen Mary fled the king's company and passed by boat with the *pirates* to Alloa, where the king coming, was repulsed.' What will the reader say to the fact that Moray and his countess were themselves of this piratical party, and that Alloa, the haven towards which the queen and her company were proceeding up the Forth, was the baronial mansion of Moray's maternal uncle, the Earl of Mar, who had been, as we have shown, the queen's preceptor, and was, with Lady Mar, the State Governess of the Prince, also on board the vessel, as well as the Earl and Countess of Argyll, the queen's ladies, and the members of the Privy Council? The queen had remained in Edinburgh Castle, convalescing after the birth of her son, as the dates of the Privy Seal registers and the minutes of the Privy Council prove, till the 27th. of July, when, having been ordered by her physicians to refresh herself with change of air, she consented to honor the Earl of Mar and his Countess with a visit at their country seat, Alloa Castle. Their Majesties sat in council at Alloa Castle, the day after their arrival (July 28th.), and published a proclamation, then and there agreed between them, 'convening their lords, barons, freeholders, and other substantial persons in the southern shires, to meet them at Peebles, on the 13th. of August, furnished in warlike manner, to support them in their purpose of a justiciary progress through the realm, beginning at the Borders.' Buchanan pretends that 'the king followed Mary to Alloa by land, having scarcely got a few hours allowed him for his servants to refresh themselves; but as a troublesome disturber of her pleasures, was commanded to return to the place from whence he came.' But there is *the evidence of many charters, executed by their Majesties at Alloa, both under the Great Seal and the Privy Seal, with their regal signatures, to prove they sat in Council there on the 28th. day of July, and remained together till the 31st, when they went to Edinburgh for two nights on some especial business, and returned to Alloa Castle on the 2nd. of August.*"

IDRIS.

(To be continued in July number.)

# 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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STAFF.

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Ever as Easter Day comes round, who does not feel the exquisite thrill of joyous faith in the Resurrection of Our Divine Lord! Alleluias spring unbidden to our lips at thought of the eternal message that echoed centuries ago from a rock-bound tomb in Judea—"Christ is risen as He hath said"—divine promise of everlasting life, of the immortality of the soul, sealed with the blood of the Son of God, forever guaranteed by His glorious Resurrection!

How unutterably beautiful the Easter thought—that one day we shall arise with Christ from death to an immortal life. That His Resurrection, that first glorious Easter morn, on the bright Judean plains, is the type and pledge of ours. To the Christian heart, how it robs death of its terrors—the grave of its transient humiliation!

Easter, Queen of Festivals, day of unmixed gladness, day on which the frailties and the fears of our mortality cast no shadow on our immortal hopes, may thy sunshine flood our souls and light the way to the eternal Easter of heaven!

On Monday morning, February the seventeenth, there passed away at Loreto Convent, Guelph, one of the most esteemed and devoted members of the Community in the person of Mother M. Mount Carmel Magann. Her immediate end was almost sudden, as if God, having already well proved her fidelity, would spare her further suffering.

There is but one sentiment in the hearts of her associates in the Community, as well as of those who came within the sphere of her kindly influence. All are agreed that her intellectual attainments were of the highest order, yet, while the exercise of these was productive of immense and lasting results in the class-room, her qualities of heart and her deep spirituality provide the truest measure of her success, as also of the claim she had upon our veneration and love.

For many months there had been a falling off of vital energy, foreshadowing, or rather forming, the first advances of the disease which terminated her life. Then came the two weeks' struggle, preceding an end, which forms the highest and holiest chapter of her life's history. "Pain is an Angel, but we must wrestle with him ere he bless us." With obedience as her breast-plate, and prayer as her weapon, how courageously did not this valiant and well-trained soldier wrestle with the Angel ere she gained that triumphant crown promised to a good life. Whatever of beauty in character, or attractive holiness had been, through her humility, obscured during life, shone out transcendently at this supreme moment. The very ravings of fever betrayed the predominating feature of her life; so that, while she sighed for her final union with God, so great was her love for obedience, as invested in her superiors, that she hesitated on the very confines of Eternity and seemed to await the voice of authority, repeating those beautiful words of the liturgy, "Go forth, Christian soul." Gladly, then, she breathed out her soul to Him

for Whom its every energy had been generously and joyously spent.

\*

"Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep.  
The pain has wearied me. . . . Into Thy hands,  
O Lord, into Thy hands. . . ."

Fittingly these words suggest the close of the earthly life of Mother M. Basilla Pigott, a saintly and exemplary religious, who died at Loreto Convent, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on Wednesday, February the nineteenth.

Mother Basilla's life was truly "hidden with Christ in God," but gleams of the spirit now and then escaping, revealed the simplicity and purity of her beautiful soul. Her joy was to be with the "little ones," and dearly her young charges loved her, often speaking of her holiness and their veneration for the truths she taught them. Many of her pupils, when grown to womanhood, came to her for counsel and always found her a helpful friend.

No one ever heard Mother Basilla complain of the privations and sacrifices entailed by the religious life; her delight was to be poor and unknown, conforming her life to that of "Jesus crucified and sacrificed."

She was particularly devoted to Our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and was always happy when obedience called her to minister to Him by caring for the church or chapel.

The patient sufferer seemed to have a premonition of her approaching end. On Tuesday evening she remarked that she would die at three o'clock the next morning. Those who were with her noticed a marked change at midnight. At two o'clock it was evident that the end was near. The priest was summoned, and, at twenty minutes to three, she received Holy Viaticum. All restlessness and pain seemed to leave her. She lay back in her chair, breathing quietly, her Vows in her hand, and members of the Community kneel-

ing near. Just as the clock struck three, her soul departed while the hand of the minister of God moved in the holy sign of the last Absolution. There was no struggle, no moan. Peacefully she passed into the life beyond, forevermore in joy to gaze upon the Beatific Vision.

\*

Not long ago, M. Jaurès, in the tribune of the French Chamber, congratulated himself on having substituted atheistic Socialism for the old religious song which rocked the cradle of humanity. The following day he received by post this quotation, taken from the thesis written for a doctorate of letters: "One has need to believe; one is weary of the emptiness of the world, of the brutal denials of science. One sees nothing but vacant minds that gaze into other minds without object, and only reflect each other. It is an era of refined impotence and pretentious debility which will not last. The human conscience has need of God, and will know how to reach Him despite the sophists who would deprive it of Him. How beautiful will the world be when, looking at the dying sun across the fields, man will feel a tender sadness, strange to his heart and his eyes, a reflection of the sweet image of Jesus blended with the evening light."

These words must have given M. Jaurès a few moments' thought, for they were from his own pen only a few years ago!

\*

Full of auspicious omens for the future of the Catholic Faith in territories long dominated by Moslem rule, is the remarkable coincidence that, at the very moment when the Osmanli or Ottoman Empire is fast crumbling into ruins, preparations are being made for the next Eucharistic Congress, whereof Malta will be the scene. For Malta was the ultimate refuge of the knightly champions of Christendom when the Turkish hosts were threatening to overrun all Europe. And the Maltese capital was actually founded

three hundred and fifty years ago as the Mediterranean bulwark of Christianity against the westward advance of Islam.

Malta, perhaps the most Catholic jewel—Ireland excepted—in King George's crown, has a romantic history that is closely linked with the rise of the Turks to sovereignty in Europe, and, in its architectural magnificence, the stately conventual Church of St. John in Valetta surely rivals the far-famed Byzantine Cathedral of St. Sophia in Constantinople, where Mohammedan insignia have defiled and obliterated the sacred symbols of the Christian creed. Therefore, for Catholics the world over, Malta and its religious history have a noble significance, especially at this juncture in the affairs of nations.

Since 1814, Malta has belonged to Great Britain, and this island fortress, where the Cross was long and heroically upheld against the Crescent, is the only corner in the British dominions where the Catholic Faith is officially recognized as the only State religion.

\*

We have received from Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, "The Holy Hour," by Right Reverend Benjamin J. Keiley, D. D., Bishop of Savannah. Net, \$0.10, per 100, \$6.00.

The author in his foreword says: "I do not think it necessary to say a word of the great spiritual benefit to be derived from this devotion of the Holy Hour; one has but to make it to realize what hidden treasures of piety and love are found in it.

There are many ways of making the Holy Hour, and it would, of course, be highly presumptuous to claim that the way suggested by me is the best. I can only say that it has been in use with us for quite a while and is enjoyed by the people, and I believe has been the means of much good.

From the absence of any specific instructions governing these cases, priests often find a diffi-

culty in conducting certain extra liturgical devotions, and they would be glad, I imagine, to find how others conduct them. On this account I have determined to publish these suggestions."

\*

From the above publishers comes "The Mighty Friend," a Modern Romance of Labor-Warfare, Country-Life and Love, Crowned by the French Academy. By Pierre L'Ermite. Authorized Translation by John Hannon. Net, \$1.50. Postage, 15 cents extra.

As an epic of business and social conditions, "The Mighty Friend" is a gripping tale of love and war, of plot and counterplot—a big story told in a big way. Whether or not the reader sympathizes with the spirit of trade, as so aptly embodied in the three Harmmsters, or with the sturdy champion of agrarian rights, Jacques de la Ferlandière—the effect of the book will be more than a mere passing impression of strife and disorder, or of love and hate.

The author has very cleverly succeeded in presenting a threatening condition of modern economics through the medium of a fascinating and splendid story, and while his tale is at no time given over to dry philosophical discussions of the problem presented, the very spirit and essence of the book is concerned with a phase of the conflict which is even now going on wherever the tentacles of trade have battered upon a smiling countryside.

"The Mighty Friend" is, of course, the Land, the country, the real backbone and substance of the nation. When the Harmmsters, therefore, who are manufacturers from Paris, invade the Vale of Api with a commercialism whose immediate effects are baneful in the extreme, Jacques opposes the erection of their factories, as he is far-seeing enough to understand the inevitable result of such an invasion.

With the progress of his almost single-handed fight against these enemies to his peace and pros-

perity the tale runs on to a startling and dramatic conclusion. The various characters are deftly handled, that of Alberta, the stormy Jewess, being especially well drawn, and the author is at his best in his description of country life, the simple joys and sorrows of a people as yet untouched by the muddy contagion of a town.

"The Mighty Friend" is a strong, purposeful drama, relieved by the lighter touches of a somewhat sardonic humor, and the question which furnishes the motif for its pages is one of vital importance to the individual, the family, and the nation. The jacket, which is in four colors, and the illustrations, of which there are sixteen, add greatly to the value of the book.

"Their Choice," by Henrietta Dana Skinner (Benziger Brothers), 12mo., cloth, \$1.00.

How to write a love story new in plot, details, and development, is the test of literary genius. Miss Skinner has accomplished it. The title but faintly indicates the originality of style and of plot which makes her story so fascinating a contribution to literature, and which cannot fail to hold the reader in a delightful uncertainty of interest and enjoyment.

The story is written with the sure and certain touch of a master of fiction; the scenes stand out with the vivid reality of life at first hand—and craftsmanship is not lacking in the subtle distinctions of character so necessary to the making of a book worth while.

"Back to the World," by M. Champol (Benziger Brothers). Translated by L. M. Leggatt. 12mo., cloth, net, \$1.35. (Postage, 15 cents extra.)

As a psychological study, "Back to the World" is a powerful and moving tale of more than ordinary interest and significance. But, as a narrative of conditions which obtain at the present day in France, the author has outdone himself in his keen and sympathetic treatment of a subject which has become a momentous problem no less than a lamentable condition.

The graphic picture of the nuns driven forth from the quiet peace of cloistered walls into the brutal daylight of a jeering and unsympathetic world, is no more ably presented than the stirring recital of their experiences in a world to which they were as alien as the spirit of Christ Himself.

The character of Henriette is a masterpiece of drawing. Although her erstwhile remaining companions, Sister St. Louis and Mother Ste. Hélène, pass through a fiery ordeal of bodily suffering, whose end is the blessedness of a holy death, Henriette, the quondam Sister St. Gabriel, is tried in the furnace of a more subtle fire—the influence of a reawakened love—the importunities of a worldly, though devoted mother, and all the insidious temptations of an environment, the luxury of which is sapping at her spiritual strength, and almost stilling in her heart the faint and fainter echoes of her cloistered past.

### The Place Where He Was Raised.

**H**E came to the place where He was raised. No one in that place knew Him well. Was not He the carpenter?—but He was a prophet, and beautiful beyond the sons of men, "and the eyes of all in the synagogue were fixed on Him as He read:

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me wherefore he has anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor,"—and every eye was upon Him as He took His seat.

What did he say?

"Labor not for that which perisheth but for that which endureth unto life everlasting." These were the true words, the great, dear words that fell like grace from His lips. What did it matter about the carpenter—work that perisheth?—it only mattered that He was the Son of God in the place where He was raised, that He took the book from the hand of one of them, and stood, and read, and sat down, and said such words.

Why did they not know Him? He was their greatest One, the greatest Son of Israel! They were not too hopeless to appreciate His wisdom. "How came this man by all these things?" Why

was it hard for them to recognize His greatness? It would have been easy to walk upon the water—the roughest, roughest water, while the eyes were on His face. And He was there among them in His sonship of God, filling their hearts with the glory of a joy that was different from anything they had experienced, and only small words were spoken by them:

“Is not He the carpenter, the son of Mary?” He was the Creator of the stars! If they had disciplined their hearts after the laws of holiness, they would have found Him out, and would have fallen down in worship at His feet! But, no! they were born not of the spirit but of the flesh!—how could they understand the counsel of the Christ?

“You cannot come to me unless the Father draw you.” Why were they unworthy of the sweet cords of the Father?

“Is not He the Carpenter?”—this was probably why. They were thinking about *things*, not about spirit and life—absorbed in trifles when they might have been looking at the unchangeable God!

And if you came again to the good old places where you were raised, and if you found the dear old faces that you have kept in your memory, and that only God and the angels seem to know about—what then? Would it be just the same? Dear, good, great-hearted!—all a-rustle with lovely little acts of kindnesses! No wonder you keep them in your memory, and no wonder God knows about them, and the angels!

If they came to you and you found them changed, what would you do? What did He do? He remained with them: He was divine. He taught them doctrine. He gave them His beautiful life. For their blows He gave them argument, for their rudeness pathos, for their sorrow tears.

And they?

He was the Son of God and they took His beautiful life away from Him. “Father forgive them for they know not what they do!”

Beautiful Saviour! Greater than life and death and sorrow! Greater than all the gifts of God to an unlovely race! Not as the Carpenter shalt Thou return again to the place where Thou wert raised, but as the Eternal Judge of the nations! And if Thou bless us then in the valley of Josaphat, what will it matter about all the

glory of the earth? It will only matter that we have loved Thee here, and anointed Thy feet and kissed them—that we have laboured not for the things that perisheth but for the things that endureth unto life everlasting.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

### Literary Silhouettes.

#### Dreizehnlinden.

“Phantoms peering as from Cloudland,  
Murmur sounds of scathe and sobbing,  
Joy or pain in hearts long mouldered  
That in darksome days were throbbing.

Half forgotten antique ballads,  
Memories dim the mind are haunting;  
Blackbird could I steal thy music  
Woods should echo to my chanting.”

—Weber.

**B**ACK to the middle ages in the midst of forest-land, pagan tribes and land laid waste. Not to be found on ancient parchment, not known of except by singer. Into an oasis, hidden, lost and long forgotten. Many ruins there are, many broken vows and unheard prayers, useless sorrow, of the tale still found a moral, one for each, and one for all.

Dreizehnlinden is the name of a monastery supposed to have existed in the ninth century. This epic, one of the most perfect mediaeval pen-pictures ever drawn, is beautiful in its simplicity and uplifting in its depth. It takes us back to that epoch in the history of Germany too little known yet so full of interest, the “Middle Ages,” when Christianity was slowly gaining a footing among the Saxon tribes, who were gradually evolving in the evolution of dawning civilization, becoming known and making their presence felt from the recesses of their forests, behind the barrier of mountains which separated them from the culture centre of the world.

Pioneers of a new cause, the monks settled among these tribes, side by side smouldering ruins, human-blood bespattered altars, forest-lands run riot, fertile, rich in rivers, plains and mountains. The gifted pen of a dreamer brings all this back to life, throws in lurid colors on paper, pictures that enthral because of the interest accumulated, the deep wisdom and philosophy underlying, mostly because of the humanity, understanding pervading every thought uttered—

maybe the consolation and hope given—a human saddened heart—fate—and one of those who understands waits, loves, and the reason of which doing, entire self-forgetfulness, ever-helping—must remain a mystery to the onlooker, ever-watching and wondering—Saxon peoples, Franconian conquerors, ever in conflict, hatred of race and hatred of creed.

The Middle Ages, with their wealth of political, social and religious changes, offer an unlimited field to the thinking student in quest. This period of transition from the primitive to the acme of social culture, gives the key to the fate of many nations, to the subsequent historical events, and, most of all, to the psychological aspect of the many changes in the progress of a people.

Of all the Mythologies the Teutonic is the most beautiful. It reveals a depth of religious feeling not to be found in that of Greece or Egypt, essentially human, it might be called a perfected humanity. Always in touch with the world, the gods and goddesses of Walhalla were to be found everywhere, in the babbling brooks, whispering trees, silent, dark forests, always near the people in their daily life. The religion of the Germans was, to use a paradox, Pantheistic, because of its tendency to regard deities revealed in every phase of nature. Such an assertion may seem entirely out of place, as the two beliefs are such opposites, still both express an idea—if totally different—in outward manifestation of physical phenomenon or mental conception. This continual presence of the gods in nature imbued the Germans with that love of the visible world which, in its turn, influenced them, keeping them for centuries close to the primitive customs of their ancestors, clean-living, holy in their home-life, and untainted from the moral corruption of the neighbouring countries.

Remember the punishment meted out to Brunnhilde, that beloved eldest daughter of Wotan, the leader of the eleven Walkiire, whose galloping horses made the thunder as they pursued their wild ride through the skies. In a moment of compassion, she had protected the two profaners of a home, and, as a punishment, her immortality was taken from her and she was fated to become the wife of the first man who found her. Her horror of such a destiny, Kneeling before her father, Wotan, she beseeches

him to have mercy on her and not inflict a human's fate on her whom once he loved. But her pleading is in vain. Then, seeing she must become mortal and wed a lowly man of earth, she asks that he, at least, be a hero, and begs, as a last favor, to be surrounded by a circle of fire during her long sleep which will last till he who leaps the barrier which surrounds her does the awakening and wins her as his own. The god acquiesces, he lays her down, his heart broken because she was the best loved of his children, yet the punishment had to be carried out in spite of personal love, a sacred tie had been broken and she had looked on in pity. That stern ideal of duty is always to the fore in the Northern Mythology, for every flagrant disregard of law, the inevitable punishment, that same inexorable boomerang of fate applies itself to the final destruction of Walhalla and the gods; their end brought on by themselves, they all perish through themselves. The half-muttered threat of Loge, the great fire-god, when he is compelled to bow to Wotan in the beginning when Walhalla is first built, the outcome of trickery, eventually comes true. He says, talking of the gods entering their new abode:

"They are hastening on to their end  
Tho' they deem themselves strong and enduring,  
Ashamed am I to share in their dealings;  
My fancy allures me again to transform me into  
flickering fire,  
To burn and waste them who once held me  
bound.  
Rather than blindly end with the blind,  
E'en were they of gods the most godlike  
Not ill that were, meseems  
I'll think upon it: who knows what I'll do."

—*Wagner*.

Finally, all is destroyed, Walhalla, Brunnhilde and Siegfried, the final actors in the dissolution of Walhalla and the extinction of the gods, the overthrow of an old era and creed for the coming dawn of Christianity.

To understand the foregoing is almost a necessity when perusing Weber's *Dreizehnlinden*. I do not mean to indicate that the mentioned epoch of mythology is more important than any other; not at all, any would have fulfilled the purpose just as well. Still the "Dusk of the Gods," in other words, the final overthrow of the gods in

Walhalla, is more appropriate since it is closer to the birth of Christianity than any other.

"Days of Spring how sweet to wander  
Through the garden God has planted,  
Round the pilgrim's hat a garland,  
Staff in hand, his heart undaunted."

So begins the poet, infusing through his lines such a breath of Spring, one sees the green forests; the snow-topped mountains; and rushing streams; so clear does the singer bring the wonderful awakening of nature home to the reader.

"Cloudlets white are sailing o'er him,  
Saffire streams around him flowing,  
In the fresh array of springtime  
Wooded heights and vales are glowing."

This is a romance, it tells us of the love of a Christian Franconian girl, Hildegunde, and a heathen Saxon, Elmar. It portrays the conflict of Christianity and Paganism, the inner battle of a heart divided against itself, pride, self-will, and a good influence. When Elmar the Saxon is driven from his land and kindred, an outlaw because of the accumulated accusations which the hatred of another, not of his people, heaps upon him, he sets out upon the highway, now his only path,—beyond the unknown behind—blighted hopes, dishonoured aims, and a woman, Hildegunde, watching with unspeakable anguish the one she loves leave for ever. Playmates both, from childhood, he the stronger, she the weaker, always depending on him even in their games, and the boy and girl of yesterday—not so long ago—the youth and maiden now, their love deeper, yet no word spoken.

When her father acts as judge on Elmar, and bids him go forth a traitor to his kin, in silence she listens. The poet portrays with indescribable charm the sadness of that heart and what it only in the forest stillness utters, when time has passed and no word found its way back about the wanderer:

"Sandy beach, and swans are bathing,  
White snow-maidens southward flying  
Ere the world is white with winter—  
Ere the yellow leaves are dying,

"Snowy swans or milk-white maidens,  
Pleasant things to you are given,  
Through the waters smoothly gliding,  
Soaring in the clouds of Heaven,

"Could I don your snowy raiment,  
In the clouds I, too, would fling me,  
Him to find that I am seeking,  
O'er the lands I, too, would wing me.

"Him to find that I am seeking  
I would roam your wide dominions  
Only once to greet him kindly,  
Then, at home fold my sad pinions."

Following the highway, Elmar went forth on a weary ride, his hope and courage gone, and we next find him in the Monastery of Dreizehnlinden, at the gates of which he was found unconscious and dying—Christians who had driven him forth, and Christians who had received him. Many months pass. Elmar recovers, thanks to all the love and care the monks lavish upon him. There is a Prior, how he loves the Saxon boy! Many are the hours they spend together.

Spring once more—just as glorious as when the poet first wandered forth and asked us to follow, and, in the mouth of the Prior, the gifted singer blends the beauty of Nature re-born, with the message of Christianity. "I ehrsprüche"—in English it may be called Prior's catechising—is really a sermon on Providence, and shows an innate knowledge of the human heart, lost in its own wanderings.

"For immortal is all goodness,  
And to God belongs the victory."

To this teaching Elmar listens, but in vain is all the speaking, his heart is closed, and the saintly monk complains:—

"Elmar, how my heart you sadden,  
Lost and fruitless what I'm telling,  
For your heart it is not listening,  
Only with your ears you hearken."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Elmar, still in silence, how my heart is sobbing,"

\* \* \* \* \*

But not in vain are all the pleadings of Prior, nor his prayers,—

"Strange at first, and unacquainted  
Ringeth in thine ears the singing  
Of the birds, yet homelike gladness  
To thy heart their song is bringing,



"And amazed thou hear'st the whispering  
And the singing softly blended  
To the praise of God the highest  
Sacred anthem without ending.

"Shall eye of man behold Him  
Portals wide must ope in Heaven  
And a ray from out his brightness  
To the darkened heart be given."

One day, Elmar kneels down vanquished, no longer could he smother the secret yearnings of his heart, he needs must listen in spite of himself, and kneels at the feet of the man who tried so hard to win him for his Master. Spring bursts forth in his heart, in his life: just like it is in nature. The outlaw comes once more unto his own, finds Hildegunde waiting, and two loving hearts are united. There is much to tell, but the reader must wander through the book himself, a desecration in my mind to put in prose such a romance in verse, so rich in color, deep in meaning, and a message underlying.

Friedrich Wilhelm Weber, to whose gifted pen we are indebted for the above epic, was born in Westfalen, 1831. By profession, a doctor in a small town, he lived his life in a very small groove, no exciting coincidences brought him and the world at large together. He pursued his vocation and between times indulged in poetry. He was not the founder of any new school, nor the follower of any either. His position as epic poet is a well-recognized one, but he stands alone, like a few others. Though not the creator of a school, nor a teacher in any sense, Weber has justly evoked the approbation of the many. Some smile at the unctious of his poems, their intense religious feeling, but they do not smile at the genius and melodious verse so lavishly distributed in anything he wrote. A student of history, especially of that in connection with the Teutonic people, a seeker into the origin of the customs and religion of these various German tribes, he brings all his knowledge to bear in whatever he writes. An ardent admirer of Tennyson, he made the English bard known to the Germans by his translation of "Enoch Arden," "Maud," and "Aylmer's Field." Of his own works, "Goliath," "Gedichte," "Herbblätter," a series of posthumous poems very beautiful in their simplicity and religious feeling, may be mentioned. "Dreizehnlinden" is to the German what Ten-

nyson's "Idylls of the King" are to the English. Both are remnants of romantic history, dear to each country in spite of their fable-like surroundings, lost in the haze of antiquity, full of heroes and ideals. Still, between these two works, there is an ocean of difference, the difference is not so much in the works themselves—I do not mean for a moment to seriously compare either, because from a purely literary point of view, no possible comparison can be made. I want to compare the message, that message which every sincere writer has underlying his work, and the greater the message the greater the work.

Tennyson's message is to the intellect, his tale of the "Grail" is uplifting, wondrous, magnetic; we are awestruck by the personality of an Arthur dying surrounded by the destruction of his life's ideal, aim and work, the passing away of his best loved Knights, the falseness of the last remaining, his courage . . . we pause and wonder, for he is far removed from our frailties, and akin to him his table round, that medley of characters and lofty ideals, just a few scattered human beings like ourselves, sinning because of their humanity, but only a few such.

Weber speaks straight to the heart, his men and women are so human we meet them in life, they do not stand out so boldly in relief, still, sometimes, if we look below the surface, Elmar's battle is one many have to fight, and sometimes we may not always find such a loving guide as Elmar found, or may be the guiding hand is so hidden we know not it exists, nor may we see a love so deep and silent as that of Hildegunde, but there is always a guiding hand, an anxious heart, and, unlike Elmar's anxious watcher, it waits and seemingly guides in vain.

"The birds in the valley sing loud in the sun  
Where the Gibbons their vigils will shortly be  
keeping,

I thought that with tears I had long ago done,  
But now I shall never cease weeping."

—*Li Po.*

PAULINE.

The years that are gone we cannot get back again, but new years, please God, are before us. Shall we not learn wisdom as we look back upon the irrevocable past and make sure that, in the future, we shall not permit God's doors of opportunity to shut in our faces?

## Ernest Oldmeadow — A Catholic Writer of To-day.

WHEN, some few years ago, "Susan," by Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow, was published, novel readers were given an exquisite pleasure. The book was suggestive, both in matter and manner, of the gracious, sunny, light-hearted distinction which Henry Harland cast so easily and generously on the pages of his thrice-told tale. "Susan," indeed, was redolent of charm, not the charm that is simply a dainty and joyous attractiveness of external manners, but rather the charm that is so perfectly described by Matthew Arnold as emanating from interior nobility of mind and generosity of heart. And the charm of "Susan" was heightened and deepened by occasional flashes of tender and religious feeling. There was no definite proof that the author was a Catholic; but, manifestly, if a Protestant like the delightful heroine who was telling the story in the first person, he was animated by a fine appreciation of Catholic doctrine, and quite free from any disregard for Catholic practices. Such a paragraph as the following would give no convincing testimony as to the writer's faith, but it was at least in welcome contrast to much that was being written in England concerning the separation of Church and State in France.

This morning has made me so sad. The sweet little white convent is shut up. The garden is full of nettles, two of the chapel windows are broken, the nuns are in England, and the lawyers have grown fat on the pickings. At the church the statue of St. Veronica, over the west door, has a broken arm, snapped off on the day of the inventory. Meanwhile the weeks are drifting by; and for all the old *curé* knows, he will be saying Mass in a barn before the winter is over. I mean to say, now and again, what France's million officials, from the President of their so free Republic down to the Sainte Véronique postman, daren't say publicly and aloud in this land of liberty. I mean to say: "God save France!"

A few pages later there is stronger proof still of the author's lovingly respectful attitude towards Catholic things. The quotation will be long, but will surely justify itself. And it must be borne in mind that these tender pages occur in the course of a story that is the record of as

merry a little comedy as was ever ingeniously conceived and joyously set down for a reader's enjoyment. The heroine of "Susan" is seated in the little churchyard of Bérigny, feeling that she likes it better than any other which she has ever seen in France. All manner of sweet influences are round her, the beauty and the homeliness of orchards and green pastures, the golden gleam of yellow flowers, the ceaseless song of the rippling beck—all cheerful and consoling.

"No, Bérigny churchyard is not melancholy; for in the midst of death you are in life." But one peculiarity strikes the English lady with regard to many of the gravestones—memorials of wood they were actually on most of the humbler tombs. At the foot of the inscription giving names and dates these few letters frequently appeared. "Un D. P., s. v. p." The meaning was gleaned from one headstone on which the request was printed in full: "Un De Profundis, s'il vous plait." The rush of stirred emotion, the far-reaching, vivid, and tender appreciation of what is meant by, and the reality of, the Communion of Saints, must be told as Mr. Oldmeadow has set it down:

It filled my eyes so full with sudden tears that the solid world seemed to be wavering and dissolving as I beheld it. And, at the same time, the dim mysterious world beyond seemed suddenly clear and near. It was no longer the wind in the pines that I heard: it was a multitudinous whispering of spirit voices pleading close to my ear: "If you please" . . . "A De Profundis, if you please!" I suppose many people would find the "if you please" either ludicrous or irreverent, or both. At one time I might not have found anything in it myself, beyond a charming, rustic naïveté. But this afternoon, the truth rushed over me in a flood. The souls of the faithful departed are not thirteenth century souls: they are not the shivering, pitiable ghosts such as engaged the fancy of savage men ten thousand years ago, or the still weaker brains of the Spiritualists of yesterday: they are not mere fictions of the philosopher, invented for convenience of argument. They live and rejoice and sorrow in an intensity of present being. Tonight, I believe in the Communion of Saints. They exist as truly as the little black-haired child who stopped me outside Bérigny and said "s'il vous plait" when she asked me the time. . . .

This afternoon I couldn't say a "De Profundis" for the faithful departed of Bérigny because I am too much of a heathen to have been taught it. But, before Sunday, I mean to buy a *paroissien* containing all these things, in French and English.

When I say my "De Profundis" can it do them any good? Millions of people say it can't. But more millions of people say it can, and if I make a mistake, I would rather make it in giving than in withholding; just as it is better to say "Yes" to the beggar who may waste your sixpence on beer, than to say "No" to the beggar who may lie down and die for want of bread.

There are other such passages in "Susan," passages that touch in passing, with eloquence and knowledge, such practical matters as the interiors of churches, so frequently held by superior critics to be tawdry and gaudy, and the use of Latin; or that accept and reiterate in fact that the antagonism to the Church in France was an attack not merely against Christianity but against the whole idea of supernatural religion. And when the tangle of the story is all unravelled, through the sunshine of the closing pages the same high, serious tone is sounded soft and bell-like:

I told Susan not to call me until nine o'clock. But I mean to slip down stairs softly. I have business at Bérigny. There is reparation to be made among those white graves where I slammed the gates of my heart. And, amid the holy stillness of the morning, I am fain to chasten my spirit in the Communion of Saints. For, on this day of my happiness, do I not feel that grannie, and father and mother, and all who have ever loved me, are yearning to me out of the depths that, after all, are not so very deep, and down from the heights that, after all, are not so very high? So I will go forth through the little yellow flowers and over the sweet crisp grass. I will go and sit in the sunshine on the old steps of the Calvary, while all that great love yearns out to me from the unseen, fondling me and caressing me as with soft hands. I will go to say my "De Profundis" at last and to breathe a prayer for this poor land, where the fool hath said in his heart that there is no God.

All this was very agreeable reading for a Catholic, but it need not have been in the least surprising. For "The North Sea Bubble," published the preceding year, had given many indications

of the spiritual quality to be found later in "Susan." A "fantasia" is the description given on its title-page to "A North Sea Bubble," and the description is perfectly apt. Supremely clever and absorbingly interesting, the book is a fantastic medley. It is partly burlesque, partly playful and pungent satire; it is partly a story of high adventure and partly sheer romance. It has the verve and excitement of a sincere tale of war, daring, and love, and yet it has the air of being an elaborate jest at the expense of romantic fiction. What was undeniable, apart from the brilliancy of the whole thing—plot, development, literary manner, and a myriad thought-compelling implications—was the rarefied spiritual idealism which marks the hero's manner of loving.

Meanwhile Mr. Oldmeadow's literary activities were not confined to fiction. To works concerning music and musicians he brought a picturesque style, penetrating insight, delicacy of appraisal, and fine enthusiasm. Here, too, we see his regard for things of the Church and find the expression of his loving fondness for Plain Chant rising into the eloquence which marks the second chapter of "Great Musicians":

The oldest music in the world is the chant of the Church—the chant which she uplifts, week after week, year after year, century after century, in every clime and nation, amid white men, black men, red men, bronze men, yellow men: under Arctic darkness, and under the equatorial blaze; in metropolis and in hamlet, in narrow shrine and in vast basilica. It is in the selfsame strain that the eager young priest in French Canada, the bearded missionary in Tibet, and the silver-haired Pontiff in Rome must all alike chant "Sursum corda" and "Vere dignum" and "Pater noster." And so primitive, as well as universal, is this sacred heritage of song, that cool-headed scholars have been inclined to identify it with the music of the Psalms and hymns with which Jehovah was praised in Solomon's temple. Others have connected it with the music which so deeply moved Plato. These are guesses; but it is certain that when St. Ambrose, in the fourth century, set himself to teach his clergy how they might sing it better, a large part of the chant was already old.

Yet while the chant is the oldest of surviving music, it is also the youngest. It is old not in

the sense that Gothic armor and Roman coins and Egyptian urns are old. It is old like the sea and the mountains and the stars and the sun and the moon. It is old without being old-fashioned. It is old in nothing but years; for its heart is a fountain of beautiful and eternal youth. . . . Like to a summer sea, indeed, is the ancient chant, ever withdrawing to the great deeps, ever returning to break in slow, full cadence all along the shore. To sit near the western doors of a great church, and hear the chant rising and falling in the distant choir, heals the soul even as a sick heart is healed by the grave speech of far-away breakers. That there are hearers whom the chant offends by its monotony is sad, but not surprising: for there are millions of people who never seek the sea save in crowded spots where they can turn their eyes and ears away from its immensity and majesty to see and hear the negro minstrels on the beach.

Naturally, after this comes the assumption that Mr. Oldmeadow is of the Household of the Faith, and a brief statement in the "Catholic Who's Who" that he is a convert to Catholicism, turns the assumption into knowledge. Naturally, too, comes a firm conviction that Mr. Oldmeadow will do work of stronger and more glittering texture than "Susan." And this conviction found full justification in "Antonio." This is a big book, a beautiful one and a bold one. In it Mr. Oldmeadow's power of portraying passionate and romantic love on a high spiritual plane, is displayed to a marvellous degree. But some readers will feel that it would be impossible for human love to be as strong as is described in "Antonio" and yet remain on a purely spiritual plane. However, a story should be read in the spirit in which it has been written. From a poet's side, if possible, we should read his book—to adapt a phrase of Mrs. Meynell's. Certainly, "Antonio" should be read in this manner, and so read, it is a story of exquisite feeling and surpassing interest. The story told at great length is simply that of a young monk who, on the day of his ordination and consequently before he has said his first Mass, sees his beloved monastery seized by soldiery and the Community scattered. The monk himself, Antonio, will not seek the haven of exile in another house of the Order, but, following a high and quixotic impulse, will go out into the world, there to labor for means

to buy back again the monastery and its grounds and to re-found the Community. He has no craft at his finger ends, but he knows the lore of vine-growing, and a wine-seller and a wine-maker he becomes. Ultimately, of course, after half a lifetime of effort, he achieves his purpose. The fifth book of the story—"Isabel"—may seem somewhat wrong-headed, born of an idealism that takes little heed of human nature, and the appearance of Isabel as a Visitation nun may appear unconvincing. But it is impossible to overstate the youthful romantic buoyancy and verve with which Mr. Oldmeadow tells his tale, or the picturesqueness of all the characterization, incidents and descriptions. The note of exaltation is sustained through more than five hundred pages, and the abiding impression is of a sounding paean in praise of Divine Love.

Rarely, indeed, does a writer combine such diverse qualities carried to such a degree as may be found in Mr. Oldmeadow's books. His easy, natural mastery of the spirit of fun is no more—and no less noticeable—than his radiant sense of the sheer beauty of that love which can remain a thing of flame-like ardor and snowy whiteness. His gaiety is irresistible in its pleasant playfulness as it is illuminating in its penetrating sense of elusive comedy and stimulating by reason of its capacity for piercing yet gracious satire. And yet his tenderness and reverent regard for spirituality sail serenely high above his other qualities. Perhaps in his most important novel he may have disregarded too much the potency of the physical side of human passion over weak human nature, but it is well that in fiction the note of exaltation and renouncement should be resonantly sounded. Mr. Oldmeadow's literary manner may be seen in the extracts quoted: it fashions a worthy attire for his idealistic matter, and all lovers of distinguished fiction will wish "Susan" many successors.

The ideal woman is, first of all, a courageous soul. It calls for courage to decide, in the fair morning of youth, that the straight white way of honor is the way to follow; it requires courage to continue it when the voices of the world and one's own lower nature clamor for its forsaking; it takes courage when one has yielded, to swing back into the old high path. Yes, it takes courage to strive after the ideal!





### Our Intercessor.

Oh! what a world of sadness dwells  
Within Thy luted eyes,  
To Thee, alone, the wide earth tells  
Its woes. To Thee arise  
The sorrow none but Thou mayst hear  
Poured forth to Thee, in grief or fear.

And yet the light around Thee seems  
A ray of steallast peace.  
Thine is the home of those soft beams  
Where the quick heart-throbs cease.  
Dear Savior, bid us watch that light,  
E'en through the darkest, dreariest night.

— S. M. GERTRUDE,  
*Loreto College, Dublin.*

**The Ministry of Sorrow.**

Do not cheat thy Heart and tell her,  
 "Grief will pass away,  
 Hope for fairer times in future,  
 And forget to-day."  
 Tell her; if you will, that sorrow  
 Need not come in vain;  
 Tell her that the lesson taught her  
 Far outweighs the pain.

**H**OW potent is the ministry of sorrow as a means of self revelation—a discoverer of the soul! Like lightning in the "collied night," sorrow searches the hidden places of our being, and reveals faults and imperfections before undreamt of. In its flame our sophisms melt like wax, and our secret, unsuspected, unrepented sins, confront and humble us. We see ourselves, for a moment, as God sees us.

Nothing teaches the soul so many things as sorrow. When Job sat in the ashes, how the ashes were glorified by the lessons learned there! The stroke which seemed so pitilessly to gash the quivering reed were but shaping it into the potency of divinest music. Robert Hall said: "I buried my infidelity in my mother's grave."

It was not in his palace but when the raging storm broke on his white head that Lear exclaimed:

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
 What bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,  
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
 From seasons such as these? O! I have ta'en  
 Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;  
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,  
 And show the heavens more just.

The King of Scotland, taken captive, and put in Mortimer's hole, scratched with a nail on the wall an image of the crucified Christ. Doubtless, Christ was beholden to the prison for that remembrance. We never heard that the King did the like in his palace.

It was the heavy blow of her beloved brother's sudden death by drowning which crushed from the heart of E. B. Browning—our sweetest poet among women—the thrilling lines, with their fine allusion to the Supreme Sufferer:

By anguish which made pale the sun,  
 I hear Him charge His saints that none  
 Among His creatures anywhere  
 Blaspheme against Him with despair,  
 However darkly days go on.

Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown!  
 No mortal grief deserves that crown.  
 O supreme Love, chief misery,  
 The sharp regalia are for Thee,  
 Whose days eternally go on.

The finest strains of the great tone-poets, Weber, Chopin, and Beethoven, were beaten out in sensitive agony. Petrarch and Tasso, Camoens and Leopardi, "learnt in suffering what they taught in song." The Epistles of St. Paul were written, for the most part, amid the glooms of the dungeon. From the shadows of Bedford jail came Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," and "Song of the Shirt," came from a heart trained in the school of grief. Much of Cowper's finest work is as perfume from a crushed flower. The "Festus" of Bailey was the direct fruit of a great sorrow—it sprang from the grave of a lost love. And the great singers of the mystery and pathos of human loss, Dante in his "Vision," Milton in his "Lycidas," Matthew Arnold in his "Thyrsis," and Tennyson in his "In Memoriam," all prove how fertile is the soil of sorrow, and how fruitful is the rain of tears. Says Lewis Morris:

Never yet  
 Was any thought or thing of beauty born  
 Except with suffering.

We read in the Talmud that there was a flute in the Temple at Jerusalem, smooth, thin, formed of a reed, and of exquisite tone. At the command of the King it was overlaid with gold, which, however, ruined its sweetness, with the result that the gold had to be removed that it might again give forth its native music. The moral of the story needs no enforcement.

How poor were earth if all its martyrdoms,  
 If all its struggling sighs of sacrifice  
 Were swept away, and all were satiate-smooth!

Sympathy is only learned in the school of sorrow. Sympathy is sometimes regarded as an easy thing, but it requires a powerful imagination to put yourself in another's place. However

well intended, how imperfect is the sympathy of the rich with the poor, and of the healthy and the strong with those who are ailing and delicate. Only the mourner can understand the mourner realizing the pathos of the empty chair and the dear voice forever still. Only the exile can fathom the depths of the exile's loneliness and desolation. The only sympathy which is of real value to those who suffer, or are beaten down in the stern battle of life, is a sympathy based on actual experience.

The story is told of a Hungarian nobleman who, inconsolable through the loss of an only child, greatly beloved, draped his room in black for two years, abandoned himself to what appeared to be a hopeless sorrow. One day, however, he was induced to attend a performance of Händel's "Messiah." When the passage was rendered with thrilling power, "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow," the long-locked fountain of tears was at last broken up. The crisis was passed, and when the full choir broke out in the Hallelujah Chorus, the stricken man blended his voice with theirs in singing, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" He returned home a consoled and trusting man.

How touching and pathetic are those lines of Cowper where he makes confession of the healing grace of Christ given to his wounded and agonized soul:

I was a stricken deer that left the herd  
 Long since; with many an arrow deep infix'd  
 My panting side was charged, when I withdrew  
 To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.  
 There was I found by One who had Himself  
 Been hurt by the archers. In His side He bore,  
 And on His hands and feet the cruel scars.

It is for this reason that the holiest spot the suffering world contains is dark Gethsemane; its grandest symbol is the Cross of agony and shame; while the mystic, unfathomable cry which fell from the Saviour's lips on Calvary—that deepest possible expression of lonely anguish—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," attests that there is no sorrow conceivable in human lot which Christ has not fathomed, and in which He is not beneath us to save us from despair. "Even by means of our sorrows we belong to the Eternal plan."

As the blacker the cloud the more beautifl

the rainbow, so the darker the present sorrow, the brighter the future glory. This helps us to understand why some of the meekest and most devoted are frequently the most sorely tried. Their multiplied sorrows afford a larger opportunity for the fidelities which God will regard in the appointment of glory. The further the pendulum swings on one side, the higher it rises on the other. The deeper the comet is plunged into the darkness out yonder, the closer does it come to the sun at its nearest distance, and the longer does it bask and glow in the light of the central orb.

The all-reconciling future will afford ample compensation for all permitted sorrow. There is an eternal Heaven beyond the passing accidents and miseries of time, and within its glorious precincts we behold a radiant throng "clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands." Of these we read that they "came out of great tribulation." Beautiful in their stainless sanctity, beautiful in the intensity of their celestial love, folded in the peace of God and the rest of heaven for evermore; it was sorrow which chastened them into that transcendent loveliness, sorrow that piloted them to that blissful shore, sorrow patiently and trustfully endured which placed them high in the ranks of the glorified. They murmured not in their severe affliction, they rebelled not under its fiery discipline, they trusted God in the dark—

Who murmurs that in darksome days  
 His lot is cast?  
 God's hand within the shadow lays  
 The stones whereon His gates of praise  
 Shall rise at last.

—*Great Thoughts.*

Life is full of golden opportunities for the development of self-forgetfulness, for making the world not only bearable, but absolutely pleasant, and, at times, quite delightful; and hundreds are availing themselves of them every day; but the army is not large enough yet to win, and the call is out steadily for recruiting forces. Why not join the ranks? The real rainbow of optimism spans humanity's horizon, spreading the glowing colors of love and harmony over the drab everyday existence until it fairly shines, the outlook is different and life seems worth while.



## Francis Thompson's "Shelley."

**B**EAUTIFUL and choice to a superlative degree, Francis Thompson's essay on Shelley must ever appeal to true lovers of poetry—not to the narrow, matter-of-fact mind with its restricted routine, but to each great, comprehensive soul, which—

"Sees a world in a grain of sand  
And a heaven in a wild-flower,  
Holds infinity in the palm of its hand  
And eternity in a hour."

Although a prose work, how exquisitely poetical it is! What a thorough appreciation of beauty is expressed in every line! Thompson, *the man*, sends his appeal directly into our hearts in behalf of the beautiful thoughts of Shelley, *the child*,—that child, who, like a child, acknowledges the subtlety and power of God while he possesses only a vague, elusive comprehension of Divinity. Very dear to Thompson is this child, who "dances in and out of the gates of Heaven and runs up the filmiest insubstantiality with agile ease," who, although tumbling back to earth after his light-hearted disporting among the musical stars, does not soil his robe of poetical purple with the dust of sordid humanism.

But the question may arise, "Can the child, in whom reason and the gift of profound thought are not yet developed, wander through all the varying, sun-lit vistas in which Shelley delights to loiter?" Perhaps not, unless it be led aside by the peculiar beauty of some wild-flower thought, which lures it on until lost in a maze of remarkable fantasies and improbable imageries; yet, Thompson thinks it can, for who but a child, the credulous play-fellow of elves and fairies, could fashion such bewildering golden chains of fancy? To support this claim, he says, "To the last, in a degree uncommon even among poets, he (Shelley) retained the idiosyncrasies of childhood, expanded and matured without differentiation."

Thompson, gifted with a vast store of wonderful imagery, depth and subtlety of thought and a thorough mastery of language, can readily understand the complexities of the writings of his brother poet.

In his own verse, one can work infinitely out and out, but, also, infinitely in and in. These two

infinities are the mark of greatness and on Thompson's writings, does this mark prominently appear. His keen sympathy for the child, whose seemingly trivial sorrows are minimized by adults, endears him to us. We are shown the child's side of the story and, passionately, we exclaim, "Adult fools! Would not the angels smile at *our* griefs, were not angels too wise to smile at them?"

In bringing out the obloquy, "deliberately and wantonly courted" by Shelley, Thompson gives those, who knew his own sad history, an insight into the acute suffering *he* experienced in his poverty. Although using Mangan as an example, is it not also his own hard lot that he describes when he says of Shelley, "*He* had faithful friends, a faithful wife, an income, small but assured. Poverty never dictated to his pen; the designs on his bright imagination were never etched by the fumes of necessity. If, as has chanced to others—as chanced, for example, to Mangan, outcast from home, health and hope, with a charred past and a bleared future, an anchorite without detachment and self-cloistered without self-sufficingness, deposed from a world which he had not abdicated, pierced with thorns which formed no crown, a poet hopeless of the bays, and a martyr hopeless of the palm, a land nursed against the dewes of love, an exile banned and proscribed even from the innocent arms of childhood—he were burning helpless at the stake of his unquenchable heart, then might he have been inconsolable, then might he have cast the gorge at life, then have cowered in the darkening chamber of his being, tapestried with mouldering hopes, and hearkened to the winds that swept across the illimitable wastes of death. Shelley had competence, poetry, love, yet he wailed that he could lie down like a tired child and weep away his life of care! Is it ever so, with you, sad brother, is it ever so with me?—and is there no drinking of pearls, except they be dissolved in biting tears? 'Which of us has his desire, or having it, is satisfied?'"

This impassioned outburst has opened the flood-gates of Thompson's sorrow and we must stand aside, mutely sympathetic and with bowed heads, until the fury of the storm has abated. The man's very soul, laid bare to our eyes, becomes a manifestation to an unfeeling world of

how high he may climb in the face of well-nigh insurmountable barriers.

However, it is trouble, disappointment and pain that prick the mind into activity. Thompson's description of the beautiful poem by Shelley, entitled, "The Cloud," is a masterpiece of English prose, quarried in his own great intellect and adorned with deeply hidden, yet scintillating jewels, too little delighted in, as yet, by a *blasé*, unappreciative world.

FLORANCE PETERSON, '13.

### Mr. Meynell as a Poet.

**M**R. WILFRID MEYNELL is engagingly modest as a poet. He would have us believe, in explanation of the apt, if somewhat cryptic, title of his little volume—"Verses and Reverses"—that his poetic efforts are largely defeats inflicted upon him by the Muse—"first thoughts that refuse to obey marching orders, runaways from the right line of formation." He asks, playfully, perhaps, to be considered a light-hearted failure, one whom the Muse has scouted overmuch and who now takes a pleasant revenge by selling whatever favors she has vouchsafed him, for a price as low as a shilling. Well, Mr. Meynell's modesty, so charmingly set forth, would be a perfect shield from critical arrows or blows if there did not happen to be an infinitely more effective protection from them in the real distinction, the lightness of touch, and the grace of manner of the verses themselves. Mr. Meynell's genial spirit of self-depreciation is matched, however, in sincerity and in strength and consistency by a feeling of high and knightly pride, a pride born of lowly reverence and lofty regard for the distinguished poetess who bears his name and shares his life. Again and again this pride finds expression in tones that sound musically from cover to cover of this booklet. The dedication is to "A. M.," in "Association" one reads:

"If all great things that go and come  
Lend greatness that endures;  
I, too, am worth a wondrous sum,  
Since I am Yours, am Yours,"

and the last poem of all, on "W. Meynell: His Approaching End," closes thus:

"He tried to fly who had no wings,  
And yet his heart avers  
That all his poor reversing things  
Reversing still are Hers."

As the husband is, so is the father, animated by deep tenderness, which finds exquisite expression that never jars by seeming to obtrude too private an emotion. "The Folded Flock" will find universal acceptance as enshrining the hope of countless parents in a way which it is given to few parents to achieve.

"I saw the Shepherd fold the sheep  
With all the little lambs that leap.

O Shepherd Lord, so I would be  
Folded with all my family.

Or go they early, come they late,  
Their mother and I must count them eight.

And how, for us, were any Heaven  
If we, sore stricken, saw but seven?

Kind Shepherd, as of old Thou'lt run  
And fold at need a straggling one."

The little poem shows something more than a husband and father whose love prompts him to poetry: it reveals the poet for whom life and all it touches are animated, uplifted, and made joyous by Religion. Round Mr. Meynell's name gathers a fine record of lifelong literary activities largely concerned with things directly Catholic, but his poet's conception of Religion holds far more than even the most unbending faith and the most unremitting and worshipful service. Here is "A Christian's Inheritance" as in part he sees it:

"Green pastured sea, and waves like sheep,  
Great clouds that company do keep;  
And all land things that love and leap  
And laugh and shine;  
The flowers that deck each season's shoon;  
The Woman sandalled with the Moon;  
The eyes of children and each star,  
I call my own. For His they are,  
And He is mine."

Naturally, therefore, this spirit of religion shines through almost every poem in the book, and Francis Thompson, had he lived to comment on the volume, might have said of its author as

he said of the singer whom Mr. Meynell loves, "Thy wine is flavourous of God." This spirit fashions the mould of Mr. Meynell's homage to those who evoke his personal regard and literary hero-worship. Aptly and deftly it turns a tribute to Francis Thompson into a prayer. On being asked to write his name in a copy of "The Hound of Heaven," this is his response:

" 'Inscribe my name'—your message came,  
 And I, from common writing,  
 Look up for pen not made by men,  
 To do such dear inditing.  
 Only in Heavenly fields can be  
 Fit plume—the angel feather  
 That keeps Life's Book. O may we see  
 Our names writ there together."

It lends particular point and purpose to "Lines to G. K. C.—written in St. Paul's Cathedral":

"As Job, the Gentile, taught of old  
 The Orthodox, the few—  
 So teaching us within the fold  
 That great outsider, You,  
 And here this day, beneath this dome,  
 This Ball and Cross, I think  
 London shall yet be one with Rome—  
 And You the living link."

And, lastly, it touches with a fine charity his appreciation of common things. Under its influence the little servant maid who always smilingly promised to do her best, and did it, is seen as a veritable saint.

"When Life, from this sad house of her,  
 Flits, like a guest,  
 She'll curtsy to the Judge: 'Oh, Sir,  
 I did my best.'

The Judge, for sure, will bow His head;  
 And, round the throne,  
 Angels will know to God they've led  
 His very own.

This sentence then shall gently fall:  
 'Irene, you  
 Have done your best; and that is all  
 Even God can do.'"

Mr. Meynell can, when necessity demands, sound the note of scorn, as in "I enclose my

Mite," and he does not disdain the harmless, though much derided, pun. He has caught, possibly he has always possessed, something of the spirit of Blessed Thomas More; he has allied it with a touch of the dainty grace of Mr. Austin Dobson, and he has set it to learn with proud reverence from her who has cadenced the "Rhythm of Life" as subtly and as sweetly as any of her generation. Altogether Mr. Meynell has accomplished an unpretentious yet distinguished little volume, playful, yet never lacking in thought; airily lightsome, yet never void of serious purpose—and it can be bought for a shilling!

### A Pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Alban.

**L**AST Saturday I went with The Guild of Ransom on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Alban, which is still to be seen at the Abbey that bears his name in the city named after him. The Pilgrimage is now an established function—this is the seventh occasion on which it has taken place. Quite a number went down from town in order to take part in it. Some three hundred, including priests, nuns, and—what I so greatly love to see—any number of little girls in white dresses and veils. In addition, we had a great display of banners, and altogether made quite an imposing procession. We were timed to start punctually at three, but twenty minutes of most valuable time was lost in getting the procession into order, most of which could very well have been done before we arrived. The Abbey was fully a mile off, and, naturally, we had to walk slowly. At last we got under way and started up the steep hill, at the top of which stands the Abbey; up the selfsame hill that, *sixteen hundred and six years ago*, St. Alban went to earn his martyr's crown; up the same hill, also, that, over three centuries before that great event, Julius Caesar marched at the head of his army to subdue the Britons. As we climbed we sang hymns and recited prayers and never once did I hear a word of mockery, but, on the contrary, was greatly struck by the respectful way in which we were everywhere received along the route, which was well lined with spectators.

The late start was nearly the undoing of us. We did not reach the Abbey until seven minutes to four, and we had to leave at four, as service

was then due. It was a near thing and, with no desire to be irreverent, it reminded me of the song:

God bless the Duke of Marlborough,  
 Who had ten thousand men:  
 He marched them up a hill  
 And marched them down again.  
 When they were up they were up,  
 And when they were down they were down,  
 And when they were half way up  
 They were neither up nor down.

The seven minutes saved us, and our journey was not in vain.

It was a superb afternoon, but the sun was very fierce, and, as the men walked bareheaded, I found it rather fatiguing.

In all England there is no more interesting building than the Abbey at St. Albans; none whose history is more deeply rooted in the past. As a building, I dare not attempt to describe it, for, in spite of some very terrible "restorations," it is still a marvel of beauty, and well recalls the terms of "frozen music" and "poetry in stone," which some writers use in speaking of triumphs of architecture. I am enclosing a little book which will give you some idea of the building and its wonders. The Shrine of St. Alban was destroyed at the Reformation and the Body of the Saint scattered to the winds; and this, after over a thousand years, during which all the monarchs of England and countless millions of their subjects had joyed to climb that steep hill in order to pay their devotion at the Shrine of the First English Martyr to lay down his life for the Faith. Some few years ago, when restoring the beautiful Lady-Chapel (which for hundreds of years since the Reformation was used as a school) a fragment of the famous Shrine was found. A further search was made, with the result that *no less than two thousand fragments* were found scattered about, and these, with loving care, infinite patience, and great skill, have been pieced together and once more the Shrine is practically restored. In the same way, the Shrine of St. Amphibalus (the Priest whom St. Alban sheltered from the Romans, who sought to put him to death) was found in innumerable pieces and put together again. Both Shrines we had time to visit: but no more. Rooted to the ground in so lovely a place, seven minutes are soon gone,

and when they went we had to go likewise. This was not my first visit to the Abbey, but this thought, instead of consoling me made me all the more sorrowful at having to leave. I knew how much that was beautiful I was leaving unvisited.

One interesting tomb I noticed, that of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who acted as Protector during the infancy of Henry the Sixth, and came to a violent end. There was a monument in old St. Paul's, which, for centuries, no one knows why, was believed by people generally to be the tomb of that ill-starred nobleman. I regret to say that for some long time it was the custom of merchants in the city to meet and transact business in the nave of St. Paul's in which the monument was placed. When luncheon time arrived the merchants used to clear out and return later. Those who could not afford that meal used to remain, and hence the saying, "dining with Duke Humphrey," for centuries meant "going without lunch." Now, as I viewed the real resting-place of the said duke, the truth of the saying came home to me, as, save for a few sandwiches eaten in a hurry, I had not had a bite since the early morning. As the sun had already given me a fierce headache, and as I did not care to walk back in the Procession covered, I decided to have something to eat and catch the others up later, which I was well able to do.

The exterior of the Abbey is very striking, as to size, but somewhat severe and devoid of decoration, and scarcely prepares one for the beauties of the interior. Its tower is built of bricks, taken from the ruins of the old Roman City near by, and though the bricks are nearly *two thousand years old*, they look as fresh as if they had only been made yesterday. For many years they were plastered over; but, during the restoration, all this disfigurement was removed and the rich, warm red of the bricks glows once more in the sun.

I returned the same route that I ascended, but as I have not yet overtaken the Pilgrims I will recall a few items of secular interest that come to mind as one passes through the ancient streets of the city. Twice during the War of the Roses have the streets of St. Albans run in blood and the course of English History been turned. In the very street through which I saunter, the Yorkists, apparently hopelessly beaten, made a sudden stand and turned what promised to be a

rout into a victory. In the quiet churchyard one can see in the distance thousands of bodies of those who fell on either side lie buried. Again, we pass "The White Hart," a relic of the old inns, which, hundreds of years ago, used to cater for the Pilgrims who, in thousands, used to journey to St. Albans. At the "White Hart," in more recent days, it was that Daniel O'Connell used to stop on his way back to Ireland. Those were the good old posting days when trains were unknown. At this inn there was a low gateway, and, one day, a lady passenger had the misfortune to break her neck by coming in contact with it. It was evidently of this incident that Jingle, in "Pickwick," was thinking when he explained how—"Tall lady, eating sandwich—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children looking round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—head of a family off—shocking, shocking!"

I overtook the Pilgrims just as they were about to enter the church. We had a most impressive service, with a really fine sermon on St. Alban (whose feast-day, I should have mentioned, we had been honouring) followed by a procession and Benediction.

Tea followed for those who could remain, and after that a visit was to be paid to some of the most interesting spots in the city, chiefly those connected with the religious history of the place. For this, however, and unhappily, I was not able to remain as I was due to spend the week-end at Chenies, and as most of the people in that quiet little haven of peace seem to retire to rest any time after eight, I did not want to disturb their night's slumber by too late an arrival. I have marked down St. Albans for another and a longer visit, when, if I have the time, I will tell you all about it. In mentioning the Duke of Gloucester, I forgot to mention the great debt of gratitude all lovers of books owe him. He it was who founded the famous Bodleian Library at Oxford, for which he will ever be affectionately remembered.

The little book of views will give you in some sort an idea of the beauty of the Abbey. I would draw your special attention to the picture of the Chantry of Abbot Ramryge, and also that of the high altar-screen. The former is absolutely beautiful, while the latter has been carefully restored. Note, also, on the following page, the

picture of the Shrine as it now appears, and observe the Watching Gallery from which the monks, in days of old, used to keep an eye upon it.

The Lady-Chapel, of which you will also find a view, is very striking and has been most carefully restored. It is a marvel of what can be done, for let me tell you that, for nearly three hundred years, it was used as a Grammar School . . . and you know what boys are! For centuries, a right of way existed between the Lady-Chapel and the rest of the Abbey (I have actually been through it myself in my murky past) with the result that the Chapel was entirely bricked off from the rest of the building. This unhappy state of things was altered at the recent restorations, and now the beautiful Chapel forms part of the whole. Had I the time, gladly would I linger over so attractive a subject, but my leisure is limited and I have other topics to touch upon before closing.

Next morning, after breakfast, we started for Mass. It was a superb day and our path lay the whole way through fields and private parks. The nearest church was at Rickmansworth, which lies about four miles from "Le Lion Rouge," (to give it a Sunday name). No dusty highroads for us, thank you. We had not read Shakespeare for nothing, and does not he advise us—

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

I will not swear to "henting any stiles," being somewhat stiff with years, but I can answer for the merry heart. On our way we passed through the cornfield, now ripening into gold—and a sight for the gods. Already the corn was up to our shoulders, and the golden ears and the bright poppies together made a picture, the memory of which will nestle in the memory for many a day. In a former description of this field I mentioned that the farmers plant the poppies in order to draw off the bad qualities of the ground. It is a subject upon which I am more profoundly ignorant than most (a hard saying), and I trusted my informant, who, however, seems to have been talking through his hat. The poppies are there in spite—no, because—of the farmer. Much of our way lay by the side of the Chess and it was

a pretty sight to see the cattle knee-deep in the water. Thus they remain all the morning and until the afternoon is advanced, when they make for the pasture land again, and also up for lost time in the eating line. Hardly two were of the same colour, and reflected in the water, made a striking and beautiful picture.

H. ST. LAURÉNCIE,  
Margate.

### Catholic English Literature.

THE "Art of Letters" has been defined as "The personal use of language." That is, not using words as a statement of abstract truth, but as an expression of ideas, feelings and conclusions colored and transfused with the writer's personality.

Literature is, consequently, a history of man, a faithful record of his characteristics and development, serving as a mirror wherein kindred spirits may find a reflection of their own thoughts and emotions and a suggestion for their judgments.

A language, in its infancy and early stages of development, is an unsatisfactory medium for the artistic expression and communication of thought, and genius is required to bring out its properties and capabilities to mould its idioms and define its powers.

Taking this crude material, one writer may bring out its possible strength, another its clearness, another its beauty of imagery, its musical effect, and so on, each revealing one or more of the powers and varieties of expression which the language possesses. And each writer leaves upon his masterpiece the imprint of the thoughts and spirit which characterized the time in which he lived.

These works are called the classics of a language, and, when once established as such, cannot be cast aside or changed, however much we may feel opposed to them. Yet they are not necessarily the best productions of a language, and, invariably, they are not, for writers who grace a later period, have the advantage of being able to combine the merits of these and profit by what they suggest. Yet a nation's literature is generally judged by its classics, and whatever may be the tone and spirit which characterize these, such is proclaimed the mark of the national literature.

For this reason, English Literature is said to be Protestant in tone as its classics are the product of the age of Protestantism. Many persons are of an opinion that Catholic English Literature is something so insignificant that it is not worthy of thought, and claim that this is necessarily so, for the Catholic Church is a power which curbs and crushes all originality and development of ideas by her supervision and her Index.

That this is false is quite evident. "The Church fears no knowledge but she purifies all; she represses no element in our nature but cultivates the whole. Science is grave, methodical, logical; with science, then, she argues and opposes reason to reason. Literature does not argue, but declaims and insinuates; it is multi-form and versatile; it persuades instead of convincing; it seduces, it carries captive, it appeals to the sense of honor or to the imagination or to the stimulus of curiosity; it makes its way by means of gaiety, satire, romance, the beautiful, the pleasurable. Is it wonderful that with an agent like this she should claim to deal with a vigor corresponding to its restlessness; to interfere in its proceedings with a high hand, to wield an authority in the choice of its studies and of its books, which would be tyrannical if reason and fact were the only instruments of its conclusions? But anyhow her principle is one and the same throughout, not to prohibit truth of any kind but to see that no doctrines pass under the name of truth but those which claim it rightfully."

Catholic writings form no small part of our English Literature and there are representative works of the highest merit in all departments. It may be that many are not what is termed popular, but this does not detract from their worthiness. As Spaulding says, "A book is interesting as much for what the reader brings to it, as for what the writer offers."

Foremost in the rank of not only Catholic, but English Literati, is John Henry Cardinal Newman, who was born in London, in 1801. He was first placed at school under Dr. Nicholas at Ealing, and afterwards was entered at Trinity College, Oxford. In 1822 he was elected Fellow of Oriel College, and, in 1824, received Ordination in the English Church. In 1845, he was received into the Catholic Church, and, later, established

an English branch of the Order of St. Philip Neri at Birmingham. He was Rector of the Catholic University of Dublin from 1852 to 1860, and, in the spring of 1870, was created Cardinal by Leo XIII.

"As a writer of English prose, Newman stands for the perfect embodiment of Oxford. His writings are marked by a lucid and leisurely art of exposition, a thoughtful refinement, a preference for personal above scientific teaching, and the use of idiom at its best."

His prose works are published in thirty-four volumes, and he has composed one volume of "Verses on Various Occasions."

His conversion divided his life—of nearly ninety years—into two equal parts, the first more dramatic and the second best described in the words of Richard Holt Hutton: "When Mr. Newman made up his mind to join the Church of Rome, his genius bloomed out with a force and freedom such as it never displayed in the Anglican Communion. In irony, in humor, in eloquence, in imaginative force, the writings of the later—and, we may say, the emancipated portion of his career—far surpass the writings of his theological apprenticeship."

Cardinal Newman's great popularity began when his "Apologia" was published. Speaking of this work, William Barry says, "No finer triumph of talent in the service of conscience has been put on record. From the day of its publication, Catholic Religion may date its re-entrance into the National Literature. Instead of arid polemics and technical arguments, a living soul had revealed in its journey towards the old faith wherein lay the charm that drew it on. Reality became more fascinating than romance; the problem which staggered non-Catholic and modern minds—how to reconcile individual genius with tradition, private judgment with authority—was resolved in Newman's great example."

In "The Dream of Gerontius," which had been nearly a lost masterpiece, he anticipated his dying hours, threw into touching verse and imagery his own beliefs, as suggested by the Office of Requiem, and looked forward to his final pilgrimage "alone to the Alone." The writing of it was a sudden inspiration, and his work was begun in January and completed in February, 1865. "On the 17th of January last," he wrote to Mr. Allies, "it came into my head to write it, I really can't

tell how. And I wrote on till it was finished, on small bits of paper, and I could no more write anything else by willing it than I could fly."

Death came with little suffering, on August 11, 1890. He lies in the same grave with Ambrose St. John, whom he calls his "life under God for thirty-two years." His device, as Cardinal, taken from St. Francis de Sales, was "Cor ad Cor Loquitur." It reveals the secret of his eloquence, unaffected, graceful, tender and penetrating.

M. G. A.

### St. Patrick's Day at Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

THE celebration of St. Patrick's Day is traditional in all branches of our Institute, quite properly so, considering that the first foundation was made from the Mother House, Rathfarnham, in the Isle of this great Saint, and of how many other saints, not as illustrious perhaps, but none the less deserving of honor!

It would be interesting to compare our programmes of the last fifty or seventy-five years and to see how this age differs from past times in its manner of honoring St. Patrick.

Loreto Abbey would have little cause to fear the comparison, for in proof that she has in no sense outgrown her loyal devotion, rather that it increases with the years, the feast was anticipated this year by a fortnight or so, and the services of an orator were secured—in the person of Mr. J. P. Downey, ex-M. L. A.—which left nothing to be desired. He addressed a large audience, made up of several members of the clergy, the religious, pupils, Alumnae, and friends, on "Ireland Past and Present."

Mr. Downey was introduced by our old and valued friend Dean Harris, the author of several distinguished literary works, and a warm lover of Ireland both "past and present." His remarks were most felicitous and complimentary to the orator as also to the Institute, whose members were gathered together to hear him. If there was anything wanting to key the audience up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm, Dean Harris supplied it abundantly in his own inimitable manner.

The address itself was masterly in style and delivery and replete with anecdote and episode.

The present triumphant situation in Ireland's history provided a striking climax to the long, sad chapters of her early days.

Among the staunch supporters of the Irish cause, and of Federation in Canada, Mr. Downey called attention to D'Arcy McGee, in gratitude to whose memory he strongly advocated the raising of a monument, a proposition which was loudly applauded by all present.

Music and song, appropriate to the occasion, prefaced Mr. Downey's address and helped to render the evening an all-round success.

### Heroism.

"**H**EROISM is all very well, but that man should have thought of his family before risking his life. Saving a little child, he left a widow and five children, young and helpless. He was a poor working man, and they call him a hero. In my mind, a hero should stay at home and provide for his family."

"But he risked his life and saved a little child from certain death, without a thought for himself. Was not that heroism?"

The two men walked on in silence, each keeping his views to himself. In a little while they separated, as they resided in opposite parts of the town. Jack McCauley, the man who had first spoken, lived in a pretty house in the suburbs of the city. It was a warm day in May, so he decided to walk home. He went on slowly, thinking of his wife and children who were waiting for him. When he came to the local station, where he had to cross the railway tracks, he suddenly stopped.

The east-bound express was approaching fast, but he was used to the trains. What was attracting his attention? He seemed to be struggling with himself. There on the tracks was a little boy of seven or eight, never suspecting the danger he was in. It took but a second's thought. In a moment the man was running towards the little boy, but the train went faster. It almost seemed eager to win the race of life or death. Would he be in time?

At the same moment he caught the child, and had just got him out of danger when the train came on furiously, and the man knew no more.

Next morning his friend was looking carelessly at the newspaper, when he noticed this paragraph:

"Lost life saving little boy.

"Jack McCauley, returning to his residence, while crossing railway tracks, heroically lost his life, saving a little boy."

M. ELEANOR ANGLIN.

LORETO ACADEMY, WELLESLEY CRESCENT, TORONTO.

### Le Sommeil de Jeanne d'Arc.

**À** QUOI rêve-t-elle cette jeune fille couchée sur la paille, et qui est cet être délicat qui dort si paisiblement sur ce lit dur? Une lanterne jette ses rayons sur les voûtes basses et ténébreuses de la prison et éclaire les traits fins de cette enfant de dix-sept ans. Elle est revêtue complètement d'une armure d'acier et elle tient dans les mains jointes sur sa poitrine une large épée. À ses pieds un ange s'agenouille et regarde, émerveillé et grave, l'enfant endormie.

À quoi rêve-t-elle, Jeanne d'Arc?—car c'est bien la jeune guerrière qui a tantôt ramené la patrie à la victoire. Est-ce du combat qu'elle rêve? Non, son front serein ne montre rien de troublant. Est-ce donc de la victoire? Un sourire effleure un instant ses lèvres. Entend-elle la marche triomphale, les acclamations d'une foule enthousiaste, se voit-elle comme entourée de sa garde d'honneur qui l'amène au roi? Ne dirait-on pas que son sourire exprime sa joie au moment où elle se met à genoux devant son monarque qui pose une couronne de fleurs sur son front?

Peut-être! Une foule d'images passent et repassent devant le regard de Jeanne endormie.

Soudain un soupir léger s'échappe des lèvres fermées de l'enfant, un ombre semble passer sur ces traits calmes. Elle crie—"Jésus!" Puis la douce figure reprend son calme, l'expression d'angoisse disparaît. Oh, jeune martyre, héroïne de la France, c'est du bûcher qu'elle rêve!

Et tandis que les lueurs pâles de l'aube entrent par une petite ouverture dans un coin de la prison, l'ange encadré dans son étrange rayonnement demeure, ses regards fixés sur Jeanne endormie. On dirait qu'il lit dans la pensée de



la jeune fille. Regardons avec lui et voyons la scène qui se déroule dans l'imagination de Jeanne.

Elle se trouve dans un pré verdoyant sous une groupe de grands chênes. C'est le lieu même où autrefois elle entendit les "voix mystérieuses." C'est l'heure du lever du soleil. Une brise légère souffle dans le feuillage et courbe les têtes des mille fleurs qui émaillent la prairie. Les oiseaux chantent merveilleusement. Le ciel est splendide. Jeanne est là radieuse. Elle ne porte plus la lourde armure, mais une robe blanche, et ses beaux cheveux noirs flottant sur ses épaules sont couronnés de fleurs. Une mante bleue brodée de lis d'or de la France recouvre ses épaules et dans ses mains croisées sur sa poitrine elle tient le lis blanc de la virginité. Elle a l'air d'attendre, et voilà que quelqu'un vient du côté du soleil. Une lumière mystérieuse et douce l'entoure et éclaire la figure de l'Inconnue. Jeanne le voit de loin et étendant les bras elle court joyeusement vers Lui. Lui de son côté approche lentement avec une dignité douce. Les chants des oiseaux ont cessé; le vent ne souffle plus dans l'herbe; un silence profond s'empare de la nature.

Jeanne se prosterne aux pieds de son Roi. Son cœur bat vivement, animé par la joie qui inonde son âme. Tout son être tressaille à la rencontre du Bien-Aimé, qui s'incline vers elle et l'attire à Lui. Et maintenant un silence plus profond, inviolable, semble les entourer, tous les deux. Jeanne ose regarder cette belle physionomie qui lui sourit si gravement mais si doucement. Elle est comme perdue dans l'océan de l'éternité. Qui peut décrire Jésus? Qui ayant vu cette beauté incomparable serait capable d'exprimer en paroles humaines ce qu'il avait vu? Impossible.

L'aube a chassé les restes de la nuit. Le sourire avec lequel elle avait accueilli la venue du Bien-Aimé est encore sur ses lèvres et Jeanne se réveille. Une grande joie inonde son âme, la joie de la paix et de l'éternité, un grand courage s'empare d'elle. Elle est prête à souffrir, à mourir pour la patrie!

HILDA VON SZELSKA.

Body and mind ought to be cultivated in harmony, and neither of them at the expense of the other.

## The Institute of Mary in Many Lands.



Residential Ladies' Business College, Toronto.

DEAR M. F.:

As our sister houses in all lands have contributed their tints to the RAINBOW, you will, probably, be pleased to receive a few minor ones from the youngest, at the same time eldest, daughter of the Institute in America; youngest, as the Loreto Business College is only a few months old, eldest, as this was really the first convent, owned by the Institute on this fair continent. Well, we have reason to bless God, our venture has proved a great success, surpassing the most sanguine expectations of interested friends, as well as our own. We have already registered one hundred pupils in day and evening classes, no week passes without adding to our numbers.

Since the establishment of the College, in September, we have received tangible proof of the good will of distinguished ecclesiastics and influential citizens, a stimulus to make our College worthy of such appreciated patronage.

Scholarships have been offered by gentlemen, in this and other cities, whose first school-days were spent within these very walls, which now constantly echo the "click" of the typewriter—it may interest you to know that the "Joachim Scholarship" is the title of the first offered. Already, applications from business houses for our pupils are frequent; besides those who took positions at New Year's, two are entering, March the first, on their business career in one of the editor's offices of a leading newspaper, while another band will be equipped for March the fifteenth.

An Advisory Board of prominent gentlemen and a Ladies' Auxiliary Board form important features in connection with the school, which, being the only one of the kind in Canada, and devoted exclusively to the preparation of young women for business, makes it possible for pupils

to realize the motto of the "Organ of the Institute—THE NIAGARA RAINBOW—"Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected." M. C.

**Loreto Training College, Rathfarnham, Dublin, Ireland**

We are pleased to be asked to furnish an account, however brief, of Loreto Training College, Rathfarnham, for readers of the RAINBOW, not that we have anything unusual or beyond the ordinary circumstances incidental to the establishment of such departments to record, but to let our friends and fellow-workers beyond the sea know that, as far as in our power, we are endeavoring to promote the cause of Religion conjointly with that of higher education.

Our nation's history, so distinct from that of all other civilized countries by the fact that it kept the Faith—the glorious inheritance of our race—alive through centuries of sorrow, suffering, and persecution, is unintelligible to many because they do not recognize that the religious principles implanted in the Irish are the secret springs whence issue the chivalry and courage of our men, the purity and chastity of our women, which form the glory of our island all along the ages.

The present time is a history-making epoch. We may look forward to a "Second Spring." Irish affairs, religious, political, and commercial, are attracting the attention of all classes and creeds throughout the world. An era of prosperity seems at hand. Naturally, our co-religionists in other lands will anxiously inquire what steps are being taken to secure for the Catholic religion its rightful place in the National System now about to be inaugurated by our Home Government. As in the past, so now, too, our religious Communities, devoted to teaching, have come forward, and, by strenuous efforts, have made ample provision for the educational needs in our schools, by establishing Training Colleges to ensure the efficiency of our religious teachers.

For such a purpose was the Loreto Training College founded, in 1908. Negotiations were opened with the Teachers' Training Syndicate, University of Cambridge. The Syndicate having been satisfied as to the adequacy of the teaching in the Theory, History and Practice of Education, Practical Training, Practising Schools, and standard of Entrance Examination, placed the

College on the list of those recognized by the Cambridge University.

To minimize the inconvenience resulting from the withdrawal of some members of the teaching staff, the number of students for training each year was limited to four. A member of the York Community, who already held the Teacher's Certificate from the University of Cambridge, organized and conducted the Method and Practice department. Lay professors supplemented the work by lectures on the Theory and History of Education. The Secondary and Primary Schools furnished variety in Practice work for the students, and every facility for acquiring the art of teaching by example, practice, and criticism, was afforded them.

It is not within the scope of this paper to dwell on the aims and methods which characterize the educational work of a Training College, it suffices to say that if we take results to be a test of capacity, Loreto is not behindhand in its endeavours to realize the highest standard in intellectual and moral interests.

The aggregate results for the four years during which the Training College has been in operation, are: Fifteen certificates, including two first class, eleven second class, and two third class. Five Distinctions in the examination in Practical Efficiency, one Distinction in the History of Education, out of four awarded that year throughout the British Isles, and one Distinction in Theory, out of five awarded. It must be noted that, in 1910, the Syndicate abolished the regulation of awarding Distinction in Practical Efficiency and substituted for Distinction in the Theory, History, and Practice papers.

We hope that in future our young members on the completion of their novitiate training may pass to the Training College, so as to ensure their being grounded from the first in the most efficient methods for that moral and intellectual development of the children, the promoting of which will form so large a part of their activities in life. So much for our aspirations and educational assumptions for the future. Were our ideals and those of all Religious Communities who co-operate with us in the work of education realized, it may not be assuming too much if we should expect to see again our beloved country win back its ancient glory and undimmed renown as the Island of Saints and Scholars.

**Loreto Convent, Osborne, Claremont, West Australia.**

The annual concert given by the pupils attending Loreto Convent, Osborne, Claremont, West Australia, took place on Friday evening, in the presence of a large gathering of friends of the institution, and was honored by the presence of His Lordship Right Reverend Dr. Clune.

This year, the entertainment was given in the open air, one of the balconies surrounding the building being utilized as a platform for the performers, while the audience was accommodated on the lawn in front. Though scarcely advantageous, acoustically, the arrangement was a most comfortable one for the audience. The programme was altogether musical, elocution being eliminated.

The orchestral class, under the direction of Mr. Montague Brearley, with Miss Connie Molloy as leader, played several selections, including the first movement of Haydn's "Symphony No. 2 in D minor," one of Brahms' "Hungarian Dances," an overture, "Esmeralda," by Hermann, and a graceful idyll, "Cœur Brisé" (Gillet) in all of which they acquitted themselves most creditably.

The choral class, under Mr. H. B. Goff's baton, gave an admirable rendering of "The Gipsies' Laughing Trio" (Glover), and nine of their members were also associated in the singing of Schubert's setting of "The Lord is My Shepherd."

Melba Mitchell was selected to read the address of welcome to the Bishop, which she did in a clear and well modulated voice.

Duos were played by Miss K. Falconer and Miss E. O'Reilly, who gave a brilliant exposition of Saint Saëns' difficult "Marche Héroïque"; and Miss M. Moseley and L. Kavanagh, both of whom displayed excellent technique in Chaminade's "Pas des Cymbales." One of the meritorious numbers of the evening was a pianoforte Trio, played at two pianos, with absolute accuracy and precision by six little girls—P. Mitchell, M. Bannan, N. Lovell, V. Connolly, M. Hill, and V. Hayhow. Not less charming was the "Ten Minutes with the Little Ones"—wee maidens attired in red and carrying large poppies—who sang a chorus in sweet childish treble voices, two of their number concluding with a gavotte.

The programme closed with the "Hymn to St. Cecilia," in which all the pupils joined. Then

the Annual Report was read by Reverend F. Fitzgerald, as follows:—

*"My Lord, Reverend Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen,—*

Our present stage has rather indifferent acoustic properties, therefore, we must make the reading of our Annual Report as brief as possible. It is only to gratify the parents and those interested in our children that a school report has been drawn up. The list of scholastic successes since last Report is:—

Adelaide Senior Public: Miss Marjorie Wilson passed in Greek, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, French, English, Literature, and History.

Miss Veronica Rodriguez passed in Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Latin, Greek, and English Literature.

In Adelaide Junior: Miss Kitty Falconer obtained eighth place in the general Honor List, passing in English Literature, Arithmetic, Algebra, Greek, and obtaining Honors in French and Latin.

This year, six presented themselves for the Alliance Française oral and written tests. Miss Falconer carried off the Intermediate Medal. Miss Melba Mitchell the medal in Elementary Grade. Miss Edith Castieau, the youngest of all the Western Australian candidates, won second place in the Elementary Grade.

In the Royal Academy of Music Examinations, forty candidates passed in the various Grades from primary to advanced. In the Theoretical Examinations, twenty-six passed. Melba Mitchell gained Honors in higher division; Gladys Maher, Jane Lukin, and Dorothy Kavanagh, Honors in lower division.

In the Trinity College of Music Examinations, six passed—three with distinction. Eileen O'Reilly and Dorothy Smith, Honors in Senior Grade; Mollie Moseley, Honors in Intermediate Grade.

Mr. Kirkpatrick examined all classes in Senior School. The following is an extract from his Report:—

"As in former years, the papers gave evidence of careful preparation on the part of the students, and skillful instruction on the part of the teachers. In very few instances did the answering fall below the Honors mark and there are no

failures to be recorded. Where a student showed a little weakness in one subject, it was more than compensated by the excellence in other subjects. Students and teachers are to be congratulated on the general excellence of their work.

Signed.

ARCH. KIRKPATRICK."

"In conclusion, we beg to thank all those who have interested themselves in our work during the year. Mr. Pfister for giving a lecture on French literature; Mr. and Mrs. Molloy, Mrs. Brennan, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Rodriguez, Mr. Goff, for contributing to the pupils' amusement. Rev. F. O'Neill, Dr. O'Hurley, Mrs. Molloy, Mrs. Brennan, Mrs. Lovell, Mrs. Burke, Mr. Flavelle, Messrs. Dwyer and Carroll, Sumpton and Co., Miss Clare, Mrs. Leeds, Mrs. Schiffman, and Mrs. Hallion, for donating prizes.

May all who are present here to-night enjoy many happy returns of the New Year!"

The prizes were then distributed among the successful students by the Bishop, each recipient being generously applauded. After this interesting part of the proceedings, Bishop Clune availed himself of the opportunity to express the pleasure and gratification he had experienced in listening to the young people's performance, and thanked them very cordially on behalf of himself and all present for their charming entertainment. He paid a high tribute of appreciation to the skill of the Loreto Community as teachers, the comprehensiveness and excellence of the instruction imparted, and the high standard attained by the pupils in their charge, and expressed the hope that the success which had attended their labors in the present Osborne building would continue and increase in the new convent which it is proposed to erect on the same site, in the near future. He concluded by wishing teachers, pupils, and parents a pleasant vacation and a joyful reunion.

C. N.

#### Loreto Convent, Middleton Row, Calcutta, India.

Loreto Convent, Middleton Row, Calcutta, India, is a house of historic interest. In the days of Clive, it was the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of India, Sir Eligah Impey. What very different scenes were enacted then in this commodious old building, now given over to the uneventful routine of a young ladies' seminary.

There was no church of St. Francis Xavier then to lend its archway for an entrance—there was no statue of Our Lady over the door, with a light above it, to burn steadily even through the tempests of the monsoons, when lashing torrents dim the glass and the wind strives in persistent fury to tear the Holy Symbol from its fastenings. Visitors now stand at the conventional convent door of mediaeval fashion, with its air of picturesque impregnability, and the little slit on it, through which cautious eyes still peer if the bell jangles out of business hours.

Suppose we call there some time in May. The door is opened, just as we expect it will be, by a sweet-faced nun. She is dressed all in white, except for her veil and girdle, because, as she will tell you, it is impossible to wear the heavy regulation habit of black during the year from March to October. We are ushered into a cool marble corridor, opening on both sides to a garden that is brilliant with flowers all the year round. On the left, the garden is bounded by a wing of the church, and, on the right, by two long passages, one above the other, connecting the nuns' quarters with the school. The one above leads from the music rooms—scattered down its length are found the pupils for drawing and painting during their hour, where they work, chatter and gaze out of the windows in snatched moments of idleness. From the lower passage comes the sound of baby voices, proclaiming the kindergarten. The marble corridor leads into an entrance hall, on the left of which is heard the hum of the class rooms; but we are taken to the right, into one of those chambers of propriety, the parlors. People in convent parlors always sit bolt upright on the well-upholstered chairs and exhibit a tendency to hold their hands rigidly before them. The rooms are always bright, with never a sign of what is shoddy, and the religious note does not appear to be overemphasized, so, whence comes that atmosphere of restraint, offers food for study. The arrival of Reverend Mother relieves the tension. She graciously grants our request to look over the building and places us in charge of one of the nuns, who conducts us back to the hall and up the broad stairs, on which the light falls in beautiful splashes of ruby and purple from the colored windows above.

On reaching the next floor, Sister mercifully closes the door on the right, leading to the music

room, from which issues the din of much practising, and leads us to the left, into what she calls the lecture room.

"What a big room!" you exclaim.

"Yes," she assents, "and it is a famous one. It was here that the trial of Nuncumar was held."

"Who was he?"

"Why, he was a wealthy Brahmin, from whom Lord Clive borrowed a considerable sum of money, and because the native importuned too persistently for payment he was brought to this very room and tried on a trumped-up charge of treason and sentenced to be hanged. Ah, yes, it is one of the gravest slurs on the character of that brilliant administrator."

"Now, come up-stairs and I will show you the dormitories."

We mount still higher and enter a large, cool room, with long French windows open all around it. The little white beds are shrouded in mosquito nets.

"Study is over," says Sister; "look at the children rushing out of doors." You gaze down on a large playground, at the back of the house, furnished with swings and a tennis-court, and watch a flock of white-frosted girls carrying out a very definite aim in healthy enjoyment.

They are pale, these little Anglo-Indians, and somewhat frail-looking, though youth and health still prevail in their bright eyes and happy voices. The hands of the young ladies in their teens would rival for delicate whiteness those of the aristocrats in northern climes. These maidens know nothing of rough housework in this land of cheap labor, nor do they indulge in sturdy outdoor sport like their sisters in climates unspoiled by enervating heat.

"Would you like tea?" inquires Sister. "Then come down-stairs with me. Perhaps you would care to remain for May devotions; you will hear Sister Dosestia sing."

Sister Dosestia has quite a local fame and the story is known of how as a young girl her beautiful voice, the gift of her childhood, was suddenly taken away. She prayed that if it were restored she would devote it and the rest of her life to the sacred service of God. And now the Sister, whose age approaches forty and whose voice has never had much training, since she was born and bred of English parents in Calcutta, draws all creeds to the church by her power of song.

You consent to stay for the service, willingly enough.

"I will give you a seat on the choir steps if you like," whispers the guide; "it is the coolest part of the church and you will see the nuns who sing." Then, an hour or so later, you hasten down a long stone cloister toward the church, in the rear of silent, hurrying nuns and a batch of youthful figures in short dresses and white net veils over their shining hair.

On the choir steps you are beside an open window and see the garden below, where the moon-flowers, large, white, and fragrant, are slowly opening. Above the glowing altar of Our Lady, straight opposite, is an eight-foot picture of the Queen of Heaven, by an Italian artist. The face is kind and beautiful. It is a very effective piece of work. The blue mantle is the exact shade of the blue night sky without. The artist, in this particular, made a happy success. Then a high, liquid voice charms attention. You strain backward to look at Sister Dosestia; she is small, with a pure, child-like face; there is even something suggestive of childhood in her ringing silver voice. One seems dominated by a soul of innocence bearing messages from heaven. May they lie as treasured memories in our breasts, to rise again with their enchanting reminders in years to come!

HELEN BAILY.

#### **Loreto Convents of Port Louis, Curepipe, and Quatre Bornes, Mauritius.**

The Prize List from the Department of Public Instruction, Higher Education of Girls, bears testimony to the triumphs achieved by the pupils of the Loreto Convents of Port Louis, Curepipe, and Quatre Bornes, Mauritius.

The successful competitors at the Cambridge Local Examinations were:

Seniors—Miss E. A. Marie, E. Larcher, Marie Esnouf, Marthe Esnouf—Loreto Convent, Port Louis. Miss Herchenroder—Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

Juniors—Miss d'Emmerez de Chirmoy and Miss M. Randabel—Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss Miriam André and Miss May Britter—Loreto Convent, Curepipe—were the fortunate winners of Silver Medals.

Miss Marie Rayeur—Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes—obtained a Bronze Medal.

In Standard I. Honors Certificates were obtained by Miss Elaine Adèle, Alice Bangard, Lize Marie, Lucille Mottet—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Honors Certificates were obtained by Miss de Chammon, Edith Harel, Suzanne Le Maire, Julie and Marie Rousset—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

In Standard II. Honor Certificates—Miss Suzanne Berchon and M. Florens—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis. Miss Germaine L'Es-trange, Irène Marchal, May Mellish, Rolande Sauzier—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe. Miss Elaine de Chazal, Odette d'Hotman, Iveline Garbert, Marcelle Herchenroder, Suzanne Koenig, Marie Maya—pupils of Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

In Standard III. Honors Certificates—The Misses Anne Marie and Eugénie Mottet, Made-line Ternel, Marthe Tournier—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Miss Jeanne Adam, Suzanne Boucherat, Jeanne Edwards, Simone Robert—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss Inès de Senneville, Hélène Durvergé, Madeleine Hein, Ellen Singery, Hélène Toulorge—pupils of Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

In Standard IV. Honors Certificates—Miss Madeleine Carosin, Valentine Hardy, Thérèse Letellier, Raymonde Marchal, Valentine Randabel—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss Paule de Pitray, Lucie Duvergé, Geneviève Latour, Indiana Marot, Marie Rayeur—pupils of Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

In Standard V. Honors Certificates—Miss Rose Gailot—pupil of Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Miss Louise Adam, Miriam André, Marie Thérèse Bouffé, Claire Hertogs, Claire Isnard, Denise Langlois—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss Berthe Herchenroder, Olga Sullivan—pupils of Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

In Standard VI. Honor Certificates—Miss Bianca Ducasse, Suzanne Fleuret, Maud Keisler, Simone Rault, Hélène Tank-Wen—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Miss Yvonne André, May Britter—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss Marguerite de Pitray, Inès Pepin, Alice Toulorge—pupils of Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

In Standard VII. Honors Certificates—Miss Yvonne Florens, Geneviève Tank-Wen—pupils of Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Miss Olga Icery, Lia Tostée—pupils of Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss Madeleine Duchenne, Wilhelmine Toulorge—pupils of Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

W. T. A. EMTAGE,  
*Director of Public Instruction,*  
Mauritius.

Critical thoughts and words are usually un-loving. Therefore such criticism is poisonous,—always to the one who expresses it, and often to the one who hears it. But it is so popular! Try to live one day without speaking a critical word, or thinking a critical thought, of any human being, and see if the habit of criticism has not been popular with you. It is so subtle, so inviting, so spontaneous, so attractive—and so deadly. Our sin-habituated natures are so shot through with this poison that only a miracle of change can help us. Christ will work the change. When He is overwhelming us with his infilling presence, we do not poisonously criticize, we cleansingly love.

Much of our human fret and flurry comes from desperate efforts to straighten out tangles that only become worse as we tug at them. The fish-line caught in a bush, the skein of worsted badly handled, the confusion of diverse and positive opinions,—how all these tangles are cleared by some one who comes along at the right moment, and who knows just how to do it! In all our life-tangles we have access to One who will marvellously clear the crossing and recrossing and doubly-knotted threads, if we will not tug at all at them in our feverish way, but will trust them with Him for a little while. How good it is to know that He can do this, and to see Him at work with a touch so sure and gentle that, in the end, we can hardly realize there was any tangle! And it may occur to us then that there need have been no stress at any time if we had steadily declined to take things into our clumsy hands.

## Letter Box.

LISBON, PORTUGAL.

DEAR M. M. F.—

We have just returned from the north of Portugal and I have set myself the pleasant task of writing you a description of the trip. Our intention had been to travel abroad this year, but, owing to mother's health—she was again ordered by the doctors to drink the mineral waters of Pedras Salgadas, a Portuguese Spa—it was impossible for us to do so.

Our journey from Lisbon to Oporto was most enjoyable, as the weather was not too warm. The scenery was somewhat monotonous, except the country near Coimbra, which, being watered by the Mondego, is rather pretty. Coimbra is the third important town in Portugal and has long since acquired fame as the seat of a university. Its situation on the top of a hill, with a view of the distant Serra d'Estrella, is very fine. On nearing Oporto, we passed by Espinho, a seaside resort second in rank to Figueira da Foz. Unfortunately, the little town of Espinho is gradually being submerged by the ocean waves because of the flat coast in this part of Portugal, and poverty and distress are the portion of the people who have remained without homes here.

When Oporto came in sight we could not refrain from giving vent to our admiration. Although I had been to the city before, I found the panorama even more beautiful now. Picturesquely situated on the hilly banks of the Douro, though possessing few imposing edifices, the town, seen from a distance, has a fine effect. It is connected with Villa Nova de Gaia—on the opposite bank—by two splendid bridges, at a considerable height above the river. The view from these bridges is simply glorious. On one side, Oporto appears just like those pictures of the Swiss lakes, with its church towers peeping over the roofs of the houses, which seem to stand one over the other, on the very verge of the water, so steep are the streets. On the other side, the view differs completely. Villa Nova de Gaia, a lovely little place, with its pretty villas, cottages, &c., surrounded by luxuriant gardens and orchards, is more of a suburb than a town.

The most interesting building in Oporto is the "Bolsa" or Stock Exchange. Its beautiful marble statues, carved pillars, columns, ceiling and wall decorations claim the admiration of all who visit it. There is a saloon, especially, which, when I entered, looked like a part of fairyland. This "Salon Arabe," as it is called, being built in Arabian style, has a floor of exquisitely colored mosaics in Eastern design. Its vaulted ceiling rests on innumerable elegant columns, and the walls are ornamented with carved wood and mosaics, which lend a peculiar fascination to the room. It would take too long to describe minutely all the wonders it contains.

There is another room whose sole decoration is painted portraits of some Portuguese sovereigns, among whom I noticed King Louis I., Carlos I., Queen Amelia, and the young ex-King Manuel—whose portrait is fine. Looking at his manly face, I could not help feeling sorry for the youth whose short reign was so unfortunate.

The chapel belonging to the "Bolsa" is beautiful and has many valuable works of art. However, time and neglect have done their work—since the beginning of the Republic it has been only a show-place.

Another interesting spot in Oporto, is the Crystal Palace and its gardens, finely situated on a high hill above the Douro, and commanding an extensive view of its surroundings. The building resembles that of London, but is much smaller, although its concert hall, in which an orchestra plays almost every Sunday, is immense. The gardens are lovely, and animals, such as foxes, buffaloes, deer, monkeys, wolves, etc., are exhibited there. I heard it was a sort of zoological garden. Visitors, wishing to see a panorama of the district of Oporto, should go to the Crystal Palace gardens.

After a pleasant stay at "the capital of northern Portugal," we took the morning train for the Spa—Pedras Salgadas. The first three hours we travelled along the steep, picturesque banks of the Douro. On reaching the pretty little town of Regoa, which stands on the banks of the above-mentioned river, we had to change trains, and, much to our annoyance, the heat was scorching! You can imagine how uncomfortable we felt standing on the open platform, exposed to the broiling sun, for fully an hour, waiting for

the train which was to convey us to our destination.

From Regoá onward, our attention was attracted by the magnificent scenery—high mountains, deep ravines, and, occasionally, rushing streamlets, disappearing behind rocks. So absorbed were we in the enchanting view that we forgot for the moment the danger of the route by which we were travelling. The train does not go at any great speed in these places, owing to the numerous precipices and winding roads. On looking out, I noticed how high up we were, and I heard our fellow-passengers remark that we were at a height of three thousand feet above sea-level. The province in which we were travelling is called "Tras-os-Montes," and lies in the northeast of Portugal. The further we went, the more rugged and majestic became the scenery. It was curious to see the little hamlets on the summits of the barren mountains, formed by huts and shanties of clay, which looked the same color as the ground around them; and what was still more peculiar, animals, chiefly pigs, were seen about the filthy streets, going in and out of their owners' huts. I found it an extraordinary sight. The Portuguese are lacking in cleanliness, especially the lower classes.

After we had left these villages behind, we came upon one of the most majestic bits of scenery that, until then, we had seen. Before us stood stately "Villa Real"—"Royal Village"—all alone on a rocky height, which seemed as if it had purposely been cut straight down to the bottom of a deep precipice. "Villa Real" is almost entirely surrounded by precipices, and faces groups of high mountains on all sides. It is really a superb spot. I think it wonderful that a town should have sprung up there among so many wild and almost inaccessible mountains.

Two hours later, we stopped at Pedras Salgadas—our destination—a Spa, about three thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, and surrounded by mountains. The mineral springs, four in number, are situated in a lovely park, shaded by high trees and bushy shrubs. A pretty little lake and a rippling stream, flowing through the park, make it all the more delightful. There are six country hotels scattered about the park, and, during the summer months, the place assumes a bright and lively aspect, as numbers of

people flock there to take advantage of the mineral waters. In the "Casino" an orchestra plays every day, and there is dancing in the evening. During their stay, visitors organize all kinds of amusements, such as races, regattas, balls, games, excursions, etc.

About a mile's distance from Pedras Salgadas, is "Fonte Romana," another spring of mineral water; and very close to it stands an old bridge, the construction of which dates back to the Roman period.

In the vicinity of Pedras Salgadas, is "Fonte de Sabroso"—a spring of mineral water which belongs to a Mineral Water Company in Vidago. A few days before leaving Pedras Salgadas, we visited Vidago—a delightful Spa, somewhat similar to the former, but more picturesque. Its mineral waters are very strong and frequently recommended for different sorts of diseases. They are said to rival those of Vichy in France. Vidago has a splendid hotel—in fact, it is supposed to be the best in the peninsula. It was built only three years ago and can boast of every modern comfort and luxury. The location of this "Vidago Palace," as it is called, at the foot of a fir-clad mountain, and surrounded by a large park, is ideal. Two years ago, mother and I stayed at this hotel, it was the year of its opening, and we had a most enjoyable time. Our visit to it this summer was short, but I was glad to see once more the majestic pile, all alone in a vast, wild country, for, undoubtedly, this part of Portugal is still very uncivilized and little known abroad. I think Vidago Spa ought to be advertised in foreign papers for it is well deserving of a visit, as its hotel accommodation does not lack comfort, and the surrounding country is not without its charm.

As the train left the station and the hotel was fast receding from our sight and hiding behind the hills, I wondered if it would ever be my good fortune to approach it again. The view from the train, as it travelled higher and higher up the steep mountains, was superb. Far below were the hills and the village of Vidago, and farther west the mountains, at whose base the "Palace Hotel" stands.

Half an hour's run through lovely scenery brought us to Pedras Salgadas again, where we sojourned a few days longer, and then returned



to Oporto, proceeding thence northward to Vianna do Costello, a town on the north coast of Portugal, beautifully situated on the Lima, and surrounded by mountains, while its proximity to the ocean renders it all the more delightful. It has a good bathing beach on the opposite bank. We were occasionally invited by an English friend to cross the river in a little boat, in order to watch the bathers. Sailing on the river in the early morning when the air was cool and refreshing, and admiring the scenery on both sides—the town on the right bank, with its whitewashed houses, the green-clad mountains in the rear, crowned by two high pillars, a lonely chapel, and a large building—proved a real delight. In the distance appeared, in simple grandeur and beauty, a large group of mountains enveloped in a bluish mist, while nearer were row after row of pine-trees and bright green foliage, growing along the river bank. It was a picture which I shall not easily forget.

Vianna do Costello is renowned in Portugal for the exceedingly picturesque costume of its inhabitants, especially the women, who wear gaudy, quaintly-fashioned garments.

The women of northern Portugal are generally fair, graceful, and strong. The same may be said of the men. As a rule, they are energetic and industrious—far superior in these respects to those of the south.

We spent Sunday at Vianna do Costello, where the people have kept up their religious practices despite the ill-treatment to which they have been subjected by the followers of the Republic. We were privileged to hear Mass in one of the many fine churches in the town. The church was crowded with poor, simple peasants in Sunday attire, reverently kneeling and holding large rosaries in their hands. There they knelt, old and young, all silently recollected in prayer. It was a beautiful and edifying sight. I do hope those good people may ever continue to keep their Faith, and that God may give them courage to fight successfully for their rights.

Vianna do Costello can boast of a splendid institution—an asylum for the aged and unprotected, founded in 1784. No religious order has charge of the place now, although it formerly belonged to one. The chapel is wonderfully rich in paintings and engravings, and is all decorated

in gold. The benefactors of the institution, which is that of "Our Lady of Charity," or "Nossa Senhora da Caridade," have given large sums of money for improvements. We visited the interior and were quite interested in everything we saw.

No one who goes to Vianna do Costello should leave it without visiting the chapel and mountain of "Santa Lucia"—the best sight there. We had a very enjoyable drive up the mountain, a few hours before sunset, and, on reaching the summit, entered the little chapel, which appeared so solitary and still on that magnificent height overlooking a glorious panorama. Close to the chapel is a cathedral building, just commenced, but neglected now, as the work was discontinued by the Republican Government. At a short distance, stands a large house, which the owner had intended for a hotel, had not death cut short his career—and what an unrivalled location for a sanatorium or hotel! I was entranced by the majestic beauty of the scene presented to my view. Deep down lay the town on the banks of the river, which appears to wind between the distant mountains until its waters are discharged into the ocean, on the right. The scene was rendered still more exquisite by the setting sun, which, seen through a white cloud, appeared like a ball of fire gradually sinking into the calm sea. Our stay at Vianna do Costello was decidedly pleasant.

It is impossible to describe on paper the charming sights presented to our gaze during our journey farther north from Vianna do Costello to Valença do Minho—which was to be the final station of our trip. On one side, the wide expanse of the ocean, its waters breaking against the rocky shore—on the other, vine-clad hills and prairies passing in close succession, where peasant boys and girls, dressed in the quaint northern Portuguese costume, gathered the grapes from which such an excellent wine is produced in the north of Portugal. As the train emerged from a curve, the most glorious scenery that I had seen since the commencement of our trip, burst upon our gaze. A high cone-shaped mountain—similar to those seen in Japan—suddenly loomed up. At its foot, nestled quietly the little village of "Caminha." On the opposite bank the bare mountain stood erect, its ample

base bathed by the ocean waves. I was quite captivated by the romantic aspect of the scene. The train, at this point, turned inland, and, two seconds after leaving charming "Caminha" behind, we found ourselves crossing a bridge and going along a narrow neck of land, somewhat like an isthmus. On close inspection, I noticed that we were travelling between two rivers. We had just been passing the confluence of the Minho with one of its tributaries. This, of course, added to the beauty of the scenery. The farther inland we travelled, the more beautiful became the surrounding country. We were then on the left bank of the Minho, which separates Portugal from Spain, on the north. Nature has, indeed, been most generous to those northern regions through which the river Minho flows.

Across the river, on the opposite bank, was Spanish territory. Ranges of distant mountains, parallel to the river, dense forests and green pastures on which cattle were discerned quietly grazing on the Spanish bank, met the eye; while on the Portuguese side, the scenery was more rugged, the mountains rising straight up from the ground.

When our admiration was at its height, the train stopped at Valença do Minho. We went to a hotel and had lunch. As we were told not to miss seeing Tuy—a little Spanish town finely situated on the opposite bank and facing Valença do Minho—we took a carriage and drove across an International bridge, from which the view was unsurpassed. We were between Spain and Portugal. On one side was Valença do Minho, and on the other Tuy. The quiet river flowed beneath.

After an hour's drive, Tuy was reached. Having undergone an inspection by the custom-house officials, we drove to the cathedral, which is said to date back to the twelfth century—to our disappointment, it was closed. Passing through the town we noticed the difference between the Portuguese and Spanish customs. As there was not much time to spare, we returned to Valença do Minho. I must not forget to mention that a skirmish took place here between the Royalists and the Republicans, during the last incursion.

At Vianna do Costello, one of our English friends, who was returning to England, via Oporto, joined us, taking advantage of travelling

with us. The journey was pleasant and we were loath to part with our friend, who drove off to "Leiboës" to take the boat for England.

We remained sight-seeing in Oporto a few days longer, then, finally decided to return to Lisbon, where we arrived after a very delightful trip.

This is the end of my description, which, I trust, will prove interesting.

With all good wishes,

Very sincerely,

CLEMENCIA NOVELLA.

NICE.

DEAR M. M. F.—

Notwithstanding three weeks of weather which, for wetness, could not be beaten in the wettest parts of England, we are very gay on the Riviera!

The downpour has been practically continuous. Still, we are gay. Our flowers are all abloom. Pink and red geraniums tumble among their greenery over the tops of the walls. Lilacs, purple and white, raise their royal plumes in many a garden fair. Mimosa pours its molten gold from every branch of its trees, and green peas, which, at home—but not here—go with lamb and mint sauce, are heavily in pod. Dates on the gigantic palm-trees look already ripe. Almond blossoms shine pink and white against the gray hills; flowers with wine-red trumpets, whose names I do not know, ramble over the low roofs; olives glisten like black pearls among silver leaves. But I have never seen a laburnum, and I wonder why.

I wonder, also, how things can find the heart to look so gay in all this rain. But they do!

The hope that springs eternal in the human breast—and on the human crest when the bald man struts abroad without a hat—is the salvation of man and womankind.

We know that the sun will shine to-morrow if not to-day, and we prepare for it. Our faith is all of that type which removes mountains.

Carnival is coming—and Battles of Flowers galore. Our boulevards are ready. Besides the festoons of multi-colored electric lights, held up here and there by crowns, diamonds, crescents, gigantic grasshoppers and beetles, and other fancies, enormous butterflies stretch their jew-

elled wings from tree to tree all down the boulevards—butterflies whose radiance, by and by, will outvie the very stars of heaven, stars which, by the way, burn their blue fires through black velvet skies brighter and bigger than I have seen them anywhere else.

The small boy in the street is already whistling the haunting air of the "Marche Officielle." Women in dark little rooms behind shops are raking out remnants of rose and violet satins and silks—the two Carnival colors—and making them into fantastic dresses.

We begin our rejoicings by the entry of King Carnival, and we go on, and on, and on. Sunday and week-day, with but few intervals, we read the Riot Act, so to speak, till the final distribution of banners to those who have made themselves most amusing. Nor is that all. Till the very end of the season, some time in April, we keep up our revelries. It is a case of playing without ceasing—and we do it with all our might.

Of course, we do not all come here for play. To some it is a question of health, of life or death, and we look on at things at which we cannot laugh. It is strange to us who know only too well "the rigor of the game" of life, to come here and see a whole district, covering miles and miles from one country to another, and no man working more usefully than carrying another man's baggage, or opening a swing-door that he may walk in, or driving him to some place to which he could easily walk, and would have to walk if he were poor and not rich. We do not become accustomed to it in a day, a week, or a month, we who have lived in a world of real work.

Even the natives of this favored district are exempt from work as we know it in England. They toil not, except at cooking, cleaning windows, washing clothes, and carrying baggage—and, of course, they do not spin. If a Brighton or Bournemouth lodging-house keeper came to Nice, or Mentone, or San Remo, or Monte Carlo, she would think she had found heaven on earth. For though she could, and would, claim high prices for her rooms, beyond keeping them passably—but not particularly—clean, she would have nothing else to do.

The French landlady will condescend to make

you a cup of coffee in the morning, if you pay her well for her trouble, in addition to the price of your rooms, but beyond that she will do nothing. Even a cup of tea is out of the question, and unless you have a spirit-lamp and make it yourself, you pay a franc a cup for your precious afternoon tea, of which you drink three cups at home at a cost of a copper or two.

The Riviera is no place for poor people. Everything is costly, and, in my experience, becomes more costly every time I come.

But there is one thing for which to be thankful. A cough is a thing unheard. Whereas I read of whole schools in England having to be closed on account of the colds caught by the children. It is a fact that one never hears so much as the clearing of the throat here, much less a cough.

The musical voices of the street criers are an everlasting joy to English ears. Clear as bells, they ring out from lungs sound as leather. Notwithstanding the rain, of which we are getting far too much to make the Riviera the pleasant winter resort it is advertised to be; notwithstanding the cold blasts from the snow-capped mountains, which are themselves supposed to be effective screens from winds, the Riviera is a marvellous, a miraculous healer of all kinds of chest and lung affections.

At this season, its favored shores—which seem to have been created for delight—are at their best. Large numbers of English and Americans have come to enjoy, with the natives, all the fantastic revelries of King Carnival, to wade ankle-deep in the confetti, to pelt each other with the fragrant flowers of the South and to—in a word—forget care in the fullest enjoyment of the picturesque and historic festival.

Au revoir.

JULIA DAWSON.

AFLOAT!

DEAREST MOTHER:

I have not been sick at all—what do you think of that?—and to-morrow noon we land. Occasionally, I felt a trifle squeamish, but I was not "actively" sick, not a bit, although the journey seemed pretty long, at times.

The boat is most comfortable and there are some charming people on board. A mother and daughter from Boston are going to Berlin—the

daughter is to study violin. She is the sweetest little thing and plays pretty well, you can understand how interested I was in hearing her. Many of the passengers are going over to study music, one girl has a splendid voice, has studied a year with Marchesi, and also in Italy, and there is an exceedingly nice girl from New York, who is sitting opposite me as I write.

I must tell you about the Captain's dinner, last night. It was a very grand affair, most elaborate, as to courses. When the dessert was brought in the lights were turned off, and some waiters, dressed in character, marched in and stood at the head of the table, where were figures representing the Kaiser and Uncle Sam. Then followed a procession of waiters, each carrying an ice and a colored light, who marched up and down. We drank the Captain's health (water) and gave three cheers—the whole ceremony was unique, a novel experience for me, and very exciting for all of us. We have had races of all kinds during these days on board ship, dances, and even a masquerade ball; so our doings have been sufficiently varied.

The German lady who occupied the stateroom with me has looked after me as if I were a youngster of two. She has further helped me a great deal with the language and I can actually not only make known my wants, but can enjoy a little conversation in the German tongue.

I am dying to see Louise and shall write you from Berlin. We are getting in a day earlier than our schedule calls for, so I am afraid she may not be at Hamburg, but there are so many of us going to Berlin that there is no need for uneasiness. I have written so many letters and have left yours for the last so that I can assure you I have been all right the whole way over.

DEAREST MOTHER: ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

Did you receive the joint post-card from Louise and myself, written at Cuxhaven, where we disembarked? Louise was on the wharf awaiting me—and indeed had been there all morning, as we were either stuck or waiting for the tide, several hours. How good it was to see her and how excited we both were! I hardly knew my own name—we forgot all about the baggage and were leaving without it when some-

one reminded me. There was no difficulty passing the Customs and we were soon on the train for Berlin, where I spent two of the busiest days of my life. I dropped you a post-card—it was all I could manage—I wanted to hear Louise play—she plays delightfully, is a real piano virtuosa, and Louise had to hear me play—then there were the sights of the city, that simply must be visited, and Louise's friends to meet. I was on the rush from the hour we arrived, Tuesday at 12, until I left, Thursday, 11.26, p. m. Louise wanted me so badly to remain longer, but I felt I must lose no time in getting to my work. You will be charmed with Louise's work, it is no longer a girl's but a woman's playing, and she herself has developed into a splendid girl, so reliable and confident; why she looked after me like a big sister, and it struck me as so funny—Louise who was always such a mischief?

I was fortunate in having as travelling companion from Berlin, a Russian lady who was going to St. Petersburg. We were two nights on the train and one day, requiring two sleepers; the fare from Berlin was about \$20.00, one sleeper was about \$2.75 and the other \$4.00. I managed enough German to buy some postal cards and stamps at the different stations where we had any time, and to order my meals. There was not any trouble at Vorbei, or some place that sounded like that, where we had to show our passports and get our luggage examined. My Russian companion came to my assistance, but it was quite simple and I could have managed had I been alone, but it was very convenient to have someone with me familiar with the customs of the country. I sent you a post-card from there.

Rachelle and Miss Parlow met me at the Station when St. Petersburg was reached and drove right here. I cannot pronounce as yet—to say nothing of spelling—the terrible name of the lady with whom I am boarding—my room is quite large and everybody is most kind to me. There is a young son about Tom Day's age, who speaks a little English, and I try violently to talk French. Madame's husband is a retired general, with many medals, who was wounded in the Russian-Japanese war. I went out this morning to Mass at eleven. It was a Solemn High Mass, with the Bishop or Cardinal (he was all in red)

officiating. There are no seats in the church, and it was simply jammed, so the next time I shall go to early Mass, thank you. The little son of the house showed me the way to church, but I got back all right by myself. I tell our corner by a store that has a big picture of a cow in the window, and the street-cars by the numbers.

Rachelle is coming to call for me this afternoon—she is giving a tea for me at her place—is that not kind of her? They will be English people who will be there, and, after breaking my tongue over German and almost losing my hearing over Russian, real common English will sound mighty good to me.

Miss Parlow has been so kind and speaks English beautifully, so that is a great happiness for me.

St. Petersburg is not the least bit like any other city I have seen—New York, London, Hamburg or Berlin. Of course, the different alphabet makes everything look so strange. I went out for a walk last night with another violin student here, a pupil of Auer's, who had studied two years with Sevcik. We went down to the Neva and across the Bridge. There were lots of lights, and the city really looked more friendly by night than in the prosaic day time. The particular section where I am living, Bac. O., is the largest and most important island in the delta of the Neva. It is not too distant from the Conservatory to walk, and I expect also to walk from my pension to Prof. Auer's for my private lessons. I am looking forward anxiously to my first lesson, about which I shall tell you in my next letter.

MOTHER DEAREST:

I had my first lesson this afternoon with Prof. Auer and I played the first movement of the Bruch Concerto. He then asked me to play the Fritz Kreisler Caprice Viennois, when he said, "You have very many good qualities for a violinist." He then started me at the "Auer bowing" and said "that seldom if ever had he had a pupil who grasped his meaning so quickly"—for which I was thankful. He told me I had excellent left hand technique and asked me had I studied in Europe. Twice he asked me this question. Rather a compliment, I thought, for Mr. Blachford.

Prof. Auer is a fine old man, appears about sixty years of age. I had been present at his class lesson in the Conservatory. He is a wonderful teacher—his graphic method of teaching is simply extraordinary. The whole story can be read in his face. Among other numbers he was teaching were the two last movements of the Mendelssohn and the last movement of the Bruch Concertos. He stamps around and nearly tears his pupils in two if the right effect is not obtained, and one feels it certainly is stupid not to succeed when he has made it so clear. Now at my lesson—a private one—he was quiet and gentle, but I know he will soon get after me, too.

There are some perfectly wonderful pupils in Auer's class. One girl, Miss Hansen, is to give a concert on the 28th. of this month; she is really splendid. Then, there is a boy of whom they say Auer thinks more than he does of Mischa Elman. Francis McMillan, the American violinist, is here this year, also. You may remember he played at one of the Toronto Symphony Concerts, about two years ago.

I walk here very regularly and my health is perfect. The air is bracing, and though the thermometer registers 12½ degrees below zero, it does not mean the same degree of frost as on our thermometer. With the calendar out thirteen days, the thermometer declaring more frost than one finds, and an unreadable alphabet, I am somewhat confused at times.

I feel so much better now that I have started my lessons—it makes such a difference.

This morning, at church, I heard a sermon in French from an old priest, with a long white beard. It was difficult for me to follow, as you know, languages are not my strongest point.

I am very comfortable here in a large, well-furnished room. There is a full-length mirror before which I can practise, a large cupboard for my clothes and a little dressing-table, where I have a snap-shot of you stuck in the mirror. I pay a hundred roubles (\$50) a month for it and my board—the latter is excellent.

October 31st.

Mother dear, you'll be glad to hear I have been doing the bowing correctly. Prof. Auer is quite pleased and says I am getting along wonderfully

fast and that, for the short time, it is splendid. I had my lesson at eleven this morning. He gave me a lot of new things, as he said, because I had done so beautifully. You would be amused to see how hard I listen to what he has to say—I do not lose one word—am bound to get my fifteen roubles' worth every time.

Miss Hansen's concert was this afternoon. She created quite a sensation. It is quite exciting to hear them all call out Brava! Brava! Every one crowds up to the front, at the end of the programme—then the encores are given. She played the Kreisler "Caprice" and the "Schön Rosmarin." They clapped and clapped but she would not play any more. The lights were turned down, but still they clapped. Rachelle introduced Francis McMillan after the concert. He is very agreeable. I have met many of the students here and have been invited out a great deal, but I do not intend to give much of my precious time to social gatherings. Nearly all the girls have their mothers with them and there is quite a colony here. I have been searching for an English-speaking priest and, hearing of one, rang him up on the telephone, but he spoke only French. I shall have to improve my accent and enlarge my vocabulary for confession.

I must tell you of the lovely time I had at the dinner, last night, to which Mme. P—— invited me. I found my way without any trouble, and, first of all, the son, who speaks English, greeted me and introduced some other men, several of whom also spoke English. Then Mme. P. came in and spoke in French. I had no difficulty in understanding her nor in speaking to her; she was so kind and warm-hearted, just as Mrs. L. described her—"all mother." Then came Prof. P., who is a fine-looking old gentleman, and some other older men and another lady, who spoke English. There was also a Japanese, who conversed in English, French and German. Then we had dinner, and such a grand dinner and so delicious, the Russian cooking is delightful. There must have been eight courses. We returned to the drawing-room (their rooms, by the way, are most beautiful), and about half-past nine, when I thought it was time to think of returning home, tea was brought in and more delicious things to eat—no danger of my dying of hunger here.

Next Sunday, if the weather permits, I am to go skiing with them and they are to take me to the opera, for which they have season tickets.

You will be glad to know that yesterday morning, being anxious to go to confession and not knowing where the priest's house was or seeing any building that looked at all like one, I followed the priest after Mass into the sacristy. After a moment he saw me and turned around. I started out bravely, "Pardon, Monsieur, parlez-vous français?" He said he did, and I started to tell him my troubles. "Je veux me confesser nais il n'y a pas de père qui parle anglais et j'ai beaucoup de fautes nais je ne sais pas leurs noms." He laughed and told me how well I spoke French (imagine me!) and said, no doubt, I could "expliquer" to Monsieur La Grange, and told me where his confessional was, but I know he does not speak English, as I inquired of him over the telephone, so there is nothing for it but to make my scrap of French do service. I am glad I have a little familiarity with the language. Every one tells me it is more convenient to know French and German here than even Russian, and I find it so.

At the Conservatory class on Saturday, Prof. Auer asked me to play the accompaniment for the Bruch Concerto. I was quite excited but did not do too badly.

Later, 7.30 p. m.

Everything is going beautifully. I have just had a lesson and Prof. Auer seemed so surprised and kept telling me, as I did each exercise, that it was very good, and finally he said, "What is it, Miss O'Sullivan, is it that you are so intelligent, or do you work all the time, or what, that you have the bowing so quickly?" You can imagine how I fairly crowed, inwardly. He has given me "Tartini Sonata in G minor," and he said, "if you keep on every time like this, you can do anything." I remarked to Prof. Auer how wonderfully Miss Hansen played at her concert, and he said, "yes, she played charmingly, but, remember, she has been studying five years with me," and then he told me all the class pupils had been studying with him five, six and seven years.

Prof. Auer gave us cards for the Orchestra Rehearsal of the Tschai'kowsky Concerto with

Kathleen Parlow soloist. Safonoff, under whom Louise studied in New York, some years ago, conducted. He was very funny. Some girls were leaving when he was conducting, and he stopped and told them to hurry and not disturb everybody. Miss Parlow was, of course, magnificent. She is improved in every way. I had an opportunity to talk to her and she was so kind and interested. I had heard the Concerto played in the class, and I know it a great deal better than I did, so I was quite keen to hear it played by her.

This Wednesday we can go to the Auer Proba. Is not that fine? You know you cannot buy a seat for it, and Auer allows his pupils in. I tell you, Auer is the big man here. At Miss Hansen's concert she played a little "Romance" composed by him, and the people went wild. They called for Auer! Auer! until he stood up and bowed. It was quite inspiring.

I was shopping yesterday with Madame and got along splendidly, speaking French usually and, in one place, German. Of course, I know a few Russian phrases; oddly enough, however, they are for things to eat—so I shall never starve. My purchases included a pair of rubber shoes for the snow. We have nothing like them at home. They are very warm, cost five roubles and ninety kopeks. My rubbers were wearing out; the pavements here are awful, full of humps and bumps. Every one wears these rubber shoes to keep the feet warm; a little woollen cap for skiing cost one rouble.

Beside me is the Toronto Telephone book I unwittingly carried away. It looks so homey and has indeed been a great help to me, though I admit it is rather large for an address book.

The day I left Berlin, war was announced in Bulgaria, but here it's as quiet as a church and everything is most orderly.

It is much better to put the street address in Russian, otherwise there is the delay at the post-office of re-addressing.

What do you think, outside of concerts, is my great extravagance? An occasional moving-picture show! At present I am seeing "Les Misérables," in that way, and it is really wonderful.

I hear a noise that sounds very like tea—and I am always ready!

#### DEAREST MOTHER:

I was to the opera to-day with Miss Parlow. "Aida" (in Russian) was sung. It was fine, beautifully costumed and mounted, and the soprano was especially good. Here, between acts, every one gets up and walks around or visits, and, if you wish, you may indulge in refreshments. Some of the women wore low-necked dresses at one o'clock in the afternoon, although Russian women do not seem really to dress as much as we do at home.

Last night I went to hear Casals, the 'cellist, play. He is considered the last word on the 'cello. There was also a pianist. I did not care for him so much, but Casals was great. It was a sloppy night, and as there is no direct car-line, we took a droschka, for which we paid forty kopeks.

The night before last I was at Miss Starr's—her mother is with her. She is a Canadian from Nova Scotia and has been here four years. She plays splendidly. Miss Watson was there, also, another Auer pupil. All are delightful people, and we had such a pleasant evening.

The other day I went with the people of the house to see Jules Verne's "Three Thousand Leagues under the Sea," dramatized. The scenic effects were splendid. M. le Général would translate the Russian for me into French and I would repeat it to Mr. Block (another Auer pupil) in English. I can understand quite a bit of German when they do not talk too fast. It seems really to be more spoken than French, especially at the Conservatory. Prof. Auer teaches many of the pupils in German. When I go to Dresden I shall need all my German.

A week from Sunday, Prof. Auer is to give a party, and his private pupils will play. This will be the most interesting event to me, so far, because these students are nearly all Americans and some will return home this year, and some, after next summer.

Are you not ashamed of me? I have not been at the British Consul's yet, but I shall soon go. You would be surprised how the days are filled. With twice a week Conservatory—a private lesson—Sunday at the P.'s—an Auer Proba—the Casals' Concert—and my practising—there is not much time for dawdling. We are to go to the opera next week, when Shalapin, a famous and

wonderful basso, and some great soprano, are to sing. It will be real Russian opera. I am not trying to learn Russian really, but a few words do creep in, and I try them once in a while. I wish I could speak it.

Last night, there was an Auer pupil—an Englishman—Mr. C., up to see us. We played a great deal and talked still more. He is very English and, of course, cannot understand why there should be an alphabet of such different characters. He is so funny, without realizing it in the least, simply by being thoroughly himself, with the English intolerance of anything not John Bull, that I thought I would have a spasm, but he did not mind our laughing, and got back at me by making fun of my American accent, though he admitted he rather liked it. He plays very well. He had been in the Covent Garden Orchestra, London, for some time.

Oh, if you could have heard Palychin (that's what it sounds like) play yesterday the Scotch Fantaisie of Bruch's. He is the most wonderful of all the Conservatory pupils and just simply takes your breath away. He is such a bit of a skinny boy of eighteen.

Mother dear, I have been for luncheon with the Vogt family at the Hôtel de France. We had such a nice time. After luncheon I took Dr. Vogt to see the Conservatoire and succeeded in getting hold of some one to take us to the Directeur, the great composer Glazounow, some of whose works have been produced by Dr. Vogt with the Mendelssohn choir, if I remember aright. We talked to the Herr Director in German and in French, too, and I told him I was a pupil of Auer's. It was really a very satisfactory interview. To-morrow the Vogts are going to the Service at the Mosaic Church, where the singing is supposed to be very fine, and I am to meet them there at six o'clock, then they leave for Moscow.

Last night I went to the second Casals' Concert. It was a Bach programme and most instructive.

I must tell you about the Recital and party, last night, of Auer's private pupils. First Miss Zeulane (a Swede) played two movements of a Vieuxtemps Concerto. She was very nervous (they all were) and did not play very well. Miss Hosburgh played part of a Suite by Vieuxtemps,

which is not especially difficult, but she played well. Miss Given played the first movement of the Mendelssohn and was frightened stiff, but did very well, considering. Her tone was pretty shaky. Mr. Block played the two last movements of the same and did very well. Miss Starr, the Nova Scotian, who was quite the best, played the slow movement and the first movement of the Lalo "Symphonie Espagnole." It was nice and clean, and she played with lots of authority. Then, a good-looking Swede played Corelli's "La Folia," which I found rather dull, but it was played well enough. We then had an elaborate tea and spent a pleasant evening.

To-day, when at the Conservatory, I heard some of the numbers that are being prepared for the Jubilee. One of Auer's pupils is playing the first movement of the Tschaiakowsky, and a student of another master is finishing the Concerto; Glazounow conducts a Cantata for chorus and orchestra, and Auer is the Konzertmeister in the orchestra for that number. There are two piano numbers and a song.

There is such a nice Dutch lady here who has taken such an interest in me and has made an appointment for me to-morrow with Father O'Rourke, an Irish priest here. I am so glad. She also told me of a church quite near, to which I can go. She is not a Catholic herself but she gave me a card to a Catholic lady, who invited me to tea and who told me all about the churches and the different services.

I was at a concert on Thursday night, when Miss Mabel Cordelia Lee, an American, played. She has been a pupil of Sevcik, Ysaye, Tibeau, and Auer. She is extraordinarily good-looking but does not play especially well. She had a very slim crowd. It is rather difficult for foreigners to work up much enthusiasm unless they come with a big name.

You never heard such sounds as are coming from the next room. They are doing "Twelfth Night," in Russian, of course; you would think from the sound that they were at each other's throats—and I believe it is a comedy scene.

On Wednesday, we went to the Auer Proba and he played Sonatas with Essipoff. She is one of the numerous ex-wives of Leschetizsky, I believe. It was most interesting. You never witnessed such enthusiasm in your life. The people



here are mad over Auer, and really it was wonderful to hear him play. He must be about sixty-five—a very little man, but such tone and temperament, and such bowing!

By way of celebration, last night, all of us English pupils of Auer had dinner at the café; Mrs. Hosburgh and Mrs. Copeland chaperoning us. It was a grand dinner and cost us each one rouble. We were so jolly and happy and had so much fun trying to make the waiters understand, that we amused all the patrons of the café.

What do you think of this? At my lesson yesterday, Prof. Auer politely informed me that he wished me to play at his next evening for pupils. You can imagine my consternation. There is no making any excuse to him, and indeed I would no more dream of refusing than of flying. I suppose I looked rather startled, so he said to me, "Now, it is all right. This is not a concert and I don't expect you to startle any one, but I should like you to play." Of course, I shall very meekly play, there being nothing else to do when he looks at you in that tone of voice. So I and my little Kreuzer Concerto first movement will start off bravely in two weeks' time for the party.

I have just given an English lesson. Did you know I was exchanging English for German with Fräulein Rossmeyer? We started last night. It will be a good preparation for Dresden. My last lesson here will be on April 8th (Russian time) so, of course, I shall start right off for Dresden and get settled before Auer comes. He lives really at Loschwitz, about half an hour's ride from Dresden, but Mrs. Hosburgh advised me strongly to stay in Dresden if I wanted to work well. When the pupils are so near together as in Loschwitz, which is really the country, there are bound to be distractions; also, she says, there is difficulty in finding a suitable pension there, and it is much more reasonable, as well as much more comfortable, in Dresden. Besides, I would have to go into Dresden for church.

This morning I was at Marteau's Proba with the orchestra. He played the Beethoven Concerto. The orchestra also played a Symphonie by Mahler; privately, I thought it would never end.

Oh, mother, the party (Recital) is over—and was I scared? I almost wept on Prof. Auer's

neck. I asked him if I might play first to get it over. I was the only one of the new ones, except Francis McMillan, who had to play. However, the professor encouraged me and, after the first part, called out Bravo! and the audience was appreciative, but I was too frightened to know how I performed. Miss Calliente, a Swiss girl, played a waltz by Hubay. She has lots of temperament; then, a Russian boy played "Meditation" by Tschaiikowsky, and Minuet by Mozart; Mr. Block played part of the Scotch Fantaisie, by Bruch. Miss Starr played the Glazounow Concerto. Miss Thomas played the two first movements of the Saint-Saëns' Concerto, and Mr. McMillan played the first movement of the Goldmark Concerto and a fearfully difficult thing, by Händel. I liked Miss Thomas best of all. She does play splendidly, has been here two years, and was a summer in London under Auer. We had a jolly time after the programme and started to dance. Miss Watson and I danced to the Schön Rosmarin of Fritz Kreisler, played by one of Auer's best Conservatory pupils, accompanied by Mme. Stein. It was great. Then the same student gave us such clever imitations of Elman and Zimbalist's playing. It was very funny. He imitated the dance music of a real café music-hall artist, with all the exaggerated heart-throbs. Then, Auer sat down at the piano and played with him all the first movement of the Tschaiikowsky and something by Vieuxtemps, to show off his staccato work.

To-day, I heard Kreisler play the Elgar at the Proba, the orchestra conducted by Casavitsky—a guess at the spelling. The St. Petersburg critics, who, I believe, are the hardest to please, name him the greatest of all violinists. He gives a Recital to-morrow, and I shall hear him again.

Lovingly,

JULIA.

Advice about books is conveyed through many mediums. An unobtrusive little blotter, lying on the desk, has printed on the upper surface this test of the quality of a book: "If, when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no clearer vision, no stimulated desires for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book."

## School Chronicle.

### Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen! We write the words and set our faces towards three hundred and sixty-five unborn days. Each will come to us like a sheet of blank paper ready for the stamp of the events of our little day. How many small worries shall we write in water, how many words of love and kindness register in brass, as the year's scroll unravels? How can we tell! The angels even must wait to record them!

January the fifteenth—We had a rink yesterday, and to-day we have none. Last night it stole away like the Arab in Longfellow's poem and is now flaunting itself out on Front Street! We have only emptiness to contemplate where once nondescript Piekwickians glided, nolens volens, over a rink of ice!

January the twenty-fourth—This evening, a very informal entertainment was given in honor of our chaplain, Reverend A. McCaffrey, who, in the new order of events, is called to administer to the faithful in the parish of Port Credit. We regret losing our good, kind, painstaking chaplain, and we hope and trust to have the privilege of meeting him very often in the future.

The entertainment for Father McCaffrey consisted of a pretty flag drill by the pupils, a vocal solo, "My Ain Folk," beautifully rendered by Miss Ella MacDonald, and a chorus, entitled "Bendermere's Stream," by fifteen choristers.

At the conclusion of the programme, Father McCaffrey was presented with a purse by Miss Esther Flannigan, on behalf of the pupils. In reply, Father McCaffrey expressed his gratitude for the kindness that always surrounded him during the past six years of his chaplainship at the Abbey; and said that he would bear into the future many wholesome memories from these short and happy years; that he hoped that God would bless our lives and give us the gift of being faithful to Himself; and that we would always try to be promoters and not hinderers of the work that Christ came down to do here upon the earth.

January the twenty-ninth—We were privileged to-day in receiving a call from the distinguished

Jesuit and friend of Loreto, Reverend Alexander Gagnieur, S. J., Rector of Loyola College, Montreal. Father Gagnieur is a brother of Father William Gagnieur, S. J., who is devoting his life as a missionary to the Indians at the Sault and adjoining settlements.

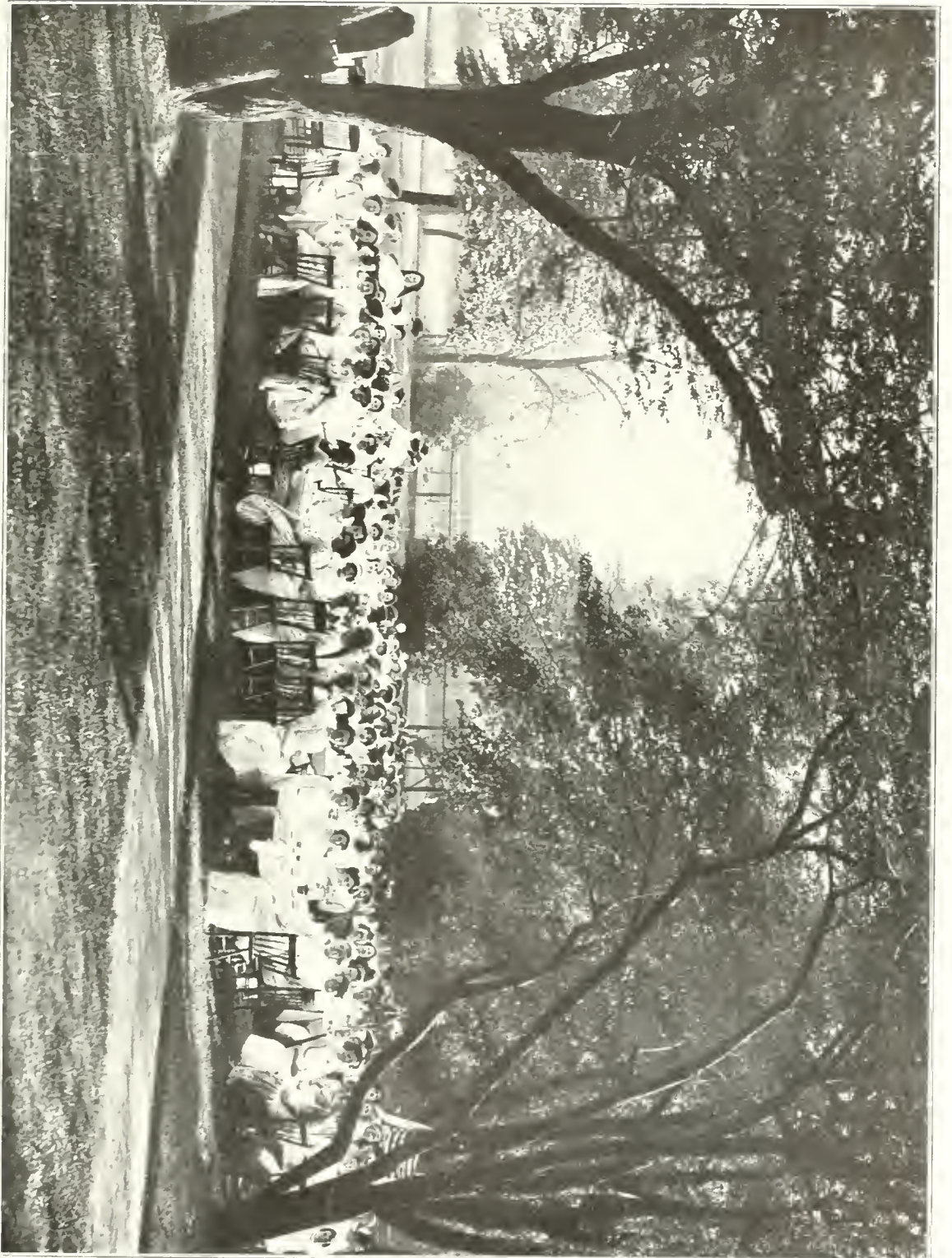
February the third—For days preparatory to our Masquerade, many events were casting shadows in the way of "dropped stars" and neglected "crowns." But when you consider that our Masquerade is the prettiest sight of all the year, you will not wonder at the elaborate preparations in stars and crowns.

At four o'clock, the masqueraders proceeded to the concert hall, where the Grand March was artistically executed by them to an appreciative audience of teachers. A formal reception followed, when each young lady was presented to Reverend Mother Stanislaus, Superior General. Reverend Mother received them in her gracious and affable manner and a feeling of joy and importance overspread each face at her dear, timely words.

At five, all in full mask costume, repaired to the refectory, where an exquisite and ample repast was enjoyed by the merry carnival folk. The refectory appeared a veritable fairy banquet hall, with its pretty decorations and dainty revellers, seated like the knights of old about grand, if not round, tables.

The following list gives the names and impersonations:

Miss C. Cosgrave (bride), E. Smith (groom), E. O'Brien (Old-fashioned girl), A. McAllister (Quaker girl), M. Brown (Girl of fashion), G. Murphy (Old-fashioned girl), L. Moore ("Loreto"), M. Cummings (Bunty), D. Furlong (French maid), J. Maloney (Gipsy), M. McKernan (Swedish girl), R. Hunt (Dolly Varden), A. Ryan (Suffragette), W. Rohleder (French maid), N. Madigan (Japanese), C. Coughlan (Rastus), M. Quirk (Aunt Chloë), M. Clear (Gipsy), E. Laidley (Irish girl), M. Flannigan (Cinderella), M. Burns (Spanish girl), H. MacDonald (Japanese), E. Cosgrave (Topsy), E. Rodway (Gipsy), N. Laidley (Children's friend), M. Laidley (School-girl), M. O'Reilly (College girl), E. Street (Old-fashioned girl), E. McDonald (Dolly Varden), H. Hagan (Gipsy), C. Sanve (Widow), A. Barthel-



LAWN FÊTE, LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.



mes (Gipsy), M. Hogan (Belgian girl), A. Painchand (Spanish girl), A. Alguire (Little Lord Fauntleroy), C. Parker (Fashion), E. Barry (Girl of fashion), M. Loy (Queen of Hearts), A. Millar (Chinese), S. McMahon (Irish girl), M. Lynch (Beautiful Doll), C. Gallagher (Butterfly), G. Vermitt (France), J. Harris (Winter), M. Twohey (Pop-corn girl), K. Moran (Bathing girl), A. Torpey (Grecian girl), B. Smith (Summer), G. Wilson (Style), A. McConnell (Childhood days), V. Hubbert (Fashion), C. Dwyer (Dolly Varden), L. Kelly (Age), M. Munn (Evangeline), M. Smythe (A Quaker), N. Fehr (King of Hearts), M. Smith (Italian girl), H. Vallancourt (Flower girl), M. Bonner (Quaker), H. Whalen (Little Girl in Blue), B. Barthelmes (Southern mammy), L. Rodway (Baby), M. Quilty (Infancy), E. Griffin (U. S.), A. De Foe (Witch), E. Flannigan (Indian), K. O'Rilley (Clown), G. McGee (French girl), W. Rodway (Style), K. Quilty (Evening star), D. Hannuil (Dutch girl), C. Healy (Baby), W. Raino (Old Fashion), A. Morrissey (Tennis girl), A. Boyd (Fashionable girl), A. Lamey (Tennis girl), H. O'Connor (Angel), M. Doyle (Beautiful doll), O. O'Shea (Fads), G. Gallahan (Ireland), M. Downey (Indian girl).

February the fourth—This afternoon, Mr. Arthur Friedheim favored us with a piano Recital. It would be impossible to describe the grand and beautiful character of his playing. He swept the strings and they thrilled with an ecstatic meaning. His playing possessed all the fascination of genius and we fully realized the privilege of being present at the Abbey to hear the famous artist play. The programme was as follows:

1. Sonata op. 27, No. 2.....*Beethoven*  
(Moonlight)
2. (a) Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude. *Liszt*  
(b) If I were a Bird.....*Menselt*  
(c) Prélude .....  
(d) Étude op. 25, No. 1.....  
(e) Étude op. 10, No. 5.....  
(f) Étude op. 10, No. 11.....  
(g) Étude op. 10, No. 12.....  
} *Chopin*
3. (g) On the Lake of Wallenstadt. } *Liszt*  
(h) Rhapsody No. 9.....  
(Pesther Carnival)
4. Don Juan Fantasie.....*Liszt*

February the eighth—Father Drummond, S. J., of Guelph, addressed the young ladies in the chapel this morning, taking for his subject, "The Spirit of Lent." He said that the world might be classified into self-pleasers, men-pleasers and God-pleasers. He passed lightly over the class of self-pleasers. This section is the disappointed portion of the great human family. So also men-pleasers must fare only likewise in the unprofitable attempt to please a fickle race. The members of the last class are the only blessed ones of the earth—reaping the hundredfold in their gracious covenant with the sinless Son of God.

Father Drummond was on his way to Montreal to preach the Lenten sermons in the Gesù. Just to hear the eloquent orator is to wish for more, and it is not difficult to prophesy that a large audience will find its way to the Gesù during these Lenten days.

February the ninth—We went out to St. Patrick's to hear "Pilate's Daughter." It was a pleasure of the dearest nature, for the play was presented in such a perfect manner that the reality of the experiences enacted before us was almost hypnotic in effect. The lessons inculcated by the beautiful daughter of Pilate as she exhorted her companions, on the eve of her martyrdom, to remain true to Christ, were grandly inspiring. Too much praise cannot be given to all concerned, to the Reverend F. Connelly, C. SS. R., in charge and whose direction effected these excellent results, to the young players themselves for the many pleasing evidences of very high histrionic ability.

Miss Teresa McKenna, as Afra, a sorceress; Miss Josephine Bulger, as Claudia, Pilate's daughter; Miss Cecile McKenna, as Rebecca; Miss Christina Collins, as Leah; were superb in their rôles. We hope we shall be able to go to St. Patrick's soon again.

February fourteenth—We were delighted to see to-day the bright face and beaming eyes of our former pupil, Miss Beatrice Frawley, from Sudbury. Miss Beatrice, "when she runs down to Toronto," speaks of her "northern home" with such goût and in such accents of admiration that one feels like running up to Sudbury to carry off a spark of the enthusiasm. Why!—it is the secret and the charm of youth enthusiasm!

February the seventeenth—The sad tidings of death reached us this morning from Guelph. At 8.30, a. m., M. M. Mont Carmel McGann, passed resignedly and peacefully to God after a brief and edifying illness of five days. We extend heartfelt sympathy to her friends and to the Community who sustain her loss. R. I. P.

We also extend sincerest sympathy to our former pupil, Mrs. Kloefer (née S. Burns) on the great sorrow endured by her over the recent death of her husband, Mr. C. Kloefer of Guelph. The sudden and unexpected going out of this great and good man's life, is a universal loss to the citizens of Guelph. R. I. P.

February the nineteenth—Again the shock of death comes to us. M. M. Basilla Pigott, who had patiently borne the cross of suffering for some months, passed away peacefully this morning. M. M. Basilla is the first Religious who died at the Sault Convent. R. I. P.

February the twenty-second—A very charming feature of our school year of 1913, is the bi-weekly Musicales. This evening's performance was particularly enjoyable. If the players continue to keep putting off the stiff, nervous girl and to keep putting on the easy graceful girl, what may we not expect in the way of self-quests? It is good to get nervous—they tell us—but it is better to get over it!

PROGRAMME.

1. Liebesträume, No. 2.....*Liszt*  
Sprites of the Glen .....*Denné*  
DOROTHY SCHMUCK.
2. Cantique d'Amour .....*Liszt*  
NORA ROONEY.
3. Tempo di Minuetto .....*Zanella*
4. Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon...*Pape*  
MARGUERITE SCHMUCK.
5. Song, The Chimney Corner.....*Cowen*  
GLADYS FORAN.
6. Marche, op. 39, No. 1.....*Hollaender*  
KITTY O'RILLEY.
7. Frage .....*Nessler*  
Liebestäume, No. 1 .....*Liszt*  
LOUISE FOX.

8. Song, In the Time of Roses.....  
.....*Louise Rheichard*  
MONICA MCKERNAN.
9. À La Bien-aimée .....*Schutt*  
GERTRUDE RYAN.
10. Song, Summer Rain .....*Willcly*  
ALEXANDRA ALGUIRE.
11. Nocturne .....*Chopin*  
MONICA MCKERNAN.
12. The Lark .....*Transcribed by Balakirev*  
MARGARET BURNS.

February the twenty-third—One of the beautiful gifts from God to us at the Abbey is the Sunday sermon. For the past few weeks, Reverend A. O'Malley has been enriching, what Saint Teresa would call our "Interior Castle," by a series of golden thoughts. St. Paul, particularly, has been presented to us in new and pleasingly startling lights. Only a great lover, as well as a great student, of the Apostle of the Gentiles, could lay hold on treasures so variedly exquisite.

To-day, however, it was Reverend M. Staley who gave us the beautiful gospel thoughts in a pleasing, youthful way. Father Staley addressed us on the Gospel of the Sunday, emphasizing particularly the manner in which we should deal with temptation and the tempter. "The beginning is the end! Fly from the beginnings and the end will be victory!" His sermon was very beautiful and very instructive.

GERTRUDE MURPHY,  
MARIE QUIRK.

Happiness is not at the foot of the rainbow. It is the natural, inevitable reward of right living, of fulfilling the conditions under which we live and move and have our being. And further, it is true that happiness that has been enjoyed and lost—~~forfeited~~ by our sin or folly—may be regained. God is too merciful to have it otherwise. The years that the locust hath eaten may be restored, for in this world of sorrow, sin and suffering, it is graciously, blessedly true—

That men—and women, too—may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

**Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.**

Too late for mention in last issue of the RAINBOW, was a delightful reading of "Hiawatha," by Mr. Sydney Woollett. All who had the privilege of being present were conscious of a new charm in this sweet old Indian tale with which Longfellow has enriched the treasury of American poetry.

Miss Jean Sears, accompanied by Miss Geneviève Valencourt of Welland, whose guest Jean has been for some days past, visited former friends at Loretto, for a few hours, and favored them with some choice songs.

A brief visit from Mrs. Medlin (née Mary Lundy). All good wishes follow our dear former schoolmate to her new home in the north.

January the tenth—Reverend Father Michael, President of St. Mary's College, St. Mary, Kentucky, spent a few hours at the Academy to-day. Particularly rejoiced to see him were our two dear Kentucky companions, Miss Elizabeth Dant and Josephine Spalding.

January the eleventh—A few days' visit from Miss Nora O'Gorman, prior to her trip abroad. She and her sister, Kathleen, with other friends, will sail for Europe on February eighteenth.

January the thirtieth—To-day's pleasant surprise came in a summons to the reception-room to greet Mrs. Steevers (née Lucille Sullivan), and to offer felicitations to the radiantly happy bridegroom and the bride.

January the thirty-first—The pleasure we had anticipated in another reading by Mrs. Dunn, of Hamilton, came to us in fullest measure this evening, when we listened to her delightful rendition of "Vanity Fair." The promise of still another reading by Mrs. Dunn, before the end of the year, holds us in pleasantest expectation.

February the first—A glorious hour and a half of unalloyed sweetness, when Mr. Friedheim, one of the world's greatest pianists, entertained us with choice selections, superbly rendered.

Mr. Friedheim's devotion to his master and friend, Liszt, was evidenced by the fact that the programme opened and closed with a Liszt selection.

Among the many welcome guests on the occasion, were M. M. Loretto and S. M. Ursula of

Toronto and M. M. Augusta and M. M. Brenda of Hamilton.

February the fourth—As Washington's Birthday will occur in Lent this year, we have anticipated the celebration by making the *Mardi Gras* festivities include several tributes to America's great hero. The reception at five, the banquet at six and the grand march, followed by a well-rendered programme, were, as usual, thoroughly enjoyed.

Of the beautiful table decorations, the most attractive features were—a great basket of red and white carnations, surmounted by a golden eagle, placed in the centre of the table which extended the length of the hall; similar baskets, but smaller, at the ends, silver candelabra containing candles of the national colors and unique shield-shaped favors in which were inserted receptacles for the salted almonds.

At the conclusion of the grand march, when those who were taking part in the masquerade were in place on the stage, Cleopatra (Miss Florence Peterson) read the following lines, composed by our Directress, and the various characters came forward in turn and bowed to the audience:

"Of course, you are wondering who we are  
And whence we come to-night?  
A mystery lurks in our merry smiles  
But the mystery must be light.

Some of us lived in modern times  
And some in the long ago,  
And we come from different lands and climes  
To meet in this land of snow.

Some of us live in History's page  
And some never lived at all;  
But we're living now, and we're glad to be here  
In Loretto's concert-hall.

'Twas Martha Washington bade us come  
For George's birthday fête,  
Which comes in Lent—but we came now  
For fear of being late.

Now this is fair Calpurnia,  
Who dreamed of Caesar's death,  
And the gentle Desdemona  
Who died—from want of breath.

Cleopatra is my name,  
 I'm Egypt's famous queen;  
 And lovely Erin greets you now  
 From the land of shamrock green.

And this is the dainty Geisha Girl  
 And the Girl of the Golden West;  
 And this is Pocahontas,  
 Who loved the white man best.

And lovely Marie Antoinette,  
 Whose fate we still deplore;  
 Two charming Dolly Vardens,  
 And Madame Pompadour.

And Catherine of Aragon,  
 Daughter of Ferdinand,  
 With the lovely Minnehaha,  
 From the far Dakota land.

This is Aglaia, Psyche's child,  
 'A double April old,'  
 And this is the pretty Marguerite,  
 Whose tale hath Goethe told.

This is the gentle Celia,  
 With Gretchen and Gredel,  
 And this the Doña Ximena,  
 Whom Rodrigo loved so well.

This is the good King Arthur,  
 And little Lord Fauntleroy;  
 And this is the dear Cordelia,  
 And this is the "blue little boy."

This is the maid from the district school,  
 Renowned in Riley's line;  
 This is the girl of whom he sang—  
 'That old sweetheart of mine.'

This is the luckless Lady Jane,  
 This, Florence Nightingale;  
 And this is the fair Nokomis,  
 Who heard the pine trees' wail.

This is Betsy Trotwood,  
 Who chased donkeys from the green;  
 And this is Mary Stuart,  
 The dear, unhappy queen.

This is the fair Evangeline,  
 Who mourned her grievous loss;  
 And this is the woman who made the flag,  
 Our own dear Betsy Ross.

This is Preciosa,  
 The Spanish dancing-girl;  
 And this is little Red Riding-Hood,  
 And this a Folly Girl.

And Little Bo-Peep, who lost her sheep,  
 A Pilgrim, tall and thin;  
 And Buster Brown and Mary Jane,  
 Quite late in coming in."

February the sixth—One of the most instructive lectures of the year was given us this evening by Reverend Father Rosa, C. M., in connection with his extensive set of stereopticon views, portraying the various scenes of the lumber-trade in America. The richly-wooded tracts, fire-swept regions; recovered districts; primitive methods of felling trees, with the attendant loss of material, contrasted with later and more economic methods; the early means of transporting logs—the vastly-improved present-day methods; the hardships undergone by lumbermen while at work; these and many other points connected with possibly the most important industry of this great continent, proved an interesting and profitable lesson for which we wish once more to thank our kind friend, Father Rosa.

February the nineteenth—An enjoyable visit from Reverend Father Chestnut, C. M.

February the twentieth—Mrs. Mugele (née Stella Talbot), accompanied by her winsome, precocious little son, Frederick, spent a few hours at Loreto, renewing old friendships and making the acquaintance of the present-day students.

March the third—The requisite weather for a sleigh-ride having presented itself to-day, we were rejoiced to hear that at two o'clock we should be in readiness. What a merry, merry drive we had to Niagara Falls South, where we visited the confectionery, on to Niagara Falls (Clifton), then, up the river-road to Chippewa and home by the upper road, thus completing a belt-line!

March the fifth—The little people to-day enjoyed a sleigh-ride to Thorold. Their thrilling (?) encounter with an automobile, together with the entertainment afforded them by the kind Sisters of St. Joseph and their pupils, would



render us seniors envious if we had not such very pleasant recollections of our own recent drive.

March the twelfth—Two welcome visitors from Loreto Abbey, Toronto—Reverend Mother Stanislaus and M. M. Theodora.

HELEN FOX.

### Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton

Christmas greetings, savoring of frost and snow, seem an adjunct of Christmas-tide; but good wishes wafted from the sunny south seem to stir in us a memory of our long-lost Eden, and a longing for the lands of perpetual summer.

An exceedingly pretty card from Mrs. Waby, of the Botanic Gardens, Georgetown, British Guiana, South America, about a garland of hand-painted miniature roses, bears an artistic arrangement of feathery fern-tips and delicate, seedy grasses, with the silken treasure of the stephanotis pod.

This exquisite souvenir is also eloquent of the summer day when we made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Waby,—a privilege pleasing to recall, as it is pleasing to feel that they have not forgotten us.

January the twentieth—An event which never fails to arouse the keenest interest—The Orphans' Festival—a *matinée* performance of which was attended by the school.

But why does the gentleman in charge of the weather department persist in sending a wretched downpour on this occasion instead of the sunshine that falls alike on great and small?—perhaps we do not belong to either category. Surely he must know that convent girls though we are, our heritage from Mother Eve is not the less certain nor our desire for a display of finery, when an opportunity presents itself, less intense.

Leading the ranks in the face of difficulties was anything but pleasant—to the credit of those behind, be it said that they did all in their power to shield and protect what we held most precious, in a vain endeavor to hold an umbrella over us—which endeavor ended disastrously for plumes and ribbons, and, at last, almost caused a commotion. Heroic maidens we! Through wind and rain we struggled on, till just within a block

of the Opera House, some kind friend who had developed an interest in the situation, sent up the much-needed adjunct—to all appearance ready and willing to render the desired service—but, with the perversity characteristic of such adjuncts—that umbrella declined to ascend one inch, and, when urged, instead of remaining stationary, descended slowly and deliberately, as if, like us, it had almost lost heart.

Finally we reached the Opera House, and our sense of grievance against things in general disappeared when, to our delight, we were shown into the boxes. Exalted ladies we! seated in state!—oblivious of past woes—or gaily smiling at them!

The performance, on the whole, was splendid, and the part taken by the orphans—whose work was practically the feature of the entertainment—most creditable.

"A Peep into Fairyland," charmingly given, was evidently appreciated, judging from the enthusiastic applause. There was the Queen, gorgeously arrayed in royal blue, trimmed with ermine, accompanied by her tiny attendants—the dearest babes—one of whom I expected, every moment, to disappear into her flower-basket. And the pages! Well, they were mostly collars and ties.

Then came the boys' part. Sailors they were, and I am sure they would really have loved to sail the mighty main, then and there—but they did not. Some toddlers carried their swords so bravely and felt and looked so important, we wished, for their sakes, they could have gone on and on. But no, the next number on the programme was a recitation, by Master Aylmer Davies, a sturdy lad of eight summers, with a shock of golden hair, bobbed in Buster Brown style, and which, at exciting moments, served him in good stead. Of course, he was encored, and never did hero feel prouder of a hard fought battle than did my friend, as he disappeared a second time.

Lomas' Orchestra, Fellows' Grand Opera Quartet, J. H. Cameron, Miss Jean Mitchell Hunter, and the Dauric children provided the balance of a programme, which was most enjoyable.

February the second—That timid little burrower, B'rer Ground-Hog—or to give him his

more euphonious French-Canadian name, *siffleur*—that had been hibernating since early October, has his official coming-out to-day. He "kow-tows" to Old Sol in the sky above, gazes about for a glimpse of the possible shadow cast by his body on the still frozen ground, then, wagging his tail at the prophecy that, within six weeks there will be a superabundance of warm, sun-shiny weather, turns about to take another nap.

But whether he remains or flits back to his comfortable quarters—whether our latest novelty—a snowless winter—continues or not, get out your woolly, woolly blanket, and your very warmest furs, for it will be c-c-c-o-old.

February the fourth—This year, instead of the usual Mardi Gras programme, each girl dressed to represent a book. Following were the *volumes*:

Mary Gordon ("The Heart of Hyacinth"), Beatrice McBrady ("My Lady Beatrice"), Kathleen Worden ("The Odd Lengths"), Laura Leyes ("The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon"), Teresa Acret ("Little Joe's Scrapbag"), Marjorie Schwaller ("Rose of the World"), Rosabelle Smiley ("Priscilla"), Isolde Müller ("Ten to Seventeen"), Erna Müller ("Nicholas Nickleby"), Beatrice Wiley ("The Long Roll"), Kate Hanley ("The Ball and the Cross"), Alice Lahey ("The Lost Love"), Irene Carroll ("Oliver Twist"), Agnes Donohue ("Little Miss Bunch"), Jean Acret ("The Little Colonel"), Marie Hollaren ("Vanity Fair"), Mary Taylor ("The Little Stowaway"), Amy Hinman ("Evangeline"), Mary Oles ("Lovey Mary"), Gertrude Radigan ("Lavender and Old Lace"), Ruth Robinson ("Old Rose and Silver"), Edna Duffey ("Lady Jane"), Florence Weir ("The Ring and the Book"), Marie McCarthy ("Innocents Abroad"), Anna Doherty ("Anne of Green Gables"), Mary Lienhardt ("The Red Gauntlet"), Marie Egan ("The Sign of the Four"), Genevieve Doyle ("The Last of the Mohicans"), Clara Matthews ("The Abbot"), Hazel Whitfield ("Under Two Flags"), Florence Sweeney ("Goody Two-Shoes"), Ellen Dummer ("The Red Rock"), Zita Goodrow ("Tale of Two Cities"), Kathleen Eustice ("Ivanhoe"), Evelyn Blanchard ("Pickwick Papers"), Evelyn Harris ("The Net"), Marjorie Rankin ("The Light That Failed"), Monica McGowan ("Birds"),

Marjorie Quinn ("The Mill on the Floss"), Hazel Carson ("Lavender and Old Lace"), Anna Rankin ("Adam Bede"), Cécile Barry ("The Lamplighter"), Isabel Malone ("Round About Papers"), Loretto Beaudoin ("Upward and Onward"), Vera Foyster ("The Faded Rose"), Geraldine Goodrow ("Under Two Flags"), Marguerite Tracey ("The Eternal City"), Gertrude and Eileen Murphy ("Water Babies"), Marjorie Reding ("Grimm's Fairy Tales"), Janet McIntosh ("Little Women").

Not the least enjoyable feature of the evening was an impromptu concert, during which a rather peculiar sort of an organization—which, we were informed, was an orchestra—made its initial bow. We felt thankful for the information, otherwise I fancy we should still be wondering and guessing. Never in all my life had I heard such mournful tones as came from Katie's horn—which, by the way, belonged to the chemistry room—nor such melody as Kathleen managed—no one knew how—to evoke from her half-century-old harp; while Amy wielded her bâton as if she were urging on soldiers in the midst of danger, or driving a herd of reluctant cattle home. How I longed for a camera to snap her at one of her exultant poses when the violins were singing (?) and we—stopping our ears!

After supper—at which Reverend A. J. Leyes, Reverend F. Hinchey, and Reverend J. O'Sullivan were guests of honor—we merrily flocked to the concert hall and the programmes for the coming dance were quickly filled.

Just as the festivities were at their height and peals of laughter echoed through the hall, that inspiring bell rang out the hour. Reluctantly we turned our faces from the lights to reap the aftermath of a thoroughly enjoyable day.

February the eighth—Reverend Philip Best, O. C. C., of Englewood, N. J., was our guest for an all-too-brief hour to-day. "Father Philip," as the good Father is familiarly known, never fails to give tangible proof of his friendship for the Institute and never passes any of its houses by without gladdening the inmates with his presence. This visit was, if possible, doubly appreciated, as he came from the death-bed of his saintly father to gratify the desire of his many friends at the Mount.

Mr. Alban Charles Best, a model Catholic,

whose deep, earnest faith and singleness of purpose for the interests of the Church, especially in works of charity and the cause of education, had won him the respect and esteem of those with whom he came in contact during his long life, was singularly blessed in death. Beside him knelt the venerable Bishop of Hamilton, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., soothing the parting hour with the prayers prescribed by Holy Mother Church for the dying; his two sons, Reverend P. Best, O. C. C., and Reverend D. Best, O. C. C., the beloved partner of his life, and many members of the family. How touchingly beautiful the scene—how unique the passing of such a soul!

February the thirteenth—The Minims are exceedingly interested in their work and have manifested a commendable rivalry in the study of arithmetic—a rivalry which culminated to-day in an exciting contest, resulting in a victory—and well-merited applause—for Helen O'Reilly—the champion speller of the January contest.

The respective merits on both sides were such that we could not but feel sorry for the defeated, some of whom—notably, Merle Patrick—came perilously near to the winning-post.

Helen is now the proud possessor of a reward—a photogravure, entitled "Oranges and Lemons," reproduced from the original painting, by Fred Morgan, and which strikes that note of happiness which should always be associated with child-life.

February the sixteenth—Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by our beloved Bishop, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., attended by Reverend J. O'Sullivan.

Owing to the many claims upon His Lordship's time we had to forego the usual pleasure of the informal hour, so eagerly anticipated, but it is only a pleasure deferred, we trust. We shall look for it among our Paschal joys.

February the nineteenth—In response to an invitation from our esteemed friend, Right Reverend Mgr. Mahony, V. G., D. C. L., we attended, a few weeks ago, the first of a series of motion pictures in St. Mary's new hall.

To our delight, the elaborate programme opened with a life-size picture of His Holiness

Pope Pius X.—kind, lovable, pathetic beyond description.

With His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, we had the honor of being acquainted since his visit to Canada some years ago, but the face that looked from the screen was older, graver, more serious. Still there was the same expression of earnest simplicity and sincerity—of fearless honesty, founded on true holiness, the guiding spirit of the man, the diplomat, the priest.

St. Peter's, enshrined in prose and poetry, next came into view. How we longed to enter the great Basilica, kneel at the tomb of Peter, and, with reverential interest, feast our eyes on its priceless antiquities and superb works of art!

The galleries and art treasures of the Vatican, the Vatican gardens—in which we met His Holiness again—were eagerly scanned, but, when the Mamertine Prison met our gaze, its gruesome history sent a thrill of horror to our hearts. On the Appian Way we saw the famous Catacombs and recalled the sufferings of the early Christians; and, at a short distance, the Church of St. Paul loomed up.

To the Arch of Constantine a special interest attaches because of the approaching celebration, and of this we were not unmindful when the picture appeared. The Forum, with its crumbling arches and fluted columns; and the Colosseum, that greatest of architectural monuments left by the Romans, afforded realistic pictures of the faded glory of former grandeur.

To-day our interest centered in the Life of Moses—from the bulrushes to his glimpse of the Promised Land. The incidents were reproduced with a fidelity which was marvellous, and in such a manner as to create, for the moment, a sense of reality.

We congratulate Monsignor Mahony on the success which has attended his utilizing the possibilities of the new art as a factor in educational and church work.

February the twenty-third—This month seems to be rich in birthdays for Mount St. Mary maidens. Marie Egan, in the bloom of her eighteen summers, has beamed all day—especially when the struggling, panting expressman arrived with a box "from home," and she gazed at its huge dimensions. A surprise was in store for her table, at which the contents were generously

shared, and all made merry over the good things known only to birthdays. Many happy returns of the day, dear Marie!

February the twenty-eighth—We cannot but felicitate Genevieve Doyle on her lucky escape from a leap year, for had she chosen one for her initial appearance on this mundane sphere, she would be minus three birthdays every four years!—and, into the bargain, that wonderful party given by her table, on the auspicious occasion.

If our gift—a balloon—did not materialize, it was no fault of the donors, any more than the persistently ungraceful movements of the quadruped substituted. No offense intended, Genevieve.

March the first—A vagrant item of news has fluttered into the *sanctum*, to the effect that Mrs. Robinson, of Kenora—our dear Ruth's mother—was the winner of the prize at a contest entitled "Easter Extravaganza."

"Mrs. A. Carmichael was a luncheon hostess on Thursday, when she entertained some friends very pleasantly. A contest followed. Each guest was supplied with a card, on which were written thirty questions, with a query as to the answer, the first syllable in the second word of the title giving a key to the correct answer, and as the contestants were allowed the privilege of spelling the first syllable of the answer, Ex. or egg., as they felt disposed, it proved an extremely jolly contest.

Mrs. Robinson received the prize—a pretty silver egg-cup—for having the greatest number of correct answers."

March the second—A familiar figure, with icicles hanging from his white beard, who is followed by an Arctic blast wherever he goes—and to-day, by the Norwegian explorer, Capt. Roald Amundsen, of South Pole fame, who is to lecture in the city—has arrived and registered in bold, round hand—"Jack Frost."

The entry of the well-known personage was marked by scenes of animation and an accelerated movement on the part of all lovers of winter sports. Winter sports! The very words have an exhilarating effect! Skimming over the ice on winged feet—tobogganing, tumbling in the snow—plenty of it, glistening, crunchy white snow. So who cares if the mercury is buried at

the other end of the thermometer? We can have our longed-for enjoyment—a good skate. So here we are in toques, well pulled down over the ears, mitts, and sweaters—loyal subjects of King Frost.

March the eighth—During the Forty Hours' devotion at St. Patrick's Church, conducted by Reverend J. Barry, C. SS. R., of Toronto, we were privileged to visit Our Divine Lord in the Sacrament of His Love. Blessed hope-inspiring hour!—fraught with the refreshing dew of grace, fragrant with the celestial perfume of favors untold.

BEATRICE McBRADY.

### Loreto Convent, Madrid, Spain.

The pleasure of sending the College Chronicle to the RAINBOW and thus keeping up the tradition of the past, is deeply appreciated by me, dear Mother.

When school reopened, some well-remembered faces were missing—among them, that of Margarita Cavestany—your late correspondent, and our last year's "Head of the School"—the post is now occupied by Maria Suardiaz.

A new departure in our school programme is an orchestra consisting of about twenty violins, two 'cellos, five harps, and two double basses. This is not a very large orchestra, but we feel quite proud of our beginning. The members are all most enthusiastic and devoted to the study of music, for which they have marked ability.

Another acceptable departure will be the cooking classes—not yet begun, but to which we are looking forward with agreeable anticipation.

We were greatly interested in the last RAINBOW, especially in the description of Niagara, so charmingly written. We followed the writer through every nook and corner, at each season, and never grew tired, in her delightful company, of contemplating the scenic grandeur of the far-famed wonder. The sketch of classic Stratford amused us, and the little critique on Julius Cesar was of great interest, as we are reading the tragedy this term.

Carnival—just over—was unusually gay and animated on account of the superb weather—which we are still enjoying. The carrozas that

were decorated for prizes were original and effective, and those who took part seemed to amuse themselves to their hearts' content.

The greater number of us, however, spent these days at the College, where we certainly could not have enjoyed ourselves more. On Monday we had cinematograph, representing amusing scenes; on Tuesday, a long walk in the country—and lunch on the way. Altogether the carnival was a pleasant time, as the nuns did all in their power to make us happy.

With all good wishes for a joyous Easter.

ANGELITA DE LA TORRE Y PARRAS.

### **Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin.**

School reopened on the 3rd. of September. About one hundred and ten girls returned on that day.

On the 8th., Mary and Kathleen Pennell made their First Communion. The nuns and children were especially interested in them, as they are the grand-nieces of Mother General, the daughters of her niece and namesake, Frances Corcoran, whose school record in Loreto Abbey reflects great credit upon it. She was married to Major Pennell, in 1903. He came to Ireland for the first time in September, and all were anxious to make him welcome, as it was so good of him to undertake the long journey from Quetta, to gratify his wife's desire that the children should receive their First Communion in the Abbey church, and in presence of Mother General and M. M. Antoninus Corcoran.

A young Spanish girl, Enriqueta Danvila, who was at school in our convent in Madrid, came over with Mother Provincial, in July, looking forward to the pleasure of spending some time with the Irish nuns. Although she has travelled throughout Europe, she said that there is no place like Ireland—with the exception of the sunny land of Spain. She wished to return with the nuns, in October, but, as she is an only daughter, her father, who is a widower, found life unbearable without his darling, so in August he made his appearance for the first time in the dear old land. He was much taken by the Irish character and greatly impressed by the respect

shown by all to priests and religious, the men always taking off their hats to salute them.

During the fortnight Mr. Danvila remained in Dublin, he paid a visit to Rathfarnham, where his daughter was staying. The Abbey charmed him beyond measure and he said that it was his greatest pleasure since he had left his country to visit it. He admired everything about the place, the schools especially, which are so well equipped for the education, health, and pleasure of the children. The museum took his fancy and he promised to contribute towards it. It is no harm to remark that a Spaniard is a man of his word! The music had a special charm for him, and after one of the nuns had played a selection on the harp, he addressed her thus: "Sister, you must keep up your music, for when you go to heaven, Our Lord is sure to make you play for Him." On leaving, he remarked that he had only one fault to find, and that was, that the Abbey was not advertised sufficiently. He regretted that his daughter was not young enough to remain at school for a year or two.

On Sunday, the 17th. of November, Eileen O'Hogan's jubilee was celebrated. She was eleven years old on the 16th., seven of which she had spent at Rathfarnham. She was not quite four when she came. For four or five years she was the youngest in the house, and had all the privileges of that personage. For two years she did no regular work. She learned her prayers in Irish from Mother General, and began the harp, violin, and piano. The event of the jubilee was looked forward to for a long time. All the 4th. Division had a recreation day and Mother General had a grand party prepared for her. The children of her own Division, her two sisters, father and brothers, were invited. The table was beautifully decorated, and Mother General herself did the greater part of the decorating. At 6, p. m., the party began. Eileen and her father sat at the head of the table, next, her sisters and brothers, then the rest of her school. Every one enjoyed the party very much. All the wee tots arrayed themselves in caps from the crackers. There was great fun pulling the crackers. Eileen herself was half afraid to pull them. The 4th. Division had recreation until 8, p. m., when they retired to rest, having enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. Eileen re-

members nothing that happened before she came to school. As far back as she can remember she has been at Rathfarnham.

The Annual Retreat, which is so much looked forward to in Rathfarnham, took place in the month of November. At first, it was rumored we were to have it in October, but circumstances altered the course of events and we had to wait patiently until November. This year's Retreat was certainly not inferior to those of other years. It was conducted by Reverend F. Flynn, S. J., who had no difficulty in gaining our attention. The Exercises lasted three days—we had three sermons daily. Father Flynn always introduced his discourses by some little suggestion suitable and appropriate to the life of a school-girl. He exhorted us particularly to look to the feelings of others, always to be kind and generous to them, forgetting ourselves in our endeavors to be of service to those more helpless than ourselves. From the different suggestions, Father Flynn proceeded to the sermon, which was always beautiful. On one occasion he spoke on the subject of death, the common fate of all; he reminded us of how quickly death would overtake us, some, perhaps, might be hard at work, in the very prime of life, when the trumpet-call from God, summoning them to His Judgment-Seat to render an account of the life they had spent on earth, would be heard. We came out of Retreat very reluctantly, for our interest, to the last, was wholly centered in Father Flynn's sermons.

### Personals.

"Why did you not spell these words correctly?"

"Oh, I sometimes get *spell*-bound at the typewriter.

"This piece of lace on my dress is over fifty years old."

"It's beautiful. Did you make it yourself?"

"What was the Reign of Terror?"

"It was the flood in the Bible."

"An abstract noun is the name of something that you can think of, but not touch. Now give me an example."

"A red-hot poker."

"Well, I think I have as much chance of getting to heaven as you have."

"Not if I get there first."

"What is a pedigree?"

"Same as hydrophoby—something dogs have."

"My dear child, where is your intuition?"

"I haven't any. I'm only here a few days, and I didn't know what I had to get."

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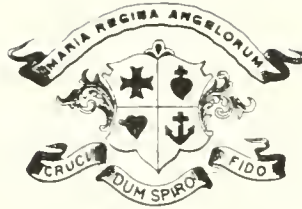




RIGHT REVEREND T. J. DOWLING, D.D., BISHOP OF HAMILTON.



# NIAGARA



# RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XX.

JULY, 1913.

No. 3.

**May-day, Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen,  
the Twenty-sixth Anniversary of the  
Consecration of the Right Reverend  
T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop  
of Hamilton.**

**A** DELICIOUS May-morning, breathing of lilacs and violets, full of the resistless charm of unpretentious beauty—the trees lavishly green—and a glitter of spring flowers in glorious abundance! The beautiful sunny outdoor world is wafting its scented greetings to every nook, the song of Spring is in the air, the sweetest earth song in our hearts, for our great and eagerly-hailed festival brings this year, as for the past generation of years, our cup of happiness filled by Heaven's blessing to the brim as we greet on this the twenty-sixth anniversary of his Consecration to his present See, the Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton.

Well did our revered, our beloved Prelate, choose for his Consecration the eloquent, the auspicious May-day!—May, symbolizing the spirit of his prayer, the spirit of his life-work—May, the month beautiful, dedicated to the Lily of Israel, the Immaculate Mother of God, devotion to whom has kept his lamp of zealous endeavor so brightly burning all these years.

Our Bishop of the May, in the unfailing goodness and kindness of his paternal heart, graciously confers upon us, each returning May-day, the honor of a visit that, while permitting us to offer our tribute of reverent gratitude, crowns the day's privileges and blessings.

When joyously preparing for His Lordship's reception, and as the happy day drew near and gathered to itself the thoughts and sentiments of

all who were waiting, ever present to our minds was the query—"How shall we honor the man whom the Lord hath delighted to honor?"—for hath not the Lord honored him who so happily guides the destinies of the flourishing diocese of Hamilton by enabling him to build throughout its length and breadth the numerous churches and schools that are the glory of his episcopal career! Hath not the Lord honored him in calling him to be one of the leaders in the great crusade of the present day—that of defending the stronghold of womankind against the foes within and without the sacred citadel!

As His Lordship, venerable in appearance, but bearing lightly and triumphantly his long fruitful years of ministering, appeared on the grounds, the convent portals opened wide in greeting and welcome. After a few moments' conversation with the Religious in the reception-room, he proceeded to the concert hall, where the following programme was rendered:

- "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus" ..... *Elgar*
- "All is Well" .....
- Floral Presentation.
- "The Dear Home-land" ..... *Slaughter*
- "Étude Mignonne" ..... *Eduard Schuett*
- "The Pilgrim's Choice"—An Allegory.
- "All on a Summer's Day" ..... *Silver*
- "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms" ..... *Moore*
- "Flora's Review in Flowerland."
- "Evening Hymn" ..... *Rev. L. Bonvin, S. J.*
- God Save the King.

At the close of the entertainment His Lordship, standing in the midst of rejoicing friends, a happy father among his children, addressed the pupils in his usual felicitous strain. He assured them of his pleasure in being present on this oc-

casation, and thanked them for having made it so enjoyable.

His Lordship would have maidens keep ever before their eyes the model upheld by the Church—the model given us by Our Divine Lord in His Blessed Mother, the humble maid of Nazareth, who was Queen of that home—one of the poorest, but certainly, the happiest that ever blessed this earth, and which must always remain a beacon to a weary, struggling world, amid its din and confusion. His Lordship would have them study the character of Mary and learn from her the contentment, purity, and supreme, abiding faith in God, which shone so conspicuously in her simple every-day life.

There was never a time when devotion to the Mother of God was more needed in this sin-stricken world than at the present day, when the hearts of so many women have lost the charms and virtues which become womanhood, and, under provocations of the age, cease to take pattern by woman's true model, thrust aside what was once held highest and best, and seek to rear, under the specious term of advancement, new conceptions of life and its duties. If woman is faithful to her trust she will go about her duties quietly, cheerfully, lovingly—and prayerfully—always mindful of her great responsibility, never forgetting her true dignity. Woman's energies spent in the home, shape the destinies of the Home, shape the destinies of the State!

His Lordship's words of burning truth will be carried in memory and effect for many, we trust, generations of years, to homes within and far beyond the Hamilton diocese.

May-day has gently glided into the fathomless abyss of God's timeless eternity, but it has left a heritage of grateful memories, which will linger long in the minds and hearts of all whose privilege it was to share in its joys—a foretaste, let us hope, of a happy reunion in the divine May-time of Heaven.

LORFETO

Few of us are fortunate enough to be put to the heroic test in a large way. But there are little heroisms—there are self-denials, self-repressions, self-abnegations that are possible to us all, every day in the week. The little things have their place, and a very important place, in our lives.

### The Empress Maria Theresa of Austria and "The English Ladies" in St. Pölten.

(Notes from the Annals of the Institute.)

THE Superior General of St. Pölten, Rev. Mother St. Julien—Countess St. Julien, formerly lady in waiting to the Empress Maria Theresa—received many handsome donations through the favor of Her Majesty. Of great



EMPERESS MARIA THERESA.

importance was the Decree of May 21, 1774, by which she obtained for the Community the lawful inheritance of movable property.

Rev. Mother St. Julien shared the innumerable sorrows which cast a gloom over her beloved Empress during the Seven Years' War, and, daily, she and her spiritual children raised their hearts in fervent prayer to Him who is all-powerful and merciful, imploring His aid. The Peace of Hubertsburg, February 15, 1763, was dearly bought with many great sacrifices for it restored to each belligerent the possessions he had held before the war, and, apart from the loss in men and treasure, the policy of the Empress was injured and the position of Prussia as a great power strengthened.

Maria Theresa was endowed with brilliant gifts, combined with firmness, dignity and



MINIATURE PAINTING, BY DANIEL GRAU.

THIS PICTURE REPRESENTS THE MOMENT WHEN DANIEL GRAU GIVES UP HIS DAUGHTER TO THE SUPERIOR OF "THE ENGLISH LADIES" IN ST. PÖLTEN.

strength of character, and, at the same time, thoroughly moral and deeply religious. Her life was an example to her subjects. She was entitled to universal respect for the justice of her administration, and, in the character of wife and mother she is deservedly proposed as a model to posterity.

This noble sovereign appeared to inherit all the spirit and magnanimity of her most renowned ancestors, united with a clear understanding, a happy temper and a captivating condescension. In the course of her life she experienced many vicissitudes of fortune; but her unflinching courage enabled her to surmount all difficulties and to elevate the house of Austria to a degree of power which it had not enjoyed since the time of Charles V.

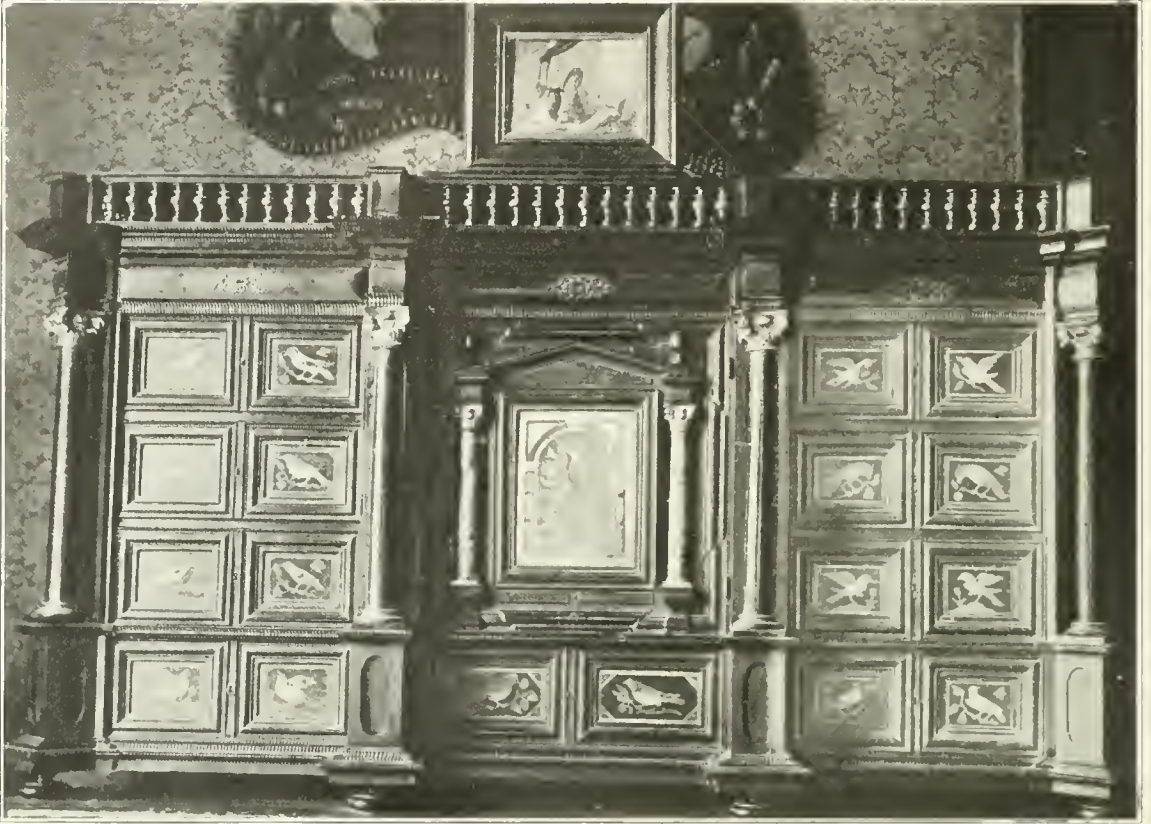
The torch of war was scarcely extinguished and the din of battle hushed when her woman's heart received its deepest wound in the death of her dearly beloved husband, the Emperor Francis, August 18, 1765. Such was the intensity of her grief that she wished to resign the government and enter a monastery in Innsbruck, but, finally yielded to the entreaties of her friends and continued to devote herself to the

welfare of her people, to whom she was a real mother.

A memorable event in our convent was the royal visit of September 2, 1769. At the same time, the Community was about to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of Fräulein Aloisia von Scherffenberg, and the church was to be blessed by Prior Matthias Alteneder.

The Empress, who was then making a pilgrimage to "Maria Zell," sent word that she would visit the Institute on her return. Her coming was not only a festivity for the convent but for the whole town, for, since her mourning, Maria Theresa seldom appeared in public. Probably she had forbidden a festive welcome, for she was merely received ceremoniously at the convent gate; still this simple reception did not hinder her subjects from assuring their Empress of their love and loyalty.

Her Majesty brought to the Superior General a souvenir of her pilgrimage—"The Visitation"—a parchment picture in a gold frame; on the back of which she wrote the gracious words: 17 Justitia et Clementia. \*60 eine Bekanntschaft von edlich 40 jahren, liebste Oberin, macht mich hoffen, dasz sie und ihr stift meiner in ihren



A MOSAIC CASE, PRESENTED TO "THE ENGLISH LADIES" BY THE CELEBRATED PAINTER, DANIEL GRAU.

Gebetten nicht vergessen werden, ich habe vor sie und all die irrige so wie wir es Versprochen gebettet und verbleibe alezeit meine liebe Sanc Julien, ihre alte gute freundin

MARIA THERESIA.

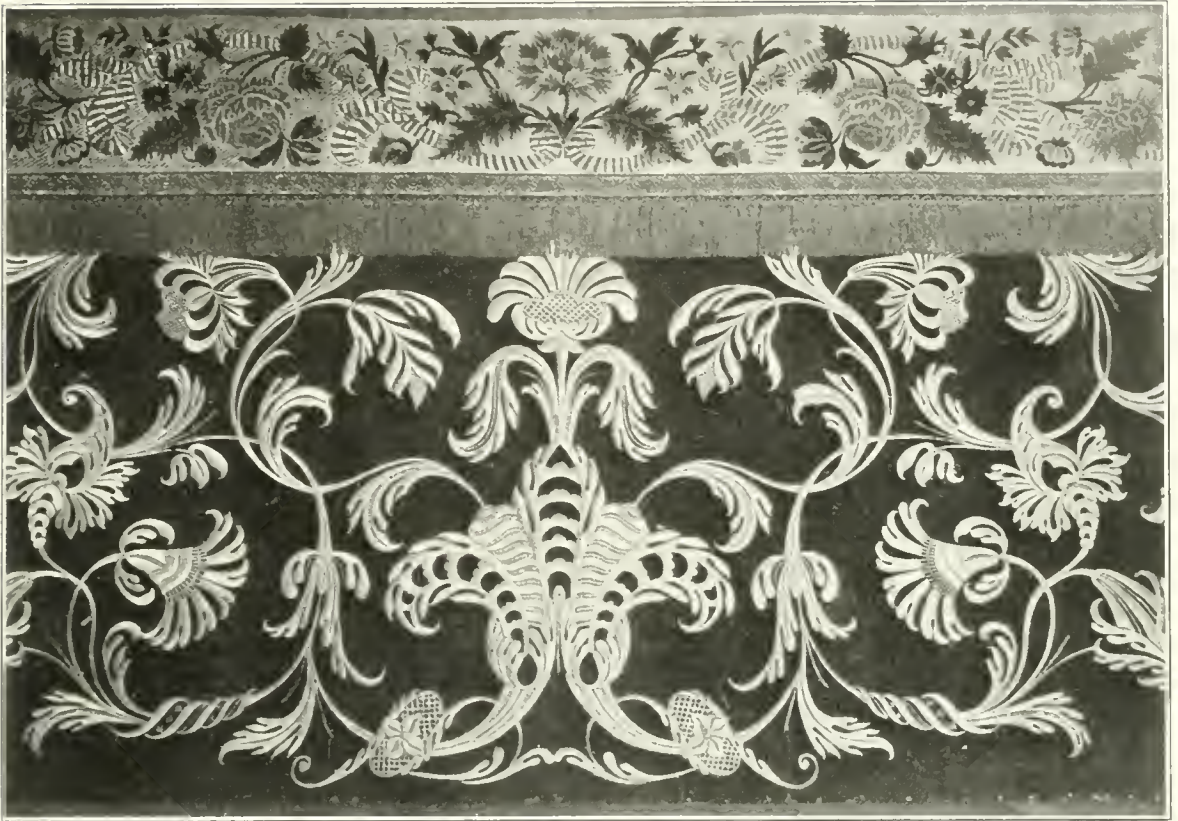
This visit of Her Majesty had still another important result. The chronicler continues:

Anno 1769, 2d September. As Fräulein von Scherffenberg celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her profession, the Empress was present and partook of dinner with us. Her Majesty said to Rev. Mother, during the meal, "I must have your Order in Hungary." After dinner she called her treasurer, Herrn von Mayer, into her room and expressed her wish to found a house of the Institute of "English Ladies" in Hungary.

Tradition relates otherwise. After dinner the Empress called on Rosalia Egghardt (one of the youngest members, a protégée of Her Majesty)

to say grace. Excited and embarrassed, the novice could not remember the words; but, after a slight pause, recalled them. When she had finished she went up to the Empress and humbly asked her pardon. The Empress laughingly replied that the prayer was well said and that she should ask now for some favor. Probably, by a sign from Rev. Mother, Rosalia understood what she should ask, and naively said: "Will Your Majesty have the great goodness to found a house of the Institute in Hungary?" This seemed to please the Empress for, in the following May, a little colony had already settled in the capital of Hungary and taken up residence in the magnificent royal palace "Ofner Königsburg." The noble foundress endowed the convent until the nuns removed to Waitrees, in 1779.

The precious life of the Empress was drawing to a close. Heaven mercifully spared her the grief of witnessing the terrible fate of her be-



ALTAR-ANTIPENDIUM IN THE CHAPEL OF "THE ENGLISH LADIES," ST. PÖLTEN, WROUGHT AND PRESENTED BY THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA OF AUSTRIA.

loved surviving daughter in France. She occupied herself with the thought of death and reunion with her husband. On November 29, 1780, the tolling bells announced the decease of the mother of their country.

It is not difficult to imagine the sorrow that overshadowed St. Pölten. In fact, the whole Empire was thrown into mourning and the funeral was that of a deeply loved and revered mother. Numerous funeral orations, printed on silk and parchment, are to be found in the library: worthy of special mention is the "Dirge," by Michall Denis, which was sent in a little notebook, with mourning cover: "An die Fräule von Haydn"—later, Mother General of the Institute. Strange as the ode may sound to-day, at that time it expressed perfectly the general sorrow in this one touching line: "Nun liegt—die Mutter Aller todt!" He then describes the great sorrow of all:

\*"So scholl's Therese todt! aus Wiens erschrocken Mauern  
 Ins Runde durch der Fürstin Erbe fort;  
 Hier mit dem Schalle banges Schauern  
 Und schnelles Leben dort!  
 Denn ach! was hatten wir! Und stralte mir  
 in Grauen  
 Der Vorwelt auch ein sonnenhelles Licht,  
 Ich fände seltne, grosze Frauen,  
 Theresen fänd ich nicht!  
 Theresen, wunderbar geprüft in Leid und  
 Freude,  
 Bis in Ihr viermal zehntes Herrscherjahr  
 Die grosz in Freude, doch im Leide  
 Noch immer gröszler war,  
 Theresen, die durch Ihre langen Herrscher-  
 jahre  
 Stets zwischen Gott und ihrem Volke stand,  
 Zu ihren Pflichten am Altare  
 Stäts Muth und Stärke fand,

Und diese Pflichten höher als ein Leben  
Schätzte,  
An dem das Wohl von Millionen hing,  
Dem Laster Ernst entgegenetzte  
Die Tugend hold emfieng."

The last lines are dedicated to the son:

Der itzt an Deiner Stelle  
Der schweren Herrscherlast die Schultern beut—  
Sein Herrschen sei des Glückes Quelle  
Der längsten goldenen Zeit. . . .

The bard lays down his lyre, weeping, on the tomb:

Wo Therese liegt—  
Von Ihr beganns, mit ihr verstumm es auch!

The Sage of Sansonei, who waged the longest and most successful war with Maria Theresa, could not but appreciate her greatness. At her death (himself in declining years) he spoke the memorable words: "Maria Theresa is dead—a new era begins!"

And so it was, indeed. Under Maria Theresa and Joseph II., the old and the new touched without uniting: now the new era entered with all its rights.

\* Austrian German as written in 1780.

### Roman Notes.

THERE lies in front of me a list of the various places in Rome the present happy band of pilgrims are visiting as I type this. I am at the moment far removed from my books and thus unable to verify anything about which I am not very sure, so for this reason I will confine my rambling remarks only to such as admit of no doubt. Perhaps an agreeable half an hour might be spent in recalling a few of my recollections of the said places, which I had the happiness of seeing some nine years ago.

I will not begin with St. Peter's. All my time would be gone ere my account had scarce begun. St. Peter's must needs have a chapter all to itself. I will begin rather at the first church which catches my eye, that of S. Maria degli Angeli, or as we call it, St. Mary of the Angels.

St. Mary of the Angels is one of the largest, most striking, most ancient, and most interesting churches in the whole city. The building itself

is actually part of the ruins of the Great Bath of Diocletian, that portion of which, surviving the hand of time and the assaults of invaders, still stands as firm and as imposing as it was the first day it was erected. Some four hundred years ago, under the direction of Michael Angelo, the building was first turned into a church and thus the pious custom of the men who first built it bore fruit after an interval of a thousand years. The men who were forced to labour in building it were the persecuted Christians, who suffered for the last time under Diocletian, and we read that as they placed brick upon brick they were wont to scratch a cross upon each in memory of their Saviour, and thus it has come to pass that what was intended as a Bath (in which all the loose livers in Rome were accustomed to congregate) is now consecrated to the worship of the very God in Whose honour the bricks were marked, over fifteen centuries ago. From an art point of view, the most wonderful thing to be seen in this church is the famous statue of St. Bruno, which is so lifelike that one of the Popes said of it, "He would speak only the rules of his Order forbid."

The church of S. Croce is quite near the one we have just been visiting and is also one of the oldest in Rome, but it has been so terribly restored that it is difficult indeed to realize its age. The chief relic here is a large portion of the Holy Cross, and, in addition, there are several other relics in connection with Our Saviour, such as one of the nails used in the Crucifixion, some of the thorns that pressed His brow, etc. A little way outside the walls, perhaps a mile, is another equally old and famous church, that of S. Lawrence, and one a thousand times more interesting, as we see it to-day in much the same form as it was when first completed. There is no more difficult church to describe. Originally, there was only one church and this was erected in such a way that the high altar was exactly over the spot where the martyr was buried. This was erected not very long after his death, but so great was the devotion shown to this saint that a second church was erected at right angles to the first. In the course of time, the end walls dividing the two, were removed and the second church then served as a nave to the first. The body of the saint is buried under the high altar and his tomb is visible. With him is buried St. Stephen.

There is a legend that when the coffin was opened to receive the remains of St. Stephen, St. Lawrence turned to the left in order to leave the place of honour for the newcomer, hence the origin of the title of "The Polite Spaniard," by which St. Lawrence is sometimes called. During his lifetime, Pius the Ninth had prepared for himself a beautiful monument in one of the most famous churches in Rome, but, as he lay dying, he begged to be buried with the poor and as simply as possible. As the poor are generally buried in the cemetery adjoining the church of St. Lawrence, this was the church chosen for his burial. A plain white marble monument marks the last resting-place of that great Pope, with the simple inscription: "Here lie the bones and dust of Pius the Ninth." Thus far the wishes of His Holiness have been respected, but the whole of the chapel in which he reposes has been turned into one dazzling wealth of beautiful mosaics, towards which Catholics in all parts of the world subscribed. In this church may still be seen in situ, one of the pulpits from which the Scriptures used to be read during the Mass.

One of the most ancient and interesting spots in all Rome is the Mamertine Prison in which Sts. Peter and Paul were imprisoned previous to their martyrdom. In this prison St. Peter penned his last Epistle, and here also St. Paul wrote those wonderful words of his: "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course." From this horrible dungeon they were led forth to die, the one, as a Roman citizen, to be beheaded outside the walls, the other to die like a malefactor on a cross on the spot where the great church, named after him, stands. Apart from its religious associations, this prison played a great part in the history of the city. Built as far back as 600 years, B. C. (or to be more correct, hewn out of solid rock), it served as the chief prison of Rome for many centuries. Here all the defeated generals were brought after they had been led through the streets of the city in chains behind the triumphant car of the victorious Roman general, and, at the entrance to the great Temple on the hill, near at hand, the latter waited until word had been brought him that the prisoner had been put to death. Then, and then only, did he enter to give praise for his victory. Not all the prisoners were so mercifully dealt with. The prison, in reality,

consists of two, one above the other, a hole in the floor of the upper being in those days the only entrance to the lower dungeon. Through this hole prisoners were lowered into the chamber beneath and there left to die of starvation. What famous men in history have been hurled into this place to rot away! In more recent times, since the place has become one of pilgrimage, a staircase has been built, by means of which one is able to descend into the lower prison, in which is a well, said to have sprung up in a miraculous way in order to afford St. Peter an opportunity of baptising his gaolers.

Circumstances alter cases. When I was in Rome I made a special point of visiting the church of S. Pudenciana, though I doubt if any other member of our party took the trouble. It is quite one of the most interesting of all the churches in Rome, and certainly, one of the very oldest. It takes its name from the daughter of Pudens, with whom St. Peter lodged and whom he mentions by name in his Epistles. The church is built on the site of the very house in which St. Peter stayed. Each Cardinal has a church in Rome under his care, and this happens to be the one under the protection of Cardinal Bourne (as it was in past years under that of Cardinal Wiseman, St. Charles, and many another great man and saint). For this reason, seeing that the present pilgrimage was headed by His Eminence, this church was one of those most visited by the pilgrims. Truly does one tread upon holy ground in this church, for beneath one's feet are the remains of thousands of martyrs whose remains were brought here from the Catacombs. The chief relic in this church is the pillar at which Our Saviour was scourged. It would be possible to write for hours on any one of the thousand and one places of holy and historic interest to be visited in Rome, of which one of the most interesting is the Colosseum. In former and happier days it must have been a dream of beauty to see that tremendous ruin clothed in ivy and flowers of some hundreds of different kinds. All these were torn up by the roots and destroyed, an act of vandalism which did more harm to the building in one year than the growth would have done in a century. Then, in addition, half the arena has been dug up, and as there is nothing to be revealed but the underground passages by which the animals and prisoners were brought

into the arena, it might well have been left to the imagination. But, in spite of the worst that has been done, there are few places which strike one with a deeper feeling of reverence and awe. There is a legend told of one of the Popes who, when asked by a King, then visiting Rome, for some relic which he might take back with him, led him to the Colosseum and taking up a handful of the dust, pressed it in his hand, and, lo! blood trickled from it onto the ground. Though but a legend, it brings home to one very forcibly how many were those who in this very place laid down their lives for the Faith which, perhaps because it costs so little to keep nowadays, so many of us neglect. With pagan Rome I have not time here to deal. Not that it is without interest. For nearly two hours I sat one day under the friendly shelter of the Arch of Titus and mused on all the historical scenes in which it had played its part. Even to-day the bas-reliefs beneath the arch can be made out quite easily. They depict the destruction of Jerusalem, which was predicted, and show the Romans carrying off the seven-branched candlestick, etc., from the Temple.

My time is running out but I must find a moment to write, if only a few words, about the Mother and chief Church of all. Many suppose this to be St. Peter's, but such is not the case. The headquarters of the Catholic Church are at St. John Lateran. Here are preserved the heads of SS. Peter and Paul; here, also, is venerated the table at which the Last Supper took place. Here, too, is the beautiful tomb, erected during his lifetime for the late Pope, Leo the Thirteenth, but as yet, his remains have not been removed from the temporary monument in St. Peter's, in which, when they die, the Popes are at first buried. Then, room must be found for a line about the great church of St. Maria Maggiore, one of the most magnificent in all Rome. Here the chief relic is the Manger in which Our Lord was laid. Then, again, there is the great church of St. Paul outside the walls in which the Apostle of the Gentiles lies buried. This, unfortunately, was almost entirely destroyed by fire, about a century ago, but has been rebuilt exactly on the former lines, and, fortunately, the part that escaped was the altar, beneath which St. Paul lies buried. A little beyond the church is a place called Tre Fonte, which marks the spot where the martyrdom of St. Paul took place.

This used to be one of the most unhealthy places near Rome, and the good monks in charge of the church there used to die off in great numbers. Of late years, a number of eucalyptus trees have been planted there, and the effect has been truly wonderful. Not only are the monks able to live healthily but they are also able to make a liquor, which is not only a good remedy for the ague which attacks so many in Rome, but is also most agreeable to taste. I know, for I had some.

Another famous church, outside the walls of Rome, is that of St. Sebastian. This is one of the most ancient, and has a catacomb which, until the more extensive one of St. Calixtus was discovered, about sixty years ago, was the only one known and visited for many centuries, from the days when St. Jerome visited them, and of his visit has left a touching description, down to the days of Dickens, who has left us another. It was to the catacomb here that the body of St. Peter was removed for a time when the barbarians from the North swooped down upon the city and threatened to destroy it. But once begun how is it possible to leave off when Rome is one's subject? I must, at all cost, find room for just one more, for it is to the untiring labours of an Irish priest that we owe the present condition of the wonderful little church of St. Clement. The church is erected on the site of the house of that saint who was, you will remember, the third Pope. About 1000, A. D., this building was destroyed during one of the many sieges Rome has had to endure. When peace was restored, the ruins were filled up with earth and a fresh church erected on top. After having been hidden from sight for nearly a thousand years, the priest in question had all the earth removed from the lower church, and one is now able to visit it. Nor is that all. Beneath this lower church has been discovered yet an earlier (though not a Christian) church, and this, also, one is able to explore, as well as some of the rooms of the house in which St. Clement lived. And here I will bring my rambling memories to a close, though without even mentioning scores and scores of other churches, each one of which has a history no less interesting. There is a saying, "See Naples and die," but a better one is "See Rome and live!"

H. ST. LAURENCE.

MARGATE.



### Wagner.

**I**N treating of many composers, it is impossible to deal with their lives and personal characteristics and let their works speak for themselves, merely touching upon them where they have a special influence on the course of life. In the case of Richard Wagner, however, the originator of "the music of the future," the figure around which have been waged battles and disputes as acrimonious as religious wars, in his case, notice of his work is necessarily interwoven with the account of his life. He is not the household friend, the daily companion of average musicians, as are Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Chopin, for the reason that he has done less than any other composer for the pianoforte, and his works are only to be heard in large cities, where artistic resources are abundant, and where it is possible to see and hear his music-dramas performed with all the accessories that Wagner himself considered necessary to their performance and apprehension.

Like a vast majority of men, distinguished as composers, Richard Wagner was born in a humble rank of life. There may be an intimate connection between poverty and obscurity, on the one hand, and musical talent on the other, though we cannot trace it, and are only at liberty to entertain the question whether, given the existence of genius, the harder conditions of life are best adapted to its development and exercise. This, however, we do know, it is from the cottage rather than from the mansion, and out of the more or less sordid existence in preference to circumstances of luxury and ease, that the great masters of music have sprung.

Richard's father had talent of a certain order, he acquired a smattering of languages, became rather proficient in French, developed a fondness for poetry and drama, and was even known as an amateur actor, but it was to the law that he devoted his working time, and his leisure to art. He rose to no eminence in his profession, but married and lived in a house known as The Red and White Lion. In this modest abode, on May 22d., 1813, was born his youngest son, Richard. The father died when Richard was but six months old, during the fever which followed the three days' battle which broke the Napoleonic power in that part of Germany. The

widow, comforted by the assurance of a trifling pension from the State, retired with her children to Eisleben and there, during a space of two years, just contrived to exist, having barely the necessaries wherewith to sustain life, until an old friend of Frederic Wagner's, named Ludwig Geyer, visited his dead friend's widow, married her, and lifted the family out of misery and poverty. For five years they enjoyed each other's company—and then Richard's second father went the way of the first.

The stepfather, who, in addition to being an actor, had become a portrait painter of some merit, had apparently discovered some artistic ability in young Richard and wished to make him a painter, but found him an awkward pupil. Indeed, he must have been, for the most part, a refractory young person. He was sent to a day-school in Dresden, where he received occasional pianoforte lessons from his private Latin master. Instead of practising scales and other exercises, he loved to hammer away at symphonies and overtures, with a most abominable fingering of his own, and soon his master gave him up as hopeless. Wagner himself says he was right—"I have never learnt to play the piano in all my life."

We are told that, as a boy, he resented control, and, as a man, despised it. At the age of eleven, we find him pondering over the plan of a gigantic drama, conceived in the spirit of Shakespeare, but intended to outdo by far the tragic pathos of that master mind. Wagner describes his tragedy as a compound of Hamlet and Lear. "The design," he says, "was grand in the extreme. Forty-two people died in the course of the piece and I was obliged to let most of them reappear as ghosts in the last acts for want of living characters." The piece was, doubtless, quite as ridiculous as this humorous self-criticism implies, but it nevertheless indicates, in its embryonic stage, that titanic struggle for the utmost expansion of artistic forms, which characterizes the whole of Wagner's career. It was when he had reached the age of fourteen that the whole musical world was exercised by the death of Beethoven. Public sorrow for a great artistic loss naturally drew the lad's attention to the dead master's music, which was frequently performed at the Gewand Haus. Witnessing a per-

formance of Beethoven's music to Egmont suggested to him the possibility of supplying a musical accompaniment to his tragedy of corresponding grandeur. This was somewhat ambitious in one who had not yet begun to study the barest rudiments of composition. But he borrowed Logier's treatise on Harmony from a circulating library, and, giving himself eight days in which to master the subject, set himself to the task. He had to combine his figures and puzzle out his counterpoint like "ordinary mortals" (?) and, indeed, he seems to have had, if possible, more difficulty than most people, for he was lacking in patience and quiet application, and his master had to encounter many difficulties with him. He learned more, however, from the dead master (Beethoven) than from any living one. Heinrich Dorn describes Wagner's passionate admiration for Beethoven's works thus: "I am doubtful whether there has ever been a young musician more familiar with the works of Beethoven at the age of eighteen." When Wagner heard Auber's *Masaniello*, in Leipzig, the effect was immense, and the young composer asked whether it would be possible to travel a short road to fame by combining the spirit and form of Auber with those of Bellini. The mixture of Beethoven, Weber and Marschner (three Germans) had led to nothing—he would try another compound. Success was the motto of our aspiring young man. He saw what was good in everything, and did not hesitate (he, the typical German master of the future) to preach the superior excellence of foreign art in its relation to the lyric stage. Here, for example, are some passages from an article, written on German opera by him for the "Journal of the Elegant World": "We (Germans) have in music one field which is our own property, that of instrumental music, but we have no German opera, for the same reason that we have no national drama. We are too profound, too learned, to create human and living forms. I shall never forget the impression lately made upon me by an opera of Bellini. Satiated almost to disgust with the continuous uproar and eternal allegories of the orchestra, I heard at last a simple and a noble strain. I do not wish to see French and Italian music in any manner oppressing ours; but we ought to remember there is truth in both and

guard ourselves against pride and hypocrisy. He will be the master whose music is none the more exclusively German."

At the age of twenty-three, Wagner married an actress, and at this time was offered the position of conductor of the opera at Riga, in Russia, with an engagement for his wife and sister. The offer was most opportune for want was staring him in the face. Sick of professional jealousy and the lack of artistic spirit which characterized the society in which he was obliged to move, he felt that something must be done, and resolved to write a great dramatic work. He wrote to the celebrated French librettist, Scribe, to supply him with the needed book, but no notice was taken of the request. Thrown upon his own resources, he determined to be his own librettist and fixed upon a subject, the appropriate treatment of which would require an amount of scenic splendor such as only the largest stages in Europe could supply. *Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes*, was chosen as the hero of his opera, and to Paris he went for stage and for public. Wagner does not strive to conceal the fact that, in *Rienzi* he aimed at getting the applause of the public.

In 1839, he embarked on a sailing vessel for London, on his way to Paris. The voyage lasted three weeks, during which the storms were so severe that the captain had to run into a Norwegian port. It was during this time that Wagner's imagination was so struck with the wonders and terrors of the deep that he formulated in his mind the scenes to be produced at a later period in his opera, *The Flying Dutchman*. In the spring of 1841, he retired from Paris to the village of Mendon and here he worked out *The Flying Dutchman*. *Tannhäuser* was written about the same time, and, though when produced at Dresden, in 1845, its reception was disappointing, yet its array of melodious strains, such as the "Pilgrims' Chorus," "The March and Song of the Evening Star," has probably done more to spread Wagner's fame among the general public than any other of his works.

The dream of liberty in Saxony being annihilated by Prussian bayonets, Wagner lost his official position and was exiled from the country for his share in the revolutionary rising of 1848-49. After a short stay in Paris, he established

himself in Zurich in Switzerland, where, as the conductor's bâton was denied him, he took up his more formidable weapon, the pen, and proceeded to enlighten the world on the subject of his peculiar views concerning the music of the future (future of opera). His work, entitled *Opera and Drama*, was written after he had already formulated and partly executed his greatest and most advanced work, the *Nibelungen Ring*, in the completion of which he was occupied for more than twenty years. From 1850-59, he was occupied in setting to music the old story of *Tristan and Isolde*, and the comic opera, the *Meistersingers of Nuremberg*. In 1863, he was allowed to re-enter Germany and witness a performance of *Lohengrin* in Vienna. During his residence in Zurich he was almost entirely dependent on the bounty of his friends, especially Liszt, for the means of existence. His letters to Weimar were full of complaints and expressions of despair and revolt against the nature of things. Put into the terms of common speech, Wagner said, "Support me in luxury while I do what work I please."

In 1864, the late King of Bavaria summoned Wagner to Munich to assist in reorganizing the theatrical and musical institution of that city. Here he lived for two years and witnessed an excellent performance of *Tristan and Isolde*, under Dr. von Bülow. In England, Wagner theories had been gradually making way. *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* were promised again and again, but the *Flying Dutchman* was actually produced in 1870. In 1875, a Wagner Festival was held in the great Albert Hall, London, where eight concerts of Wagner music were given. The artistic result, however, was not all that Wagnerians could desire, inasmuch as his music is, above all other, dependent on its concomitant stage-setting for the complete effect.

The crowning glory of Wagner's life was the great Festival at Bayreuth, in 1876, when, in a theater built for the purpose, the entire tetralogy of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* was produced. Wagner societies sprang up everywhere—all of them entirely without any move on Wagner's part, in London, St. Petersburg, New York, Brussels, Milan, and other places—and the result was the amount needed (\$45,000) to pay for the building was soon raised.

In the period subsequent to this grand triumph, he was hard at work upon *Parsifal*, a musical poem on the Grail legends of medieval writers. Its performance met with the same success as that of the *Nibelungen Ring*. On Xmas Eve, 1882, he revived a Symphony of his own, written at the age of nineteen. A fortnight later he conducted a performance of Mozart's overture to the *Magic Flute*. So, by a curious coincidence, his latest musical experiences were connected with classical forms of composition, which he was popularly supposed to despise.

Wagner had lived to a good old age, and had had ample opportunity of showing the world the result of his mature art work. His death occurred on February the thirteenth, 1883. His body was taken from Venice to Bayreuth. The gondola procession on the Grand Canal was a most imposing spectacle; the gondola containing the master's remains was draped with black and filled with wreaths, sent by crowds of admirers. The funeral took place February 19th., and Wagner was laid to rest in a garden of his villa, and opposite his workroom. His widow cut off her beautiful hair, which her husband had always so much admired, and laid it for a pillow under his head.

The future alone can tell the true value of Wagner's art theories. During the lifetime of such a remarkable man it was impossible for the question to be reviewed in the impersonal spirit necessary for a true understanding of the matter at issue. The Wagner controversy, so to speak, will be better understood if we take a brief survey of what music has been, and consider more carefully than usual what music is. Music sends its message to the human soul by virtue of a fourfold capacity. Firstly, by the imitation of the voices of nature, such as the winds, waves, and cries of animals; secondly, its potentiality as melody, modulation and rhythm, harmony, in other words, its simple worth as a thing of beauty without regard to cause or consequence; thirdly, its force of boundless suggestion; fourthly, that affinity for unison with poetry, that more definite and exact form of the imagination. Simple melody or harmony appeals mostly to the sensuous love of sweet sounds. The symphony does this in an enlarged sense, but it is still more marked by the marvellously

suggestive energy with which it unlocks all secret raptures of fancy, floods the border-land of thought with a glory not to be found on sea or land, and paints ravishing pictures, that come and go like dreams. It is evident that music of itself cannot express the intellectual element in the beautiful dream images of art with precision. How far it can be made to assimilate with other arts in directness of mental suggestion, is the problem that has given rise to the great controversy that has exercised the musical world of late years. On the one side is the claim that music is all-sufficient in itself, that its appeals to sympathy is through the intrinsic sweetness of harmony and tune, and that it does not matter much what the dramatic frame-work is, provided it affords sufficient support for flowery festoons of song.

The apostles of the new musical philosophy claim that art is more than a vehicle for a mere sense of the beautiful, that its highest function (following the idea of the Greek Plato) is to serve as the incarnation of the true and the good; that music when wedded to the highest form of poetry (the drama) produces the consummate art result, that in the organic fusion, music and poetry contribute each its best to emancipate art from its thralldom to that which is merely trivial, commonplace and accidental, and make it a revelation of that which is most exalted in thought, sentiment and purpose. Such is the aesthetic theory of Richard Wagner's art work. It is suggestive to note that the earliest recognized function of music, before it had learned to enslave itself to mere sensuous enjoyment, was similar in spirit to that which its latest reformer demands for it in the art of the future. The imagination, ablaze with the mystery of life and nature, burst into rhythm, which instantly sought the wings of music for a higher flight than mere words would permit. Music was then an essential part of the drama. When the creative genius of Greece had begun to wane, they were separated, and music was only set to lyric forms. Such remained the status of the art till, in the Italian renaissance, modern opera was born of the union with music drama. From this early start, however, degeneration again soon set in; the forms of operatic art became more fixed, absolute forms, as the solo, duet, finale,

etc., became fixed in the action of the opera without regard to poetic propriety; the growing tendency to treat the human voice like any other instrument merely to display its resources ended in the utter bondage of the poet to the musician till opera became little more than a series of musico-gymnastic forms, wherein the vocalists could display their art. Glück saw through all this superficiality the truth lying beneath, and the battles waged between his disciples and those of Piccini were as bitter as those between the Wagnerians and their opponents—and on much the same ground. Glück boldly affirmed that the object of music is to portray the emotional power, to heighten the dramatic situation. Thus, declamatory music became of great importance and Glück's recitative reached an unequalled degree of perfection. While it is true that all the great German composers protested by their works against the spirit and character of the Italian school, Wagner claims that the first abrupt and strongly defined departure towards radical reform in art was in the Ninth Symphony, when, at a certain point, Beethoven seems to say, "Henceforth instrumental music alone is insufficient, I must in future have the human voice as well." According to this view, we have in Bach and Händel the great masters of fugue and counterpoint; in Rossini, Mozart and Weber, the consummate creators of melody. These are thinkers in the realm of pure music. In Beethoven was laid the basis of the new epoch of true poetry. In the immortal songs of Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Liszt, and the Symphonies of the first four, we find the vitality of the reformatory idea richly illustrated. In the music-dramas of Wagner, his disciples claim, is found the full flower and development of art work. The peculiar hostility, the almost fanatical opposition to the Wagnerian influence, which is evinced in a good many quarters, is not so much the result of antipathy to any reform or apparent revolution in art forms, as it is the outcome of the hostile attitude adopted by Wagner, who called all true artistic ideas essentially German, and attributed the decadence of German music to the introduction of "foreign and trivial material."

Wagner's life was embittered to the very end by the fact that the whole musical world did not

fall down before him, that the state did not come forward with funds to bolster up what he called German art, but what was, in reality, Richard Wagner's schemes. Wagner's great mistake was a continual obtrusion of self into his artistic plans. If it be allowable to anticipate the verdict of posterity, we may say that, with admiration of his great ability and gratitude for his advocacy of much truth in connection with the lyric drama, will be mingled wonder at, and sorrow for, a constant assertion of self and an unmerited vilification of others, which scandalized the world.

M. L.

### A Pen Picture.

**I** WAS privileged to witness a touching and very impressive scene, not long since, in the sweet sanctuary of a little Catholic church, at that hour in the Sunday service the most sacred of all to the devout, when Holy Communion is being given.

On the altar, the liliated altar, white candles shed their mild, benignant radiance, the air of the church was solemn with the mysterious breath of incense, and the deep-breathed vibrations of the organ still shook the silent air in heavy flakes.

At the invitation of the priest, there came to the Communion rail a great crowd of people, who knelt there for that sustenance which the Church alone can give. Among these was an old, old lady, the head of a noble and distinguished family, the bearer of a spotless name, but now grown so gray and become so decrepit that she seemed more frail than any wintry leaf on a winter tree.

All the congregation watched in loving sympathy as the dear old lady, hobbling on the poor crutches that time puts on our bodies, came up the long, dim aisle and knelt at the altar. She was upwards of eighty years of age, and to see her in the church at all was a wonder. The communicant next to her, so it happened, was an equally old, old, old colored mammy, who was also looking forward to that brightening day when her long disquiet should be merged in rest; and there they knelt side by side, the aristocratic old gentlewoman, with the royal blood of France in her swollen veins, and touching shoulders with her the venerable mammy who had served her

through sickness and in health, through good report and through evil report, and who had never failed her, nay, had been there, faithful, even when "the madame's" own had deserted her. Presently she turned to leave the chancel, her sweet, wrinkled hands, shrived of all the taint of poor humanity, crossed upon her breast, and stumbled feebly over the way. But, by her side, was the faithful "tante Marie," with her long, skinny, black arms around the frail shoulders of her mistress. Together they had seen the Mays and snows of a long life, smelled its rosemary and its rue, laughed under its bridal blossoms, and now in the night together they had tasted the Cup of Life and come away from the Sacrament of the Last Supper. It was truly beautiful to see that aged black woman supporting the venerable aristocrat so tenderly, who, as they came to the door of the pew, turned—too old to think of audiences, too true to regard effect—and there, before priest and people, embraced affectionately her serving woman.

ANITA.

### A Child's Wisdom.

(A FACT.)

The little child of the golden hair,  
Of the rosy cheeks and the eyes of blue,  
Sat still in school—'twas her first day there,  
But she asked some questions, as children do.

The Sister told her of God Most High,  
Of Christ, His Son, and the Blessed Mother,  
The wee tot whispered, "Please tell me why  
You do not say who is God's Brother?"

"God has no brother," the Sister said,  
"For God is the First and the King of all."  
The little one wondered, then shook her head,  
'Twas a curious thought for a child so small,

That she thus uttered, in words like these,  
"You know the most, and I know the least,  
But I know something, and, Sister, please,  
God has a brother— he is the priest."

REV. M. CULLINANE.

God does not take care of us because we are worthy but because He is so infinitely good.

# 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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STAFF.

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On the twenty-second of April, at Loreto Convent, Hulme, Manchester, England, died Mother Assumpta O'Callaghan, who had previously been Superior of Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar.

Mother Assumpta, whose early years had been passed by Killarney's storied Lakes, possessed a rare gift of influence for good over all with whom she came in contact or who were privileged to be counted among her friends; and she had the art of reading and forming character in the young and of gaining their entire confidence, both during school years and after. Her devotion to duty never flagged—it was an incentive to greater effort to those who worked with her.

In August, 1910, Mother Assumpta was transferred to a larger sphere of work in Loreto Convent, Manchester, where she governed three houses, including fourteen schools, among them a Training College, Boarding and Day Colleges, and Board Schools; the pupils numbering in all about three thousand.

Attacked, last October, by the fatal disease that terminated her career, to the very last she took an interest in those under her care. She bore her intense sufferings with heroic patience,

and died, as she had lived, a martyr to duty, aiming always at the highest for the interests of the souls confided to her care, her motto being that of St. Paul—"I can do all things in Him who strengthens me."

\*

Loreto has part in Canada's mourning for the late Sir Richard W. Scott, Kt., K. C., LL.D., and begs to tender to his sorrowing family most profound sympathy.

His career made Canadian history of which we are proud: he was a benefactor to generations of Canadians yet unborn. The Nestor of the Senate, he carried with him into his retirement, a few years ago, the esteem of the third generation of contemporaries, and he has left behind him not only the memory of great attainments, but also of moral standards which were never lowered, and a reputation unsullied by even the suspicion of scandal.

During his whole life, Senator Scott was a devoted, consistent and practical Catholic, who never hesitated to proclaim his allegiance to the Church and to defend her teachings. Having exemplified his belief that all our thoughts, words and actions should be subject to the moral law, in other words, to God's will, Sir Richard Scott's greatness is immortal where the good alone are great.

That his noble soul may rest in peace, is now the prayer of much-indebted Loreto.

\*

We have much pleasure in reproducing the photograph of the world's greatest lyric tenor, Ireland's gifted son—John McCormack—who, being under contract, could not accept invitation to sing at Loreto Abbey, Toronto, but did the kindly act remaining to him, of sending to us his speaking rather *singing* likeness.

John McCormack redeems tenors of all ages from the aspersion cast upon them by Sims Reeves, the famous tenor of the past generation,

who asserted that tenors, mere human parrots, have no capacity for anything but—tenor!

Mr. McCormack is full of Celtic fire, with the Celtic imagination, the Celtic heart, and the Celtic tongue. There is a lilt in his voice, and a lament, that fit him to swing into either joy or pathos with quick alternation: he makes his song the outpouring of his own heart. Only those who know him intimately are aware how keenly he appreciates the generous support given him, particularly in the city of New York, and only those who have seen him weep like a child in the dressing-room at Carnegie Hall, following one of the many demonstrations of welcome and affection, during the season now drawn to a close, can realize how deep has been the impression. It was in appreciation of this loyal support, and, to quote his own words, "As an act of thanksgiving to the Almighty for His bountiful blessings," that he offered to give one-half of the proceeds of his farewell concert to the United Catholic Charities of the city.

We trust that, at no distant date, we may have the pleasure of welcoming Mr. McCormack to Loreto's halls.

\*

With pardonable pride, we may be allowed to reproduce the following tribute from the pen of an esteemed reverend friend:

"Do me the kindness to hand the enclosed subscription to the lady in charge of the NIAGARA RAINBOW and ask her to send the magazine to my address.

"I am full of admiration for the nuns of Loreto and of appreciation for what they have accomplished and are accomplishing to retain in society the Christian ideals of noble and honourable womanhood. Their work in Toronto has been of incalculable service in perpetuating the Christian conception of the dignity of woman and in moulding the minds of the young in the highest forms of Catholic thoughts and Catholic morals."

\*

Dr. Condé Benoist Pallen, the distinguished writer and literary critic—and authority on the

burning questions of to-day—considers the forgetting of God, of original sin, and of the Redemption, as the three defects of modern education. "Education of the mind, without education of the heart and soul, conduces," he says, "to the many complex problems that now confront men and women, and one of the outward signs of the spiritual disorder of the times is embodied in the three small words—'votes for women.' . . . This is the hectic flush on the cheek of womanhood that indicates internal disorder. . . . The economic independence of woman will lead to a cleft in the family that will be ruinous to the unity and strength of the family."

\*

The original of "Little Dorrit"—Mary Ann Cooper—in Dickens' famous story, passed away recently at the age of one hundred years. The novelist and she were playmates together in their childhood at Somerstown.

When "Little Dorrit" was issued serially, 1855-1857, its readers eagerly awaited the appearance of each instalment, and the description of William Dorrit's protracted captivity in the Marshalsea prison, through the indignation it evoked, had an effect that was far-reaching in bringing about prison reform. But it must have been beyond the wildest dreams of Dickens' little playmate that the boy who skated, rolled a hoop or entered with zest into a game of blind man's buff, would one day confer upon her a literary immortality, almost comparable with that which has been the portion of Dante's Beatrice, or Petrarch's Laura, or Burns' Jean.

Instead of inheriting imperishable renown in the person of her literary counterpart, how easy it would have been for Mary Ann Cooper to remain forever among "the forgotten millions." What was she among so many in the same street, village, parish, or kingdom? Yet by proxy she is known around the world, wherever an English book is read, and the tongue of Milton and Shakespeare is spoken. She takes her place for

ever among a gallery of types who are more real than living people. Her fame shall not fail, nor her glory fade, as long as David Copperfield, Little Nell, Pickwick, Sairey Gamp and Nicholas Nickleby shall live. A renown not of her seeking shall keep the memory green of the little girl who was the playmate of Charles Dickens.

\*

It is good to be womanly, but it is rather a pity that the term "ladylike" has passed out of use as expressive of all those necessary qualities which mark the dignified young person. It really carries many meanings which are not found in the word "womanly." To be ladylike as one understood it, meant to be quiet, gentle, gracious, kind and sweet; surely a girl who is all these, must perforce be womanly also.

One regrets the passing of the term all the more since so many admirable things seem to have passed with it. The quiet girl—ladylike, if you will—has given place, in the majority of instances, to one of boisterous mien and loud, unseemly ways. The girl with the liveliest manner and the gayest giggle far outshines the girl of quiet ways who, too often, is overlooked as uninteresting and unattractive. The gentle graces are too mild for the more demandful tastes of the day.

It would be a good thing to call back the term "ladylike" if with it would come all the old graces of mind and person which made the girl of yesterday such a charming person.

\*

The deadly plague of modern society is the multiplication of pernicious books whose evil influence weakens religion, stains purity of morals, and saps the foundation of the great central truth of the existence of God.

Even paganism acknowledged that the true object of reading is instruction—not perversion. To stuff the mind with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, is to close it to what is solid

and enlarging, and spiritually sustaining. A habit of reading idly debilitates and corrupts the mind for all wholesome reading; and reading for mere reading's sake, instead of for the sake of the good we get from it, is one of the worst and commonest habits. Persons who are most observant as to the friends they make, or the conversation they share, are carelessness itself as to the books to which they entrust themselves, and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters?

There is so much pleasure in reading what is serious and instructive that it is astonishing how few really cultivate the habit. Skimming through the latest novel or perusing the newest magazine cannot be termed instructive reading—it is merely a seeking after some fresh excitement or a striving to create a new sensation.

\*

We learn, with pleasure, that Queen Mary, of England, is making her influence and her strong personality felt at court in no uncertain manner. Those who wish to be received and to be held in good repute within its charmed circle must look well to their manner of going.

Never before had there been so many erasures from submitted lists and never had the line been so sharply drawn as to the proper qualifications as at the present time. No lady who steps out of her sphere of true womanliness and correct feminine modesty; no one who has a breath of scandal against her; and, above all, no individual who has figured as a principal in the divorce court, need seek to find favor with Queen Mary; and such a one applying for a "command" to the royal presence, will surely meet with a prompt refusal.

The Queen—and the King is said to be in cordial agreement—is determined that her court shall, as far as possible, be one of absolute purity.







AT THE VILLA OF HIS LORDSHIP RIGHT REVEREND T. J. DOWLING, D. D., BISHOP OF HAMILTON,  
MOUNTAIN TOP, HAMILTON.

She has been much shocked at the many causes célèbres and their disedifying details, as well as by the so-called recreations and amusements of a certain section of society. Queen Mary regards the marriage tie as sacred and binding, and, while deploring the lightness with which, in many cases, the marriage state is entered, she holds that once it has been entered it should be considered inviolate.

\*

To the kindly hostess (Mrs. McBrady) of the al fresco tea given by her to the Faculty and students as we go to press, we desire, through the columns of the RAINBOW, to convey our sincere appreciation and gratitude.

**A Visit to His Lordship Right Reverend  
C. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of  
Hamilton, June the Seventh.**

**I**N response to a gracious invitation from His Lordship, about thirty of the pupils of Mount St. Mary spent a golden and never-to-be-forgotten afternoon at his palace, gathered around a benevolent father.

After having welcomed us most cordially, His Lordship suggested a visit to "the Master of the house," whereupon we were conducted to the chapel, where we found ourselves in the sweet and restful presence of Our Divine Lord. After a humble act of adoration, we had the privilege of being shown sacred relics of saints and a nail that had touched those of the true Cross.

From an upper veranda we looked out to the glorious and cloudless summer sky, bending over the magnificent maples, spreading their new green fans, and fruit trees—a mass of pink and white loveliness—seemingly keeping guard over this oasis, shut in from the din and turmoil of the city, and, as our eyes feasted on the boundless beauty of God's creation, the silvery, praiseful notes of a canary were borne upward from the garden.

We left this prospect for the time to delight ourselves on the beauties of Japan! His Lord-

ship brought from his extensive collection of looks on foreign lands, some very valuable and extremely interesting works on the "Land of the Chrysanthemum." In this room, where we might spend hours storing our minds with delightful information, we saw a copy of Michael Angelo's "Day of Judgment," as on the wall of the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican; and we were told the amusing story of the fate of the Pope's secretary, which, though hard on the dignitary, has immortalized him in this great masterpiece. It seems the said secretary, by being too officious and meddlesome, had rendered himself obnoxious to the great painter; the latter, in revenge, pictured him among the lost souls in this "Day of Judgment."

Upon leaving this room, we soon found ourselves lost in the wonders of another, very similar. Here are volumes of Greek and Latin, apparently without end, and books among which one might spend a lifetime, and still have more to read. Then we entered the reception-room and were delighted with the beautiful paintings—they are all large and all extremely lifelike. Immediately on our left, as we entered, was a wonderful portrait of His Holiness Pope Pius IX., between two of his devoted servants—we glanced across to the portraits on the opposite wall, and there was our beloved Bishop, with his usual kindly smile. His Lordship told us that he sat for this in a studio in Rome, and added to our interest by relating an amusing story of the Italian artist. None need ask, "Who is that beautiful lady whose face radiates so much happiness?"—for in it we discover that of our gracious Bishop and host! It is his mother! Not far from this portrait is that of a strikingly attractive gentleman, whom we know to be the proud father of his Right Reverend son.

We now turned our steps towards the beautiful grounds—a veritable fairyland. His Lordship led us along the pleasant paths, answering all inquiries as to the species of trees and flowers. We stopped to look back on the lovely little avenue along which we had just passed, bordered on both sides by nature's beautiful soft green carpet, and by lofty trees, the branches of which meet overhead. "Would this not be a beautiful place for a procession of the Blessed Sacrament!" our venerable father said.

Could there be such another afternoon as this?

—the very air seemed to breathe of never-ending summer!

Coming towards us was "Topsy"—His Lordship's handsome black horse—being led out to the carriage. It ate sugar and cake from our hands, and when we had no more to offer and we were about to leave, the animal gazed wistfully after us as we seated ourselves around our host, on the cool, capacious veranda, to enjoy delicious refreshments, thoughtfully provided for us by His Lordship.

All too soon we noticed that the minutes were drawing close to six, and felt obliged to take leave of our beloved Bishop, but not before assuring him that the afternoon so pleasantly spent would always be remembered as one of the happiest and most privileged of our Loreto school-days—and of our life.

RUTH ROBINSON.

### Through the Dark:

**I**T seemed like some dream life from the moment we entered the Gymnasium, the master and the boys were so singularly garmented. The master, in soft cream, falling in graceful folds to the floor; the boys, in soft cream garments, too. Limp and agile, every motion, every curve, they followed with absolute perfection. Once they prostrated themselves, then rose as by magic, without any apparent use of the hands. It was like the leading of a dream. My spirit marvelled at the wonder of it, and resented the distraction of the student in black, by my side. Oh! if he would cease his common talk and story! I longed to resign myself to the dreamy charm falling—ever falling on my senses. Or if I were not afraid I would tell him who was in black to depart, the beauty of the resplendent figure enthralled, ravished my being so. Suddenly, it grew dark, and the lady who led me here disappeared. Where had she gone? I felt for her. Oh, the murky atmosphere! Yet the white-garmented figure shone through the darkness. I reached out my left hand towards him. He took it. I reached out my right to the dark stranger; he, also, took it. I feared him too much to slight him. I gave him my hand, therefore.

We three emerged from the hall into the ad-

joining park. The wind and rain met us. The trees began to sway fearfully. They touched the ground. Oh, it was dreadful! I said, let us run through the dark. I ran, the black figure ran, but the master in white glided,—his walk seemed supernatural, keeping apace with our wild running.

Once I tripped and would have fallen over a dark foot placed before me only for the upward pressure of the dazzling being by my side. The gentlest of forces raised me up closer to him when I would have fallen over the black foot of the other. Oh, I feared greatly! The wind blew fearfully; the splashes of great drops, the swaying branches and the darkness terrified me. I said again, let us run through the dark. He who was black rushed forward, pulling my right hand. The step of the now transfigured companion, on my left, moved noiselessly. Again I stumbled: again the black foot was planked before me. Oh, I shuddered! But the unseen drawing of the white master raised me up. I could not fall. A thousand golden threads encompassed my being,—there was a dizzy swaying for no time that human mechanism could measure, and then I recognized the identity of one of them.

Leaves and broken twigs thickened the agitated air; the sound of swaying branches was like the awful surge of the advancing tide; flickering lights from distant houses alone assured us that we were not buried by a chasmed earthquake. I cannot describe it. Vulcan battled with Indra in the upper air; black wrath overflowed, deluging the earthworld in foam-flecks of cirrhus violence.

Let us run through the dark, again, I said. Precisely the same fearful thing happened! And I recognized the foot! Oh, my God! I would have fallen over it only for a—*miracle!*

O Lord of the storms on life's perilous pilgrimage, hear me! I have called upon Thy Name! Thou has been with me upward from my tender youth! Thou hast guarded the steps of my childhood, of my girlhood! Thou art now the Protector of my life, of whom shall I be afraid!

Then I was alone with a being so beautiful! The dawn was in his eyes; the tempered shadows of the sunset in his hair; in his movement was the dignity and grace of a celestial. He clasped

my left hand and we moved onward with the subtlety of sidereal velocities.

An angel or a nuncio from eternity? How should I know? Returning reality cruelly dissolved everything, leaving me again but a clam-berer "feeling my feet upon a trembling world."

MARGARET SUEHLAN.

**My Angel.**

Kneeling lonely by a column  
In a little chapel solemn,  
As the shades of eve were falling,  
My iniquities recalling,  
Was I, steeped in deepest sorrow,  
Vainly striving peace to borrow,  
When a maiden, scarcely seven,  
Lips a-laughing, eyes of heaven,  
Passed me tripping up the aisle.

And she turned in baby fashion  
And looked back, when, lo! compassion  
Pure and sweet, o'erspread her gladness,  
Made her face infinite sadness.  
In her orbs of tender feeling  
Two great pearls came softly stealing,  
Child of God's own predilection,  
Instantly my deep dejection  
Fled my heart; left it a-smile.

Such a wealth of sympathetic  
Feeling made my soul prophetic  
Of a joy for me intended,  
As she turned again and wended  
Up the aisle her way to Mary,  
Dear exquisite little fairy,  
From my heart much love did falter,  
As you, kneeling at her altar,  
Bowed your head of golden hue.

The chapel gloom grew denser,  
Its twinkling light immenser,  
A hush fell as if Heaven  
To the babe its ear had given.

\* \* \* \* \*

At length she ceased her praying,  
To my side came shyly straying,  
Bent toward me, whispered slowly,  
In a voice, angelic, holy,

"I said all my prayers for you."

D. B. O'LOUGHLIN.

**"The Golden Rose."**

**A**TTRACTED by a criticism of the Rev. John Talbot Smith, which appeared in the November issue of the *Ave Maria*, and certain that such ably-written paragraphs could only praise an equally well-written book, it was with no small interest that I opened the red-bound pages of "The Golden Rose," written by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, collaborating with J. I. Stahlmann. I expected to find an interesting story; I was delighted to discover a novel, modern and Catholic, written with a broad enlightened view, containing delightful character sketches, and with its main thread woven about the figures of two beautiful women, a mother and a daughter, Pauline, the widowed but still young Countess Karolai, and her child, Rose.

An absorbing and even tragic tale wherein the mother, crazed by the untimely and unfitting end of her worthless husband, lays the Golden Rose, a symbol wonderfully wrought of the rich yellow metal and sent by a Pontiff of long ago as his most precious token to the virtuous women of Pauline's line, on the breast of her child, swearing that she will conform to all the rites of the Christian Church so long as her daughter is left happy and untouched by any stain of the tainted world. And flinging this defiance in the face of the all-just God, she feels secure that the bargain is well driven.

Years pass by; Pauline devotes her life to the child's upbringing; the old Count Czarda, her father, also gives of his unlimited stores of faith and knowledge for the little Rose's greater good. But, alas! the child, now a golden-haired girl, gives her whole heart to Ferdinand, the probable heir to the throne.

Then follows the hopeless struggle of Pauline against her daughter's morganatic marriage. She breaks out in fierce rebellion against the Power which allows the innocent to suffer, and even the Prince Bishop, her uncle, pleading divinely to the Omnipotent, fails to convince her unbelieving heart. The Crown Prince, for such he proves to be through the death of his older brother, a well-meaning but easily-swayed young man, now conceives it his duty to leave his pretty wife, for the graver duties of a future ruler.

And the poor little Golden Rose is left, bewildered, broken-hearted, only her strong and ardent faith, her pure love of the Saviour of men, whose

love for us is infinite, to buoy her up in this sea of trouble. In her loneliness and despair she turns to the shelter of the kindly arms of the Prince Bishop, whose wonderful faith lifts her from the place where joys and sorrows dwell, to the Eternal Present of the Almighty, from the heaving turmoil of a restless world to the calm faith and abiding joys of the spiritual life.

But what of Ferdinand? He marries a princess of a royal line, and his children grow up about him, but still the law of suffering holds. The beloved ruler of a loyal people lives in fear of the sword of Damocles. For the Golden Rose lies heavy on his heart, and in its memory retribution lurks. He cannot find the place where his Rose is hidden, and only blind chance brings his stumbling footsteps to her convent retreat. The eyes of the monarch and the nun meet in one long glance, and then, hers turn to heaven as she raises her crucifix and silently blesses him. And the king, rising from his knees, gazes after her retreating form through a mist of tears. Her complete forgiveness, a human gift so nearly approaching the divine, flooding his heart and filling him with the wonder and the glory of it all.

And so she leaves all the past buried behind her, and turns to the future, her face, tear-stained, perhaps, but hopeful, her eyes fixed on the glory which does not fade, her spirit already soaring towards the heavenly Kingdom whose royalty surpasses earthly grandeur, whose Ruler is the King of Kings, and where the peace that passeth understanding lies waiting.

KATE E. CRAY,  
Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

### Shakespeare—"A Mind Diseased."

**A**T the meeting of the Loreto Alumnae on Tuesday, April 1st, at Loreto Abbey, the Reverend A. O'Malley delivered an instructive and entertaining lecture on three of Shakespeare's plays, or rather on "The Winter's Tale," bringing out its special significance by reference to Othello and to Cymbeline.

In introducing his subject, the Reverend Father spoke of the wonderful knowledge revealed by Shakespeare. The poet Goethe is said to have remarked that he was glad he did not know English and Shakespeare, in his early

days, for he should then have acquired through him acquaintance with vast fields of knowledge and so have been deprived of the intellectual pleasure and activity by which he had had to reach such knowledge himself.

In the study of the human heart and the psychology of the human mind, Shakespeare is a field of unerring knowledge. There is no tragedy or complication of human life that is not depicted, at least in the germ, in his works. And so we find that the great dramatist devoted three plays of his maturer years to the study of the human passion of jealousy as the motive of man's actions.

Modern theologians tell us that jealousy is a natural animal and human characteristic, and all natural qualities have their purpose and deserve study. Jealousy in man is a volcanic quality and causes disaster—Shakespeare never depicts it in his women. Like many other great men, Shakespeare had an unhappy marriage. It seems as if great men were rarely amiable men or capable of making their wives happy—yet from his mind we have always beautiful women, if they are given a prominent place in his dramas. Juliet in the earliest tragedy, in her love-making, has all the iridescent beauty of the rainbow—Miranda in the last comedy, has the spirituality that rivals Ariel himself.

The Reverend Father proceeded then to outline the play of Othello, showing how a mind actually free from jealous tendencies was poisoned by a villain's continual suggestions. The natural complement of the powerful, active Moor was the sweet, simple, innocent Desdemona, but she was the victim of the dreadful volcanic jealousy roused by Iago and his false evidence.

In Cymbeline we have the same story of jealousy worked into a mind by a villain. Iachimo works upon the rather simple and easily deceived Leonatus to shake his faith in his wife. But that noble woman's nature more than supplements the weakness of his, and her courageous fidelity resolves the tangle, and the ending is happy.

In *The Winter's Tale* the story is again based on the passion of jealousy. The Reverend Father outlined this play in more detail and in a picturesque and interesting fashion. Here, however, he proceeded to show the psychological skill with which the great dramatist differentiates

human character. In this play, that the jealousy of Leontes is an innate fault of character, is evident even before his union with Hermione. The green-eyed monster has such power that nothing but years of discipline can right the havoc it causes. Here, again, is a deep human truth. Jealousy is the disease of that mind—but every mind and every soul has a tendency to evil that must be fought and conquered. It is necessary that we recognize and know how to deal with such traits in ourselves or others. Natural qualities have some definite divine purpose in our nature, but natural jealousy, not conquered, is sure to bring down an avalanche of woe and tragedy on the heads of those whom it affects on more than one's self.

The wisdom interspersed in the graphic detailing of the story was one of the charms of the Reverend Father's Lecture, and at its close the president of the Alumnae voiced the universal gratitude of the audience for the hour's intellectual entertainment.

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**On the Final Half:**

**W**HEN half of your life is over you begin to think,—not over the first half but over the half you are commencing. You have reached the ridge and you are looking both ways. One so worn and familiar and so dear to your eyes, and one so mysterious and veiled.

On the rising side were flowers of many hues, red flowers of affection, lilies of innocence, flags of hope, and puff-balls of illusion. Perhaps you smile back at them, but you are very sure you will not meet so many flags and puff-balls on the slope of life. The lilies you want yet, may God keep them for you. And the red flowers of affection—you want them, too, all along the way. So many were plucked from your path as you clambered up the half-way.

Behind are the footsteps of your father, where he ceased to climb. The mark is there! And your sister—very soon she wearied afterwards. See! the end of her beautiful running! And your mother! How she climbed with you, choosing the rougher path on the way. These are the footprints that guided your tender youth, that

protected your girlhood, that grew so weary here on the ridge. Dearest and truest of all vanished steps! I shall not forget you as life runs down.

Other dear feet have grown weary on life's incline. The sands of the seashore might be counted more readily than these swift feet. How slightly have they sometimes marked the earth? With what influence, who knows? At what strange trysting-places have they disappeared? This one by a bed of roses. Behold her last steps on the valley-side! And this one by the ocean. Where is the impress on the main? And one by his sword has ceased to travel onward. And one—ah, well, may the mercy of God have followed him into the mire! His way was very hard here! and his feet, how heavy! Could no one draw him out? See! where he sank! God pity the black sheep of the flock and bring mercy and love into the heart of the elder brother!

What is life?

"A little wave upon the ocean's breast,  
Over some a sunbeam falls, a shadow on the rest."

This toiling-moiling world! What is it all for? Led into being and to life, groping for the promised blessing and finding the sting of thorns in your clasped hand! Or trusting your treasures to one who passes you by with a tired look, and no message ever comes from his hand to cheer your cheerless way! And you sink! Then you feel His hand touching you and drawing you up again with only a wonderful smile instead of a chiding, and you are humbled with joy. You take up life's burden once again and run forward rejoicing in the verities of His word.

Do you not know you will see only Me in your sorrow? Or do you hope to find your smiling friends when your face is beaten to the earth? Is the memory of My sorrow unto death forgotten in your life? Is the knowledge of My love nothing to you? Where do you carry the marks of My election?—where the print of the nails and the crown of thorns? Do you not know that only beautiful white hands may take the snowy chalice of suffering from Mine? And it has filled you with sadness! O foolish and slow to learn what is for thy greater peace, and for

thy greater happiness when thou shalt enter into My glory. You should be glad for all these things on the final half of life. A little while and Night will swiftly pass; fair will be the Dawn; the Sun will rise in beauty! Even now one is waiting by your path to mark the end of your little voyage on the earth.

Be not affrighted! It is My Angel!

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

### "Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow."

IT is said that "a poet is one blest with a certain happy faculty of perceiving in nature and in life, that which most delights the imagination." As men are of various classes and temperaments, there must be a diversity of imaginations, consequently, a diversity of poets; and truly, we find that, like Nature herself, these divinely-inspired beings "speak a various language."

There are poets sublime and deep as Dante; poets who portray the workings of the heart and life's reality, as Shakespeare; and some who win our favour by happy lyrics, as Moore; but what can be more charming than the simplicity and sweetness of those who speak to the hearts of children! Of these last, were our poets Field, Riley and Longfellow.

Eugene Field has left a variety of verses for little folk, some grave, others gay, but all of such tones as ever awaken echoes in the happy land of Childhood. What tiny heart does not respond to such songs as "The Little Red Drum," "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," and their companions? By nature generous, tender, and simple in manner, Field was beloved by his young friends, and his verses reveal him as a companion in their thoughts and pleasures. A big boyish heart, full of love for God and man, such was the heart of Eugene Field.

James Whitcomb Riley, the "Children's Laureate," seems to delight in casting "anchor in the harbor of a dream" and, with Memory's rosy-tinted glasses, scanning the fairy paradise of "The Childworld, long and long since lost to view." Its happy folk are the dear companions of his boyhood. Each one, he says,

"An old-time chum  
Who rises from his grave to come  
And lure me back along the ways  
Of Time's all golden yesterdays."

His love for children and his sympathy and appreciation of their pastimes and aspirations are shown in his lines "To Hattie on her Birthday":

"When your Uncle Jim was younger,  
In the days of childish hunger  
For the honey of such verses  
As this little book rehearses  
In such sweet simplicity,—  
Just the simple gift that this is  
Would have brimmed his heart with blisses,  
Sweet as Hattie's sweetest kisses  
On her anniversary."

But Longfellow—to him children are themselves poems—

"Little souls as pure and white  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven, their source divine."

He looks at the tender feelings and happy thoughts nestling in their young hearts and, with his prophetic vision, beholds the ideal perfected. His poems to children ever lead to the future and bid them "Listen to the voices in the upper air." "To-morrow, the land of promise and of light," he points out to them, and, "rejoicing or sorrowing, Onward" is his mandate. How many happy stories we have of this loved poet and his young friends at Cambridge! "The Birthday Celebration," "The Armchair," and others, all showing the reality of his love for children and the sincerity of their affection for him.

"O ye dead Poets, who are living still  
Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,  
And ye, O living Poets, who are dead  
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,  
Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,  
With drops of anguish falling fast and red  
From the sharp crown of thorns upon your  
head,  
Ye were not glad your errand to fulfil?  
Yes; for the gift and ministry of Song  
Have something in them so divinely sweet,  
It can assuage the bitterness of wrong."

L

M. G. A.



**Island Reberries.**

**Vindication of Mary Stuart.**

(Continued from last issue.)

State Registers, like other facts, are stubborn things, although ignored by lying, so-called historians, and by those descendants, or those of our separated brethren who imagine they are descendants of the Reformers, the sanguinary, self-styled "Saints."

The motto of Queen Mary Tudor of England—"Time unveils Truth"—applies to the true story of Queen Mary Stuart. Agnes Strickland, historian, and Maid of Honor to Queen Victoria, with our good queen always at her back, has brought Truth from state records of England and Scotland, which include the correspondence of Randolph, Cecil, Moray, Lethington, and others. She gives us Truth from the archives of the Vatican, from the State Records of Denmark, France, and Spain, and from correspondence records, gladly furnished by the noble families of Scotland and England.

Strickland continues: "One of the much misrepresented occupations of Queen Mary, during her first brief visit to Alloa, was listening to the complaints of the poor and oppressed. Nor did she disdain to exert her personal influence in their behalf, where the case was such as to preclude her from interposing her regal power for the redress of their wrongs. The following royal letter, lately discovered in the charter-chest of the Laird of Abercairnrie, proves that she benevolently pleaded the cause of a distressed widow, who had been, with her children, ejected by their landlord from their humble home, and their goods distrained.

"With such a document before us, to bear witness to the manner in which this princess, of whom the age was not worthy, was occupying her time and attention at Alloa, when shamelessly represented by the *some-time monk* Buchanan, and his suborner, the *Prior-Earl* of Moray, as associated with pirates and robbers in guilty and licentious practices, it is difficult to refrain from replying to their slanders,—'I tell ye, churlish priests, a ministering angel shall sweet Mary be, while ye lie howling!'"

Noble Agnes Strickland! And, dear reader, do not forget that, although Agnes Strickland

was an English Church-woman, she *dared* to know and *she dared to tell the true story* of Mary Stuart, although in doing so her perceptions and pen saw and painted the so-called Reformers or "Saints" as demons!

The following is the copy of the letter written to his ancestor by Queen Mary, and given to Agnes Strickland, from his charter-chest, by the Laird of Abercairnrie (Aberkearne):

"To our traist friend, Robert Murray of Aberkearne.

30th. July, 1566.

"Traist Friend,—Forasmeikle as it is heavily moaned and piteously complained by this puir woman, that ye have violently ejected her, with *ane* company of puir bairnies, forth of her kindly home, ever willing to pay you duty thankfully; therefore, in respect that if ye be so extreme as to *depauperate* the puir woman and her bairns, we will desire you to show some favor, and accept them in their *steeking*, as ye have done in times bygone; the which we doubt not but ye will do for this our request, and as ye shall respect our thanks and pleasure for the same.

MARIE R.

"At Alway (Alloa), the penult of July, 1566."

As we have already seen, Mary Stuart from her own purse, salaried an "Advocate for the Poor"; when he was not sufficient to the need, the tender-hearted queen, whom none feared to approach, became herself that advocate.

When Queen Elizabeth, who often spoke and sometimes swore like a trooper, deigned to strut forth, attired like a peacock, all fell on their knees in abject compliance: Queen Mary of sweet dignity and manners of the convent girl that she was, exacted no such mockery, but gave special, and most kindly, attention to the plain and humble.

These were days when Mary was ill and feeble in body, but more sick at heart; Moray could dissemble his feelings toward Darnley, but Darnley could not brook the presence of Moray.

"Mauvissière, the French ambassador, was charged, in his instructions by his own court, to ascertain the pleasure of Queen Mary as to the manner in which he was to demean himself towards Darnley, and by no means to deliver separate letters of congratulation to him, as King of

Scotland, if she objected. Mary was desirous that all marks of ceremonial respect should be paid by her royal kindred to her husband and the father of her child. She employed Mauvissière to mediate a reconciliation between Darnley and her nobles, and to endeavor to soothe him into a milder temper. But the effect produced by the ambassador's good offices was very brief.

"Mary remained at Stirling with her husband and child till the 11th. of September, when the Privy Council sent to request her to come to Edinburgh, to attend to business which could not be transacted without her personal presence. She wished Darnley to accompany her, but he told her 'he preferred remaining where he was,' and she reluctantly proceeded to Edinburgh without him.

"The queen returned to Sterling, September 21st., and was there joined by the new French ambassador, Monsieur Du Croc, a wise and venerable man, who reports very highly to his own court of her virtuous and prudent conduct at this trying period. He speaks also of the healthy and flourishing state of the prince her son, then three months old, and so fat and fine for his age, 'that by the time of his Christening, his god-fathers,' observes his Excellency, 'will feel the weight of bearing him in their arms.'"

From a confidential letter from Du Croc to the queen-mother of France, we gather the following information: "Both the lords who are here, and those who are in correspondence with the king and your Majesty, are so well reconciled together with the queen, through her wise conduct, that now I cannot perceive a single division. But if the queen and these lords are well together, the king her husband is as ill, both with the one side and the other; nor can it be otherwise, according to the manner in which he deports himself, for he wants to be all in all, and the paramount governor of everything, and for that end he puts himself in the way of being nothing." Mary returned to Edinburgh, September 23d., having been reluctantly compelled to leave her husband in his sullen mood at Stirling. As soon as the queen was gone, Darnley told Du Croc that "he intended to go abroad, as he felt himself in a "state of despair." Du Croc knew not how to believe he was in earnest, and attempted to dissuade him from so absurd and impolitic a step.

Darnley confided his intention to his father, the Earl of Lennox, who highly disapproved of it. Lennox wrote the queen that "he found his son had made up his mind to leave the realm, and had got a ship ready to convey him beyond the seas." Mary loved him, as Darnley knew full well, and therefore he threatened to afflict her by his desertion.

Darnley, as we have seen, had, upon being promised the crown of Scotland, countenanced the plot of the murderers of Rizzio, and had, without the queen's knowledge, invited Moray and the other confederate outlaws to return to Scotland. He was now reaping the fruits of his folly: he had sowed the wind and was reaping the whirlwind. He had made impossible kingly dignity and all claims to respect from either friend or foe. His vanity was now in constant torture, and Scotland became intolerable. Only Mary's deep and wounded love remained; and that the ambitious youth could not appreciate.

"There were at this time two factions in Scotland,—one was headed by Moray, the other by Bothwell. Between these the queen might have held the balance of power, if she had been faithfully supported by her husband and his father; but she was traversed and impeded by the selfish ambition of the one, and the insane jealousy and querulousness of the other. 'He cannot bear,' observes one of Bedford's spies, speaking of Darnley, 'that the queen should use familiarity either with man or woman, especially the ladies of Argyll, Mar, and Moray, who keep most company with her.' All Darnley's unkindness to the queen at this period originated in his hostility to the leading members of the rival faction, Moray, Lethington, and Argyll, in whose tutelage she then was, and who were as much the foes of Bothwell as of himself. He blinded himself to the difficult position in which he had been the means of placing her, and desired her to act as if she had been a despotic sovereign, by inflicting condign punishment on all who deserved it; to make no compromise between justice and expediency, but to devote to death, to lifelong exile and forfeiture, every one of his late confederates,—those who had beguiled him into consenting to Rizzio's murder, and then flung the brand of Cain on him. How great was his ab-

horrence of their characters, how deep his remorse for the assassination of Rizzio, may be inferred from the circumstance of his desiring to offer up to the manes of the victim a sacrifice so extensive! Mary sought the good offices of the lords of her Council in the propitiating of Darnley, and requested them to interrogate him as to his reasons for leaving the realm and passing into France. This they did at Holyrood, Sept. 30, 1566. Lesley, Bishop of Ross, and Du Croc, the French ambassador, were also present. To their conciliatory questionings Darnley remained obstinately silent.

"Finally he answered that 'the queen had not given him any cause of complaint.'

"Darnley left the assembled company, and took his leave of the queen in these words: 'Adieu, madam: you shall not see my face for a long time.' He bade Monsieur Du Croc farewell, then turned himself to the lords in general, and said, 'Adieu, gentlemen,' and so departed.

"These Lords of the Council, the Cabinet, or Privy Councillors were—the Earl of Moray, Premier; the Earl of Huntley, Lord Chancellor; Lord Lethington, Secretary of State; Earl of Argyll, Justice-General; Sir John Bellenden, Justice-Clerk; Mr. Jas. Makgill, Clerk-Register; Richardson, Lord-Treasurer; and the Earl of Bothwell, hereditary Lord-Admiral of Scotland and Commander of the Military Forces."

Moray and the other lords sent an account of their interview with Bothwell to the queen-mother of France. This document is still in existence. To quote from it: "As for us," continued the lords, "we are ready to submit ourselves in everything reasonable; and as for her Majesty, it was impossible that she could have given him any cause for discontent, but, on the contrary, he had all the reason in the world to praise God for having given him a wife so wise and virtuous as she has shown herself in all her actions." "Let it be remembered that this testimony to Mary's stainless integrity and discreet conduct as a wife, and that it was impossible that she could have given just cause of offence to her husband, is from the pen of Lethington, attested by Moray and the rest of the Privy Council as having been verbally made in the presence of Darnley himself, who could not and did not contradict it. We then ask, what credit is to be

given to the charges brought against this unfortunate princess, a few months later, by the same men? Moray, when he subsequently brought forward a journal fabricated for the express purpose of misrepresenting the proceedings of his royal sister, shrewdly calculated that it would be circulated among thousands who could have no means of detecting its falsehoods by the evidence of the letter of the Privy Council, to which himself was a party. How indeed were people in general to know that such a letter was ever written? Addressed as it was to a foreign princess, it remained a sealed secret till brought to light by the zealous research of the honest Protestant Bishop of Keith, in the middle of the last century (18th. century). The French copy of the same is printed in M. Teulet's '*Pièces et Documents relatifs aux Affaires d'Ecosse*, Vol. II.' It is also necessary to notice that Buchanan pretends that the queen was residing at this period in the Exchequer House, for the purpose of having private interviews with the Earl of Bothwell. The Records of the Privy Council prove that she was residing at Holyrood at the time mentioned, engaged in the convention of her nobles, and so desirous of her husband's presence that she returned to Stirling in the hope of persuading him to accompany her back. If Mary's desire of being rid of her handsome young husband were indeed so great, why did she not permit him to retire to France without opposition?

"The birth of Mary's son, so far from strengthening her throne, was the signal for a conspiracy among her nobles for bringing her reign to a close before the completion of her twenty-fifth year—the age at which the sovereigns of Scotland were privileged to *revoke all crown grants*, whether conceded by their regents in their minority or by themselves on first coming of age. The grants made by the Duke de Châtelherault and the late queen-mother during their successive regencies had been enormous, and those of Mary herself, in her youthful inexperience, so lavish, that the regal revenues were reduced to one-third of their proper value. The resumption by the crown of this property became, therefore, a matter of absolute necessity, but the prospect of such a measure was so little agreeable to the parties in possession, that they, with few exceptions, were ready to resort to

any expedient whereby the evil day might be averted. The wealth and power of the nobles had increased so greatly during six successive royal minorities, that they eagerly desired a seventh.

"At this juncture Lethington began to plot. He and Bothwell had become colleagues in the ministry, 'with outward pledges of amity and deadlier purposes of malice.' The events of the brief months that intervened between the conception of Lethington's daring plot for ridding himself of his two great adversaries, Darnley and Bothwell, and its consummation, resemble the progressive scenes of a startling tragedy."

From March 9th., the date of Rizzio's murder, Queen Mary had not known one day of her old-time health of body; on October 17th. she succumbed to malignant typhus fever.

Alarming symptoms—delirium and extreme prostration of strength—appeared from the first.

"Her sickness appearing to her to have a mortal tendency, she sent to all the kirks adjacent a request that she might be prayed for. She expressed her willingness to resign her soul to God, and directed that her body might be buried among her royal predecessors. She desired, 'God, of His mercy, to pardon her sins; to grant her a penitent and contrite heart; and that He would deal with her in compassion to her weakness, and not be extreme to mark what had been amiss in her, thanking Him for having given her time for repentance.' Death-like swooning succeeded, and she appeared unconscious of everything around her. On the third day, recovering the use of speech and reason, but considering herself at the point of dissolution, she spoke to those who were in attendance on her, and with a feeble voice, but serene countenance, told them that 'she believed a few hours would remove her from this world to a better; and that, although she had been fond enough of life, she found it no hard thing to resign herself to death, acknowledging God as the Supreme Creator, and Lord of all things, and herself the work of His hands; desired His will to be accomplished in her.'

"Though Mary had requested the prayers of the Reformed congregations, she professed her adherence to the Roman Catholic faith, and repeated the Creed in Latin, in the presence of her

nobles, whom she had summoned to receive her last commands. She exhorted them to unity of mind, peace, and quietness, observing that 'by discord all good purposes were brought to naught, while by concord they were established.' She 'forgave all who had offended her, especially her own husband, King Henry, and also the banished noblemen who had so highly aggrieved her,' but required that 'in any case they were brought back into the realm after her death, they should at least be debarred from access to the prince, her son.' Of that beloved infant, her only tie to life, she spake long and earnestly; and having sent for the French ambassador, Du Croc, to her bedside, she addressed him in these words: 'Commend me to the king your master; tell him I hope he will protect my dear son, and also that he will grant one year of my dowry, after my death, to pay my debts and reward my faithful servants; but, above all, tell the queen-mother that I heartily ask her forgiveness for any offence I may have either done, or been supposed to have committed against her.' She also recommended her son to the protection of the Queen of England, as his nearest kinswoman, and repeated her entreaties to her nobles to take care of him, praying them earnestly 'not to suffer any to be in his company, in his tender youth, that were of evil natures, or likely to set him a bad example, but such only as could instruct him in virtue and godliness, and not to permit him to indulge any of the evil inclinations he might have inherited from either herself, his father, or any of his relations.' She recommended toleration in matters of religion to be observed after her death, as it had been to the utmost of her power during her life, declaring that 'she had never persecuted one of her subjects on the score of religion; for,' added she, in her pretty Scotch, 'it is a sair thing, and a meikle prick, to any one, to have the conscience pressed in sic a matter.'"

Mary Stuart survived the fever to perish by the executioner's axe; but she knew how to die—as she did die—like a saint and a Catholic.

Despite his sullen threats, Darnley had not sailed from Scotland; at the time of his broken-hearted wife's illness "he was hunting and hawking with his father in the west country, and appears not to have been apprised of the dangerous illness of his royal wife till he arrived in Edin-

burgh, on Oct. 27th.,—the day on which the crisis of her malady had taken a favorable turn." Surrounded as the queen was by his vindictive foes (Moray and his party), it was scarcely to be expected that they would be diligent in sending to apprise him of her dangerous illness, if even they had known where to find him. That her Majesty was occasionally soothed with music during her illness appears from the reward of forty shillings being accorded to John Hume, player on the lute, and to James Heron, player on the pipes and *quhissil*. The Treasurer's Accounts, Royal Records, General Register House, Edinburgh, show that the sum of three pounds thirteen shillings was disbursed by the keeper of her privy purse "for drugs, twenty apples and pomegranates, and six *citrons* brought forth of Edinburgh to Jedburgh to the Queen's Grace, her Majesty being sick for the time." From the same source we learn that the first use Queen Mary made of her convalescence was to cause twenty pounds to be distributed among the poor of Jedburgh, as a thank-offering to God for her recovery from her dangerous and painful illness. This disbursement was made, October 30th.

It is asserted in the false journal, subsequently exhibited by Moray at the English Court, for the purpose of defaming her, that, on the 5th. of November, "the queen and Bothwell came to Kelso, and there abode two nights." The official records prove that Moray and Bothwell both assisted, with their colleagues, at a Privy Council at Jedburgh on that very day, convened by the queen, and that she did not leave Jedburgh till four days later, when, finding herself sufficiently recovered to travel, she proceeded on her royal progress to Kelso, November 9th., accompanied by Moray and her Council. Bothwell was, of course, in attendance, according to his bounden duty, as the Lord-Warden of the Borders, and Sheriff of the three counties through which her route lay. Notwithstanding these facts, and the pompous publicity of her regal, judicial, and military progress—for she was escorted by a thousand horsemen, as the official reports of Sir William Forster to Cecil testify, in State Paper Office MSS.,—this journal asserts that Bothwell was her sole companion, except Lady Reres, who, Moray's journal asserts, "was taken by the watch at Coldingham on the 10th. of November." But

even if the latter assertion had any foundation as regards Lady Reres, it could not affect the reputation of the queen, whom the records of her Privy Council prove to have been at Kelso that day; nor did she come to Coldingham till the 16th. of the month,—as Forster reports to Cecil. "It is certain that if Mary had been guilty of the crimes imputed to her, and as shamelessly regardless not only of the etiquette of royalty, but of the decencies of womanhood, as her libellers pretend, there would have been no occasion for the series of fictions to which they have resorted during this progress. Witnesses enough might have been brought forward from among her lords-in-waiting and bed-chamber women (as in the case of Queen Elizabeth); but it was because there were no facts of the kind to elicit that the black arts of forgery were employed against her." High place in heaven to honest Agnes Strickland, who wrote for grand old Queen Victoria!

Hurrah for the State Records of Scotland and of England!

Truly "Time unveils Truth."

"Mary left Kelso November 10th., and slept that night and the next at Home Castle. She rested on the nights of the 12th., 13th., and 14th., at Cowdenknowes, Langton, and Wedderburn. At the latter place, precisely at the time the journal subsequently fabricated by her brother Moray and his confederates, for her defamation, asserts that she was sojourning alone with Bothwell at Dunbar Castle, she took a sudden resolution to go in state to visit the English boundary. Queen Mary was accompanied on this occasion by Moray himself, and the rest of her ministers, and attended, as a matter of course, by Bothwell as her Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Hume, and the other Wardens of the Border (Lethington's letter to Archbishop Beton, printed in Keith)." From State Paper MS., Border Correspondence, a letter from Sir John Forster, Elizabeth's Deputy-Governor of Berwick, to Sir W. Cecil, continues: ". . . So I rode to the Bound Road and met the queen (16th. November, 1566), accompanied with my Lord of Moray, the Earl of Huntley, the Earl of Bothwell, the Secretary (Lethington), and the Lord Hume, with the number of five hundred horse. . . . I had great discourse of our border matters," continues Forster,

"and then the queen called my Lord Bothwell, the Laird of Cessford, and the Lord Hume, and gave straight commandment, in my hearing, 'to cause good rule to be kept; and if she heard by me that the same were not kept, her officers should repent it;' with very earnest words, 'that she would do all things that might continue the peace.'

"Mary expressed a wish to behold Berwick in the distance; and the English gentlemen, proud to oblige their royal neighbor, conducted her to Halidon Hill. She made Sir John Forster ride by her side, and honored him with much discourse, observing, 'There has been much cumber between these realms, but never during my life will I give occasion for any wars to England.' When Queen Mary reached the summit of Halidon Hill, she was saluted by a royal feu-de-joie from all the guns of Berwick, and beheld not only that town, but a far-off prospect of the land she fondly hoped one day to call her own. And here an accident of a very alarming and painful nature befell her; for as she was conversing earnestly with Sir John, his fiery charger reared up, and in coming down, struck her above the knee with his fore-feet, and hurt her grievously. Few ladies but would have screamed or fainted, but Mary, though still feeble from her recent severe illness, had sufficient fortitude and self-control to preserve her composure and conceal her pain. Sir John Forster, far more disconcerted at this unlucky occurrence than she, sprang from his horse in great distress, and knelt to entreat her pardon. Mary bade him rise, and kindly said 'she was not hurt,' exerting all her firmness with right royal spirit to control her pain while performing the ceremonial courtesies of taking leave of the English gentlemen, and returning thanks for the honors that had been paid to her. She requested Sir John 'to make her commendations to the Queen of England, her good sister, and to tell her Majesty, in his next letters, how she had presumed on her friendship.' And so she parted, not forgetting, however, to send six-score French crowns as a reward to the gunners of Berwick. Sir James Melville, who was an eye-witness of the accident that befell his sovereign, says, 'she was very evil hurt, and compelled in consequence, to stop two days on her journey at a castle of Lord Home, instead of

going on to Coldingham that evening as she had purposed.'"

How ominous that painful accident! What a presage of her suffering and death from the tiger claws of Elizabeth!

"The queen reached Craigmillar Castle, on the 20th. of November, and six days later was rejoined by her husband. But as he came not in a conciliatory spirit, and her heart was still sore from the wounds his treachery, unkindness, and neglect had inflicted, his visit, instead of producing a reconciliation, appears to have aggravated their previous misunderstanding. Some allowance ought, however, to be made for the very natural annoyance betrayed by the irritable Darnley on finding her still in the hands of her false brother and his confederates—men who had plotted against both their lives and succeeded in excluding him from any share of her regal government. Too proud to recover his former influence with Mary by resuming the endearing deportment of a lover, he behaved with obdurate sullenness, and rendered her wretched." Du Croc, the mutual confidant of the royal pair, in his letters to Mary's faithful ambassador, the Archbishop of Glasgow, gives a pathetic account of the languishing health into which the queen had sunk: "The queen is for the present at Craigmillar, about a league distant from this city (Edinburgh). She is in the hands of the physicians, and I do assure you is not at all well. I do believe the principal part of her disease to consist of a deep grief and sorrow; nor does it seem possible to make her forget the same. She still repeats these words, 'I could wish to be dead.'"

It was necessary for the inciters of the plot to conceal their machinations from their new ally, Bothwell, who, unlike them, had no quarrel with Darnley, no deadly debt of vengeance to requite—for Darnley had never objected to his presence in the palaces or councils of the queen. *Him they allured to join the murderous league, and play the executive part, by the irresistible bribes of love and empire.* If Bothwell could have resisted the temptations of his official colleagues as sturdily as he had done the oft-proffered gold of England, he might have had the honor of rescuing Mary Stuart from the iniquitous combination of which he was at once the tool and the victim. As long as he remained faithful to his duty

she was safe and her husband also, for it was in his power to protect both, being at the head of the military force of the realm. It was, therefore, essential to the accomplishment of the designs of his confederates that Bothwell should be drawn into their coalition. Well did they know the nature of the man whom their friend, Throckmorton, six years before, so well described as "boastful, rash, and hazardous"; nor had they forgotten his audacious project, in the spring of 1562, for surprising the queen at Falkland, and carrying her off to the lone fortress of Dumbarton, with the assistance of her desperate lover, the Earl of Arran,—a project which the disclosures of that unfortunate young noble had rendered abortive. The subsequent madness of Arran might naturally incline any reasonable woman to doubt his revelations on that subject; and Mary, though she had dealt rigorously with Bothwell in the first transports of her indignation, when believing him guilty of the presumptuous intention of abducting her, had not hesitated to recall and employ him in assisting to quell the rebellion excited by the Earl of Moray and his faction, on her marriage with Darnley. Her royal favor towards Bothwell, so far from diminishing after his union with her cousin, the Lady Jane Gordon, was more decidedly manifested on his becoming a married man—an evidence rather of propriety of feeling than the reverse. The loyal services he performed for her at the time she was in the hands of the assassins of David Rizzio, and after her escape with her repentant husband from Holyrood, well merited the confidence and rewards both united in bestowing upon him. His power had turned the scale against the confederate lords at that epoch, and so it might reasonably have been expected to do again, if they had not succeeded in beguiling him from his duty by the flattering promise of marrying him to the queen as soon as he could bereave her of her husband and rid himself of his wife. The turpitude of his embarking in so monstrous a scheme is really less remarkable than his folly in suffering himself, at the mature age of six-and-thirty, to be cajoled like an unreflecting school-boy into the snares of designing villains, who were tempting him to assist in a crime for the purpose of making him responsible for the penalty. In like manner had Morton, Ruth-

ven, George Douglas the Postulate, and the conspirators for the assassination of Rizzio, and the deposition of their liege Lady, drawn the unwary Darnley into their unhallowed confederacy, scarcely nine months before, by promising to crown him King of Scotland, as the reward for his ungrateful treason to his wife and sovereign. The same unscrupulous men were now, from their convenient lurking-place at Newcastle, where they had succeeded their friend Moray and his company, arranging their league with them for the destruction of their former confederate, Darnley. . . . Such then were the actual conspirators against the husband of their sovereign; such the precise state of the plot at the time the royal pair were spending that miserable week together at Craigmillar Castle, of which a brief outline has already been given from the report of Du Croc to Archbishop Beton. It is possible that Darnley either received a hint or felt a presentiment of his danger; for instead of remaining with the queen till she was well enough to return to Holyrood, he departed on the 3d. of December in an abrupt and uncourteous manner to Stirling, where, instead of proceeding to his apartments in the castle, he took up his abode in Willie Bell's lodgings in the High Street. His deportment at this time is reported by Du Croc, in general but expressive terms, "to have been incurably bad." Darnley's unkindness to Mary, whom he had left sick, sorrowful, and weary of life, in the hands of the physicians at Craigmillar, was marked with secret satisfaction by the two leading spirits of the conspiracy, Moray and Lethington. They seized the opportunity and assailed her with temptation, under guise of sympathy for her distress, adding friendly proposals for relieving her from her bondage to the most ungrateful of men. Proceeding with extreme caution, keeping the purpose of murder carefully concealed from the queen, and artfully probing the real nature of her feelings towards her husband, they mooted the question of a divorce as a matter of political necessity for the good of the realm. Deeply as Mary's consort had aggrieved her, she could not brook the idea of an irrevocable separation; and when her ministers went on to propose that "after the divorce had been made he should reside by himself in one part of the country, and she in another, or

he should leave the realm," she interposed with the suggestion, "Peradventure he may change"; adding that "it were better that she herself for a time passed into France, and abode there till he acknowledged himself." But it was because the queen could not be induced to act against him in any way, that the conspirators were reduced to the necessity of falling back on their original plan "of preventing the inconveniences that might come to them by his determined hostility," by taking him off by assassination.

Before they left Craigmillar Castle, a bond was drawn for the murder by Sir James Balfour, the notorious Parson of Fliske, evidently the self-same document to which Archibald Douglas subsequently alludes. It stated that "it was thought expedient and most profitable for the common weal by the whole nobility, especially the lords undersigned, that such a young fool and proud tyrant should not reign nor bear rule over them, and that for divers causes they had concluded that he should be taken off by one way or other; and they also agreed to defend and fortify whosoever should take the deed in hand to do it, for it should be every one's action, reckoned and holden as if done by themselves" (confession of the Laird of Ormiston, in Arnott's Criminal Trials). This bond, or, at least, a duplicate of it, was given to the Earl of Bothwell, with the sign-manuals of the principal conspirators. But as the queen was neither art nor part in their design, there is no allusion to her, not even for the deceitful object of coloring their atrocious purpose with professions of loyalty to her and zeal for her service. It must be clear to every one that is not wilfully obtuse to reason, that if the queen could have been induced either to divorce and banish her husband from the realm, or to leave him to be dealt with by her peers in Parliament, there would have been no occasion for her ministers to enter into a secret and illegal bond for his murder. Archibald Douglas has mentioned the Earl of Argyll among the originators of the plot; but Argyll solemnly declares that "it was first communicated to him at Craigmillar Castle by Moray and Lethington," whom he, in conjunction with Huntley, denounces "as the authors, inventors, devisers, counsellors, and causes of the said murder."

Poor Mary was at this time harmlessly occu-

pying her attention, and seeking to beguile her deep-seated melancholy, with maternal hopes and fears, and ambitious dreams of the future greatness of that beloved babe, whom she had predicted would be the first prince who should unite the hostile realms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, under his pacific sceptre. He had been brought from Stirling to meet her on her return from her progress through the Merse, and she was fondly superintending the arrangements for the approaching solemnity of his baptism, when he was to make his first public appearance to his future subjects. The day appointed for the baptism was Tuesday, December 17th. At four o'clock the prince was borne from his chamber to the Chapel-Royal, by the French ambassador, who represented Charles IX., as one godfather; M. Du Croc acted as the proxy of the other, namely, the Duke of Savoy, whose ambassador, Moretta, had not yet arrived. Lady Argyll represented the Queen of England, as godmother. Lighted tapers, extending from the prince's chamber, escorted him to the chapel door. There he was received by the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and the Bishops of Dunkeld and Dunblane. The ceremonial was performed according to the ritual of the Church of Rome. The royal infant was baptized by immersion in the silver font presented by the Queen of England. His fair aunt of Argyll had subsequently to perform a public penance for having assisted at this pompous Popish christening. The prince received the names of "Charles James" and "James Charles," which were thrice repeated by the heralds, with flourish of trumpets within the chapel, and at the door, to the people assembled without, together with rehearsal of his titles.

Darnley confined himself, during the christening celebration, to his apartments in the castle, because "the Earl of Bedford, sent by the Queen of England to the baptism of the Prince of Scotland," enjoined those of his suite, "under pain of royal indignation, in case Darnley should appear on that occasion, not to make him any reverence, nor to show him more respect in any way than to the simplest gentleman present." When all was over, the queen returned to the castle and there made James Prince of Scotland—who completed his sixth month on that important day—Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick and Cunning-



ham, and Baron of Renfrew, after which she bestowed the honor of knighthood on several gentlemen, and the evening closed with music and dancing.

The prettiest sight in that gay week of regal pomp and pageantry must have been the ceremonial of the graceful mother belting her baby boy an earl, assisting to invest him with his ducal cap and coronet, placing the golden ring on his tiny finger, touching his heels with the spurs, then fondly clasping his dimpled, upraised hands between her own; while his lady-mistress made him kneel on the maternal lap to perform in silent show his homage, and bend his little head in unconscious assent to the oath of allegiance that was read or pronounced to him,—that oath which cruel traitors were so soon to compel the helpless innocent to break. The people had appeared well pleased with the baptismal functions. Mary was at that time the idol of her subjects, to whom the fears of losing her, during her late dangerous illness, had shown her value; while her popular and generous demeanor, when she came among them again in her beauty and regal splendor, with the blooming heir she had given to Scotland in her arms, endeared her more than ever to their hearts. To them the absence of her English husband was matter of indifference,—his arrogance had disgusted them, and he was but regarded as the thorn that rudely fretted the bosom of their royal rose. Mary had exerted herself successfully to please every one at the baptismal fêtes, forgetful of her personal sufferings, but M. Du Croc, in his confidential letter to her faithful servant, Archbishop Beton, observes with sympathetic concern: "I am of opinion that she will give us some trouble yet; I cannot be brought to think otherwise, so long as she continues so pensive and melancholy. She sent for me yesterday, when I found her laid on her bed, and weeping sore. She complained of a grievous pain in her side, and, from a sur-charge of evils, it chanced that the day her Majesty set out from Edinburgh to this place, she hurt one of her breasts on the horse, which she told me is now swelled. I am much grieved at the many troubles and vexations she meets with."

Deeply as her husband had wounded her, Mary knew that their interests were inseparable, and, instead of reciprocating his sullen manner, she

reasoned with him so successfully as to convince him of his folly. He acknowledged his fault with tears, and "promised her, for the time to come, to live as a good husband ought with a kind and faithful wife, and never again to listen to those who had given him evil counsel."

"The reconciliation between the royal pair only lasted till the Act of Grace, which had been extorted by Moray from the reluctant queen for the return of Morton and his unprincipled associates, was published on Xmas. Eve, when Darnley, unable to control his feelings on the subject, left Stirling in a transport of indignation, without taking leave of her."

"Mary Stuart's reign," says one of her biographers, "was a series of plots and pardons." Her unlucky consort, who had betaken himself to his father's house, immediately on his arrival at Glasgow, took the infection of the small-pox. In the State Paper Office MSS., the Earl of Bedford, writing to Sir Wm. Cecil, on January 9, 1566-7, says: "The king is now at Glasgow with his father, and there lyeth full of the small *pockes*, to whom the queen hath sent her *physicion*." When Mary and her court were at Stirling Castle, "the nuptials of Lord Lethington, Secretary of State, and Mary Fleming, the friend and companion of her childhood—her cousin also—were solemnized on the 6th. January. The wretched state of the queen's health and spirits, together with the news of her husband's dangerous illness, prevented her from honoring the wedding with her presence. . . . Queen Mary sent a kind message to her husband by her physician, promising to come and see him herself as soon as the weather would permit her to travel so far. While she was yet at Stirling, she was assured by Moray and his colleagues that her husband and his father were assembling a force at Glasgow for the purpose of dethroning and imprisoning her for life, and crowning the infant prince, in order to govern the realm in his name. Not considering herself and the prince safe at Stirling, she departed with him precipitately from Edinburgh, on the 13th. January, and arrived at Holyrood Abbey, on the 14th. She found the same reports prevalent in her metropolis that had disquieted her at Stirling. They were traced to Walcar and Hiegate, two Scotch servants of the Archbishop, then her ambassador at Paris. They

were brought before her Council; she ascertained that neither Lennox or her husband was in a position to disturb her government. The prelate dismissed both Walcar and Hiegate from his service. Before, however, Mary's communication on that subject reached him, he wrote to her from Paris, telling her that 'he has been especially requested by the Spanish ambassador to warn her to take care of herself, and that it was whispered in other quarters some plot was in agitation to surprise her; that the Spanish ambassador refused to enter into particulars, but had urged him to lose no time in hastening to her, and warning her of her danger.'

He wrote accordingly, concluding his letter with this emphatic warning: "Finally, I would beseech your Majesty, right humbly, to cause the Captains of your Guard to be diligent in their office; for, notwithstanding that I have no particular occasion whereon I desire it, yet I cannot be out of fear till I hear of your news." His letter arrived too late to avert the impending evil. The revelations of two of the principals in Darnley's murder, the Earl of Morton and Archibald Douglas, prove that they and their accomplices were quietly arranging their plans for the perpetration of that mysterious crime in the sequestered shades of Whittinghame, at the very time the queen's mind was agitated by rumors of plots of her husband's father that had no existence,—reports, artfully devised for the purpose of diverting attention from their own designs, and preparing the public mind to ascribe the murder of Darnley to the vengeance of his royal wife (Morton's confession). Morton, on his homeward journey from his exile, probably met Bedford on return from his mission to the Scottish court. The communication between Whittinghame and Edinburgh was easy, and might be accomplished in the course of a few hours, while the situation of that solitary fortress, rendered it a suitable trysting-place for the acting committee of conspirators for the murder of the unfortunate Darnley. These were Lethington, Bothwell, Archibald Douglas, brother to the castellan of Whittinghame, and Morton. Light, indeed, were Morton's motives for Rizzio's slaughter, in comparison with those which prompted his cooperation in the murderous plot against his cousin Darnley, *the formidable claimant of the*

*Angus inheritance*. Warned, however, by the inconveniences that had resulted to him from his public appearance as the leader of the former enterprise (Rizzio's murder), he kept himself, like the cautious Moray, adroitly in the shade, leaving Bothwell to occupy the foreground, and incur the responsibility of the crime. Although Morton, even before he was suffered by his old confederates, Moray and Lethington, to set foot again in Scotland, had,—according to a letter of Archibald Douglas to Queen Mary, in November, 1583—signified his assent to the bond against Darnley, he subsequently pretended to have heard of the bloody purpose for the first time from the lips of Bothwell. Queen Mary remained in Edinburgh, according to the evidence of the Privy Council Record, Privy Seal Record, and Registers of Signatures, transacting business, from Tuesday, January 14, 1566-7, till Friday, January 24th., when she signed a warrant appointing James Inglis tailor to the prince her son; and a precept confirming a gift of lands, to contribute to the comfort of a newly-wedded pair, James Boyd of Trogrigg, and Margaret Chalmer, his bride; incidents which might be deemed beneath the "dignity of history" to notice, if the dates of the contemporary records that attest them did not verify the fact that *the queen was in her own palace of Holyrood on the days when the first of the vile letters she is accused of writing to Bothwell from Glasgow is represented as commencing, continuing, and concluding*—thus combining to prove the spurious nature of the whole series, and with them to overthrow the structure of false witnesses of which they form the keystone.

"Mary left Edinburgh on the afternoon of January 24th., and reached Glasgow, on the evening of the 25th. She stayed over a night at Calander, the guest of Lord and Lady Livingston. According to the statement of Moray's journal, she was accompanied by the Earls of Huntley and Bothwell; and even if this were so, it would afford no evidence of impropriety on her part, for Huntley was her Lord Chancellor, and Bothwell one of her Cabinet, and as Sheriff of the Lothians, it was his duty to escort and guard her on her way; but on that identical 24th. of January, it appears, from the showing of said journal, he departed from Edinburgh into Lid-

desdale. Queen Mary proceeded on her journey towards Glasgow, convoyed by Lord Livingston, his followers, and the Hamiltons. Other gentlemen of loyal principles came to meet her on the road, which so increased her train that her escort at last amounted to upwards of five hundred horsemen."

IDRIS.

(To be continued in October number.)

The latest themes that pen engage  
We welcome to this waiting page:  
The North, the South, the East, the West,  
Responsive gather to our quest.

### A Thought.

This thought came to me in February, 1911, while passing the cemetery, "Forest Lawn," Buffalo, where repose vast numbers of the "comrades who have climbed ahead."  
—DAISY B. MILLS.

O earth! Thou art and so are we,  
And yet, 'tis such a mystery  
That we exist.

For ages, men have on it thought  
And most of us have often sought  
Why thus it is—

That we are here and, then, perchance,  
( 'Tis but a fleeting breath )  
We soar unto that higher ken  
Beyond dark death.

That ken from which no travelers  
To us have e'er returned  
To impart the wondrous knowledge  
For which the world has yearned.

To tell us of that glorious life  
And realm to which they've fled.  
They soon become a memory  
And we, now, call them *dead*.

And, yet, how little do we know  
But that they still abide,  
To wander through these fields of earth,  
Their spirits glorified?

O earth! Thou art, and, yet, maybe  
Our future home—oh! mystery,  
To meditate!—

Where, through the everlasting years,  
In love—without alloy of tears—  
We shall find rest!

### Elmira College, N. Y., Honors One of Its Students—A Graduate of Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

THE *Elmira Advertiser* of May 10th., 1913, has the following interesting account of the May-day celebration at the College:

Miss Madleine MacMahon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John E. MacMahon, of West Gray Street, was honored yesterday afternoon by being chosen Queen of the College May-day festivities at Watkins Glen.

The Faculty and the students left the College, at 10 o'clock, in three special cars. Luncheon was served by Caterer Thomas Barnes at the Watkins pavilion, at 1 o'clock. Then the entire party walked to the lily ponds in the Glen, where the ceremonies were held.

A dais and throne had been built on the wooded side of the lake. Miss Jane Meyer, the Queen of last year, crowned with a wreath of forget-me-nots, took her place on the throne. Then the four guards, Miss Leta Hubbell, Miss Genevieve Bierley, Miss Margaret Becker and Miss Katherine Elston, in robes of purple and gold, walked to the lake to where the guests were seated. The freshman class had voted for their Queen on the previous day, but the result of the election was known only to the class president. Then the guards announced that Miss Madleine MacMahon had been the unanimous choice of the class.

#### Escort Queen to Throne.

The usual impressive ceremonies then followed. The guards placed the royal robe upon their Queen and escorted her to the throne. Her attendants were Dorothy and Betty Bevere, and little Miss Sally Hamilton preceded the Queen, bearing her crown of smilax and lilies-of-the-valley. Two by two, the freshmen, in white gowns, marched after her, singing the usual May-day songs.

The new Queen knelt before the throne while Miss Jane Meyer crowned her with the lily wreath. Then the Queen of last year abdicated her throne and gave her scepter to the new Queen.

After these formalities were completed, the freshmen danced the old-fashioned May-pole dances, survivals of the old English custom of

dancing on the village green. Twenty girls in peasant costume danced an old Hungarian folk dance. The festivities were ended as the freshmen marched, one by one, before the throne, and knelt in obeisance before their Queen.

Of all the College honors, none is greater than being chosen Queen of May. Not only are personal beauty and queenliness demanded, but also charm and graciousness of manner, scholarship and many other things which go to make the all-round college girl. Certainly no one is more deserving of this honor than Miss MacMahon, and the freshmen are to be congratulated upon their choice.

#### Was Student in Elmira.

Miss MacMahon, who is a member of the class of 1915, is a graduate of Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont. She was for several years a student in Our Lady of Angels' Convent in this city.

#### To Mary.

How sweet and clear  
Upon my ear  
Sounds some sweet evening bell, a-pealing!  
I think how you  
My friend so true  
Were once within your convent kneeling

In days gone by  
When you and I  
Were far apart. How strange our meeting!  
How strange that we  
Should ever be  
In friendship sweet, exchanging greeting!

Beyond those walls—  
Niagara Falls!  
I look with joy, and then with wonder;  
The echoes break,  
The earth doth quake  
As though its crust were torn asunder!

The scene to me  
Full tenderly  
A recollection sweet is bringing  
Of one made glad  
From sorrow sad,  
By your sweet voice, so softly singing.

As o'er the keys  
Swept melodies,

The organ's precious golden treasures,  
While your white hands  
Like magic wands

Did charm them forth in stately measures.

The time we met  
I'll ne'er forget,

That winter night, at dim church portal,  
A whisper heard,  
A farewell word,

And Friendship made the hour immortal!

I've seen you paint,  
Like some rare saint

No thought of earthly thoughts a-taking,  
While round your head  
The sunshine shed  
A glory, thus a halo making.

Your face was sweet,  
Your grace complete,

Your head was crowned with Titian splendor,  
How few who know  
Bright jewels' glow  
Do keep, withal, a heart so tender.

(For quick tears rise  
In Mary's eyes

For every grief that one can tell her.  
Her eyes so blue  
Are violet hue;

Dear eyes! They dim the sky for color!)

May God defend  
My gentle friend

And keep her path from pain or sorrow!  
Our love lives still,  
Through good or ill,

And though old Time our brows may furrow

With lines that say  
Fast comes the day,

When one of us must say "Ah! never—  
Again, with me  
In sympathy

Shall walk my friend, now gone forever."

When earth must fall  
Upon one's pall

And ended be her earthly story,

Then may we meet,  
My friend so sweet,  
Again, within the realms of glory.

There fountains play  
The livelong day,  
There flows a broad, a crystal river—  
In that bright place  
To see your face  
And walk with you, in love forever.

To see no more  
This earthly shore,  
This vale of pain, and tears, and sadness,  
Would be to me  
Eternally  
The height of all Elysian gladness.

Oh! Mary, love!  
High up above  
The stars are peeping in their beauty,  
Where art thou, dear?  
Ah! far or near,  
Thy gentle steps are one with Duty.

Sweet blossom time  
Of life is thine,  
I wish for thee, Love's gift in plenty.  
I wish that I  
Had not passed by  
The charming age of—sweet and twenty!

(The above doggerel rhyme may not fulfill all the canons of poetry, but the *raison d'être* is pretty. "Mary" was coming out of church after having been to confession. At the door she met this young uneducated girl, and as it was dark, they were both rather afraid, and established a mutual confidence. The girl's flattering remarks and the friendship arising from the meeting are not usual in bustling Chicago, and the touch of a player on memory's harp, although unskilled, is not without a rude charm.)

All things are possible to him who believes; they are less difficult to him that hopes; they are more easy to him who loves, and still more easy to him who perseveres in the practice of these three virtues.

## Women Journalists and Newspaper Women.

**W**OMEN journalists are most conspicuous in Canada by their absence. Of the few specimens in existence many are rare types and are suffering in nearly every instance from arrested or eccentric development. There are a few glorious exceptions, but, on the whole, this particular brand of professional women is not brilliantly or numerically remarkable.

The newspaper woman, and, after all, the old adage of newspaperdom holds good as well for women as for men, namely, that "a journalist is a newspaper man without a job," the newspaper woman proper, is not, I say, a Canadian flower. It is true that there are women who have gone into newspaper work here and have more or less closely allied themselves with this newspaper or that, but it is a far cry from being a woman on a newspaper and a newspaper woman.

Few of the women in the business in Canada have settled down to the regular work of the newspaper men, and there are few, if any, papers in the country whose city editor writes the name of a woman upon his assignment book. The women on Canadian papers either confine their efforts to the society and household hints columns, or have burst forth in a wordy blaze of glory as special writers.

Far be it that I should court the loss of my few remaining hairs by proceeding to mention names or give either appreciation or criticism of individual work, wherefore, I shall content myself with a discussion of the lot, prospects and peculiarities of women in the work in Canada, generally, and shall steer clear— and very clear— of the danger of personal mention.

In the United States, many of the most brilliant reporters upon the great metropolitan dailies are women. These sit in the reporters' room with the men and imbibe the general attitude of breadth and fearlessness of conventions, which are the salient points of the newspaper world.

These women work and play with the men and, for the most part, think and talk with them. They are in dead and downright earnest and out to scoop and be scooped with the most hardened veteran of them all. The American newspaper

woman comes down to her paper, in the morning or afternoon, prepared to attend anything from a high-priced wedding to a political investigation or an execution.

Newspaper work is her labor for which she receives her wages. In this land of lady reporters it is called salary. The American newspaper woman may find that the rival papers have sent men or women reporters to compete with her upon a story, and, in either event, she goes into the battle for the big features with a glad heart, a desperate earnestness, and no odds asked or given.

You will find her delving into the hidden mysteries of politics and religion, and where she finds that the costume of her male opponent has enabled him to take a short cut across an open field and beat her to the scene, she sets to work to make her skirts and a winning smile aid her to a short cut into the good graces of him who holds the "story," which is the objective point for her and her male rival alike.

The Canadian city editor would hesitate before he could write on his book assignments for his woman reporter which the American city editor would never think of in the light of undesirable, and this is because the American woman reporter would scorn to ask odds of her male colleagues. She is there because she believes that she can do the work as well or better than her male rival, and she is there to prove it to the hilt.

In Canada you can pick out from the columns of any paper what little stuff is written by women, but it could not be done in the same way on an American paper. In Canada "the woman on the staff" is a sort of curiosity. She is the object of a deal of perfunctory politeness and a whole lot of hidden ridicule and resentment. This she deserves, because she does not go into the work with the same flat-footed and down-right honesty of her American sister. The day is coming and is near at hand, however, when it will be here as it is across the line, that women will work on the Canadian newspapers as newspaper men just as they do across the border, for there is a good deal of the work which can be done better by women than by men. There is a whole lot of stories which would fall right into the lap of the real newspaper woman, which

would require the hardest kind of digging on the part of the newspaper man and many of them he could never get.

But before women can be taken seriously on our newspapers, or hope to be given serious work to do, they must drop their present attitude of just playing at or with the work. Men resent and rightly resent even a woman treating as a kind of toy the work which they have seen fit to dignify with their life endeavor. And while you will find few newspaper men who will not in open discussion chaff their chosen profession, you will find in this business, very few who, in the holiest of holies of their outwardly ribald hearts, have not enshrined their work as a great and worthy thing, the honor of which they hold high above any personal consideration.

The very men who feel this would declare that this was the most absolute rubbish, for it is a part of the religion of a newspaper man to take nothing seriously, last and least of all, himself or his ideals and ambitions. He has heard so many wild dissertations upon honor by politicians who have none outside their pockets or hopes or preferment. He has seen all the things for which in his secret heart he cares pompously paraded before the multitude only to be peddled or forsworn in secret, that he hesitates to expose to the tarnishing light of ridicule anything so sacred as a heart-hope or ambition, an ideal or a point of honor.

The Canadian woman who has gone into newspaper work has never got over the idea that she has been really daring in doing so, and her whole attitude in the office seems to continually ask: "Aren't I the regular cut up?" Then, too, there is her superiority to the little things which mean so much in the smooth working of so nicely geared and minutely manipulated a machine as a daily paper. Outwardly, a newspaper office is about the most confused, happy-go-lucky, get-a-long-somehow appearing place, while, as a matter of fact, it is run on the thorough understanding by every unit just what is or is not its function, which must be performed absolutely in its place for all the seeming careless attitude, which appears to prevail.

Canadian women do not seem to have the initiative or the "nose-for-news," which are the essentials for this work, and the Canadian news-

paper man smiles discreetly behind his hand when the Canadian newspaper woman starts in to talk of "the newspaper game."

One man told me of an attenuated lady, who invaded the city room of a Toronto daily. She sat for a time at the society desk and sent her stuff to the printers aloft in the composing room in a miscellaneous litter of scribbled notes and pasted-up letters from society queens, which made those printers tear their hair, and the proof-readers have recourse to language more forcible than eloquent.

As happens to every one who writes for or to the papers, the day came when her stuff was "railroaded," that is, it was sent through because of coming late, without correction, and appeared in the columns a mass of "bulls," which is to say that it showed several new and original forms of eccentric spelling. Now there are about a dozen men busily engaged in setting type at the linotype machines in that office and any of these or several of them might have set that matter.

This the society editor did not know, together with much else that the American newspaper woman would have learned long since, and which the veriest cub in the office could and would have been proud and anxious to have told her. But she was playing at newspaper work and had not taken the trouble to ponder so grimy a subject as the setting of type. She did not know and so, when she saw her pretty little society item all mussed up and misspelled, she was wroth. "Who is this man that sets the type?" she enquired of the newspaper man, who told me the story and who was consumed with mirth, when the same lady, having severed her connection with the newspaper, came in there one day and cried ecstatically: "My goodness, but it is great to get the smell of printer's ink into one's nose again!" This seemed to the man, who lived in this atmosphere and loved it, to be what he would have called "mighty high-priced comedy."

And so it comes that when a female "cub," which is the name for a newcomer in newspaperdom, appears in a Canadian city room, the reporters will appraise her with well-concealed mirth and wonder what new fanatic has come into their midst to while away their time with her blunders, and to generally clog and disarrange the wheels of progress and the press.

All this may have been lightly said, but it is a real fact, for there is much good work that women might be doing on the Canadian newspapers. There are many stories which their special qualities would place in the columns of the big dailies and weeklies, that would aid in the advancing of the times and which are passed by, because there is no woman's hand to nurse them and rear them to do their work in the world which owes so much to a sympathetic and helpful press. There are many stories, which are refused of men, that would be accepted from women, because even in the inner circle of the newspaper world, men will not willingly lay down some sordid proposition before the scorn of women's eyes.

Newspaper women are needed in Canada, but they must be newspaper women, who are willing to buckle on the whole armor and assume the entire burden of the work. Then—and then only—can they hope to reap its rich rewards, which are not of money but of something higher and cleaner, the knowledge of a good and helpful work, done daily in gladness and without boast or complaint for little pay, and the greater happiness and advancement of the race.

MARGARET O'GRADY.

### Colonel Baldwin's Sword.

**A** LINK connecting the peaceful, prosperous Canada of the present with the storied, troubled past, is the sword of the late Colonel Connell James Baldwin, presented to Loreto Abbey by his youngest daughter, Mother M. Matilda Baldwin.

Until quite recently, this relic of the hero of the Peninsular war, who so gallantly came to the aid of the Canadian Government, to defend her frontier, in the excited time of the war of 37-38, was in the possession of the Misses Baldwin. We quote from the *Saturday Globe*, March 30, 1901, an appreciation of one who had ever been loyal to his country and creed.

#### A Peninsular War Hero.

There are not many medals in Canada for service in the Peninsular war, and Toronto is fortunate in having one of the most interesting, and one that is deservedly prized by its owners.

The medal in question, one with no less than ten bars, representing as many engagements, attached, was won by the late Col. C. J. Baldwin, and is now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Lacourse, widow of the late Judge Lacourse of Berlin, and her sisters, who are now residing in Toronto. It is believed that no other officer who fought during that campaign ever had the honor of winning so many bars in addition to the medal.

There is an interesting history attached to the life of the late Colonel Baldwin, who died some years ago in Toronto. During the Peninsular campaign he was on the staff of Gen. Picton, who was in command of the famous "Fighting Brigade." Col. Baldwin was a good classical scholar, and during a conversation among a number of officers, in which General Picton took part, the General used a classical quotation, which Colonel (then Lieutenant) Baldwin answered in the same language, so gratifying the General that he appointed him on his staff as aide-de-camp. The young officer fought with conspicuous gallantry in the following engagements, for which he received the medal and clasps:

(1) Talavera, 1809, when in action commanding a company, wounded in the head, see document "No. 55,406, War Office, London;" (2) Nive; (3) Nivelles; (4) Pyrenees; (5) Vittoria; (6) Salamanca; (7) Badajoz, at which he led the stormers and was twice thrown from the scaling ladders; (8) Fuentes d'Onore; (9) Busaco; (10) Orthes, at which he received a bullet wound through the arm.

Later on, he served with the 50th Regiment in Jamaica and other parts of the West Indies. He retired from active service shortly afterward and came to Canada. Here, however, the Canadian Government soon had something for him to do, and in 1838 he was specially requested to again take up arms and raise a corps for the defence of the frontier during the troubles of that time. The document containing the request is in the possession of his daughter.

In 1839 a great honor was conferred upon him when the officers of his corps presented him with a sword, bearing the following inscription:

"Presented to Colonel Connell James Baldwin, commanding 6th Provisional Battalion of Militia,

by the officers of the regiment, as a testimony of their high respect for him as an officer, and strong regard for him as a friend. Toronto, 8th May, 1839."

Colonel Baldwin was married to the daughter of Richard Spragge, of Albany, New York. They had six daughters and only one son, Lieut. T. H. Baldwin, who was an officer in the Imperial army, 100th, Prince of Wales' Regiment, and who died from fever contracted whilst on duty in Gibraltar, in 1862.

Colonel Baldwin entered the service of his country in the navy at the early age of fourteen years. He was obliged by ill-health to leave that service, but, desirous of a military career, he entered the army at the age of sixteen years in the 87th Regiment, from which he exchanged into the 83d, and afterwards into the 50th, in which Regiment he obtained his company after passing his examination with honors at the Military College, Farnham.

The sword of honor, medal and clasps and a score of interesting documents, now almost yellow with age, are heirlooms that Mrs. Lacourse and her sisters are naturally very proud of.

### Loreto Convent.

A souvenir of the retreat to the young ladies of the Academy, May 21-24, 1913.

Enthroned above the cataract,  
Betwixt the water and the sky,  
The far-seen cloister walls attract  
And hold the tourist's searching eye.

When viewed anear, the convent looks  
As though it dropped from yonder skies;  
Its well-kept walks and shady nooks  
Recall a long-lost paradise.

Here Nature in her best estate  
Appears in gala dress attired;  
Here painters try to imitate,  
And poets come to be inspired.

Here prose runs into poetry,  
And waking thoughts to noonday dreams;  
Here fadeth fact to fantasy,  
And commonplace uncommon seems.



Here workdays look like holidays,  
 And aged folk retain their youth;  
 Here truth becomes unwonted praise,  
 And praise is often less than truth.

Here gentle maids are early brought,  
 And grow enraptured with the place;  
 Here beauty seen and goodness taught  
 Are mirrored in the gait and face.

Here pensive nuns like angels seem  
 With folded wings and cheeks aglow;  
 The pupils, too, like cherubs beam  
 Across the floods that plunge below.

If thoughtful souls can God detect  
 Beneath the daisy of the sward,  
 Created beauties here reflect  
 And praise their uncreated Lord.

The rumbling of the waterfall,  
 The vesper-bell that thrills the air,  
 The glow that overspreadeth all,  
 Invite to fervent praise and prayer.

As if between the earth and God,  
 To speak the thanks of speechless things,  
 The convent stands upon the sod,  
 To magnify the King of kings.

P. J. CORMICAN, S. J.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

**University Work at Loreto Abbey.**

For the past two years, Loreto Abbey has been carrying on University work, as a Women's Department of St. Michael's College, and the result has been such as to justify a claim to public confidence. The first two years of the General Course in Arts are already in progress, also the first year of the Honor Courses in Moderns, and English and History. The names of the successful students appeared in last week's *Register*. All the students of Second Year General obtained proficiency standing. All the Honor students were entirely successful, securing First, Second, and Third Class Honors, and some receiving credit in two Honor Courses, while a student of the First Year General led the entire University in Mathematics. The majority of these young ladies are under nineteen years of age.

**Loreto Abbey Commencement.**

THE sixty-sixth annual Commencement Exercises, crowning of graduates, and conferring of class honors, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, took place on Wednesday, June the fourth, in the presence of His Grace Archbishop McNeil, Bishop Power, of Newfoundland, and a large gathering of clergy and laity. The programme was a short one, but while adhering to the high standards of excellence for which the institution has ever been distinguished, it offered a new instance of the artistic perfection maintained during the many years of its existence. The programme, honor list and Departmental results for 1913 are as follows:

PROGRAMME.

- I Trust in Thee.....*S. Myerscough*
- Crowning of the Graduates.
- Danse Créole, Les Willis.....*Chaminade*  
 MISS MARGUERITE SCHMUCK.
- Conferring of Graduating Medals.
- Shandon Bells .....  
 SEMI-CHORUS.
- Favorite Airs .....  
 Harp, MISS THELMA HOLM; Piano, MISS MARGARET BURNS.
- The Last Token.....*Bond Andreeva*  
 Class of '13, Pianist, MISS MARGARET BURNS.
- Concert Waltz .....*Rudolph Friml*  
 MISS ROSE HUNT.
- Morn Rise, Gavotte.....*Czibulka*  
 CHORAL CLASS.
- Violin Solo, Hungarian Dance.....*Brahms*  
 MISS NORA HAYES.
- Conferring of Honor Medals.
- Ave Maria Loreto.....  
 Soloist, MISS WILHELMINA ROHLEDER.
- GOD SAVE THE KING!

Graduating Medals conferred on Miss Mary Brown, Miss Claire Cosgrave, Miss Marie Cummings, Miss Dorothy Furlong, Miss Rose Hunt, Miss Josephine Maloney, Miss Aileen McAllister, Miss Monica McKernan, Miss Lauretta Moore, Miss Ethel O'Brien, Miss Gertrude Murphy,

Miss Angela Ryan, Miss Wilhelmina Rohleder, Miss Edith Smith.

Papal Medal for Hagiography, obtained by Miss Molly Downey.

Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, in Senior Department, presented by Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto, obtained by Miss Ellen Madigan.

Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Intermediate Department, presented by Right Reverend Monsignor McCann, obtained by Miss Bertha Schuman.

Gold Medal for Bible History, presented by Very Reverend J. T. Kidd, D. D., obtained by Miss Mary Brazil.

Gold Medal for Church History, presented by Reverend G. A. Williams, obtained by Miss Angela Ryan.

Bronze Medal for Excellence in English Literature, presented by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, obtained by Miss Josephine Maloney.

Gold Medal for English Essay, presented by Mrs. Gertrude Foy, obtained by Miss Katherine Cray.

Gold Medal for Mathematics, presented by Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, Private Chamberlain to His Holiness Pope Pius X., obtained by Miss Ellen Madigan.

Gold Medal for Latin, presented by Reverend W. McCann, obtained by Miss Gertrude McQuade.

Gold Medal for German, in Senior Leaving Class, presented by Reverend A. O'Malley, obtained by Miss Gertrude McQuade.

Gold Medal for First General Proficiency, in Junior Matriculation Class, obtained by Miss Vivian White.

Gold Medal for Shorthand and Typewriting, presented by Mr. J. J. Seitz, obtained by Miss Amanda Barthelmes.

Gold Medal for Senior Piano, First Class Honors in Toronto University Examination, presented by Mr. T. A. Macauley, obtained by Miss Rose Hunt.

Prizes for Good Conduct, presented by Reverend L. Minehan, Crown and Prize in Senior Boarding-School, obtained by Miss Aileen McAllister; Crown and Prize in Intermediate

Boarding-School, obtained by Miss Kathleen Lee; Crown and Prize in Senior Day-School, obtained by Miss Dorothy Brady; Crown and Prize in Intermediate Day-School, obtained by Miss Ruth Blanchette.

Commercial Diplomas, obtained by Miss Amanda Barthelmes, Miss Edna Griffin, Miss Anna Lamey, Miss Agnes Torpey, Miss Winifred Rodway, Miss Genevieve McGee, Miss Olive O'Shea.

Entrance to Faculty of Education.

Part 2—Miss Gertrude McQuade (Honors), Miss Rose Noonan (Honors), Miss Teresa O'Reilly (Honors), Miss Genevieve Twomey (Honors), Miss Annie Smyth, Miss Norah Rooney, Miss Katherine O'Connor, Miss Mona Clarke.

Part 1—Miss Marie Blanchard, Miss Helen O'Connor, Miss Claire Smyth, Miss Angela Ryan.

Entrance to Normal School, Miss Vivian White (Honors), Miss Rose O'Connor, Miss Dorothy Furlong.

Junior Matriculation, Miss Vivian White, Miss Rose O'Connor (partial), Miss Mary Hunter (partial), Miss May O'Neil (partial).

Lower School Examination—Miss Marian Smith, Adelyne McConnell, Barbara Farrell, Ettie Flanagan.

Second Year Bachelor of Music, Miss Abigail Rice.

First Year Bachelor of Music, Miss Gladys Martin (partial).

Junior Theory, First Class Honors, Miss Celina Sauve, Claire Cosgrave, Rita McCabe, Mabel Doty, Edith Smith, Josephine Hodgson, Angela Ryan, Olive O'Shea.

Senior Piano, First Class Honors, Miss Rose Hunt, Monica McKernan.

Second Class Honors, Miss Abigail Rice, Irene Gribbin.

Pass, Miss Carmel George, Eileen Farmer, Marjorie Leonard.

Junior Piano, Second Class Honors, Miss Louise O'Brien.

Pass, Miss Marian Smith, Helen Griffin, Rita McCabe.

Primary Piano, Second Class Honors, Miss Ada Hickey.



GRADUATES OF 1913, LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

- |                   |                     |                  |                |                 |
|-------------------|---------------------|------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Angela Ryan       | Ethel O'Brien       | Aukun McAllister | Mary Brown     | Mare Cummings   |
| Josephine Maloney | Wilhelmina Rohleder | Rose Hunt        | Gerrude Murphy | Claire Cosgrave |
| Lauretta Moore    | Edith Smith         | Monica McKearnan |                | Dorothy Furlong |

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### Commencement Exercises at Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont.

THE fifty-second annual Commencement Exercises of the Academy took place at the early hour of half-past ten a. m., Wednesday, June eighteenth.

The stage decorations were pretty and effective—the flowers, plants, fir-trees and leafy festoons suggesting the beauties of field and woodland—the beauties that never grow commonplace.

As opening number of the programme, the young ladies, in full chorus, with piano, organ and violin accompaniment, rendered superbly the glorious anthem, "Praise Ye the Lord," of Rheinberger.

Graduating honors were then conferred on Miss Florance Peterson, Jamestown, N. Y., by Very Reverend Dean Morris, St. Catharines.

Miss Peterson showed fine musicianship in her sympathetic interpretation of the beautiful Sibelius' "Romance."

In the vocal duet, "Home to our Mountains," from "Il Trovatore," Miss Isabel Coles, a promising contralto, as Azucena was well supported by Miss Elizabeth Reed's rich contralto, in Manrico's part.

Little Miss Marjorie Mitchell gave an artistic rendition, in clear, exquisitely modulated soprano tones, of Nevin's daintiest of nature's love-songs, "I sing to my Love, the Rose, and the Rose Sings Back to Me."

The chorus, "Ye Banks and Braes," while appreciated by all present, as evidenced by the applause with which it was received, was particularly acceptable to those of the audience who love "the land of the heather."

A charming little allegory, "The Two Paths," was prettily presented by Miss Florance Peterson—the bewildered wayfarer, starting out upon the journey of life; Miss Isabel Coles, Beauty; Miss Dorothy Souther, Fame; Miss Helen Fox, Wealth; Miss Margaret Foley, Religion, and Miss Laura Shuart and Marjorie Mitchell, attendants on Beauty. The incidental music was supplied by Miss Ida Shuart.

The perfect grace of movement and delightful naturalness in word and gesture, displayed by these youthful performers, won enthusiastic applause.

As usual, the Minims captivated the audience, as they tripped in, wreathed with daisies and gave their dainty, perfectly rendered action-song, "The Gypsy Daisies."

After the reading of the Honor and Prize List by Miss Angela Duffey, and the presentation of the medals, prizes and diplomas by Very Reverend Dean Morris, the school hymn, "Ave Maria Loreto," was given by the choral class with trio and recitative by Miss Margaret Bampffield, Hilda Clarke and Mary Daly.

Very Reverend Dean Morris, addressing the young ladies, expressed his regret at the absence of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, who is so deeply interested in education and who would have appreciated the beautiful programme and the excellence of its presentation.

He reminded the students that they must not imagine their school days at an end when graduation day has come for them and they go forth from these venerable walls.

The schooldays here are but a preparation for those of the great school of life, which in turn, should be a preparation for eternity.

Quoting the Inspired Word, "As we sow, so shall we reap," he inquired who those were that this very day had received prizes—were they not the pupils who, during the year, obeyed their teachers, did their duty from day to day, made good use of their time—in a word, who kept the rules of the school?

In future years, rules very similar to these must still be kept if one is to be truly estimable. The same modesty, uprightness and charity must still be cherished and practised.

He expressed his high regard for institutions of learning like this, in which education is not lopsided. In too many schools, the whole energy is bent to the cultivation of the intellect—the physical and moral perfection of the individual being neglected.

He hoped to see them all become brilliantly intellectual, but they must not forget that goodness is better than cleverness and that character and conduct, not mere intellectual culture, are going to win God's favor. He expressed his good wishes for the future success and happiness of all.

With words of encouragement to those who had not yet completed their course of studies, that they, in their turn, would attain, by their

assiduity, the highest honors of the Institution, he hoped that they would become as learned as possible in the sciences and arts, but they must know that the possession of all learning and of a wisdom, even great as that of Solomon, would prove vain and futile, as the allegory, just presented, went to show, unless directed by the dictates of conscience and illumined by the light of Faith.

The familiar strains of the National Anthem brought to a close a very enjoyable hour.

#### Honor and Prize List.

Graduating Honors conferred on Miss Florence Peterson.

Papal Medal for Church History, obtained by Miss Adeline Mulqueen.

Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, obtained by Miss Florence Mullin.

Bronze Medal for English Literature, presented by His Royal Highness the Governor-General of Canada, obtained by Miss Florence Peterson.

Gold Medal for Fidelity to Duty, obtained by Miss Helen Fox.

Honorable Mention, Miss Angela Duffy, Florence Mullin, Elizabeth Dant, Mary Daly, Marjorie Mitchell, Graziella Myrand, Irene Curley, Lillian Corcoran, Ruth McLaughlin, Isabel Parker, Elizabeth Evans, Gertrude Carter, Celestine Stafford, Dorothy Souther and Elizabeth Reed.

Gold Medal for Prose Composition, obtained by Miss Florence Peterson.

Honorable Mention, Miss Dorothy Souther.

Gold Medal for Mathematics, obtained by Miss Lima McCaul.

Honorable Mention, Miss Dorothy Souther and Miss Margaret Bampfield.

Gold Medal for Painting, awarded to Miss Ruth Fox.

Gold Medal for Painting, awarded to Miss Adeline Mulqueen.

Honorable Mention, Miss Florence Peterson and Miss Graziella Myrand.

Gold Palette for Water Color Painting, awarded to Miss Kathleen Bawlf.

Silver Medal for Painting, awarded to Miss Margaret Foley.

Honorable Mention, Miss Elizabeth Dant.

Diplomas for passing the New York Regents' Examination for Stenographic Amanuenses and Typewriter Operators, awarded to Miss Margaret Kelly, Grace Mulligan, May Clement, Irene Gaynon, and Annie Quinn.

Diplomas for Elementary Bookkeeping, awarded to Miss Grace Mulligan, Margaret Kelly and Annie Quinn.

Silver Medal for Needlework, equally merited by Miss Marjorie Mitchell, Elizabeth Dant, Angela Duffy, Ida Shuart, Eliza'eth Reed, Lillian Corcoran and Graziella Myrand; obtained by Miss Marjorie Mitchell.

Prize for Amiability and Charity in Conversation, awarded by vote of companions, to Miss Helen Fox.

Prize for Darning, equally merited by Miss Josephine Spaulding, Elizabeth Reed, Graziella Myrand, Elizabeth Dant, Laura Shuart and Elizabeth Evans; obtained by Miss Elizabeth Dant.

Prize for Neatness and Order, awarded to Miss Graziella Myrand.

Honorable Mention, Miss Helen Fox, Angela Duffy, Ida Shuart, Marjorie Mitchell, Hilda Clark, Mary Daly, Irene Curley, Lillian Corcoran, Ruth McLaughlin, and Elizabeth Evans.

Prize for Prompt Return after each vacation, equally merited by Miss Helen Fox, Marjorie Mitchell, Isabel Parker, Dorothy Souther, Elizabeth Evans, Gertrude Carter, Elizabeth Dant, Josephine Spaulding, and Elizabeth Reed; obtained by Miss Angela Drffy.

Classes will be resumed September second.

What is culture? All the knowledge in the world will not give it to you, for culture in its true meaning, is a God-given humbleness, a placing of yourself in tune with the infinite, a refinement born of regard for others' wants and pleasures, a sweetness and light, a so-called charm, a breath of the woods and flower-covered fields, carried to the world through the soul.

The humblest and poorest creature on God's earth may have culture in its highest form; for the culture commended above all is an inward spirit, an attitude toward life and our fellow men which begets love and respect, demands it, earns it.





RUTH FOX



DOROTHY SOUTHER



ELIZABETH REED



HILDA CLARKE



FLORENCE PETERSON  
PRESIDENT



ZADA HARRISON



ADELINE MULQUEEN



EUPHEMIA ROGERS



MARGARET FOLEY  
TREASURER



GRAZIELLA MYRAND



HELEN FOX  
SECRETARY



**Closing Exercises at Loreto Convent,  
Hamilton.**

A LARGE gathering of parents and friends assembled on the afternoon of Monday, June the sixteenth, to witness the graduation exercises of this well-known Institution. The young ladies, garbed in white, presented a pretty appearance. The effect was heightened by the appropriate scenery and effective manipulation of the lights on the stage.

The opening piece, "Murmur Soft, Ye Breezes," was delightfully rendered, the excellent singing of the girls being accentuated by the able orchestral accompaniment. "The Little Bird," with orchestral accompaniment, was a very pretty number.

The curtain then fell, and, when it rose again, the stage was filled with the younger children, prettily grouped together, and attired in dainty summer costumes. These little ones went through the musical play of "Flora's Review" in a manner which reflected great credit alike on themselves and their teachers. "The Lonely Rose," by the Senior Choral Class, was rendered with precision and expression; and Miss Mary Oles played, with a delicate touch, "Si Oiseau J'étais," op. 2, No. 6 (Henselt).

The Senior pupils ably presented "The Palm of Glory," an allegory, dealing with an artist who wishes to paint a beautiful picture. She has a dream, in which the spirits of omission, wealth, beauty, erudition, and sanctity appear. The latter gains the crown, and the artist is put in the way of painting her picture. The characters were taken by the following pupils: Rosalba, Beatrice McBrady; Erna, J. Morrissey; Mercy, Ruth Robinson; Glory, Marion Sweeney; Omission, G. Doyle; Wealth, G. McGowan; Beauty, M. McGowan; Erudition, M. Quinn; Sanctity, M. Campbell; Angels, M. Rankin, A. O'Donohue, E. Marks, H. Carson, E. Müller and Teresa Acret. *The Hamilton Herald*.

Following is the programme:

Murmur Soft, Ye Breezes.....*Wckerlin*  
(Orchestral Accompaniment.)

Crowning of Graduates:

MISS BEATRICE McBRADY, MISS MARION  
SWEENEY.

Conferring of Graduating Medals.

The Little Bird.....*Soederberg*  
(Orchestral Accompaniment.)

Flora's Review .....*Selected*  
"LITTLE ONES."

The Lonely Rose.....*Hermes*  
(Orchestral Accompaniment.)

SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

Si Oiseau J'étais, Op. 2, No. 6.....*Henselt*  
MISS MARY OLES.

"The Palm of Glory," An Allegory...*Selected*  
DISTRIBUTION OF HONORS.

"Ave Maria Loreto."  
(Orchestral Accompaniment.)

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Classes to be resumed on Tuesday, September the second.

**Successful Competitors at the Closing  
Exercises of Loreto Convent, Mount  
St. Mary, Hamilton.**

Graduating Honors were conferred, at the completion of their Academic Course, on Miss Beatrice McBrady and Miss Marion Sweeney.

Miss Josephine Morrissey, Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Senior Department, presented by His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D.

Miss Marion Sweeney, Papal Medal for Church History. Honorable Mention—Miss Anna Doherty.

Miss Anna Doherty, Bronze Medal for English Literature, presented by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada.

Miss Beatrice McBrady, Gold Medal for English Essay, presented by Right Reverend Mgr. Mahony, V. G., D. C. L.

Honorable Mention—Miss Josephine Morrissey.

Miss Isolde Müller, Gold Medal for Fidelity to Duty, presented by Very Reverend Dr. Brady, Dean.

Miss Rose Farrelly, Gold Medal for highest standing in Entrance to Normal, July, 1912, presented by Reverend J. F. Hinchey.

Miss Anna Doherty, Gold Medal for Mathe-

matics, presented by Sir J. M. Gibson, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

Miss Isolde Müller, Gold Medal for Physical Culture, presented by Lieutenant-Colonel Moore.

Miss Anna Doherty, Gold Medal for Science, presented by Mrs. Emmet Gallagher.

Miss Erma Ashton, Gold Medal for Proficiency in Ceramic Art and Oil Painting—fourth year.

Miss M. Meaden, Silver Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Intermediate Department.

Miss Agnes O'Donohue, Silver Medal for highest standing in First Year High School.

Miss Rosabelle Smiley, Silver Medal for highest standing in Departmental High School Entrance Examination, 1912.

Miss R. Farrelly, J. Michael, K. Nolan, E. McKune and C. Coughlan, Certificates from Educational Department for Entrance to Normal, July, 1912.

Miss J. Morrissey, R. Vaillancourt, M. Overend, K. McGaughy, Junior Matriculation Certificates, Toronto University, 1912.

Miss G. McGowan and M. Quinn, Diplomas, in Commercial Department.

Miss Marion James, Certificate for Lower School Entrance to Normal, 1912.

Miss K. McGaughy, L. Leyes, R. Vaillancourt, C. Luyster, H. Carson, M. McCarthy and M. Burns, Certificates for Music, Junior Grade Piano, Toronto University, 1912.

Miss Rosabelle Smiley and G. Murphy, Certificates for Music, Primary Grade, Toronto University, 1912.

Miss Rosabelle Smiley and Vera Meehan, Certificates for High School Entrance Examination, 1912.

Miss Beatrice McBrady, First Prize in German, Senior Department.

Miss Marion Sweeney, First Prize in Latin, Senior Department.

Miss L. Leyes, First Prize in French, Matriculation Class.

Miss K. Hanley, First Prize in Ceramic Art, first year.

Miss Ruth Robinson, First Prize in Water-color Painting, first year.

Miss G. Radigan, Prize in Ceramic Art, first year.

Miss V. Meehan, Prize for Art, first year High School.

Miss H. Carson, Prize for Art, second year High School.

Miss H. Townsend, Prize for Art, in Fourth Class.

Miss T. Acret, Special Prize for Penmanship.

Miss I. Müller, Prize for Fancy Work.

Miss V. Foyster, Prize for Plain Sewing.

Miss E. Müller, Prize for Darning.

Miss A. Doherty, L. Leyes, B. Wylie, A. O'Donohue and M. Taylor, Prize for Prompt Return after Vacation, equally merited; obtained by Miss Wylie.

Miss Evelyn Blanchard, Prize for Regular Attendance in day-school.

Miss M. Tracy, First Prize in Junior Fourth Class.

Miss M. Patrick, Prize for Art, in Third Class, also for Arithmetic.

Miss H. Yawman, Prize for Christian Doctrine, in Third Class.

Miss M. Burke, Prize for Christian Doctrine, in Primary Department.

Miss Helen O'Reilly, First Prize, in Senior Third Class.

Miss A. Callaghan, First Prize, in Junior Third Class.

Miss M. Leitch, First Prize, in Senior Second Class.

Miss M. Marks, First Prize, in Junior Second Class.

Miss K. Goodrow and A. Williams, First Prize, in Second Class.

Miss H. Balfe, First Prize in Primary Class.

Miss E. Dunne and E. Murphy, Prizes for Arithmetic.

Montesquieu tells us that there are two classes of people who are apt to become hard-hearted, the extremely happy and the extremely unhappy. May it not be with many of us that life is so full of happiness that we have ceased to care just as much as we used to how it goes with our friends? Has our happiness hardened our hearts? If so, we need swift repentance. Somewhere in our little world a heart is waiting wearily for our message of love and cheer; no other pen but ours can write the words of helpfulness; no other heart but ours can respond to this appeal; shall we not heed it and quickly respond?

**Commencement Musicale, Loreto Convent,  
Stratford, Friday, June Twentieth,  
Nineteen Hundred Thirteen.**

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- Chorus, "Jesu Mitis" ..... *Marzo*  
 Piano Duet, "Seguidilla" ..... *Holst*  
 Semi-Chorus—  
 (a) "Arcadian Lullaby" ..... *Krogmann*  
 (b) "Birdies' Ball" ..... *A. Street*  
 Piano Solo—  
 Sonata, Op. 2, No. 3 ..... *Beethoven*  
 (1770-1827)  
 (a) Scherzo.  
 (b) Trio.  
 Semi-Chorus, "Fairies' Lullaby" ..... *Orth*  
 Piano Duet, "Flying Doves" ..... *Carl Heins*

PART II.

- Piano Solo—  
 (a) Preludes, Op. 28, Nos. 20 and 7 ..... *Chopin*  
 (1800-1849)  
 (b) Marche ..... *Sinding*  
 Chorus, "God so Loved the World" (from  
 "The Crucifixion" ..... *Sir John Stainer*  
 (1840-1901)  
 Piano Solo, "Humoresque" ..... *Grieg*  
 Semi-Chorus, "Spring's Arrival" .....  
 ..... *Hoffmann Von Fallersleben*  
 (1798-1874)  
 (German Folk Song.)  
 Piano Duet, "Pilgrims' Chorus" (from  
 "Tannhäuser" ..... *Wagner*  
 (1813-1883)  
 Chorus, "Woodland Voices" ..... *Lloyd*  
 (1813-1853)

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Gold Medal—Toronto University, Senior  
 Pianoforte Certificate—First Class Honors, Miss  
 Anne Pringle.

Silver Lyre—Toronto University, Primary  
 Pianoforte Certificate—First Class Honors, Miss  
 Geraldine Sydney Smith.

**Residential Ladies' Business College,  
Bond Street, Toronto.**

DEAR RAINBOW:

The pupils of the "Music Studio" in connection with the Loreto Ladies' College, 81 Bond Street, gave a very pleasing and creditable Musicale on Tuesday afternoon, June the third, in the Assembly Hall of the College.

Apart from the rendering of the instrumental and vocal selections, the event comprised the conferring of the gold medals presented by Mrs. J. McLean French, Dr. F. J. McMahon, and Mr. J. J. Seitz.

Owing to circumstances prior to the removal of the College and Studio to the new premises on Brunswick Avenue, only a few of the immediate friends of the pupils were present, to express their appreciation of the success attending the labors of the Loreto Community in Bond Street, during the past year, and to wish them continued prosperity in their new home, which will be open for pupils in September.

A few well-chosen words from Rev. F. Morrissey, D. D., brought the all-too-brief happy moments to a close.

Before saying "Au Revoir," dear RAINBOW, let me, as a devoted pupil of the old "Alma Mater," express my regret at its passing into other hands—the old landmark which, for more than half a century, opened its doors to the youth of our city, and gave to many of our best and most esteemed citizens, their early training. Wonder not, that my thoughts were foreign to the loveliness of the scene around me on last Tuesday evening. The dear old walls! Could they speak, what lessons of sanctity and heroism would they disclose, as witnesses of the early lives of the pioneers of education in Toronto!

The quiet chapel! How many hours of communing with our dear Lord in the tabernacle of His love, yea, how many nights of prayer spent by our revered Reverend Mother Teresa, Mother Joachim, and others, are recorded above by Loreto's angels! How many sainted spirits, first members of the Institute in America, through the toil and sacrifice of the early days in Bond Street, won their immortal crown and laid aside their earthly tenement within the old walls, to wing their flight to their heavenly home.

A new epoch in the history of one of Toronto's

first Catholic educational institutions is about to dawn, new work for God's greater glory is to be inaugurated, may He bless the one and reward a hundredfold the noble Institute of Mary, whose works will live in the hearts of many, long after they have said "Farewell" to the dear convent home on Bond Street.

A PUPIL OF LORETO.

PROGRAMME.

Hammock Song .....	<i>R. R. Forman</i> CHORUS.
Papillons, op. 2.....	<i>Schumann</i> MISS ETHEL SLEE.
Si oiseau j'étais .....	<i>Ad Henselt</i> MISS ETHEL SLEE.
Étude .....	<i>Paul de Loetz</i> MISS LOUISE O'BRIEN.
To Spring .....	<i>C. Gounod</i> MISS GERTRUDE FORSYTHE.
Au Matin .....	<i>B. Godard</i> MISS EILEEN CLARK.
Second Valse .....	<i>Aug. Durand</i> MISS ALICE FITZGERALD.
The Birds Go North Again.....	<i>G. Willeby</i> MISS LOUISE O'BRIEN.
Danse Italienne, op. 63.....	<i>Geze Horvath</i> MISS HELEN LOCKHART.
Nocturne .....	<i>J. Field</i>
Papillons .....	<i>Ed. Grieg</i> MISS MARY DAVIS.
All on a Summer's Day.....	<i>J. Silver</i> CHORUS.
Marche Militaire .....	<i>Tausig-Schubert</i> MISS ETHEL SLEE.
O Canada, Terre de Nos Aïeux.....	<i>C. Lavallée</i> CHORUS.

Gold Medal, presented by Dr. Fred J. McMahon, for Excellence in English, obtained by Miss Madeleine Lynch.

Gold Medal, presented by Mr. J. J. Seitz, for proficiency in Typewriting, obtained by Miss Cecilia Dwyer.

Gold Cross, for General Proficiency, awarded to Miss Marion Barnes.

Gold Medal, presented by Mrs. J. McLean French, for Senior Piano, First Class Honors, University Exam., obtained by Miss Ethel Slee.

Prize for Junior Piano, obtained by Miss Eileen Clark.

Prize for Primary Piano, obtained by Miss Helen Lockhart.

Prize for First Year Primary, obtained by Miss Edna McCarron.

**Prize List, Loreto Academy, Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, June 18th.**

Gold Medal, Christian Doctrine, Senior Department, Miss Dorothy Devaney. Honorable Mention, Miss E. Anglin, B. MacMahon, M. Hall, A. La Tour.

Prizes, Christian Doctrine, Intermediate Department, Miss Margaret McCabe. Honorable Mention, Miss Helen McCabe and Lois McBrady.

Junior Department, Miss Helen Codd. Honorable Mention, Miss Helen O'Loane.

Certificates, Honor Standing, Primary Piano-forte, University of Toronto, Miss Lillian Gough and Adele La Tour.

Prize, special work in History, Miss Beatrice McMahon. Honorable Mention, Miss Margaret Flynn and Madeleine Hall.

Prize, Plain Sewing, Miss Frances Cassidy.

Prize, Drawing, Miss Mildred Flynn.

First Prize, Second Year Academic Class, Miss Eleanor Anglin.

First Prize, First Year Academic Class, Miss Madeleine Hall.

First Prize, Senior Fourth Class, Miss Margaret McCabe. Honorable Mention, Miss Helen McCabe.

First Prize, Junior Fourth Class, Miss Rita Blainey. Honorable Mention, Miss Gertrude O'Neill.

First Prize, Senior Third Class, Miss E. La Tour. Honorable Mention, Miss Lillian Enright and Margaret Shaw.

First Prize, Junior Third Class, Miss Tessie Macnab. Honorable Mention, Miss Doris Hayes.

First Prize, Senior Second Class, Miss Margaret Hicks.

First Prize, Junior Second Class, Miss Kathleen Kelly.

First Prize, Part First Class, Miss C. Hayes.

First Prize, Phonics, Miss Helen Woods.

## Alumnae Column.

### Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Loreto Alumnae Association, held at Loreto Abbey, on Tuesday afternoon, April 1st., a delightful and clever Shakespearean lecture was given by Rev. A. O'Malley. The speaker chose two of Shakespeare's plays, "Cymbeline" and "A Winter Tale," for his subject, giving a brilliant and comprehensive interpretation of the principal characters and their environment, creating on the whole, a most illuminating pen picture. Imbued with a true appreciation of the immortal Bard of Avon, Father O'Malley described the ethics and motifs of plot and climax of the greatest dramatist, with a clearness and impressiveness that was extremely entertaining.

At the conclusion of the lecture, a vote of thanks was moved by Miss Margaret O'Grady, seconded by Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, after which tea was served, the hostesses being: Mrs. Halloran, Mrs. Cummings and Miss Hynes.

### Everyman.

The Loreto Alumnae Dramatic Club gave a very brilliant presentation of "Everyman" at Loreto Abbey, on Tuesday afternoon, April 8th., before a large and fashionable audience. It is doubtful if any amateur organization has ever before rendered such a splendidly finished interpretation of this famous Morality Play.

The rôle of *Everyman*, as played by Miss Theresa McKenna, was both clever and dramatic in the highest sense. It was really a most convincing performance of a difficult part.

Miss Christine Collins played *Good Deeds* with rare histrionic ability, so did Miss Alice McClelland, who appeared as *Death* and *Riches*.

The part of the *Messenger* was given a remarkably intelligent interpretation by Miss Cecil McKenna, who has an unusually musical voice and good expression.

The *Fellowship* of Miss Eugénie Defoe was a bright and clever piece of acting, which may also be said of the work of those appearing in the lesser rôles, among whom were: *Cousin*, Miss Louise Foy; *Kinsman*, Miss Aileen Clark; *Discretion*, Miss Nora Rooney; *Knowledge*, Miss

Mona Clark; *Five Wits*, Miss Grace Podger; *Strength*, Miss Genevieve Twomey; and *Beauty*, Miss Alberta McNab.

The staging, scenic effects and costumes were delightfully pretty and effective.

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The regular monthly meeting of the Loreto Alumnae Association was held at Loreto Abbey, on Tuesday afternoon, May 6th., when a most delightful programme was presented.

Mrs. J. P. Hynes had charge of the programme, which was a real musical treat.

Miss Middleton sang very sweetly, "Oh, Dry Those Tears," "Because," and, as an encore, gave "Rose in the Bud."

Miss Honnette, whose voice is rarely rich and of remarkable compass, gave a brilliant rendering of "The Jewel Song" from Faust, and Willoughby's "Flower Fetters."

Miss Mary Morley contributed as a piano number Liszt's Fourteenth Rhapsodie, rendering a very clever interpretation and displaying skilful technique and execution.

At the conclusion of the programme, a vote of thanks was moved by Miss Hynes, seconded by Miss Josephine Doherty, after which tea was served, the hostesses being: Mrs. Thomas Lawlor and Mrs. McMahon, assisted by a bevy of pretty girls, the graduates of this year.

The Loreto Alumnae Association held a very enjoyable and largely attended luncheon at Loreto Abbey, on Monday, June 10th., the guest list being strictly confined to the pupils and former pupils of Loreto. The guests were received by the executive, who wore the Alumnae colors, blue and white. Luncheon was served at small tables, centered with pink roses and maidenhair ferns, while an orchestra, stationed on the veranda, played sweetly throughout the afternoon. At the conclusion of the business meeting, it was decided to award a scholarship to the pupil of Loreto who should attain the highest standing in the University course. A vote of thanks to the retiring executive was moved by Mrs. Hugh T. Kelly, seconded by Miss Lawlor. The following officers were elected for the coming year: Hon. President, Reverend Mother M. Stanislaus; Hon. Vice-President, Mrs. Peter J. Rooney; President, Mrs. Maloney; First Vice-President, Mrs. Lawlor; Second Vice-President, Mrs. E. Sulli-

van; Recording Secretary, Miss Alma Small; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Bertha Boland; Treasurer, Miss Gertrude Kelly; Convener of the House Committee, Mrs. Joseph Doane; Convener of the Entertainment Committee, Mrs. J. P. Hynes; Convener of the Membership Committee, Mrs. Frank McLaughlin; Convener of the Press Committee, elected by acclamation,

MARGARET O'GRADY.

### My Wild Rose.

O you bring and take my summer, little rose;  
How I wait—and longing, words may not  
disclose;

Cruel, dreary months withhold  
Bliss your beauteous leaves unfold  
From a heart of truest gold,  
Wilding rose!

O my fancy chose your face long years ago,  
As the fairest thing of beauty earth may know;  
Heaven's promise of all good!—  
But my heart misunderstood,—  
Not the willed, but as I would  
Selfish know.

O your fragrance is the sweetest ever sung,  
And its witching magic is forever flung  
Round the mem'ries of the years,  
With the loves that time endears,  
O I see them thro' my tears,  
Ever young.

No one comes to claim the joy this hour bestows,  
No one covets and no earth-bound pilgrim knows  
How we joyfully defy  
Those who sell and those who buy,  
In this world of you and I,  
Little rose!

Ah, brief our summer joyance: you are gone!  
And—to whatever else—life hurries on:  
But no ill may overpower,  
And the way from bow'r to bow'r,  
Shall be but that chastening hour  
Bringing Dawn.

While the Rose of Sharon is my banquet spread,  
And the angels' envy is my Daily Bread,  
Tho' the length'ning shades appear,  
Life is sweet and Heav'n is near:  
What have I on earth to fear,  
What to dread?

IDRIS.

## Letter Box.

THE ACADEMY.

DEAR MOTHER:

Oh, my, but that John McCormack is the rogue! He came over to us last night and just ran away with about three thousand palpitating Irish hearts that beat in all parts of the Academy. Oh, but 'tis he has the soothing way with him, with that voice of his that runs as smooth as the River Shannon, but sparkles like that selfsame stream when the sun strikes it on an April day.

And were those three thousand men and women glad to lose their hearts to this broth of a boy from the dear old land? Were they? Sure, 'tis a wonder that the walls of the Academy are left standing to-day, after the way the thunders of applause rolled through the building. There wasn't a county in Ireland that was not represented in the great throng, and there wasn't a song on the programme that didn't call up memories of some kind to nearly every one.

Of course, John had to sing an aria or two from grand opera, just to show what he really could do when he tried, in the way of soaring into the so-called higher forms of the singer's art, but, bless your soul, what did the arias amount to when the melodies of Erin came rolling out, as clear as a bell and ten times as sweet, from the throat of the handsome tenor, whose notes can thrill a Duchess or a peasant with equal facility. One after another, the songs were given, with the art that conceals art, with the ease and fluency of an Irish thrush at dawn on a summer day, and, dearie me, before we all knew it, two hours had gone by and not one of us knew where they had disappeared, we were so wrapped up in what was going on on the stage.

John McCormack faced the greatest audience that had ever gathered in the Academy for a concert of this kind. Every seat in the house was filled, not to mention the space that is usually occupied by the orchestra, and, as for the stage, you couldn't have put another camp-stool on it if you tried. And, to cap the climax, there were as many standees as the law allows—and perhaps one or two more—for what's the law when a man wants to hear John McCormack? When the dulcet tones of his God-given voice—that must



Thanks for your kindly welcome.  
I shall not soon forget it  
Yours John W. Connors  
April. 1913





have come from heaven direct—are heard, there is a hush among his enraptured audience, and when the last faint and beautiful pianissimo notes die away, there is a sighing stillness, as the mesmerized listeners relieve their lungs of the breath they were holding, and then, presto—there is a clamor inconceivable as they applaud again and again.

What songs did he sing? What does that matter? However, as you weren't there, perhaps you'd like to know, so here they are:

"Una Furtiva Lagrima," from *L'Elisir d'Amore* (Donizetti); "The Crying of the Water" (Campbell Tipton); "Within the Garden of My Heart" (Alicia Scott); "One Gave Me a Rose" (Edwin Schneider); "Irish Love Song" (Hamilton Harty); "Ancient Irish Airs: "She Moved Through the Fair," "Down by the Sally Gardens," "The Lagan Love Song," "Next Market Day," "Aubade, Le Roi d'Ys" (Lalo); Finale, Act. III. "Bohème."

Mr. McCormack was most generous with encores. It is needless to say that "I Hear You Calling Me," and "Mother Machree" were given. "My Rosary" and an amusing lilt about a certain "Molly" took the house by storm.

"Oh, Shaun machree of the golden throat,  
Sing on to the world that claims your call;  
We grudge no lover one wondrous note  
But yet we are claiming you first of all;  
For you bring us the dripping of Maytime rain  
On many an eve that is dead and done,  
And the foot of a friend on our hearth again,  
Whose face is hidden from star and sun.

Then sing to the world that leans to hear—  
To Frank and Teuton and Tuscan—all;  
We grudge no man what he's holding dear,  
But keep for us ever our own home call—  
The dripping of rain and the blackbird's trill,  
The face of a friend that our love has known,  
The soft winds over an Irish hill,  
And the Shannon's whisper by old Athlone."

**Giobanni Cormacko :**

I, Tony McAroni, I  
Am smart as I can be,  
An' even opera-seengers try  
Be justa lika me!  
Dey see een deesa countra how  
I mak' mysal' a name,

An' so dey all are startin' now  
For try an' do da same!

Ah? W'at? You don't a gat me, Steve?  
All right, I 'splain to you;

Den, mebbe so, you weell baylieve  
Dat I am speaka true:

Las' night I go to opera-show—  
Da play ees "Don Giovan'"—

An' dere's new tenor dere, you know;  
Fine, beeg Italian!

He seenga justa lika bird,  
So verra sweet an' clear—

But som'times w'en he speaka word  
Eet sounda verra queer.

Eet ees as eef he no could speak  
Italian wal enough;

But soon, baycause I am so queeck,  
I see eet ees a bluff.

He speaks hees words—dees smarta rogue  
Dat seengs so clear an' sweet—

Weeth--how-you-call-eet?—"Irish brogue,"  
Like cop upon da beat!

"Aha!" I theenk, "so, lika me,  
You play da Irish game!"

I look at program den to see  
How he ees spal hees name.

Ha! "John McCormack!" dere eet ees,  
An' jus' so plain as day!

You theenk he's born weeth name like dees?  
Eh? w'at ees dat you say?

No! Nevva was an Irishman  
Could seeng so strong an' sweet!

Dees fallow ees Italian;  
You bat my life on eet!

I, Tony McAroni, I  
Am smart as I can be,  
An' here's a seenger com' to try  
Be justa lika me.

He sees een deesa countra how  
I mak' mysal' a name,

An' so, you see, he's startin' now  
For try an' do da same.

*T. A. Daly, in Catholic Standard and Times.*

Tony McAroni, wake up, you are dreaming,  
A dream, lad, I fear will lead you astray,  
When you think John McCormack was born in  
old Italy  
Instead of old Ireland. Oh, God bless the day!

I don't blame you, lad, for wanting to claim him,  
 He's a credit to any land, where'er it may be;  
 But never, oh, never, can Enrico Caruso  
 Bring tears to the eyes, singing "Mother  
 Machree."

You can sing your love-songs to the maidens of  
 Italy;  
 Swear by the stars you will always be true;  
 Play your guitar by the moonlight so sweetly—  
 But John, only John, can sing "I'm Calling  
 You."

A. B. R.

MADRID, SPAIN.

DEAR RAINBOW:

The splendor of your tints has glorified the sky of Spain. Here in the land of the Cid and Don Quixote I have met with a Caed Mille Fáilthe at the hands of the Loreto nuns, who are so successfully directing institutions of learning at Gibraltar, Seville, Madrid, and Zalla, near Bilbao. So far I have visited all the convents except the latter, situated in the mountains of the north. All these flourishing institutions have been founded from the Rathfarnham Abbey, Dublin, and they are redolent of that far-famed school's scholarship and culture, bringing to the charming señoritas of this land, which has not lost its high conception of womanhood, all that is beautiful in the circle of Catholic truth, and teaching and preparing the girls for the great mission which is theirs not alone in Spain but wherever woman leads, directs, and inspires.

When I said, however, that I had visited all the Loreto foundations in Spain save the one at Zalla, I was not quite correct, for there are two schools at Gibraltar directed by the Religious of the Institute of Mary—as the Loreto nuns are known at Gibraltar—one in the town and one at Europa. I hope to visit the latter on my return to Gibraltar, in a few days, where I will take the boat for Naples, on my way to the Malta Eucharistic Congress.

I need not tell readers of the RAINBOW that the Loreto Convents of Spain are the educational shrines which draw, through the light on their altars, the girls of the most aristocratic families of Spain. In Seville, the very heart of Spain, full of a past glory and romance which attract

within its gates every year thousands of tourists, the Loreto Community have a boarding-school which, in its situation and setting, would be hard to duplicate anywhere. The girls—the famed Andalusian girls, whose charm of manner and beauty have oft been enshrined in the pages of literature—entertained me with a number of delightful Sevillian dances, in the costumes peculiar to the country. I notice that here in Spain girls develop much earlier than in America. Indeed, an Andalusian girl of sixteen is quite as much developed as a Canadian or American girl of twenty.

I learned that the Spanish girls are exceedingly clever, and in life are excellent home-keepers. I was especially struck with the splendid grasp of English which the girls of the Loreto Convent of Madrid evinced. Among others I met in the convent of Madrid the bright and cultured correspondent of the RAINBOW, a girl of fifteen. I was delighted with my visit to all these institutions and my gratitude goes out to the good Loreto nuns in Toronto, Ontario, and the Mother Superiors of Gibraltar, Seville, and Madrid, who made possible for me this charming visit to the Loreto Convents of Spain, the memory of which will ever abide with me when I return to my native land.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

ST. PETERSBURG.

DEAREST MOTHER:

I have just been writing Aunt Amy and Mr. Blachford and cannot help starting again a letter to you though I know you will be getting all my letters in a bunch. I heard from you yesterday and it pleased me more than I can write to know you had been having such delightfully unique experiences. I must tell you I have a new piece—a Sonata by Händel—and it is quite pretty—such a relief after that beastly Kreutzer, though I still keep on the last movement. Prof. Auer is more satisfied with my left hand now and is giving more attention to my bowing. At the Recital, a very good-looking Swede, Mr. A., told me that, in a year, I would surprise them all, and as he seemed to think me quite talented you can quite understand I think him very discriminating and very delightful.

I am very satisfied with myself, as a business

woman—those welcome gifts of post-office orders were cashed so simply. To show you how easy it is for me to get along, I went directly to the post-office, after receiving the official notice—popped off all by my cute self—and it wasn't a scrap difficult. I managed to secure a clerk who spoke German and, of course, with my fluent(?) command of the language I got along beautifully.

To-night, at Gail's, imagine I met two Russian barons; one was young and quite good-looking, the other older.

Oh, mother, Kreisler in Recital here, last Tuesday night, was simply wonderful—beyond all words! I never saw people so excited—they simply would not leave the hall and were not satisfied even after four additional encores. I was just as foolish as everyone else, shouting Bravo! and Bis! It was exceptional even from this temperamental city. Whom should I meet at the Recital but that very kind young Russian lady who travelled with me from Berlin and who was so helpful. She is coming to see me—it was like meeting an old friend.

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Such happiness, mother dear, three letters from you all at once!—and such a perfectly splendid one from Bertha B. Please, thank her. Did she get my post-card? Now, before I go rambling on, I must answer your questions. I have such a habit of realizing after the letter is posted that I have neglected replying to your inquiries. First, my neck is fine—does not trouble me in the slightest, however long I practise—next, do not be anxious about my clothes, they are lasting splendidly and are so exactly what is needed. I have not yet found a teacher who could teach in English, harmony, and I'm wicked and lazy enough to be thankful. As to mending my clothes, I'm afraid I just don't manage. Luckily, they are not in a bad way, and once in a while I sew on an odd button.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thanks so much, darling mother, for your birthday greetings, which made me very happy—and Nan's, too. It seems queer that I am growing older when I can never get rid of the feeling that I am not over sixteen.

It is amusing to watch the changes Auer makes in all the pupils that come to him; there

are students from Seveik, César, Thompson, and Marteau, and all the great teachers—and they all get their bumps!

\* \* \* \* \*

At present I am trying to develop strength in my fingers. He has special studies for this purpose and gives most minute directions as to just how they are to be practised. I can practise two hours steadily, at a time, now, and generally get two and one-half hours in before luncheon. Then, I do two hours after luncheon and go for a walk, come back and do sometimes a little more—I am trying to get in five hours now, although some days it is only four hours and a half. Some of the students work six hours. I think between five and six hours is the average. I am so happy in my work, more so than I ever dreamed I could be; as for the future, I am content to leave it entirely with Him who bestowed upon me such talents as I possess, and shall look no farther than each day's work. Father O'Rourke told me to place my trust in the Blessed Virgin and she would look after and protect me.

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I was at a concert the other night, given by Miss Berson, a pupil of Auer's. Her father owns, I believe, about all of Petersburg, and she had an orchestra to accompany her. Among other numbers she played the Lalo "Symphonie Espagnole." I must send you the programme and also one of Kreisler's Recital that I have, and must remember, too, to enclose the grand Jubilee programme, and will try and gather sufficient energy to write something about it.

We are, certainly, very cosmopolitan here. At our table Russian, German, Dutch, Danish and English are spoken.

I practised, yesterday, with Mrs. Thomas accompanying the last movement of the Kreutzer and the Händel. Her criticisms and Nicola's were very helpful.

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I was so glad to have a letter from Miss De-fries, who is in Paris—to think she will meet me in Dresden and spend a week is just heavenly.

Another invitation to go skiing to-morrow (Sunday) but it is too early for me to go and

get to church, and I can go another time. They can never get over wondering how queer I am—that I go to church. If they could only know what a wonderful consolation one receives and what a help it is.

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I was so sorry and shocked to hear about dear Father Sullivan's death. It does not seem possible that he can be gone. Do you remember that he said Mass that my journey might be a safe one, and you know I was so proud that he came to my concert. It seems terrible; but he had not seemed really well for a long while. Uncle Stafford will feel it keenly.

My lesson was very interesting this afternoon. I have a new piece, *Fantasia Appassionata*, by *Vieuxtemps*. Does not that sound quite a splash? It is, too, because Auer gave it to Mr. L., at his lesson; when I tell him I have it, also, he will have a spasm. Talking about tone, Auer says you cannot make a big tone any more than you can make a big voice—a beautiful tone can always be developed but a big tone is something that is in one's self and no one can teach you that.

I asked him when he was going to let me practise up-bow staccato—I am just dying to try it. He said, "Not for a while yet—it is the one thing I teach contrary, absolutely, to all my other rules." Then he added, "but you will be ready for it in a week."

To-night, I am going to Mrs. Starr's—I have written you of Eveleen Starr, the Nova Scotia student who will soon be finished. To-morrow I am invited to Mme. d'Alixia's (I have not the remotest idea of the spelling). She is a very great friend of Gail Watson's. It is to be quite a party—all the English people of her acquaintance are invited especially on our account. Everybody is so considerate,—they just seem to go out of their way to do me a kindness and make it pleasant for me.

The maid has just rapped at my door for dinner, not that I'd know it was that from the heathenish name she calls it, but it is the time.

Did I tell you the joke about a young student here who knows only two sentences in Russian: one meaning to bring him some coffee, and the other to give him a kiss, and he is not exactly sure which is which, and when he wishes to ask

the maid for his coffee, suffers agonies of nervousness watching her face to see if he has used the correct sentence.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, the party at Mme. d'Alixia's was delightful—a very swell affair. I simply had a perfectly splendid time. Barons and baronesses abounded, so many men in uniforms, and nearly every one could speak English, and all of them, practically, German. Gail played—she had wanted me to play, but I am not anxious to do so for a while yet—and a lady sang—in Russian, of course. At the time, I was sitting on a sofa by one of those barons, and when she started he turned to me and said, "I kissed you 'neath the moon"; of course, I felt slightly embarrassed, thinking, probably, being a foreigner, he was mixing his tenses, and not knowing what might happen; but he was only politely translating the song for me, which he did to the end with as much expression as that of the lady singing (which was some).

They took a great liking to all my ragtime—the fame of which seems to have spread—all our old songs are quite new to them.

You would have been amazed at all we had to eat. First, when we arrived, we had tea, and, about twelve, we had a most gorgeous (that's the word) supper. Honestly, mother, you must not blame all the ladies here for being so stout, one simply can't resist the lovely things they have to eat. We did not get home till half-past three. Mme. d'Alixia was so kind and asked me to come whenever I could and be assured I would always, at all times, be most welcome. We have a regular stack of invitations, I believe I am giddier than at home, but though it is great fun to go out once in a while, it would never do to accept too many invitations as they keep such terribly late hours, going to their parties at half-past ten and staying till the small hours of the morning.

Fran Rossmeyer told me to-night she had a letter from her cousin, who has a pension in Dresden, and that for everything it would cost me 125 marks a month; then I have another address recommended by Mrs. Hoshburgh.

Oh, mother, I have not told you much about Petersburg, really, have I? What shall I tell you—that they never had anything but horse-

cars until four or five years ago, and first, the people were scared of them and would not use them—that one sees such an appalling lot of beggars, even little children, and although you are told it is largely professional begging, it is none the less pitiful. Then, the number of men without legs and without arms, derelicts of the late Russian-Japanese War, doubtless, is positively fearful. Here, on the street, or in the trams, you will see the Russians all crossing themselves whenever they pass a church. I could not make out at first just what made it look peculiar, until I finally noticed that they make the sign of the cross from the right shoulder to the left. There are so many churches, mostly all very gorgeous, and many have gold domes or steeples. The Mosaic is the most wonderful—it is unique and the wealth of jewels is enormous.

The opera is a great institution here, as you can readily understand, and the world-famed Russian ballet must not be overlooked. Pawlowa is dancing here at present in "Don Quixote." At the conservatory there are 2,500 students. Here you see real genuine work being done by students who are more than talented, and seem gifted beyond ordinary mortals. One sees with it, also, a fearful amount of posing—the men with long straggly hair, and the girls, not to be outdone in this artistic atmosphere, with short cropped hair.

The Russian people themselves, especially the younger ones of perhaps 19 and 20, seem to be so much older than their years—so quiet, and yet, not exactly that, but perhaps more settled, more serious, more sure of themselves, not dull, assuredly, but not gay nor particularly jolly, as we at home rather seem to be. I know they look on us as very bright and care-free, not to say, giddy. It is not that they have troubles and cares but they take a different attitude towards life and don't seem to think at all as we do. Perhaps it is the language—it would add ten years to my life, I'm sure. Something I did not know before, but of which, I suppose, every one else has knowledge, is that the present Czar was in love with a ballerina and wanted to marry her and would have resigned all his claim to the throne to do so, but, naturally, was not allowed to follow his inclinations. He built for the young lady, however, a house out on Kammen-

Ostrosky, which is a perfect model of a palace, and is, I understand, most beautifully fitted up and furnished to suit a queen's taste. Of course, that is all past and gone now—ancient history—but it was once a very real and thrilling romance.

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You have no idea of the lovely weather we have to-day—it is warm and just like spring—one can smell spring in the air. I walked quite a bit from church, this morning, and it was too grand for words. We have not had it really cold this winter, the lowest the thermometer (Reaume) reached was 13 below.

At my lesson, yesterday, I was initiated into the mysteries of up-bow staccato Auer mode, and find myself equipped for the development of a good one, though I am instructed to do at first just a few minutes each day. Then, I had my Étude in Rode, to which he said, "Very good, indeed," then, the Händel Sonata in A major, and then, the first movement of the Fantasia Appassionata, which I just love. For the next day he gave me the last two movements and also two new études, so I have quite a bit of work to get up for the next lesson. Auer expressed himself as quite satisfied with my progress, getting a lesson always perks me up wonderfully; he is so kind and cheering, and, needless to add, so helpful, that one comes away with all one's troubles straightened out, and ready to go on with renewed courage. His expressive instruction to me is, "Now you are getting along all right and to perfection yourself you must keep right on doing the same things over and over." When he talks about the violin bow, he says, "He must lie straight on the string, he must not jump one way and the other." Lessons are most exciting experiences, I assure you. All of the students get into a positive cold sweat when their turns arrive.

These last three days have been holidays, devoted to the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the Romanoff dynasty. The streets are very gaily decorated, there are fireworks, and the trains are stopped, which is decidedly inconvenient. Then, there were wonderful processions, a terrible crowd—a regular jam—and last, but not least, a special opera performance, just for the swells; as, no matter what price might be offered, one could not buy

one's way in, though it was all free for the great ones, and must have been a magnificent sight, to say nothing of the production.

Last night, I acquired a real acquaintance with the Mazurka—was taught it by some Russian friends, and am quite proud of my accomplishment.

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You've no idea how proud I am of my Irish blood. I am the only student here fortunate enough to claim Irish descent, and they think here I am more of an Irish type than Canadian, but I let them know I am first of all Canadian and insist on the Canadianski.

My lesson, to-day, was on "color," and I was greatly interested in Auer's clever illustrations of his meaning.

Last night, one of the students celebrated his birthday with a supper party. We had everything from lobster salad to fruit and candy; we had lots of music, we played and sang and were very jolly.

Prof. Auer has another party—a week from to-morrow, when all the new pupils, who have not appeared, will play. These Musicales are most exciting events, every one nearly has a pink fit. It is worse than Belinda and Peggy's account of the Abbey examinations!

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There is a concert, this week, to be given by Poliachin, the most remarkable of the Auer pupils, and this month, also, the absolute marvel, Heyfitz, gives one. I shall go to both.

The Musicale came off with great éclat. First, M. Rudolf Larsen (Danish) played the Sonata Appassionata, Vieuxtemps; then, (2) Miss Gail Watson (American) the two first movements of the D minor Concerto, Vieuxtemps; (3) a Russian student (I forget his name) two movements from Suite, Vieuxtemps; (4) Miss Zelane (Swedish) the first movement of D minor Concerto, Bruch; (5) Miss Beatrice Hosbrugh (English) numbers by Glazounow and Scambatti; (6) Mr. Block (American) Havanese by Saint-Saëns; (7) Miss Colreiter (Swiss) two Hungarian Dances of Brahms-Joachim; (8) Miss Thelma Given (American) Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, Saint Saëns; (9) Mr. Ben Paley (American) first two movements of the 7th. Concerto, Spohr; (10) Miss Nicola

Thomas (American) Hungarian Air—Ernst; (11) Mr. Fritz Alberg (Swedish) Scotch Fantaisie, Bruch. Rather a formidable programme, don't you think so? I liked Nos. 7 and 10 the best. Nicola is, of course, easily the most finished and the best; although all, without exception, make slips. I begin to appreciate the fact that, even among the most famous artists, there is not absolute perfection, but some cover their "breaks" better than others. Rather consoling—is it not?

You never saw such excitement as just before the programme begins—pupils trying out—making a preparatory running, as it were, and Prof. Auer inquiring for the next student, perhaps to be told that he's practising in some cupboard or pantry—or even in the bathroom. Then, there is the strained expression on the attending mothers' faces, awaiting the performance of their hopefuls—you know, mother, what that means.

We had a dance afterwards, and Prof. Auer himself requested Gail Watson and myself to dance to the Schön Rosmarin, and gave Isavietch his own Strad. to play it on, and then, if that Mr. Alberg didn't go and ask Prof. Auer to ask me to sing "Red Head," and, of course, I could not get out of doing it, and Auer was quite charmed, but I have it in for that same Swedish man, believe me. Was it not an awful thing to do (?)—I never seem to be able to keep these ridiculous songs at a safe distance.

Yesterday, I had a lesson on the 7th. Concerto of Spohr's. It is good and hard, and I'm to have all of the Vieuxtemps next day.

A binding on my skirt cost me a rouble, and for cleaning my white dress I paid 6 roubles—it was beautifully done.

Gail Watson, of whom I speak so frequently, is going to try to get in the same pension with me in Dresden, and we shall prepare our own breakfast, if we succeed; what do you think of it? It would be very simple and we would not be lonely. She did that in Prague and found it no trouble,—quite the contrary. Six of us will travel together to Dresden, Miss Hosbrugh's mother chaperoning us, and we are planning a pleasant trip there. The Copelands intend going to Berlin and staying there for some time. Auer starts teaching in Dresden the 1st. of June. We are to have holidays in August and September, but I shall give you fuller particulars in my next.

I am spending the evening at the Starr's—there is the call for me.

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We had such a delightful evening at Eveleen Starr's, she does play so well. To-morrow afternoon I am invited for tea at Mrs. Hosbrugh's, and Sunday at Miss Colreiter's.

I am enclosing you a Dresden address, where I shall likely stay, but I am not sure yet of the date I leave here. Gail has written for a room in the same pension, and if she succeeds, we shall be established there for the summer.

I heard from Mr. B. that Auer said, I was the one pupil who had come over with a good violin and had not been "done" on it. Mr. B. has just bought a Landolfi himself for 3500 roubles.

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There is a maid in here washing my windows and she's scrubbing away at such a rate that all my poetic thoughts fly far from me, with the suds, I suppose. Why they want to wash windows on a day like this when it is snowing, is more than I can fathom. However, it is only the inside ones. If she starts on the others I shall have to hie to another spot. They always take fits here to start cleaning on the most unlikely days, but as it is seldom they do such good work, I ought to be thankful for the notion whenever it comes. There, she is finished! No—in she comes with a ladder—and now she is at the top of my wardrobe. I expect every minute that jingly chandelier will land down on me, as she has turned her attention to it. That's done, I wonder what will be next. I declare it's the stove! You must excuse all this frivolity, but you see such a thing has never happened before. I know—it must be the annual spring cleaning—the same all over the world wherever there is a woman!

I did not tell you yet about the wonderful Heyfetz concert. Mother, this is the wonderful child of 13 (I enclose the programme, also Poliachim's). Well! if you ever heard anything like his playing! I shall just quote what Auer said—that he does not dare to tell people how well the child plays as he fears they might think he's making a reclame, and he says, further, no one has such a technique. Well, no one simply could have attempted the Ernst and played it without a single flaw as he did—and then the

tone and style!—it is simply incredible. You would think the youngster was bewitched. The next thing will be some one hopping on the stage, at four years and playing the violin, or being wheeled on in a perambulator.

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Miss Colreiter's tea, last Sunday, was awfully nice, many of the pupils were at it, and this afternoon I am invited to Rachele Copeland's. I have had another invitation for a week-end in the country from Mrs. Bucklunds, and I might have gone except for my lesson-day, which comes to-morrow, and I did not want to be tired at all for that as I am anxious to get the very best out of every one.

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You wouldn't believe how hot it has been today, and yesterday when I was out for a walk down along the water-front of Neva, there were numbers of little boats and some quite big ones sailing in every direction. Some of us, if the weather keeps fine, intend to take a sail to Kronstadt before we leave for Dresden.

Did I tell you of a concert for which Auer gave us tickets and at which Poliachim played? The programme was entirely of Russian modern music and more than ordinarily interesting.

Yesterday was Easter here, and holidays started last Thursday. They continue all this week. It is a great city for holidays. All through Lent, the Russians are supposed to fast very rigorously, then, Holy Saturday night, at half-past eleven, there is a most impressive service, with the blessing of fire, water, earth, &c., lasting until four or five in the morning. At St. Isaac's Church they go in evening dress. Good Friday, the people came from the church, carrying lighted candles in their hands through the streets to their homes.

Another custom, Holy Saturday night, is to prepare a table simply laden down with good things to eat, and, exactly at the stroke of midnight, the supper is partaken of, every one eating heartily, and then no further cooking is done for three days, and the only fire prepared is that for the Samovar, that is what is used everywhere for making tea. I am not telling you half the things told us, as they seem incredible, and as my informant was a Russian, telling me in German, between us there may have been some

misunderstanding, especially regarding the legend of dutifully getting drunk for the week.

We were to go for a sail Saturday on the River through the Islands but, sad to say, it rained, so we try again Friday.

Well, we are going to Dresden, via Stockholm and Copenhagen, sailing from Oban. We shall spend a day in Stockholm, and Miss Zelane, an Auer pupil who lives there, will meet us. Another day in Copenhagen, and then on to Dresden. We expect an exciting, an enjoyable time, but we shall do our sightseeing from street-cars or on foot, as all six of us have the same object in view, namely, to save our money and yet see as much as we can.

- - - - - JULIA.

GRAND HOTEL MICHAEL, ROME,  
March 26, 1913.

MY DEAR M. M. B.:

Have been away for more than a month now and not a letter from you yet! Shall I not hear from you before long? So often I think of you, because it was you who taught me about so many of these interesting things which we are now viewing every day. I often wish you were with us as I know you would enjoy seeing these places and objects with which you are so familiar from books and pictures. Twice in particular I have longed to have you with us—while we were in Lourdes, and now, here in Rome.

I could not do justice to Lourdes if I tried to describe it. One must see it to know how splendid it really is. The grotto is so beautiful that you would love to remain there all day, and at night, when it is illuminated, it is a sight that once seen can never be forgotten. The Stations of the Cross, on one of the mountains close by, consist of life-size statues and are wonderfully impressive.

Now, mother, I shall not attempt to tell you everything we have seen since our arrival in Rome, for we are enjoying hundreds of sights every day, but I shall try to mention some of the principal ones. We have come to the conclusion that seeing Rome in fourteen days is no joke—it is one interesting thing after another.

We arrived here Holy Thursday night and on Good Friday, arose early and went to St. Peter's

where we spent the whole morning. The ceremonies were most impressive.

We went to the roof to see the immense statues of Our Lord and the Apostles, then, up into the dome. I remember well your describing to us Michael Angelo's dome, and it is, truly, the work of a genius. I was up to the very top, in the ball above the dome, where it was so hot that I nearly fainted. When we came down again, we went through the church to see the altars, statues, etc. It would take too long now to describe everything, but on my return I shall give you details.

Friday afternoon we went to the Barberini Picture Gallery and saw many famous works, amongst others, Guido Reni's "Beatrice Cenci." We next visited the palace of the Spanish ambassador to the King, after which we went to the Canadian College to see Reverend Father Perrin about our audience with the Holy Father. Saturday morning we visited the Church of "Santa Maria in Ara Coeli," where we did not forget you.

Next we went to the Capitoline Museum, which is an immense place. We spent the rest of the morning here and in the picture gallery adjoining it. After lunch, we visited the Church of St. Peter in Chains, in which is the famous statue of Moses by Michael Angelo. Then we drove along the Via Appia, through the gate of San Sebastiano, and just beyond the walls we visited the Church of "Domine, Quo Vadis," the place where Our Lord appeared to St. Peter fleeing from martyrdom. Some distance further on, we came to the catacombs of St. Callixtus and were shown through them by a monk. We returned by another road and came to "Porta San Paolo," a magnificent church. Still further on, we visited the Protestant cemetery, where we saw Shelley's grave.

Sunday, we went to early Mass at Our Lady of the Angels and to High Mass at St. Peter's, where we were much impressed by the ceremony, and by the throng—about fifty thousand being present. In the afternoon, we went to the Excelsior Hotel for tea and then to Vespers at Trinità del Monte. Here the nuns sing every evening at sunset. It was glorious.

A visit to the Forum and to the Colosseum occupied Monday morning. We met Professor



Reno, who gave us a splendid description of the Forum as it used to be. No idea of the extent of the Colosseum can be formed until one views it from within. The afternoon we spent examining the treasures of the Borghese Gallery.

On Tuesday we went to Tivoli, where we visited the Villa d'Este, which is now deserted, but the gardens with their innumerable fountains are lovely. We next drove to the Cascades which are very picturesque, then on to Hadrian's villa, now in ruins, but most interesting to the tourist.

We returned to Rome and Wednesday morning, visited the Vatican, where we spent some hours admiring the paintings. Those in the Sistine Chapel are wonderful. In the afternoon, we went to the Casino belonging to the Rospigliosi Palace and saw Guido Reni's "Aurora" and some other fine paintings. Our next visit was to the Church of St Agatha's of the Goths, where Daniel O'Connell's heart is buried.

This gives you an idea of what we have seen up till to-night. I am so very tired that I must now retire.

Kathleen and Margery join me in sending much love to you. I hope you will soon have time to write. I am, as ever,

Your loving friend,

NORAH O'GORMAN.

GRAND HOTEL DE BADE AND O'CONNOR,  
NICE, March 8, 1913.

MY DEAR M. M. B.:

It is the most beautiful day imaginable, really too "nice" to be indoors. Kathleen and I were up early this morning and went to the Church of the Sacred Heart, but as we did not know the hours for Mass we were not fortunate enough to hear it.

We are charmed with this place and are having a most enjoyable time. Our pretty little room at the hotel has a balcony looking out over the "jardins." The *Promenade des Anglais* is one of the great attractions in this city, and it is interesting and amusing just to watch the people passing by. There are really no strikingly beautiful styles displayed, but it seems that the main object of most of the women is to make themselves conspicuous by their attire.

There are some very fine buildings here, especially hotels—and so many of them, nearly all of

which have their beautiful gardens. The stores are grand—particularly the jewelry stores, which are the finest I have ever seen. How amused you would be if you could hear us trying to make ourselves understood! Truly, I wish I had taken the good advice of a certain friend of mine, and applied more diligently to my French while at school.

Yesterday we motored out through the Maritime Alps to the *Gorge du Loup*, where we had lunch. On this drive we saw many ruins of old monasteries, and passed by queer old villages. After lunch, we returned to Nice by a road running along the Mediterranean all the way, and saw the place where Napoleon landed after his captivity at Elba.

We had a letter of introduction to a Mr. McL.— of Detroit, Mich., a friend of my aunt,—who is at present living at Nice. He has ten children and is educating them all over here. He called on us last night, and to-day, came with his eldest daughter and son to take us out in their car. We had a delightful time; as they know the country so well, they were able to explain everything to us. We went, first, out over the "Grand Cornish," a road winding around the top of the mountain, overlooking the sea, and cities and odd old villages, built for protection against the Saracens, in the most impossible places. We walked through the little village of Tournay where we saw the triumphal tower of Augustus; then, motored to the border line between France and Italy and returned by the "Lower Cornish," through Cape Martin to Monte Carlo, where we again visited the Casino. Next we visited Grasse, where we went through a perfumery and also through a candy factory, in both of which we found much to marvel at.

We continued our way to Cannes, a very pretty city, which has a grand promenade along the sea; had tea at the "Hôtel de Paris," then, went through Monaco and saw the Prince's Palace, etc., after which we returned to Nice. It was a wonderful drive and we enjoyed every minute of it. Mr. McL.— is going to take us sight-seeing again to-morrow and we are looking forward to it with real pleasure.

Next Tuesday, we go to Lourdes. It will take four days to make the trip from here. We have been in many churches and I have remembered you in each, trying by this means to repay you

for all you have done for me, but I fear my prayers are terribly distracted—there is so much to see in these grand old churches.

I love the "Catholic Girl's Guide" which you gave me. It is just the kind of prayer-book I had longed to have, but had never been able to find. I look into it every night and—remember the giver.

Please write soon. Have mother send you the mail list, or else address the letter home and mother will forward it to me.

Much love, from

Your affectionate friend,  
NORAH O'GORMAN.

GENEVA, May 6, 1913.

MY DEAR M. M. B.:

You cannot imagine how happy I was when "the man from Cook's" handed me your letter. I wanted to sing for joy but thought it best to have some consideration for the others. Oh! it is good to hear from friends when one is so far away, and your letter was just grand with all its interesting news of the dear old convent.

After we left Venice, Margery, Kathleen, Stella and I went to Padua, which is a very large city and very quaint. As soon as we arrived, we took a cab to the Church of St. Anthony and arrived in time to hear Mass at the shrine. The church, which has recently been renovated, is very fine, and the bronze work by Donatello is wonderful. After we had seen the church and all the grand altars, we drove back to the central part of the city, had lunch, and then went direct to the station where we met the rest of the party *en route* for Milan.

Our first day in Milan, we spent seeing the Cathedral. We were there for High Mass, and the music was grand beyond description. I shall not attempt to describe the Cathedral as I remember that you told us so much about it when we read Eleanor Donnelly's beautiful poem. I think it was that lesson which roused the curiosity which urged us to climb—"up, high up, to the topmost point of roof and tower and belfry gray," to see the thousands of statues, each of which is a work of art. In truth the whole Cathedral is

"A wonder of art, whose every nook  
Is full of a charming mystery."

We next went to see Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." Although it is much damaged, it is still wonderful.

We left Milan Wednesday afternoon and took the train to Lake Como, where we took the boat for Bellagio. The sail on Lake Como, through the mountains, was magnificent, and the scenery around Bellagio is incomparable. From our hotel we could look out across fairy gardens to the huge mountains, whose summits either disappeared in the clouds or showed a crown of snow. The sunsets were glorious.

On Monday we left for Lugano, which is much larger than Bellagio but not so beautiful. We went up to the top of Mount Salvatore, which is about four thousand feet high, and from the tower of the quaint little church which crowns the summit, we obtained a grand view of the mountains, lakes, etc.

Next afternoon, we left for Lucerne. It was a four hours' run on the train, and during that time, we passed through eighty tunnels including the Saint Gotthard. When we were not underground, we enjoyed some very fine views of the Alps. We are all charmed with Lucerne. The fine promenade along the water front makes it possible to view at the same time, the lake, the city, and the wonderful mountains. The Glacier Gardens are very interesting, particularly the formation of the glacier mills. The museum with its old Moorish castle containing a maze of looking-glasses, afforded us great amusement, and there was much excitement when two of us were lost in it. We planned to spend a night on Mt. Rigi that we might be there to see the sun rise at four o'clock, but it rained and we were disappointed. Switzerland is all so beautiful and picturesque that it is difficult to say which place I like best, but I think that next to Lucerne, Interlaken is the most delightful. The mountains are grand, especially the Jungfrau, with its crowning mass of glaciers. We intended to make the ascent and were thrilled at the idea of going right up amongst those glaciers, but, alas! we were again disappointed,—the incline railway was closed, as it is between seasons—too late for winter, too early for summer trips. With the exception of the first morning we were in Interlaken, it rained every day. Yesterday afternoon, in spite of the rain, we went to Lakebrunnen, the quaintest little Swiss town. While there, we

drove to Trummelbach to see the great torrents which rush through the rocks. It was a grand sight but we had to climb far up the mountain to get the view.

On our way to Geneva, we stopped at Berne and found it a very interesting old city. We visited the Cathedral and parliament buildings. They are very fine, but the town clock is the unique feature of the city. When it strikes the hour several things happen at once: a queer little man turns the hour glass, a rooster crows, some bears come out and walk around, and up on top of the clock a little man strikes the big bell while another strikes two smaller bells. It was a great novelty to us and we enjoyed watching the wonderful performance. We arrived here to-day and are leaving for Paris on Friday. I can hardly wait to see Paris; I have heard so much about it and anticipate so much pleasure. We have already seen something of Geneva. The Rhone is a beautifully clear river of deep green; the city is very picturesque, and, like the rest of Switzerland, very clean. We visited a watch factory to-day and found it very interesting.

With love to all the dear nuns and girls, I am,

Affectionately yours,

NORAH O'GORMAN.

SELLI'S HOTEL, FLORENCE,

April 14, 1913.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

Your letters have just been received, and I need not tell you how much we appreciate word from home. Every morning after we have finished sight-seeing, we go over to Cook's for our mail.

Florence is a beautiful city, much cleaner and more prosperous than Naples. The art galleries and churches are wonderful and claim most of our time. The shops, too, are fascinating, with their displays of lace and hand-work of all kinds. I thought of purchasing some table decorations, but Miss Barr advises me to wait until we go to Ireland, where she thinks we can get better value for our money.

Yesterday we visited the great cathedral, which was designed and decorated by so many famous artists. The building is of different kinds of marble, and the dome is famed for its architectural grace and beauty. Michael Angelo's last

work is in this church. Just opposite the cathedral is the baptistry, with its wonderful carved doors. I wish we could spend a month here, there is so much to be seen and it is all so beautiful.

Last evening, as we were walking back to the hotel, the sun was just sinking behind the distant mountains. It was so lovely that we stood gazing spellbound until it had disappeared.

The weather is quite cool here and the wind penetrating. We are wearing our suits and do not find them too warm. They tell us that we shall find it much colder when we leave Venice in about two weeks.

To-day we saw an old castle, furnished in the style of the fourteenth century. It was very interesting, but oh, so cold and bare! I would rather have our own dear Grange than any of the castles I have seen.

We leave for Venice in a few days and I am glad that there will be full moon, because I have heard so much about the beauties of Venice by moonlight.

With fondest love to you, my dear parents, and to all the dear ones at home, I am,

Your affectionate daughter,

KATHLEEN O'GORMAN.

HOTEL REGINA, VENICE.

April 22, 1913.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

Here we are in Venice, and we are all in love with the charming old city. I have pictured it to myself so often, and, I must say, it surpasses my expectations.

Our hotel is situated right on the Grand Canal and we have a good view of all that is going on. There is a band stand not far from here and we enjoy the music every night.

There are no horses here; people go about in gondolas. We took a trip in one yesterday and found it a very comfortable but rather slow mode of travelling. We visited St. Mark's Church and saw the place where Barbarossa was reconciled with Alexander III. We saw the new campanile and fed the pigeons in St. Mark's Square. The Doges' Palace is very wonderful and beautiful, with its many arches. We saw the Bridge of Sighs over which the condemned were conducted

to prison. There are many grand old palaces along the Grand Canal, but they have been abandoned by the noble families since Venice has become part of United Italy. Lord Byron lived in one of these palaces for a time, and there is another which was occupied by Browning and in which he breathed his last. We passed over and under the Rialto Bridge, and looked around for Shylock but did not see him.

This morning we visited an art gallery where we saw many of Titian's pictures. This afternoon we took a gondola ride over to see the glass works, which were very interesting. After tea we went up town to see them make the beautiful Venetian lace—I may add that it is a beautiful price.

A little while ago we were sitting out on the veranda watching the moon rise; it was glorious! We could hear the people singing all around, and you know everyone here *can* sing.

Our stay in Venice has been delightful and we shall certainly carry away the happiest of memories. We were just remarking yesterday, that in two months we shall be sailing for home, and notwithstanding all the pleasure we are having, we are eager to be with you again, telling you all about it.

Norah, Margery, Stella and I intend to leave here a few hours before the others, in order to stay over at Padua and visit the shrine of St. Anthony.

Your loving daughter,

KATHLEEN O'GORMAN.

INTERLAKEN, May 5, 1913.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

This is one of the most picturesque places we have visited. It is situated in a valley surrounded by very high mountains, which are for the most part covered with snow. The Jungfrau is just back of the city. We intended to make a partial ascent, but the disagreeable weather has hindered us, so far; perhaps to-day we shall be able to go a short distance.

A mountain torrent flows by just in front of our hotel. At night, when I am in bed, I can look out through the French window and see the water rushing by, and the light from either side playing on it resembles the moonlight. I like to let my thoughts drift on with the river, and,

strange to say, whatever its course may be, it always brings them to Streetsville.

My resolution last night was that I should write home this morning and wish my own dear father many happy returns of his birthday.

Well, we went up this afternoon in spite of the rain to see the mountain torrent. It was quite a climb, and on the way up we encountered a very heavy snowstorm. It was really interesting, and Stella and I sat up with the driver part of the way. We had a grand view of the Jungfrau.

The others are calling me, so I must leave you for a while. With fondest love to all, I am,

Your affectionate daughter,

KATHLEEN.

COLEGIO DE LA B. V. MARIA  
LOPEZ DE HOYOS, 7  
MADRID.

DEAR RAINBOW:

All the stirring events of the year seem to have been crowded into the present term. We had eight days free at Easter, and we were glad when lessons began again, as we all appreciate the College and our dear nuns.

On the 2nd. of May, the ceremony of First Communion took place. This year there was a smaller number of children than on previous occasions.

There were only five, whose ages varied from eight to eleven, namely, Pepita Marichalar y Bruguera, Paz Garnica y Aguado, Maria del Carmen Roiz de la Parra y Caller, Milagros Richi y Alvarez, and Josefina Perez Seoane.

On the day appointed, the chapel was beautifully decorated with white flowers, in the midst of which was the statue of Our Blessed Mother.

Mass began at 9 o'clock. As the little First Communicants filed in, a march was played on the organ and violins; we also sang during Mass. Before Holy Communion, Father Goy, C. S.S. R., preached a short, but impressive, sermon, and also after the Communion; both were most practical. The parents of the children and many of their friends also received Holy Communion.

On the 20th. and 21st., we had a concert. I enclose a programme. The audience was so numerous that it was found necessary to have it two days.

The Nuncio, accompanied by his suite, hon-

ored us with his presence, the first day. The parents and friends of the children were greatly pleased with the performance and all were astonished at the skill displayed by such young performers.

We celebrated Mother Superior's Jubilee on the 24th., and we had such a day! At noon, the motors came for us and we went off to the country, not far from the Guadarrama. It was a delightful spot where we encamped for the day, beautifully shaded with acacias, in full bloom, and the whole atmosphere was made fragrant by their blossoms.

A river ran close by, so we enjoyed the unusual pleasure of paddling about in the cool water. At 1 o'clock a delicious dinner was served on the grass, everything we could wish for, and in abundance.

A little incident occurred, which, for a while, caused anxiety; one of the chauffeurs thought to bring the dinner-baskets in the motor, and attempted to cross the river at a shallow spot; just as he arrived in the middle, down went the wheels, and there the motor stuck. The other chauffeurs harnessed their machines together, put on steam, but no—the sunken machine would not move. At last, four bullocks, which were ploughing a neighboring field, were brought and yoked to the poor derelict, and, in a few minutes, landed it safely on the bank.

The weather is rather hot just now—over 100 in the shade—meanwhile, we hear of storms, inundations, snow, etc., in other parts of Spain, and can hardly realize these things. Our really hot weather does not set in, as a rule, till July. There is snow on the Guadarrama notwithstanding this heat.

School breaks up about the end of June and we all go off to the north or to our houses on the sierras.

Many of the Seniors are leaving school this term. I have been seven years with the nuns, and others six, and we all feel sad at leaving the familiar scenes where those happy years have been spent. The future is all before us, looking bright and attractive; may we all put into practice the counsels we have received and live lives that will reflect credit on our early training under the fostering care of our dear nuns!

MARIA SUARDIAZ Y MARTINEZ.

## School Chronicle.

### Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

April comes to us in tears. Rain! rain! rain! Ohio is flooded! Transportation from the West impossible! We are all anxiously scanning the daily lists of inundated towns and cities and praying that Lima may escape the cataclysm's terrible visitation. And why Lima? Because one of our companions who has gone home for the holidays resides at Lima.

The De La Salle Choristers, under the guardianship of the Reverend Brother Rogation, gave us the first pleasurable and profitable diversion after our return. We enjoyed every number of the charming programme. The competent director, Mr. Richard Clarke, deserves special comment for the violin solo, "Lion du Bal," and also for his deft imitation of the bagpipes.

At the conclusion of the entertainment, Reverend Brother Rogation addressed the audience, in a clever and tactful way, on the duty incumbent on parents and guardians to encourage the young to embrace a High School education, and, if possible, a University Education. In this way, he said, would our rising boys prepare themselves to be a power for good, and qualify themselves for the positions of worth and trust that our country would offer to the fittest of her sons. Only by being prepared to appropriate the favor may they hope to claim the heritage that Canada—resourceful Canada—of the future will hold out for the worthy of hand and heart.

April the eleventh—This morning we had the privilege of assisting at Mass, celebrated by Reverend Dr. J. T. McNally, P. P., of Almont, Ont., and, at present, Bishop-elect of Calgary. Reverend Dr. McNally is the first Irish or English-speaking Bishop appointed in any of the three prairie provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. He is particularly prepared by his knowledge of the languages for the call to a western diocese, where the influx population is a mixed one. He speaks Italian, French, and German as fluently as his native tongue. After meeting him it is not difficult to understand why his appointment is so popular in the West.

April the twelfth—The large reception-rooms of the Abbey were scenes of pleasantness, this afternoon. The Arts' students entertained the Matriculation and Senior Leaving classes at the function of an afternoon tea. The green and yellow color scheme prevailing greatly enhanced the effect. The tables were visions of fairyland, and, to watch the grace with which the "Second Year" poured tea and cocoa, and the deftness with which the "First Year" served was a delight. During the grand little festivity, Reverend Mother Stanislaus came in and said dear and encouraging words to us, making us realize how light the labor is under an approving smile from one we love. Miss Louise Foy sang some pretty songs, after which we adjourned to the concert hall, where we danced one very happy hour away. We congratulate our Varsity girls on the success of this beautiful reception.

April the fifteenth—The Reverend John Talbot Smith gave a lecture here, this afternoon. Of course, his reputation had preceded him, but words can give but an inadequate idea of a personality so charming. His sense of humor is his greatest asset, and in his marvellous juggling of the English language he proves himself a wizard of words. But what attracts instant attention is his marvellously soft and musical voice, which lends distinction to all he says.

He spoke on "The World," the place looked forward to by schoolboys and girls of every description. He proceeded to give a few of his interesting New York experiences, telling first of the entertainment the "Diana Club" afforded him when he lectured there on Art. Then he diverted to the Women's Press Club, humorously described to him before he had the pleasure of meeting that august assemblage, as "one thousand cats." He concluded by leading up to his point—that either the world conquered you, or you conquered the world; and as Catholic girls and Catholic women of the future, the selfsame world, outwardly careless, inwardly watchful, would comment either on the example which we give it in passing by, or the edification it received from us in personal contact.

April the sixteenth—This morning, we witnessed the religious reception of nine happy aspirants for the white veil and rosary worn by the novices of the Institute of Mary. The ceremony

was deeply impressive. The novices received were: Miss Viola Kelly, Joliet, Ill., (Sister M. Teresa); Miss Celestine O'Meara, London, Ont., (Sister M. Victorine); Miss Elizabeth Nelligan, Hamilton, (Sister M. Bonaventure); Miss Anastasia English, Erie, Pa., (Sister M. Gabriel); Miss Mary Ryan, Paris, Ont., (Sister M. Euphrosyne); Miss Mary Brohman, Brantford, (Sister M. St. Clement); Miss Mary Canning, Toronto, (Sister M. St. Hugh); Miss Gretta Fahey, Boston, Mass., (Sister M. Antoinette); Miss Agatha O'Donnell, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., (Sister M. Priscilla).

The Right Reverend Monsignor McCann officiated, receiving the temporary vows of the novices. Reverend F. Maloney, C. SS. R., delivered an appropriate and impressive sermon for the occasion. He spoke of the peace and happiness in the life of the cloister, where the bondage of the world is put away for the sweet and light yoke of Christ. The Reverend H. Canning, uncle of one of the newly-received, celebrated the Mass for the ceremony.

In the evening, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, at which the Reverend T. Clohecy, of Brantford, sang Holden's *O Salutaris*, with a voice captivating in its charm and sweetness. We hope we shall have the privilege of hearing Father Clohecy again.

April the twenty-sixth—To-day, a small party, equipped for Botanical research, started off and journeyed to the "Glen Stewart," beautiful private woods on the edge of the city; and the afternoon sped with flying wings while we wandered about, now discovering some wintergreen modestly hiding its red berries underneath last autumn's withered leaves, now interested in specimens of lichen, sulphur shade, moss green and silver gray; now admiring the tall white-trunked birches, with their drooping upper branches dusted with powdery emerald.

All too soon we started for the Abbey, tired, but treasure-laden, with all the curios the woods had given us.

April the twenty-ninth—The musical Recital this afternoon, by Mr. Eduard Hesselberg, was a rare and delightful treat. The piano to Mr. Hesselberg is a medium interpretative, sympathetic and true to his highest and least inspiration. By it he speaks, sorrows, rejoices, soars,—

it is his element and he is wonderful in it. His programme was as follows:

HYMNS AND FOLK SONGS.

- (a) "Bozje Tzarja Chrani" (National Hymn)
- (b) "Kolj Slaven" (Sacred Hymn).....
- (c) "Vichozjoo Odin" (Song of Sorrow)....
- (d) "Och Doobinooschka" (Song of Labor)...
- (e) "Krasni Sarafan" (Song of a Maiden)...
- (f) "Moskva" (Song of Longing).....
- (g) Rhapsody on "Little Russian Themes"....
- Prelude (for left hand).....*Scriabine*
- "Solowei" (The Nightingale).....*Alabiéff*
- "Song of the Lark".....
- "Snowdrops" .....
- "Boat Song" .....
- Tschaikowsky*
- "Torchlight Dance" .....
- "Barcarolle" in G.....
- "Rousskaja e Trepak".....
- "Staccato Caprice" .....
- Rubinstein*

May the seventh—We looked forward to the day when we would hear Father Finn's Choir. We enjoyed the privilege this morning in our Abbey concert hall. As we listened to the *Hallelujah Chorus*, to the *Ave Regina*, to the *Alla Trinità*, the earth seemed to fade away and give place to celestial conditions. The great number of small boys with bird-like voices, their innocent faces turned towards their ideal leader and one of God's elect, was a picture to keep in the heart. Its exquisiteness could not be described.

Among the guests present were: His Lordship Bishop Dowling and Reverend J. H. Coty, of Hamilton; Reverend F. Hopper, C. S. P., of Chicago; Reverend H. J. Canning, and Reverend A. W. O'Malley, of Toronto.

June the eighth—Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given this evening by Right Reverend Bishop Power, from Newfoundland. After Benediction His Lordship addressed us in beautifully chosen words on the privilege of having our Blessed Mother for a patron. He said the highest mark of devotion to offer to her is a generous and persevering effort on our part to imitate her virtues. These were the royal marks that would give us power to do something in our life for God. They would render us beautiful not only in the sight of the angels but also in the

eyes of men. A modest and virtuous girl is the "leaven" in the fallen mass of an irreligious world. She moves through it and her contact is lightsome.

Bishop Power was accompanied by Reverend Dr. Kidd, former Administrator of the diocese, and, at present, President-elect of the new Seminary. The Reverend Doctor bears with him our sincerest congratulations to his high and responsible office.

June the eleventh—A lecture on Dante, by the Reverend G. Williams, was instructive and highly interesting. The century in which Dante lived, its social, political and religious problems, the nature and extent of the influence of these problems on the immortal product of the immortal man, Dante, were dealt with in a scholarly manner. Then came a rapid survey of the poet's works, with a comment here and there, what to read and what not to read, until the listener felt that Dante would never be, and could never be a stranger to him again. It is very evident that the reverend lecturer is a great lover of the "Tuscan Mystery."

June the fourteenth—A song Recital by Miss Madeleine Carter (soprano) assisted by Miss Florence MacKay (pianiste) proved to be a very enjoyable event. Following is the programme, but the charm and sweet grace of the distinguished singer cannot be conveyed by a programme.

1. (a) Daybreak .....*Mabel W. Daniels*
- (b) Last Night I Heard the Nightingale .....*Mary Turner Salter*
- (c) Sylvelin ..... *Sinding*
- (d) Charity .....*MacDermid*
- (e) Vergebens ..... *Franz Ries*
- (f) Der Gärtner .....*Kahn*
2. Piano, Scherzo, B flat Minor.....*Chopin*  
MISS FLORENCE MACKAY.
3. (a) Il est doux, il est bon.....*Massenet*
- (b) Avril en Fleurs.....*Georges Bruin*
- (c) Le Printemps me grise.....  
..... *Isadore Luckstone*
4. Piano, The Sextette, from "Lucia de Lammermoor" (for left hand only....  
MISS FLORENCE MACKAY.
5. (a) Care Selve, from "Atalanta"...*Händel*

- (b) Non la Sospiri la Nostra Casetta,  
from "Tosca" ..... *Puccini*
6. By request—
- (a) The Rosary ..... *Ethelbert Nevin*
- (b) Goodbye ..... *Paolo Tosti*
- (c) Irish Love Song, .....  
        ..... *Margaret Ruthven Lang*  
                    KATIE CRAY.  
                    MARIE QUIRK.

### Loretto Conbent, Niagara Falls.

April the eighth—An impromptu concert was given this evening. Miss Irving, our elocution teacher, providing several numbers, all of which were delightful. The piano and vocal selections by some of our most talented companions were beautiful and received well-merited applause.

April the ninth—A taffy-pull in the recreation hall this afternoon caused the usual amount of merriment—and an unusual number of blistered hands! In this instance, however, the sweetness quite outweighed the pain.

April the twelfth—Professor Martin of Buffalo entertained us this afternoon with a clear and charming presentation of Dante's masterpiece, the "Divina Commedia." The learned lecturer fully outlined the three divisions of the great poem and called our attention to the impartiality of Dante as evidenced by his representing members of houses, friendly or unfriendly to him, in Heaven, Hell or Purgatory, as their virtues or vices had deserved, and not according to their regard or enmity for him, personally.

Mr. Martin led us to see that the great lesson of the drama is this: "We must pay the price."

A real desire was felt, at the end of the lecture, to become better acquainted with the immortal masterpiece which, for centuries, has engrossed the minds of distinguished scholars.

May the first—Leaders chosen for the May bands—Miss Adeline Mulqueen and Angela Duffey.

May the third—A choice literary pleasure was ours this afternoon when Mr. Rushland, Washington, D. C., gave us an excellent reading of "Evangeline." As we listened to the rich, pleasing voice, we could readily imagine Longfellow

reciting to some earnest, sympathetic listener this sweet, sad tale which he, himself, had so-musically and wondrously worded.

Mr. Rushland recited, also, the pathetic little poem by Reverend Father Henry—"Billy's Gone to Glory."

May the eighth—A delightful musical treat for some of the senior girls—a trip to Toronto to hear the Paulist Choir.

We were singularly fortunate in having an opportunity of hearing the choir sing several selections at the Abbey, and, in the afternoon, a full programme in Association Hall.

The merits of the singing were undoubted—the defects, perceptible only to the music-specialist and critic.

We appreciated the kind hospitality extended to us at the Abbey on this occasion, as on others.

May the tenth—Congratulations to our dear former companion, Miss Madeleine McMahon, on the latest honor conferred on her at Elmira College, where she was unanimously chosen "Queen of the May."

May the fourteenth—This afternoon, through the kind thoughtfulness of our good friends, Reverend Fathers Rosa and Chestnut, C. M., an excursion to the Glen was arranged.

Such a merry party we were and how we admired the glorious scenery! After strolling about for some time and enjoying the various beauties displayed on every side, we partook of some dainty refreshments and, then, directed our steps towards the home-bound car.

May the seventeenth—We were all pleased to greet dear M. M. Xaveria and Sr. M. Alexia, who accompanied the members of the Little School, Hamilton, on their day's visit to the Falls.

The hours passed quite too quickly and we were loth to part with our dear visitors so soon.

May the twenty-fourth—Our annual three-days' retreat, conducted by Reverend Father Cormican, S. J., Buffalo, closed to-day.

The inspirations received during these days, devoted entirely to the spiritual part of our education, will long remain with us.

We wish, here, to express our thanks to Reverend Father Cormican for his labor in our behalf and, also, for the poem which he composed



in honor of Loreto, Niagara, and which appears in another column of this issue.

May the twenty-sixth—Miss Grace Sears, accompanied by Miss Hutchinson, spent a few days with old friends at the convent, before leaving for a year's sojourn in Vancouver.

May the thirty-first—The usual procession, marking the close of May, took place this evening. Singing the Litany of Our Lady, we passed from the study hall, through the north door to the grounds, down Rosary walk, up the front path, in, through the main entrance and corridors to the chapel, where the successful leader, Miss Adeline Mulqueen, crowned Our Lady's statue with a beautiful wreath of white carnations and smilax. The wreath was carried into the chapel on a pale blue cushion, by little Miss Alice McLaughlin and Dorothy O'Gorman.

After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the prayer of dedication, we wended our way from the chapel, singing the beautiful and touching hymn, "Farewell to May."

June the fourth—Our visit to Brock's Monument to-day was exceedingly pleasant. The usual pastimes—sightseeing, picture-taking, luncheon, etc.—filled in our two hours' stay on the heights, and we returned with the conviction that the day could scarcely have been more enjoyable than it actually was.

June the eleventh—A day which will long be remembered by us all! In the afternoon, a charming musical was given, after which we proceeded to the grounds, where preparations were going forward for the event of the year—a lawn-fête. The anticipation of the evening's enjoyment called forth each one's best efforts in the decoration of the grounds, which were soon transformed into a real fairyland.

A splendid orchestra had been secured for the occasion, and at 7.30 p. m., as the strains of one of our familiar waltzes reached the hall, a bevy of charmingly attired young maidens tripped gaily forth and, under the gaze of admiring eyes, glided gracefully about in the dance, which took place on the veranda and lawn.

As the evening advanced, the electric lamps on the veranda glowed with greater brilliancy, numbers of Chinese lanterns, suspended from the trees, added beauty and brightness to the scene

and the moon, as if fearing to be outshone, poured a flood of clearest light over all.

The dancing continued until 9.30, p. m., and was followed by refreshments, served from flower-bedecked tables on the lawn.

At the conclusion of the festivities, the girls, picturesquely grouped about the entrance to the main hall, sang the school hymn, "Ave Maria Loreto."

June the twelfth—Our two dear companions, Adeline and Anita Mulqueen, bade us farewell to-day, on leaving for their long home-journey to Brazil. Our good wishes follow them that they may have a safe trip and be here again in September to receive our greeting.

M. M. St. Roque and M. M. Marguerite, accompanied by a few of the young ladies from the Abley, favored us with a week-end visit.

Among others who have recently paid us brief visits are: Reverend Fathers Rosa, Chestnut, C. M.; Basil, O. C. C.; Madden, Cullinane, P. P.; Miss Fanny Coffey, Georgia Cannon, Helen McCarney, Edna Duffey, Vivian Spence, Jean Sears, Irene Dolan, Hattie Macklin, B. A.

HELEN FOX.

### Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

We are deeply indebted to Rev. A. J. Leyes, St. Joseph's Church, City, for the evening of keenest enjoyment afforded by the members of the Young Ladies' Sodality of St. Joseph's Church Choir, who presented in the convent hall, "Sylvia," a two-act Operetta, under the direction of Mr. L. R. Woodcroft.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the performers for the admirable manner in which they acquitted themselves. In all cases they exhibited the poise and self-possession of professionals in the various rôles assigned to them. Indeed, those in the audience possessed of an appreciation of humor, found every moment of the time spent in watching this clever comedy, full of the most diverting situations.

It were wholly superfluous at this hour to launch forth into eulogies of the performance did we not realize the interest felt by our readers in acquaintance made by us, under such unex-

pected circumstances, with notabilities such as "Prince Tobbytum," whose imposing solemnity, imperturbable gravity, and social superiority—of which he is proudly conscious—not only won our hearts, but awakened in them uncontrolled desires for the baubles called coronets.

Intense interest was aroused by the appearance of "Sir Bertram de Lacey," court poet, serenely undisturbed by the progress of the world, absorbed in wandering zephyrs, the shimmer of moonbeams, and all things subtle and intangible. His graphic flow of eloquence quite captivated us, as did his attitude of protective chivalry—so heartlessly ignored by "Betty."

And what of the "Ladies Arabella and Araminta"—who know many things and shrewdly guess at more? They had almost paid the penalty of gossip.

And "Sylvia"? and "Betty"? From their experience we might well learn to be content with the station in life in which Divine Providence has placed us.

April the eighth—O for the painter's gift! But my sad lot is, not even to be able to paint a fence—far less the glories of a Studio Tea!

On Tuesday, a bevy of fair maidens—including myself—was invited to that most select of gatherings, a Studio Tea, at which, I rejoice to add, Rev. A. J. Leyes and Rev. F. Hinchey were guests of honor.

It goes without saying that the room was artistically decorated in pink and white, and looked lovely in the soft light of many candles. And the dainties!—all that any school-girl, artist or no artist, could wish for! When I beheld before me a real hand-painted service—I almost lost my appetite—but I didn't. And then the pretty place cards, tied with pink ribbon, at each place.

Papers on Art and the most famous artists were read, and also a Class Prophecy. One paper especially was most interesting—that on "Christian Art."

If only some of this year's talented artists had been inspired to bring along a paint brush—it might be of camel's hair—to paint the fair scene—but, no!—we will have no picture, but the remembrance of that pleasant afternoon will be forever pictured in the mind of each and every one of the fortunate guests.

April the twenty-first—Our first baseball practice of the season. There are some promising members—Edna, I must say, is a treasure for any baseball nine—but beware!—when Edna is making a home run, base or baseman means nothing to her—so step quickly if you hope to give the ball a hit yourself. It is really somewhat discouraging when one is doing her best to strike the balls, which go everywhere but near her, to hear from the other end of the field a sisterly voice calling out, "You can't hit, why do you try?" Do you agree with me, Theresa? Still, with our wonderful batter from "down East," and our first-class pitcher from Brantford, with little Gertrude, as "all over fields," we can have a very good game.

April the twenty-fourth—"Caruso in Prison!" is the arresting headline in to-day's papers. Explanation: He sang last night to nine hundred convicts in the federal penitentiary, Atlanta, melting to tears the audience—and himself.

The great singer chose "O Paradiso," "Ridi Pagliacci," and one of Tosti's ballads. Moved by his surroundings, he threw unusual pathos into his notes, and afterwards declared that he knew he never sang better in his life.

Apologizing for being so deeply affected, he said: "I can't help it as I think of all these men whom the world shuts out and bars shut in. I would rather give them a few moments' pleasure than sing before kings."

In the audience were persons of many nationalities, including Lupo, the wolf, many "black-handers," and Julian Hawthorne, son of America's most famous novelist. Hawthorne composed a poem for the occasion, the last lines being:

We were men once again in a sunlit day,  
Sin and grief and punishment, all  
Were lost in that human trumpet-call.  
How then, if such be music's spell,  
Shall we doubt that Christ still conquers hell?

April the twenty-sixth—Never before were six girls more thankful that they "hailed" from Brantford than to-day, when an invitation to Jean Acret's birthday party was cordially extended to them. Miss Coffey, M. M. Febronia's niece, who was visiting her, and myself, were among the highly favored.

The fact that the coming event had been casting its shadow before had not robbed the dainty affair of its freshness and spontaneity, nor the details of the charm that characterized them—for had not mother come all the way from Brantford to make arrangements—to see that nothing should be wanting to the feast?

At the appointed hour we found ourselves seated at the flower-decked table, and, as the merry party went on, to the accompaniment of happy voices and smiling faces, Jean, with all the self-composure of her fourteen summers, cut the birthday cake—how delicious it was!

We wish the dear hostess many more such birthdays—and, I am sure, the Brantford girls will always wish for something else—the party!

April the twenty-ninth—A brief visit to the Minims' room would suffice to show that the work accomplished by these busy little people is worthy of the highest commendation. The geography contest scheduled to take place to-day in their department is an event of great importance, evincing the competitive spirit so conducive to improvement.

After the ordeal of wrestling with the "un-pitying exactions of geography" had been gone through and excitement had reached fever point, Merle Patrick was declared the winner of the coveted prize.

Beauteous May, aglow with the brightness and glory of its Feasts! Our Lady's altars adorned with the fairest blossoms—and Our Divine Lord's Sacramental blessing resting daily upon the close of its days.

How we love to gather round the shrine of our dearest Mother and Heaven's most gracious Queen, to sing her praises, to offer her the homage of our loving hearts and renew our pledges of loyalty!

At the customary opening of the May devotions, Marion Sweeney bore aloft the banner of Our Lady of Loreto, while beneath mine were assembled the clients of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

May the second—Among the out-of-town guests at His Lordship's reception were Rev. Mother and M. M. Alexandrine, Loreto Abbey, Toronto; M. M. Melanie and M. M. St. Gabriel, Loreto Convent, Guelph; Miss G. Coleman, His Lordship's niece, whose visit was fraught with

with more than ordinary interest to her former teachers and all who knew her during her school-days at the Mount; Miss Coffey, M. M. Febronia's niece; and Miss Howard, New York, niece of M. M. Melanie and M. M. Benigna.

May the eighth—The Seniors availed themselves of the opportunity of attending the Matinée performance of the Paulist Choristers, under the magic bâton of their Director, Reverend W. J. Finn, C. S. P., in Association Hall, Toronto.

Accounts of the artistic distinction achieved by the Choristers had preceded them, consequently, the four most important words in the English language to-day, are—*boat, Toronto, Abbey, Choristers.*

It was rather early in the season to expect a pleasant sail, but the warmth of the welcome extended to us at the Abbey compensated for the scant courtesy of the Lake breezes; and the dinner—perfect in all its appointments—at which we were entertained, reflected the gracious hospitality characteristic of the Mother-house.

Soon we were on our way to Association Hall, eager and expectant. Being among the first to arrive, we had ample time to give rein to imagination—but, oh, its highest flights could not approach what realization proved to be.

The appearance of the Choristers on the stage was greeted with prolonged applause. Then, number followed number, each adding fresh charm and delight, till the climax was reached in Dubois' "Victoria." We had, indeed, a superb feast of song. At the close the words of His Holiness Pope Pius X. recurred to us—"I hope they will ever continue to sing just as they have to-day—that is, like angels."

Corpus Christi—the glorious Feast so peculiarly the possession of the Catholic Church—the day of flowers and incense and lights and singing—the day set apart for showing the affection we always feel for Jesus in the adorable Sacrament of the altar.

Brightly it dawned, but its sunshine had been forestalled by the glowing love of the two ardent young souls to whom the Feast was to bring for the first time the Divine Guest for whose coming they had been so long and so earnestly preparing.

Well might the lilies-of-the-valley that adorned the altar and shed their perfume round the

throne of the Sacramental King, symbolize the innocence and purity of heart of these favored children—Alice Seaborn Hamilton and Juliet Vloebergh—whose sweet faces bore testimony to the realization of a happiness which took us back in spirit to the blessed morning of our own First Communion Day.

In honor of the occasion, Mrs. Hamilton kindly treated the school to ice cream and cake at tea—a courtesy which was thoroughly appreciated.

May the seventeenth—A red-letter day for the little ones whose turn it was for an outing—this time to Niagara Falls. How they must have revelled in the freedom and frolic of such an event in their young lives! To see them board a car at the gate, camera in hand, and whirl away to the train, was to understand and feel the joy of living.

But who could picture their joy at sight of the world-famed Cataract of which they had heard such wondrous tales? Many were the exclamations of delight when the convent came in view, and they quickened their pace to reach it as soon as possible.

Every nook was explored and new discoveries made. Of course, the little Church of Our Lady of Peace was visited, then there was a trolley ride along the river road, the picturesque Islands were not forgotten, neither were the sweet spots to which confections are wont to lure the unwary (?).

And what of their convent hostesses? So well did they acquit themselves of the difficult task of entertaining these juvenile sight-seers and so pleased were the latter with the attention lavished on them that, by way of reward, they are thinking of returning and—perhaps—“*staying all the time!*”

May the twenty-fifth—The spiritual blessings and favors with which the past weeks had been so richly endowed culminated in a three days' retreat, conducted by Reverend J. F. Gillis, C. S. P., who expounded to us the precepts to be followed by those who wish to reach the highest goal destined for mankind—heaven.

With the most precious soul interests of his youthful hearers before him, the preacher struck the dominant note of spiritual renewal with no uncertain touch, bringing us, in the work of in-

trospection, face to face with our failures and limitations, exhorting us to reflect on the serious meaning of life, its duties and responsibilities, and no longer to fritter away in the pursuit of vanities precious hours intended by the Creator to be spent in working out our salvation, that great individual work—the end of human existence.

Listening to the clear, impressive discourses of the zealous missionary, whose own deep spirituality adds force to his words, pondering over the eternal truths so beautifully brought forward by him, inspired us with high resolves for the future, for it was not so much of school-life virtues that Father Gillis spoke as of those needed to cope with the dangers and difficulties that are sure to confront us, along life's way, after we have gone beyond the sacred precincts which now shield us from harm.

May the thirtieth—The closing of the May devotions with the customary procession wending its way through the garden paths, radiant with bloom.

The ceremony of crowning the statue of Our Lady was performed by Anna Doherty. Then followed Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and a farewell hymn to the month of May, with its manifold charms in the order of nature and its lavish blessings in the order of grace.

June the first—Our Leloved Bishop, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., admitted into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin the following pupils: Josephine Morrissey, A. Rankin, C. Barry, M. Băby, Z. Goodrow, and M. Quinn; and into the Sodality of the Holy Angels: M. Lienhardt, K. Worden, K. Hanley, K. Boyce, M. Egan, A. O'Donohue, M. Taylor, G. Radigan, and M. Burns.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed. Then, His Lordship, with apostolic earnestness and enlightened zeal, dwelt upon the necessity of frequent Communion that we might be strengthened against evil and forearmed against temptation; the avoidance of sin and its proximate occasions, and the duty of steadfast prayer—the flaming sword that guards the way to our hearts—were also emphasized.

His Lordship impressed upon us that there can be no vacation from our duty to God during the summer-time. If we forget God in our plans



OH, SKIES, BE CALM. OH, WINDS, BLOW FREE.  
BLOW ALL MY SHIPS SAFE HOME TO ME.



AS SEEN BY THE NORTHERN  
LIGHTS



SPEAK, DANDY, SPEAK



AU REVOIR ET. BONNES VACANCES.



COME WHERE THE STREAMS ARE SINGING



A MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE DAY,  
YOUR SAD TIRES IN A MILE-A.



for enjoyment, we cannot expect Him to remember our happiness for all eternity. The number of persons who present themselves before the Tabernacle each morning would be greatly increased if those who could go to Mass would only exert a little more will-power in opposition to the inertness of human nature, which craves for ease and self-indulgence.

His Lordship's words—words that will long be cherished within the hearts of those whose privilege it was to hear them—were inspirational and, carried into effect, cannot fail to produce the desired results in souls responsive to the workings of divine grace.

June the fourth—Nothing could have been prettier or more picturesque than the scene on the grounds to-day—ordinary expressions fail completely to describe it. For some time the little ones had been full of activity and mystery and had kept their plans so close that any conjectures as to the details of their programme would have been mere guesswork. "I can scarcely wait for the day of our secret," was the whispered confidence of a tiny member of the entertainment committee as she revelled, with the vivid imagination of childhood, in the thought of the good things to come, the pictures of her companions in flower garb, the singing, dancing, and merry sports that were to mark this out-of-door function.

Before the guests had assembled for the garden party, an impromptu programme was rendered in the gaily-decorated school and, well satisfied with the praise given to the performance, the little ones wended their way to the tables daintily set in the grounds, their laughter and exuberant joy chorused by winged songsters.

Even with the wee tots' proverbial love of sweets quite satisfied and a pleasant evening's recreation, prolonged an extra hour, the happy band must have been loath to leave their fairy-land.

June the fifth—Great was our delight on hearing that our desire to attend a Recital Programme by the pupils of our gifted vocal teacher, Mrs. E. Martin-Murphy, was about to be gratified, for nothing is more thoroughly enjoyable than such a treat.

The programme was well arranged, and the reception accorded to the singers—who reflected

great credit on their teacher—was most enthusiastic, as was the applause given to their efforts.

The following evening Mrs. Murphy and a few of her pupils sang for the Faculty and student body in the convent hall. It goes without saying that the favor was duly appreciated.

We desire through the columns of the *RAINBOW*, to give renewed expression of gratitude to the talented singers for the pleasure they afforded us by this charming evening of song.

June the tenth—A cordial welcome was extended this forenoon, to M. M. Delphina, M. M. Athanasia, M. M. Sebastian and M. M. Estelle, who accompanied twenty of the young ladies from the Abbey.

The afternoon was spent in visiting the various points of interest in the city—the Mountain was not forgotten—and, after tea—and, we trust, an enjoyable day—the happy party boarded the "Turbinia" for the return trip.

June the eleventh—And now a parting word of thanks to the school for the farewell tea given to the graduates and for all the good wishes expressed. Oft, amid other scenes, will our thoughts revert to these closing hours of our memory-freighted school-days.

BEATRICE McBRADY.

### **Loreto Convent, Stratford.**

May first—The beautiful month of our Blessed Mother was ushered in by the long-looked-for retreat, given by Rev. Father Hogan, the well-known Redemptorist of Toronto. Four lectures, Mass, Benediction, with all the various private devotions, filled up these days of grace. We cannot doubt that the doctrines of our faith, so earnestly expounded, and the seeds of virtue planted and nourished by such careful hands, will yield a rich harvest "in time of need." The exercises were all too short, and too soon have these days of peace glided into the "treasured past."

May eighth—A day of delightful memories for the seven young ladies who went to Toronto for the recital of Father Finn's famous choir. The marvelous achievement of the little choristers, under the able direction of their master, was indeed a revelation and proved the wonderful

possibilities in the boy voice under careful training. Their rendering of delicate and difficult numbers was exquisite—the pure, lovely notes suggesting a celestial chorus rather than an earthly one.

The Stratford party had the privilege of attending two performances of this wonderful choir, for they reached the Abbey just in time for the opening number of the programme given there, at 10.30 a. m., and were present at the matinée in Association Hall as well.

Well for Father Finn that he did not overhear the flattering comments of the homeward trip as I heard them (and endorsed them). Else it would go hard with his vanity.

We had better not sing "Ave Verum" in our chapel any more, was Annie's naïve remark.

May sixteenth—Our prayers and good wishes attend Rev. Father Lowry, who left to-day for a four months' trip in the Emerald Isle.

Noah's Deluge, 2000 B. C. "Ours," May 16, 1913, A. D.

"L' étiquette de la cour" may enrage a queen—  
—but—

L' étiquette de l' école!!!

Our distinguished guest, Rev. Father Egan, pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, gladdened the hearts of all by his presence on the evening of the 15th—but what were those strange sounds overhead? Between the acts?

May twenty-second—A Strawberry Festival—the first of the season—Rev. Father O'Neil responsible.

May twenty-fourth—Was that skyrocket really from the moon? It came through the window anyhow, and as the Irishman said, looking at the débris, "It's more serious than I thought—it's broke on both sides."

May twenty-fifth—The solemnity of Corpus Christi. Being a home-day for the boarders, those who remained in were permitted to attend High Mass at St. Joseph's Church. Rev. Father Gleeson was celebrant. Very Rev. Dean McGee delivered an impressive sermon. His remarks on the unbounded love of the Divine Prisoner in His Sacramental life could not fail to touch the most hardened hearts. In the procession the cross-bearer was followed by the members of the Holy Name Society, the Young Ladies'

Sodality, the school children, acolytes and, just before the censor-bearers, twelve little boys in white, scattering flowers in the pathway of the priest who carried the Blessed Sacrament. This impressive function ended, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed during the rest of the day for the fervent adoration of the faithful. We must not pass over lightly the excellent work of the organist and choirmaster, Mr. Kompton, whose efforts gave evidence of much interested labor by rendering a Mass by Wiegand. The solemn tones of the processional *Pange Lingua* inspired devotion in the hearts of those who found not a little consolation before the Sacramental Throne.

May fifteenth—

C'est en le joli mois de mai

Que toute chose renouvelle,

C'est pourquoi nous sommes ici, et

Que nous chantons de notre Reine—si belle! si belle!!

An interesting Soirée.

"Christine," la reine de quinze ans, a French comedy presented by a dozen fair maidens, furnished a charming entertainment to a distinguished audience. The arrangement of the parts and the manner in which they were sustained showed talent and training. Miss D. Riddell in the title rôle, and Miss Geraldine Sydney Smith, as the Countess, distinguished themselves as artistes. The musical numbers were well executed and the drills and May-pole were delightful and brought to a close a charming evening. The following is the programme:

Marseillaise (De Lisle) "La Jeune Alliance Française."

SCENE I.

A Salon—Maids of Honor reading, arranging bouquets for approaching fête.

SCENE II.

Arrival of the Duchess—the Governess, Marie and Louise.

SCENE III.

"Laurette"—A Tuscan Maid—foster-sister of the Queen.

SCENE IV.

La Comtesse and Cécile.



ACT II—SCENE I.

The Queen, Comtesse and Vi-Comtesse.

SCENE II.

Presentation of the Maids of Honor.

Pilgrims' Chorus (Tannhäuser), A. Malone and G. S. Smith.

Gavotte—M. McIlhargey.

SCENE III.

"Laurette" and the Queen.

"Colin-Maillard."

Un Rêve—D. Riddell.

May-pole.

Chorus: "O Canada, terre de nos aieux."  
(Lavallée).

Who were the maids who played last night  
And sang in many keys,  
And lisped the speech of gay Parée,  
With such consummate ease?

There was Dorothy who played the Queen,  
With rage one can't forget,  
And fumed against ambassador,  
"Michel" and "Étiquette."

There was Geraldine the Comtesse,  
With black eyes all aflame,  
When things were not just "comme il faut"  
Her ire was "toujours même."

There was Annie whom we met before  
In Venice with "the Jew."  
She's reading now—a novel thing!  
And talks the "parlez-vous!"

There is Agnes as a "Tuscan Maid,"  
"La petite fleur de bois,"  
A foster-sister to the Queen—  
"Antonio"—autrefois.

There was Marguerite so winsome,  
And Geraldine so fair,  
And Helen, with her "sang-froid,"  
And Clara, too, was there.

There's Louise who hails from Aragon,  
She lost her "suit," you know,  
And since she came to Paris,  
Trips the light fantastic toe.

There's Hortense from "Morocco,"  
"Near neighbor to the sun,"  
She's famed for her "complexion,"  
And her ardent love of fun.

And "Chico," too, was on his perch,  
And though he sang no note,  
You surely could not blame him,  
He was "stuffed" right up to the throat!

"Shakespeare looks back and thinks the look  
worth while—  
Be satisfied for you have won his smile."

On Friday evening, 24th, the Assembly Hall was the scene of an amateur production of "The Merchant of Venice" by the pupils of Form I. Much talent was shown by the youthful performers. All played their parts well. Miss Agnes Storey was a spirited Antonio, Miss Helen Golden gave an excellent portrayal of Shylock, a difficult rôle for a young girl.

The costumes were very gorgeous, Miss Mary McIlhargey, as "The Prince of Aragon," wore a purple cloak, green doublet, purple hose and black cap with plumes. In the rôle, "Nerissa," she won great applause. "Bassanio" wore a black cloak with purple lining and a cap of dark velvet with a white plume, "The Prince of Morocco," a black cloak lined with green and studded with silver ornaments and a gold coronet. "Portia" wore a cream-color satin dress with deep blue panels, richly embroidered, and a glittering head-dress, to which was attached a long veil. In the trial scene she looked charming in cap and gown.

"Jessica," in the moonlight scene, was frail and fair as a flower, though her sarcasm was keen enough when she played the part of "Gratiano."

The hall was gaily decorated with posters, and dainty programmes were distributed among a delighted audience, who listened with rapt attention while "Shylock's threats, Portia's plea for mercy, Gratiano's humor and Antonio's pathos all rose in harmony with heaven's own choir of stars." Mrs. S. S.

STRATFORD.

The Assembly Hall of Loreto Academy presented a lively scene last evening—as becometh

the festivities of Shrove Tuesday. At five o'clock the Study Hall was transformed into a temporary banquet room and the pupils sat down to a delightful repast, prepared by a committee of young ladies, after which there was the usual dance.

To add to the merriment, each of the young ladies assumed to herself "a title"—the title of some book, which was carefully concealed by some fashion of dress or ornament. To discover this title gave occasion to much guessing and a play of wits, while the lists supplied many laughs to the examining committee. H. Golden won the cut-glass vase for the highest number of correct titles.

Miss M. Duggan, L. Golden, A. McCarthy, M. Badour, as hostesses, seemed to embody the spirit of Arnold Bennett's "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," by their efforts to accomplish the most labour in the briefest time—out of much fiction ariseth this fact that all enjoyed themselves heartily.

#### STRATFORD BEACON.

June fifth—We borrow the following lyric from a volume of "Tales of the Mermaid Inn," by Alfred Noyes. The author deals in a merry and fanciful manner with Shakespeare's famous deer-poaching escapades:

He's hunted all a night of June,  
He's followed a phantom horn,  
He's killed a buck by the light of the moon,  
Under a fairy thorn.

This buck has browsed on elfin boughs,  
Of rose-marie and bay,  
And he's carried it home to the little white house,  
Of sweet Anne Hathaway.

"The dawn about your thatch is red!  
Slip out of your bed, sweet Anne!  
I have stolen a fairy buck," he said,  
"The first since the world began."

She scarce had donned her long white gown,  
And given him kisses four,  
When the surly sheriff of Stratford-town,  
Knocked at the little green door.

They have gaoled sweet Will for a poacher;  
But squarely he fronts the squire,  
With "When did you hear in your woods of a deer?  
Was it under a fairy briar?"

Sir Thomas, he raged! Sir Thomas he swore!  
But all and all in vain;  
For there never was deer in his woods before,  
And there never would be again!

The reading of the above served as an interlude in a "discussion"—"Shakespeare as a Business man and Citizen of Stratford-on-Avon." A playful hit was made by quoting Aldrich's quatrain—

"Bonnet in hand obsequious and discreet,  
The butcher who served Shakespeare with his meat  
Doubtless esteemed him little as a man,  
*Who knew not how the market prices ran!*"

Life is not entirely made up of the interests and pleasures which compose such a large part of the common day. We hurry about with heads and hearts intent upon this interest and that, while overhead are "the reminding stars." And above and beyond the stars—as well as centered in all of our most ordinary experiences—dwells the "Divine."

And so, in the round of daily happenings, it is our privilege to note the one oasis in a desert of commonplace occurrences. This event, the Forty Hours, affords us an opportunity of showing in how many ways we may prepare for the "Divine Guest"; and our sacristan, like Martha of old, is "troubled about many things" to do Him honor. Here we kneel in lowly reverence in His Presence and repeat, "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

Our chapel is a wonderfully holy spot, there is a sacred stillness, broken only by the gentle whisperings of prayer during the hours of the long day; then, at Mass, and again, at Benediction, by the musical voices of the Cecilian choir singing the praises of the Most High. Much credit is due them for the excellent rendering of the Gregorian "Missa De Angelis," with Gounod's "Ave Verum," during the Offertory. Nor was the talent of our choir exhausted, for next morning a treat was in store for us, and we





HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR FREDERICK PATRICK  
ALBERT OF CONNAUGHT.



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

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## A Royal Wedding.

(London, October the Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen.)

The world of place, of privilege, and power,  
Now glad awaits a joyous, gorgeous hour:

While dues of deeper meaning here belong  
Than garish gauds that please the vulgar throng.

Here thought, and word, and deed, just greetings bring  
To honor worthy Kinsman of our King.

And here no nobler sight since time began—  
The Prince is well o'ershadowed by the Man!

The Princess he has chosen for his bride  
Is more the maiden shy than aught beside,—

The type of cultured womanhood most sweet;  
And Britons ne'er withhold their tribute meet.

Full pleasing is this pledge of heart and hand,  
To loving, loyal hearts throughout the land,

Who to o'erruling heaven petitions raise  
To beg for them a happy length of days.

LORETO.

### A Region of Mystery.

**Y**OU ask me to tell your readers something about the petrified trees of Arizona; of the onyx forest of that land of contradiction; of the pre-deluvian vegetation turned from wood into precious stone; of the wonderful variety and coloring of the minerals and the marvels of the particular region dowered by nature with these mysterious gifts. If this stupendous phenomenon, this stone forest, lay in the interior of India, in northern Africa, or on the mountain tops of Switzerland, droves of Canadians and Americans would be rushing there every summer, whereas comparatively few people are annual visitors to this land of wonders.

There are three petrified forests, all in Apache County, Arizona. The nearest is six miles south of Adamana, a comfortable little station on the Santa Fé trunk line. The other two are nine and twelve miles still to the south of Adamana. The three are reserved and protected by the United States Government and for all time will be the property of the American people. The three forests are officially known as Chalcedony Park; "ten miles square, covered with trunks of agatized (stone) trees, some of which measure more than two hundred feet in length and from seven to ten feet in diameter." This is the statement made by the legislative assembly of Arizona in 1895, when it petitioned Congress to make the stone forest a national reservation.

This forest is, beyond question, one of the greatest wonders of the world. For the student of geology it is *the* greatest wonder on the earth to-day and is an unsolved problem and indeed a mystery. There is nothing to approach it in Europe, Asia or Africa. It is old, immensely old, and, as it is not subject to decay, it defies the gnawing tooth of time. It will for all time mock the efforts of man to solve its riddle, and will, in all probability, retain the secret of its age and origin till the "sun becomes black as sackcloth of hair, and the whole moon becomes as blood and time shall be no more."

Let me tell the sober facts as the eye sees them, touched only by that coloring to which the scientific writer may not descend.

### The Stone Trees.

In a lovely region almost deserted by man and animal, throwing out little vegetation, parched and forbidden, there are 'neath the earth and on its surface millions of great trees that, in the very remote past, before man was on the earth to count time, stood erect, beautiful in form and majestic in strength. How and when did these trees change their nature and become stone? What awful cataclysm overwhelmed them, did they fall before the giant onrush of a tornado or go down one by one as the approaching sea eat away their foundations?

When the last of them yielded up its life several thousand acres were covered with the fallen giants. Then by some unknown process the trees of wood began to change and to lose the distinguishing marks by which a tree is a tree the world over. To-day the trunks and roots of the trees are of solid stone and over this weird region masses of brilliant colored onyx, of banded agate and sparkling crystals are scattered.

Petrifications are not rare curiosities. They appear here and there in the Rocky Mountains, in the Yellowstone Park, in Nevada, Utah and in the Bad Lands of South Dakota, but here in Chalcedony Park their extent and magnitude surpass anything of the kind on the earth and stagger credulity itself. Thousands of acres are thickly strewn with trees, logs and stumps and with many millions of tons of fragments and of pieces of wondrous and variegated colors.

Scientific men—specialists in geology and mineralogy—inform us that this land, now a desert, was in other times covered with a great forest. Some of these learned men—Sabios, the Mexicans call them—tell us the trees were Douglas fir, others say they were of the cypress family, and a few state there were many different kinds of trees, which accounts for the change of colors and the variety in the appearance of the mineralization. It may be some time before these Sabios agree and settle to a finality the family of the trees.

### What Happened.

But, however that may be, the forest went down and the trees lay in soak for ages in a sea of chemicals or in flowing waters carrying min-

ute grains of minerals until the fibres of the trunks and every granule of the roots and branches were turned to stone, receiving and reflecting colors as beautiful as those of the jewels of Golconda.

And here is a most wonderful thing: there are places where three buried forests, lying one above the other, were mineralized; where the stone trees lie in layers with twenty and even forty feet of sand between them. The surface of the ground in three large areas is filled with logs, branches, trunks and chips, all petrified and some of them sand-strewn. Now, if soundings were made here lower layers would be reached of like petrifications—similar to those on the surface. In 1903, shafts were sunk in places and layers were struck sixty or seventy feet below the surface. So that we may safely conclude that when the forest, now at the bottom, fell, soil formed again and, on this land, another forest grew up, flourished for many centuries, sank into water, into a chemical bath, and its trees became petrified. Then the waters receded and a sandy loam formed over the second forest. On this new land millions of trees grew to great height and thickness, making a third forest, which fell also and became stone. Surely this earth of ours hath nowhere, nor at any time, furnished a marvel like unto this.

I sat on a tree 160 feet in length, while immediately before me, lying side by side, were two giants 126 and 120 feet, almost perfect, petrified from the bark upon them to the hearts within them.

#### **The Crystallized Bridge.**

And most wonderful of all is the petrified tree 111 feet long, stretched across a narrow ravine and lying to-day where it fell ages before Columbus found America. If your courage be equal to the attempt, you may cross it and in so doing look down into a tree-fringed stream flowing beneath you. In all probability this tree was where it now lies long before the Deluge. What a measureless eternity it represents. It was here when the stones of the pyramids were unhewn, when Babylon and Nineveh were not, and was old before Abraham saw any of the Chaldeans. "This new world," writes Sir W. F. Butler, "is older than the old world. Its 30,000

feet in depth of Azoic rock tells us of an age when nought of living form moved over the iron earth."

To speculate upon the age of this stone forest is time lost. Before these trees of adamant, conjecture halts; the past has drawn over them an impenetrable shroud that no research can pierce, no learning solve. Here six thousand feet above the sea they rest in a desolation of wilderness, treeless, awe-inspiring, lonely and wind-swept; the solitary remains of an earlier world and the lonely, altered wreck of a pre-human and luxuriant vegetation.

W. R. H.

### **Island Reveries.**

#### **Vindication of Mary Stuart.**

*(Continued from last issue.)*

When within a few miles of Glasgow, the queen was met by Captain Thomas Crawford, a person in the service of the Earl of Lennox, who presented to her the "humble commendations" of his master, saying that the earl, Darnley's father, would have come to meet her but that "he thought she was displeased with him." The queen briefly observed, "There is no receipt against fear." "My lord hath no fear for anything he knows in himself," rejoined Crawford. "He would not be afraid unless he were culpable," said the queen. "Have you any further commission?" "No," said Crawford. "Then hold your peace," she haughtily rejoined, and closed the conference by riding on to Glasgow. Neither Darnley's attendants nor Mary's followers witnessed the first gush of natural feeling with which the lately jarring, but now reconciled, pair met in the alcoved recess of Darnley's sick-chamber. Even Knox and Buchanan bear witness to the tender and soothing attentions she lavished on him on her arrival at Glasgow, though they, of course, impute all her kindness to deceit. The eager craving of poor Darnley, on the bed of sickness, for the company of her whom he had been wont to desert for days and weeks together, to indulge his sullen humor, shows that he had no just cause of complaint, no mistrust of her. He had said to the murderers

of Rizzio that she was a true princess, and he would stake his life on her fidelity of word and deed—and he was ready to do so. He had proved her cherishing care during his previous maladies, of which he had had his share, during the brief period of his abode in Scotland. She had nursed him in infectious illnesses, watched beside his feverish bed, smoothed the pillow for his aching temples, and administered medicine and nourishment to him with her own gentle hands. A fragment has been preserved of a poem from Darnley's pen: the verses are without date, but the peculiar tone in which they are couched leaves little doubt as to the period when they were written:

"The turtle for her mate  
 More dule may not endure  
 Than I do for her sake  
 Who has my heart in cure (keeping);  
 My heart which shall be sure (faithful, certain),

With service to the deed,  
 Unto that lady pure  
 The weal of womanhood.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet no mirth till we meet,  
 Shall cause me be content,  
 But still my heart lament,  
 In sorrowful sighing sore,  
 Till that time she's present.  
 Farewell, I say no more,

quoth King Henry Stuart."

The following testimony is borne by one of their royal son's English prelates, the Bishop of Winchester, to the learning and literary attainments of this unfortunate pair: "The King's father, Lord Darnley, translated Valerius Maximus, and Queen Mary, his mother, wrote a book of verses in French, of the 'Institution of a Prince,' and wrought the cover of it with her needle, all with her own hand, and this book is now esteemed by his Majesty James I. as a most precious jewel."

These days of ministering to her afflicted husband were the last happy ones to be known by the devoted wife.

"Mary had duties as a sovereign to perform, which could not be transacted in the infected chamber of her sick husband. Besides the daily

routine of signing and considering papers, letters and petitions, she had to attend to all the appeals and suits that poured in upon her as soon as her arrival in Glasgow was known, and she had also to receive all the nobility and gentry both male and female, of the west country, who came to pay their devoir to her. To prevent exposing these and her own personal suite to the immediate contagion of the small-pox, and also, perhaps, because she distrusted the Earl of Lennox, who was in Glasgow Castle with his son, she took up her abode with her ladies and numerous attendants in the Archbishop's palace, distant about a hundred yards from the castle. Darnley progressed so rapidly in his convalescence that he was able to commence his journey under Mary's care, towards Edinburgh, on Monday, January 27th. The king was conveyed in the queen's own litter, a long carriage, supported between two horses, where he might recline at full length on a soft mattress or bed, warmly wrapped in furs, and feel neither the cold nor the roughness of the roads. Mary had caused the pleasant suite of apartments lately occupied by herself at Craigmillar Castle to be prepared for his reception. No place could be better chosen for the purpose,—Craigmillar Castle was quiet, cheerful, sunny, and salubrious in situation, sheltered from the bleak winds, the sea fogs, and the smoke of Edinburgh, and yet within sight and easy distance of everything going on there. The premature removal of a southron patient, newly convalesced of the small-pox, from the soft, mild valley of Glasgow to the sharp temperature of Edinburgh, would be at the imminent risk of life: if he were either lodged in the damp, low palace of Holyrood, or on the bleak heights of the Castle rock, when enveloped in its mid-winter mantle of chilling mists, a fatal inflammation of the lungs, windpipe or throat would be the result. In order to avoid these dangers the queen had decided not to bring her husband into Edinburgh till he should be sufficiently recovered to bear the cutting winds or still more noxious fogs of 'Auld Reekie.'"

But Darnley preferred Edinburgh to Craigmillar, and to the former place he was conveyed.

"Mary and Darnley, having left Linlithgow for Edinburgh, 30th. January, were met on the road by the Earl of Bothwell, whose duty it was as



Sheriff of the Lothians, to escort them to Edinburgh: such being the simple explanation of the sinister entry in Moray's journal about 'Bothwell keeping tryst with the queen, and meeting her by the way the day she came out of Linlithgow, and brought the king to Edinburgh.' It would have been considered a serious misdemeanor on the part of any sheriff, either in Scotland or England, who should have failed to pay that public mark of respect to royalty. All the nobles and gentry mounted as a matter of course, to meet and welcome their liege Lady on her return to her metropolis, for she came in state from Linlithgow to Edinburgh.

"Her ministers not having clearly defined which of the two houses by the Kirk-o'-Field had been prepared for Darnley's lodging, the queen, when they alighted at the portal of the Provost's house, supposing it was a mistake, took her consort by the hand to lead him to the Hamilton Palace, hard by, but was prevented by the Earl of Moray, who, being there to receive his victims, interposed and conducted them into the fatal mansion appointed by him and the other conspirators for the consummation of their crime."

Robert Balfour, provost of Kirk-o'-Field, in whose house Darnley was lodged, was a brother of Sir James Balfour, parson of Fliske, one of the conspirators. He furnished the conspirators with duplicate keys of every room in his house. "Bothwell brought gunpowder from his castle of Dunbar and placed it in the lower vaults of Kirk-o'-Field, awaiting the favorable moment which should realize his intentions."

Meanwhile the queen fitted up her husband's suite of rooms right royally and comfortably.

"Moray, subsequently, in a bold attempt to incriminate Queen Mary, bribed Nelson, the only one of Darnley's servants who survived the tragedy, to depose before the English Council that 'at his (Darnley's) coming to Kirk-o'-Field, his chamber was hung, and a new bed of black figured velvet standing therein.' Nelson added that 'the queen caused take down the new black bed, saying it would be soiled with the bath'; and thereafter set up an old purple bed, that was used to be carried.'

"Nelson's evidence has been considered to weigh heavily against Mary, but that of the

Royal Wardrobe Inventory still existing, entirely upsets and forever the story of the substitution of an old purple bed by the queen, by certifying the fact that a costly velvet bed of the rich tint described as violet-brown, with drapings passamented with silver and gold, was set up for Darnley's use in the fatal lodging of Kirk-o'-Field, and perished with him; 'No. 7 item, ane bed of violet-brown velvet, passamented with gold and silver, furnished with roof, head-piece, and pandis, three under-pandis.' Against this description the marginal notation appears: 'In August, 1566, the queen gave this bed to the king, furnished with all things, and in February, 1567, the said bed was *tint* (lost) in his lodgings.'

Little did the devisers of the perjured depositions of Nelson imagine the possibility of their plausible fictions being detected through the mechanical minuteness of the clerk by whom these explanatory notes were added for the information of Moray himself—notes which, in the fullness of time, were to bring their simple matter-of-fact evidence to bear on the question of Mary's innocence, by confuting the falsehoods with which her accusers endeavored to bolster up their calumnious charges against her. The particulars derived from "Queen Mary's Wardrobe Book" are corroborated in a remarkable manner by a recently discovered paper, of no less importance than the original discharge, executed and signed by herself, exonerating Servais de Condé for the loss of the rich movables with which he had furnished the king's lodgings, and which were destroyed there: "Discharge of the furniture carried to the lodgings of the late king, which furniture was destroyed without anything being recovered. (Signed) Marie R." Inedited MSS. among the Royal Records in Her Majesty's General Register House, Edinburgh. From the items in this list, an idea may be formed of the regal as well as comfortable style in which the apartments of the princely invalid were fitted up for his temporary abode. "Firstly, a bed of violet velvet, with double vallances, passamented with gold and silver, furnished with a silk pailiasse, mattress and traversin (bolster), and one coverlid of blue taffety *picquée*, and two other coverings, an orrilier and envelope (pillow and pillow-case). One little table, with a cloth of green velvet, a high chair covered with violet

velvet, with a cushion; XVI. pieces tapestry, enough for his chamber, his hall, and wardrobe, both great and little; a dais for his hall, a black velvet,—with double draperies."

"The last article denotes that Darnley had a presence-chamber as well as a bed-room at the house of Kirk-o'-Field, and that it was fitted up by the queen's orders, as regal etiquette required, with the raised platform called a *dais*, a canopy, or cloth-of-state. He had also a double-seated chair of state, called a *canapé*, covered with yellow and red rayed taffety, the royal colors, which would be occupied by himself and his royal consort; a high chair covered with leather, for his bed-room, and several useful articles not necessary to enumerate here." "A small turn-up bed, with tawny and green damask furniture, a silk paillasse, mattress and bolster, a stitched coverlid of green taffety, with two other coverings and an envelope; and a taffety pavilion, turning into the form of a wardrobe." "This bed was for the gentleman-in-waiting, who slept in Darnley's chamber. Besides these, we observe in the 'Wardrobe Book' that three red velvet cushions, and three of green velvet, and a red taffety coverlid, stitched, the gift of the queen, and probably her work, were tint in the king's lodgings."

The testimony of the most inimical of witnesses proves that the queen did everything in her power to soothe and cheer her husband during the period of his quarantine, passing much of her time with him. When she required air and exercise, she walked with Lady Reres in the garden of the ruined Dominican convent, which adjoined that of the Kirk-o'-Field, and occasionally sang duets with her, probably under the window of the princely invalid, to gratify his musical taste. Sometimes she sent for the royal band from Holyrood House, to play in these gardens of an evening. "Darnley had been chastened by that stern schoolmaster, sickness, and brought to self-recollection and repentance by the near prospect of the grave. He was not past the age for improvement, and he made daily promises of becoming all his royal wife could desire. Her company was so sweet to him that he was always loth to part with her when she bade him adieu for the night, and returned to Holyrood House to sleep. As he sometimes wooed her to prolong her stay beyond the hour when the gates were closed, and

his health was still far from re-established, Mary caused the lower chamber to be fitted up as a bed-room for herself, that she might oblige him by passing the night under the same roof with him. Darnley, by way of employing his solitude profitably, had combined a course of devotional exercises with the sanitary process prescribed by his physicians, having made what the Church of which he was a member terms "a retreat," or interval of self-recollection, penance and prayer, preparatory to his reappearance on the arena of public life. Reconciled both to his consort and himself, he was rapidly recovering his health and strength, and expected to resume his place in the world under auspicious circumstances." On Sunday, February 9th., the last he was ever to spend in life—"he heard Mass devoutly," we are told in a letter of the Bishop of Mondivi to the Duke of Tuscany.

The happy royal pair had ten days of regained Eden. God's own days, when Satan in the form of Mary's ministers could not rob them of this foretaste of Paradise. How gratifying to his pious consort to see her king conforming to heavenly grace; with contrite heart making examination of conscience; and then angelically happy after a good confession!

The queen stayed at Kirk-o'-Field on the night of Saturday, February 8th. How supremely happy were she and her husband when, on Sunday morning, they together "heard Mass devoutly, knelt together for the last time at the Lord's table, where the Body and Blood of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ nourished their souls unto everlasting life!

What fervent prayers were breathed for the so-called "nobles," the ministers who had given up the Faith and the interior life to become—anarchists, murderers, and "white-slavers"!

Even the Earl of Huntley, unworthy of his ancestors, was now on the downward path, and no longer a practising or professing Catholic.

"The queen had arranged to hold a court at Holyrood on Monday, February 10th., for the farewell audience of the Savoyard ambassador, Count Moretta, and his suite."

Moretta and his suite, doubtless, were witnesses when Darnley "heard Mass devoutly," and assisted at that celebration in Darnley's council-chamber or hall, fitted up as a chapel.

"Moray, true to his cautious policy, in order to be out of the way while inferior villains performed the butcher's work, on Sunday, February 9th., requested the queen's permission 'to cross into Fifeshire to visit his lady, who had sent word to him,' he said, 'that she was ill of a burning fever.' Mary entreated him to delay his departure only one day, to assist at the court to be holden on the morrow for the leave-taking of the Savoyard ambassador, but he protested 'the impossibility of delay, as his wife was in danger of premature childbirth, and might possibly be dead before he arrived, unless he used despatch in hastening to her.' The occult inspirer of all the various agencies employed in the mysterious tragedy thus glided off the stage, leaving to them the danger of its consummation. The reason for Bothwell and his accomplices appointing that particular night for their atrocious purpose was because they knew the queen and all her attendants would be away, she having promised to give a masked ball at Holyrood, in honor of the nuptials of her faithful servant, Sebastian Paiges, master of the Revels, with Christilly Hogg; and also of Margaret Cawood, co-heiress of the Laird of Cawood in Lanarkshire, with John Stuart of Tullyinst. Margaret was one of her bedchamber women, a post she had held ever since 1564. Both Margaret Cawood and Bastian had united in contriving the escape of their royal mistress and her repentant consort, Darnley, from the restraint in which they were both held by the associate traitors in Holyrood after the murder of Rizzio. Mary provided the twelve o'clock dinner for the double-wedding party and graced it with her presence. She then visited Darnley and spent some time with him. At four o'clock, she, with all her nobles, supped at the grand banquet to which she had been invited by the Bishop of Argyll, to meet the departing members of the Savoyard ambassador. When she rose from table she was attended by all the great nobles present to Kirk-o'-Field, where she brought them with her into her husband's chamber, for them to pay their devoir to him, and probably their first compliments of congratulation on his recovery. This was evidently a small state-reception or court held in Darnley's apartment to amuse him, and pass the interval between her return from the four o'clock Episcopal supper and going to the

masked ball at Holyrood, to which she had promised to give her presence. Meantime Bothwell, instead of attending her Majesty with the other nobles to the house of Kirk-o'-Field, had slipped away in the bustle of the uprising from the Bishop's table, and went to hold a secret council with his ruffian route in the hall of his lower apartments in Holyrood Abbey. The nobles who had attended the queen to the house of Kirk-o'-Field were waiting to escort her to Holyrood Abbey, where she had arranged to sleep the night of the ball; but Darnley being more than usually reluctant to part with her, she continued to linger by his side till it was more than time for an invalid to be in bed. It was not, indeed, till the eleventh hour that she rose to depart, observing, as she did so, that 'it was later than she had thought; but she must not break her promise to Bastian and his bride.' Darnley, in lover-like mood, desiring still to detain her, she drew a valuable ring from her finger, and placing it on his as a pledge of her affection, kissed and embraced him with endearing words of leave-taking, and promises that she would soon return to visit him again; and so they parted to meet in this life no more. As the queen did not arrive at Holyrood Abbey till past eleven, which was very late for an evening entertainment in the sixteenth century, she did not tarry quite an hour in the ball-room, but retired with the bride and her other ladies just before midnight. The company then broke up and dispersed. Mary was attended on that last gay evening of her life by the Countesses of *Mar*, *Athol*, and *Bothwell*, among others of the noble matrons of Scotland. These would have been substantial witnesses to bring forward against her, if her conduct had, in the slightest manner, deviated from that which be-seemed a queen and a virtuous woman.

"Bothwell, after the ball was ended, changed his court dress, and went forth privately with Hubert to see that all things were in proper train at the house of Kirk-o'-Field for the perpetration of the cruel design, and leaving his kinsman, John Hepburn of Bowton, and Hay, to fire the train, he returned to his chambers in Holyrood, over the gateway, in time to be found quiet in bed with his wife there when the explosion roused the slumbering city. Alarmed by the explosion, which resembled a volley of five-and-

twenty or thirty cannon, fired off at once, the queen had just sent to inquire the cause, when the Earls of Argyll, Athol, Huntley, and Bothwell, with their ladies, rushed into her presence, with the agitating tidings of what was supposed to have happened at Kirk-o'-Field. The queen instantly ordered Bothwell, her lieutenant, to proceed thither with the guards, of whom the captain was James Stuart of Ochiltree, in order to ascertain what had really occurred. Every one hurried with him to the scene of the mysterious tragedy. The Provost's house no longer existed. Four of Darnley's servants were found crushed to death; Thomas Nelson, also a servant, was the only one taken out alive. At five o'clock, on Monday morning, Darnley's lifeless body was found lying under a tree in a little orchard about eighty yards from the ruins on the other side of the wall. He had nothing on save his night shirt, but his furred pelisse and *pantouffles* were close by; and, near him, was the corpse of his faithful servant, William Taylor. There was not, however, the slightest bruise or fracture on their persons. The smell of fire had not passed over their garments, nor was a hair of their heads singed. Darnley's furred pelisse and pantouffles being found near him, and un-singed, indicates the probability that, with the instinctive caution of an invalid dreading an exposure to the cold night air in his shirt, he had snatched them up when he fled for his life on the first alarm, intending to put them on as soon as opportunity would allow, but that, ere he could do this, he was overtaken by the assassins and strangled. In confirmation exists this letter from Father Edmonds, the Principal of the Society of Jesuits, to the Bishop of Mondivi, and is dated March 16, 1567. To quote the letter: 'As to the particulars of the death of the king, Monsignore de Moretta is entirely of opinion that this poor prince, hearing the noise of people round the house trying false keys to open the outlets, rushed forth himself by a door that opened into the garden in his shirt, with a pelisse, to fly from the peril, and *there was strangled*, and brought out of the garden into a little orchard beyond the wall of the grounds; and the murderers blew up the house to slay all the rest that were within, because the king was found dead, with his pelisse by his side; and some

women, whose sleeping rooms adjoined the garden, affirm to have heard the king cry, 'Ah, my kinsmen, have mercy on me, for love of Him who had mercy on us all!' " The claim of consanguinity with which Darnley vainly endeavored to move the hard hearts of the ruffians to whom he addressed his appeal for mercy, *indicates they were the Douglas gang*, his *maternal* kindred, led to the perpetration of this foul deed by Morton's deputy, Archibald Douglas.

"That night Archibald Douglas went forth from the back door of his dwelling-house clad in armor but with velvet slippers on his feet to muffle his tread. One of these slippers was found in the ruins of Kirk-o'-Field.

"While the manner of Darnley's death remained a mystery to all honest men in Scotland, the particulars of his last moments were known to the English Marshal at Berwick. 'The king,' writes Sir Wm. Drury to Cecil, 'was long of dying, and to his strength made debate for his life.' Drury's information must have come from the assassins or the conspirators by whom they were employed."

The whole of that day, the first of her bereavement, the queen remained in the lugubrious seclusion of the alcove of her darkened chamber, stretched on her bed, in a state of mental stupefaction, paralyzed with grief and horror. The king's body, when the surgeons had made their post-mortem examination, was placed on a bier and conveyed by the queen's command, to her palace of Holyrood. Mary visited and took a sad farewell of the remains of her mysteriously-murdered consort. Long she gazed on his lifeless form, in that deep sorrow of the heart whose silence is more expressive than words. Her orders were that he should be embalmed, wrapt in cerecloth, and placed in the Chapel-Royal till the day of the funeral.

"The remains of the unfortunate Darnley were interred in the royal vault of the Chapel of Holyrood, by the side of Mary's father, James V., February 15th., in the evening. The funeral was necessarily private, because performed according to the proscribed rites of the Church of Rome, with which he died in communion. The time was, therefore, prudently chosen, after the Abbey gates were closed for the night, to avert the danger of the solemnity being interrupted.



AMERICAN RAPIDS FROM GREEN ISLAND, NIAGARA FALLS.



NEW PARKAGE AT CAVE OF THE WINDS, NIAGARA FALLS.

and his remains insulted by fanatics, who had so often broken into the Chapel-Royal while the queen was engaged in the offices of her religion, and beaten and driven the officiating priests from the altar. Darnley's kinsman, the Laird of Tragnair, with other officers of state, were present, and James Stuart of Ochiltree, the Captain of the Guards."

The reality of Mary's conviction of her own danger from the assassins of her husband is evidenced by her retiring from Holyrood Abbey, where she did not consider herself safe, and taking refuge, with her infant son, in Edinburgh Castle. A state *dulle*-chamber was there, hung in black, and arranged according to the custom of the Queens of France.

In these terrible days the one comforting thought that sustained the poor Queen of Scotland was that "whatever had been her husband's faults they had been repented of by him, and forgiven by her." She had suffered long and been kind, never imputing blame to him, but excusing his sins as "the errors of youth that would correct themselves in time."

The widowed Queen's health, despite her courageous heart, and trust in God, now gave much anxiety to her friends. "After Mary had spent a week in the lugubrious seclusion of her *dulle* chamber in Edinburgh Castle, from which the light of day had been rigorously excluded, her health and spirits became so alarmingly depressed that her Council, by the advice of her physicians, entreated her to change the air and scene without delay."

She accordingly withdrew to Seton Castle, which was near enough to Edinburgh, to allow her to transact business of state, and at the same time, to take the needful repose of the country and the exercise to which she had been accustomed. The home of the truly *noble*, the godly Setons, was the "house of Bethany" to Mary Stuart. Mary Seton, one of her "four Marys," her closest earthly friend and constant attendant, we shall see succumbing to the rigors of her Queen's English prisons, and, shortly before that beloved Queen's tragic end, retiring to a French convent to die!

"The terrible shock her feelings had sustained began now to produce visible effects on Queen Mary's health. Her faded, woe-worn appear-

ance, though observed by all, was far from touching the hard hearts of those who were aggravating her pangs. The fact that she was apparently sinking under her intolerable burden of grief and care, was communicated to the English warden at Berwick, without commiseration. 'She hath been,' writes Drury to Cecil, 'for the most part either melancholy or sickly ever since, especially this week—upon Tuesday and Wednesday often swooned. The Queen,' continues Drury, 'breaketh very much: upon Sunday last divers were witness, for there was Mass of Requiem and Dirge for the King's soul.'

"Five days later, the royal widow attended one of the midnight services of her church for the departed, and notwithstanding the melancholy state of her health and spirits, and the inclemency of the season, spent several hours kneeling in the cold chapel of Holyrood, offering up prayers for the repose of his soul. Her vigil was strictly private. 'The Queen,' writes Drury, 'went on Friday night with two gentlewomen with her, into the Chapel, about eleven, and tarried there till near unto three of the clock.' (Drury to Cecil, March 29, 1567).

"At the very date, March 21st. to April 5th., when she is slanderously affirmed, in the journal of her proceedings, presented by Moray to the English Council, to have been at Seton 'passing her time merrily with Bothwell,' she was in Edinburgh, engaged in the arduous duties of her onerous position, struggling with the embarrassment of an empty exchequer, the intrigues of a powerful neighbor, and the villainies of domestic traitors, her only solace assisting at Masses, Dirges, and midnight prayers for the soul of her unfortunate consort, kneeling in juxtaposition to his murdered corpse."

From her prie-dieu Queen Mary could have placed her hand upon the King's coffin. Deep down in her heart, beneath weight of sorrow, was the exultant joy of his having appeared before his Maker a penitent, shriven soul. Remembering him, she knew he was remembering her before the great white throne.

Strickland continues: "How touching is the picture of the royal widow, when sketched according to the realities of life and nature, sinking beneath the weight of her accumulated sufferings of mind and body, oppressed with sickly,

ping melancholy, and falling from one deadly swoon into another. How different this from the representations of her political libeler, Buchanan, who painted her, not as she was, but according to the instructions he received from the usurpers of her government.

"Queen Mary's attention was at this time occupied in providing a protector for her infant son. The person on whom her choice naturally fell was the Earl of Mar, her former preceptor, son of that Lord Erskine, who had guarded her in her fatherless infancy, alike from the attempts of her cruel uncle of England (Henry VIII.) and his secret service men among her peers. . . . She sent the Prince to Stirling, March 10th., under the care of the Earls of Argyll and Huntley, by whom he was consigned to the Earl of Mar on the 20th., in all due form. The day she parted with him he completed his ninth month. How dire must have been the necessity that induced her, fond as she was of children, to send her first-born from her in that charming period of infancy, when smiles and dimples are most attractive, and the mute language of affection is eloquently expressed in the beaming eyes, the outstretched arms, and the soft panting of the guileless breast that flutters with delight at the greeting of maternal love. Four days only after the departure of her boy, Mary, whose heart was with him, and mindful of all his little wants, drew up the following: 'Memorandum for my Lord Prince. Item of Holland Cloth, LX. ells; of white Spanish taffety, X. ells; white armoise taffety, VI. ells; white Florence ribbons, LXXX. ells; white knittings, LX. ells; small Lyncum twine, XVI. ounces; one stick of white buckram; one stick of fine cameraige (cambric).' (Royal Wardrobe Inventories.)

"There had been nothing but jealousy, offices of hatred and struggles for the guidance of the Queen, between Darnley and Moray, till Darnley received his quietus in the Provost's house of Kirk-o'-Field, while Moray got cleverly out of the responsibility of assisting in the deed-doing, or the danger of arrest on suspicion of being its instigator. Nor had he dared to return to Edinburgh till after the arrival of his friend, the English Ambassador, Killigrew.

"Mary had, in the meantime, convened her Parliament by proclamation, called her scattered Council together, and provided for the safety of

her infant son by placing him, as she fondly imagined, in honest and impartial hands, before the struggle should recommence between the two factions, whose strife had so long convulsed her realm, lest the babe should be made, like herself, who was now virtually in the hands of Bothwell's predominant faction, a prey to the strongest. The Earl of Mar was Moray's uncle—*his mother's brother*—but she loved and trusted him with the generous confidence of her nature. *How he requited her will be shown anon.*

"Queen Mary had to be assisted in carrying on the business of government by some of her great nobles, and Bothwell, ruling army and navy, had necessarily succeeded to that office from the responsibilities of which Moray had fled a few hours before the assassination of her consort."

Nine years were to elapse before the true story of Darnley's death, and the names of the murderers were to be given to the world by Bothwell's confession.

Apropos of the assassination Agnes Strickland says: "The day after the occurrence of the tragedy, Mary had the agony of receiving a letter from her faithful servant, the Catholic Archbishop Beton, written by desire of the Spanish ambassador in Paris, to intimate to her that 'some formidable enterprise was in preparation against her, and warning her to take care of herself, and double her guards.' It was natural for poor Mary to imagine in the first bitterness of her regret at the tardy arrival of this intimation, that if it had only come to hand two days earlier, it might have been the means of averting the murder of her consort; but it would only have delayed it. The confederacy against Darnley's life, which had been formed by Moray and his faction as soon as her intention to ally herself in marriage with him transpired, had been secretly extending ever since, and at last included more than two-thirds of the nobility of Scotland. The perfidious combination of *Bothwell* with Moray, Morton, and the other members of the English faction, for the destruction of her husband, with whom he had no quarrel, could never have been suspected by Mary, far less the motives which had impelled him to that league. She had, as has been fully shown, dealt with him very severely when he was a single man, under suspicion of his cherishing presumptuous intentions



of making himself master of her person. The conduct of his *accusers* having since then given her reason to believe that she had been deceived in that matter, she had restored and employed him. His loyal deeds had atoned for his former indiscretions; and, after his marriage with a young lady of the blood royal, the Catholic Lady Jane Gordon, their mutual kinswoman; and the important services he had rendered to herself and her consort at the perilous time of their escape from the assassins of David Rizzio, she had honored him with greater confidence than she had ventured to bestow on any other member of her Cabinet, except her ungrateful brother, Moray, whose influence was always superior to that of any other person. It was, however, on Bothwell, as the commander-in-chief of all the military force of her realm, both by sea and land, that she relied for defence, either in the event of invasion from England or insurrections at home. So long as he was faithful she had defied all her enemies; his treachery threw her into their snares. "Some one Mary must have suspected of her husband's murder," is the observation of Malcolm Laing. Some one she doubtless did suspect; and not one but many; for it was according to reason, and the natural faculty that links present impressions with things past, that the frightful scene of David Rizzio's slaughter should immediately recur to her mind, and images of the ferocious assassins who had menaced her with regicidal weapons should be associated with her ideas of her husband's tragic fate. Eighty-six of these fell midnight murderers, who had violated the sanctity of her presence, and turned her bed-chamber into a shambles, she had been induced—nay, we will use the right word, constrained—by their English protector and advocate, Cecil, seconded by the importunity of Moray and others of her nobles, to pardon and recall to Scotland, little more than six weeks ago. Her consort had vehemently objected to this measure, and had been destroyed like their previous victim, David Rizzio. How could she suspect Bothwell of contriving and executing a crime for which there was no apparent motive, when the malice of such an army of vindictive homicides had been provoked by Darnley?"

According to Strickland, the conspirators who were determined to take the King's life met to

complete their plans in the December of 1566, two months before the murder. "Before they left Craigmillar Castle a bond was drawn for the murder by James Balfour, the notorious Parson of Fliske, evidently the self-same document to which Archibald Douglas alludes. (Letter to Queen Mary, November, 1583.) It stated that 'it was thought expedient and most profitable for the common weal, by the whole nobility, especially the Lords undersigned, that such a young fool and proud tyrant should not reign nor bear rule over them, and that for divers causes they had concluded that he should be taken off by one way or other; and they also agreed to defend and fortify whosoever should take the deed in hand to do it, for it should be every one's action, reckoned and holden as if done by themselves.' (Confession of the Laird of Ormiston.) This bond, or at any rate, a duplicate of it, was given to the Earl of Bothwell, with the sign-manuals of the principal conspirators. But as the Queen was neither art nor part in their design, there is no allusion to her, not even for the deceitful object of coloring their atrocious purpose with professions of loyalty to her, and zeal for her service. It must be clear to every one not wilfully obtuse to reason that if the Queen could have been induced either to divorce or banish her husband from the realm, there would have been no occasion for her ministers to enter into a secret and illegal bond for his murder. Moray and Lethington with their wicked dupe, Bothwell, were the leading conspirators in this Craigmillar coterie, although later, it was the genius of Morton that completed the plot."

About the 14th. January, 1567, when the Earl of Morton, one of the murderers of Rizzio, was returning to Scotland from his exile in England, those who conspired the death of Darnley met at Whittinghame Castle, Haddingtonshire.

"The communication between Whittinghame and Edinburgh was easy, and might be accomplished in a few hours, while the situation of that solitary fortress, embosomed in deep woods, rendered it a suitable trysting-place for the acting committee of conspirators for the murder of Darnley. These were Lethington, Bothwell, Archibald Douglas, brother to Sir Wm. Douglas, castellan of Whittinghame, and Morton. Light indeed were Morton's motives for Rizzio's slaughter, in comparison with those which

prompted his co-operation in the murderous plot against his cousin, Darnley, the formidable claimant of the Angus inheritance. Warned, however, by the inconveniences that had resulted to him from his public appearance as the leader of the former enterprise, he kept himself, like the cautious Moray, adroitly in the shade, leaving Bothwell to occupy the foreground, and incur the responsibility of the crime. Although Morton, even before he was suffered by his old confederates, Moray and Lethington, to set foot again in Scotland, had signified his assent to the bond against Darnley, he subsequently pretended to have heard of the bloody purpose, for the first time, from the lips of Bothwell."

His fellow-conspirators needed Morton's brains, as we gather from Bothwell's confession: "Moray was the contriver of it; Morton laid the plot; and I accomplished it."

Inquiry and investigation, without loss of time, was pursued by order of Queen Mary. Early on the Tuesday following the King's assassination, a court was opened in the Tolbooth, for the examination of witnesses, at which the Earl of Argyll presided. "The Queen ordered proclamation to be made offering 'a reward of two thousand pounds, and a pension for life, to whomsoever would reveal and bring to justice the person or persons by whom the horrible and treasonable murder had been committed.'" It was added that "the Queen's Majesty, unto whom, of all others, the case was most grievous, would rather lose life and all, than that it should remain unpunished."

Mary's foes were busy; she was to be destroyed through connecting her name with Bothwell.

The morning after Darnley's funeral, the following placard was found on the door of Tolbooth, having been privily set up in the night:

"Because proclamation is made, whosoever will reveal the murder of the King shall have two thousand pounds, I, who have made inquisition by them that were the doers thereof, affirm that the committers of it were the Earl of Bothwell, Mr. James Balfour, Parson of Fliske, Mr. David Chalmers, Black Mr. John Spens, who was the principal deviser of the murder, and the Queen assenting thereto, through the persuasion of the Earl of Bothwell, and the witchcraft of the Lady Buceleuch."

The Queen's courageous answer to this anonymous denunciation was a proclamation "requiring the setter-up of the libel to come forward and avow the same, and he should have the sum promised in her first proclamation, and further, according to his ability to make good his words before her and her Council."

The libeller did not appear; but his, or their, stabs in the dark appeared regularly. A placard had been set up on one of the public buildings of Edinburgh, with these words: "Farewell, gentle Henry; but a vengeance on Mary."

"The incendiary placard system was diligently followed up, but, omitting all meaner names, pointed directly at the Queen and Bothwell. The passions and prejudices of the multitude thus excited against the Queen soon produced visible effects, then a junta of the most crafty conspirators, Moray, Morton, and their adherents, met secretly at Dunkeld Castle, the house of Lennox's kinsman, the Earl of Athol, with Lindsay of the Byres, and others, to concert measures for *revolution*, under the pretext of avenging the death of Darnley, *although there was not one among them, Athol alone excepted, who had not previously banded against his life.*

"The Bishop of Mondivi had been appointed by the Pope as his nuncio to Scotland; but in consequence of Mary's reluctance (?) to receive him, had proceeded no farther than Paris; but Father Edmonds, a Jesuit priest, then resident in Edinburgh, wrote him news of all that was going on, and Bishop Mondivi repeats, in a letter to Cosmo the Great, the injury the Papal cause was likely to receive by the assassination of Mary's Catholic consort. He proceeds thus: 'The Earls of Moray, Morton and Athol, have leagued with the Earl of Lennox, father to him that was King, under pretext of revenging the death of the said King. The Earls of Bothwell, of Huntley, and many other great lords, rank themselves near the Queen for the same purpose; but one party looks with suspicion on the other. Moray, being sent for by her Majesty, would not come; from whence it may be judged that, having views on the realm, he will avail himself of this opportunity to slay the Earl of Bothwell—a man of valor, in much credit and confidence with the Queen—with intent to attack insidiously the life of her Majesty. And, above all, he hopes, by this junction with the Earl of Lennox, to

have, by his permission and consent, the government of the Prince, and consequently of the whole kingdom.'

"Moray still kept at distance from the Court till he had taken his measures for dethroning his royal sister, forming a secret league with Lennox for avenging the death of Darnley, the object of his deadliest hatred. Encouraged by the arrival of his English friends, Moray now returned to Edinburgh, after nearly a month's absence, and resumed his long-vacant place at the Council-board. He invited Bothwell, in company with Lethington, Huntley and Argyll, to a secret diplomatic dinner, to meet the English ambassador, Killigrew—(Killigrew to Cecil, March 8th., 1567)—and for a full month from that time, continued to treat him with all outward demonstrations of friendship, conformably to the bond they had entered into in the preceding October to *maintain and stand by each other in all their doings.*"

The public mind was kept in a violent state of excitement on the subject of the murder of Darnley. When the Queen passed through the High Street on one occasion the market-women greeted her with the cry, "God bless and preserve your Grace, if ye be saikless (innocent) of the King's death!"

"How bitter an aggravation to her calamity—for such, if we only regard the death of Darnley in a political point of view, undoubtedly it was—must it have been for her to perceive that it was possible for her to be involved in a suspicion of having been a party to so foul a crime,—a crime, which, if emanating from her, would have been the most reckless act of political suicide."

On March 8th., the English ambassador, Killigrew, presented to the swooning, heart-broken Queen of Scots, the *letter of condolence* sent her by Queen Elizabeth. The following is an extract from it: "Madam—My ears have been so much shocked, my mind distressed, and my heart appalled, at hearing the horrible report of the abominable murder of your husband, my slaughtered cousin, that I have scarcely as yet spirits to write about it; but although nature constrains me to lament his death, so near to me in blood as he was, I must tell you boldly that I am far more concerned for you than for him. Oh, Madam! I should neither perform the office of a faithful cousin, nor that of an affectionate friend,

if I studied rather to please your ears than to preserve your honor; therefore I will not conceal from you that people, for the most part, say that 'you will look through your fingers at this deed, instead of revenging it,' and that you have not cared to touch those who have done you this pleasure, as if the deed had not been without the murderers having had that assurance.

"The grimace of friendship under which the royal British Queen masked the malice which had prompted her to address these insults to the royal widow, must have been revolting to the high spirit of that unfortunate Princess: her reply has not been found."

Thirty-six years later, Elizabeth's cruel and murderous soul was called to judgment by the great Searcher of hearts.

Mary's Catholic friends at home and abroad were powerless to help her except with prayer, courageous advice and warnings. "Murder will out," so also will its preliminaries!

Father Edmonds, S. J., resident in Edinburgh, was in close touch with the Court, and in constant correspondence with Archbishop Beton, Mary's ambassador at the Court of France. The latter, upon hearing the reports that Queen Mary's enemies were sedulously spreading in France and other countries, with a view to implicating her in the fiendish murder, lost no time in writing her as follows: "I ask your Majesty's pardon that I write thus far, for I can hear nothing to your prejudice, but I maun write the same that all may come to your knowledge, for the better remeid (remedy) may be put thereto. Here it is needful that you mought show now, rather than ever before, the great virtue, magnanimity, and constancy that God has granted you, by whose grace I hope ye shall overcome this most heavy envy and displeasure of the committing thereof, and preserve that reputation in all godliness ye have acquired of long, which can appear no ways more clearly than that ye do such justice as to the whole world may declare your innocence, and give testimony forever of their treason that have committed without fear of God or man so ungodly a murder."

Archbishop Beton tells her likewise that "the Spanish ambassador, when he thanked him in her name for the hint he had given him of the meditated treason, which had been too fatally realized before the warning reached the Scottish

Court, emphatically rejoined, 'Suppose it came too late, yet apprise her Majesty that I am informed by the same means as I was before, that there is still some notable enterprize in hand against her, whereof I wish her to beware in time.'

"The effect of the terror with which this second intimation was calculated to appal the royal widow, after two such frightful occurrences as the assassinations of her secretary and her husband, may be traced in the bewilderment of her usually brilliant and energetic mind. She was panic-stricken in body and mind.

"Two especial Privy Councils were held by Queen Mary at Edinburgh, in March, to take into consideration that the best means for prosecuting the parties named in the placards as the murderers of her husband might be carried into effect according to the demand of his father.

"At the first Bothwell rose, with well-disssembled frankness, and said that 'as his name had been openly coupled with this odious accusation, he could not allow so foul a blot to be thrown on his character, and demanded to be put on his trial, offering to surrender himself, in the meantime, a prisoner, and to remain in ward until after his assize.' His bold bearing resulted from his being in possession of the bond bearing the signatures of several of the confederates in the murder; on whose protection he relied—not without reason, as the event proved. 'I shall let you see what I had,' was his rejoinder, when his terrified vassal and accomplice, the Laird of Ormiston, came to him in his chamber, and said, 'What devil is this now, my lord, that every one suspects you of this deed, and cries a vengeance on you for the same, and few or no other spoken of but you?' Then, Bothwell showed him the bond, with the subscriptions to it, telling him, 'It was devised by Sir James Balfour, and subscribed by them all a quarter of a year before the deed was done.' (The Laird of Ormiston's confession.)

"Notwithstanding, however, his confidence in the support of his powerful accomplices, Bothwell took care to guard himself from the honest indignation of the populace, seldom going abroad without the attendance of fifty armed horsemen. When thus accompanied, he assumed an air of bravado, and, riding up to the Mercat Cross, where one of the papers denouncing him as the

principal murderer of the King was set up, he tore it down, and swore a deep oath that 'if he could find the deviser of the same, he would wash his hands in his heart's blood.' His trial was appointed to take place in the Tolbooth, April 12th. His first step towards his defence was to bring Morton back to Court. Moray, who had up to that period behaved in the most amicable manner towards him, and received him at his own table as his invited guest, thought proper to retire from Scotland on the 9th. of April, three days only before that appointed for the trial, thus avoiding the dangerous alternatives of acting publicly either for or against him on that occasion, leaving, as he had done before, his able colleagues, Lethington and Morton, to play the game at home, so as to involve the Queen in public odium, by linking her to Bothwell's cause irrevocably; while he proceeded to conclude in person his secret arrangements with the English Government for her deposition. The Queen wept passionately when Moray came to take his leave of her, and besought him to remain in Scotland. This he utterly refused to do, falsely assuring her that 'he was deeply in debt, weary of public business, and intended to spend five years abroad.' (Border Correspondence, State Paper Office.)

"Moray spent several days at Berwick, plotting with his royal sister's foes; then 'proceeded to the Court of England where he was affectionately received by Queen Elizabeth.' After remaining there as long as suited his convenience he went to France. He there concerted his plans so ably with the Queen Regent (Catherine de Medicis) and the Huguenot party with whom she was then enleagued, as to prevent Mary from receiving the slightest aid from France in the time of her distress." This was the fiend-like brother, yet good Reformer, who assured his royal sister before her return from France to Scotland, that *he* would answer that she should require no French troops to protect or to aid her in Scotland! Ah, if she had but taken the advice of the wise churchman, John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, and brought to her own and her country's aid a few thousand of the myriad swords at her service. Well did that astute churchman know the hearts of the apostate Catholics of Scotland; even Agnes Strickland says of them, "The Mammon of unrighteousness was their god."

"The trial of Bothwell took place as appointed. Accompanied by his accomplice and tempter, Lethington, and guarded by two hundred harquebus-siers, and followed by a voluntary escort of four thousand gentlemen, he passed 'with a merry and lusty cheer to the Tolbooth.'"

The Earl of Argyll presided, according to his vocation as hereditary Justice-General of Scotland; Lord Lindsay of the Byres, the husband of Moray's sister, Henry Balnaves and James Makgill, who had been traitors to Mary from her cradle, were sworn as judges, together with Pitcairn of Dunfermline. The jurors, fifteen in number, were all men of high rank; one of them, the Lord John Hamilton, son to the Duke de Châtelhault, was a Prince of the blood; two others, the Earl of Cassilis and Lord Sempill, had both been in arms against the Queen, and were, a few weeks later, ranked among her foes. Morton rode with Bothwell to the Tolbooth, but excused himself from assisting at the assize.

"The enmity that notoriously subsisted between him and Darnley, rendered it too dangerous for him to take any part on the trial of a person accused of his murder. Bothwell was charged with being 'art and part in the cruel and horrible slaughter of the right excellent, right high, and mighty Prince, the King's Grace, dearest spouse for the time to our Sovereign Lady the Queen's Majesty.' 'And this,' proceeds the indictment, 'ye did upon the 9th. day of February last bypast, under silence of night, which is notourly known, and which ye cannot deny.' But this Bothwell did deny; and no witness came forward to depose the slightest circumstance tending to convict him of the crime with which he was thus positively charged by the Queen's advocates. . . . Bothwell was, of course, acquitted as no evidence was produced for the prosecution."

By Queen Mary's enemies, be it remembered, Bothwell was acquitted of the murder of the King.

Upon this Agnes Strickland makes comment: "Although Moray was absent, his brothers-in-law, Lord Lindsay of the Byres and Argyll, with Henry Balnaves, Makgill, and Sir John Bellen-den, his creatures, sat as judges."

A few days after his acquittal Bothwell entertained some of the leading nobles at a banquet at Ainslie's Tavern, and here was drawn

up that strange paper known as the Ainslie Compact, by which the signers *recommended* Bothwell as "a proper person" to wed the Queen, and bound themselves in this *bond* to defend him in carrying out a wedding with her. This wonderful document, which recommended the murderer of Darnley—at that time a married man—as a fit match for his bereaved widow, was signed by eight earls and eleven barons, the *élite* of the Scottish nobility. Will it be credited that the foremost name on the list was that of James Earl of Moray, the Queen's brother, followed by that of the Earl of Argyll, her sister's husband, and stranger still, by that of the Earl of Huntley, *the brother of Bothwell's living wife.*

Apropos of this, Strickland says: "As there were the names of two honest men, the Lords Herries and Seton, among the subscribers, it can only be conjectured that they must have drunk to excess, and signed it when under the temporary delirium of intoxication."

Many persons who signed this bond for forcing the Queen into a marriage with their accomplice in the murder of her husband, subsequently pretended that "they were compelled to sign it by fear of coercion, rather than liking."

When fourteen years later the Earl of Morton was tried and executed in Scotland for his share in the murder of Darnley, "he abandoned the flimsy excuse of having signed this bond on compulsion."

Immediately after he had obtained this document Bothwell made advances to the Queen, but these were coldly received by her.

Writing on this subject to the Bishop of Dunblane, Queen Mary says: "And the same (the bond) being once obtained, he (Bothwell) began afar off to discover his intention toward us, and to essay if he might, by humble suit, purchase our goodwill; but finding our answer nothing correspondent to his desire, he suffered not the matter to sleep, but within four days thereafter, finding opportunity by reason we were past secretly towards Stirling to visit the Prince, our dearest son, in our returning he awaited us by the way, accompanied by a great force, and led us with all diligence to Dunbar. In what part we took that dealing, but specially how strange we found it of him, of whom we doubted less than of any subject we had."

To quote Strickland: "Certes he had never

been the object of her choice when single, and he was now a married man, the husband of her cousin withal,—a circumstance which imposed an insuperable obstacle to her, as a member of the Church of Rome, to contracting wedlock with him, even after his marriage with Lady Jane Gordon should be dissolved.”

Bothwell determined at all hazards to obtain possession of the Queen's person, trusting to the support of the nobles in his most daring enterprise.

The infant Prince had been removed to Stirling Castle for safety and placed under the care of his hereditary guardian, the Earl of Mar, and the Queen paid a hasty visit to him in this secure retreat. When on her way homeward she was met by Bothwell in his capacity of Sheriff of Midlothian, whose duty it was to convoy her to the capital. What then occurred is thus narrated in that quaint periodical of the time, the *Diurnal of Occurrents*: “April 24, whilk was Sanct Mark's even, our Sovereign lady riding frae Stirling (whereto she passed a little before to visit her son) to Edinburgh, James Earl of Bothwell, accompaneit with seven or aucht hundred men and friends, whom he cansit believe that he would ride upon the thieves of Liddesdale, met our Sovereign lady betwixt Kirkliston and Edinburgh, at ane place called the Briggis, accompaneit with ane few number, and there took her person and conveyed her to the Castle of Dunbar. The rumor of the ravishing of her Majesty coming to the Provost of Edinburgh, incontinent the common bell rang, and the inhabitants ran to armour and weapons, the ports were steekit and the artillery of the Castle shot.”

“Long ere the intelligence of this outrage had reached Edinburgh, Bothwell was far on his way to Dunbar with his weeping prisoner. He had put his hand to the plow and dared not go back from it; and though he had a lawfully-wedded wife to dispose of ere he could think of an alliance with the Queen, he never doubted that the nobles would be true to their bond and aid his project. He disbanded his troops and released his other prisoners, and shutting himself up in his Castle of Dunbar along with the Queen and a few of his relatives and followers, he kept her in close durance for ten days” During this time, it is averred, she suffered at his hands the deepest

wrong which woman can endure, and her heart sank beneath the weight of this new affliction. Meanwhile, what had become of the loyal citizens of Edinburgh? The busy agents of Moray had spread the report that Mary was a *willing captive*; so the brave burgesses resigned the hapless Queen to her fate.

Bothwell now set about procuring a divorce from his wife, Lady Jane Gordon. His application was successful, and when he was freed from the fetters of matrimony, he led the Queen captive into Edinburgh and placed her under an armed guard within the Castle.

At Dunbar Bothwell had shown his heart-broken captive the first *bond* signed by the nobles and now, “whilst imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, he exhibited to her another bond signed by many of the Scottish nobles, declaring that ‘her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell was most meet.’” and when she saw herself thus abandoned by those to whose protection she had trusted, her heart failed, and she gave a captive's unwilling consent to joyless nuptials.

Queen Mary's demeanor at the accomplishment of these unhallowed nuptials, testified how abhorrent they were to her.

According to Agnes Strickland: “At four o'clock the next morning, May 15th, she was married in her widow's weeds to Bothwell, by the Protestant Bishop of Orkney, assisted by Mr. Craig.” Her reluctance is testified by the fact that none of the rites which she considered essential to a true marriage were used, nor was it sanctified to her by the benediction of a priest of her own Church. Sir James Melville who was present and could not be mistaken says: “The marriage was made in the Palace of Holyrood House, at a *preaching* by Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, in the great hall where the Council uses to sit, and not in the chapel at the mass, as was the King's marriage,”—meaning her marriage with Darnley. . . . The mournful alteration in her appearance was observed by every one. Drury writes to Cecil that “the Queen is the most changed woman in face that in so little time, without extremity of sickness, has ever been seen.” Internal anguish rendered life intolerable to her. The day after her marriage with Bothwell, Mary sent for Du Croc, the French Ambassador, who had refused Bothwell's request to be

present at it, but who now kindly came to see how it was with the Queen.

In a letter to the Queen-mother of France, dated May 18, 1567, three days after the woeful marriage, Du Croc says that "he was struck by the strangeness of her manner to her bridegroom, which she perceiving, told him, *and this in Bothwell's presence, too*, that he must not be surprised if he saw her sorrowful, for she could not rejoice, nor ever should again. *All she desired was death.*"

"The next day, being alone in her cabinet with Bothwell, she was heard to scream and threaten self-destruction. Arthur Erskine, the captain of her guard, reported also that "she called for a knife to stab herself, 'or else,' said she, 'I shall drown myself.'"—(Sir James Melville's Memoirs).

Those who were about her told Du Croc that, "unless God aided, it was feared she would become desperate." "I have counselled and comforted her all I can," observes that statesman, "these three times I have seen her" "Her husband he will not continue long," predicts Du Croc, after communicating to the Queen-mother these particulars. "I believe that he will write to your Majesty by the Bishop of Dunblane; you ought not to make him any answer," continues his Excellency.

When out of the power of her brutal oppressor, Bothwell, Queen Mary sent by the envoy Radolfi to the Pope a statement and explanation of this so-called marriage. "Tell to his Holiness," writes she to her accredited envoy, "the grief we suffered when we were made prisoner by one of our subjects, the Earl of Bothwell, and led as prisoner with the Earl of Huntley the Chancellor, and the noble our Secretary, together to the Castle of Dunbar, and after to the Castle of Edinburgh, where we were detained against our will in the hands of the said Earl of Bothwell, until such times as he had procured a *pretended* divorce between him and the sister of the said Lord of Huntley, *his wife, our near relative*; and we were constrained to yield our consent, yet against our will to him. Therefore your Holiness is supplicated to take order on this, *that we are made quit of the said indignity by means of a process at Rome, and commission sent to Scotland*, to the bishops and other Catholic judges, as

to your Holiness seemeth best." The foregoing pathetic lines, entitled "Instructions given by Mary Stuart to Robert Radolfi, sent to the Pope," are among the "Letters of Mary Stuart" preserved in the Secret Archives of the Vatican, and since published by Labanoff, Agnes Strickland and other historians.

How convincing is Mary Stuart's *word* to the head of her Church, the great High Priest, the Vicar of Christ!

We shall see later that Bothwell's "Confession," declared when he thought himself on his death-bed, corroborates the Queen's statement.

The Sunday after he had officiated at the marriage, that profligate and time-serving "Reformer," Adam Bothwell, who still bore his former Catholic title of Bishop of Orkney, in his sermon, declared the penitence of his relative, the newly-wedded Duke, for his past life, assuring the congregation, according to a letter from Drury to Cecil, May 20, 1567, that "he had confessed himself to have been a very evil liver, which he would now amend and conform himself to the Reformed Church."

As a proof of *zeal*, the bridegroom had proclaimed a *revocation* of the Queen's late statute, *allowing liberty of conscience to persons of her own religion*, while he enjoined, *under pains and penalties*, conformity to the forms of worship *by law established*. But the sanctimonious Scot of malicious heart had not as yet *leavened the masses*. Strickland says, "Every tongue denounced him (Bothwell) as the murderer of the King, and the ravisher and tyrant of the Queen. No one could obtain access to her presence without his leave, having then to pass through two ante-chambers lined with men-at-arms; whenever she rode out he was by her side, and she was environed by harquebussiers, being to all intents his prisoner, though he called her his wife and Queen, and affected to wait upon her in public with demonstrations of profound reverence, his head never covered in her presence."

"He (Bothwell) was so brutal and suspicious," says Melville, "that he suffered her not to pass a day without causing her to shed abundance of salt tears."

Bothwell's earnest desire was to get the Prince into his possession, but in that matter he was circumvented by the maternal providence of the

Queen in having placed the royal infant in the care of the Earl of Mar, in the impregnable Castle of Stirling. A letter from Drury to Cecil affirms that Bothwell's royal captive, before her marriage with him, found means of sending her faithful servant, John Lesley, the Catholic Bishop of Ross, to Stirling with a secret message to Mar, repeating her solemn injunctions for him not to deliver her son, under any pretence whatsoever, into other hands than her own.

No sooner had Bothwell accomplished his purpose than the confederates who had prompted him to it, withdrew their support. He had been their successful tool in the undoing of their Queen; and how these Scottish fiends, always imitating their leader, the arch-fiend, turned against and mocked their brother-fiend, shall be reserved for another chapter.

IDRIS.

*(To be continued in January number.)*

### October.

Within the cloistral stillness of the wood,  
 October, lingering, tells her Rosary;  
 On bead of maple flame and birchen gold  
 And rubied oak, the decades are set free.

Credo and Pater Noster, Aves—she  
 Slips from her fingers on the quiet air;  
 Each leaf unclasped by her thus reverently  
 Drifts through the woodland solitude, a prayer.  
 A. G. DOHERTY.

Gentleness is part of the sweetness of Christianity when it blossoms in a human life under the sunshine of the Lord's presence. It reveals to others the sympathy in the heart, the tenderness in the mind's thought and even the subservience of the body itself to the unselfishness of the spirit. Gentleness in the tone of voice indicates a kindly affection; in the form of speech it reveals consideration of the effect upon the feelings of others; in the gesture of the hand or its friendly grasp it implies a sweet humility and a sense of fellowship. Gentleness is always in keeping with strength, whether in repose or action, and harshness and overbearing are characteristic of the weakness of selfishness.

### In Memoriam.

It is with the deepest regret we record the death of one of Loreto's most distinguished alumnae, Miss Margaret O'Grady, of Toronto, Ont., who passed to her eternal reward on twenty-fourth of August.

Her last illness was of so short duration that the announcement of her death was the greater shock to all her friends and acquaintances.

It is difficult to realize that one so richly endowed with God-given talents—her writings alone were of high literary merit—one so keenly appreciative of the good, the artistic, the refined, the cultivated, the higher things of life, should be taken from our midst at so early an age.

Rarely does one meet with so keen a wit, so refined and ever-ready a sense of humor, which enabled her to brighten the lives of those whom she surrounded with the warmth of the sunshine of her presence. Were it not that God's holy will ordains that which is best for each of His creatures, it would almost seem as though Death had rudely and unreasonably snatched from us one whose usefulness seemed so vital to all who came in contact with her.

By those who knew her and loved her, she will always be remembered with the sweetest remembrance. Her loving, intense nature, her un-failing brightness, morning, noon and night, and a thousand dear qualities will but serve to keep her in our memory unceasingly.

Her interest in those she loved, her energy, love and devotion in their behalf enchaind, absorbed her, to an unusual degree.

She gave to all the choicest and sweetest within her—a heart of purest gold—a nature of superlative generosity—a life filled with good deeds—what higher encomium can we offer in her behalf?

The close of an exemplary life brought with it a sweet, holy and beautiful resignation to the will of Him who has called her, we hope, to beautify His Garden of Fair Flowers in the kingdom that knows no sorrow.

To her sorrowing family we extend our deepest sympathy. May the God of infinite power and love sustain them in their unusual loss.

C. McK.





NIAGARA FALLS, LORETO CONVENT IN THE DISTANCE.



# Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

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

— STAFF. —

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KATE CRAY	DOROTHY SOUTHER
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OCTOBER, 1913.

At no time of the year has Nature's beauty such rare enchantment as during the beautiful month of October—beautiful in the variety of the loveliness it presents—still more beautiful in its glorious dedication to the honor of the Queen of Heaven, through the devotion of the Holy Rosary, and to the special invocation of the angelic host.

The golden touch of autumn lies on every leaf and blossom, and the ever-changing, ever-beautiful world around us is a blaze of crimson glory—the great Artist has thus embellished His work. How pleasant it is to roam through the woods, these lovely autumn days, beneath skies that are soft and clear, and gaze on the wealth of bright-hued foliage which everywhere meets the eye. Though the trees are untenanted and we miss the wood bird's song, the deep, reverent silence appeals to the meditative mind, and the poet's words come with added emphasis, for nowhere does the landscape assume a more perfect tranquillity, more varied and harmonious coloring—in no other spot has Nature such eloquence

of beauty, such haunting melody, as in this her noblest temple.

\*

Some years ago when Japan became an ally of Great Britain, and the late King Edward VII., as a pledge of his appreciation of the nation and its ruler, conferred upon the Mikado the Order of the Garter, His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught, carrying with him the precious insignia, journeyed to the antipodes, to the court of Japan, to represent his Imperial uncle in the august and impressive ceremony of investiture.

All the world knows of the royal grace with which he fulfilled the high mission entrusted to him.

Upon his return journey through Canada, the Prince seized the opportunity of gazing upon that wonder of even Canadian scenery—Niagara Falls!

Loreto's claims also appealed to Prince Arthur, and the convent was paid the gratifying and much-appreciated honor of a visit from His Royal Highness.

He came in spring's first triumph, when the balmy air and the glorious sunshine fill all places and hearts with indescribable warmth and hope. Tree and bird, earth and sky, seemed to prepare for his coming! The vivid green of the breaking waters dashing over the precipice, the dazzling white spray, the fresh foliage on the banks, the beauteous o'erarching rainbows, presented harmonies of light and color, pleasing alike to heart and eye.

To the grandson of Queen Victoria, the nephew of King Edward, the son of His Royal Highness, Duke of Connaught, the true British Prince "Arthur," whose charming personality evidenced such simplicity and condescension, was offered a most enthusiastic welcome, crowned by an ideal day.

In response to an invitation from the Superior, the Prince and his suite proceeded through

the house, expressing delight with everything, viewing the Cataract from all points—verandas, galleries, and cupola—and complimenting the Religious on having chosen the most fascinating and glorious spot on the American continent for their home of learning, where the students may commune with nature in its beautiful and inspiring aspects, and listen to the wondrous music of the thundering waters—that eternal dominant chord which fills the heart with unutterable longings for a fulfilment, a complement, a solution, which only eternity can afford.

Prince Arthur inscribed his name in the studio with the pyrography point, and in the *RAINBOW sanctum* he registered beside the signatures of his cousins, "George" and "Victoria Mary."

Before his departure, the Prince graciously expressed a wish to be photographed with his entertainers. During the process, one of his suite very chivalrously remarked: "The Prince is standing in a rose garden without thorns!"

In close attendance on the Prince were Capt. Wyndham, his Equerry, and Capt. Trotter, both heroes of South Africa.

In proof that a Prince must forget nothing, His Royal Highness requested a holiday for the pupils; and the morrow, St. George's Day, was promised. This is also known as "Rose Day," since the founding of the Institute by the English lady, Mary Ward, a kinswoman of the Duke of Northumberland.

Following the ancient tradition and custom, the tables in every Loreto Convent, on that day, are decked with the rose of Old England.

Never was gala day more thoroughly enjoyed; and every happy heart wished for a rose-strewn path throughout life for the Royal Prince Charming who had so graciously honored the convent with his presence.

And now Loreto's wish is that the rose-strewn pathway may be wide enough for two—for the same Prince Charming and the lovely Princess he has chosen for his bride. With this rose-

princess from the garden of Fife, we recall her royal ancestress of whom the poets sang—"The fairest Rose in Scotland grows on the highest bough."

Loreto begs to offer felicitations, and prays that the King of kings may bless this royal union to the full extent of hope and promise.

\*

With the highly-prized, but delayed, autograph picture of His Royal Highness, the following explanatory letter was received from the Prince's genial Equerry, the courteous Captain Wyndham:

Clarence House, St. James, S. W.

Dear Sister F—

Please, forgive me for the delay in forwarding the Prince's autograph picture. His Royal Highness was away and I could not possibly get a photograph until to-day.

I fear the photograph will be very much too late for the July *RAINBOW*, but perhaps it might still appear in the number for October.

His Royal Highness has desired me to thank you very much indeed for your kindness in sending him the post-cards and the *RAINBOWS*. They will be most interesting souvenirs of a very pleasant day. We often talk of our visit to the Convent, and how we all laughed, and how amusing it was.

I hope the young lady who was such a sturdy republican has modified her views as to the unrighteousness of kings, and that she still admits that "King Edward is all right!"

How beautiful it must be at Niagara now!

I always hope that some day I may have an opportunity of revisiting it, and may then have rather longer time in which to see it all.

Believe me, dear Sister F—

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM WYNDHAM,  
Captain and Equerry.

\*

The cycle of time brings many festal days to individuals, as well as to nations, each bearing its import to the hearts and minds of the partici-

pants, sometimes a lesson of perseverance or of self-sacrifice, as the case may be; but nowhere are these lessons more clearly exemplified by festive rejoicings than in the religious family of Holy Mother Church.

Mount St. Mary was the scene of such a celebration on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, for on that day was commemorated, by a simple but impressive ceremony, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entrance into religious life of Mother M. Irene Stafford, whose years of fruitful service and generous endeavor, veiled by the mists of a quarter of a century, form such a glorious record.

How the heart of the faithful Religious must have throbbed as the vision of the hundredfold, promised by her Divine Spouse, rose before her mental gaze—what supreme joy must have flooded her very soul at sight of the glad fruition of her early aims and desires—obstacles surmounted—difficulties overcome—trials and sorrows forgotten in the knowledge that she was doing the Master's bidding, following, with unfaltering footsteps, in the way pointed out by Him—her goal an eternity of unutterable joy with Him.

Congratulations and gifts were showered all day on the dear Jubilarian, who had the happiness of numbering her brother, her sister, M. M. Alacoque, Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls, and her niece—now a pupil—among the out-of-town guests.

✽

In a competitive examination, held in Chicago, for Certificates awarded by the American Conservatory of Music, two pupils of Loreto Convent, Joliet, won highest honors. Seventeen pupils, fifteen from the junior and senior classes of Loreto Academy, Chicago; and two from the junior class of St. Mary's Academy, Joliet; submitted to the test. Out of this number, the two Joliet competitors achieved the highest rating. Miss Cecilia Mary Schager scored a percentage

of 97. Miss Catherine McGuire was a close second, with a percentage of 96.

The technical test included all the scales, major and minor, harmonic and melodic forms, every triad, common chord, and dominant seventh chord, and the arpeggios of the same. In this part of the examination, and for accurate fingering, the Joliet girls received full marks.

The playing test included two numbers from Bach, one from Beethoven, one from Chopin, and three optional numbers selected by the contestants from the works of any standard composer.

The proficiency shown by the Joliet students, in the technical part of the test, is especially gratifying to their teachers and parents, as it proves that they have laid a sure foundation for good musicianship.

✽

On Monday, writes a correspondent from Madrid, the registration and formal presentation of the new Infante by the King, took place, in the Royal Palace of La Granja, where the child was baptized the following day.

Formerly the ceremony was performed by whomsoever the King designated, usually the Primate Archbishop of Toledo or the Nuncio of His Holiness; but, since the disappearance of the Patriarchate of the Indies, by the first pro-chaplain to His Majesty, in this case, the Right Reverend Bishop of Sion. The sponsors were King Carlos of Roumania, of the Catholic House of Hohenzollern, and husband of Carmen Sylva; and the Princess Maria Teresa, wife of the Prince-Regent of Bavaria, and sister of Queen Christina of Spain.

The baptismal font—the font in which St. Dominic (de Guzmán) was baptized—was carried from Madrid. This font is always used for the baptism of members of the Royal Family. On the portable altar there was displayed a beautiful triptych, of very ancient date, with a representation of the Immaculate Conception, to which

the Spanish people have always had such a tender devotion. Monsignor Ragonessi, the Nuncio of His Holiness, was present, as well as all the members of the Government, all the Royal household, and many of the nobility of Spain.

The day was observed throughout the country as a national holiday. After the ceremony, the guests were entertained at luncheon, and, in the evening, the public were allowed to visit the Royal Gardens and witness the playing of the fountains for which La Granja is famous.

\*

The opportunity of doing good by an occasional donation to the library of their Alma Mater, may never have occurred to our dear former pupils. Books, good, bad, and indifferent, carry their influence far afield; and thoughts that a young mind gathers from good reading will certainly bear fruit in maturer years; therefore, we consider it a very laudable act for our Alumnae to *pass on to others* the books that have edified, instructed or recreated them. This could not be done more efficiently than by sending occasionally to the library of their loved Abbey College, books gleaned from their home collections. These contributions would be gratefully received by librarians whose limited means necessarily curtail much-desired improvements.

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 are 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 and found colleges. Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been stabbed to death by a few little words. There is a charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgments, 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. It is speech that keeps a story alive.

### The Institute of Mary in Many Lands.



Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin.

**R**ATHFARNHAM ABBEY, the Irish mother-house of the Loreto Nuns, was the centre of attraction on Sunday last, when the Corpus Christi procession, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, was held. Although, geographically, Rathfarnham belongs to suburbia, it is perfectly rural, and is approached on both sides through tunnels of foliage in the full glory of spring. Indeed, last Sunday was the inauguration of summer as well. Winter set in, as you know, in Ireland last October; those who could, kept fire in their bedrooms ever since, for the bigger the house the colder it is, and the winter lasted eight long, weary months until last Sunday precisely, when the persistent east winds that saw the city horizontally died away, and a gentle, warm southerly crooned in the trees, and every manner of butterfly and buzzing insect came out and demonstrated to its tiny best. Birds and flowers and little winged things all seemed to have taken their plumage and petals out of lavender, and were letting the world know it, too. I have always held that Australian visitors never enjoy our summer as much as we do, for they come to Ireland from the perpetual summer and from the luxuriance of Oriental forests, and so they miss the contrast that we wot of between the barrenness of the winter months, with their biting blasts, and the rich apparel of wood and field, wafting fragrance on the breeze, and glinting in the rays of good old Sol, for we here come from darkness into light.

Twenty minutes by the tram will land you at Rathfarnham, which is a trim little village; and then where the houses end the country begins, and the trees shake hands over the roadway as

their branches intertwine and seem to say, "how do you do," after the long period of sullen reticence since their retirement last October, when angry winds despoiled them of their robes.

#### *Near the Convent.*

The road is white and dusty, but we forgive the dust, even though it makes us look like bakers in work attire. Near the convent a little bridge crosses a murmuring trout brook, which skirts a wood, and, in the shade of umbrageous trees, some cows are standing in the water, flicking flies with their tails, and trying to imagine 'tis summer, at last. Which reminds me, people here say, "What a hot day," when a man from the back o' Bourke would put on three coats, and reply, "Wot are you givin' us?" If you were not going to the procession at Rathfarnham you would follow the course of that inviting stream, with its half-enchanted song, for some Irish streams are said to have voices, and little folk, awake in bed of nights, are said to hear them singing in low, sweet tones, saying, "Come out, children; come out, children; come out in the night to me." And the cherubs will tell you themselves that they do go out and find baby craft awaiting them under silken sails, and an airy sprite takes the helm and away up stream they glide, amidst delightful gardens, in the realms of fairy-land. But the most remarkable thing about it is that those babes awake in their own beds in the morning.

#### *The Procession.*

But we are at Rathfarnham, for we hear the procession bell's admonition to hurry, for, lo! thunderous clouds, formed by the heat, float menacingly overhead, and the mountains, three miles away, seem up against the convent grounds—a bad sign—and the hell-fire club ruin on the hilltop seems about to topple over us. As we enter the hall door of the convent we see the white novices, two and two, with lighted tapers, filing past. We soon join in, and the tinkling of the bells of the baldachino, like angels' tongues, tell all to go on bended knees and adore the Sacramental God. Fresh young voices of nuns and postulants, never tainted by the siren-songs of Babylon, sing in tremulous, adoring tones the triumphant "Pange Lingua." The cross heads the procession; then tiny tots and young girls

in the first bloom of youth, all clad in white, and wearing veils; then the novices, followed by the black-robed Religious; then the clergy, preceding the high priest, who bears the Holy of Holies. The procession moves on, out into the beautiful grounds surrounding the convent. And what a place for a procession! It is truly a sylvan scene, where woods and fields and water combine with art in one great masterpiece, both rich and rare. The procession passes the oval lake, fringed with close-cropped sward. But are there two processions? For the gold-lettered, many-colored gorgeous banners and their bearers are all reflected in the crystal depths. Surely, there was a third procession, too, in the empyreal heights unseen of mortal eyes. The swallows, just arrived from southern climes, bringing summer on their wings, are attracted by the hymnal melodies, and skim the lake with exulting twitters; and golden sword-like wagtails shoot hither and thither in exuberant joy, and a royal swan, with sails full set, sits in solemn dignity on the water, in awe at the scene of splendor.

#### *The First Benediction.*

For a moment the clouds dissolved, but it was only a baptismal aspersion, and out came the sun again. As the procession moves through the orchard, where the trees are in blossom, the fluting thrushes and warbling blackbirds fill in the pauses in the hymns by their heaven-taught anthems of praise. The broad paths gleam with floral emblems—inlaid designs—made up of many-colored leaves, forming shamrocks, crosses, variegated circles. The first Benediction is given from the steps of an oratory festooned with blossoms, which fall about it in cascades. In the deep recesses twinkle tapers like miniature stars. The procession retraces its course, and turns abruptly to the left, down an avenue of tall beeches, wearing their plume-like coronals, and, as the white-robed children file past the sombre, stately trees, whose shadows cause semi-darkness, you behold one of the most charming features of the procession.

#### *"I Noticed Mary Anderson Kneeling in the Oratory."*

At the end of the avenue is another oratory, from which Benediction is again given to the multitude, for, although it is a domestic cele-

bration, many of the former pupils and their parents are there. Close beside I noticed, kneeling on the gravel, praying with fervor among the promiscuous faithful, Mary Anderson, the renowned and edifying Catholic lady. One could not help the thought that no stage-setting and no part ever became her so well as when absorbed in prayer in that temple of nature under spreading oaks, on the fringe of a meadow resplendent with honeysuckles, daisies and buttercups, lighting up the dimpling undulations of the downy grass. At last, the procession moved towards the convent church, and, as it ascended the flight of steps, it seemed like the entrance to eternal glory, for the picture of the saints on the banners seemed to move upward and upward after heaven's Queen. All fell into their respective places in the church—a gem of art—and the pulsations of the organ filled the fine with waves of sound, relieved by the silver voices of the children.

The final Benediction was then given, and the solemn event of the day was over; but those privileged to be present will often recall, in the years that are to be, the day they spent at Rathfarnham at the Corpus Christi procession.

. . . Hail, Festal Day!  
See the world's beauty, budding forth anew,  
Shows with the Lord His gifts returning, too,  
The greenwood leaves, the flowing meadows tell  
Of Christ triumphant over gloomy hell,  
The Crucified reigns God for evermore;  
Their Maker all created things adore.  
Hail, Festal Day!

#### Remembrances.

When returning home from such a beautiful celebration, the thought will surely assert itself—what a power for good the solemn ritual of the Church is for the souls of her children! Can those who are educated in our Catholic schools forget the lessons of their youth? The devout lessons of the heart outweigh, we would say, the value of intellectual lore. Can our girls forget the Corpus Christi or the May processions? They may lose their early lustre in the turmoil and temptations of life, but the past will come back like a refreshing dew. They grow up and leave the convent school; but they

carry with them undying, cherished remembrances.

Now they are gone from the Virgin's altar;  
The darkness of evening around it falls,  
The sun is hidden behind the mountain—  
Away in the meadow the blackbird calls;  
But their hearts bear with them the inspiration  
That Mary gives them this evening bright—  
To work for God till He shall call them  
Away to His home in the Land of Light.  
And still they seem to be kneeling there,  
And breathing to heaven the fervent prayer:  
"Queen of the Angels, O, Star of the Sea!  
Pray for us, Mary, and guide us to thee."

FATHER FITZGERALD, O. F. M.

#### Rathfarnham Games.

In my description I shall deal principally with the summer games, giving just a passing word to basketball, which is carried on vigorously during the winter months. About the middle of April we have the final match of the season and then begin to look forward, eagerly, to the summer games. When the ground has been left unused some time for the benefit of the grass, mowing is done. Then comes marking the courts and finally, in the first week of May, the summer games begin. Tennis and croquet are the favorites. There are several tennis-courts, one for Saint Catharine's School, three for the first Division, two for the second, and two for the third. It is superfluous to speak of the charms of tennis; every one who has played it, knows how delightful it is. A game at which one can improve rapidly, it becomes all the more enjoyable the more frequently one plays. Then, too, it is splendid exercise. The real tennis days are the warm, sunshiny days of May and June. Those who have begun to learn early in May are generally enthusiasts by June, if they play regularly every day. It needs constant practice at the beginning, and only those who can play a fairly fast game, can afford to drop out of practice for any length of time. As the tennis-playing only commenced last year, most of the girls are beginners. Those who played last year, are playing well this year, so we may hope for an increasing number of good players every year. Some of the third Division ought to make very



good tennis-players, they began to play so early, and they have such regular practice. The quieter croquet has as many devotees as tennis. There are three croquet-courts and these are in great demand. Croquet is a game of which most people think somewhat contemptuously until they play it, but when they do play they like it exceedingly. It is an ideal game for a hot day, when no one feels inclined to exert herself very much.

But now comes what we like best of all, though I cannot number it among the games. Just before the Christmas holidays, Mr. Kearney, the father of one of the girls, presented M. M. Attracta, our Mistress of Schools, with a pony—such a sturdy, good-looking fellow, that can carry eleven stone on the flat. Every one almost can ride him. As he has not a vice, he is very safe, and quite a number of girls have learned to ride on him, some who could already ride, acting as riding-mistresses. This is a splendid thing for delicate girls who cannot run as much as tennis requires. We can ride him round the lawn, and when he is very fresh, have a gallop in Rosary field, which is just beside our lawn. M. M. Attracta wishes all Saint Catharine's Division to learn before they leave school. Indeed, we feel very grateful to her for having given us the pony for our own use. It is a great pleasure to have a ride every day.

We also owe thanks to the Mistress in charge of the games, S. M. Philomena, who has so much to look after—mallets, nets, balls, etc., and who keeps everything going so well.

It certainly adds not a little enjoyment to our recreation to have so many pleasant games. Our Superiors evidently believe in the utility and benefit of out-door amusements and exercise, for they leave nothing undone to promote them among us.

A. HONAN.

#### **Saint Aloysius' Day in Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham.**

St. Aloysius' Day was kept on Wednesday last and was eagerly welcomed by all the students. This annual festival, which takes place at the close of the scholastic year, derives its name from St. Aloysius, the patron of youth, and is celebrated in every convent and college in Ireland in honor of him who is forever being petitioned

by innumerable clients for success in examinations, etc., and who seldom fails to grant their requests.

At the Abbey, however, the day was whiled away by a number of those usual little entertainments—such as amateur plays, musical recitals, etc., while in the spacious grounds, in the rear of the convent, a series of tennis and lawn croquet tournaments occupied the attention of those who were of a more athletic turn of mind.

"Herr Crushingnote's Orchestra" was an amateur performance of a most humorous character, and well worthy of note. "Herr Crushingnote," the conductor, was, a most comical personage, attired in a short crimson coat, adorned with many-colored and fantastic-looking draperies, the sleeves of which were about two yards wide, and looked as if they had been in vogue in the reign of Queen Anne. His hair was, as he would have probably termed it himself, of a "silver" hue, while on his head rested an enormous hat, resembling "a Merry Widow," but the color was of rather a formidable-looking yellow. His feet were encased in chamois-colored boots of enormous dimensions—and as he conducted his orchestra—the members of which were likewise attired in costumes that excited the greatest amusement and laughter—his head swayed to and fro, his hands gesticulated wildly, while his feet moved as if wound up by some wonderful mechanical power within. At the close of the performance he made a profound bow to the audience, and ended by delivering a short speech in very broken English.

The sack and the egg and spoon races were another source of the keenest amusement; the competitors for the former were occasionally seen to fall to the ground, with great precipitation, but soon again recovering their balance, those entering for the latter were all very successful in reaching their destination, with scarcely any mishap on the way.

Many of the friends and relatives of the pupils were entertained as visitors, and, after the numerous amusing adventures of the day were over, were invited by "Herr Crushingnote" to come and hear his "famed" orchestra, as they had been unable to do so during the day.

St. Aloysius' Day was now over—"over" in one sense of the word only, as it is a day which will ever be remembered, but, perhaps, more

especially by those whose last St. Aloysius' Day it was under the roof of the Abbey, where they had spent so many happy days—perhaps the happiest that life is destined to bring them!

C. SHEEDY.

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**"The Ovada."**

On Tuesday evening the pupils of St. Catharine's School paid a visit to the "Ovada" bazaar. This fête, which was organized in aid of a local charity, was one of the largest as well as the most artistic bazaars ever held in Dublin. Fortunately, the day kept beautifully fine, and a slight wind prevailing made it all the more pleasant for the visitors, who evinced the greatest interest and pleasure in the many and varied amusements provided by the patrons of the bazaar. Their attention and admiration were attracted by the beautiful and elegantly-draped stalls, specially designed and arranged by Messrs. Clery & Co., Dublin. Each of these was presided over by its owner, and four or five assistants, many of whom were fantastically attired in costumes of almost every color in the rainbow. It may be mentioned that the word "Ovada" is the name of a large commercial town in Italy, and the bazaar was so arranged as to represent an Italian street—an idea truly beautiful in itself, as well as being most original.

Over each stall was inscribed the name of some flower, the color of which was carried out to perfection in the variegated costumes of the assistants. The "violet" stall-holders were artistically attired in robes of that hue, and blending with those of the other stalls. The Iris, Lily, Daffodil, Rose, Pansy, etc., created a picture of indescribable loveliness and animation.

The various stalls having been studied and examined, the visitors next turned their attention to the "Lucky Tent," over which the once celebrated actress, Madame de Navarro (Mary Anderson) presided. To the book-lover this was the most interesting of places, containing as it did, the works of the most eminent authors of the day, as well as many other literary contributions (fictitious and real) and many photographs of the most celebrated actors.

The "horses" were another source of the keenest interest, and a few hours were soon whiled

away on these wonderful productions of modern invention and ingenuity.

A small pony and trap, driven by one of the lady members of the bazaar, and a large motor, were among the means of conveyance for the pleasure of the patrons—and were largely patronized by both adults and children.

Anita, the world-famed dwarf, of twenty-nine inches, evoked much comment and laughter, and appeared to be the leading feature of the fête.

It is superfluous to remark that the inevitable gypsy fortune-teller secured her tent, as usual, and large numbers of people, anxiously waiting to have their future, fate, and fortune revealed to them, were to be seen at all hours of the day standing outside her stall.

Having now seen everything of interest, the pupils wended their way towards the tea-gardens, which were by no means the most insignificant feature of the bazaar. These, too, were artistically decorated, and erected under the shadowy branches of huge trees, which rendered them beautifully cool and, at the same time, protected those partaking of refreshments from the burning rays of the sun.

Before taking their departure the pupils paid a visit to the ballroom, which, as it was then past eight o'clock, was brilliantly illuminated on all sides with Chinese lanterns, and other modes of effectively-colored lights, which cast a beautiful and shadowy glow on the huge throng of dancers on the floor, and seemed to sway to and fro as they danced.

Shortly before nine, the visitors, having seen everything worthy of being seen, returned to their destination, with many pleasant recollections of, as it may be verily said, the most elegant, beautiful and artistic fête ever held in Dublin.

C. SHEEDY.

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**The Prize Hunt.**

We had it one evening during Intermediate week, when our limbs had grown cramped from sitting in the examination room and our brains addled over exam. papers. It was like an oasis in the desert—a gleam of sunshine to our benighted brains. When it was announced in the refectory that Rev. Mother had planned a prize hunt for our entertainment after supper, we

forgot the dreary exams., we forgot our weariness—our appetites almost—and gave such a ringing cheer for Rev. Mother that the nuns came trooping in to know the cause of the uproar.

The Hunt started at 7.30 sharp, the "meet" having taken place in front of our school. The "quarry" was numerous and rather unique, consisting of rabbits, chickens, old hens, not to mention a large quantity of nondescript objects (all wrapped in brown paper) and all seeking refuge in the trees and shrubs of our playground. Off we started in different directions, and didn't we search the yews and lilacs, the laurels and holly, and oh!—the joy of discovering, not a mere chicken but sometimes—one of the precious brown parcels!

When every tree and shrub and blade of grass had been searched and all the prizes discovered, we laid the captured quarry at the feet of Rev. Mother, the "Queen of the Hunt," who gave them all back to us, looking just as pleased and happy and interested as ourselves. Oh! such a merry hunt! and how we did enjoy it! It was the first time, but we hope not the last, that our dear Rev. Mother will transform our tennis-court into such "A Happy Hunting-Ground."

M. R.

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**Sir Gerald Strickland, K. C. J. E.**

During the term of office in West Australia, Sir Gerald Strickland, the Lady Edeline and the Misses Strickland endeared themselves to the members of every denomination in the State. That they were fully appreciated goes without saying, as, when the time had come for them to leave the Land of the Golden West, ministers of various persuasions were present at the public farewell, and spoke with regret of their departure from their midst.

Sir Gerald was a man worthy to represent the King. He made himself familiar with the needs of this young State, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to mix with the people and to find out what would further the interests of this portion of the Commonwealth.

To Loreto the members of the family were true and staunch friends. The Misses (four) Strickland attended Loreto Convent, Adelaide

Terrace, Perth, for religious instruction, tuition in music, pianoforte and violin, and needlework. Beautifully simple and natural in manner, they won the hearts of all who came in contact with them. They showed their love, too, for Loreto, in a practical way, on many occasions. Whenever the nuns would get up a bazaar for some charitable purpose, they undertook to make the "Sweets" for the "Sweet Stall," and were the sellers all the time while the fête lasted. Choice flowers from the Viceregal grounds were often sent for the chapel.

Few candidates for the R. A. M. Exams. worked harder than Miss Mary Strickland. Consequently, her efforts were crowned with success, as she was the only candidate in her grade that obtained Honors in West Australia.

The four girls liked nothing better than an afternoon spent down at "beautiful Osborne," as the Loreto boarding-school in the suburb of Claremont is called. How they enjoyed the Swinging Boats, playing in the Horse-shoe, or feeding the fishes in the fountains in the Fernery, or going down the cliffs to the river, then back to the house, where full justice was done to afternoon tea. When staying down at the Beach, they often went across to "Osborne" to get books from the school library. When the day came for the departure of the family from West Australia, word was sent that the first motor would pass "Osborne" Avenue gates at 10.30, a. m., with Miss Birch, the governess, another friend of Loreto, the two younger girls and the sweet baby—a West Australian—Constance Teresa—and the nurse. The car stopped to show the wonderful baby and to say good-bye to their good friends at the convent. Shortly afterwards, Her Excellency and the other daughters motored down and also stopped. They chatted for a short time with the nuns and the pupils until, at last, good-bye was said. Then the party left for Fremantle, where the R. M. Steamer was at anchor.

Being one of the few Catholic families that ever lived at Government House, it is needless to say that many and varied were the comments as to how the members would act. Would they be liberal or bigoted? They proved by their deeds that there was no narrowmindedness among any of them. They were simply loved

and sought after for every public event and gathering. Their patronage was asked freely, and, never refused. There was no chaplain at Government House, but, instead, the family took turns in going to Mass, sometimes—in fact, generally, to the Cathedral, sometimes to the Redemptorist Monastery, at North Perth, and also to St. Brigid's Church, at West Perth.

The pupils of Loreto, Adelaide Terrace, tell the following anecdote of His Excellency: One afternoon they had a little sale of gifts in the school, and the Misses Strickland, as usual, were there, very busy selling and buying—it was only a children's affair—with their parents and friends. Suddenly, the telephone rang, and when it was answered the speaker was Sir Gerald, asking, most humbly, if he might come to the "Sale," as he liked a bit of fun as well as any one else. He came—and enjoyed himself, too.

The hope of West Australia is that, one day, His Excellency may be the Governor-General of this new Commonwealth.

A FORMER PUPIL OF LORETO.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

#### Loreto Convent, Europa.

The pupils of Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar, are to be congratulated on their success at the Midsummer Examinations, College of Preceptors, London.

A special word of praise must be given to Miss Dolores Netto, who, in competition with the pupils of the United Kingdom, has obtained first place in English Language and Literature, and second place in Honors list, First Class.

The Honors and distinctions obtained by the other pupils are very satisfactory, as may be seen from the following list:

#### FIRST CLASS.

Miss D. Netto—First Class Honor Certificate, Distinction in English Language and Literature, and in Arithmetic. Pass in Scripture History, English History, Geography, French, Italian, Spanish, Drawing, Music, and Domestic Economy.

Miss T. Danino—First Class Certificate. Pass in Scripture History, English Language and Lit-

erature, English History, French, Spanish, Drawing, Music, and Domestic Economy.

#### SECOND CLASS.

Miss M. Welch—Second Class Honor Certificate. Pass in Scripture History, English Language and Literature, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, Drawing, and Music.

Miss A. Imossi—Second Class Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, Algebra, French, Spanish, and Drawing.

Miss T. Dotto—Second Class Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, Algebra, French, Spanish, and Drawing.

#### THIRD CLASS.

Miss A. Castrillo—Third Class Honor Certificate. Distinction in Spanish (Second Class). Pass in English Language and Literature, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, and Drawing.

Miss J. Guagnino—Third Class Honor Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, Geography, Arithmetic, French, Italian, Spanish, and Drawing.

Miss N. Tyler—Third Class Honor Certificate. Distinction in English Language and Literature and in French (Second Class). Pass in English History, Geography, Arithmetic, and Drawing.

Miss M. Patron—Third Class Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, English History, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, Spanish, and Drawing.

Miss M. L. Danino—Third Class Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, English History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Spanish, and Music.

Miss H. Cooper—Third Class Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, and Spanish.

Miss L. Isola—Third Class Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, Arithmetic, Algebra, Spanish, and Drawing.

#### LOWER FORMS.

Miss D. Bridger—Pass in English Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Literature, History, Geography, Algebra, and French.

Miss E. Garcia—Pass in English Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Literature, Geography, French, Spanish, and Drawing.

Miss R. Sacarello—Pass in English Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Literature, Geography, Algebra, French, and Spanish.

Master S. Lane—Pass in English Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Literature, History, Geography, Algebra, and French.

### Thy Will Be Done.

IT was May. Far out on the extreme shore of "Terne," as the ancients called the Emerald Isle, lay the little village of Dunmore. The calm and quiet of rural peace hung like the silvery folds of angels' wings over this favored and beautiful spot. It reminded one of that *hortus conclusus* where the choicest flowers bud forth in varied hues, where the merry brooks make play to the soft sounds of the summer breeze, and where grim Boreas never intrudes with his pestiferous breath. The scene from the piazza of Denham's beautiful mansion overlooking the village was one that would outrival the creation of the poet or the limning of the artist. Far out to the west, as far as the eye could penetrate, nothing could be seen but the ever-changing and restless sea, sending in its white-crested waves in unbroken succession and breaking with foamy spray on the rocky coast; to the north, rising gradually from a vista of studded oaks and stately elms, rose the Huron Hills, capped with their summer mantle of heath and creeping arbutus, where the timid hare found a home, and the feathered tribe held high revel; to the east and south, hedgerows and fields, draped in Nature's choicest robes, stretched out in a beautiful panorama, where the rich sward rose and fell in the gentle zephyr like the undulating ripples on a summer sea.

Altogether it was a scene characteristic of the month of May, and a fitting reflection of Mary's beauty and symbolical of her sweet maternal influence over the lives of her exiled children in this vale of tears.

In the recess of the ivy-crested stoop sat Mrs. Denham, gazing out on the foam-capped ocean and lost apparently in a brown study. She was not an old woman, but trouble and worry had left their unmistakable traces on her once hand-

some features, and changed the auburn hair to a snowy whiteness. Ever and anon she would start, twitch nervously the mother-of-pearl rosary on her lap, and utter a sigh to the Comforter of the Afflicted. Then she would break into a soliloquy: "Ten years since my boy left me, and, O God, how lonely I feel to-day"; then the tears would fall—tears which a mother only can shed.

Her story was a sad one. Every one in the locality knew it and sympathized and shared her trouble. Ten years before, not a happier family than the Denhams could be found. Mr. Denham, a loving father and kind husband, occupied the lucrative position of Chief Justice of the King's Division. He was a Protestant, but just and upright, and not in the least bigoted or conservative. To his wife, who was a devout Catholic, he always showed the greatest affection, and never, by word or deed, discountenanced her many and varied charitable works among the village poor. In religious affairs, too, he was equally tolerant, and always left her at liberty to follow the teachings of her Catholic faith. To a keen sense of justice and honor, he joined an inflexible will, and once he decided on a thing, no human power could induce him to alter his decision.

God blessed them with five children, four of whom took their flight heavenward ere yet the storms of an angry world could tear or tatter their baptismal robes. The youngest one was spared—a strapping youth, the pride and joy of his parents' hearts. Everybody for miles around knew Harry Denham, everybody loved him. Quick, impulsive, generous to a fault, he seemed to have inherited the honesty and uprightness of his father, and the loving religious disposition of his mother. His father, wishing to give him a thorough education, sent him to a college where the discipline and tuition were of the highest order.

Like all boys, every year Harry looked forward to his vacation with much expectancy, and when that time arrived he never felt so happy as, when bidding good-bye to his college chums, he jumped into a train whose front pointed in the direction of his cherished home. During these few months of pleasure, Harry and his books saw very little of each other. "It is no use to make too free with such articles," was his comment when reminded of his Horace or Sophocles. Boating, fishing and riding had more

attraction for his healthy and practical mind than the soporific columns of the ancient dreamers. Yet, withal, he was not a dull student; he could "turn an ode with any of them" though he never liked to parade his learning, and had a secret loathing for all who were guilty of such an unpardonable act.

It was during one of these happy vacation days that the crisis came which blighted forever the happiness of this peaceful home. One day as Harry was about to enter the drawing-room after a long tour in the woods, he was amazed to see his father standing, his back to the mantel-piece, his face livid with passion and his eyes flashing like those of an infuriated animal. At this unwonted spectacle Harry was nonplussed, and, after a few seconds of unbearable suspense, was preparing to make a hasty retreat, when his father's voice rang out, clear and imperious, "Sir, oblige me by entering." A deep feeling of terror took possession of the boy's frame; he trembled from head to foot, and with hesitating step and blanched face he passed within the portals of the room. A few moments of silence intervened, which seemed like centuries to the anxious and frightened boy. Then Mr. Denham broke forth into an impassioned outburst, whose every word was like a dagger at the boy's heart.

"Sir, there courses within your veins the blood of an honorable and aristocratic family; you are descended from sires whose honor and integrity have always been the guiding star of their lives; you are the scion of a family whose escutcheon was never tarnished by an ignoble act and"—here he raised his voice to such a pitch that the old great house seemed to tremble—"and is it come to this? Do I live to see the day that you—my son—would descend so low as to stain your name by taking what does not belong to you? Do I live to see the day that my son has become a"—and here he hissed the word "thief"?

The boy was leaning against a heavy armchair, his lips pallid, and his eyes gazing with wild affright at the angry countenance of his father. But the sound of that word "thief" aroused him from that corpse-like stare; in a moment that deep pride and sense of honor that were hereditary and innate parts of his Celtic nature sent the blood boiling through every fibre of his body, and mantling his pallid cheeks with its crimson glow. He drew himself up to his full height and,

with calm dignity, he warmly replied, "Father, I deny the charge."

The boldness of the answer discomfited for a moment the angry parent—but only for a moment. "Deny the charge, eh?" he blurted out, "that is another revelation of your character. To the honor of being a thief you can add that of dissimulator. Deny the charge indeed! For a long time I have had my suspicions, but to-day they have passed into certitude. During your vacation months every year there has been a noticeable decrease of money in my treasury. At first I could not possibly account for it. Naturally the servants fell under suspicion, but as matters took their usual trend when you left for college, and nothing was noticed again until your return home, I could not help placing my suspicions in another direction. This morning I said I would make the test and assure myself of the culprit. Taking the money from the change drawer, I placed all the notes and coins in the private safe, locked it and left the key in a place where the servants were never allowed to enter and where you alone had access. And what was the result? Cheques forged, money taken, and you, sir, the author!"

Here he paused as if gaining breath for the final upheaval. Then, with a voice whose echo sounded in the boy's heart like the knell of eternal doom, he said: "Henry Denham, you are disowned. From this moment you and I are strangers. If within twenty-four hours you are found within the King's dominions you are arrested as a felon, tried and condemned. Furthermore, I charge you, wherever you go, never to let your family know of your whereabouts."

The decree had gone forth; the fate of the boy was sealed. The father made a slight inclination of the head, and in high dudgeon passed into his library. For a full hour Harry stood there immovable as a statue, with eyes gazing at vacancy. Then as the whole situation burst upon his boyish intellect, he fell upon his face, and the house resounded with his groans and sobs.

We will pass over the heart-rending parting of mother and son, for a scene such as this is beyond the limit of description. On the following day a tearful exile boarded a west-bound steamer; and as the huge vessel, snorting and creaking, plunged forth on its watery course, and as the green hills of his native land faded away

in the distance, the poor exile, amid blinding tears, turned his face toward heaven where rested now his only consolation, and said in choking sobs, "Thy will be done."

Ten years have passed since then, and we find Mrs. Denham, in the opening part of our story sitting alone, looking out into the broad Atlantic. What sad memories flit by her in the growing twilight of this summer's eve! What sad vicissitudes have visited her once happy home! Far beyond that restless waste of waters is the one treasure, the sole tie which binds her to this vale of tears. Long she glances over the sounding turmoil, and then her eyes instinctively wander to yonder peaceful glade, where, under the shadow of the old dismantled abbey, Mr. Denham is sleeping his long last sleep.

The closing scene of his checkered life was sad but peaceful. Five years after the disinheritation of his son, as he was sitting one morning in his private room looking over the morning mail, a crumpled missive, bearing a London post-mark, attracted his attention. Tearing it open, he read:

LONDON, March 28, 18—

*To all whom it may concern:*

This is to certify that I, Paul Ridger, am the person who stole the money from Mr. Denham's money-drawer and private safe, and for which he exiled and disinherited his only son. I make this confession as I have only a few moments to live, and I trust that the innocent will be exonerated from all blame.

(Signed) PAUL RIDGER.

This awful revelation was too much for Mr. Denham. His nerves, already enfeebled by the family disgrace, now completely gave way under this hard blow. He pictured to himself all the wrong and injustice to which he exposed his dear child, and, in the bitterness of his heart, he condemned his own puritanic obstinacy. If only he could see his son again; if only he could press him to his heart or even drop him a few hasty words to return that "all is well"; but no, this is denied him. He remembers well the heartless sentence which he spoke on that luckless day, every word of which comes back to him now like gloomy specters from the shadowy realms of Tartarus: "I charge you never let your family know of your whereabouts."

By degrees, a sad change was apparent in his conduct. For hours he would sit mute and silent at his desk, heedless of everything around him, a far-away look on his care-worn features. Then he would wander aimlessly down to the beach and gaze out towards the western horizon: ever and anon he would raise his voice above the elements and call "Harry!" "Harry!" but the only responses were the piercing screams of the gulls from their craggy heights, or the sighing of the restless sea. Then he would return again to his room to live over and ponder his own poignant grief.

Such a mental strain was enough to weaken the most powerful frame. Mr. Denham's bent shoulders and emaciated face only too clearly showed that the sands in the hour-glass of his existence were running low. It all came quicker than any one dared surmise. One calm summer's evening, Death took up his reign in the old mansion and Mr. Denham passed quietly beyond the portals of this mortal life. But though the end was sudden, yet it was not unprovided. Almost at the last hour God had given him the light of faith, and his soul, purified in the waters of Baptism, found rest at last far out from the receding shore.

Such were the many sad recollections that passed through Mrs. Denham's mind as she sat alone in the gloaming. She drank deeply of the cup of human affliction, and now it seems to her that she must drain it to the dregs. With heavy heart she retires to her room where, during the long hours of the night, she pours out her soul to her whose intercession she never sought in vain. It is Mrs. Denham's last night in her native land. Ere to-morrow's sun will sink to rest she will be far out on the surging main, gazing with tear-stained eyes to where Columbia offers a home and a rest to many a weary exile.

Her final parting from her country was sad in the extreme. Long she lingered in each room of her once happy home, endeavoring to live over again for a few moments the joy and happiness associated therewith; and as she passed down the village street, she paid a last sad visit to the old church where she was accustomed to spend many a happy hour before the altar of the Queen of May.

Mrs. Denham was an extremely religious woman, and had an abiding confidence in the

power of the Blessed Virgin. Imbued with that faith of her race—that race which overcame fire, sword and all the malice of hell—she never doubted but she would meet again her wronged and loving child. For this reason she left home and friends to seek in a foreign land the only link that bound her heart to this vale of tears. It was a weary and doubtful quest, and it was only when she landed on the busy wharf at New York—that great emporium of seething humanity—that the dreadful loneliness and incongruity of her situation clearly dawned upon her, and she sighed for the quiet and peace of her native home. Her story excited the sympathy of those to whom she told her trouble, but it was that cold, formal sympathy so foreign to her native hills.

During the long sultry days she would wander through the busy streets, up through fetid lanes, or into the crowded marts, in the hope of meeting him whom she loved with the undying affection of a mother. "Oh, there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and rejoice in his prosperity; and if misfortunes overtake him he will be dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name she will still love and cherish in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off she will be all the world to him."

Thus the days passed into weeks, weeks into months, season succeeded season, and May came round again only to find Mrs. Denham still unsuccessful in her weary search. Many the weary mile, many the silent tear, many the gnawing heart-break were her daily portion during the first year of her lonely exile. After a fruitless quest in the great eastern cities, she determined to explore the western parts of the mighty continent. But this she was not destined to accomplish. The wasted frame, bent and feeble by the weight of sorrow and anxiety, broke down at last under the wearying strain. It was in a west-bound express that the crisis came. "A slight paralytic shock," was the verdict of the doctor, who happened to be a passenger and who suggested that the patient should be re-

moved to a hospital at the earliest convenience. Accordingly, when the city of C— was reached, willing hands lent their aid, and the poor patient soon found herself under the gentle care of the Bon Secours in the hospital of St. Vincent.

There everything possible was done for her by these angels of Mercy, but life's taper seemed to be fast flickering away. That evening, when the chaplain, Father *Silentius*, as he was called on account of his habitual reticence, passed from ward to ward on his errand of charity, he paused as he approached the bed of our poor sufferer and contemplated the pallid lips moving in prayer and the beads slipping through her slender fingers. Then, with that gentleness and tact so characteristic of the priest of God, he whispered a few words into the patient's ear, and, as he drew forth a purple stole, the attendants quietly withdrew, knowing well that at such a sacred rite the angels themselves cannot be witnesses. It was three hours before Father *Silentius* emerged from that ward. And as he passed down the corridor, a strange look was observable on his usually placid face; even Sister *Columba* declared that his eyes were swollen and tear-stained. A change for the better could be discerned in Mrs. Denham's condition. The night nurse declared, however, that her sleep was restless, and that, at times, she would start up and exclaim "I knew she would do it." "Who is she, dear?" at last inquired the gentle Sister, as she bent over the bed.

"The Blessed Virgin," was the faint reply. "Oh, you do not know how good she is," continued the patient in faltering accents, "she gave the grace of conversion to my husband on his death-bed, and now, on my own, she has given me back my child!"

Some days passed and, to the surprise of all, Mrs. Denham was able to leave her bed and take a short walk for an hour in the adjoining grounds. But the doctors declared that this convalescence was only temporary, and that the end was liable to come at any moment. And so it did. It was the last day of May—that month she loved so well. Seated under the cool shades of the limes she seemed to be lost in the enchanting loveliness of the surrounding landscape. Father *Silentius* was at her side; she could not bear to be parted from him for any notable time. They





PROSPECT POINT, NIAGARA FALLS.



CANADIAN RAPIDS FROM VERANDA, THREE SISTERS COMFORT STATION

had talked long and pleasantly through the day; they had conjured up scenes of home and friends from far beyond the main; they had even expressed the hope of going back and living over again those happy days which were passed beneath the old roof-tree ere sorrow came to blight its joy. But this was not to be, and as they sat and talked, a sudden change was apparent; a strange pallor swept across her face and her eyes wandered from the beauty of hill and dale to the great luminous globe that was fast descending the western sky, leaving a golden trail of light upon its wake, and enveloping all in the effulgence of its parting splendor. Then a smile of heavenly joy lit up her care-worn features; she clasped her beads to her heart, saying, "Harry, give me the last absolution." These were her last words. Ere the sacred words of absolution had died away from the priestly lips, the soul of Mrs. Denham, chastened and pure, had broken through this thin veil of mortality and had gone to enjoy the unalterable splendor of the Lamb in that land where sorrow is unknown and where joy reigns supreme.

Father Silentius was alone; and, as he bent over to close the eyes and stroke back the silvery hair from the venerable brow of his dead mother, he could only repeat, amid sobs and tears, those selfsame words which he had spoken eleven years before on the rolling waves:

"Lord, Thy will be done!"

Sometimes one wonders if the world has forever lost its sense of peace and beauty, and if we are to whizz and yell and advertise till the end of time. Will simple pleasures seem tame and quiet ways unsuccessful? Or are we mad only for a little term, and will we return to spacious and serene things after this fever cools? Shall we soon turn from the clatter of these days, the temporal display, the unreal values set on position and success, the scorn of what is simple-hearted and generous, the haste and noise that drown all gentle voices? It is time to recover our knowledge of the wind on the hills, the silent passage of a summer's day, the swift wind-swept procession of early autumn clouds, the sea in calm and storm, with the breaking waves that wear away the beach.

## Shelley.

By Francis Thompson.

THE Church, which was once the mother of poets no less than of saints, during the last two centuries has relinquished to aliens the chief glories of poetry, if the chief glories of holiness she has preserved for her own. The palm and the laurel, Dominic and Dante, sanctity and song, grew together in her soil: she has retained the palm, but forgone the laurel. Poetry in its widest sense—that is to say, taken as the general animating spirit of the Fine Arts—and when not professedly irreligious, has been too much and too long among many Catholics either misprised or distrusted; too much and too generally the feeling has been that it is at best superfluous, at worst pernicious, most often dangerous. Once poetry was, as she should be, the lesser sister and helpmate of the Church; the minister to the mind, as the Church to the soul. But poetry sinned, poetry fell; and, in place of lovingly reclaiming her, Catholicism cast her from the door to follow the feet of her pagan seducer. The separation has been ill for poetry; it has not been well for religion.

Fathers of the Church (we would say), pastors of the Church, pious laics of the Church: you are taking from its walls the panoply of Aquinas; take also from its walls the psalter of Alighieri. Unroll the precedents of the Church's past; recall to your minds that Francis of Assisi was among the precursors of Dante; that sworn to Poverty he forswore not Beauty, but discerned through the lamp Beauty the Light God; that he was even more a poet in his miracles than in his melody; that poetry clung round the cowls of his Order. Follow his footsteps; you who have blessings for men, have you no blessing for the birds? Recall to your memory that, in their minor kind, the love poems of Dante shed no less honor on Catholicism than did the great religious poem which is itself pivoted on love; that in singing of heaven he sang of Beatrice—this supporting angel was still carven on his harp even when he stirred its strings in Paradise. What you theoretically know, vividly realize: that with many the religion of beauty must always be a passion and a power, that it is only evil when divorced from the worship of the Primal Beauty.

Poetry is the preacher to men of the earthly as you of the Heavenly Fairness; of that earthly fairness which God has fashioned to his own image and likeness. You proclaim the day which the Lord has made, and she exults and rejoices in it. You praise the Creator for His works, and she shows you that they are very good. Beware how you misprise this potent ally, for hers is the art of modern France and of Byron. Her value, if you know it not, God knows, and know the enemies of God. If you have no room for her beneath the wings of the Holy One, there is place for her beneath the webs of the Evil One; whom you discard, he embraces; whom you cast down from an honorable seat, he will advance to a haughty throne; the brows you dislaurel of a just respect, he will bind with baleful splendors; the stone which you builders reject, he will make his head of the corner. May she not prophesy in the temple? then there is ready for her the tripod of Delphi. Eye her not askance if she seldom sing directly of religion: the bird gives glory to God though it sings only of its innocent loves. Suspicion creates its own cause; distrust begets reason for distrust. This beautiful, wild, feline poetry, wild because left to range the wilds, restore to the hearth of your charity, shelter under the rafter of your Faith; discipline her to the sweet restraints of your household, feed her with the meat from your table, soften her with the amity of your children; tame her, fondle her, cherish her—you will no longer then need to flee her. Suffer her to wanton, suffer her to play, so she play round the foot of the Cross!

There is a change of late years: the Wanderer is being called to her Father's house, but we would have the call yet louder, we would have the proffered welcome more unstinted. There are still stray remnants of the old intolerant distrust. It is still possible for even a French historian of the Church to enumerate among the articles cast upon Savonarola's famous pile, *poésies érotiques, tant des anciens que des modernes, livres impies ou corrupteurs, Ozide, Tibulle, Properce, pour ne nommer que les plus connus, Dante, Pétrarque, Boccace, tous ces auteurs Italiens qui déjà souillaient les âmes et ruinaient les mœurs, en créant ou perfectionnant la langue.* The Abbé Bareille was not, of course, responsible for Savonarola's

taste, only for thus endorsing it. Blameworthy carelessness, at the least, which can class the *Vita Nuova* with the *Ars Amandi* and the *Decameron!* And among many English Catholics the spirit of poetry is still often received with a restricted, Puritanical greeting rather than with the traditionally Catholic joyous openness.

We ask, therefore, for a larger interest, not in purely Catholic poetry, but in poetry generally, poetry in its widest sense. With few exceptions, whatsoever in our best poets is great and good to the non-Catholic, is great and good also to the Catholic; and though Faber threw his edition of Shelley into the fire and never regretted the act; though, moreover, Shelley is so little read among us that we can still tolerate in our Churches the religious parody which Faber should have thrown after his three-volumed Shelley—we mean, of course, the hymn, "I rise from dreams of time"—in spite of this, we are not disposed to number among such exceptions that straying spirit of light.

We have among us at the present day no lineal descendant, in the poetical order, of Shelley; and any such offspring of the aboundingly spontaneous Shelley is hardly possible, still less likely, on account of the defect by which (we think) contemporary poetry in general, as compared with the poetry of the early nineteenth century, is mildewed. That defect is the predominance of art over inspiration, of body over soul. We do not say the *defect* of inspiration. The warrior is there, but he is hampered by his armor. Writers of high aim in all branches of literature, even when they are not—as Mr. Swinburne, for instance, is—lavish in expression, are generally over-deliberate in expression. Mr. Henry James, delineating a fictitious writer clearly intended to be the ideal of an artist, makes him regret that he has sometimes allowed himself to take the second-best word instead of searching for the best. Theoretically, of course, one ought always to try for the best word. But practically, the habit of excessive care in word-selection frequently results in loss of spontaneity; and, still worse, the habit of always taking the best word too easily becomes the habit of always taking the most ornate word, the word most removed from ordinary speech. In consequence of this, poetic diction has become latterly a kaleidoscope, and one's chief curiosity

is as to the precise combinations into which the pieces will be shifted. There is, in fact, a certain band of words, the Praetorian cohorts of poetry, whose prescriptive aid is invoked by every aspirant to the poetical purple, and without whose prescriptive aid none dares aspire to the poetical purple; against these it is time some banner should be raised. Perhaps it is almost impossible for a contemporary writer quite to evade the services of the free-lances whom one encounters under so many standards. But it is at any rate curious to note that the literary revolution against the despotic diction of Pope seems issuing, like political revolutions, in a despotism of its own making.

This, then, we cannot but think, distinguishes the literary period of Shelley from our own. It distinguishes even the unquestionable treasures and masterpieces of to-day from similar treasures and masterpieces of the precedent day; even the *Lotus-Eaters* from the *Kubla-Khan*; even Rossetti's ballads from *Christabel*. It is present in the restraint of Matthew Arnold no less than in the exuberance of Swinburne, and affects our writers who aim at simplicity no less than those who seek richness. Indeed, nothing is so artificial as our simplicity. It is the simplicity of the French stage *ingénue*. We are self-conscious to the finger-tips; and this inherent quality, entailing on our poetry the inevitable loss of spontaneity, ensures that whatever poets, of whatever excellence, may be born to us from the Shelleian stock, its founder's spirit can take among us no reincarnation. An age that is ceasing to produce child-like children cannot produce a Shelley. For both as poet and man he was essentially a child.

Yet, just as in the effete French society before the Revolution the Queen played at Arcadia, the King played at being a mechanic, every one played at simplicity and universal philanthropy, leaving for most durable outcome of their philanthropy the guillotine, as the most durable outcome of ours may be execution by electricity;—so in our own society the talk of benevolence and the cult of childhood are the very fashion of the hour. We, of this self-conscious, incredulous generation, sentimentalize our children, analyze our children, think we are endowed with a special capacity to sympathize and identify ourselves with children: we play at being children.

And the result is that we are not more child-like, but our children are less child-like. It is so tiring to stoop to the child, so much easier to lift the child up to you. Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy god-mother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space; it is

To see a world in a grain of sand,  
And a heaven in a wild flower,  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And eternity in an hour;

it is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death. When we become conscious in dreaming that we dream, the dream is on the point of breaking; when we become conscious in living that we live, the ill dream is but just beginning. Now if Shelley was but too conscious of the dream, in other respects Dryden's false and famous line might have been applied to him with very much less than its usual untruth. (Wordsworth's adaptation of it, however, is true. Men are not "children of a larger growth," but the child is father of the man, since the parent is only partially reproduced in his off-spring.) To the last, in a degree uncommon even among poets, he retained the idiosyncrasy of childhood, expanded and matured without differentiation. To the last he was the enchanted child.

This was, as is well known, patent in his life. It is as really, though perhaps less obviously, manifest in his poetry, the sincere effluence of his life. And it may not, therefore, be amiss to consider whether it was conditioned by anything beyond his congenital nature. For our part, we believe it to have been equally largely the outcome of his early and long isolation. Men given to retirement and abstract study are notoriously liable to contract a certain degree of childlikeness: and if this be the case when we

segregate a man, how much more when we segregate a child! It is when they are taken into the solution of school-life that children, by the reciprocal interchange of influence with their fellows, undergo the series of reactions which converts them from children into boys and from boys into men. The intermediate stage must be traversed to reach the final one.

Now Shelley never could have been a man, for he never was a boy. And the reason lay in the persecution which overclouded his school-days. Of that persecution's effect upon him he has left us, in *The Revolt of Islam*, a picture which to many or most people very probably seems a poetical exaggeration; partly because Shelley appears to have escaped physical brutality, partly because adults are inclined to smile tenderly at childish sorrows which are not caused by physical suffering. That he escaped for the most part bodily violence is nothing to the purpose. It is the petty malignant annoyance recurring hour by hour, day by day, month by month, until its accumulation becomes an agony; it is this which is the most terrible weapon that boys have against their fellow boy, who is powerless to shun it because, unlike the man, he has virtually no privacy. His is the torture which the ancients used, when they anointed their victim with honey and exposed him naked to the restless fever of the flies. He is a little St. Sebastian, sinking under the incessant flight of shafts which skilfully avoid the vital parts.

We do not, therefore, suspect Shelley of exaggeration: he was, no doubt, in terrible misery. Those who think otherwise must forget their own past. Most people, we suppose, must forget what they were like when they were children: otherwise they would know that the griefs of their childhood were passionate abandonment, *déchirants* (to use a characteristically favorite phrase of modern French literature) as the griefs of their maturity. Children's griefs are little, certainly; but so is the child, so is its endurance, so is its field of vision, while its nervous impressionability is keener than ours. Grief is a matter of relativity; the sorrow should be estimated by its proportion to the sorrower; a gash is as painful to one as an amputation to another. Pour a puddle into a thimble or an Atlantic into Etna; both thimble and

mountain overflow. Adult fools! would not the angels smile at *our* griefs, were not angels too wise to smile at them?

So beset, the child fled into the tower of his own soul, and raised the drawbridge. He threw out a reserve, encysted in which he grew to maturity unaffected by the intercourses that modify the maturity of others into the thing we call a man. The encysted child developed until it reached years of virility, until those later Oxford days in which Hogg encountered it; then, bursting at once from its cyst and the university, it swam into a world not illegitimately perplexed by such a whim of the gods. It was, of course, only the completeness and duration of this seclusion—lasting from the gate of boyhood to the threshold of youth—which was peculiar to Shelley. Most poets, probably, like most saints, are prepared for their mission by an initial segregation, as the seed is buried to germinate: before they can utter the oracle of poetry, they must first be divided from the body of men. It is the severed head that makes the seraph.

Shelley's life frequently exhibits in him the magnified child. It is seen in his fondness for apparently futile amusements, such as the sailing of paper boats. This was, in the truest sense of the word, child-like; not, as it is frequently called and considered, childish. That is to say, it was not a mindless triviality, but the genuine child's power of investing little things with imaginative interest; the same power, though differently devoted, which produced much of his poetry. Very possibly in the paper boat he saw the magic bark of Laon and Cythna, or

That thinnest boat  
On which the mother of the months is borne  
By ebbing night into her lunar cave.

In fact, if you mark how favorite an idea, under varying forms, is this in his verse, you will perceive that all the charmed boats which glide down the stream of his poetry are but glorified resurrections of the little paper argosies which trembled down the Isis.

And the child appeared no less often in Shelley the philosopher than in Shelley the idler. It is seen in his repellent no less than in his amiable weaknesses; in the unteachable folly of a love that made its goal its starting-point, and firmly

expected spiritual rest from each new divinity, though it had found none from the divinities antecedent. For we are clear that this was no mere straying of sensual appetite, but a straying, strange and deplorable, of the spirit; that (contrary to what Mr. Coventry Patmore has said) he left a woman not because he was tired of her arms, but because he was tired of her soul. When he found Mary Shelley wanting, he seems to have fallen into the mistake of Wordsworth, who complained in a charming piece of unreasonableness that his wife's love, which had been a fountain, was now only a well:

Such change, and at the very door  
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

Wordsworth probably learned, what Shelley was incapable of learning, that love can never permanently be a fountain. A living poet, in an article (*The Rhythm of Life*, by Alice Meynell) which you almost fear to breathe upon lest you should flutter some of the frail pastel-like bloom, has said the thing: "Love itself has tidal moments, lapses and flows due to the metrical rule of the interior heart." Elementary reason should proclaim this true. Love is an affection, its display an emotion: love is the air, its display is the wind. An affection may be constant; an emotion can no more be constant than the wind can constantly blow. All, therefore, that a man can reasonably ask of his wife is that her love should be indeed a well. A well; but a Bethesda-well, into which from time to time the angel of tenderness descends to trouble the waters for the healing of the beloved. Such a love Shelley's second wife appears unquestionably to have given him. Nay, she was content that he should veer while she remained true; she companioned him intellectually, shared his views, entered into his aspirations, and yet—yet, even at the date of *Epipsychidion*, the foolish child, her husband, assigned her the part of moon to Emilia Viviani's sun, and lamented that he was barred from final, certain, irreversible happiness by a cold and callous society. Yet few poets were so mated before, and no poet was so mated afterwards, until Browning stooped and picked up a fair-coined soul that lay rusting in a pool of tears.

In truth, his very unhappiness and discontent

with life, in so far as it was not the inevitable penalty of the ethical anarchy, can only be ascribed to this same childlike irrationality—though in such a form it is irrationality hardly peculiar to Shelley. Pity, if you will, his spiritual ruins, and the neglected early training which was largely their cause; but the pity due to his outward circumstances has been strangely exaggerated. The obloquy from which he suffered he deliberately and wantonly courted. For the rest, his lot was one that many a young poet might envy. He had faithful friends, a faithful wife, an income small but assured. Poverty never dictated to his pen; the designs on his bright imagination were never etched by the sharp fumes of necessity.

If, as has chanced to others—as chanced, for example, to Mangan—outcast from home, health and hope, with a charred past and a bleared future, an anchorite without detachment and self-cloistered without self-sufficingness, deposed from a world which he had not abdicated, pierced with thorns which formed no crown, a poet hopeless of the bays, and a martyr hopeless of the palm, a land cursed against the dews of love, an exile banned and proscribed even from the innocent arms of childhood—he were burning helpless at the stake of his unquenchable heart, then he might have been inconsolable, then might he have cast the gorge at life, then have cowered in the darkening chamber of his being, tapestried with mouldering hopes, and harkened to the winds that swept across the illimitable wastes of death. But no such hapless lot was Shelley's as that of his own contemporaries—Keats, half-chewed in the jaws of London and spit dying on to Italy; De Quincey, who, if he escaped, escaped rent and maimed from those cruel jaws; Coleridge, whom they dully mumbled for the major portion of his life. Shelley had competence, poetry, love; yet he wailed that he could lie down like a tired child and weep away his life of care! Is it ever so with you, sad brother; is it ever so with me? and is there no drinking of pearls except they be dissolved in biting tears? "Which of us has his desire, or having it, is satisfied?"

It is true that he shared the fate of nearly all the great poets contemporary with him, in being unappreciated. Like them, he suffered from critics who were for ever shearing the wild

tresses of poetry between rusty rules, who could never see a literary bough project beyond the trim level of its day but they must lop it with a crooked criticism, who kept indomitably planting in the defile of fame the "established canons" that had been spiked by poet after poet. But we decline to believe that a singer of Shelley's calibre could be seriously grieved by want of vogue. Not that we suppose him to have found consolation in that senseless superstition, "the applause of posterity." Posterity, posterity! which goes to Rome, weeps large-sized tears, carves beautiful inscriptions, over the tomb of Keats; and the worm must wriggle her curt say to it all, since the dead boy, wherever he be, has quite other gear to tend. Never a bone less dry for all the tears!

A poet must to some extent be a chameleon, and feed on air. But it need not be the musty breath of the multitude. He can find his needful support in the judgment of those whose judgment he knows valuable, and such support Shelley had:

La gloire  
Ne compte pas toujours les voix;  
Elle les pèse quelquefois.

Yet if this might be needful to him as support, neither this, nor the applause of the present, nor the applause of posterity, could have been needful to him as motive: the one all-sufficing motive for a great poet's singing is that expressed by Keats:

I was taught in Paradise  
To ease my breast of melodies.

Precisely so. The overcharged breast can find no ease but in suckling the baby-song. No enmity of outward circumstances, therefore, but his own nature, was responsible for Shelley's doom.

A being with so much about it of childlike unreasonableness, and yet withal so much of the beautiful attraction luminous in a child's sweet unreasonableness, would seem fore-fated by its very essence to the transience of the bubble and the rainbow, of all things filmy and fair. Did some shadow of this destiny bear part in his sadness? Certain it is that, by a curious chance, he himself in *Julian and Maddalo* jestingly fore-told the manner of his end. "O ho! You talk

as in years past," said Maddalo (Byron) to Julian (Shelley); "If you can't swim, Beware of Providence." Did so unearthly *diristi* sound in his ears as he wrote it? But a brief while, and Shelley, who could not swim, was weltering on the waters of Lerici. We know not how this may affect others, but over us it is a coincidence which has long tyrannized with an absorbing inveteracy of impression (strengthened rather than diminished by the contrast between the levity of the utterance and its fatal fulfilment)—thus to behold, heralding itself in warning mockery through the very lips of its predestined victim, the Doom upon whose breath his locks were lifting along the coasts of Campania. The death which he had prophesied came upon him, and Spezzia enrolled another name among the mournful Marcelli of our tongue; Venetian glasses which foamed and burst before the poisoned wine of life had risen to their brims.

Coming to Shelley's poetry, we peep over the wild mask of revolutionary metaphysics, and we see the winsome face of the child. Perhaps none of his poems is more purely and typically Shelleian than *The Cloud*, and it is interesting to note how essentially it springs from the faculty of make-believe. The same thing is conspicuous, though less purely conspicuous, throughout his singing; it is the child's 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 his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven: its floor is littered 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 in 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.

This it was which, in spite of his essentially modern character as a singer, qualified Shelley



to be the poet of *Prometheus Unbound*, for it made him, in the truest sense of the word, a mythological poet. This childlike quality assimilated him to the childlike peoples among whom mythologies have their rise. Those Nature myths which, according to many, are the basis of all mythology, are likewise the very basis of Shelley's poetry. The lark that is the gossip of heaven, the winds that pluck the grey from the beards of the billows, the clouds that are snorted from the sea's broad nostril, all the elemental spirits of Nature, take from his verse perpetual incarnation and reincarnation, pass in a thousand glorious transmigrations through the radiant forms of his imagery.

Thus, but not in the Wordsworthian sense, he is a veritable poet of Nature. For with Nature the Wordsworthians will admit no tampering; they exact the direct interpretative reproduction of her; that the poet should follow her as a mistress, not use her as a handmaid. To such following of Nature, Shelley felt no call. He saw in her not a picture set for his copying, but a palette set for his brush; not a habitation prepared for his inhabiting, but a Coliseum whence he might quarry stones for his own palaces. Even in his descriptive passages the dream-character of his scenery is notorious; it is not the clear, recognizable scenery of Wordsworth, but a landscape that hovers athwart the heat and haze arising from his crackling fantasies. The materials for such visionary Edens have evidently been accumulated from direct experience, but they are recomposed by him into such scenes as never mortal eye beheld. "Don't you wish you had?" as Turner said. The one justification for classing Shelley with the Lake poet is that he loved Nature with a love even more passionate, though perhaps less profound. Wordsworth's *Nightingale and Stockdove* sums up the contrast between the two, as though it had been written for such a purpose. Shelley is the "creature of ebullient heart," who

Sings as if the god of wine  
Had helped him to a valentine.

Wordsworth's is the

—Love with quiet blending,  
Slow to begin and never ending,

the "serious faith and inward glee."

But if Shelley, instead of culling Nature, crossed with its pollen the blossoms of his own soul, that Babylonian garden is his marvellous and best apology. For astounding figurative opulence he yields only to Shakespeare, and even to Shakespeare not in absolute fecundity but in range of images. The sources of his figurative wealth are specialized, while the sources of Shakespeare's are universal. It would have been as conscious an effort for him to speak without figure as it is for most men to speak with figure. Suspended in the dripping well of his imagination the commonest object becomes encrusted with imagery. Herein again he deviates from the true Nature poet, the normal Wordsworth type of Nature poet: imagery was to him not a mere means of expression, not even a mere means of adornment; it was a delight for its own sake.

And herein we find the trail by which we would classify him. He belongs to a school of which not impossibly he may hardly have read a line—the Metaphysical School. To a large extent, he is what the Metaphysical School should have been. That school was a certain kind of poetry trying for a range. Shelley is the range found. Crashaw and Shelley sprang from the same seed; but in the one case the seed was choked with thorns, in the other case it fell on good ground. The Metaphysical School was in its direct results an abortive movement, though indirectly much came of it—for Dryden came of it. Dryden, to a greater extent than is (we imagine) generally perceived, was Cowley systematized; and Cowley, who sank into the arms of Dryden, rose from the lap of Donne.

But the movement was so abortive that few will thank us for connecting with it the name of Shelley. This is because to most people the Metaphysical School means Donne, whereas it ought to mean Crashaw. We judge the direction of a development by its highest form, though that form may have been produced but once, and produced imperfectly. Now the highest product of the Metaphysical School was Crashaw, and Crashaw was a Shelley *manqué*: he never reached the Promised Land, but he had fervid visions of it. The Metaphysical School, like Shelley, loved imagery for its own sake; and how beautiful a thing the frank toying with imagery may be, let *The Skylark* and *The Cloud* witness. It is only evil when the poet, on the

straight way to a fixed object, lags continually from the path to play. This is commendable neither in poet nor errand-boy. The Metaphysical School failed, not because it toyed with imagery, but because it toyed with it frostily. To sport with the tangles of Neaera's hair may be trivial idleness or caressing tenderness, exactly as your relation to Neaera is that of heartless gallantry or of love. So you may toy with imagery in mere intellectual ingenuity, and then you might as well go write acrostics: or you may toy with it in raptures and, then you may write a *Sensitive Plant*. In fact, the Metaphysical poets when they went astray cannot be said to have done anything so dainty as is implied by *toying* with imagery. They cut it into shapes with a pair of scissors. From all such danger Shelley was saved by his passionate spontaneity; no trappings are too splendid for the swift steeds of sunrise. His sword-hilt may be rough with jewels, but it is the hilt of an Excalibur. His thoughts scorch through all the folds of expression. His cloth of gold bursts at the flexures, and shows the naked poetry.

It is this gift of not merely embodying but apprehending everything in figure which cooperates towards creating one of his rarest characteristics, so almost preternaturally developed in no other poet, namely, his well-known power to condense the most hydrogenic abstraction. Science can now educe threads of such exquisite tenuity that only the feet of the tiniest infant-spiders can ascend them; but up the filmiest insubstantiality Shelley runs with agile ease. To him, in truth, nothing is abstract. The dustiest abstractions

Start, and tremble under his feet,  
And blossom in purple and red.

The coldest moon of an idea rises haloed through his vaporous imagination. The dimmest-sparked chip of a conception blazes and scintillates in the subtle oxygen of his mind. The most wrinkled Aeson of an abstruseness leaps rosy out of his bubbling genius. In a more intensified signification than it is probable that Shakespeare dreamed of, Shelley gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. Here afresh he touches the Metaphysical School, whose very title was drawn from this habitual pursuit of abstractions, and who failed in that

pursuit from the one cause omnipresent with them, because in all their poetic smithy they had left never a place for a forge. They laid their fancies chill on the anvil. Crashaw, indeed, partially anticipated Shelley's success, and yet further did a later poet, so much further that we find it difficult to understand why a generation that worships Shelley should be reviving Gray, yet almost forget the name of Collins. The generality of readers, when they know him at all, usually know him by his *Ode on the Passions*. In this, despite its beauty, there is still a *soupeçon* of formalism, a lingering trace of powder from the eighteenth-century periwig, dimming the bright locks of poetry. Only the literary student reads that little masterpiece, the *Ode to Evening*, which sometimes heralds the Shelleian strain, while other passages are the sole things in the language comparable to the miniatures of *Il Penseroso*. Crashaw, Collins, Shelley—three ricochets of the one pebble, three jets from three bounds of the one Pegasus! Collins's Pity, "with eyes of dewy light," is near of kin to Shelley's Sleep, "the filmy-eyed"; and the "shadowy tribes of mind" are the lineal progenitors of "Thought's crowned powers." This however, is personification, wherein both Collins and Shelley build on Spenser: the dizzying achievement to which the modern poet carried personification accounts for but a moiety, if a large moiety, of his vivifying power over abstractions. Take the passage (already alluded to) in that glorious chorus telling how the Hours come:

From the temples high  
Of man's ear and eye  
Roofed over Sculpture and Poetry,  
From the skiey towers  
Where Thought's crowned powers  
Sit watching your flight, ye happy Hours,

Our feet now, every palm,  
Are sandalled with calm,  
And the dew of our wings is a rain of balm:  
And within our eyes  
The human love lies  
Which makes all it gazes on Paradise.

Any partial explanation will break in our hands before it reaches the root of such a power. The root, we take it, is this. He had an instinctive

perception (immense in range and fertility, astonishing for its delicate intuition) of the underlying analogies, the secret subterranean passages, between matter and soul; the chromatic scales, whereat we dimly guess, by which the Almighty modulates through all the keys of creation. Because, the more we consider it, the more likely does it appear that Nature is but an imperfect actress, whose constant changes of dress never change her manner and method, who is the same in all her parts.

To Shelley's ethereal vision the most rarified mental or spiritual music traced its beautiful corresponding forms on the sand of outward things. He stood thus at the very junction-lines of the visible and invisible, and could shift the points as he willed. His thoughts became a mounted infantry, passing with baffling swiftness from horse to foot or foot to horse. He could express as he listed the material and the immaterial in terms of each other. Never has a poet in the past rivalled him as regards this gift, and hardly will any poet rival him as regards it in the future: men are like first to see the promised doom lay its hand on the tree of heaven, and shake down the golden leaves.

The finest specimens of this faculty are probably to be sought in that Shelleian treasury, *Prometheus Unbound*. It is unquestionably the greatest and most prodigal exhibition of Shelley's powers, this amazing lyric world, where immortal clarities sigh past in the perfumes of the blossoms, populate the breathings of the breeze, throng and twinkle in the leaves that twirl upon the bough; where the very grass is all a-rustle with lovely spirit-things, and a weeping mist of music fills the air. The final scenes especially are such a Bacchic reel and rout and revelry of beauty as leaves one staggered and giddy; poetry is spilt like wine, music runs to drunken waste. The choruses sweep down the wind, tirelessly, flight after flight, till the breathless soul almost cries for respite from the unrolling splendors. Yet these scenes, so wonderful from a purely poetical standpoint that no one could wish them away, are (to our humble thinking) nevertheless the artistic error of the poem. Abstractedly, the development of Shelley's idea required that he should show the earthly paradise which was to follow the fall of Zeus. But dramatically with that fall the action ceases, and

the drama should have ceased with it. A final chorus, or choral series, of rejoicings (such as does ultimately end the drama where Prometheus appears on the scene), would have been legitimate enough. Instead, however, the bewildered reader finds the drama unfolding itself through scene after scene which leaves the action precisely where it found it, because there is no longer an action to advance. It is as if the choral *finale* of an opera were prolonged through two acts.

We have, nevertheless, called *Prometheus* Shelley's greatest poem because it is the most comprehensive storehouse of his power. Were we asked to name the most *perfect* among his longer efforts, we should name the poem in which he lamented Keats; under the shed petals of his lovely fancy giving the slain bird a silken burial. Seldom is the death of a poet mourned in true poetry. Not often is the singer confined in laurel-wood. Among the very few exceptions to such a rule, the greatest is *Adonais*. In the English language only *Lycidas* competes with it; and when we prefer *Adonais* to *Lycidas*, we are following the precedent set in the case of Cicero: *Adonais* is the longer. As regards command over abstraction, it is no less characteristically Shelleian than *Prometheus*. It is throughout a series of abstractions vitalized with daring exquisiteness, from

Morning sought

Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,  
Wet with the tears which should adorn the  
ground,

Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day,

to the Dreams that were the flock of the dead  
shepherd,

Whom near the streams

Of his young spirit he kept;

of whom one sees, as she hangs mourning over  
him,

Upon the silken fringe of his fair eyes

A tear some Dream has loosened from his  
brain!

Lost angel of a ruined Paradise!

She knew not 'twas her own, as with no stain  
She faded like a cloud that hath outwept its  
rain.

In the solar spectrum, beyond the extreme red and extreme violet rays, are whole series of colors, demonstrable, but imperceptible to gross human vision. Such writing as this we have quoted renders visible the invisibilities of imaginative color.

One thing prevents *Adonais* from being ideally perfect: its lack of Christian hope. Yet we remember well the writer of a popular memoir on Keats proposing as "the best consolation for the mind pained by this sad record" Shelley's inexpressibly sad exposition of Pantheistic immortality:

He is a portion of that loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely, etc.

What utter desolation can it be that discerns comfort in this hope, whose wan countenance is as the countenance of a despair? Nay, was not indeed *teanhope* the Saxon for despair? What deepest depth of agony is it that finds consolation in this immortality: an immortality which thrusts you into death, the maw of Nature, that your dissolved elements may circulate through her veins?

Yet such, the poet tells me, is my sole balm for the hurts of life. I am as the vocal breath floating from an organ. I too shall fade on the winds, a cadence soon forgotten. So I dissolve and die, and am lost in the ears of men: the particles of my being twine in newer melodies, and from my one death arise a hundred lives. Why, through the thin partition of this consolation Pantheism can hear the groans of its neighbor, Pessimism. Better almost the black resignation which the fatalist draws from his own hopelessness, from the fierce kisses of misery that hiss against his tears.

With some gleams, it is true, of more than mock solace, *Adonais* is lighted; but they are obtained by implicitly assuming the personal immortality which the poem explicitly denies; as when, for instance, to greet the dead youth,

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown  
Rose from their seats, built beyond mortal  
thought  
Far in the unapparent.

And again the final stanza of the poem:

The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling  
throng

Whose sails were never to the tempest given:  
The massy earth, the sphered skies are riven:  
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar,

Where, burning through the inmost veil of  
heaven,

The soul of *Adonais* like a star  
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.

The soul of *Adonais*?—*Adonais*, who is but

A portion of that loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely.

After all, to finish where we began, perhaps the poems on which the lover of Shelley leans most lovingly, which he has oftenest in his mind, which best represent Shelley to him, and which he instinctively reverts to when Shelley's name is mentioned, are some of the shorter poems and detached lyrics. Here Shelley forgets for a while all that ever makes his verse turbid; forgets that he is anything but a poet, forgets sometimes that he is anything but a child; lies back in his skiff, and looks at the clouds. He plays truant from earth, slips through the wicket of fancy into heaven's meadow, and goes gathering stars. Here we have that absolute virgin-gold of song which is the scarcest among human products, and for which we can go to but three poets—Coleridge, Shelley, Chopin (such analogies between masters in sister-arts are often interesting. In some respects, is not Brahms the Browning of music?)—and perhaps we should add Keats: *Christabel* and *Kubla-Khan*; *The Skylark*, *The Cloud*, and *The Sensitive Plant* (in its first two parts); *The Eve of Saint Agnes* and *The Nightingale*; certain of the *Nocturnes*: these things make very quintessentialized loveliness. It is attar of poetry.

Remark, as a thing worth remarking, that, although Shelley's diction is at other times singularly rich, it ceases in these poems to be rich, or to obtrude itself at all; it is imperceptible; his Muse has become a veritable Echo, whose body has dissolved from about her voice. Indeed, when his diction is richest, nevertheless the poetry so dominates the expression that we only feel the latter as an atmosphere until we are

satiated with the former; then we discover with surprise to how imperial a vesture we had been blinded by gazing on the face of his song. A lesson, this, deserving to be conned by a generation so opposite in tendency as our own: a lesson that in poetry, as in the Kingdom of God, we should not take thought too greatly where-with we shall be clothed, but seek first the spirit, and all these things will be added unto us.

On the marvellous music of Shelley's verse we need not dwell, except to note that he avoids that metronomic beat of rhythm which Edgar Poe introduced into modern lyric measures, as Pope introduced it into the rhyming heroics of his day. Our varied metres are becoming as painfully over-polished as Pope's one metre. Shelley could at need sacrifice smoothness to fitness. He could write an anapaest that would send Mr. Swinburne into strong shudders (e. g., "stream did glide") when he instinctively felt that by so forgoing the more obvious music of melody he would better secure the higher music of harmony. If he have to add that in other ways he was far from escaping the defects of his merits, and would sometimes have to acknowledge that his Nilotic flood too often overflowed its banks, what is this but saying that he died young?

It may be thought that in our casual comments on Shelley's life we have been blind to its evil side. That, however, is not the case. We see clearly that he committed grave sins, and one cruel crime; but we remember also that he was an Atheist from his boyhood; we reflect how gross must have been the moral neglect in the training of a child who *could* be an Atheist from his boyhood; and we decline to judge so unhappy a being by the rules which we should apply to a Catholic. It seems to us that Shelley was struggling—blindly, weakly, stumblingly, but still struggling—towards higher things. His Pantheism is an indication of it. Pantheism is a half-way house, and marks ascent or descent according to the direction from which it is approached. Now Shelley came to it from absolute Atheism; therefore in his case it meant rise. Again, his poetry alone would lead us to the same conclusion, for we do not believe that a truly corrupted spirit can write consistently ethereal poetry. We should believe in nothing, if we believed that, for it would be the consecra-

tion of a lie. Poetry is a thermometer, by taking its average height you can estimate the normal temperature of its writer's mind. The devil can do many things. But the devil cannot write poetry. He may mar a poet, but he cannot make a poet. Among all the temptations wherewith he tempted St. Anthony, though we have often seen it stated that he howled, we have never seen it stated that he sang.

Shelley's anarchic principles were as a rule held by him with some misdirected view to truth. He disbelieved in kings. And is it not a mere fact—regret it if you will—that in all European countries, except two, monarchs are a mere survival, the obsolete buttons on the coat-tails of rule, which serve no purpose but to be continually coming off? It is a miserable thing to note how every little Balkan State, having obtained liberty (save the mark!) by Act of Congress, straightway proceeds to secure the service of a professional king. These gentlemen are plentiful in Europe. They are the "noble Chairmen" who lend their names for a consideration to any enterprising company which may be speculating in Liberty. When we see these things, we revert to the old lines in which Persius tells how you cannot turn Dama into a freeman by twirling him round your finger and calling him Marcus Dama.

Again, Shelley desired a religion of humanity, and that meant, to him, a religion for humanity, a religion which, unlike the spectral Christianity about him, should permeate and regulate the whole organization of men. And the feeling is one with which a Catholic must sympathize, in an age where—if we may say so without irreverence—the Almighty has been made a constitutional Deity, with certain state-grants of worship, but no influence over political affairs. In these matters his aims were generous, if his methods were perniciously mistaken. In his theory of Free Love alone, borrowed like the rest from the Revolution, his aim was as mischievous as his method. At the same time he was at least logical. His theory was repulsive but comprehensible. Whereas from our present *via media*—facilitation of divorce—can only result the era when the young lady in reduced circumstances will no longer turn governess, but will be open to engagement as wife at a reasonable stipend.

We spoke of the purity of Shelley's poetry. We know of but three passages to which exception can be taken. One is happily hidden under a heap of Shelleian rubbish. Another is offensive because it presents his theory of Free Love in its most odious form. The third is very much a matter, we think, for the individual conscience. Compare with this the genuinely corrupt Byron, through the cracks and fissures of whose heaving versification steam up perpetually the sulphurous vapours from his central iniquity. We cannot credit that any Christian ever had his faith shaken through reading Shelley, unless his faith were shaken before he read Shelley. Is any safely-havened bark likely to slip its cable, and make for a flag planted on the very reef where the planter himself was wrecked?

Why indeed (one is tempted to ask in concluding) should it be that the poets who have written for us the poetry richest in skiey grain, most free from admixture with the duller things of earth—the Shelleys, the Coleridges, the Keats—are the very poets whose lives are among the saddest records in literature? Is it that (by some subtle mystery of analogy) sorrow, passion and fantasy are indissolubly connected, like water, fire and cloud; that as from sun and dew are born the vapors, so from fire and tears ascend the "visions of aerial joy"; that the harvest waves richest over the battlefields of the soul; that the heart, like the earth, smells sweetest after rain; that the spell on which depend such necromantic castles is some spirit of pain charm—poisoned at their base? Such a poet, it may be, mists with sighs the window of his life until the tears run down it; then some air of searching poetry, like an air of searching frost, turns it to a crystal wonder. The god of golden song is the god, too, of the golden sun; so peradventure song-light is like sunlight, and darkens the countenance of the soul. Perhaps the rays are to the stars what thorns are to the flowers; and so the poet, after wandering over heaven, returns with bleeding feet. Less tragic in its merely temporal aspect than the life of Keats or Coleridge, the life of Shelley in its moral aspect is, perhaps, more tragical than that of either; his dying seems a myth, a figure of his living; the material shipwreck a figure of the immaterial.

Enchanted child, born into a world unchild-

like; spoiled darling of Nature, playmate of her elemental daughters; "pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift," laired amidst the burning fastnesses of his own feryid mind; bold foot along the verges of precipitous dream; light leaper from crag to crag of inaccessible fancies; towering Genius, whose soul rose like a ladder between heaven and earth with the angels of song ascending and descending it;—he is shrunken into the little vessel of death, and sealed with the unshatterable seal of doom, and cast down deep below the rolling tides of Time. Mighty meat for little guests, when the heart of Shelley was laid in the cemetery of Cains Cestius! Beauty, music, sweetness, tears—the mouth of the worm has fed of them all. Into that sacred bridal-gloom of death where he holds his nuptials with eternity let not our rash speculations follow him; let us hope rather that as, amidst material nature, where our dull eyes see only ruin, the finer eye of science has discovered life in putridity and vigor in decay, seeing dissolution even and disintegration, which in the mouth of man symbolize disorder, to be in the works of God undeviating order, and the manner of our corruption to be no less wonderful than the manner of our health,—so, amidst the supernatural universe, some tender undreamed surprise of life in doom awaited that wild nature, which, worn by warfare with itself, its Maker, and all the world, now

Sleeps, and never palates more the dug,  
The beggar's nurse, and Caesar's.

Every harsh and unjust sentiment, every narrow and unworthy thought consented to and entertained, remains like a stain upon the character.—*Bishop Spalding.*

It is character, not congeniality, which is the final test of friendship. What holds us to our friends is not their companionableness, nor their affection for ourselves, though the former is a source of delight and the latter is our pride. It is their strength and independence, their integrity, that wins us, and that generous spirit of theirs which defends our conduct and our motives against the criticisms of a world that loves us not.

**The Triple Jubilee.**

**A Loreto Legend.**

With a sad wrinkled brow and a much-ruffled wing,

And a heaving of sighs like some poor human thing,

The Angel who guards, with his eye and his sword,

"Die Englischen Fräulein" of good Mary Ward,  
Whose special employment it is to obtain

For each Jubilarian under her reign,  
A duly signed blessing and message of love

From every accessible power above,  
Saw, with much consternation and dubious glee,

Their number increasing from one up to  
THREE!

"Tut! Tut! 'Tis too much of a muchness,"  
cried he,

"Pray some one send Mistress M. Ward here  
to me.

These subjects of yours, Mistress Mary," he  
cried,

"Are getting too numerous far, and besides,  
Their ancient simplicity's fast giving way

To a certain luxurious, worldly display  
Of flowers and music befitting a queen.

Can you countenance this with a conscience  
serene?"

"O sir, do not worry, I pray you, for I  
Have bid them myself to be merry or die.

And this little excess is the means they employ—  
Well, 'tis better to err on the right side of joy.

I have danced, sir, myself, yes, at many a ball,  
Yes, *I*, sir, the mother and foundress of all.

And remember, kind sir, there's a person down  
there,

A true namesake of one whom no spirit would  
dare

To slight by the lack of a 'pip' or a 'pop,'  
St. Ambrose, the Doctor, whose name is on top

Of pretty near every list I have seen  
Where Doctors of 'ologies' sport on the green.

"And then—oh, think well, sir, don't utter a  
word—

There is war in the Jesuit mansions, I've heard,  
At the merest suspicion that one would complain  
When the name of Ignatius is honored again.

Why, that very foundation of mine owes to him  
its form and stability, virtue and vim!

Just think of a fifty years' service! No doubt,  
With seldom a whimper, and *never* a pout!

How wide good St. Peter will open his gate,  
To make sure that no good Jubilarian's late!"

"Very well, Mistress Ward, though I'm weary I  
must

Do your bidding as well as I can, yet I trust  
You will not sentimentalize further and say

That you've as good reason to burden my day  
With an old-fashioned saint of a dubious stock,

With a penchant for canines, that beggarman  
Roque!"

"Say no more, say no more, if St. Peter should  
hear

He would draw out his broadsword and cut off  
your ear.

He would think that your words had intention  
to mock

The Church, which was founded on Peter the  
'Rock.'

With all honor due to your wisdom, this act  
Betrays a most pitiful absence of tact.

"Just now when you called I was planning a trip,  
For which I begged Peter to lend me his ship.

St. Anne will prescribe for this good Sister's  
nerves

A cure, which so good a Religious deserves.  
Who surrenders so gallantly Jubilee-goods (?)

(Though they're flocking in now like the crows  
in the woods!)

"So get busy, be merry, and no more com-  
plaints—

They are most unbecoming to angels and saints—  
And let all the blessings you get from on high

(My blessing included) be such as outvie  
And transcend all the blessings you've formerly

given,  
Including a non-transfer ticket to Heaven."

The cares and frets of life are like the jungles  
of tropical vegetation at the base of the moun-  
tain. They may be very thick and very obstruc-  
tive indeed—but as the soul climbs to higher  
levels, they are inevitably left behind. The best  
remedy for worry is to get up higher.

### Francis Thompson, Poet.

*Who Laid His Spoils on the Altar — An Appreciation of His Collected Works.*

**F**RANCIS THOMPSON is one of the great English poets. In saying this, one need not be taken as ranking him with Shakespeare and Shelley. One is merely insisting that he is a great poet as surely as Sir Thomas Browne is a great prose writer. He has made of English poetry a cathedral of loveliness as no one else has done. His words seem to be stained in all the colors of beauty, making the light of common day richer as it passes through them. His work is built in the thought of heaven and hell. He loved the glory of the world chiefly in order that it might set forth the glory of God. This is where his splendors differ from the splendors of the Elizabethans to whom he has many points of resemblance. Like them, he was imaginatively a voyager into distant seas—something of a buccaneer of language. One can easily conceive his returning from his quest with for trophy some strange line like Shakespeare's:

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd.

He laid all his spoils on the altar, however. With the gold and silver of speech he honored God rather than man. His was a dedicated vision as, perhaps, no other vision of equal magnificence in English literature since Milton's has been.

#### Thompson's Best Poems.

One cannot then be too grateful to Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, whose services to Francis Thompson as man and poet it would not be easy to measure, for a beautiful edition of the poet's works—two volumes of poetry and one of prose. Possibly the great things of Francis Thompson, like the great things of most poets, might be gathered into a small enough book. But, then, few of us can agree as to which are the really great. Some (as I myself do) count "The Hound of Heaven" and the "Ode to the Setting Sun" as the very greatest—not only great in comparison with the rest of Thompson's own work, but fit company of the master poems in the English language. Others prefer "The Mistress of Vision," or "From the Night of Fore-

being," or "A Fallen Yew," or even richly-colored "Poppy," to name no others. It is not so easy to make an indisputable selection of the best of Thompson as it is of the best, say, of Coleridge, with whom, as an architect of gorgeous dreams, he had not a little in common. There is an accent of greatness in nearly all that Thompson wrote. This in spite of the fact that, as some one has said of him, his is a genius with a broken wing.

His words often fluttered helplessly in trying to follow the boundless rangings of his spirit. He never gave the world a perfect piece of literary art like the "Ode to a Grecian Urn." He did not mould for himself a new and exquisite world of the senses, a world of almost infallible beauty, as Mr. Yeats in his poetry has done. He was too eager for the infinite to be content with the perfect globes of art. It was not the first time that the perfection of the spirit necessitated the smashing of the perfections of literature.

Thompson's pursuit of art, his use of words, was sacramental. His speech is an immense ritual, expressing the battle between heaven and hell in terms of flowers and suns, of children and of London on the Thames. Perhaps it is this very ritual quality in his work that prevents him from ever achieving those ecstasies of simplicity in song which we find in the Elizabethans, which we find in Shelley. He is as free from simple phrases as a chorus in Aeschylus. He gives us the organ-music and the incense of words rather than any skylark rapture. And yet his genius, his temper, are as simple as a mediaeval saint's. As simple, it might be truer to say, as a child's. "Look for me," he himself wrote, "in the nurseries of heaven," and in his great essay on Shelley we see a happy, childlike playfulness of imagination losing itself, or rather finding itself, among the stars and the tumultuous harmonies of the universe. He is, in other words, the perfect acolyte in literature, worshipping with every elaboration of ceremonial, and with entire innocence of heart.

#### A Poet of Ritual.

It was Thompson's great fortune to be at once a poet, a religious genius, and a lover of the earth. He did not attempt to crush life into



the limits of the ordained ritual of a church, so much as to invent a new ritual which itself might be, to use a common phrase in a slightly unusual sense, as large as life. He considered the lilies how they grew. A garden of roses meant as much to him as it did to Swinburne. I think, indeed, it meant a good deal more, as witness that wonderful verse in the "Ode to the Setting Sun":

Who made the splendid rose  
Saturate with purple glows;  
Cupped to the marge with beauty; a perfume-  
press  
Whence the wind vantages  
Gushes of warmed fragrance richer far  
Than all the flavorful ooze of Cyprus' vats?  
Lo, in yon gale which waves her green cymar,  
With dusky cheeks burnt red  
She sways her heavy head,  
Drunk with the must of her own odorousness;  
While in a moted trouble the vexed gnats  
Maze, and vibrate, and tease the noontide hush.  
Who girt dissolvèd lightnings in the grape?  
Summered the opal with an Irisèd flush?  
Is it not thou that dost the tulip drape,  
And huest the daffodilly,  
Yet who hast snowed the lily,  
And her frail sister, whom the waters name,  
Dost vestal-vesture 'mid the blaze of June,  
Cold as the new-sprung girlhood of the moon  
Ere Autumn's kiss sultry her cheek with flame?  
Thou sway'st thy sceptred beam  
O'er all delight and dream,  
Beauty is beautiful but in thy glance:  
And like a jocund maid  
In garland flowers arrayed,  
Before thy ark Earth keeps her sacred dance.

What a passion for the beautiful changing pageant of the earth appears again in that later apostrophe to the dying sun, which begins:

If with exultant tread  
Thou foot the Eastern sea,  
Or like a golden bee  
Sting the West to angry red—

Earth as well as heaven is magnified in all these songs. Thompson is the poet of the "Africa and her prodigies" of the sensible world. But his praise of the earth, his shower-

ing of fancies before her feet, has always for a background the vision of an awful and cataclysmic scheme of things in which, sooner or later, death beckons to every man to go out into the seeming darkness. A divinely-splendid scheme of things, however, in which we may live, not as (in a great phrase) condemned men under an indefinite reprieve, but as initiates in the traffic of Jacob's ladder,

Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Perhaps "The Kingdom of God," the unfinished poem which contains that beautiful vision, and which was found among his papers, after he died, expresses better what Thompson stands for in literature than anything else he ever wrote.

ROBERT LYND.

### A Man in His Element:

**H**E seemed very great. There was such a gulf between his knowledge and yours that you felt like David before a shining Goliath. He was tall and looked down at you from a six-foot-one-dom always with a smile in his grey eyes. At times an eagle-like keenness flashed from their depths as the data from an experiment failed.

"I give it up!"

He said then with a buoyancy that suggested an infinite resource behind the words. He was nearly always successful though and performed the most delicate experiments with the deftness of a man in his element.

Where is God in his life? You thought once while you watched him. He was so brilliant, so frank you could fall down in worship. And one day you said to him:

"Doctor, when you have grown old, and young men are taking up your work and brushing you aside as one—well, too old; and you are irritable and violent because you are weaker and the joy of living is going out from you, what will you have then if you have not found God on your way?"

He drew himself up and smiled.

"I will have my science, that will solve everything for me."

You were silenced. The speech and the smile bewildered you. Was he serious, or was he ex-

perimenting in another way? Were you a mystery to him or was it worth his while to lead you on, or were the words he said a simple exposition of his soul?

"Doctor, your science should teach you the necessity of God."

He admitted this and continued: "Yes, the necessity, but did God think about man when He created the universe? That is the question,—many maintain He did not."

What could he mean? You were more perplexed than ever.

"God created matter, and sent it forth with infinite possibilities of combination—hence all material manifestations, including the *soul* of the Doctor!" you said lightly assuming his rôle.

He shook his head and laughed and looked out over the campus.

"Some people don't believe they have souls," he said tentatively.

"They are foolish!" you said quickly.

He colored and smiled.

"The Doctor is not one of them?" you continued.

"Sometimes!" he answered. He was serious now. A strange and mysterious sadness came into your heart. It was like looking upon the spectacle of a marvellous machinery that had destroyed the great designer of its wheels.

"Yes," he resumed, "I envy the snail and the slug,—when they are stepped on, they are stepped on!"

"That is, Doctor, you would be a happy slug rather than a melancholy Plato!"

"You are assuming," he fenced, "that a slug is happy. By what authority do you do it?"

"From his actions, by the authority of inference."

He made no reply; he was thinking. There he stood, his proud head tilted, a confident smile in his grey eyes, telling you plainly what he was too gentlemanly to say—that he pitied your folly. Of course, you felt like a raging lion on the spot, but you said very calmly:

"Some men are so proud and so stiff-necked, they will hardly get through the gate of heaven."

"We will break it!" he responded emphatically.

"Yes, like the Titanic broke the iceberg!"

A momentary confusion came over you. A

little ashamed of the sharp retort, you proceeded more suavely:

"You will not break it, you will go on to the end, and then you will proclaim like Solomon about the vanities of this world because you have failed to do here the things that profit there."

"I don't see the use of it," he said, adjusting the motor in connection with the apparatus for liquifying air. He touched a screw here, and a switch there, the buzz of revolving wheels and the flash of electric sparks, and the glow of his face amid currents of instanter death! This was the last you saw of him. But he is frequently seen nowadays in our universities.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

### A Triple Jubilee at Loreto Abbey, Toronto

**ON** the feast of the Visitation of Our Blessed Lady, took place at Loreto Abbey, Toronto, one of the most pleasant events of the year—the thrice-joyous celebration of Golden Jubilees lovingly intertwined with Silver.

One of the happy participants—Mother Mary Ambrose, daughter of the late esteemed Mr. Augustine Keogh of New York City—during the past half-century, contributed largely, by her sweet simplicity and cultured musical talent, to the pleasure of the community and the accomplishments of the many clever young harpists and pianists, who have, year by year, graduated from her class; while Mother Mary Ignatius Byron, beloved sister of our late lamented M. M. Loyola, who came from London fifty years ago, has, by her gentle disposition and retiring manner, won, in the community, the enviable title of "Angel of the Little Ones."

M. M. St. Roque's twenty-fifth anniversary claimed no little part in the day's pleasant proceedings, giving her a simple foretaste of the joyous delights awaiting her when another quarter-of-a-century has passed away.

Solemn High Mass was offered by the chaplain, Reverend A. A. O'Malley, during which the "*Jubilantes in aeternum*" sweetly resounded throughout the beautiful Abbey chapel.

May God bless these dear Jubilarians and spare them to continue their good work till Silver has changed into Gold and Gold has become Diamond.



AMERICAN RAPIDS FROM PROSPECT PARK, NIAGARA FALLS.



LOOKING WEST FROM ROADWAY, GREEN ISLAND, NIAGARA FALLS.

### Archbishop McNeil Officiates at a Brilliant Gathering on Brunswick Avenue.

THE new Loreto Academy on Brunswick Avenue was the scene of a brilliant and interesting ceremony when Archbishop McNeil laid the corner-stone of the Day-School of this great Institution. The afternoon was ideal and hundreds of people had gathered, including many of the pupils and Sisters of Loreto, and many of the prominent clergy and laity of the city.

The Archbishop was attended by Chancellor Kernahan and by Right Reverend Monsignor McCann and Father Minelhan, in whose parish the new building is situated.

The service of blessing the stone was brief, consisting of a short prayer and the singing of the hymn "Veni Creator" by the assembled clergy and acolytes. For the actual laying of the stone a handsome silver trowel was presented to the Archbishop, and with the aid of the workman the stone was declared "well and truly laid." Within it was placed a sealed box, containing a parchment with the name of the King and the names of all the Mothers of the Order who were on the Council for the erection of the building; the names of the Pope, the Governor-General, Premier of Canada, Premier and Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Mayor of Toronto and the architect. In addition there were Canadian coins of current date, copies of the city papers, medals of the Order and a copy of the *RAINBOW* and the *Catholic Register*.

The trowel was a work of art, exceptionally ornate in design, bearing the Loreto crest in a wreath of maple leaves and a suitable inscription.

Among those who were present were Reverend Fathers Rohleder, Coyle, Player, Bench, Dollard, Walsh, O'Malley, Cline, Whalen, Bonner, Dr. Kidd, Ryan, Kuhn, C. S. S. R., and Treacy, D. D.

The new building will have a frontage of one hundred and thirty feet on Brunswick Avenue, with a depth of one hundred and seventy-five and in addition there will be a Power House in the rear. It will be constructed of brick and stone five stories high with about twenty class-

rooms, accommodation for from four to five hundred students.

The speaker of the day was Reverend Dr. Cyril Kehoe, O. C. C. He was a picturesque figure, garbed in his Carmelite habit, thus adding a touch of novelty to the scene. He is now Professor of Dogmatic Theology at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto. He took for his text, "They that shall bring Me to light shall have light everlasting." He at once went to the heart of his subject by saying that education was the watchword of the day. Many and various systems of Pedagogy were exploited by as many competitors in the field of education, each claiming to have the correct notion of his science and art; each hoping by his own system to revivify the world. It was generally understood that to educate was to outpour the contents of one mind into another; to light the learner's torch from the burning brands of the teacher. Expressive enough; these similes are not exact. The philosophy of Pedagogy is contained in the word "Education" itself. To draw out, to bring the plan of nature and of God that the student potentially possesses, into actual contact with objectivity, to introduce him to the real facts of the world; all barren theorizing was lost time. Objectivity is the secret of realism and the senses are the avenues of receptivity and research. Facts once gathered are generalized by a faculty which the intellect possesses and the student is at once in possession of universal laws, principles and axioms. And these by reflection become standards of future criticism and classification. The idealist or the theorist wastes his energy when he wanders away from nature. "There is nothing in the intellect that was not first in the senses" is the sound position upon which the Church always stands. This is true in every sphere of education. Take Art—the painter whose perspective is perfect and whose coloring is gorgeous portraying the molten grandeur of the sunset is false if an atom or iota is there that he does not take from the scene he portrays. Thus sensism is realism and both are the media of the proper, nay, perfect education. The Catholic Church is always realistic in its ritual, doctrines and ceremonies. They all body forth the truths contained in the Word of God. Every doctrine is either literally contained there or is

an immediate inference from it. What is more, there is a history wrapped around every ceremony and every doctrine. History is the realism of other days made permanent by the pens of men for our advantage. No education is consistent that will not look into the dark cameras of the past and from them gradually proceed to our own day. In the Catholic Church history is respected; elsewhere its continuity is broken and its sanctity desecrated, hence all realism is lost. Better go back to Judaism, a divinely revealed religion, than to adopt the thousand and one man-made systems of the day. Five hundred years from now it would be absurd to discuss the great constitutions of the English and American nations in the abstract and apart from the atmosphere and coloring, nay, the crucibles in which they were constructed. What they idealistically ought to be is mere surmise. The future historian or economist must shift his perspective into the environments of the day and examine the constitution in the making. Thus the splendor and the strength of the Church is lost by the idealistic schools who dream dreams as to what the Christianity of Christ was, and will not examine the doctrine and the practices of the early Christians. What is charged against the Church as being new is merely the development of the original deposit and is nothing more than evident inferences therefrom.

The good Sisters of Loreto are educators in the real sense of the term. Sixty-six years ago they left their Emerald Isle and came, at the invitation of the Bishop of Toronto, to begin their work in your midst. For sixty-six years they taught the Alumnæ, then the students at Bond Street, and henceforth here their footsteps will wear your pavements as they come and go from this beautiful home of learning, whose auspicious foundations have been laid to-day. Here will be the home of scholarship, here will be the home of sanctity and whether students pursue the vocational or the cultural, their needs will be met by the splendid equipment of the Sisters of the Community of Loreto.

We cannot fail if we live always in the brave and cheerful attitude of mind and heart. He alone fails who gives up and lies down.

### Lost on the Shores of Rabbit Lake.

**W**E have all felt the "Call of the Wild" when we could not resist the voice of Nature luring us away from the noisy, restless town, to the green fields of the country, or to the leafy woods. This feeling of getting back to Mother Nature, is as a rule, most impelling in spring, or in the autumn, when we say good-bye to summer. Then is when it is dearest and most appreciated. But there is a charm in autumn unknown to the other seasons—the time of the goldenrod, of the fruit-laden orchards, the woods in their glorious tints, the soft air of the mellow days when the Indian's gun resounds through the trees, the clear, starry evenings—all these belong to this one bewitching season; but it was not at such a time that the far-away hills called me. The morning was one in July, when we left the limits of Kenora, on our tramp to Rabbit Lake.

The sun was still low in the sky when we came suddenly from the dense woods to the lake shore. Rabbit Lake lay like a beautiful diamond encircled by the emerald trees, which were reflected on its glassy surface. After we had stopped here to rest a few minutes, we started on a narrow, winding path through the trees, very close to the water's edge—and which seemed to continue all around the lake. We soon began to wonder just where this would take us, but kept on—hoping to reach a bisecting path leading back through the woods.

In about an hour, when the path we were seeking was no more in evidence than when we started, we left this and directed our steps up through the woods, away from the lake. We knew we were going south and thought surely if we did not strike the right path we could at least find our way back to town.

From time to time as the tramp through the uncleared forest became very tiresome, we sat down and feasted on wild blueberries, which were very plentiful. Experiences of other pedestrians in these forest depths were recalled. We knew that the denizens of the wood, numerous enough at all times, had here their homes, evidences of which were only unperceived by uninitiated eyes; and felt that at any moment a startling step might bring us face to face with

a "Papa Bruin," "Mammy Muff" or "Tiny." These thoughts were accompanied by suitable thrills! A couple of times as we came to a height of rock, we hoped by climbing it, to see our way out; but in vain—the summit showed us as usual only bush and tree. "The Babes in the Wood" came vividly to our minds, but the sense of danger added somewhat to the novelty, and almost enjoyment of this escapade—especially later on!

When nearly two hours had elapsed since we had left the shore path, and we seemed as deep in the wilds as ever, we grew quite alarmed and were tempted to try to make our way back to the lake. But how were we to get there? We seemed to be in a perfect maze. At last, to our joy, we saw a bright, "sunshiny" streak through the trees just a little distance ahead of us. We hastened our steps toward the spot and soon found ourselves on a wide, well-cleared path; and following this, in half an hour, we had left the wilderness behind and were again in sight of civilization. We were delighted to behold once more the unromantic haunts of men, and to feel that we were again on the home-stretch!

RUTH ROBINSON.

### Monsieur:

"**H**ERE he comes," said my companion. A slight, tall man approached. He was smiling,—his face was beautiful. He wore a small skull-cap: it only partly covered his black hair—black except for a sparse scattering of the "silver thread."

On the spot you were thinking of Cardinal Merry del Val. There was the same poise of the beautifully shaped head, the same wonderful brown eyes lighting up the strikingly handsome countenance, and the same gentle ease of manner that distinguish the first man of Europe. Here in the quiet of a remote seclusion he dwells, year after year. I shall not tell you what he does, and I cannot tell you how he does it,—the wonder is in the last.

If he asked your name, it would make you glad to tell it. And if you have a second name, be ready to tell it also. He is interestingly curious. You will be perplexed, then you will be a little sad over the way he says:

"A good Irish? name!"

Is it a reconnoitre? His naivete is delightful, notwithstanding the Irish question is perplexing your brain and making you wonder like little Alice in the story. Of course, you are Irish; you always were Irish; you love to be Irish; and when the day comes when you must put it away! oh, then you will yearn for "de friendsh—ip" of this vanished day.

Alas, no homage from your eyes can wash away the Irish word, and you are a little sad.

"The catacombs?" You mean the vaults, but you are excited.

"Will you take us there, Monsieur?"

"Certainly! Any place!"

His lovely smile returns and you know you are forgiven, and two thousand Hibernians are forgotten. In a jiffy, two lighted candles are in his right hand, a third one is carried by your younger sister. Like torch-bearers they proceed while you and a dear chaperon stumble along down into the vault-land under the great shrine of St. Anne's. Little mounds of dry earth impede your narrow path, and, on the side of your left, are mural slabs sealing the compartments in which coffins are placed. You read the name and the date in the candle-light.

Said Monsieur: "If I die to-night this shall be mine," putting his palm on the floor of an empty compartment. His brown eyes were shining and a smile played on his beautiful up-turned face.

Death and Monsieur! It seemed very impossible—only for the reading on the slabs you could not connect his thirty-four years with death. But the proof lay in the marble at your left. At twenty-nine, at thirty-five, at forty-one, at every age, these men and women had died, and what remained of their earthly effects was within the touch of your fingers—a little dust to write your name in. The weird feeling that creeps into your being! The gloom and the dust! The ceiling over your head, like so many great inverted boxes, the cobwebs everywhere draping the homes of live spiders now watching the intruders with all their hungry eyes! And you are trembling and as cold as ice in the awful cloistral abode.

You reach the end of the wall and pass up the other side to a cross-wall. There are compart-

ments in it also; some occupied and sealed by the marble slab, other some gaping, waiting for the precious mouthful. One was empty and around it on either side and above and below were sealed ones. Its sides were weathered somewhat and its exposed corners jagged. Little mounds of dust were on its floor.

Medical students?

The surmise makes you sick. The French are like quicksilver to read your thoughts. Monsieur was French—gracious, quick, interpretative, delicate. All the beautiful characteristics of his sunny race were in him.

"Father Pampalon's empty sepulchre—this!" he said, with an upward flourish of his unoccupied hand. This little flourish served his descriptions generally.

"Father Pampalon, C. SS. R.?"

"Yes! yes! So many want to see the place where he was buried—this was the rizzon he was remove' to the sanctuary of the ol' church."

It was a relief to exoneratè the medical students.

"Father Pampalon, he was a big saint," he continued. "Six hundred miracle' attes' it since his death."

As he spoke you were like a little child before a marvellous palace—you could only wonder what an *Advocatus Diaboli* Monsieur would make for this dear, young future saint. But you said nothing. You only touched the dust on the floor of the deserted sepulchre with your hand and prayed for one you love. It is something to touch the dust of saint or genius. For instance, St. Paul's dust or Shakespeare's. If an Indian looked upon such great dust would it not make him white forever in your eyes!

"Would you be afraid to die, Monsieur?"

A wistful light came into his wonderful brown eyes.

"Afraid! I would be glad—I long for it. There will be so many lovely people up there—no one to say an unkin' word, no one to hurt you, every one to love you."

Ever on guard, alert, brilliant, wary like Philippe de Valois, was Monsieur. Now his face twitched with a momentary sorrow. Who could embitter this good man's chalice? He was infinitely obliging. His optimism charmed you; his goodness attracted you. He was beautiful.

And because he was unconventional, intuitive, abnormal, Nature found ways to jar the susceptibilities she had made fine. Is it not a pity? Or is it better to be Socrates dissatisfied than Caligula satisfied? Surely, it is infinitely better!

"Monsieur needs the presence of the sun."

At the words he tossed his head, lifted his shoulder in a mimic shiver and smiled benevolently.

"Oh, no, no, no! Behol', I am transform'!"

It was true. His face was radiant with joy again.

"Those people up over the sky! Glorieuse! How I have watch' them! It is sad to me when I must hol' aloof! Merci—I should think so! À moi!"—all this with fine flourishes, mock shrugs and mild little grimaces! And you have a glimpse of Monsieur in the candle-light—that is "all of him that is not singing in heaven."

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

### The Poetry of Mrs. Meynell.

THE collected poems of Alice Meynell, the distinguished Catholic lady whose name was mentioned in connection with the Laureateship of England, have been published in London—and splendidly received. Mrs. Meynell is recognized as among the first of England's living poets and prose-writers, and her present volume only lends additional lustre to a distinguished name. The *London Tablet* reviews the poems in a most appreciative spirit, as follows:

Lovers of poetry, everywhere, unbeguiled by the "high noises" of much current verse, will turn with delight, relief and gratitude to the long-awaited collected poems of Alice Meynell. In the varied metres and melodies of the later poems (a full half of this new book) they will delight. In the perfect craftsmanship they will find salutary relief; and, for the nobility of the new ideas here given to English poetry, an abiding gratitude.

The many lovers of Mrs. Meynell's early verse perhaps think of her as a poet "of one mood in all her lays." They are haunted by the strange music and heart-shattering meditations of the "Letter from a Girl to her own Old Age"; their minds are stamped with the searching apostrophe "To a Daisy"; running through their dreams is



the revelation of "Renouncement"; and "moments musicaux," like Schubert's, come to them from the "Shepherdess of Sheep." Let them not think, however, that this is all. Here is new work which is of a high and lasting significance. Hence to all Mrs. Meynell's present following, and to the new company that will find her now, this volume comes less as the confirmation of an old fame than as the creation of a new.

Some, perhaps, have thought that in Browning introspective poetry had spent its force; but here, in the "Unexpected Peril," there is a straighter plumbing of the depths of soul, a revelation as courageous as it is merciless:

How am I left, at last, alive,  
To make a stranger of a tear?  
What did I do one day to drive  
From me the vigilant angel, Fear

The diligent angel, Labour? Ay,  
The inexorable angel, Pain?  
Menace me, lest indeed I die,  
Sloth! Turn, crush, teach me fear again.

Tennyson's "rapport" with the intellectual movements of his day is a commonplace of criticism. Mrs. Meynell's poems touch every pulse of current thought. The suffrage problem is illuminated from within in the poem called "Saint Catherine of Siena"; courageous commentary is made upon the State campaigns against religion in Portugal and in France; and an appealing poem, "The Modern Mother," shows us her longing in this "dusk of days." Or is it the new Spinozism that perturbs? By a divination, almost miraculous, she interprets the problem of that philosophy, and fearlessly points the solution. We do not hesitate to say that this poem, "Christ in the Universe," is, in its own field, an achievement as unique as "The Hound of Heaven." Measured by the painful broodings of "In Memoriam," by the heavy ratiocination of "A Death in the Desert," or by the pulsing postscript of "Karshish," Mrs. Meynell's less than thirty lines stand alone, a speculation massively expressed and unerringly resolved:

But in the eternities  
Doubtless we shall compare together, hear  
A million alien Gospels,—in what guise  
He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

O, be prepared, my soul!

To read the inconceivable, to scan  
The million forms of God those stars unroll  
When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

Or where shall we escape from psychology? It is the refuge of the ignorant and the despair of the initiated. Comes this poet, and, in one exquisite strain of harmony, rectifies our vision and fortifies our heart. Poets, with Shelley, are the unacknowledged legislators of the world. It must be because they are first the unacknowledged philosophers of the world. We do not know whether to admire more the perfect music of "To the Body" or its perfect thought. With Berkeley, this poet shall be called the unassailable. Straight to the heart of St. Francis would his sweet vindication of Brother Ass have gone:

*To the Body.*

Thou inmost, ultimate  
Council of judgment, palace of decrees,  
Where the high senses hold their spiritual state  
Sued by earth's embassies,  
And sigh, approve, accept, conceive, create.

Create—thy senses close  
With the world's pleas. The random odours  
reach

Their sweetness in the place of their repose,  
Upon thy tongue the peach,  
And in thy nostrils breathes the breathing rose.

To thee, secluded one,  
The dark vibrations of the sightless skies,  
The lovely inexplicit colours, run;  
The light gropes for those eyes.  
O, thou august! thou dost command the sun.

Music, all dumb, hath trod  
In thine ear her one effectual way;  
And fire and cold approach to gain thy nod,  
Where thou call'st up the day,  
Where thou awaitest the appeal of God.

There are no sonnets among the later poems of this volume. It was largely through her sonnets that Mrs. Meynell's early fame was achieved. Can it be that her mature thought no longer needs or tolerates the sonnet's narrow plot of ground? Or is it due to a secular change of temper that Milton's denunciation of religious persecution was thundered forth in sonnet form,

while Mrs. Meynell's conviction of its futility takes a shorter lyrical shape? This is, perhaps, linked with another significant feature of the later poems: the repeated presence of the Eucharist as a theme. The chief example of this is in "A General Communion," a poem which, once read, is remembered, cherished, and sustenance to the soul. This poem, too, is a signal example of the critical use of words that is for the reader so delightful a discipline. Mrs. Meynell has the genius of Horace himself for finding the fit word and the fit context. "Her flocks are thoughts," "she keeps them white and guards them from the steep." No reader of her poetry can fail to notice her exquisite choice of adjectives. In the later poems each epithet is freighted full with music and with meaning. Here shall the unwise reader first be chastened by the unexpected peril of his haste, and then cheered by the largesse of his gain. After recalling "Crossing the Bar," let him turn in this volume to "The Launch." Stilled into acquiescence by Tennyson's lines, he will almost resent the austerity of Mrs. Meynell's poem. But when he has caught the new interpretation given to this world-old metaphor of death, he will understand the difference between acquiescence and assent. From wistful, unsure hope he turns to a strong, calm faith. Where else have we the office for the dying in a line and a half? And here, too, is an epic—an epic of twelve lines!

*"Your sins . . . shall be white as snow."*

Into the rescued world new-comer,  
The newly-dead stepped up, and cried,  
"Oh, what is that, sweeter than summer  
Was to my heart before I died.

Sir (to an angel), what is yonder  
More bright than the remembered skies,  
A lovelier light, a softer splendour,  
Than when the moon was wont to rise?

Surely no sinner wears such seeming  
Even the rescued world within?"  
"O, the success of His redeeming!  
O, child, it is a rescued sin!"

But although the new poems testify to the position of the poet's thought, they have not proved the winter of her song. The old metrical skill is unimpaired. In "Veneration of Images" Mrs.

Meynell shows us where is "the rood of every day"; and, incidentally, shows in what manner her veneration for the speech of every day makes her the unbeguilable guardian of our tongue that we know in her essays. The "exaggerated decision of monosyllables" she has criticised in prose; a more excellent way with them, revealing their lyrical capacities, may be found in her threefold "Chimes."

Quotation is the privilege of the reviewer of poetry. If he but use his privilege aright he may yet save from ignominy the phrase "scissors and paste." And we feel that we are striking a serviceable blow for the vindication of quotation when we cite so fine a poem as this—the last of the book:

TO W. M.

Home, home from the horizon far and clear.  
Hither the soft wings sweep;  
Flocks of the memories of the days draw near  
The dove-cote doors of sleep.

Oh, which are they that come through sweetest  
light  
Of all these homing birds?  
Which with the straightest and the swiftest  
flight?  
Your words to me, your words!

### A Fairy Tale of the Humber Valley.

**E**ARLY, early morning in the quiet Humber valley. The river, smooth, flowing swiftly. Here and there a tiny ripple breaking the black green sheet. Grey curling mists rise slowly like ghost shapes of departed ones going closer to the Heaven of their hopes. On either bank the bushes bending over, peering to see their vain reflection in the clear stream. Higher up, the trees, their heads still bent from slumber, move a little and lowly seem to whisper that the day approaches. A tall white birch alone seems wakeful, and its haughty head, towering with slender strength, draws away from its darker brethren. Over all the grey sky bends, brooding over the quiet scene, welcoming the mists into its own dim vastness, a morning picture before dawn—repose the keynote.

Imperceptibly, the sky grows brighter, a faint

flush comes over the eastern heaven; every minute it deepens to a rosier hue until the whole wide space reflects the pink of morning, a modest lady blushing at a compliment. Then the first glad yellow ray rushes from the impeding hills which chain it down with their dull hugeness, and all its brothers, leaping from the sun, now risen its full circumference above the earth, fly to overtake their leaping leader. They play within the quiet valley, touching first the birch and teasing it to dazzling whiteness. Then they sport with the darker brethren, throwing a lattice work of gold on the emerald leaves, and a light breeze tosses their dark crests to give the sunbeams better chance. Even the bushes receive their share for all the tender green shows up amongst their dainty flowers and they do not bend to revel in their prettiness in vain. But on the river the bright motes linger for here is a playfellow worthy of their mettle, who sends an answering flash from its mystic depths, and throws back diamonds from its ripples to meet the jewels rained upon it. A morning picture after dawn, sunrise on the quiet river, indeed a fairy tale of the Humber valley.

KATE CRAW.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

### Passing.

An aureole crowning the passing year  
 Is the brooding sunshine cast  
 O'er landscape enchanting, afar, anear,  
 O, the splendors here amassed!—  
 For the jewels rare of this crown are told  
 In all gorgeous shadings of red and gold.

And nothing may add that the heart can bring  
 Of charm from the years ago;  
 For joy of the summer, and hope of spring,  
 We, blest in this present, know.  
 The spirit of dreaming fills the air;  
 And life seems unburdened everywhere.

So the heart makes pray'r—"Be life's story told"  
 —Quiescent the soul inclines,—  
 "With the emerald setting to red and gold,  
 —The foil of the stately pines:  
 For the pines in unfading dignity  
 Witness ever love's immortality."

IDRIS.

## Letter Box.

### JAPAN'S SACRED ISLE.

DEAR RAINBOW:

You ask me for a description of a spot as yet undescribed in your pages, so I have chosen Japan's Sacred Isle.

The beautiful in nature must ally itself with some evidence, however slight, of man's presence before it can be fully appreciated by him. The vast forests of the Amazon have their gloomy grandeur enhanced and not relieved by the far-between huts of the Indians which stand spider-like on their piles, and the grandeur and sublimity of the Rockies owe not a little in their effect on the imagination to the conquest of their passes and avalanches by the tiny thread of the Pacific Railway. In this spot I write of—one of the three famous beauty-spots of Japan, famed from time immemorial in Japanese annals for its enchantments of scenery—the native artistry, which of all things in this idealistic land pleases the traveller most, often indeed deluding him into undeserved transports, has not failed to harmonize the necessities of human existence with existing allurements. The waves crawl in and out of innumerable rocky coves, whose walls close jealously about fairy floors of emerald-green waters, while white stones, glimmering far down through the deeps of the tide, suggest the hidden retreats of unseen creatures of the sea. Many islands lie about, all rocky where they are fretted by the teasing sea, but green and soft, often pine-clad above, where they bask in the sun and the gentle rains, like people who turn, smiling and courteous, on the world but have a hardness hidden below ever ready to meet the furies of its storms.

The interior of the island rises in irregular heights, divided by green and wooded valleys which descend easily to the sea, and about the mouth of one of these, facing the mainland, is built the little town. Had any other people built a town there or even a villa, they must have contrived to make it an eyesore to the beauty-abiding divinity who has made the isle his home. As it is, the little match-box houses nestle scarcely seen among the rocks and pines, more as if they had been cast up by the design of some kindly

spirit of the sea than by the coarse labor of human hands. The bright hues are Nature's own, those of the wild azaleas and purple-clustered wisterias, and where they display themselves it is with no arrogance of haughty beauty, but with a gentle insistence of their own modest worth amid the more stern and militant beauties of the pine foliage, like children at a Quakers' meeting.

There is a lightsome touch in everything and an odd frailty characteristic of things Japanese. The trees hang over the waterfalls "light as leaf on linden," and butterflies dance in and out of the foliage, glesome, and dainty as painted Ariels.

We trod this island in many directions, using faint paths through the woods, which often led us nowhere, often coming out of some glade to behold the sea at our feet reflecting, mirror-like, the sinuosities of rock and tree, anon finding our feet entangled in riotous undergrowth or held tight in the threatening clutch of some soft and mossy bit of bog, and again at the top of some eminence there would confront us a tiny temple of wood, with its adornments of faded wreaths and chaplets, all silent and peopleless. On one of these excursions we killed a snake, an act of impiety which we did not publish abroad, for despite its holiness the island seems to have had no St. Patrick to charm these reptiles away.

The spirit which taught the Japanese their nature-worship caught readily at this favored isle as a spot of very especial sanctity. Nothing is allowed to desecrate it by dying on it. Life may neither begin nor end upon it. It sleeps on in a perpetual Now, having neither past nor future, youth nor age. The morning mists and evening suns are but commas in the long prayer of unbroken life: they bring none nearer to the end so far as the island is concerned. Here are the gods that live forever, dwelling content in their embowered shrines, roaming the brakes and the margins of the shore, whispering in the rustle of the bamboos and the sough-sough of the pines, laughing in the tinkle of the waterfalls, accepting the garlands that pilgrims bring, and listening to the vows of holy men.

The corners of the hotel, a sort of wooden chalet, much-verandahed, peeped at us from the mouth of a pine-filled glen. Down the rocky strait lay a huge gray warship doubling her mast and funnels in the sea. A mighty wooden arch,

painted red and straddling out seaward, made a pretence to guard the beach. Behind it a rambling wooden temple projected weird angles and elbows amongst the boughs. The arch was the emblem of the Shinto religion, the temple one of its homes. In this strange land two religions have oddly fraternized, the easy Shintoism, a kind of formal nature reverence tricked out with gewgaws of divinities to catch the popular eye; and the tolerant Buddhism, elastic and expansile, ever ready to adopt and assimilate what it has failed to controvert. The island temples own allegiance to the former though a five-storied pagoda, emblem of the Buddhist creed in the East, towers on a hillock behind. About the beach and the inland glens wander the sacred deer, much as Brahmin bulls in an Indian bazaar.

It was a quaint little town that straggled by the sea, a town of narrow streets and open-fronted dolls' houses, each house as it seemed a shop, so that the people must have lived by buying from each other. Everything was neat and orderly, a strange contrast to the faith of the Chinese cities we had lately left. One would not have hesitated to eat or drink from the counters by the street side. Here was a barber shaving his man, with a respirator over his face—surely the barber's art could go no further. Next door was an inn where they sold saké, the national spirit of Japan, which bowls a man over if he be not aware, with the suddenness of a paralytic stroke. Next came a toy-shop, filled with grotesque trifles, puzzles, boxes, and comical jim-cracks, presided over by an old lady who went into peals of merriment at the antics of her wares even while she did not forget to ask three times the price she meant to take for them. In the next doll's house a group of schoolboys were wrestling on the open floor. One sturdy urchin, with a bullet-head, took on all comers, and beat four of them, till at last, exhausted, he was beaten by the fifth. At every other corner there is a sudden vista of the loch, with its jade-green sea, its silent shores, and the great, gray, silent ship of war; or, on the other hand, of the hanging woods of the steep hillside.

Here one might have written on the great wooden arch on the beach what was written over the entrance to a famous Hindu palace: "If there is a paradise on earth it is this, it is this, it

is this." The days that went by were days of Lotos land. We climbed the crags and the many worn stairs to an eyre above the crags, wherefrom the eye gazed down across and among the billowing pine tops to waters lapping cool and green on blanched sands far, far below and to the panorama of outspread islands asleep on the mirror of the loch. One evening I walked alone by a pathway overhanging the sea, and stood to watch a fishing-boat, a clumsy wooden affair, poling inshore amid the shallows. Six Japanese were at the poles, and at each thrust they grunted, while the rudder ropes creaked and the great yard, with its idle sail hanging limp, gave forth prodigious groans. It drifted on its way and left me alone again. Continuing my walk, I was brought to a halt by a barbed wire fence, which ran up from the rocks across the path and into the woods. On it was a notice, in English and Japanese, that all ground within, being fortified, was forbidden. So there was the Sacred Island, which Death could not invade, armed with great guns, barbed wire, and a warship, a stern portrayal of the conflict of old ideals and modern barbarity.

A. W. HOWLETT.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR RAINBOW:

As you are aware, the marriage of King Manoel with Princess Augusta Victoria of Hohenzollern, took place on Thursday morning, the 4th. inst., after a solemn Mass in the Castle of Sigmaringen, at which only the bride, bridegroom, and immediate relatives were present. King Manoel and his fiancée received Holy Communion. The civil function was carried out at the Castle by the Kaiser's Master of the Household, Count Eulenburg. This was immediately followed by the religious ceremony in the parish church, which was connected with the Castle by a covered way, bedecked with flowers, and lined with white-clad maidens of various classes, including a bevy of peasant girls, in so-called "Hohenzollern" attire. The bride's train was borne by three ladies of the Court. A group of Benedictine monks, carrying huge lighted wax candles, received the wedding-party at the entrance to the church.

Before the altar were, on each side of the bride and bridegroom, the various Royal and other

guests, including the queen mother, Amélie of Portugal, the bride's father, the Prince of Hohenzollern, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Aosta, the aged Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, Prince August Wilhelm (representing the Kaiser), and the Infante of Spain. Cardinal Netto, formerly Patriarch of Lisbon, officiated, and Prince Abbot Bossart, of Einsiedeln, delivered an address. At the wedding breakfast the bride's father made an affectionate speech to his "beloved daughter" and "dear Manoel," in which he mentioned that the present was the third instance, within fifty years, of a union between the Houses of Portugal and Hohenzollern, and reminded them of the Hohenzollern motto, "Nihil sine Deo."

\* \* \* \* \*

Owing to the private initiative of a few devoted friends of the Portuguese Royal Family, there was on Thursday, the fourth of September, at the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater (a foundation of Cardinal Manning, and one of the great Pugin's gems), a touching service, carried out with extreme simplicity and great devotion, and well attended, considering the season of the year, for the intention of the young Portuguese King and his bride. It consisted of a Low Mass and a *Te Deum*. The Very Reverend Father Superior was the celebrant, assisted by Reverend Father Bennet, O. S. B. During the Mass, the skilled organist gave selections of sacred music, including an appropriate Portuguese melody.

At the end, after the grand "Wedding March" had been played, the congregation was invited to go before the altar of Our Lady, which was tastefully decorated with white flowers, and recite the *Salve Regina* and prayers for the special intention of the queen mother and the bride's grandmother, Princess Antonia of Hohenzollern, Infanta of Portugal, and daughter of the Portuguese Queen Doña Maria II. Father Bennet said the prayers. The devotions over, all the congregation signed the telegram of congratulation to the Royal couple at Sigmaringen.

\* \* \* \* \*

King Manoel's present to his bride was an exquisite tiara of most delicate workmanship, studded with two thousand stones—diamonds and emeralds. It was made by the jeweller

whom the bridegroom patronized when he was King of Portugal.

The gift from the City of Oporto was a magnificent specimen of artistic Portuguese workmanship. It consists of a gold jewel case, in the shape of an ancient Portuguese trunk. It is adorned with delicate gold filigree-work and enamel, and studded with precious stones.

The present from "The City of Lisbon to its King"—as the inscription runs—is of great artistic and intrinsic value. It is an ancient ship, in silver, with three masts of agate, resting on silver waves. It is decorated with the arms and crown of Portugal.

The present which the borough of Richmond is to give will consist of a silver Corinthian column set of candelabra, engraved with the arms of King Manoel and the borough. The presentation will probably be made at Fulwell Park, Twickenham, the beautiful old-world property which has been acquired by King Manoel for himself and his bride.

C. T. L.

### "To Restore All Things in Christ." —Daily Communion, Etc.

(Motto of Pope Pius X.)

Called by the sun to the day new-born;  
Invited guest to a banquet spread;  
Forth in the hush of the rev'rent morn  
I go with my soul to our Daily Bread,  
Crumbs thro' long ages have not sufficed:  
Now be restored all things in Christ!

Without and within is the song of birds,  
Beauty of flower, and sky, and tree;  
The hour is for silence and not for words,  
For Heaven's own Manna is "waiting me"!  
Yet this beautiful world!—all fresh and fair;  
And God in His goodness everywhere!

Refreshed from the fullness of Heaven's store,—  
How vain seems pursuit of this world's poor  
pelf!  
With my cup of happiness brimming o'er,  
O, shall not my neighbor have thought with  
self?  
Let the burden be what God wills to-day;  
Night, sooner or later, bring what it may!

IBRIS.

## School Chronicle.

### Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

The summer holidays, with all their good stores, are now a thing of the past. Among their treasures was the visit of Reverend M. I. Stritch, S. J., to the Abbey. Those who were privileged to meet this wonderful man will treasure forever the memory of his personal charm and his kind heart. Those who listened to his fine discourse and captivating oratory can realize what measure of beauty can come from the cultured mind, steeped in divine Love and Wisdom.

Some one said, "You would not think any one could be so charming." And no one could but God's own elect. If we could only secure him this year for our three days' retreat! At present he holds the Chair of Philosophy in St. Louis University.

July the twenty-third marks the date of the death of a grand old Canadian, Mr. James Conmee, father of our dearly-loved and well-remembered classmate, Miss Louise Conmee, graduate of '07. The papers and magazines have said beautiful things about Mr. Conmee. The Kipling motto, "Fellow to a beggar, brother to a king, if he be worthy,"—well suited James Conmee in his personal relations to his fellow men. "His ample purse was ever open to the unfortunate, his kindness was proverbial, a debater of unusual strength and clarity; tender as a woman to the suffering; a loyal friend and an indomitable enemy, and the amasser of a big fortune, James Conmee was a Canadian whose personality and career would repay the study of a Ralph Connor." The tributes were many to this great, good man. We offer our sincerest sympathy to his family and relatives who sustain his loss. R. I. P.

August the twenty-fourth—To-day we were saddened by the tidings of the death of Margaret O'Grady, president of our Alumnae. The news was unexpected and startling, and we can hardly realize that the noble woman who moved among us so recently with such elevating influence, is no more. Although her death was sudden, it was not unprovided; the consolations of our Holy

Faith were hers. She received the last sacraments with fervor, and her last words were expressions of gratitude and resignation to the good God who had so richly endowed her life. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to her many mourning friends. R. I. P.

August the twenty-seventh—The ceremony to-day of the religious Profession of thirteen novices, and the Reception of two postulants was beautifully impressive. In the absence of His Grace Archbishop McNeil, Right Reverend Monsignor McCann, V. G., officiated, assisted by Reverend George Williams. The celebrant of the Mass was Reverend A. O'Malley. A very inspiring sermon was delivered by Reverend M. Gillis, C. S. P., cousin of one of the professed. He showed in his inimitable way the advantages of the religious life. "He that hath left father and mother for my name's sake and the Gospel shall receive a hundredfold in this life and life everlasting hereafter."

The professed novices were: Sisters M. Rose Francis Ottawa; M. Imelde, Joliette; M. Aldegonde, Oustic, Ont.; M. Aileen, Ottawa; M. St. Charles, Kenilworth; M. Borromeo, Kenilworth; M. Florence, Chicago; M. St. Michael, Toronto; M. St. Winefrid, Montreal; M. St. Stanislaus, Hamilton; M. Francis Clare, Toronto; M. St. Aloysius, Hamilton; M. Bertha, Collingwood.

The postulants were: Miss Myra Street, Ottawa, in religion Sister M. Loyola; Miss Olive Porter, Chicago, in religion Sister M. Pancratius.

September the seventh—The sermon on "Usefulness," this morning, by our greatly-appreciated chaplain, Reverend A. O'Malley, was a wholesome treat. "Be amiable and humble and you can be used effectively; be proud and self-willed and you are good only to be humored!" Father O'Malley speaks new thoughts in new ways.

September the eighth—Our opening day! In our circle are representatives from the four cardinal points. Some from the salubrious northwest are smiling far-off sweet smiles as if they are glad to escape the snows of Fort William; and some from the northeast are talking volubly about politics as if they are yet abstracted in the

atmosphere of Ottawa; and some from the south are sighing little pensive sighs for the blue grass of Kentucky; and some from the east are jesticulating mildly and shrugging little shoulders and speaking beautiful French! "Striking varieties!" says one, standing upon a chair and looking down at us! This one is our philosopher! She falls up the steps because there are no wells here to fall into.

September the ninth—The "Victrola" this afternoon was a delightful treat, thanks to Mr. Paul Hahn and his friend, Mr. Nash, who were instrumental in securing this pleasure for us.

September the fourteenth—We enjoyed the sermon, this morning. It was the first after our return, and the Reverend M. Staley, to whom we are indebted for the favor, rendered his words doubly impressive by the way he applied the words of the sacred text to our lives. He spoke on the gospel of the Sunday—"That you may know that the Son of Man hath power to forgive sins, He said to the man sick of the palsy, arise, take up thy bed and walk."

September the sixteenth—A real Japanese Sister—Sister Mary Louise—was at the Abbey, this afternoon. She speaks five languages, English, French, Italian, Portuguese and Japanese. She is travelling around the world, begging for the orphanages in Japan, under the charge of her Order. She is quite tall. Her religious dress is black, relieved by no white around the face or hands. She is interesting and pleasant-looking and we are quite anxious to meet her. This pleasure will be ours on Tuesday, September twenty-third, when she has promised to return and tell us about Japan, her own country.

September the eighteenth—Mr. Coombs, our new choral master, has altered the time of our choral period from 10.30, a. m., to 3 o'clock, p. m. We feel we are privileged to be able to secure Mr. Coombs for our vocal director. He is a genius with none, or with only the delightful eccentricities of genius!

September the nineteenth—The lecture on "Character," this evening, by Reverend A. O'Malley, was deeply interesting. Every word appealed so that one's mind kept punctuating each great idea with—"that is true—so true." The Reverend speaker is a man of ideas, always

entertaining, and always inspiring. He accentuated the "habit of work," particularly. "Let one tell me he is unhappy, melancholy,—tired of it all—and I can tell him, if I would, what is true—he has never acquired the habit of work, he is indolent."

September the twenty-first—This morning, Reverend G. Ferré, S. J., of Montreal, celebrated Mass here and delivered a most pleasing sermon on "How to become a saint." The Reverend speaker said it did not consist in working miracles,—Judas worked miracles and he was the son of perdition—nor in practicing austerities,—the Pharisees practised austerities and they were whited sepulchres—nor in giving alms,—John the Baptist gave no alms and he was the great precursor, the God-enulogized, the most perfect man born of woman! "In what then? Let us come to Nazareth and see. Here we behold Mary about her humble tasks, sweeping, dusting, preparing the frugal meal. Nothing more wonderful than this for thirty years, and she is the greatest saint in heaven. We see Joseph in the carpenter shop, driving nails, planing boards, all day long. Nothing more wonderful, and Joseph is the next greatest saint in the Church of God! And lastly, we see the Child helping Joseph in his humble toil. This is the Child whose gospel will subsequently change the world. This fair Child is the Eternal Son of God! It is not then what we do but how well we do that which we are called upon to do for God's sake that makes us saints."

KATE CRAY.

### Loreto Convent, Hamilton.

September the first—Mount St. Mary honored by a visit from Very Reverend Abbé Azarie Couillard-Desprès, of Quebec.

While the visit was appreciated by all the Religious, it was especially enjoyed by M. M. Euphemia, cousin of our Reverend guest. Indeed we were loath to intrude on their moments of pleasant retrospection and only wished that M. M. Angela, M. M. Camilla and M. M. Joseph had been here to share the pleasure of the reunion. However, the good Father was not unmindful of their desire for he went to the Abbey, the day before, and was on his way to the Falls.

M. M. Euphemia is now the fortunate possessor of some valuable volumes—notably, "La Première Famille Française au Canada, ses Alliés et ses Descendants," and "Histoire des Seigneurs de la Rivière du Sud et de leurs Alliés Canadiens et Acadiens"—by this distinguished writer.

M. l'Abbé has graciously promised to honor the RAINBOW by contributions to its pages, in the near future.

We like to think that he has carried away with him to his historic home some happy memories of Mount St. Mary, whose doors will always be open to him in cordial welcome.

September the second—Reopening of school—new work—new resolves. Truly is the willing-away time over, despite the fact that thoughts of summer joys still linger and roseate memory pictures flit through the mind and blur the open page before us.

Many interesting phases of human nature are revealed in the recital of incidents and experiences of the holidays, which furnish the principal topic for conversation, for school girls still have their all-important nothings to talk about and discuss, notwithstanding the insistent claims on their attention, in this age of individual development, and the new apparatus of scholarship which belongs to the educational maelstrom wherein we ever revolve.

September the eighth—Apart from the traditions linked with the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, Father Faber tells us "there is hardly a feast in the year so gay and bright as this—right in the heart of the happy harvest, as though she were, as indeed she was, earth's heavenliest growth, whose cradle was to rock to the measures of the whole world's vintage-songs; for she had come who was the true harvest-home of that homeless world."

An added note of joy, caught from the silvery chimes of Jubilee bells, marked the celebration in our midst, this year.

September the thirteenth—In the early hours of this golden afternoon, with our fortunate star in the ascendant, we found ourselves en route to the Beach, lured by the traditional potency of its breezes to banish dull care, homesickness and all the other ills to which the schoolgirl oc-



asionally falls victim—the accommodating car seemed to be aware that its occupants were desirous of just such a boon, and proved equal to the emergency.

The first real glimpse of the Beach—the satisfying one—was joyfully acclaimed; attention was held to something every moment—a store of pictures about which one could write indefinitely was there for keen eyes and receptive minds. Of course, we waxed duly enthusiastic over the scenic delights as each entrancing vista, each new surprise came in view, but endeavor as we would, the heights attained by certain maidens of the party, imbued to the marrow with a sense of the beauty of everything in the vicinity of their native town, were beyond our reach. For the dozenth time since we had set out, we mustered our supply of adjectives—all too few and small to please the exacting taste of our friends. "What a delicious haze hangs over the water—full of mystery—full of suggestion!" exclaimed Mary. "Don't you catch the subtle charm?" We didn't. "Sometimes on a glorious autumn day I have stood here when every detail of the most remote spot was cut out sharp as a cameo, and I fairly wept with admiration." If only we could!

Next time we will bring that book of synonyms to the Beach—or, better still, commit to memory a few new adjectives to represent a proper degree of admiration.

A generous supply of cake and fruit proved an appetizing lunch and added not a little to the enjoyment of the occasion. All too soon the shadow of departure hung over us and a voice called the hour for the return trip. With happy memories of an afternoon pleasantly passed, we said au revoir, and the car sped onward.

September the twenty-third—We have heard with deepest regret of the death of Mr. Patrick Ford, one of the best, noblest and staunchest champions of the Irish race. The close of the long and distinguished career of this noble patriot, was the ending of a Christian life in a most edifying manner. For years he had been preparing for death. Every first Friday of the month witnessed him kneeling at the altar-rail to receive the Body and Blood of Christ. On the fiftieth anniversary of what he ever regarded as the most momentous event in his life—his

First Communion—he gave in the *Irish World* a brief description of the scene in the old Holy Cross Cathedral in Boston, when he was first privileged to receive his Lord. In his own simple, clear and direct manner he told of how he was accorded what was to him the inestimable boon of being united with his God in the Sacrament of the Altar, with a detailed account of what might seem to be a purely personal matter. His reasons for doing so throw a strong light upon the spiritual side of his character. "The real motive that impelled me to note these events was not the gratification of a puerile vanity, but rather a desire to kindle in others, especially in the hearts of children who are preparing for Confirmation and Communion, a burning flame of love for those heavenly gifts and an abiding regard of their memorial of their reception of the blessed sacraments."

To the sorrowing family of Mr. Ford the RAINBOW offers sincere sympathy and the assurance of prayer for the repose of his soul.

September the twenty-seventh—First in importance in the chronicle of the opening scholastic year is the visit of our beloved Bishop, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton, whose "worth is warrant for his welcome."

How we look forward to these gracious paternal evidences of interest, accompanied by words of encouraging approval, which not only brighten our lives but help us to surmount the difficulties that oftentimes bestrew the rugged path of knowledge,—and the great Archangel, mindful of our desire for the loved presence, guided his steps to us to-day.

After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, His Lordship preached a beautiful sermon on devotion to the Holy Angels, those blessed spirits whose chief care—next to that of adoring and serving their Creator—is for our happiness and eternal welfare. The Holy Angels, His Lordship said, are destined to be not only our guides, but likewise our models on the road to heaven, their virtues should form a frequent subject of our meditation especially in this age of toleration, weakening of Christian belief, and civilization in which a belief in God and immortality is becoming perilously vague; when vast numbers of nominally Christian people follow prevailing customs and fashions, of whatever kind

they may be, without even asking themselves whether they are forbidden by any of the Ten Commandments.

His Lordship's words, spoken with that forcefulness of presentation, familiar and dear to his privileged hearers, find their way straight to our hearts, never to be forgotten. G. W.

### Personals.

"Where do you stand in school these days?"  
"In the corner most of the time."

"What's the matter with Nan?"

"Yesterday she had an attack of examinitis, and to-day she's trying to set the machinery of the world's affairs in motion."

"Lincoln was born on a bright summer day, the 12th. of February, 1809. He was born in a log cabin he had helped his father to build."

"Oh, it's ten o'clock!"

"Why didn't you tell me that before?"

"Because it wasn't."

"You know what happens when a little girl tells a falsehood? A black spot comes on her soul."

"Then Bessie's soul must be just speckled."

"Can you describe a sea-horse?"

"Yes. It's the present tense of saw-horse."

"We had to have our dog shot last week."

"Was he mad?"

"Well, he didn't seem any too well pleased."

"Look at these black kid gloves. They're the latest style. They have tan stitches and vice versa."

"I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa."

"Oh, vice versa is the French for seven buttons. Buy them."

"Just listen to the way Nellie is talking about the world being a sad place."

"What is she saying?"

"That we never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he's dead."

"Translate—Riz de veau à la financière."

"Smile of the calf at the wife of the financier."

"What is Lil's malady now?"

"Enlargement of the imagination, I think."

"John Cabot landed at Labrador and took possession of the British King."

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THE CIGAR WITH A TONE

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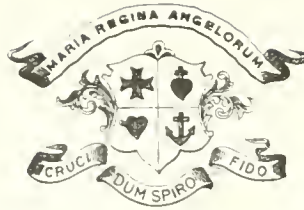
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to buy where goods are exchanged willingly.  
to buy where one can buy everything.  
to 'phone orders where prompt attention is given.  
to find everything arranged for one's comfort; for example, toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen;  
ample rest room; perfect ventilation; 'phones on every floor; parcel checking office; perfect elevator service.  
finally, to find that one's money goes farthest and that satisfaction is actually guaranteed with every purchase at

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ARCADE  
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Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XX.

OCTOBER, 1913.

No. 4

## A Royal Wedding.

(London, October the Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen.)

The world of place, of privilege, and power,  
Now glad awaits a joyous, gorgeous hour:

While dues of deeper meaning here belong  
Than garish gauds that please the vulgar throng.

Here thought, and word, and deed, just greetings bring  
To honor worthy Kinsman of our King.

And here no nobler sight since time began —  
The Prince is well o'ershadowed by the Man!

The Princess he has chosen for his bride  
Is more the maiden shy than aught beside,—

The type of cultured womanhood most sweet;  
And Britons ne'er withhold their tribute meet.

Full pleasing is this pledge of heart and hand,  
To loving, loyal hearts throughout the land,

Who to o'erruling heaven petitions raise  
To beg for them a happy length of days.

LORETO.

### A Region of Mystery.

**Y**OU ask me to tell your readers something about the petrified trees of Arizona; of the onyx forest of that land of contradiction; of the pre-deluvian vegetation turned from wood into precious stone; of the wonderful variety and coloring of the minerals and the marvels of the particular region dowered by nature with these mysterious gifts. If this stupendous phenomenon, this stone forest, lay in the interior of India, in northern Africa, or on the mountain tops of Switzerland, droves of Canadians and Americans would be rushing there every summer, whereas comparatively few people are annual visitors to this land of wonders.

There are three petrified forests, all in Apache County, Arizona. The nearest is six miles south of Adamana, a comfortable little station on the Santa Fe trunk line. The other two are nine and twelve miles still to the south of Adamana. The three are reserved and protected by the United States Government and for all time will be the property of the American people. The three forests are officially known as Chalcedony Park; "ten miles square, covered with trunks of agatized (stone) trees, some of which measure more than two hundred feet in length and from seven to ten feet in diameter." This is the statement made by the legislative assembly of Arizona in 1895, when it petitioned Congress to make the stone forest a national reservation.

This forest is, beyond question, one of the greatest wonders of the world. For the student of geology it is *the* greatest wonder on the earth to-day and is an unsolved problem and indeed a mystery. There is nothing to approach it in Europe, Asia or Africa. It is old, immensely old, and, as it is not subject to decay, it defies the gnawing tooth of time. It will for all time mock the efforts of man to solve its riddle, and will, in all probability, retain the secret of its age and origin till the "sun becomes black as sackcloth of hair, and the whole moon becomes as blood and time shall be no more."

Let me tell the sober facts as the eye sees them, touched only by that coloring to which the scientific writer may not descend.

### The Stone Trees.

In a lovely region almost deserted by man and animal, throwing out little vegetation, parched and forbidden, there are 'neath the earth and on its surface millions of great trees that, in the very remote past, before man was on the earth to count time, stood erect, beautiful in form and majestic in strength. How and when did these trees change their nature and become stone? What awful cataclysm overwhelmed them, did they fall before the giant onrush of a tornado or go down one by one as the approaching sea eat away their foundations?

When the last of them yielded up its life several thousand acres were covered with the fallen giants. Then by some unknown process the trees of wood began to change and to lose the distinguishing marks by which a tree is a tree the world over. To-day the trunks and roots of the trees are of solid stone and over this weird region masses of brilliant colored onyx, of banded agate and sparkling crystals are scattered.

Petrifactions are not rare curiosities. They appear here and there in the Rocky Mountains, in the Yellowstone Park, in Nevada, Utah and in the Bad Lands of South Dakota, but here in Chalcedony Park their extent and magnitude surpass anything of the kind on the earth and stagger credulity itself. Thousands of acres are thickly strewn with trees, logs and stumps and with many millions of tons of fragments and of pieces of wondrous and variegated colors.

Scientific men—specialists in geology and mineralogy—inform us that this land, now a desert, was in other times covered with a great forest. Some of these learned men—Sabios, the Mexicans call them—tell us the trees were Douglas fir, others say they were of the cypress family, and a few state there were many different kinds of trees, which accounts for the change of colors and the variety in the appearance of the mineralization. It may be some time before these Sabios agree and settle to a finality the family of the trees.

### What Happened.

But, however that may be, the forest went down and the trees lay in soak for ages in a sea of chemicals or in flowing waters carrying min-

ute grains of minerals until the fibres of the trunks and every granule of the roots and branches were turned to stone, receiving and reflecting colors as beautiful as those of the jewels of Golconda.

And here is a most wonderful thing: there are places where three buried forests, lying one above the other, were mineralized; where the stone trees lie in layers with twenty and even forty feet of sand between them. The surface of the ground in three large areas is filled with logs, branches, trunks and chips, all petrified and some of them sand-strewn. Now, if soundings were made here lower layers would be reached of like petrifications—similar to those on the surface. In 1903, shafts were sunk in places and layers were struck sixty or seventy feet below the surface. So that we may safely conclude that when the forest, now at the bottom, fell, soil formed again and, on this land, another forest grew up, flourished for many centuries, sank into water, into a chemical bath, and its trees became petrified. Then the waters receded and a sandy loam formed over the second forest. On this new land millions of trees grew to great height and thickness, making a third forest, which fell also and became stone. Surely this earth of ours hath nowhere, nor at any time, furnished a marvel like unto this.

I sat on a tree 160 feet in length, while immediately before me, lying side by side, were two giants 126 and 120 feet, almost perfect, petrified from the bark upon them to the hearts within them.

#### The Crystallised Bridge.

And most wonderful of all is the petrified tree 111 feet long, stretched across a narrow ravine and lying to-day where it fell ages before Columbus found America. If your courage be equal to the attempt, you may cross it and in so doing look down into a tree-fringed stream flowing beneath you. In all probability this tree was where it now lies long before the Deluge. What a measureless eternity it represents. It was here when the stones of the pyramids were unbewn, when Babylon and Nineveh were not, and was old before Abraham saw any of the Chaldeans. "This new world," writes Sir W. F. Butler, "is older than the old world. Its 30,000

feet in depth of Azoiic rock tells us of an age when nought of living form moved over the iron earth."

To speculate upon the age of this stone forest is time lost. Before these trees of adamant, conjecture halts; the past has drawn over them an impenetrable shroud that no research can pierce, no learning solve. Here six thousand feet above the sea they rest in a desolation of wilderness, treeless, awe-inspiring, lonely and wind-swept; the solitary remains of an earlier world and the lonely, altered wreck of a pre-human and luxuriant vegetation.

W. R. H.

#### Island Reberics.

##### Vindication of Mary Stuart.

*(Continued from last issue.)*

When within a few miles of Glasgow, the queen was met by Captain Thomas Crawford, a person in the service of the Earl of Lennox, who presented to her the "humble commendations" of his master, saying that the earl, Darnley's father, would have come to meet her but that "he thought she was displeased with him." The queen briefly observed, "There is no receipt against fear." "My lord hath no fear for anything he knows in himself," rejoined Crawford. "He would not be afraid unless he were culpable," said the queen. "Have you any further commission?" "No," said Crawford. "Then hold your peace," she haughtily rejoined, and closed the conference by riding on to Glasgow. Neither Darnley's attendants nor Mary's followers witnessed the first gush of natural feeling with which the lately jarring, but now reconciled, pair met in the alcoved recess of Darnley's sick-chamber. Even Knox and Buchanan bear witness to the tender and soothing attentions she lavished on him on her arrival at Glasgow, though they, of course, impute all her kindness to deceit. The eager craving of poor Darnley, on the bed of sickness, for the company of her whom he had been wont to desert for days and weeks together, to indulge his sullen humor, shows that he had no just cause of complaint, no mistrust of her. He had said to the murderers

of Rizzio that she was a true princess, and he would stake his life on her fidelity of word and deed—and he was ready to do so. He had proved her cherishing care during his previous maladies, of which he had had his share, during the brief period of his abode in Scotland. She had nursed him in infectious illnesses, watched beside his feverish bed, smoothed the pillow for his aching temples, and administered medicine and nourishment to him with her own gentle hands. A fragment has been preserved of a poem from Darnley's pen: the verses are without date, but the peculiar tone in which they are couched leaves little doubt as to the period when they were written:

“The turtle for her mate  
 More dule may not endure  
 Than I do for her sake  
 Who has my heart in cure (keeping);  
 My heart which shall be sure (faithful, certain).  
 With service to the deed,  
 Unto that lady pure  
 The weal of womanhood.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Yet no mirth till we meet,  
 Shall cause me be content,  
 But still my heart lament,  
 In sorrowful sighing sore,  
 Till that time she's present.  
 Farewell, I say no more,  
 quoth King Henry Stuart.”

The following testimony is borne by one of their royal son's English prelates, the Bishop of Winchester, to the learning and literary attainments of this unfortunate pair: “The King's father, Lord Darnley, translated Valerius Maximus, and Queen Mary, his mother, wrote a book of verses in French, of the ‘Institution of a Prince,’ and wrought the cover of it with her needle, all with her own hand, and this book is now esteemed by his Majesty James I. as a most precious jewel.”

These days of ministering to her afflicted husband were the last happy ones to be known by the devoted wife.

“Mary had duties as a sovereign to perform, which could not be transacted in the infected chamber of her sick husband. Besides the daily

routine of signing and considering papers, letters and petitions, she had to attend to all the appeals and suits that poured in upon her as soon as her arrival in Glasgow was known, and she had also to receive all the nobility and gentry both male and female, of the west country, who came to pay their devoir to her. To prevent exposing these and her own personal suite to the immediate contagion of the small-pox, and also, perhaps, because she distrusted the Earl of Lennox, who was in Glasgow Castle with his son, she took up her abode with her ladies and numerous attendants in the Archbishop's palace, distant about a hundred yards from the castle. Darnley progressed so rapidly in his convalescence that he was able to commence his journey under Mary's care, towards Edinburgh, on Monday, January 27th. The king was conveyed in the queen's own litter, a long carriage, supported between two horses, where he might recline at full length on a soft mattress or bed, warmly wrapped in furs, and feel neither the cold nor the roughness of the roads. Mary had caused the pleasant suite of apartments lately occupied by herself at Craigmillar Castle to be prepared for his reception. No place could be better chosen for the purpose.—Craigmillar Castle was quiet, cheerful, sunny, and salubrious in situation, sheltered from the bleak winds, the sea fogs, and the smoke of Edinburgh, and yet within sight and easy distance of everything going on there. The premature removal of a southron patient, newly convalesced of the small-pox, from the soft, mild valley of Glasgow to the sharp temperature of Edinburgh, would be at the imminent risk of life: if he were either lodged in the damp, low palace of Holyrood, or on the bleak heights of the Castle rock, when enveloped in its mid-winter mantle of chilling mists, a fatal inflammation of the lungs, windpipe or throat would be the result. In order to avoid these dangers the queen had decided not to bring her husband into Edinburgh till he should be sufficiently recovered to bear the cutting winds or still more noxious fogs of ‘Auld Reekie.’”

But Darnley preferred Edinburgh to Craigmillar, and to the former place he was conveyed.

“Mary and Darnley, having left Linlithgow for Edinburgh, 30th. January, were met on the road by the Earl of Bothwell, whose duty it was as

Sheriff of the Lothians, to escort them to Edinburgh: such being the simple explanation of the sinister entry in Moray's journal about 'Bothwell keeping tryst with the queen, and meeting her by the way the day she came out of Linlithgow, and brought the king to Edinburgh.' It would have been considered a serious misdemeanor on the part of any sheriff, either in Scotland or England, who should have failed to pay that public mark of respect to royalty. All the nobles and gentry mounted as a matter of course, to meet and welcome their liege Lady on her return to her metropolis, for she came in state from Linlithgow to Edinburgh.

"Her ministers not having clearly defined which of the two houses by the Kirk-o'-Field had been prepared for Darnley's lodging, the queen, when they alighted at the portal of the Provost's house, supposing it was a mistake, took her consort by the hand to lead him to the Hamilton Palace, hard by, but was prevented by the Earl of Moray, who, being there to receive his victims, interposed and conducted them into the fatal mansion appointed by him and the other conspirators for the consummation of their crime."

Robert Balfour, provost of Kirk-o'-Field, in whose house Darnley was lodged, was a brother of Sir James Balfour, parson of Fliske, one of the conspirators. He furnished the conspirators with duplicate keys of every room in his house. "Bothwell brought gunpowder from his castle of Dunbar and placed it in the lower vaults of Kirk-o'-Field, awaiting the favorable moment which should realize his intentions."

Meanwhile the queen fitted up her husband's suite of rooms right royally and comfortably.

"Moray, subsequently, in a bold attempt to incriminate Queen Mary, bribed Nelson, the only one of Darnley's servants who survived the tragedy, to depose before the English Council that 'at his (Darnley's) coming to Kirk-o'-Field, his chamber was hung, and a new bed of black figured velvet standing therein.' Nelson added that 'the queen caused take down the new black bed, saying it would be soiled with the bath'; and thereafter set up an old purple bed, that was used to be carried.'

"Nelson's evidence has been considered to weigh heavily against Mary, but that of the

Royal Wardrobe Inventory still existing, entirely upsets and forever the story of the substitution of an old purple bed by the queen, by certifying the fact that a costly velvet bed of the rich tint described as violet-brown, with drapings passamented with silver and gold, was set up for Darnley's use in the fatal lodging of Kirk-o'-Field, and perished with him; 'No. 7 item, a new bed of violet-brown velvet, passamented with gold and silver, furnished with roof, head-piece, and pandis, three under-pandis.' Against this description the marginal notation appears: 'In August, 1566, the queen gave this bed to the king, furnished with all things, and in February, 1567, the said bed was tint (lost) in his lodgings.'

Little did the devisers of the perjured depositions of Nelson imagine the possibility of their plausible fictions being detected through the mechanical minuteness of the clerk by whom these explanatory notes were added for the information of Moray himself—notes which, in the fulness of time, were to bring their simple matter-of-fact evidence to bear on the question of Mary's innocence, by confuting the falsehoods with which her accusers endeavored to bolster up their calumnious charges against her. The particulars derived from "Queen Mary's Wardrobe Book" are corroborated in a remarkable manner by a recently discovered paper, of no less importance than the original discharge, executed and signed by herself, exonerating Servais de Condé for the loss of the rich movables with which he had furnished the king's lodgings, and which were destroyed there: "Discharge of the furniture carried to the lodgings of the late king, which furniture was destroyed without anything being recovered. (Signed) Marie R." Inedited MSS. among the Royal Records in Her Majesty's General Register House, Edinburgh. From the items in this list, an idea may be formed of the regal as well as comfortable style in which the apartments of the princely invalid were fitted up for his temporary abode. "Firstly, a bed of violet velvet, with double vallances, passamented with gold and silver, furnished with a silk pailiasse, mattress and traversin (bolster), and one coverlid of blue taffety *picquée*, and two other coverings, an orillier and envelope (pillow and pillow-case). One little table, with a cloth of green velvet, a high chair covered with violet

velvet, with a cushion; XVI. pieces tapestry, enough for his chamber, his hall, and wardrobe, both great and little; a dais for his hall, a black velvet,—with double draperies."

"The last article denotes that Darnley had a presence-chamber as well as a bed-room at the house of Kirk-o'-Field, and that it was fitted up by the queen's orders, as regal etiquette required, with the raised platform called a *dais*, a canopy, or cloth-of-state. He had also a double-seated chair of state, called a *canapé*, covered with yellow and red rayed taffety, the royal colors, which would be occupied by himself and his royal consort; a high chair covered with leather, for his bed-room, and several useful articles not necessary to enumerate here." "A small turn-up bed, with tawny and green damask furniture, a silk pailiasse, mattress and bolster, a stitched coverlid of green taffety, with two other coverings and an envelope; and a taffety pavilion, turning into the form of a wardrobe." "This bed was for the gentleman-in-waiting, who slept in Darnley's chamber. Besides these, we observe in the 'Wardrobe Book' that three red velvet cushions, and three of green velvet, and a red taffety coverlid, stitched, the gift of the queen, and probably her work, were tint in the king's lodgings."

The testimony of the most inimical of witnesses proves that the queen did everything in her power to soothe and cheer her husband during the period of his quarantine, passing much of her time with him. When she required air and exercise, she walked with Lady Reres in the garden of the ruined Dominican convent, which adjoined that of the Kirk-o'-Field, and occasionally sang duets with her, probably under the window of the princely invalid, to gratify his musical taste. Sometimes she sent for the royal band from Holyrood House, to play in these gardens of an evening. "Darnley had been chastened by that stern schoolmaster, sickness, and brought to self-recollection and repentance by the near prospect of the grave. He was not past the age for improvement, and he made daily promises of becoming all his royal wife could desire. Her company was so sweet to him that he was always loth to part with her when she bade him adieu for the night, and returned to Holyrood House to sleep. As he sometimes wooed her to prolong her stay beyond the hour when the gates were closed, and

his health was still far from re-established, Mary caused the lower chamber to be fitted up as a bed-room for herself, that she might oblige him by passing the night under the same roof with him. Darnley, by way of employing his solitude profitably, had combined a course of devotional exercises with the sanitary process prescribed by his physicians, having made what the Church of which he was a member terms "a retreat," or interval of self-recollection, penance and prayer, preparatory to his reappearance on the arena of public life. Reconciled both to his consort and himself, he was rapidly recovering his health and strength, and expected to resume his place in the world under auspicious circumstances." On Sunday, February 9th.,—the last he was ever to spend in life—"he heard Mass devoutly," we are told in a letter of the Bishop of Mondivi to the Duke of Tuscany.

The happy royal pair had ten days of regained Eden, God's own days, when Satan in the form of Mary's ministers could not rob them of this foretaste of Paradise. How gratifying to his pious consort to see her king conforming to heavenly grace; with contrite heart making examination of conscience; and then angelically happy after a good confession!

The queen stayed at Kirk-o'-Field on the night of Saturday, February 8th. How supremely happy were she and her husband when, on Sunday morning, they together "heard Mass devoutly, knelt together for the last time at the Lord's table, where the Body and Blood of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ nourished their souls unto everlasting life!

What fervent prayers were breathed for the so-called "nobles," the ministers who had given up the Faith and the interior life to become—anarchists, murderers, and "white-slavers"!

Even the Earl of Huntley, unworthy of his ancestors, was now on the downward path, and no longer a practising or professing Catholic.

"The queen had arranged to hold a court at Holyrood on Monday, February 10th., for the farewell audience of the Savoyard ambassador, Count Moretta, and his suite."

Moretta and his suite, doubtless, were witnesses when Darnley "heard Mass devoutly," and assisted at that celebration in Darnley's council-chamber or hall, fitted up as a chapel.



"Moray, true to his cautious policy, in order to be out of the way while inferior villains performed the butcher's work, on Sunday, February 9th., requested the queen's permission 'to cross into Fifeshire to visit his lady, who had sent word to him,' he said, 'that she was ill of a burning fever.' Mary entreated him to delay his departure only one day, to assist at the court to be holden on the morrow for the leave-taking of the Savoyard ambassador, but he protested 'the impossibility of delay, as his wife was in danger of premature childbirth, and might possibly be dead before he arrived, unless he used despatch in hastening to her.' The occult insjurer of all the various agencies employed in the mysterious tragedy thus glided off the stage, leaving to them the danger of its consummation. The reason for Bothwell and his accomplices appointing that particular night for their atrocious purpose was because they knew the queen and all her attendants would be away, she having promised to give a masked ball at Holyrood, in honor of the nuptials of her faithful servant, Sebastian Paiges, master of the Revels, with Christilly Hegg; and also of Margaret Cawood, co-heiress of the Laird of Cawood in Lanarkshire, with John Stuart of Tullyinst. Margaret was one of her bedchamber women, a post she had held ever since 1564. Both Margaret Cawood and Bastian had united in contriving the escape of their royal mistress and her repentant consort, Darnley, from the restraint in which they were both held by the associate traitors in Holyrood after the murder of Rizzio. Mary provided the twelve o'clock dinner for the double-wedding party and graced it with her presence. She then visited Darnley and spent some time with him. At four o'clock, she, with all her nobles, supped at the grand banquet to which she had been invited by the Bishop of Argyll, to meet the departing members of the Savoyard ambassador. When she rose from table she was attended by all the great nobles present to Kirk-o'-Field, where she brought them with her into her husband's chamber, for them to pay their devoir to him, and probably their first compliments of congratulation on his recovery. This was evidently a small state-reception or court held in Darnley's apartment to amuse him, and pass the interval between her return from the four o'clock Episcopal supper and going to the

masked ball at Holyrood, to which she had promised to give her presence. Meantime Bothwell, instead of attending her Majesty with the other nobles to the house of Kirk-o'-Field, had slipped away in the bustle of the uprising from the Bishop's table, and went to hold a secret council with his ruffian route in the hall of his lower apartments in Holyrood Abbey. The nobles who had attended the queen to the house of Kirk-o'-Field were waiting to escort her to Holyrood Abbey, where she had arranged to sleep the night of the ball; but Darnley being more than usually reluctant to part with her, she continued to linger by his side till it was more than time for an invalid to be in bed. It was not, indeed, till the eleventh hour that she rose to depart, observing, as she did so, that 'it was later than she had thought; but she must not break her promise to Bastian and his bride.' Darnley, in lover-like mood, desiring still to detain her, she drew a valuable ring from her finger, and placing it on his as a pledge of her affection, kissed and embraced him with endearing words of leave-taking, and promises that she would soon return to visit him again; and so they parted to meet in this life no more. As the queen did not arrive at Holyrood Abbey till past eleven, which was very late for an evening entertainment in the sixteenth century, she did not tarry quite an hour in the ball-room, but retired with the bride and her other ladies just before midnight. The company then broke up and dispersed. Mary was attended on that last gay evening of her life by the Countesses of *Mar*, *Athol*, and *Bothwell*, among others of the noble matrons of Scotland. These would have been substantial witnesses to bring forward against her, if her conduct had, in the slightest manner, deviated from that which be-  
seemed a queen and a virtuous woman.

"Bothwell, after the ball was ended, changed his court dress, and went forth privately with Hubert to see that all things were in proper train at the house of Kirk-o'-Field for the perpetration of the cruel design, and leaving his kinsman, John Hepburn of Bowton, and Hay, to fire the train, he returned to his chambers in Holyrood, over the gateway, in time to be found quiet in bed with his wife there when the explosion roused the slumbering city. Alarmed by the explosion, which resembled a volley of five-and-

twenty or thirty cannon, fired off at once, the queen had just sent to inquire the cause, when the Earls of Argyll, Athol, Huntley, and Bothwell, with their ladies, rushed into her presence, with the agitating tidings of what was supposed to have happened at Kirk-o'-Field. The queen instantly ordered Bothwell, her lieutenant, to proceed thither with the guards, of whom the captain was James Stuart of Ochiltree, in order to ascertain what had really occurred. Every one hurried with him to the scene of the mysterious tragedy. The Provost's house no longer existed. Four of Darnley's servants were found crushed to death; Thomas Nelson, also a servant, was the only one taken out alive. At five o'clock, on Monday morning, Darnley's lifeless body was found lying under a tree in a little orchard about eighty yards from the ruins on the other side of the wall. He had nothing on save his night shirt, but his furred pelisse and *pantouffles* were close by; and, near him, was the corpse of his faithful servant, William Taylor. There was not, however, the slightest bruise or fracture on their persons. The smell of fire had not passed over their garments, nor was a hair of their heads singed. Darnley's furred pelisse and pantouffles being found near him, and unsinged, indicates the probability that, with the instinctive caution of an invalid dreading an exposure to the cold night air in his shirt, he had snatched them up when he fled for his life on the first alarm, intending to put them on as soon as opportunity would allow, but that, ere he could do this, he was overtaken by the assassins and strangled. In confirmation exists this letter from Father Edmonds, the Principal of the Society of Jesuits, to the Bishop of Mondivi, and is dated March 16, 1567. To quote the letter: 'As to the particulars of the death of the king, Monsignore de Moretta is entirely of opinion that this poor prince, hearing the noise of people round the house trying false keys to open the outlets, rushed forth himself by a door that opened into the garden in his shirt, with a pelisse, to fly from the peril, and *there was strangled*, and brought out of the garden into a little orchard beyond the wall of the grounds; and the murderers blew up the house to slay all the rest that were within, because the king was found dead, with his pelisse by his side; and some

women, whose sleeping rooms adjoined the garden, affirm to have heard the king cry, 'Ah, my kinsmen, have mercy on me, for love of Him who had mercy on us all!'" The claim of consanguinity with which Darnley vainly endeavored to move the hard hearts of the ruffians to whom he addressed his appeal for mercy, *indicates they were the Douglas gang*, his *maternal* kindred, led to the perpetration of this foul deed by Morton's deputy, Archibald Douglas.

"That night Archibald Douglas went forth from the back door of his dwelling-house clad in armor but with velvet slippers on his feet to muffle his tread. One of these slippers was found in the ruins of Kirk-o'-Field.

"While the manner of Darnley's death remained a mystery to all honest men in Scotland, the particulars of his last moments were known to the English Marshal at Berwick. 'The king,' writes Sir Wm. Drury to Cecil, 'was long of dying, and to his strength made debate for his life.' Drury's information must have come from the assassins or the conspirators by whom they were employed."

The whole of that day, the first of her bereavement, the queen remained in the lugubrious seclusion of the alcove of her darkened chamber, stretched on her bed, in a state of mental stupefaction, paralyzed with grief and horror. The king's body, when the surgeons had made their post-mortem examination, was placed on a bier and conveyed by the queen's command, to her palace of Holyrood. Mary visited and took a sad farewell of the remains of her mysteriously-murdered consort. Long she gazed on his lifeless form, in that deep sorrow of the heart whose silence is more expressive than words. Her orders were that he should be embalmed, wrapt in cerecloth, and placed in the Chapel-Royal till the day of the funeral.

"The remains of the unfortunate Darnley were interred in the royal vault of the Chapel of Holyrood, by the side of Mary's father, James V., February 15th., in the evening. The funeral was necessarily private, because performed according to the proscribed rites of the Church of Rome, with which he died in communion. The time was, therefore, prudently chosen, after the Abbey gates were closed for the night, to avert the danger of the solemnity being interrupted



AMERICAN RAPIDS FROM GREEN ISLAND, NIAGARA FALLS.



NEW PARKAGE AT CAVE OF THE WINDS, NIAGARA FALLS.

and his remains insulted by fanatics, who had so often broken into the Chapel-Royal while the queen was engaged in the offices of her religion, and beaten and driven the officiating priests from the altar. Darnley's kinsman, the Laird of Tragnair, with other officers of state, were present, and James Stuart of Ochiltree, the Captain of the Guards."

The reality of Mary's conviction of her own danger from the assassins of her husband is evidenced by her retiring from Holyrood Abbey, where she did not consider herself safe, and taking refuge, with her infant son, in Edinburgh Castle. A state *dulc*-chamber was there, hung in black, and arranged according to the custom of the Queens of France.

In these terrible days the one comforting thought that sustained the poor Queen of Scotland was that "whatever had been her husband's faults they had been repented of by him, and forgiven by her." She had suffered long and been kind, never imputing blame to him, but excusing his sins as "the errors of youth that would correct themselves in time."

The widowed Queen's health, despite her courageous heart, and trust in God, now gave much anxiety to her friends. "After Mary had spent a week in the lugubrious seclusion of her *dulc* chamber in Edinburgh Castle, from which the light of day had been rigorously excluded, her health and spirits became so alarmingly depressed that her Council, by the advice of her physicians, entreated her to change the air and scene without delay."

She accordingly withdrew to Seton Castle, which was near enough to Edinburgh, to allow her to transact business of state, and at the same time, to take the needful repose of the country and the exercise to which she had been accustomed. The home of the truly *noble*, the godly Setons, was the "house of Bethany" to Mary Stuart. Mary Seton, one of her "four Marys," her closest earthly friend and constant attendant, we shall see succumbing to the rigors of her Queen's English prisons, and, shortly before that beloved Queen's tragic end, retiring to a French convent to die!

"The terrible shock her feelings had sustained began now to produce visible effects on Queen Mary's health. Her faded, woe-worn appear-

ance, though observed by all, was far from touching the hard hearts of those who were aggravating her pangs. The fact that she was apparently sinking under her intolerable burden of grief and care, was communicated to the English warden at Berwick, without commiseration. 'She hath been,' writes Drury to Cecil, 'for the most part either melancholy or sickly ever since, especially this week—upon Tuesday and Wednesday often swooned. 'The Queen,' continues Drury, 'breaketh very much: upon Sunday last divers were witness, for there was Mass of Requiem and Dirge for the King's soul.'

"Five days later, the royal widow attended one of the midnight services of her church for the departed, and notwithstanding the melancholy state of her health and spirits, and the inclemency of the season, spent several hours kneeling in the cold chapel of Holyrood, offering up prayers for the repose of his soul. Her vigil was strictly private. 'The Queen,' writes Drury, 'went on Friday night with two gentlewomen with her, into the Chapel, about eleven, and tarried there till near unto three of the clock.' (Drury to Cecil, March 29, 1567).

"At the very date, March 21st. to April 5th., when she is slanderously affirmed, in the journal of her proceedings, presented by Moray to the English Council, to have been at Seton 'passing her time merrily with Bothwell,' she was in Edinburgh, engaged in the arduous duties of her onerous position, struggling with the embarrassment of an empty exchequer, the intrigues of a powerful neighbor, and the villainies of domestic traitors, her only solace assisting at Masses, Dirges, and midnight prayers for the soul of her unfortunate consort, kneeling in juxtaposition to his murdered corpse."

From her prie-dieu Queen Mary could have placed her hand upon the King's coffin. Deep down in her heart, beneath weight of sorrow, was the exultant joy of his having appeared before his Maker a penitent, shriven soul. Remembering him, she knew he was remembering her before the great white throne.

Strickland continues: "How touching is the picture of the royal widow, when sketched according to the realities of life and nature, sinking beneath the weight of her accumulated sufferings of mind and body, oppressed with sickly,

pining melancholy, and falling from one deadly swoon into another. How different this from the representations of her political libeler, Buchanan, who painted her, not as she was, but according to the instructions he received from the usurpers of her government.

"Queen Mary's attention was at this time occupied in providing a protector for her infant son. The person on whom her choice naturally fell was the Earl of Mar, her former preceptor, son of that Lord Erskine, who had guarded her in her fatherless infancy, alike from the attempts of her cruel uncle of England (Henry VIII.) and his secret service men among her peers. . . . She sent the Prince to Stirling, March 19th., under the care of the Earls of Argyll and Huntley, by whom he was consigned to the Earl of Mar on the 20th., in all due form. The day she parted with him he completed his ninth month. How dire must have been the necessity that induced her, fond as she was of children, to send her first-born from her in that charming period of infancy, when smiles and dimples are most attractive, and the mute language of affection is eloquently expressed in the beaming eyes, the outstretched arms, and the soft panting of the guileless breast that flutters with delight at the greeting of maternal love. Four days only after the departure of her boy, Mary, whose heart was with him, and mindful of all his little wants, drew up the following: 'Memorandum for my Lord Prince. Item of Holland Cloth, LX. ells; of white Spanish taffety, X. ells; white armosie taffety, VI. ells; white Florence ribbons, LXXX. ells; white knittings, LX. ells; small Lynceum twine, XVI. ounces; one stick of white buckram; one stick of fine cameraige (cambric).' (Royal Wardrobe Inventories.)

"There had been nothing but jealousy, offices of hatred and struggles for the guidance of the Queen, between Darnley and Moray, till Darnley received his quietus in the Provost's house of Kirk-o'-Field, while Moray got cleverly out of the responsibility of assisting in the deed-doing, or the danger of arrest on suspicion of being its instigator. Nor had he dared to return to Edinburgh till after the arrival of his friend, the English Ambassador, Killigrew.

"Mary had, in the meantime, convened her Parliament by proclamation, called her scattered Council together, and provided for the safety of

her infant son by placing him, as she fondly imagined, in honest and impartial hands, before the struggle should recommence between the two factions, whose strife had so long convulsed her realm, lest the babe should be made, like herself, who was now virtually in the hands of Bothwell's predominant faction, a prey to the strongest. The Earl of Mar was Moray's uncle—*his mother's brother*—but she loved and trusted him with the generous confidence of her nature. *How he requited her will be shown anon.*

"Queen Mary had to be assisted in carrying on the business of government by some of her great nobles, and Bothwell, ruling army and navy, had necessarily succeeded to that office from the responsibilities of which Moray had fled a few hours before the assassination of her consort."

Nine years were to elapse before the true story of Darnley's death, and the names of the murderers were to be given to the world by Bothwell's confession.

Apropos of the assassination Agnes Strickland says: "The day after the occurrence of the tragedy, Mary had the agony of receiving a letter from her faithful servant, the Catholic Archbishop Beton, written by desire of the Spanish ambassador in Paris, to intimate to her that 'some formidable enterprise was in preparation against her, and warning her to take care of herself, and double her guards.' It was natural for poor Mary to imagine in the first bitterness of her regret at the tardy arrival of this intimation, that if it had only come to hand two days earlier, it might have been the means of averting the murder of her consort; but it would only have delayed it. The confederacy against Darnley's life, which had been formed by Moray and his faction as soon as her intention to ally herself in marriage with him transpired, had been secretly extending ever since, and at last included more than two-thirds of the nobility of Scotland. The perfidious combination of *Bothwell* with Moray, Morton, and the other members of the English faction, for the destruction of her husband, with whom he had no quarrel, could never have been suspected by Mary, far less the motives which had impelled him to that league. She had, as has been fully shown, dealt with him very severely when he was a single man, under suspicion of his cherishing presumptuous intentions

of making himself master of her person. The conduct of his *accusers* having since then given her reason to believe that she had been deceived in that matter, she had restored and employed him. His loyal deeds had atoned for his former indiscretions; and, after his marriage with a young lady of the blood royal, the Catholic Lady Jane Gordon, their mutual kinswoman; and the important services he had rendered to herself and her consort at the perilous time of their escape from the assassins of David Rizzio, she had honored him with greater confidence than she had ventured to bestow on any other member of her Cabinet, except her ungrateful brother, Moray, whose influence was always superior to that of any other person. It was, however, on Bothwell, as the commander-in-chief of all the military force of her realm, both by sea and land, that she relied for defence, either in the event of invasion from England or insurrections at home. So long as he was faithful she had defied all her enemies; his treachery threw her into their snares. 'Some one Mary must have suspected of her husband's murder,' is the observation of Malcolm Laing. 'Some one she doubtless did suspect; and not one but many; for it was according to reason, and the natural faculty that links present impressions with things past, that the frightful scene of David Rizzio's slaughter should immediately recur to her mind, and images of the ferocious assassins who had menaced her with regicidal weapons should be associated with her ideas of her husband's tragic fate. Eighty-six of these fell midnight murderers, who had violated the sanctity of her presence, and turned her bed-chamber into a shambles, she had been induced—nay, we will use the right word, constrained—by their English protector and advocate, Cecil, seconded by the importunity of Moray and others of her nobles, to pardon and recall to Scotland, little more than six weeks ago. Her consort had vehemently objected to this measure, and had been destroyed like their previous victim, David Rizzio. How could she suspect Bothwell of contriving and executing a crime for which there was no apparent motive, when the malice of such an army of vindictive homicides had been provoked by Darnley?'

According to Strickland, the conspirators who were determined to take the King's life met to

complete their plans in the December of 1566, two months before the murder. "Before they left Craigmillar Castle a bond was drawn for the murder by James Balfour, the notorious Parson of Fli-ke, evidently the selfsame document to which Archibald Douglas alludes. (Letter to Queen Mary, November, 1583.) It stated that 'it was thought expedient and most profitable for the common weal, by the whole nobility, especially the Lords undersigned, that such a young fool and proud tyrant should not reign nor bear rule over them, and that for divers causes they had concluded that he should be taken off by one way or other; and they also agreed to defend and fortify whosoever should take the deed in hand to do it, for it should be every one's action, reckoned and holden as if done by themselves.' (Confession of the Laird of Ormiston.) This bond, or at any rate, a duplicate of it, was given to the Earl of Bothwell, with the sign-manuals of the principal conspirators. But as the Queen was neither art nor part in their design, there is no allusion to her, not even for the deceitful object of coloring their atrocious purpose with professions of loyalty to her, and zeal for her service. It must be clear to every one not wilfully obtuse to reason that if the Queen could have been induced either to divorce or banish her husband from the realm, there would have been no occasion for her ministers to enter into a secret and illegal bond for his murder. Moray and Lethington with their wicked dupe, Bothwell, were the leading conspirators in this Craigmillar ceterie, although later, it was the genius of Morton that completed the plot."

About the 14th. January, 1567, when the Earl of Morton, one of the murderers of Rizzio, was returning to Scotland from his exile in England, those who conspired the death of Darnley met at Whittinghame Castle, Haddingtonshire.

"The communication between Whittinghame and Edinburgh was easy, and might be accomplished in a few hours, while the situation of that solitary fortress, embosomed in deep woods, rendered it a suitable trysting-place for the acting committee of conspirators for the murder of Darnley. These were Lethington, Bothwell, Archibald Douglas, brother to Sir Wm. Douglas, castellan of Whittinghame, and Morton. Light indeed were Morton's motives for Rizzio's slaughter, in comparison with those which

prompted his co-operation in the murderous plot against his cousin, Darnley, the formidable claimant of the Angus inheritance. Warned, however, by the inconveniences that had resulted to him from his public appearance as the leader of the former enterprise, he kept himself, like the cautious Moray, adroitly in the shade, leaving Bothwell to occupy the foreground, and incur the responsibility of the crime. Although Morton, even before he was suffered by his old confederates, Moray and Lethington, to set foot again in Scotland, had signified his assent to the bond against Darnley, he subsequently pretended to have heard of the bloody purpose, for the first time, from the lips of Bothwell."

His fellow-conspirators needed Morton's brains, as we gather from Bothwell's confession: "Moray was the contriver of it; Morton laid the plot; and I accomplished it."

Inquiry and investigation, without loss of time, was pursued by order of Queen Mary. Early on the Tuesday following the King's assassination, a court was opened in the Tolbooth, for the examination of witnesses, at which the Earl of Argyll presided. "The Queen ordered proclamation to be made offering 'a reward of two thousand pounds, and a pension for life, to whomsoever would reveal and bring to justice the person or persons by whom the horrible and treasonable murder had been committed.'" It was added that "the Queen's Majesty, unto whom, of all others, the case was most grievous, would rather lose life and all, than that it should remain unpunished."

Mary's foes were busy; she was to be destroyed through connecting her name with Bothwell.

The morning after Darnley's funeral, the following placard was found on the door of Tolbooth, having been privily set up in the night:

"Because proclamation is made, whosoever will reveal the murder of the King shall have two thousand pounds, I, who have made inquisition by them that were the doers thereof, affirm that the committers of it were the Earl of Bothwell, Mr. James Balfour, Parson of Fliske, Mr. David Chalmers, Black Mr. John Spens, who was the principal deviser of the murder, and the Queen assenting thereto, through the persuasion of the Earl of Bothwell, and the witchcraft of the Lady Buccleuch."

The Queen's courageous answer to this anonymous denunciation was a proclamation "requiring the setter-up of the libel to come forward and avow the same, and he should have the sum promised in her first proclamation, and further, according to his ability to make good his words before her and her Council."

The libeller did not appear; but his, or their, stabs in the dark appeared regularly. A placard had been set up on one of the public buildings of Edinburgh, with these words: "Farewell, gentle Henry; but a vengeance on Mary."

"The incendiary placard system was diligently followed up, but, omitting all meaner names, pointed directly at the Queen and Bothwell. The passions and prejudices of the multitude thus excited against the Queen soon produced visible effects, then a junta of the most crafty conspirators, Moray, Morton, and their adherents, met secretly at Dunkeld Castle, the house of Lennox's kinsman, the Earl of Athol, with Lindsay of the Byres, and others, to concert measures for *revolution*, under the pretext of avenging the death of Darnley, *although there was not one among them, Athol alone excepted, who had not previously banded against his life.*

"The Bishop of Mondivi had been appointed by the Pope as his nuncio to Scotland; but in consequence of Mary's reluctance (?) to receive him, had proceeded no farther than Paris; but Father Edmonds, a Jesuit priest, then resident in Edinburgh, wrote him news of all that was going on, and Bishop Mondivi repeats, in a letter to Cosmo the Great, the injury the Papal cause was likely to receive by the assassination of Mary's Catholic consort. He proceeds thus: 'The Earls of Moray, Morton and Athol, have leagued with the Earl of Lennox, father to him that was King, under pretext of revenging the death of the said King. The Earls of Bothwell, of Huntley, and many other great lords, rank themselves near the Queen for the same purpose; but one party looks with suspicion on the other. Moray, being sent for by her Majesty, would not come; from whence it may be judged that, having views on the realm, he will avail himself of this opportunity to slay the Earl of Bothwell—a man of valor, in much credit and confidence with the Queen—with intent to attack insidiously the life of her Majesty. And, above all, he hopes, by this junction with the Earl of Lennox, to



have, by his permission and consent, the government of the Prince, and consequently of the whole kingdom.'

"Moray still kept at distance from the Court till he had taken his measures for dethroning his royal sister, forming a secret league with Lennox for avenging the death of Darnley, the object of his deadliest hatred. Encouraged by the arrival of his English friends, Moray now returned to Edinburgh, after nearly a month's absence, and resumed his long-vacant place at the Council-board. He invited Bothwell, in company with Lethington, Huntley and Argyll, to a secret diplomatic dinner, to meet the English ambassador, Killigrew—(Killigrew to Cecil, March 8th., 1567)—and for a full month from that time, continued to treat him with all outward demonstrations of friendship, conformably to the bond they had entered into in the preceding October *to maintain and stand by each other in all their doings.*"

The public mind was kept in a violent state of excitement on the subject of the murder of Darnley. When the Queen passed through the High Street on one occasion the market-women greeted her with the cry, "God bless and preserve your Grace, if ye be saikless (innocent) of the King's death!"

"How bitter an aggravation to her calamity—for such, if we only regard the death of Darnley in a political point of view, undoubtedly it was—must it have been for her to perceive that it was possible for her to be involved in a suspicion of having been a party to so foul a crime,—a crime, which, if emanating from her, would have been the most reckless act of political suicide."

On March 8th., the English ambassador, Killigrew, presented to the swooning, heart-broken Queen of Scots, the *letter of condolence* sent her by Queen Elizabeth. The following is an extract from it: "Madam—My ears have been so much shocked, my mind distressed, and my heart appalled, at hearing the horrible report of the abominable murder of your husband, my slaughtered cousin, that I have scarcely as yet spirits to write about it; but although nature constrains me to lament his death, so near to me in blood as he was, I must tell you boldly that I am far more concerned for you than for him. Oh, Madam! I should neither perform the office of a faithful cousin, nor that of an affectionate friend,

if I studied rather to please your ears than to preserve your honor; therefore I will not conceal from you that people, for the most part, say that 'you will look through your fingers at this deed, instead of revenging it,' and that you have not cared to touch those who have done you this pleasure, as if the deed had not been without the murderers having had that assurance.

"The grimace of friendship under which the royal British Queen masked the malice which had prompted her to address these insults to the royal widow, must have been revolting to the high spirit of that unfortunate Princess: her reply has not been found."

Thirty-six years later, Elizabeth's cruel and murderous soul was called to judgment by the great Searcher of hearts.

Mary's Catholic friends at home and abroad were powerless to help her except with prayer, courageous advice and warnings. "Murder will out," so also will its preliminaries!

Father Edmonds, S. J., resident in Edinburgh, was in close touch with the Court, and in constant correspondence with Archbishop Beton, Mary's ambassador at the Court of France. The latter, upon hearing the reports that Queen Mary's enemies were sedulously spreading in France and other countries, with a view to implicating her in the fiendish murder, lost no time in writing her as follows: "I ask your Majesty's pardon that I write thus far, for I can hear nothing to your prejudice, but I maun write the same that all may come to your knowledge, for the better remeid (remedy) may be put thereto. Here it is needful that you mought show now, rather than ever before, the great virtue, magnanimity, and constancy that God has granted you, by whose grace I hope ye shall overcome this most heavy envy and displeasure of the committing thereof, and preserve that reputation in all godliness ye have acquired of long, which can appear no ways more clearly than that ye do such justice as to the whole world may declare your innocence, and give testimony forever of their treason that have committed without fear of God or man so ungodly a murder."

Archbishop Beton tells her likewise that "the Spanish ambassador, when he thanked him in her name for the hint he had given him of the meditated treason, which had been too fatally realized before the warning reached the Scottish

Court, emphatically rejoined, 'Suppose it came too late, yet apprise her Majesty that I am informed by the same means as I was before, that there is still some notable enterprise in hand against her, whereof I wish her to beware in time.'

"The effect of the terror with which this second intimation was calculated to appal the royal widow, after two such frightful occurrences as the assassinations of her secretary and her husband, may be traced in the bewilderment of her usually brilliant and energetic mind. She was panic-stricken in body and mind.

"Two especial Privy Councils were held by Queen Mary at Edinburgh, in March, to take into consideration that the best means for prosecuting the parties named in the placards as the murderers of her husband might be carried into effect according to the demand of his father.

"At the first Bothwell rose, with well-dissembled frankness, and said that 'as his name had been openly coupled with this odious accusation, he could not allow so foul a blot to be thrown on his character, and demanded to be put on his trial, offering to surrender himself, in the meantime, a prisoner, and to remain in ward until after his assize.' His bold bearing resulted from his being in possession of the bond bearing the signatures of several of the confederates in the murder; on whose protection he relied—not without reason, as the event proved. 'I shall let you see what I had,' was his rejoinder, when his terrified vassal and accomplice, the Laird of Ormiston, came to him in his chamber, and said, 'What devil is this now, my lord, that every one suspects you of this deed, and cries a vengeance on you for the same, and few or no other spoken of but you?' Then, Bothwell showed him the bond, with the subscriptions to it, telling him, 'It was devised by Sir James Balfour, and subscribed by them all a quarter of a year before the deed was done.' (The Laird of Ormiston's confession.)

"Notwithstanding, however, his confidence in the support of his powerful accomplices, Bothwell took care to guard himself from the honest indignation of the populace, seldom going abroad without the attendance of fifty armed horsemen. When thus accompanied, he assumed an air of bravado, and, riding up to the Mereat Cross, where one of the papers denouncing him as the

principal murderer of the King was set up, he tore it down, and swore a deep oath that 'if he could find the deviser of the same, he would wash his hands in his heart's blood.' His trial was appointed to take place in the Tolbooth, April 12th. His first step towards his defence was to bring Morton back to Court. Moray, who had up to that period behaved in the most amicable manner towards him, and received him at his own table as his invited guest, thought proper to retire from Scotland on the 9th. of April, three days only before that appointed for the trial, thus avoiding the dangerous alternatives of acting publicly either for or against him on that occasion, leaving, as he had done before, his able colleagues, Lethington and Morton, to play the game at home, so as to involve the Queen in public odium, by linking her to Bothwell's cause irrevocably: while he proceeded to conclude in person his secret arrangements with the English Government for her deposition. The Queen wept passionately when Moray came to take his leave of her, and besought him to remain in Scotland. This he utterly refused to do, falsely assuring her that 'he was deeply in debt, weary of public business, and intended to spend five years abroad.' (Border Correspondence, State Paper Office.)

"Moray spent several days at Berwick, plotting with his royal sister's foes; then 'proceeded to the Court of England where he was affectionately received by Queen Elizabeth.' After remaining there as long as suited his convenience he went to France. He there concerted his plans so ably with the Queen Regent (Catherine de Medicis) and the Huguenot party with whom she was then enleagued, as to prevent Mary from receiving the slightest aid from France in the time of her distress." This was the fiend-like brother, yet good Reformer, who assured his royal sister before her return from France to Scotland, that *he* would answer that she should require no French troops to protect or to aid her in Scotland! Ah, if she had but taken the advice of the wise churchman, John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, and brought to her own and her country's aid a few thousand of the myriad swords at her service. Well did that astute churchman know the hearts of the apostate Catholics of Scotland; even Agnes Strickland says of them, "The Mammon of unrighteousness was their god."

"The trial of Bothwell took place as appointed. Accompanied by his accomplice and tempter, Lethington, and guarded by two hundred harquebussiers, and followed by a voluntary escort of four thousand gentlemen, he passed 'with a merry and lusty cheer to the Tolbooth.'"

The Earl of Argyll presided, according to his vocation as hereditary Justice-General of Scotland; Lord Lindsay of the Byres, the husband of Moray's sister, Henry Balnaves and James Makgill, who had been traitors to Mary from her cradle, were sworn as judges, together with Pitcairn of Dunfermline. The jurors, fifteen in number, were all men of high rank; one of them, the Lord John Hamilton, son to the Duke de Châtelherault, was a Prince of the blood; two others, the Earl of Cassilis and Lord Sempill, had both been in arms against the Queen, and were, a few weeks later, ranked among her foes. Morton rode with Bothwell to the Tolbooth, but excused himself from assisting at the assize.

"The enmity that notoriously subsisted between him and Darnley, rendered it too dangerous for him to take any part on the trial of a person accused of his murder. Bothwell was charged with being 'art and part in the cruel and horrible slaughter of the right excellent, right high, and mighty Prince, the King's Grace, dearest spouse for the time to our Sovereign Lady the Queen's Majesty.' 'And this,' proceeds the indictment, 'ye did upon the 9th. day of February last bypast, under silence of night, which is notourly known, and which ye cannot deny.' But this Bothwell did deny; and no witness came forward to depose the slightest circumstance tending to convict him of the crime with which he was thus positively charged by the Queen's advocates. . . . Bothwell was, of course, acquitted as no evidence was produced for the prosecution."

By Queen Mary's enemies, he it remembered, Bothwell was acquitted of the murder of the King.

Upon this Agnes Strickland makes comment: "Although Moray was absent, his brothers-in-law, Lord Lindsay of the Byres and Argyll, with Henry Balnaves, Makgill, and Sir John Bellen-den, his creatures, sat as judges."

A few days after his acquittal Bothwell entertained some of the leading nobles at a banquet at Ainslie's Tavern, and here was drawn

up that strange paper known as the Ainslie Compact, by which the signers *recommended* Bothwell as "a proper person" to wed the Queen, and bound themselves in this *bond* to defend him in carrying out a wedding with her. This wonderful document, which recommended the murderer of Darnley—at that time a married man—as a fit match for his bereaved widow, was signed by eight earls and eleven barons, the *élite* of the Scottish nobility. Will it be credited that the foremost name on the list was that of James Earl of Moray, the Queen's brother, followed by that of the Earl of Argyll, her sister's husband, and stranger still, by that of the Earl of Huntley, *the brother of Bothwell's living wife*.

Apropos of this, Strickland says: "As there were the names of two honest men, the Lords Herries and Seton, among the subscribers, it can only be conjectured that they must have drunk to excess, and signed it when under the temporary delirium of intoxication."

Many persons who signed this bond for forcing the Queen into a marriage with their accomplice in the murder of her husband, subsequently pretended that "they were compelled to sign it by fear of coercion, rather than liking."

When fourteen years later the Earl of Morton was tried and executed in Scotland for his share in the murder of Darnley, "he abandoned the flimsy excuse of having signed this bond on compulsion."

Immediately after he had obtained this document Bothwell made advances to the Queen, but these were coldly received by her.

Writing on this subject to the Bishop of Dunblane, Queen Mary says: "And the same (the bond) being once obtained, he (Bothwell) began afar off to discover his intention toward us, and to essay if he might, by humble suit, purchase our goodwill; but finding our answer nothing correspondent to his desire, he suffered not the matter to sleep, but within four days thereafter, finding opportunity by reason we were past secretly towards Stirling to visit the Prince, our dearest son, in our returning he awaited us by the way, accompanied by a great force, and led us with all diligence to Dunbar. In what part we took that dealing, but specially how strange we found it of him, of whom we doubted less than of any subject we had."

To quote Strickland: "Certes he had never

been the object of her choice when single, and he was now a married man, the husband of her cousin withal,—a circumstance which imposed an insuperable obstacle to her, as a member of the Church of Rome, to contracting wedlock with him, even after his marriage with Lady Jane Gordon should be dissolved.”

Bothwell determined at all hazards to obtain possession of the Queen's person, trusting to the support of the nobles in his most daring enterprise.

The infant Prince had been removed to Stirling Castle for safety and placed under the care of his hereditary guardian, the Earl of Mar, and the Queen paid a hasty visit to him in this secure retreat. When on her way homeward she was met by Bothwell in his capacity of Sheriff of Midlothian, whose duty it was to convoy her to the capital. What then occurred is thus narrated in that quaint periodical of the time, the *Diurnal of Occurrents*: “April 24, whilk was Sanct Mark's even, our Sovereign lady riding frae Stirling (whereto she passed a little before to visit her son) to Edinburgh, James Earl of Bothwell, accompaneit with seven or aucht hundred men and friends, whom he cansit believe that he would ride upon the thieves of Liddesdale, met our Sovereign lady betwixt Kirkliston and Edinburgh, at ane place called the Briggis, accompaneit with ane few number, and there took her person and conveyed her to the Castle of Dunbar. The rumor of the ravishing of her Majesty coming to the Provost of Edinburgh, incontinent the common bell rang, and the inhabitants ran to armour and weapons, the ports were steekit and the artillery of the Castle shot.”

“Long ere the intelligence of this outrage had reached Edinburgh, Bothwell was far on his way to Dunbar with his weeping prisoner. He had put his hand to the plow and dared not go back from it; and though he had a lawfully-wedded wife to dispose of ere he could think of an alliance with the Queen, he never doubted that the nobles would be true to their bond and aid his project. He disbanded his troops and released his other prisoners, and shutting himself up in his Castle of Dunbar along with the Queen and a few of his relatives and followers, he kept her in close durance for ten days” During this time, it is averred, she suffered at his hands the deepest

wrong which woman can endure, and her heart sank beneath the weight of this new affliction. Meanwhile, what had become of the loyal citizens of Edinburgh? The busy agents of Moray had spread the report that Mary was a *willing captive*; so the brave burghesses resigned the hapless Queen to her fate.

Bothwell now set about procuring a divorce from his wife, Lady Jane Gordon. His application was successful, and when he was freed from the fetters of matrimony, he led the Queen captive into Edinburgh and placed her under an armed guard within the Castle.

At Dunbar Bothwell had shown his heart-broken captive the first *bond* signed by the nobles and now, “whilst imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, he exhibited to her another bond signed by many of the Scottish nobles, declaring that ‘her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell was most meet,’” and when she saw herself thus abandoned by those to whose protection she had trusted, her heart failed, and she gave a captive's unwilling consent to joyless nuptials.

Queen Mary's demeanor at the accomplishment of these unhallowed nuptials, testified how abhorrent they were to her.

According to Agnes Strickland: “At four o'clock the next morning, May 15th, she was married in her widow's weeds to Bothwell, by the Protestant Bishop of Orkney, assisted by Mr. Craig.” Her reluctance is testified by the fact that none of the rites which she considered essential to a true marriage were used, nor was it sanctified to her by the benediction of a priest of her own Church. Sir James Melville who was present and could not be mistaken says: “The marriage was made in the Palace of Holyrood House, at a *preaching* by Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, in the great hall where the Council uses to sit, and not in the chapel at the mass, as was the King's marriage,”—meaning her marriage with Darnley. . . . The mournful alteration in her appearance was observed by every one. Drury writes to Cecil that “the Queen is the most changed woman in face that in so little time, without extremity of sickness, has ever been seen.” Internal anguish rendered life intolerable to her. The day after her marriage with Bothwell, Mary sent for Du Croc, the French Ambassador, who had refused Bothwell's request to be

present at it, but who now kindly came to see how it was with the Queen.

In a letter to the Queen-mother of France, dated May 18, 1567, three days after the woeful marriage, Du Croc says that "he was struck by the strangeness of her manner to her bridegroom, which she perceiving, told him, *and this in Bothwell's presence, too*, that he must not be surprised if he saw her sorrowful, for she could not rejoice, nor ever should again. *All she desired was death.*"

"The next day, being alone in her cabinet with Bothwell, she was heard to scream and threaten self-destruction. Arthur Erskine, the captain of her guard, reported also that "she called for a knife to stab herself, 'or else,' said she, 'I shall drown myself.'"—(Sir James Melville's Memoirs).

Those who were about her told Du Croc that, "unless God aided, it was feared she would become desperate." "I have counselled and comforted her all I can," observes that statesman, "these three times I have seen her" "Her husband he will not continue long," predicts Du Croc, after communicating to the Queen-mother these particulars. "I believe that he will write to your Majesty by the Bishop of Dunblane; you ought not to make him any answer," continues his Excellency.

When out of the power of her brutal oppressor, Bothwell, Queen Mary sent by the envoy Radolfi to the Pope a statement and explanation of this so-called marriage. "Tell to his Holiness," writes she to her accredited envoy, "the grief we suffered when we were made prisoner by one of our subjects, the Earl of Bothwell, and led as prisoner with the Earl of Huntley the Chancellor, and the noble our Secretary, together to the Castle of Dunbar, and after to the Castle of Edinburgh, where we were detained against our will in the hands of the said Earl of Bothwell, until such times as he had procured a *pretended* divorce between him and the sister of the said Lord of Huntley, *his wife, our near relative*; and we were constrained to yield our consent, yet against our will to him. Therefore your Holiness is supplicated to take order on this, *that we are made quit of the said indignity by means of a process at Rome, and commission sent to Scotland*, to the bishops and other Catholic judges, as

to your Holiness seemeth best." The foregoing pathetic lines, entitled "Instructions given by Mary Stuart to Robert Radolfi, sent to the Pope," are among the "Letters of Mary Stuart" preserved in the Secret Archives of the Vatican, and since published by Labanoff, Agnes Strickland and other historians.

How convincing is Mary Stuart's *word* to the head of her Church, the great High Priest, the Vicar of Christ!

We shall see later that Bothwell's "Confession," declared when he thought himself on his death-bed, corroborates the Queen's statement.

The Sunday after he had officiated at the marriage, that profligate and time-serving "Reformer," Adam Bothwell, who still bore his former Catholic title of Bishop of Orkney, in his sermon, declared the penitence of his relative, the newly-wedded Duke, for his past life, assuring the congregation, according to a letter from Drury to Cecil, May 20, 1567, that "he had confessed himself to have been a very evil liver, which he would now amend and conform himself to the Reformed Church."

As a proof of *zeal*, the bridegroom had proclaimed a *revocation* of the Queen's late statute, *allowing liberty of conscience to persons of her own religion*, while he enjoined, *under pains and penalties, conformity to the forms of worship by law established*. But the sanctimonious Scot of malicious heart had not as yet *leavened the masses*. Strickland says, "Every tongue denounced him (Bothwell) as the murderer of the King, and the ravisher and tyrant of the Queen. No one could obtain access to her presence without his leave, having then to pass through two ante-chambers lined with men-at-arms; whenever she rode out he was by her side, and she was environed by harquebussiers, being to all intents his prisoner, though he called her his wife and Queen, and affected to wait upon her in public with demonstrations of profound reverence, his head never covered in her presence."

"He (Bothwell) was so brutal and suspicious," says Melville, "that he suffered her not to pass a day without causing her to shed abundance of salt tears."

Bothwell's earnest desire was to get the Prince into his possession, but in that matter he was circumvented by the maternal providence of the

Queen in having placed the royal infant in the care of the Earl of Mar, in the impregnable Castle of Stirling. A letter from Drury to Cecil affirms that Bothwell's royal captive, before her marriage with him, found means of sending her faithful servant, John Lesley, the Catholic Bishop of Ross, to Stirling with a secret message to Mar, repeating her solemn injunctions for him not to deliver her son, under any pretence whatsoever, into other hands than her own.

No sooner had Bothwell accomplished his purpose than the confederates who had prompted him to it, withdrew their support. He had been their successful tool in the undoing of their Queen; and how these Scottish fiends, always imitating their leader, the arch-fiend, turned against and mocked their brother-fiend, shall be reserved for another chapter.

IDRIS.

*(To be continued in January number.)*

### October.

Within the cloistral stillness of the wood,  
 October, lingering, tells her Rosary;  
 On bead of maple flame and birchen gold  
 And rubied oak, the decades are set free.

Credo and Pater Noster, Aves—she  
 Slips from her fingers on the quiet air;  
 Each leaf unclasped by her thus reverently  
 Drifts through the woodland solitude, a prayer.

A. G. DOHERTY.

Gentleness is part of the sweetness of Christianity when it blossoms in a human life under the sunshine of the Lord's presence. It reveals to others the sympathy in the heart, the tenderness in the mind's thought and even the subservience of the body itself to the unselfishness of the spirit. Gentleness in the tone of voice indicates a kindly affection; in the form of speech it reveals consideration of the effect upon the feelings of others; in the gesture of the hand or its friendly grasp it implies a sweet humility and a sense of fellowship. Gentleness is always in keeping with strength, whether in repose or action, and harshness and overhearing are characteristic of the weakness of selfishness.

### In Memoriam.

It is with the deepest regret we record the death of one of Loreto's most distinguished alumnae, Miss Margaret O'Grady, of Toronto, Ont., who passed to her eternal reward on twenty-fourth of August.

Her last illness was of so short duration that the announcement of her death was the greater shock to all her friends and acquaintances.

It is difficult to realize that one so richly endowed with God-given talents—her writings alone were of high literary merit—one so keenly appreciative of the good, the artistic, the refined, the cultivated, the higher things of life, should be taken from our midst at so early an age.

Rarely does one meet with so keen a wit, so refined and ever-ready a sense of humor, which enabled her to brighten the lives of those whom she surrounded with the warmth of the sunshine of her presence. Were it not that God's holy will ordains that which is best for each of His creatures, it would almost seem as though Death had rudely and unreasonably snatched from us one whose usefulness seemed so vital to all who came in contact with her.

By those who knew her and loved her, she will always be remembered with the sweetest remembrance. Her loving, intense nature, her un-failing brightness, morning, noon and night, and a thousand dear qualities will but serve to keep her in our memory unceasingly.

Her interest in those she loved, her energy, love and devotion in their behalf enchained, absorbed her, to an unusual degree.

She gave to all the choicest and sweetest within her—a heart of purest gold—a nature of superlative generosity—a life filled with good deeds—what higher encomium can we offer in her behalf?

The close of an exemplary life brought with it a sweet, holy and beautiful resignation to the will of Him who has called her, we hope, to beautify His Garden of Fair Flowers in the kingdom that knows no sorrow.

To her sorrowing family we extend our deepest sympathy. May the God of infinite power and love sustain them in their unusual loss.

C. McK.

# 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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At no time of the year has Nature's beauty such rare enchantment as during the beautiful month of October—beautiful in the variety of the loveliness it presents—still more beautiful in its glorious dedication to the honor of the Queen of Heaven, through the devotion of the Holy Rosary, and to the special invocation of the angelic host.

The golden touch of autumn lies on every leaf and blossom, and the ever-changing, ever-beautiful world around us is a blaze of crimson glory—the great Artist has thus embellished His work. How pleasant it is to roam through the woods, these lovely autumn days, beneath skies that are soft and clear, and gaze on the wealth of bright-hued foliage which everywhere meets the eye. Though the trees are untenanted and we miss the wood bird's song, the deep, reverent silence appeals to the meditative mind, and the poet's words come with added emphasis, for nowhere does the landscape assume a more perfect tranquillity, more varied and harmonious coloring—in no other spot has Nature such eloquence

of beauty, such haunting melody, as in this her noblest temple.

\*

Some years ago when Japan became an ally of Great Britain, and the late King Edward VII., as a pledge of his appreciation of the nation and its ruler, conferred upon the Mikado the Order of the Garter, His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught, carrying with him the precious insignia, journeyed to the antipodes, to the court of Japan, to represent his Imperial uncle in the august and impressive ceremony of investiture.

All the world knows of the royal grace with which he fulfilled the high mission entrusted to him.

Upon his return journey through Canada, the Prince seized the opportunity of gazing upon that wonder of even Canadian scenery—Niagara Falls!

Loreto's claims also appealed to Prince Arthur, and the convent was paid the gratifying and much-appreciated honor of a visit from His Royal Highness.

He came in spring's first triumph, when the balmy air and the glorious sunshine fill all places and hearts with indescribable warmth and hope. Tree and bird, earth and sky, seemed to prepare for his coming! The vivid green of the breaking waters dashing over the precipice, the dazzling white spray, the fresh foliage on the banks, the beauteous o'erarching rainbows, presented harmonies of light and color, pleasing alike to heart and eye.

To the grandson of Queen Victoria, the nephew of King Edward, the son of His Royal Highness, Duke of Connaught, the true British Prince "Arthur," whose charming personality evidenced such simplicity and condescension, was offered a most enthusiastic welcome, crowned by an ideal day.

In response to an invitation from the Superior, the Prince and his suite proceeded through

the house, expressing delight with everything, viewing the Cataract from all points—verandas, galleries, and cupola—and complimenting the Religious on having chosen the most fascinating and glorious spot on the American continent for their home of learning, where the students may commune with nature in its beautiful and inspiring aspects, and listen to the wondrous music of the thundering waters—that eternal dominant chord which fills the heart with unutterable longings for a fulfilment, a complement, a solution, which only eternity can afford.

Prince Arthur inscribed his name in the studio with the pyrography point, and in the *RAINBOW sanctum* he registered beside the signatures of his cousins, "George" and "Victoria Mary."

Before his departure, the Prince graciously expressed a wish to be photographed with his entertainers. During the process, one of his suite very chivalrously remarked: "The Prince is standing in a rose garden without thorns!"

In close attendance on the Prince were Capt. Wyndham, his Equerry, and Capt. Trotter, both heroes of South Africa.

In proof that a Prince must forget nothing, His Royal Highness requested a holiday for the pupils; and the morrow, St. George's Day, was promised. This is also known as "Rose Day," since the founding of the Institute by the English lady, Mary Ward, a kinswoman of the Duke of Northumberland.

Following the ancient tradition and custom, the tables in every Loreto Convent, on that day, are decked with the rose of Old England.

Never was gala day more thoroughly enjoyed; and every happy heart wished for a rose-strewn path throughout life for the Royal Prince Charming who had so graciously honored the convent with his presence.

And now Loreto's wish is that the rose-strewn pathway may be wide enough for two—for the same Prince Charming and the lovely Princess he has chosen for his bride. With this rose-

princess from the garden of Fife, we recall her royal ancestress of whom the poets sang—"The fairest Rose in Scotland grows on the highest bough."

Loreto begs to offer felicitations, and prays that the King of kings may bless this royal union to the full extent of hope and promise.

\*

With the highly-prized, but delayed, autograph picture of His Royal Highness, the following explanatory letter was received from the Prince's genial Equerry, the courteous Captain Wyndham:

Clarence House, St. James, S. W.

Dear Sister F—

Please forgive me for the delay in forwarding the Prince's autograph picture. His Royal Highness was away and I could not possibly get a photograph until to-day.

I fear the photograph will be very much too late for the July *RAINBOW*, but perhaps it might still appear in the number for October.

His Royal Highness has desired me to thank you very much indeed for your kindness in sending him the post-cards and the *RAINBOWS*. They will be most interesting souvenirs of a very pleasant day. We often talk of our visit to the Convent, and how we all laughed, and how amusing it was.

I hope the young lady who was such a sturdy republican has modified her views as to the unrighteousness of kings, and that she still admits that "King Edward is all right!"

How beautiful it must be at Niagara now!

I always hope that some day I may have an opportunity of revisiting it, and may then have rather longer time in which to see it all.

Believe me, dear Sister F—

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM WYNDHAM,  
Captain and Equerry.

\*

The cycle of time brings many festal days to individuals, as well as to nations, each bearing its import to the hearts and minds of the partici-



pants, sometimes a lesson of perseverance or of self-sacrifice, as the case may be; but nowhere are these lessons more clearly exemplified by festive rejoicings than in the religious family of Holy Mother Church.

Mount St. Mary was the scene of such a celebration on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, for on that day was commemorated, by a simple but impressive ceremony, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entrance into religious life of Mother M. Irene Stafford, whose years of fruitful service and generous endeavor, veiled by the mists of a quarter of a century, form such a glorious record.

How the heart of the faithful Religious must have throbbed as the vision of the hundredfold, promised by her Divine Spouse, rose before her mental gaze—what supreme joy must have flooded her very soul at sight of the glad fruition of her early aims and desires—obstacles surmounted—difficulties overcome—trials and sorrows forgotten in the knowledge that she was doing the Master's bidding, following, with unfaltering footsteps, in the way pointed out by Him—her goal an eternity of unutterable joy with Him.

Congratulations and gifts were showered all day on the dear Jubilarian, who had the happiness of numbering her brother, her sister, M. M. Alacoque, Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls, and her niece—now a pupil—among the out-of-town guests.

\*

In a competitive examination, held in Chicago, for Certificates awarded by the American Conservatory of Music, two pupils of Loreto Convent, Joliet, won highest honors. Seventeen pupils, fifteen from the junior and senior classes of Loreto Academy, Chicago; and two from the junior class of St. Mary's Academy, Joliet; submitted to the test. Out of this number, the two Joliet competitors achieved the highest rating. Miss Cecilia Mary Schager scored a percentage

of 97. Miss Catherine McGuire was a close second, with a percentage of 96.

The technical test included all the scales, major and minor, harmonic and melodic forms, every triad, common chord, and dominant seventh chord, and the arpeggios of the same. In this part of the examination, and for accurate fingering, the Joliet girls received full marks.

The playing test included two numbers from Bach, one from Beethoven, one from Chopin, and three optional numbers selected by the contestants from the works of any standard composer.

The proficiency shown by the Joliet students, in the technical part of the test, is especially gratifying to their teachers and parents, as it proves that they have laid a sure foundation for good musicianship.

\*

On Monday, writes a correspondent from Madrid, the registration and formal presentation of the new Infante by the King, took place, in the Royal Palace of La Granja, where the child was baptized the following day.

Formerly the ceremony was performed by whomsoever the King designated, usually the Primate Archbishop of Toledo or the Nuncio of His Holiness; but, since the disappearance of the Patriarchate of the Indies, by the first pro-chaplain to His Majesty, in this case, the Right Reverend Bishop of Sion. The sponsors were King Carlos of Roumania, of the Catholic House of Hohenzollern, and husband of Carmen Sylva; and the Princess Maria Teresa, wife of the Prince-Regent of Bavaria, and sister of Queen Christina of Spain.

The baptismal font—the font in which St. Dominic (de Guzmán) was baptized—was carried from Madrid. This font is always used for the baptism of members of the Royal Family. On the portable altar there was displayed a beautiful triptych, of very ancient date, with a representation of the Immaculate Conception, to which

the Spanish people have always had such a tender devotion. Monsignor Ragonessi, the Nuncio of His Holiness, was present, as well as all the members of the Government, all the Royal household, and many of the nobility of Spain.

The day was observed throughout the country as a national holiday. After the ceremony, the guests were entertained at luncheon, and, in the evening, the public were allowed to visit the Royal Gardens and witness the playing of the fountains for which La Granja is famous.

\*

The opportunity of doing good by an occasional donation to the library of their Alma Mater, may never have occurred to our dear former pupils. Books, good, bad, and indifferent, carry their influence far afield; and thoughts that a young mind gathers from good reading will certainly bear fruit in maturer years; therefore, we consider it a very laudable act for our Alumnae to pass on to others the books that have edified, instructed or recreated them. This could not be done more efficiently than by sending occasionally to the library of their loved Abbey College, books gleaned from their home collections. These contributions would be gratefully received by librarians whose limited means necessarily curtail much-desired improvements.

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 are 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 and found colleges. Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been stabbed to death by a few little words. There is a charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgments, 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. It is speech that keeps a story alive.

### The Institute of Mary in Many Lands.



Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin.

**R**ATHFARNHAM ABBEY, the Irish mother-house of the Loreto Nuns, was the centre of attraction on Sunday last, when the Corpus Christi procession, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, was held. Although, geographically, Rathfarnham belongs to suburbia, it is perfectly rural, and is approached on both sides through tunnels of foliage in the full glory of spring. Indeed, last Sunday was the inauguration of summer as well. Winter set in, as you know, in Ireland last October; those who could, kept fire in their bedrooms ever since, for the bigger the house the colder it is, and the winter lasted eight long, weary months until last Sunday precisely, when the persistent east winds that saw the city horizontally died away, and a gentle, warm southerly crooned in the trees, and every manner of butterfly and buzzing insect came out and demonstrated to its tiny best. Birds and flowers and little winged things all seemed to have taken their plumage and petals out of lavender, and were letting the world know it, too. I have always held that Australian visitors never enjoy our summer as much as we do, for they come to Ireland from the perpetual summer and from the luxuriance of Oriental forests, and so they miss the contrast that we wot of between the barrenness of the winter months, with their biting blasts, and the rich apparel of wood and field, wafting fragrance on the breeze, and glinting in the rays of good old Sol, for we here come from darkness into light.

Twenty minutes by the tram will land you at Rathfarnham, which is a trim little village; and then where the houses end the country begins, and the trees shake hands over the roadway as

their branches intertwine and seem to say, "how do you do," after the long period of sullen reticence since their retirement last October, when angry winds despoiled them of their robes.

#### *Near the Convent.*

The road is white and dusty, but we forgive the dust, even though it makes us look like bakers in work attire. Near the convent a little bridge crosses a murmuring trout brook, which skirts a wood, and, in the shade of umbrageous trees, some cows are standing in the water, flicking flies with their tails, and trying to imagine 'tis summer, at last. Which reminds me, people here say, "What a hot day," when a man from the back o' Bourke would put on three coats, and reply, "Wot are you givin' us?" If you were not going to the procession at Rathfarnham you would follow the course of that inviting stream, with its half-enchanted song, for some Irish streams are said to have voices, and little folk, awake in bed of nights, are said to hear them singing in low, sweet tones, saying, "Come out, children; come out, children; come out in the night to me." And the cherubs will tell you themselves that they do go out and find baby craft awaiting them under silken sails, and an airy sprite takes the helm and away up stream they glide, amidst delightful gardens, in the realms of fairy-land. But the most remarkable thing about it is that those babes awake in their own beds in the morning.

#### *The Procession.*

But we are at Rathfarnham, for we hear the procession bell's admonition to hurry, for, lo! thunderous clouds, formed by the heat, float menacingly overhead, and the mountains, three miles away, seem up against the convent grounds—a bad sign—and the hell-fire club ruin on the hilltop seems about to topple over us. As we enter the hall door of the convent we see the white novices, two and two, with lighted taper, filing past. We soon join in, and the tinkling of the bells of the baldachino, like angels' tongues, tell all to go on bended knees and adore the Sacramental God. Fresh young voices of nuns and postulants, never tainted by the siren-songs of Babylon, sing in tremulous, adoring tones the triumphant "Pange Lingua." The cross heads the procession; then tiny tots and young girls

in the first bloom of youth, all clad in white, and wearing veils; then the novices, followed by the black-robed Religious; then the clergy, preceding the high priest, who bears the Holy of Holies. The procession moves on, out into the beautiful grounds surrounding the convent. And what a place for a procession! It is truly a sylvan scene, where woods and fields and water combine with art in one great masterpiece, both rich and rare. The procession passes the oval lake, fringed with close-cropped sward. But are there two processions? For the gold-lettered, many-colored gorgeous banners and their bearers are all reflected in the crystal depths. Surely, there was a third procession, too, in the empyreal heights unseen of mortal eyes. The swallows, just arrived from southern climes, bringing summer on their wings, are attracted by the hymnal melodies, and skim the lake with exulting twitters; and golden sword-like wagtails shoot hither and thither in exuberant joy, and a royal swan, with sails full set, sits in solemn dignity on the water, in awe at the scene of splendor.

#### *The First Benediction.*

For a moment the clouds dissolved, but it was only a baptismal aspersion, and out came the sun again. As the procession moves through the orchard, where the trees are in blossom, the fluting thrushes and warbling blackbirds fill in the pauses in the hymns by their heaven-taught anthems of praise. The broad paths gleam with floral emblems—inlaid designs—made up of many-colored leaves, forming shamrocks, crosses, variegated circles. The first Benediction is given from the steps of an oratory festooned with blossoms, which fall about it in cascades. In the deep recesses twinkle tapers like miniature stars. The procession retraces its course, and turns abruptly to the left, down an avenue of tall beeches, wearing their plume-like coronals, and, as the white-robed children file past the sombre, stately trees, whose shadows cause semi-darkness, you behold one of the most charming features of the procession.

#### *"I Noticed Mary Anderson Kneeling in the Gravel."*

At the end of the avenue is another oratory, from which Benediction is again given to the multitude, for, although it is a domestic cele-

bration, many of the former pupils and their parents are there. Close beside I noticed, kneeling on the gravel, praying with fervor among the promiscuous faithful, Mary Anderson, the renowned and edifying Catholic lady. One could not help the thought that no stage-setting and no part ever became her so well as when absorbed in prayer in that temple of nature under spreading oaks, on the fringe of a meadow resplendent with honeysuckles, daisies and buttercups, lighting up the dimpling undulations of the downy grass. At last, the procession moved towards the convent church, and, as it ascended the flight of steps, it seemed like the entrance to eternal glory, for the picture of the saints on the banners seemed to move upward and upward after heaven's Queen. All fell into their respective places in the church—a gem of art—and the pulsations of the organ filled the fane with waves of sound, relieved by the silver voices of the children.

The final Benediction was then given, and the solemn event of the day was over; but those privileged to be present will often recall, in the years that are to be, the day they spent at Rathfarnham at the Corpus Christi procession.

. . . Hail, Festal Day!

See the world's beauty, budding forth anew,  
Shows with the Lord His gifts returning, too,  
The greenwood leaves, the flowing meadows tell  
Of Christ triumphant over gloomy hell,  
The Crucified reigns God for evermore;  
Their Maker all created things adore.

Hail, Festal Day!

#### Remembrances.

When returning home from such a beautiful celebration, the thought will surely assert itself—what a power for good the solemn ritual of the Church is for the souls of her children! Can those who are educated in our Catholic schools forget the lessons of their youth? The devout lessons of the heart outweigh, we would say, the value of intellectual lore. Can our girls forget the Corpus Christi or the May processions? They may lose their early lustre in the turmoil and temptations of life, but the past will come back like a refreshing dew. They grow up and leave the convent school; but they

carry with them undying, cherished remembrances.

Now they are gone from the Virgin's altar:

The darkness of evening around it falls,  
The sun is hidden behind the mountain—

Away in the meadow the blackbird calls;  
But their hearts bear with them the inspiration

That Mary gives them this evening bright—  
To work for God till He shall call them

Away to His home in the Land of Light,  
And still they seem to be kneeling there,

And breathing to heaven the fervent prayer:  
"Queen of the Angels, O, Star of the Sea!

Pray for us, Mary, and guide us to thee."

FATHER FITZGERALD, O. F. M.

#### Rathfarnham Games.

In my description I shall deal principally with the summer games, giving just a passing word to basketball, which is carried on vigorously during the winter months. About the middle of April we have the final match of the season and then begin to look forward, eagerly, to the summer games. When the ground has been left unused some time for the benefit of the grass, mowing is done. Then comes marking the courts and finally, in the first week of May, the summer games begin. Tennis and croquet are the favorites. There are several tennis-courts, one for Saint Catharine's School, three for the first Division, two for the second, and two for the third. It is superfluous to speak of the charms of tennis; every one who has played it, knows how delightful it is. A game at which one can improve rapidly, it becomes all the more enjoyable the more frequently one plays. Then, too, it is splendid exercise. The real tennis days are the warm, sunshiny days of May and June. Those who have begun to learn early in May are generally enthusiasts by June, if they play regularly every day. It needs constant practice at the beginning, and only those who can play a fairly fast game, can afford to drop out of practice for any length of time. As the tennis-playing only commenced last year, most of the girls are beginners. Those who played last year, are playing well this year, so we may hope for an increasing number of good players every year. Some of the third Division ought to make very

good tennis-players, they began to play so early, and they have such regular practice. The quieter croquet has as many devotees as tennis. There are three croquet-courts and these are in great demand. Croquet is a game of which most people think somewhat contemptuously until they play it, but when they do play they like it exceedingly. It is an ideal game for a hot day, when no one feels inclined to exert herself very much.

But now comes what we like best of all, though I cannot number it among the games. Just before the Christmas holidays, Mr. Kearney, the father of one of the girls, presented M. M. Attracta, our Mistress of Schools, with a pony—such a sturdy, good-looking fellow, that can carry eleven stone on the flat. Every one almost can ride him. As he has not a vice, he is very safe, and quite a number of girls have learned to ride on him, some who could already ride, acting as riding-mistresses. This is a splendid thing for delicate girls who cannot run as much as tennis requires. We can ride him round the lawn, and when he is very fresh, have a gallop in Rosary field, which is just beside our lawn. M. M. Attracta wishes all Saint Catharine's Division to learn before they leave school. Indeed, we feel very grateful to her for having given us the pony for our own use. It is a great pleasure to have a ride every day.

We also owe thanks to the Mistress in charge of the games, S. M. Philomena, who has so much to look after—mallets, nets, balls, etc., and who keeps everything going so well.

It certainly adds not a little enjoyment to our recreation to have so many pleasant games. Our Superiors evidently believe in the utility and benefit of out-door amusements and exercise, for they leave nothing undone to promote them among us.

A. HONAN.

#### *Saint Aloysius' Day in Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham.*

St. Aloysius' Day was kept on Wednesday last and was eagerly welcomed by all the students. This annual festival, which takes place at the close of the scholastic year, derives its name from St. Aloysius, the patron of youth, and is celebrated in every convent and college in Ireland in honor of him who is forever being petitioned

by innumerable clients for success in examinations, etc., and who seldom fails to grant their requests.

At the Abbey, however, the day was whiled away by a number of those usual little entertainments—such as amateur plays, musical recitals, etc., while in the spacious grounds, in the rear of the convent, a series of tennis and lawn croquet tournaments occupied the attention of those who were of a more athletic turn of mind.

"Herr Crushingnote's Orchestra" was an amateur performance of a most humorous character, and well worthy of note. "Herr Crushingnote," the conductor, was a most comical personage, attired in a short crimson coat, adorned with many-colored and fantastic-looking draperies, the sleeves of which were about two yards wide, and looked as if they had been in vogue in the reign of Queen Anne. His hair was, as he would have probably termed it himself, of a "silver" hue, while on his head rested an enormous hat, resembling "a Merry Widow," but the color was of rather a formidable-looking yellow. His feet were encased in chamois-colored boots of enormous dimensions—and as he conducted his orchestra—the members of which were likewise attired in costumes that excited the greatest amusement and laughter—his head swayed to and fro, his hands gesticulated wildly, while his feet moved as if wound up by some wonderful mechanical power within. At the close of the performance he made a profound bow to the audience, and ended by delivering a short speech in very broken English.

The sack and the egg and spoon races were another source of the keenest amusement; the competitors for the former were occasionally seen to fall to the ground, with great precipitation, but soon again recovering their balance, those entering for the latter were all very successful in reaching their destination, with scarcely any mishap on the way.

Many of the friends and relatives of the pupils were entertained as visitors, and, after the numerous amusing adventures of the day were over, were invited by "Herr Crushingnote" to come and hear his "famed" orchestra, as they had been unable to do so during the day.

St. Aloysius' Day was now over—"over" in one sense of the word only, as it is a day which will ever be remembered, but, perhaps, more

especially by those whose last St. Aloysius' Day it was under the roof of the Abbey, where they had spent so many happy days—perhaps the happiest that life is destined to bring them!

C. SHEEDY.

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*"The Ovada."*

On Tuesday evening the pupils of St. Catharine's School paid a visit to the "Ovada" bazaar. This fête, which was organized in aid of a local charity, was one of the largest as well as the most artistic bazaars ever held in Dublin. Fortunately, the day kept beautifully fine, and a slight wind prevailing made it all the more pleasant for the visitors, who evinced the greatest interest and pleasure in the many and varied amusements provided by the patrons of the bazaar. Their attention and admiration were attracted by the beautiful and elegantly-draped stalls, specially designed and arranged by Messrs. Clery & Co., Dublin. Each of these was presided over by its owner, and four or five assistants, many of whom were fantastically attired in costumes of almost every color in the rainbow. It may be mentioned that the word "Ovada" is the name of a large commercial town in Italy, and the bazaar was so arranged as to represent an Italian street—an idea truly beautiful in itself, as well as being most original.

Over each stall was inscribed the name of some flower, the color of which was carried out to perfection in the variegated costumes of the assistants. The "violet" stall-holders were artistically attired in robes of that hue, and blending with those of the other stalls. The Iris, Lily, Daffodil, Rose, Pansy, etc., created a picture of indescribable loveliness and animation.

The various stalls having been studied and examined, the visitors next turned their attention to the "Lucky Tent," over which the once celebrated actress, Madame de Navarro (Mary Anderson) presided. To the book-lover this was the most interesting of places, containing as it did, the works of the most eminent authors of the day, as well as many other literary contributions (fictitious and real) and many photographs of the most celebrated actors.

The "horses" were another source of the keenest interest, and a few hours were soon whiled

away on these wonderful productions of modern invention and ingenuity.

A small pony and trap, driven by one of the lady members of the bazaar, and a large motor, were among the means of conveyance for the pleasure of the patrons—and were largely patronized by both adults and children.

Anita, the world-famed dwarf, of twenty-nine inches, evoked much comment and laughter, and appeared to be the leading feature of the fête.

It is superfluous to remark that the inevitable gypsy fortune-teller secured her tent, as usual, and large numbers of people, anxiously waiting to have their future, fate, and fortune revealed to them, were to be seen at all hours of the day standing outside her stall.

Having now seen everything of interest, the pupils wended their way towards the tea-gardens, which were by no means the most insignificant feature of the bazaar. These, too, were artistically decorated, and erected under the shadowy branches of huge trees, which rendered them beautifully cool and, at the same time, protected those partaking of refreshments from the burning rays of the sun.

Before taking their departure the pupils paid a visit to the ballroom, which, as it was then past eight o'clock, was brilliantly illuminated on all sides with Chinese lanterns, and other modes of effectively-colored lights, which cast a beautiful and shadowy glow on the huge throng of dancers on the floor, and seemed to sway to and fro as they danced.

Shortly before nine, the visitors, having seen everything worthy of being seen, returned to their destination, with many pleasant recollections of, as it may be verily said, the most elegant, beautiful and artistic fête ever held in Dublin.

C. SHEEDY.

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*The Drive Hunt.*

We had it one evening during Intermediate week, when our limbs had grown cramped from sitting in the examination room and our brains addled over exam. papers. It was like an oasis in the desert—a gleam of sunshine to our benighted brains. When it was announced in the refectory that Rev. Mother had planned a prize hunt for our entertainment after supper, we

forgot the dreary exams., we forgot our weariness—our appetites almost—and gave such a ringing cheer for Rev. Mother that the nuns came trooping in to know the cause of the uproar.

The Hunt started at 7.30 sharp, the "meet" having taken place in front of our school. The "quarry" was numerous and rather unique, consisting of rabbits, chickens, old hens, not to mention a large quantity of nondescript objects (all wrapped in brown paper) and all seeking refuge in the trees and shrubs of our playground. Off we started in different directions, and didn't we search the yews and lilacs, the laurels and holly, and oh!—the joy of discovering, not a mere chicken but sometimes—one of the precious brown parcels!

When every tree and shrub and blade of grass had been searched and all the prizes discovered, we laid the captured quarry at the feet of Rev. Mother, the "Queen of the Hunt," who gave them all back to us, looking just as pleased and happy and interested as ourselves. Oh! such a merry hunt! and how we did enjoy it! It was the first time, but we hope not the last, that our dear Rev. Mother will transform our tennis-court into such "A Happy Hunting-Ground."

M. R.

#### Sir Gerald Strickland, B. C. B. E.

During the term of office in West Australia, Sir Gerald Strickland, the Lady Edeline and the Misses Strickland endeared themselves to the members of every denomination in the State. That they were fully appreciated goes without saying, as, when the time had come for them to leave the Land of the Golden West, ministers of various persuasions were present at the public farewell, and spoke with regret of their departure from their midst.

Sir Gerald was a man worthy to represent the King. He made himself familiar with the needs of this young State, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to mix with the people and to find out what would further the interests of this portion of the Commonwealth.

To Loreto the members of the family were true and staunch friends. The Misses (four) Strickland attended Loreto Convent, Adelaide

Terrace, Perth, for religious instruction, tuition in music, pianoforte and violin, and needlework. Beautifully simple and natural in manner, they won the hearts of all who came in contact with them. They showed their love, too, for Loreto, in a practical way, on many occasions. Whenever the nuns would get up a bazaar for some charitable purpose, they undertook to make the "Sweets" for the "Sweet Stall," and were the sellers all the time while the fête lasted. Choice flowers from the Viceregal grounds were often sent for the chapel.

Few candidates for the R. A. M. Exams. worked harder than Miss Mary Strickland. Consequently, her efforts were crowned with success, as she was the only candidate in her grade that obtained Honors in West Australia.

The four girls liked nothing better than an afternoon spent down at "beautiful Osborne," as the Loreto boarding-school in the suburb of Claremont is called. How they enjoyed the Swinging Boats, playing in the Horse-shoe, or feeding the fishes in the fountains in the Fernery, or going down the cliffs to the river, then back to the house, where full justice was done to afternoon tea. When staying down at the Beach, they often went across to "Osborne" to get books from the school library. When the day came for the departure of the family from West Australia, word was sent that the first motor would pass "Osborne" Avenue gates at 10.30, a. m., with Miss Birch, the governess, another friend of Loreto, the two younger girls and the sweet baby—a West Australian—Constance Teresa—and the nurse. The car stopped to show the wonderful baby and to say good-bye to their good friends at the convent. Shortly afterwards, Her Excellency and the other daughters motored down and also stopped. They chatted for a short time with the nuns and the pupils until, at last, good-bye was said. Then the party left for Fremantle, where the R. M. Steamer was at anchor.

Being one of the few Catholic families that ever lived at Government House, it is needless to say that many and varied were the comments as to how the members would act. Would they be liberal or bigoted? They proved by their deeds that there was no narrowmindedness among any of them. They were simply loved

and sought after for every public event and gathering. Their patronage was asked freely, and, never refused. There was no chaplain at Government House, but, instead, the family took turns in going to Mass, sometimes—in fact, generally, to the Cathedral, sometimes to the Redemptorist Monastery, at North Perth, and also to St. Brigid's Church, at West Perth.

The pupils of Loreto, Adelaide Terrace, tell the following anecdote of His Excellency: One afternoon they had a little sale of gifts in the school, and the Misses Strickland, as usual, were there, very busy selling and buying—it was only a children's affair—with their parents and friends. Suddenly, the telephone rang, and when it was answered the speaker was Sir Gerald, asking, most humbly, if he might come to the "Sale," as he liked a bit of fun as well as any one else. He came—and enjoyed himself, too.

The hope of West Australia is that, one day, His Excellency may be the Governor-General of this new Commonwealth.

#### A FORMER PUPIL OF LORETO.

#### WEST AUSTRALIA.

#### Loreto Convent, Europa.

The pupils of Loreto Convent, Europa, Gibraltar, are to be congratulated on their success at the Midsummer Examinations, College of Preceptors, London.

A special word of praise must be given to Miss Dolores Netto, who, in competition with the pupils of the United Kingdom, has obtained first place in English Language and Literature, and second place in Honors list, First Class.

The Honors and distinctions obtained by the other pupils are very satisfactory, as may be seen from the following list:

#### FIRST CLASS.

Miss D. Netto—First Class Honor Certificate, Distinction in English Language and Literature, and in Arithmetic. Pass in Scripture History, English History, Geography, French, Italian, Spanish, Drawing, Music, and Domestic Economy.

Miss T. Danino—First Class Certificate. Pass in Scripture History, English Language and Lit-

erature, English History, French, Spanish, Drawing, Music, and Domestic Economy.

#### SECOND CLASS.

Miss M. Welch—Second Class Honor Certificate. Pass in Scripture History, English Language and Literature, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, Drawing, and Music.

Miss A. Imossi—Second Class Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, Algebra, French, Spanish, and Drawing.

Miss T. Dotto—Second Class Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, Algebra, French, Spanish, and Drawing.

#### THIRD CLASS.

Miss A. Castrillo—Third Class Honor Certificate. Distinction in Spanish (Second Class). Pass in English Language and Literature, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, and Drawing.

Miss J. Guagnino—Third Class Honor Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, Geography, Arithmetic, French, Italian, Spanish, and Drawing.

Miss N. Tyler—Third Class Honor Certificate. Distinction in English Language and Literature and in French (Second Class). Pass in English History, Geography, Arithmetic, and Drawing.

Miss M. Patron—Third Class Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, English History, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, Spanish, and Drawing.

Miss M. L. Danino—Third Class Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, English History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Spanish, and Music.

Miss H. Cooper—Third Class Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, English History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, French, and Spanish.

Miss L. Isola—Third Class Certificate. Pass in English Language and Literature, Arithmetic, Algebra, Spanish, and Drawing.

#### LOWER FORMS.

Miss D. Bridger—Pass in English Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Literature, History, Geography, Algebra, and French.



Miss E. Garcia—Pass in English Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Literature, Geography, French, Spanish, and Drawing.

Miss R. Sacarello—Pass in English Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Literature, Geography, Algebra, French, and Spanish.

Master S. Lane—Pass in English Composition, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Literature, History, Geography, Algebra, and French.

### Thy Will Be Done.

IT was May. Far out on the extreme shore of "Jerne," as the ancients called the Emerald Isle, lay the little village of Dunmore. The calm and quiet of rural peace hung like the silvery folds of angels' wings over this favored and beautiful spot. It reminded one of that *hortus conclusus* where the choicest flowers bud forth in varied hues, where the merry brooks make play to the soft sounds of the summer breeze, and where grim Boreas never intrudes with his pestiferous breath. The scene from the piazza of Denham's beautiful mansion overlooking the village was one that would outrival the creation of the poet or the limning of the artist. Far out to the west, as far as the eye could penetrate, nothing could be seen but the ever-changing and rest-less sea, sending in its white-crested waves in unbroken succession and breaking with foamy spray on the rocky coast; to the north, rising gradually from a vista of studded oaks and stately elms, rose the Huron Hills, capped with their summer mantle of heath and creeping arbutus, where the timid hare found a home, and the feathered tribe held high revel; to the east and south, hedgerows and fields, draped in Nature's choicest robes, stretched out in a beautiful panorama, where the rich sward rose and fell in the gentle zephyr like the undulating ripples on a summer sea.

Altogether it was a scene characteristic of the month of May, and a fitting reflection of Mary's beauty and symbolical of her sweet maternal influence over the lives of her exiled children in this vale of tears.

In the recess of the ivy-crested stoop sat Mrs. Denham, gazing out on the foam-capped ocean and lost apparently in a brown study. She was not an old woman, but trouble and worry had left their unmistakable traces on her once hand-

some features, and changed the auburn hair to a snowy whiteness. Ever and anon she would start, twitch nervously the mother-of-pearl rosary on her lap, and utter a sigh to the Comforter of the Afflicted. Then she would break into a soliloquy: "Ten years since my boy left me, and, O God, how lonely I feel to-day"; then the tears would fall—tears which a mother only can shed.

Her story was a sad one. Every one in the locality knew it and sympathized and shared her trouble. Ten years before, not a happier family than the Denhams could be found. Mr. Denham, a loving father and kind husband, occupied the lucrative position of Chief Justice of the King's Division. He was a Protestant, but just and upright, and not in the least bigoted or conservative. To his wife, who was a devout Catholic, he always showed the greatest affection, and never, by word or deed, discountenanced her many and varied charitable works among the village poor. In religious affairs, too, he was equally tolerant, and always left her at liberty to follow the teachings of her Catholic faith. To a keen sense of justice and honor, he joined an inflexible will, and once he decided on a thing, no human power could induce him to alter his decision.

God blessed them with five children, four of whom took their flight heavenward ere yet the storms of an angry world could tear or tatter their baptismal robes. The youngest one was spared—a strapping youth, the pride and joy of his parents' hearts. Everybody for miles around knew Harry Denham, everybody loved him. Quick, impulsive, generous to a fault, he seemed to have inherited the honesty and uprightness of his father, and the loving religious disposition of his mother. His father, wishing to give him a thorough education, sent him to a college where the discipline and tuition were of the highest order.

Like all boys, every year Harry looked forward to his vacation with much expectancy, and when that time arrived he never felt so happy as, when bidding good-bye to his college chums, he jumped into a train whose front pointed in the direction of his cherished home. During these few months of pleasure, Harry and his books saw very little of each other. "It is no use to make too free with such articles," was his comment when reminded of his Horace or Sophocles. Boating, fishing and riding had more

attraction for his healthy and practical mind than the soporific columns of the ancient dreamers. Yet, withal, he was not a dull student; he could "turn an ode with any of them" though he never liked to parade his learning, and had a secret loathing for all who were guilty of such an unpardonable act.

It was during one of these happy vacation days that the crisis came which blighted forever the happiness of this peaceful home. One day as Harry was about to enter the drawing-room after a long tour in the woods, he was amazed to see his father standing, his back to the mantel-piece, his face livid with passion and his eyes flashing like those of an infuriated animal. At this unwonted spectacle Harry was nonplussed, and, after a few seconds of unbearable suspense, was preparing to make a hasty retreat, when his father's voice rang out, clear and imperious, "Sir, oblige me by entering." A deep feeling of terror took possession of the boy's frame; he trembled from head to foot, and with hesitating step and blanched face he passed within the portals of the room. A few moments of silence intervened, which seemed like centuries to the anxious and frightened boy. Then Mr. Denham broke forth into an impassioned outburst, whose every word was like a dagger at the boy's heart.

"Sir, there courses within your veins the blood of an honorable and aristocratic family; you are descended from sires whose honor and integrity have always been the guiding star of their lives; you are the scion of a family whose escutcheon was never tarnished by an ignoble act and"—here he raised his voice to such a pitch that the old great house seemed to tremble—"and is it come to this? Do I live to see the day that you my son—would descend so low as to stain your name by taking what does not belong to you? Do I live to see the day that my son has become a"—and here he hissed the word "thief"?

The boy was leaning against a heavy armchair, his lips pallid, and his eyes gazing with wild affright at the angry countenance of his father. But the sound of that word "thief" aroused him from that corpse-like stare; in a moment that deep pride and sense of honor that were hereditary and innate parts of his Celtic nature sent the blood boiling through every fibre of his body, and mantling his pallid cheeks with its crimson glow. He drew himself up to his full height and,

with calm dignity, he warmly replied, "Father, I deny the charge."

The boldness of the answer discomfited for a moment the angry parent—but only for a moment. "Deny the charge, eh?" he blurted out, "that is another revelation of your character. To the honor of being a thief you can add that of dissimulator. Deny the charge indeed! For a long time I have had my suspicions, but to-day they have passed into certitude. During your vacation months every year there has been a noticeable decrease of money in my treasury. At first I could not possibly account for it. Naturally the servants fell under suspicion, but as matters took their usual trend when you left for college, and nothing was noticed again until your return home, I could not help placing my suspicions in another direction. This morning I said I would make the test and assure myself of the culprit. Taking the money from the change drawer, I placed all the notes and coins in the private safe, locked it and left the key in a place where the servants were never allowed to enter and where you alone had access. And what was the result? Cheques forged, money taken, and you, sir, the author!"

Here he paused as if gaining breath for the final upheaval. Then, with a voice whose echo sounded in the boy's heart like the knell of eternal doom, he said: "Henry Denham, you are disowned. From this moment you and I are strangers. If within twenty-four hours you are found within the King's dominions you are arrested as a felon, tried and condemned. Furthermore, I charge you, wherever you go, never to let your family know of your whereabouts."

The decree had gone forth; the fate of the boy was sealed. The father made a slight inclination of the head, and in high dudgeon passed into his library. For a full hour Harry stood there immovable as a statue, with eyes gazing at vacancy. Then as the whole situation burst upon his boyish intellect, he fell upon his face, and the house resounded with his groans and sobs.

We will pass over the heart-rending parting of mother and son, for a scene such as this is beyond the limit of description. On the following day a tearful exile boarded a west-bound steamer; and as the huge vessel, snorting and creaking, plunged forth on its watery course, and as the green hills of his native land faded away

in the distance, the poor exile, amid blinding tears, turned his face toward heaven where rested now his only consolation, and said in choking sobs, "Thy will be done."

Ten years have passed since then, and we find Mrs. Denham, in the opening part of our story sitting alone, looking out into the broad Atlantic. What sad memories flit by her in the growing twilight of this summer's eve! What sad vicissitudes have visited her once happy home! Far beyond that restless waste of waters is the one treasure, the sole tie which binds her to this vale of tears. Long she glances over the sounding turmoil, and then her eyes instinctively wander to yonder peaceful glade, where, under the shadow of the old dismantled abbey, Mr. Denham is sleeping his long last sleep.

The closing scene of his checkered life was sad but peaceful. Five years after the disinheritation of his son, as he was sitting one morning in his private room looking over the morning mail, a crumpled missive, bearing a London post-mark, attracted his attention. Tearing it open, he read:

LONDON, March 28, 18—

*To all whom it may concern:*

This is to certify that I, Paul Ridger, am the person who stole the money from Mr. Denham's money-drawer and private safe, and for which he exiled and disinherited his only son. I make this confession as I have only a few moments to live, and I trust that the innocent will be exonerated from all blame.

(Signed) PAUL RIDGER.

This awful revelation was too much for Mr. Denham. His nerves, already enfeebled by the family disgrace, now completely gave way under this hard blow. He pictured to himself all the wrong and injustice to which he exposed his dear child, and, in the bitterness of his heart, he condemned his own puritanic obstinacy. If only he could see his son again; if only he could press him to his heart or even drop him a few hasty words to return that "all is well"; but no, this is denied him. He remembers well the heartless sentence which he spoke on that luckless day, every word of which comes back to him now like gloomy specters from the shadowy realms of Tartarus: "I charge you never let your family know of your whereabouts."

By degrees, a sad change was apparent in his conduct. For hours he would sit mute and silent at his desk, heedless of everything around him, a far-away look on his care-worn features. Then he would wander aimlessly down to the beach and gaze out towards the western horizon; ever and anon he would raise his voice above the elements and call "Harry!" "Harry!" but the only responses were the piercing screams of the gulls from their craggy heights, or the southing of the restless sea. Then he would return again to his room to live over and ponder his own poignant grief.

Such a mental strain was enough to weaken the most powerful frame. Mr. Denham's bent shoulders and emaciated face only too clearly showed that the sands in the hour-glass of his existence were running low. It all came quicker than any one dared surmise. One calm summer's evening, Death took up his reign in the old mansion and Mr. Denham passed quietly beyond the portals of this mortal life. But though the end was sudden, yet it was not unprovided. Almost at the last hour God had given him the light of faith, and his soul, purified in the waters of Baptism, found rest at last far out from the receding shore.

Such were the many sad recollections that passed through Mrs. Denham's mind as she sat alone in the gloaming. She drank deeply of the cup of human affliction, and now it seems to her that she must drain it to the dregs. With heavy heart she retires to her room where, during the long hours of the night, she pours out her soul to her whose intercession she never sought in vain. It is Mrs. Denham's last night in her native land. Ere to-morrow's sun will sink to rest she will be far out on the surging main, gazing with tear-stained eyes to where Columbia offers a home and a rest to many a weary exile.

Her final parting from her country was sad in the extreme. Long she lingered in each room of her once happy home, endeavoring to live over again for a few moments the joy and happiness associated therewith; and as she passed down the village street, she paid a last sad visit to the old church where she was accustomed to spend many a happy hour before the altar of the Queen of May.

Mrs. Denham was an extremely religious woman, and had an abiding confidence in the

power of the Blessed Virgin. Imbued with that faith of her race—that race which overcame fire, sword and all the malice of hell—she never doubted but she would meet again her wronged and loving child. For this reason she left home and friends to seek in a foreign land the only link that bound her heart to this vale of tears. It was a weary and doubtful quest, and it was only when she landed on the busy wharf at New York—that great emporium of seething humanity—that the dreadful loneliness and incongruity of her situation clearly dawned upon her, and she sighed for the quiet and peace of her native home. Her story excited the sympathy of those to whom she told her trouble, but it was that cold, formal sympathy so foreign to her native hills.

During the long sultry days she would wander through the busy streets, up through fetid lanes, or into the crowded marts, in the hope of meeting him whom she loved with the undying affection of a mother. "Oh, there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and rejoice in his prosperity; and if misfortunes overtake him he will be dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name she will still love and cherish in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off she will be all the world to him."

Thus the days passed into weeks, weeks into months, season succeeded season, and May came round again only to find Mrs. Denham still unsuccessful in her weary search. Many the weary mile, many the silent tear, many the gnawing heart-break were her daily portion during the first year of her lonely exile. After a fruitless quest in the great eastern cities, she determined to explore the western parts of the mighty continent. But this she was not destined to accomplish. The wasted frame, bent and feeble by the weight of sorrow and anxiety, broke down at last under the wearying strain. It was in a west-bound express that the crisis came. "A slight paralytic shock," was the verdict of the doctor, who happened to be a passenger and who suggested that the patient should be re-

moved to a hospital at the earliest convenience. Accordingly, when the city of C— was reached, willing hands lent their aid, and the poor patient soon found herself under the gentle care of the Bon Secours in the hospital of St. Vincent.

There everything possible was done for her by these angels of Mercy, but life's taper seemed to be fast flickering away. That evening, when the chaplain, Father *Silentius*, as he was called on account of his habitual reticence, passed from ward to ward on his errand of charity, he paused as he approached the bed of our poor sufferer and contemplated the pallid lips moving in prayer and the beads slipping through her slender fingers. Then, with that gentleness and tact so characteristic of the priest of God, he whispered a few words into the patient's ear, and, as he drew forth a purple stole, the attendants quietly withdrew, knowing well that at such a sacred rite the angels themselves cannot be witnesses. It was three hours before Father *Silentius* emerged from that ward. And as he passed down the corridor, a strange look was observable on his usually placid face; even Sister *Columba* declared that his eyes were swollen and tear-stained. A change for the better could be discerned in Mrs. Denham's condition. The night nurse declared, however, that her sleep was restless, and that, at times, she would start up and exclaim "I knew she would do it." "Who is she, dear?" at last inquired the gentle Sister, as she bent over the bed.

"The Blessed Virgin," was the faint reply. "Oh, you do not know how good she is," continued the patient in faltering accents, "she gave the grace of conversion to my husband on his death-bed, and now, on my own, she has given me back my child!"

Some days passed and, to the surprise of all, Mrs. Denham was able to leave her bed and take a short walk for an hour in the adjoining grounds. But the doctors declared that this convalescence was only temporary, and that the end was liable to come at any moment. And so it did. It was the last day of May—that month she loved so well. Seated under the cool shades of the limes she seemed to be lost in the enchanting loveliness of the surrounding landscape. Father *Silentius* was at her side; she could not bear to be parted from him for any notable time. They



PROSPECT POINT, NIAGARA FALLS.



CANADIAN RAPIDS FROM VERANDA. THREE SISTERS COMFORT STATION

had talked long and pleasantly through the day; they had conjured up scenes of home and friends from far beyond the main; they had even expressed the hope of going back and living over again those happy days which were passed beneath the old roof-tree ere sorrow came to blight its joy. But this was not to be, and as they sat and talked, a sudden change was apparent; a strange pallor swept across her face and her eyes wandered from the beauty of hill and dale to the great luminous globe that was fast descending the western sky, leaving a golden trail of light upon its wake, and enveloping all in the effulgence of its parting splendor. Then a smile of heavenly joy lit up her care-worn features; she clasped her beads to her heart, saying, "Harry, give me the last absolution." These were her last words. Ere the sacred words of absolution had died away from the priestly lips, the soul of Mrs. Denham, chastened and pure, had broken through this thin veil of mortality and had gone to enjoy the unalterable splendor of the Lamb in that land where sorrow is unknown and where joy reigns supreme.

Father Silentius was alone; and, as he bent over to close the eyes and stroke back the silvery hair from the venerable brow of his dead mother, he could only repeat, amid sobs and tears, those selfsame words which he had spoken eleven years before on the rolling waves:

"Lord, Thy will be done!"

Sometimes one wonders if the world has forever lost its sense of peace and beauty, and if we are to whizz and yell and advertise till the end of time. Will simple pleasures seem tame and quiet ways unsuccessful? Or are we mad only for a little term, and will we return to spacious and serene things after this fever cools? Shall we soon turn from the clatter of these days, the temporal display, the unreal values set on position and success, the scorn of what is simple-hearted and generous, the haste and noise that drown all gentle voices? It is time to recover our knowledge of the wind on the hills, the silent passage of a summer's day, the swift wind-swept procession of early autumn clouds, the sea in calm and storm, with the breaking waves that wear away the beach.

## Shelley.

By Francis Thompson.

THE Church, which was once the mother of poets no less than of saints, during the last two centuries has relinquished to aliens the chief glories of poetry, if the chief glories of holiness she has preserved for her own. The palm and the laurel, Dominic and Dante, sanctity and song, grew together in her soil: she has retained the palm, but forgone the laurel. Poetry in its widest sense—that is to say, taken as the general animating spirit of the Fine Arts—and when not professedly irreligious, has been too much and too long among many Catholics either misprised or distrusted; too much and too generally the feeling has been that it is at best superfluous, at worst pernicious, most often dangerous. Once poetry was, as she should be, the lesser sister and helpmate of the Church; the minister to the mind, as the Church to the soul. But poetry sinned, poetry fell; and, in place of lovingly reclaiming her, Catholicism cast her from the door to follow the feet of her pagan seducer. The separation has been ill for poetry; it has not been well for religion.

Fathers of the Church (we would say), pastors of the Church, pious laics of the Church: you are taking from its walls the panoply of Aquinas; take also from its walls the psalter of Alighieri. Unroll the precedents of the Church's past; recall to your minds that Francis of Assisi was among the precursors of Dante; that sworn to Poverty he forswore not Beauty, but discerned through the lamp Beauty the Light God; that he was even more a poet in his miracles than in his melody; that poetry clung round the cowls of his Order. Follow his footsteps; you who have blessings for men, have you no blessing for the birds? Recall to your memory that, in their minor kind, the love poems of Dante shed no less honor on Catholicism than did the great religious poem which is itself pivoted on love; that in singing of heaven he sang of Beatrice—this supporting angel was still carven on his harp even when he stirred its strings in Paradise. What you theoretically know, vividly realize: that with many the religion of beauty must always be a passion and a power, that it is only evil when divorced from the worship of the Primal Beauty.

Poetry is the preacher to men of the earthly as you of the Heavenly Fairness; of that earthly fairness which God has fashioned to his own image and likeness. You proclaim the day which the Lord has made, and she exults and rejoices in it. You praise the Creator for His works, and she shows you that they are very good. Beware how you misprise this potent ally, for hers is the art of Giotto and Dante: beware how you misprise this insidious foe, for hers is the art of modern France and of Byron. Her value, if you know it not, God knows, and know the enemies of God. If you have no room for her beneath the wings of the Holy One, there is place for her beneath the webs of the Evil One; whom you discard, he embraces; whom you cast down from an honorable seat, he will advance to a haughty throne; the brows you dislaurel of a just respect, he will bind with baleful splendors; the stone which you builders reject, he will make his head of the corner. May she not prophesy in the temple? then there is ready for her the tripod of Delphi. Eye her not askance if she seldom sing directly of religion: the bird gives glory to God though it sings only of its innocent loves. Suspicion creates its own cause; distrust begets reason for distrust. This beautiful, wild, feline poetry, wild because left to range the wilds, restore to the hearth of your charity, shelter under the rafter of your Faith; discipline her to the sweet restraints of your household, feed her with the meat from your table, soften her with the amity of your children; tame her, fondle her, cherish her—you will no longer then need to flee her. Suffer her to wanton, suffer her to play, so she play round the foot of the Cross!

There is a change of late years: the Wanderer is being called to her Father's house, but we would have the call yet louder, we would have the proffered welcome more unstinted. There are still stray remnants of the old intolerant distrust. It is still possible for even a French historian of the Church to enumerate among the articles cast upon Savonarola's famous pile, *poésies érotiques, tant des anciens que des modernes, livres impies ou corrupteurs, Ovide, Tibulle, Properce, pour ne nommer que les plus connus, Dante, Pétrarque, Boccace, tous ces auteurs Italiens qui déjà souillaient les âmes et ruinaient les mœurs, en créant ou perfectionnant la langue.* The Abbé Bareille was not, of course, responsible for Savonarola's

taste, only for thus endorsing it. Blameworthy carelessness, at the least, which can class the *Vita Nuova* with the *Ars Amandi* and the *Decameron!* And among many English Catholics the spirit of poetry is still often received with a restricted, Puritanical greeting rather than with the traditionally Catholic joyous openness.

We ask, therefore, for a larger interest, not in purely Catholic poetry, but in poetry generally, poetry in its widest sense. With few exceptions, whatsoever in our best poets is great and good to the non-Catholic, is great and good also to the Catholic; and though Faber threw his edition of Shelley into the fire and never regretted the act; though, moreover, Shelley is so little read among us that we can still tolerate in our Churches the religious parody which Faber should have thrown after his three-volumed Shelley—we mean, of course, the hymn, "I rise from dreams of time"—in spite of this, we are not disposed to number among such exceptions that straying spirit of light.

We have among us at the present day no lineal descendant, in the poetical order, of Shelley; and any such offspring of the aboundingly spontaneous Shelley is hardly possible, still less likely, on account of the defect by which (we think) contemporary poetry in general, as compared with the poetry of the early nineteenth century, is mildewed. That defect is the predominance of art over inspiration, of body over soul. We do not say the *defect* of inspiration. The warrior is there, but he is hampered by his armor. Writers of high aim in all branches of literature, even when they are not—as Mr. Swinburne, for instance, is—lavish in expression, are generally over-deliberate in expression. Mr. Henry James, delineating a fictitious writer clearly intended to be the ideal of an artist, makes him regret that he has sometimes allowed himself to take the second-best word instead of searching for the best. Theoretically, of course, one ought always to try for the best word. But practically, the habit of excessive care in word-selection frequently results in loss of spontaneity; and, still worse, the habit of always taking the best word too easily becomes the habit of always taking the most ornate word, the word most removed from ordinary speech. In consequence of this, poetic diction has become latterly a kaleidoscope, and one's chief curiosity



is as to the precise combinations into which the pieces will be shifted. There is, in fact, a certain band of words, the Praetorian cohorts of poetry, whose prescriptive aid is invoked by every aspirant to the poetical purple, and without whose prescriptive aid none dares aspire to the poetical purple; against these it is time some banner should be raised. Perhaps it is almost impossible for a contemporary writer quite to evade the services of the free-lances whom one encounters under so many standards. But it is at any rate curious to note that the literary revolution against the despotic diction of Pope seems issuing, like political revolutions, in a despotism of its own making.

This, then, we cannot but think, distinguishes the literary period of Shelley from our own. It distinguishes even the unquestionable treasures and masterpieces of to-day from similar treasures and masterpieces of the precedent day; even the *Lotus-Eaters* from the *Kubla-Khan*; even Rossetti's ballads from *Christabel*. It is present in the restraint of Matthew Arnold no less than in the exuberance of Swinburne, and affects our writers who aim at simplicity no less than those who seek richness. Indeed, nothing is so artificial as our simplicity. It is the simplicity of the French stage *ingénue*. We are self-conscious to the finger-tips; and this inherent quality, entailing on our poetry the inevitable loss of spontaneity, ensures that whatever poets, of whatever excellence, may be born to us from the Shelleian stock, its founder's spirit can take among us no reincarnation. An age that is ceasing to produce child-like children cannot produce a Shelley. For both as poet and man he was essentially a child.

Yet, just as in the effete French society before the Revolution the Queen played at Arcadia, the King played at being a mechanic, every one played at simplicity and universal philanthropy, leaving for most durable outcome of their philanthropy the guillotine, as the most durable outcome of ours may be execution by electricity;—so in our own society the talk of benevolence and the cult of childhood are the very fashion of the hour. We, of this self-conscious, incredulous generation, sentimentalize our children, analyze our children, think we are endowed with a special capacity to sympathize and identify ourselves with children; we play at being children.

And the result is that we are not more child-like, but our children are less child-like. It is so tiring to stoop to the child, so much easier to lift the child up to you. Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy god-mother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space; it is

To see a world in a grain of sand,

And a heaven in a wild flower,

Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,

And eternity in an hour;

it is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death. When we become conscious in dreaming that we dream, the dream is on the point of breaking; when we become conscious in living that we live, the ill dream is but just beginning. Now if Shelley was but too conscious of the dream, in other respects Dryden's false and famous line might have been applied to him with very much less than its usual untruth. (Wordsworth's adaptation of it, however, is true. Men are not "children of a larger growth," but the child is father of the man, since the parent is only partially reproduced in his offspring.) To the last, in a degree uncommon even among poets, he retained the idiosyncrasy of childhood, expanded and matured without differentiation. To the last he was the enchanted child.

This was, as is well known, patent in his life. It is as really, though perhaps less obviously, manifest in his poetry, the sincere effluence of his life. And it may not, therefore, be amiss to consider whether it was conditioned by anything beyond his congenital nature. For our part, we believe it to have been equally largely the outcome of his early and long isolation. Men given to retirement and abstract study are notoriously liable to contract a certain degree of childlikeness; and if this be the case when we

segregate a man, how much more when we segregate a child! It is when they are taken into the solution of school-life that children, by the reciprocal interchange of influence with their fellows, undergo the series of reactions which converts them from children into boys and from boys into men. The intermediate stage must be traversed to reach the final one.

Now Shelley never could have been a man, for he never was a boy. And the reason lay in the persecution which overclouded his school-days. Of that persecution's effect upon him he has left us, in *The Revolt of Islam*, a picture which to many or most people very probably seems a poetical exaggeration; partly because Shelley appears to have escaped physical brutality, partly because adults are inclined to smile tenderly at childish sorrows which are not caused by physical suffering. That he escaped for the most part bodily violence is nothing to the purpose. It is the petty malignant annoyance recurring hour by hour, day by day, month by month, until its accumulation becomes an agony; it is this which is the most terrible weapon that boys have against their fellow boy, who is powerless to shun it because, unlike the man, he has virtually no privacy. His is the torture which the ancients used, when they anointed their victim with honey and exposed him naked to the restless fever of the flies. He is a little St. Sebastian, sinking under the incessant flight of shafts which skilfully avoid the vital parts.

We do not, therefore, suspect Shelley of exaggeration: he was, no doubt, in terrible misery. Those who think otherwise must forget their own past. Most people, we suppose, must forget what they were like when they were children: otherwise they would know that the griefs of their childhood were passionate abandonment, *déchirants* (to use a characteristically favorite phrase of modern French literature) as the griefs of their maturity. Children's griefs are little, certainly; but so is the child, so is its endurance, so is its field of vision, while its nervous impressionability is keener than ours. Grief is a matter of relativity; the sorrow should be estimated by its proportion to the sorrower; a gash is as painful to one as an amputation to another. Pour a puddle into a thimble or an Atlantic into Etna; both thimble and

mountain overflow. Adult fools! would not the angels smile at *our* griefs, were not angels too wise to smile at them?

So beset, the child fled into the tower of his own soul, and raised the drawbridge. He threw out a reserve, encysted in which he grew to maturity unaffected by the intercourses that modify the maturity of others into the thing we call a man. The encysted child developed until it reached years of virility, until those later Oxford days in which Hogg encountered it; then, bursting at once from its cyst and the university, it swam into a world not illegitimately perplexed by such a whim of the gods. It was, of course, only the completeness and duration of this seclusion—lasting from the gate of boyhood to the threshold of youth—which was peculiar to Shelley. Most poets, probably, like most saints, are prepared for their mission by an initial segregation, as the seed is buried to germinate: before they can utter the oracle of poetry, they must first be divided from the body of men. It is the severed head that makes the seraph.

Shelley's life frequently exhibits in him the magnified child. It is seen in his fondness for apparently futile amusements, such as the sailing of paper boats. This was, in the truest sense of the word, child-like; not, as it is frequently called and considered, childish. That is to say, it was not a mindless triviality, but the genuine child's power of investing little things with imaginative interest; the same power, though differently devoted, which produced much of his poetry. Very possibly in the paper boat he saw the magic bark of Laon and Cythna, or

That thinnest boat  
On which the mother of the months is borne  
By ebbing night into her lunar cave.

In fact, if you mark how favorite an idea, under varying forms, is this in his verse, you will perceive that all the charmed boats which glide down the stream of his poetry are but glorified resurrections of the little paper argosies which trembled down the Isis.

And the child appeared no less often in Shelley the philosopher than in Shelley the idler. It is seen in his repellent no less than in his amiable weaknesses; in the unteachable folly of a love that made its goal its starting-point, and firmly

expected spiritual rest from each new divinity, though it had found none from the divinities antecedent. For we are clear that this was no mere straying of sensual appetite, but a straying, strange and deplorable, of the spirit; that (contrary to what Mr. Coventry Patmore has said) he left a woman not because he was tired of her arms, but because he was tired of her soul. When he found Mary Shelley wanting, he seems to have fallen into the mistake of Wordsworth, who complained in a charming piece of unreasonableness that his wife's love, which had been a fountain, was now only a well:

Such change, and at the very door  
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

Wordsworth probably learned, what Shelley was incapable of learning, that love can never permanently be a fountain. A living poet, in an article (*The Rhythm of Life*, by Alice Meynell) which you almost fear to breathe upon lest you should flutter some of the frail pastel-like bloom, has said the thing: "Love itself has tidal moments, lapses and flows due to the metrical rule of the interior heart." Elementary reason should proclaim this true. Love is an affection, its display an emotion: love is the air, its display is the wind. An affection may be constant; an emotion can no more be constant than the wind can constantly blow. All, therefore, that a man can reasonably ask of his wife is that her love should be indeed a well. A well; but a Bethesda-well, into which from time to time the angel of tenderness descends to trouble the waters for the healing of the beloved. Such a love Shelley's second wife appears unquestionably to have given him. Nay, she was content that he should veer while she remained true; she companioned him intellectually, shared his views, entered into his aspirations, and yet—yet, even at the date of *Epipsychidion*, the foolish child, her husband, assigned her the part of moon to Emilia Viviani's sun, and lamented that he was barred from final, certain, irreversible happiness by a cold and callous society. Yet few poets were so mated before, and no poet was so mated afterwards, until Browning stooped and picked up a fair-coined soul that lay rusting in a pool of tears.

In truth, his very unhappiness and discontent

with life, in so far as it was not the inevitable penalty of the ethical anarch, can only be ascribed to this same childlike irrationality—though in such a form it is irrationality hardly peculiar to Shelley. Pity, if you will, his spiritual ruins, and the neglected early training which was largely their cause; but the pity due to his outward circumstances has been strangely exaggerated. The obloquy from which he suffered he deliberately and wantonly courted. For the rest, his lot was one that many a young poet might envy. He had faithful friends, a faithful wife, an income small but assured. Poverty never dictated to his pen; the designs on his bright imagination were never etched by the sharp fumes of necessity.

If, as has chanced to others—as chanced, for example, to Mangan—outcast from home, health and hope, with a charred past and a bleared future, an anchorite without detachment and self-cloistered without self-sufficingness, deposed from a world which he had not abdicated, pierced with thorns which formed no crown, a poet hopeless of the bays, and a martyr hopeless of the palm, a land cursed against the dews of love, an exile banned and proscribed even from the innocent arms of childhood—he were burning helpless at the stake of his unquenchable heart, then he might have been inconsolable, then might he have cast the gorge at life, then have cowered in the darkening chamber of his being, tapestried with mouldering hopes, and harkened to the winds that swept across the illimitable wastes of death. But no such hapless lot was Shelley's as that of his own contemporaries—Keats, half-chewed in the jaws of London and spit dying on to Italy; De Quincey, who, if he escaped, escaped rent and maimed from those cruel jaws; Coleridge, whom they dully mumbled for the major portion of his life. Shelley had competence, poetry, love; yet he wailed that he could lie down like a tired child and weep away his life of care! Is it ever so with you, sad brother; is it ever so with me? and is there no drinking of pearls except they be dissolved in biting tears? "Which of us has his desire, or having it, is satisfied?"

It is true that he shared the fate of nearly all the great poets contemporary with him, in being unappreciated. Like them, he suffered from critics who were for ever shearing the wild

tresses of poetry between rusty rules, who could never see a literary bough project beyond the trim level of its day but they must lop it with a crooked criticism, who kept indomitably planting in the defile of fame the "established canons" that had been spiked by poet after poet. But we decline to believe that a singer of Shelley's calibre could be seriously grieved by want of vogue. Not that we suppose him to have found consolation in that senseless superstition, "the applause of posterity." Posterity, posterity! which goes to Rome, weeps large-sized tears, carves beautiful inscriptions, over the tomb of Keats; and the worm must wriggle her curt say to it all, since the dead boy, wherever he be, has quite other gear to tend. Never a bone less dry for all the tears!

A poet must to some extent be a chameleon, and feed on air. But it need not be the musty breath of the multitude. He can find his needful support in the judgment of those whose judgment he knows valuable, and such support Shelley had:

La gloire  
Ne compte pas toujours les voix;  
Elle les pèse quelquefois.

Yet if this might be needful to him as support, neither this, nor the applause of the present, nor the applause of posterity, could have been needful to him as motive: the one all-sufficing motive for a great poet's singing is that expressed by Keats:

I was taught in Paradise  
To ease my breast of melodies.

Precisely so. The overcharged breast can find no ease but in suckling the baby-song. No enmity of outward circumstances, therefore, but his own nature, was responsible for Shelley's doom.

A being with so much about it of childlike unreasonableness, and yet withal so much of the beautiful attraction luminous in a child's sweet unreasonableness, would seem fore-fated by its very essence to the transience of the bubble and the rainbow, of all things filmy and fair. Did some shadow of this destiny bear part in his sadness? Certain it is that, by a curious chance, he himself in *Julian and Maddalo* jestingly foretold the manner of his end. "O ho! You talk

as in years past," said Maddalo (Byron) to Julian (Shelley); "If you can't swim. Beware of Providence." Did so unearthly *diristi* sound in his ears as he wrote it? But a brief while, and Shelley, who could not swim, was weltering on the waters of Lericci. We know not how this may affect others, but over us it is a coincidence which has long tyrannized with an absorbing inveteracy of impression (strengthened rather than diminished by the contrast between the levity of the utterance and its fatal fulfilment)—thus to behold, heralding itself in warning mockery through the very lips of its predestined victim, the Doom upon whose breath his locks were lifting along the coasts of Campania. The death which he had prophesied came upon him, and Spezzia enrolled another name among the mournful Marcelli of our tongue; Venetian glasses which foamed and burst before the poisoned wine of life had risen to their brims.

Coming to Shelley's poetry, we peep over the wild mask of revolutionary metaphysics, and we see the winsome face of the child. Perhaps none of his poems is more purely and typically Shelleian than *The Cloud*, and it is interesting to note how essentially it springs from the faculty of make-believe. The same thing is conspicuous, though less purely conspicuous, throughout his singing; it is the child's 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 his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven: its floor is littered 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 in 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.

This it was which, in spite of his essentially modern character as a singer, qualified Shelley

to be the poet of *Prometheus Unbound*, for it made him, in the truest sense of the word, a mythological poet. This childlike quality assimilated him to the childlike peoples among whom mythologies have their rise. Those Nature myths which, according to many, are the basis of all mythology, are likewise the very basis of Shelley's poetry. The lark that is the gossip of heaven, the winds that pluck the grey from the beards of the billows, the clouds that are snorted from the sea's broad nostril, all the elemental spirits of Nature, take from his verse perpetual incarnation and reincarnation, pass in a thousand glorious transmigrations through the radiant forms of his imagery.

Thus, but not in the Wordsworthian sense, he is a veritable poet of Nature. For with Nature the Wordsworthians will admit no tampering; they exact the direct interpretative reproduction of her; that the poet should follow her as a mistress, not use her as a handmaid. To such following of Nature, Shelley felt no call. He saw in her not a picture set for his copying, but a palette set for his brush; not a habitation prepared for his inhabiting, but a Coliseum whence he might quarry stones for his own palaces. Even in his descriptive passages the dream-character of his scenery is notorious; it is not the clear, recognizable scenery of Wordsworth, but a landscape that hovers athwart the heat and haze arising from his crackling fantasies. The materials for such visionary Edens have evidently been accumulated from direct experience, but they are recomposed by him into such scenes as never mortal eye beheld. "Don't you wish you had?" as Turner said. The one justification for classing Shelley with the Lake poet is that he loved Nature with a love even more passionate, though perhaps less profound. Wordsworth's *Nightingale and Stockdove* sums up the contrast between the two, as though it had been written for such a purpose. Shelley is the "creature of ebullient heart," who

Sings as if the god of wine  
Had helped him to a valentine.

Wordsworth's is the

—Love with quiet blending,  
Slow to begin and never ending,

the "serious faith and inward glee."

But if Shelley, instead of culling Nature, crossed with its pollen the blossoms of his own soul, that Babylonian garden is his marvellous and best apology. For astounding figurative opulence he yields only to Shakespeare, and even to Shakespeare not in absolute fecundity but in range of images. The sources of his figurative wealth are specialized, while the sources of Shakespeare's are universal. It would have been as conscious an effort for him to speak without figure as it is for most men to speak with figure. Suspended in the dripping well of his imagination the commonest object becomes encrusted with imagery. Herein again he deviates from the true Nature poet, the normal Wordsworth type of Nature poet: imagery was to him not a mere means of expression, not even a mere means of adornment; it was a delight for its own sake.

And herein we find the trail by which we would classify him. He belongs to a school of which not impossibly he may hardly have read a line—the Metaphysical School. To a large extent, he is what the Metaphysical School should have been. That school was a certain kind of poetry trying for a range. Shelley is the range found. Crashaw and Shelley sprang from the same seed; but in the one case the seed was choked with thorns, in the other case it fell on good ground. The Metaphysical School was in its direct results an abortive movement, though indirectly much came of it—for Dryden came of it. Dryden, to a greater extent than is (we imagine) generally perceived, was Cowley systematized; and Cowley, who sank into the arms of Dryden, rose from the lap of Donne.

But the movement was so abortive that few will thank us for connecting with it the name of Shelley. This is because to most people the Metaphysical School means Donne, whereas it ought to mean Crashaw. We judge the direction of a development by its highest form, though that form may have been produced but once, and produced imperfectly. Now the highest product of the Metaphysical School was Crashaw, and Crashaw was a Shelley *manqué*; he never reached the Promised Land, but he had fervid visions of it. The Metaphysical School, like Shelley, loved imagery for its own sake; and how beautiful a thing the frank toying with imagery may be, let *The Skylark* and *The Cloud* witness. It is only evil when the poet, on the

straight way to a fixed object, lags continually from the path to play. This is commendable neither in poet nor errand-boy. The Metaphysical School failed, not because it toyed with imagery, but because it toyed with it frostily. To sport with the tangles of Neaera's hair may be trivial idleness or caressing tenderness, exactly as your relation to Neaera is that of heartless gallantry or of love. So you may toy with imagery in mere intellectual ingenuity, and then you might as well go write acrostics: or you may toy with it in raptures and, then you may write a *Sensitive Plant*. In fact, the Metaphysical poets when they went astray cannot be said to have done anything so dainty as is implied by *toying* with imagery. They cut it into shapes with a pair of scissors. From all such danger Shelley was saved by his passionate spontaneity; no trappings are too splendid for the swift steeds of sunrise. His sword-hilt may be rough with jewels, but it is the hilt of an Excalibur. His thoughts scorch through all the folds of expression. His cloth of gold bursts at the flexures, and shows the naked poetry.

It is this gift of not merely embodying but apprehending everything in figure which co-operates towards creating one of his rarest characteristics, so almost preternaturally developed in no other poet, namely, his well-known power to condense the most hydrogenic abstraction. Science can now educe threads of such exquisite tenuity that only the feet of the tiniest infant-spiders can ascend them; but up the filmiest insubstantiality Shelley runs with agile ease. To him, in truth, nothing is abstract. The dustiest abstractions

Start, and tremble under his feet,  
And blossom in purple and red.

The coldest moon of an idea rises haloed through his vaporous imagination. The dimmest-sparked chip of a conception blazes and scintillates in the subtle oxygen of his mind. The most wrinkled Aeson of an abstruseness leaps rosy out of his bubbling genius. In a more intensified signification than it is probable that Shakespeare dreamed of, Shelley gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. Here afresh he touches the Metaphysical School, whose very title was drawn from this habitual pursuit of abstractions, and who failed in that

pursuit from the one cause omnipresent with them, because in all their poetic smithy they had left never a place for a forge. They laid their fancies chill on the anvil. Crashaw, indeed, partially anticipated Shelley's success, and yet further did a later poet, so much further that we find it difficult to understand why a generation that worships Shelley should be reviving Gray, yet almost forget the name of Collins. The generality of readers, when they know him at all, usually know him by his *Ode on the Passions*. In this, despite its beauty, there is still a *souçon* of formalism, a lingering trace of powder from the eighteenth-century periwig, dimming the bright locks of poetry. Only the literary student reads that little masterpiece, the *Ode to Evening*, which sometimes heralds the Shelleian strain, while other passages are the sole things in the language comparable to the miniatures of *Il Penseroso*. Crashaw, Collins, Shelley—three ricochets of the one pebble, three jets from three bounds of the one Pegasus! Collins's Pity, "with eyes of dewy light," is near of kin to Shelley's Sleep, "the filmy-eyed"; and the "shadowy tribes of mind" are the lineal progenitors of "Thought's crowned powers." This however, is personification, wherein both Collins and Shelley build on Spenser: the dizzying achievement to which the modern poet carried personification accounts for but a moiety, if a large moiety, of his vivifying power over abstractions. Take the passage (already alluded to) in that glorious chorus telling how the Hours come:

From the temples high  
Of man's ear and eye  
Roofed over Sculpture and Poetry,  
From the skiey towers  
Where Thought's crowned powers  
Sit watching your flight, ye happy Hours.

Our feet now, every palm,  
Are sandalled with calm;  
And the dew of our wings is a rain of balm:  
And within our eyes  
The human love lies  
Which makes all it gazes on Paradise.

Any partial explanation will break in our hands before it reaches the root of such a power. The root, we take it, is this. He had an instinctive

perception (immense in range and fertility, astonishing for its delicate intuition) of the underlying analogies, the secret subterranean passages, between matter and soul; the chromatic scales, whereat we dimly guess, by which the Almighty modulates through all the keys of creation. Because, the more we consider it, the more likely does it appear that Nature is but an imperfect actress, whose constant changes of dress never change her manner and method, who is the same in all her parts.

To Shelley's ethereal vision the most rarified mental or spiritual music traced its beautiful corresponding forms on the sand of outward things. He stood thus at the very junction-lines of the visible and invisible, and could shift the points as he willed. His thoughts became a mounted infantry, passing with baffling swiftness from horse to foot or foot to horse. He could express as he listed the material and the immaterial in terms of each other. Never has a poet in the past rivalled him as regards this gift, and hardly will any poet rival him as regards it in the future: men are like first to see the promised doom lay its hand on the tree of heaven, and shake down the golden leaves.

The finest specimens of this faculty are probably to be sought in that Shelleian treasury, *Prometheus Unbound*. It is unquestionably the greatest and most prodigal exhibition of Shelley's powers, this amazing lyric world, where immortal clarities sigh past in the perfumes of the blossoms, populate the breathings of the breeze, throng and twinkle in the leaves that twirl upon the bough; where the very grass is all a-rustle with lovely spirit-things, and a weeping mist of music fills the air. The final scenes especially are such a Bacchic reel and rout and revelry of beauty as leaves one staggered and giddy; poetry is spilt like wine, music runs to drunken waste. The choruses sweep down the wind, tirelessly, flight after flight, till the breathless soul almost cries for respite from the unrolling splendors. Yet these scenes, so wonderful from a purely poetical standpoint that no one could wish them away, are (to our humble thinking) nevertheless the artistic error of the poem. Abstractedly, the development of Shelley's idea required that he should show the earthly paradise which was to follow the fall of Zeus. But dramatically with that fall the action ceases, and

the drama should have ceased with it. A final chorus, or choral series, of rejoicings (such as does ultimately end the drama where Prometheus appears on the scene), would have been legitimate enough. Instead, however, the bewildered reader finds the drama unfolding itself through scene after scene which leaves the action precisely where it found it, because there is no longer an action to advance. It is as if the choral *finale* of an opera were prolonged through two acts.

We have, nevertheless, called *Prometheus* Shelley's greatest poem because it is the most comprehensive storehouse of his power. Were we asked to name the most *perfect* among his longer efforts, we should name the poem in which he lamented Keats; under the shed petals of his lovely fancy giving the slain bird a silken burial. Seldom is the death of a poet mourned in true poetry. Not often is the singer coffined in laurel-wood. Among the very few exceptions to such a rule, the greatest is *Adonais*. In the English language only *Lycidas* competes with it; and when we prefer *Adonais* to *Lycidas*, we are following the precedent set in the case of Cicero: *Adonais* is the longer. As regards command over abstraction, it is no less characteristically Shelleian than *Prometheus*. It is throughout a series of abstractions vitalized with daring exquisiteness, from

Morning sought

Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,  
Wet with the tears which should adorn the  
ground,

Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day,

to the Dreams that were the flock of the dead  
shepherd,

Whom near the streams

Of his young spirit he kept;

of whom one sees, as she hangs mourning over  
him,

Upon the silken fringe of his fair eyes

A tear some Dream has loosened from his  
brain!

Lost angel of a ruined Paradise!

She knew not 'twas her own, as with no stain  
She faded like a cloud that hath outwept its  
rain.

In the solar spectrum, beyond the extreme red and extreme violet rays, are whole series of colors, demonstrable, but imperceptible to gross human vision. Such writing as this we have quoted renders visible the invisibilities of imaginative color.

One thing prevents *Adonais* from being ideally perfect: its lack of Christian hope. Yet we remember well the writer of a popular memoir on Keats proposing as "the best consolation for the mind pained by this sad record" Shelley's inexpressibly sad exposition of Pantheistic immortality:

He is a portion of that loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely, etc.

What utter desolation can it be that discerns comfort in this hope, whose wan countenance is as the countenance of a despair? Nay, was not indeed *wanhope* the Saxon for despair? What deepest depth of agony is it that finds consolation in this immortality: an immortality which thrusts you into death, the maw of Nature, that your dissolved elements may circulate through her veins?

Yet such, the poet tells me, is my sole balm for the hurts of life. I am as the vocal breath floating from an organ. I too shall fade on the winds, a cadence soon forgotten. So I dissolve and die, and am lost in the ears of men: the particles of my being twine in newer melodies, and from my one death arise a hundred lives. Why, through the thin partition of this consolation Pantheism can hear the groans of its neighbor, Pessimism. Better almost the black resignation which the fatalist draws from his own hopelessness, from the fierce kisses of misery that hiss against his tears.

With some gleams, it is true, of more than mock solace, *Adonais* is lighted; but they are obtained by implicitly assuming the personal immortality which the poem explicitly denies; as when, for instance, to greet the dead youth,

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown  
Rose from their seats, built beyond mortal  
thought  
Far in the unapparent.

And again the final stanza of the poem:

The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling  
throng

Whose sails were never to the tempest given;  
The massy earth, the sphered skies are riven;  
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar,  
Where, burning through the inmost veil of  
heaven,

The soul of *Adonais* like a star  
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.

The soul of *Adonais*?—*Adonais*, who is but

A portion of that loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely.

After all, to finish where we began, perhaps the poems on which the lover of Shelley leans most lovingly, which he has oftenest in his mind, which best represent Shelley to him, and which he instinctively reverts to when Shelley's name is mentioned, are some of the shorter poems and detached lyrics. Here Shelley forgets for a while all that ever makes his verse turbid; forgets that he is anything but a poet, forgets sometimes that he is anything but a child; lies back in his skiff, and looks at the clouds. He plays truant from earth, slips through the wicket of fancy into heaven's meadow, and goes gathering stars. Here we have that absolute virgin-gold of song which is the scarcest among human products, and for which we can go to but three poets—Coleridge, Shelley, Chopin (such analogies between masters in sister-arts are often interesting. In some respects, is not Brahms the Browning of music?)—and perhaps we should add Keats: *Christabel* and *Kubla-Khan*; *The Skylark*, *The Cloud*, and *The Sensitive Plant* (in its first two parts); *The Eve of Saint Agnes* and *The Nightingale*; certain of the *Nocturnes*; these things make very quintessentialized loveliness. It is attar of poetry.

Remark, as a thing worth remarking, that, although Shelley's diction is at other times singularly rich, it ceases in these poems to be rich, or to obtrude itself at all; it is imperceptible; his Muse has become a veritable Echo, whose body has dissolved from about her voice. Indeed, when his diction is richest, nevertheless the poetry so dominates the expression that we only feel the latter as an atmosphere until we are



satiated with the former; then we discover with surprise to how imperial a vesture we had been blinded by gazing on the face of his song. A lesson, this, deserving to be conned by a generation so opposite in tendency as our own: a lesson that in poetry, as in the Kingdom of God, we should not take thought too greatly where-with we shall be clothed, but seek first the spirit, and all these things will be added unto us.

On the marvellous music of Shelley's verse we need not dwell, except to note that he avoids that metronomic beat of rhythm which Edgar Poe introduced into modern lyric measures, as Pope introduced it into the rhyming heroics of his day. Our varied metres are becoming as painfully over-polished as Pope's one metre. Shelley could at need sacrifice smoothness to fitness. He could write an anapaest that would send Mr. Swinburne into strong shudders (e. g., "stream did glide") when he instinctively felt that by so forgoing the more obvious music of melody he would better secure the higher music of harmony. If he have to add that in other ways he was far from escaping the defects of his merits, and would sometimes have to acknowledge that his Nilotic flood too often overflowed its banks, what is this but saying that he died young?

It may be thought that in our casual comments on Shelley's life we have been blind to its evil side. That, however, is not the case. We see clearly that he committed grave sins, and one cruel crime; but we remember also that he was an Atheist from his boyhood; we reflect how gross must have been the moral neglect in the training of a child who *could* be an Atheist from his boyhood: and we decline to judge so unhappy a being by the rules which we should apply to a Catholic. It seems to us that Shelley was struggling—blindly, weakly, stumblingly, but still struggling—towards higher things. His Pantheism is an indication of it. Pantheism is a half-way house, and marks ascent or descent according to the direction from which it is approached. Now Shelley came to it from absolute Atheism; therefore in his case it meant rise. Again, his poetry alone would lead us to the same conclusion, for we do not believe that a truly corrupted spirit can write consistently ethereal poetry. We should believe in nothing, if we believed that, for it would be the consecra-

tion of a lie. Poetry is a thermometer: by taking its average height you can estimate the normal temperature of its writer's mind. The devil can do many things. But the devil cannot write poetry. He may mar a poet, but he cannot make a poet. Among all the temptations wherewith he tempted St. Anthony, though we have often seen it stated that he howled, we have never seen it stated that he sang.

Shelley's anarchic principles were as a rule held by him with some misdirected view to truth. He disbelieved in kings. And is it not a mere fact—regret it if you will—that in all European countries, except two, monarchs are a mere survival, the obsolete buttons on the coat-tails of rule, which serve no purpose but to be continually coming off? It is a miserable thing to note how every little Balkan State, having obtained liberty (save the mark!) by Act of Congress, straightway proceeds to secure the service of a professional king. These gentlemen are plentiful in Europe. They are the "noble Chairmen" who lend their names for a consideration to any enterprising company which may be speculating in Liberty. When we see these things, we revert to the old lines in which Persius tells how you cannot turn Dama into a freeman by twirling him round your finger and calling him Marcius Dama.

Again, Shelley desired a religion of humanity, and that meant, to him, a religion for humanity, a religion which, unlike the spectral Christianity about him, should permeate and regulate the whole organization of men. And the feeling is one with which a Catholic must sympathize, in an age where—if we may say so without irreverence—the Almighty has been made a constitutional Deity, with certain state-grants of worship, but no influence over political affairs. In these matters his aims were generous, if his methods were perniciously mistaken. In his theory of Free Love alone, borrowed like the rest from the Revolution, his aim was as mischievous as his method. At the same time he was at least logical. His theory was repulsive but comprehensible. Whereas from our present *via media*-facilitation of divorce—can only result the era when the young lady in reduced circumstances will no longer turn governess, but will be open to engagement as wife at a reasonable stipend.

We spoke of the purity of Shelley's poetry. We know of but three passages to which exception can be taken. One is happily hidden under a heap of Shelleian rubbish. Another is offensive because it presents his theory of Free Love in its most odious form. The third is very much a matter, we think, for the individual conscience. Compare with this the genuinely corrupt Byron, through the cracks and fissures of whose heaving versification steam up perpetually the sulphurous vapours from his central iniquity. We cannot credit that any Christian ever had his faith shaken through reading Shelley, unless his faith were shaken before he read Shelley. Is any safely-havened bark likely to slip its cable, and make for a flag planted on the very reef where the planter himself was wrecked?

Why indeed (one is tempted to ask in concluding) should it be that the poets who have written for us the poetry richest in skiey grain, most free from admixture with the duller things of earth—the Shelleys, the Coleridges, the Keats—are the very poets whose lives are among the saddest records in literature? Is it that (by some subtle mystery of analogy) sorrow, passion and fantasy are indissolubly connected, like water, fire and cloud; that as from sun and dew are born the vapors, so from fire and tears ascend the "visions of aerial joy"; that the harvest waves richest over the battlefields of the soul; that the heart, like the earth, smells sweetest after rain; that the spell on which depend such necromantic castles is some spirit of pain charm—poisoned at their base? Such a poet, it may be, mists with sighs the window of his life until the tears run down it; then some air of searching poetry, like an air of searching frost, turns it to a crystal wonder. The god of golden song is the god, too, of the golden sun; so peradventure song-light is like sunlight, and darkens the countenance of the soul. Perhaps the rays are to the stars what thorns are to the flowers; and so the poet, after wandering over heaven, returns with bleeding feet. Less tragic in its merely temporal aspect than the life of Keats or Coleridge, the life of Shelley in its moral aspect is, perhaps, more tragical than that of either; his dying seems a myth, a figure of his living; the material shipwreck a figure of the immaterial.

Enchanted child, born into a world unchild-

like; spoiled darling of Nature, playmate of her elemental daughters; "pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift," laired amidst the burning fastnesses of his own fervid mind; bold foot along the verges of precipitous dream; light leaper from crag to crag of inaccessible fancies; towering Genius, whose soul rose like a ladder between heaven and earth with the angels of song ascending and descending it;—he is shrunken into the little vessel of death, and sealed with the unshatterable seal of doom, and cast down deep below the rolling tides of Time. Mighty meat for little guests, when the heart of Shelley was laid in the cemetery of Caius Cestius! Beauty, music, sweetness, tears—the mouth of the worm has fed of them all. Into that sacred bridal-gloom of death where he holds his nuptials with eternity let not our rash speculations follow him; let us hope rather that as, amidst material nature, where our dull eyes see only ruin, the finer eye of science has discovered life in putridity and vigor in decay, seeing dissolution even and disintegration, which in the mouth of man symbolize disorder, to be in the works of God undeviating order, and the manner of our corruption to be no less wonderful than the manner of our health,—so, amidst the supernatural universe, some tender undreamed surprise of life in doom awaited that wild nature, which, worn by warfare with itself, its Maker, and all the world, now

Sleeps, and never palates more the dug,  
The beggar's nurse, and Caesar's.

Every harsh and unjust sentiment, every narrow and unworthy thought consented to and entertained, remains like a stain upon the character. *Bishop Spalding.*

It is character, not congeniality, which is the final test of friendship. What holds us to our friends is not their companionableness, nor their affection for ourselves, though the former is a source of delight and the latter is our pride. It is their strength and independence, their integrity, that wins us, and that generous spirit of theirs which defends our conduct and our motives against the criticisms of a world that loves us not.

**The Triple Jubilee.**

**A Loreto Legend.**

With a sad wrinkled brow and a much-ruffled wing,

And a heaving of sighs like some poor human thing,

The Angel who guards, with his eye and his sword,

"Die Englischen Fräulein" of good Mary Ward,  
Whose special employment it is to obtain

For each Jubilarian under her reign,  
A duly signed blessing and message of love

From every accessible power above,  
Saw, with much consternation and dubious glee,

Their number increasing from one up to  
THREE!

"Tut! Tut! 'Tis too much of a muchness,"  
cried he,

"Pray some one send Mistress M. Ward here  
to me.

These subjects of yours, Mistress Mary," he  
cried,

"Are getting too numerous far, and besides,  
Their ancient simplicity's fast giving way

To a certain luxurious, worldly display  
Of flowers and music befitting a queen.

Can you countenance this with a conscience  
serene?"

"O sir, do not worry, I pray you, for I  
Have bid them myself to be merry or die.

And this little excess is the means they employ—  
Well, 'tis better to err on the right side of joy.

I have danced, sir, myself, yes, at many a ball,  
Yes, *I*, sir, the mother and foundress of all,

And remember, kind sir, there's a person down  
there,

A true namesake of one whom no spirit would  
dare

To slight by the lack of a 'pip' or a 'pop,'  
St. Ambrose, the Doctor, whose name is on top

Of pretty near every list I have seen  
Where Doctors of 'ologies' sport on the green.

"And then—oh, think well, sir, don't utter a  
word—

There is war in the Jesuit mansions, I've heard,  
At the merest suspicion that one would complain  
When the name of Ignatius is honored again.

Why, that very foundation of mine owes to him  
Its form and stability, virtue and vim!

Just think of a fifty years' service! No doubt,  
With seldom a whimper, and *never* a pout!

How wide good St. Peter will open his gate,  
To make sure that no good Jubilarian's late!"

"Very well, Mistress Ward, though I'm weary I  
must

Do your bidding as well as I can, yet I trust  
You will not sentimentalize further and say

That you've as good reason to burden my day  
With an old-fashioned saint of a dubious stock,

With a penchant for canines, that beggarman  
Roque!"

"Say no more, say no more, if St. Peter should  
hear

He would draw out his broadsword and cut off  
your ear.

He would think that your words had intention  
to mock

The Church, which was founded on Peter the  
'Rock.'

With all honor due to your wisdom, this act  
Betrays a most pitiful absence of tact.

"Just now when you called I was planning a trip,  
For which I begged Peter to lend me his ship.

St. Anne will prescribe for this good Sister's  
nerves

A cure, which so good a Religious deserves.  
Who surrenders so gallantly Jubilee-goods (?)

(Though they're flocking in now like the crows  
in the woods!)

"So get busy, be merry, and no more com-  
plaints—

They are most unbecoming to angels and saints—  
And let all the blessings you get from on high

(My blessing included) be such as outvie  
And transcend all the blessings you've formerly

given,  
Including a non-transfer ticket to Heaven."

The cares and frets of life are like the jungles  
of tropical vegetation at the base of the moun-  
tain. They may be very thick and very obstruc-  
tive indeed—but as the soul climbs to higher  
levels, they are inevitably left behind. The best  
remedy for worry is to get up higher.

### Francis Thompson, Poet.

#### Who Laid His Spoils on the Altar—An Appreciation of His Collected Works.

**F**RANCIS THOMPSON is one of the great English poets. In saying this, one need not be taken as ranking him with Shakespeare and Shelley. One is merely insisting that he is a great poet as surely as Sir Thomas Browne is a great prose writer. He has made of English poetry a cathedral of loveliness as no one else has done. His words seem to be stained in all the colors of beauty, making the light of common day richer as it passes through them. His work is built in the thought of heaven and hell. He loved the glory of the world chiefly in order that it might set forth the glory of God. This is where his splendors differ from the splendors of the Elizabethans to whom he has many points of resemblance. Like them, he was imaginatively a voyager into distant seas—something of a buccaneer of language. One can easily conceive his returning from his quest with for trophy some strange line like Shakespeare's:

Unhousel'd, disappointed, manel'd.

He laid all his spoils on the altar, however. With the gold and silver of speech he honored God rather than man. His was a dedicated vision as, perhaps, no other vision of equal magnificence in English literature since Milton's has been.

#### Thompson's Best Poems.

One cannot then be too grateful to Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, whose services to Francis Thompson as man and poet it would not be easy to measure, for a beautiful edition of the poet's works—two volumes of poetry and one of prose. Possibly the great things of Francis Thompson, like the great things of most poets, might be gathered into a small enough book. But, then, few of us can agree as to which are the really great. Some (as I myself do) count "The Hound of Heaven" and the "Ode to the Setting Sun" as the very greatest—not only great in comparison with the rest of Thompson's own work, but fit company of the master poems in the English language. Others prefer "The Mistress of Vision," or "From the Night of Fore-

being," or "A Fallen Yew," or even richly-colored "Poppy," to name no others. It is not so easy to make an indisputable selection of the best of Thompson as it is of the best, say, of Coleridge, with whom, as an architect of gorgeous dreams, he had not a little in common. There is an accent of greatness in nearly all that Thompson wrote. This in spite of the fact that, as some one has said of him, his is a genius with a broken wing.

His words often fluttered helplessly in trying to follow the boundless rangings of his spirit. He never gave the world a perfect piece of literary art like the "Ode to a Grecian Urn." He did not mould for himself a new and exquisite world of the senses, a world of almost infallible beauty, as Mr. Yeats in his poetry has done. He was too eager for the infinite to be content with the perfect globes of art. It was not the first time that the perfection of the spirit necessitated the smashing of the perfections of literature.

Thompson's pursuit of art, his use of words, was sacramental. His speech is an immense ritual, expressing the battle between heaven and hell in terms of flowers and suns, of children and of London on the Thames. Perhaps it is this very ritual quality in his work that prevents him from ever achieving those ecstasies of simplicity in song which we find in the Elizabethans, which we find in Shelley. He is as free from simple phrases as a chorus in Aeschylus. He gives us the organ-music and the incense of words rather than any skylark rapture. And yet his genius, his temper, are as simple as a mediaeval saint's. As simple, it might be truer to say, as a child's. "Look for me," he himself wrote, "in the nurseries of heaven," and in his great essay on Shelley we see a happy, childlike playfulness of imagination losing itself, or rather finding itself, among the stars and the tumultuous harmonies of the universe. He is, in other words, the perfect acolyte in literature, worshipping with every elaboration of ceremonial, and with entire innocence of heart.

#### A Poet of Ritual.

It was Thompson's great fortune to be at once a poet, a religious genius, and a lover of the earth. He did not attempt to crush life into

the limits of the ordained ritual of a church, so much as to invent a new ritual which itself might be, to use a common phrase in a slightly unusual sense, as large as life. He considered the lilies how they grew. A garden of roses meant as much to him as it did to Swinburne. I think, indeed, it meant a good deal more, as witness that wonderful verse in the "Ode to the Setting Sun":

Who made the splendid rose  
Saturate with purple glows;  
Cupped to the marge with beauty; a perfume-  
press  
Whence the wind vantages  
Gushes of warmed fragrance richer far  
Than all the flavourous ooze of Cyprus' vats?  
Lo, in yon gale which waves her green cymar,  
With dusky cheeks burnt red  
She sways her heavy head,  
Drunk with the must of her own odorousness;  
While in a moted trouble the vexed gnats  
Maze, and vibrate, and tease the noontide hush.  
Who girt dissolved lightnings in the grape?  
Summered the opal with an Irised flush?  
Is it not thou that dost the tulip drape,  
And huest the daffodilly,  
Yet who hast snowed the lily,  
And her frail sister, whom the waters name,  
Dost vestal-vesture 'mid the blaze of June,  
Cold as the new-sprung girlhood of the moon  
Ere Autumn's kiss sultry her cheek with flame?  
Thou sway'st thy sceptred beam  
O'er all delight and dream,  
Beauty is beautiful but in thy glance:  
And like a jocund maid  
In garland flowers arrayed,  
Before thy ark Earth keeps her sacred dance.

What a passion for the beautiful changing pageant of the earth appears again in that later apostrophe to the dying sun, which begins:

If with exultant tread  
Thou foot the Eastern sea,  
Or like a golden bee  
Sting the West to angry red—

Earth as well as heaven is magnified in all these songs. Thompson is the poet of the "Africa and her prodigies" of the sensible world. But his praise of the earth, his shower-

ing of fancies before her feet, has always for a background the vision of an awful and cataclysmic scheme of things in which, sooner or later, death beckons to every man to go out into the seeming darkness. A divinely-splendid scheme of things, however, in which we may live, not as (in a great phrase) condemned men under an indefinite reprieve, but as initiates in the traffic of Jacob's ladder.

Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Perhaps "The Kingdom of God," the unfinished poem which contains that beautiful vision, and which was found among his papers, after he died, expresses better what Thompson stands for in literature than anything else he ever wrote.

ROBERT LYND.

### A Man in His Element:

HE seemed very great. There was such a gulf between his knowledge and yours that you felt like David before a shining Goliath. He was tall and looked down at you from a six-foot-one-dom always with a smile in his grey eyes. At times an eagle-like keenness flashed from their depths as the data from an experiment failed.

"I give it up!"

—he said then with a buoyancy that suggested an infinite resource behind the words. He was nearly always successful though and performed the most delicate experiments with the deftness of a man in his element.

Where is God in his life? You thought once while you watched him. He was so brilliant, so frank you could fall down in worship. And one day you said to him:

"Doctor, when you have grown old, and young men are taking up your work and brushing you aside as one—well, too old; and you are irritable and violent because you are weaker and the joy of living is going out from you,—what will you have then if you have not found God on your way?"

He drew himself up and smiled.

"I will have my science, that will solve every thing for me."

You were silenced. The speech and the smile bewildered you. Was he serious, or was he ex-

perimenting in another way? Were you a mystery to him or was it worth his while to lead you on, or were the words he said a simple exposition of his soul?

"Doctor, your science should teach you the necessity of God."

He admitted this and continued: "Yes, the necessity, but did God think about man when He created the universe? That is the question,—many maintain He did not."

What could he mean? You were more perplexed than ever.

"God created matter, and sent it forth with infinite possibilities of combination—hence all material manifestations, including the *soul* of the Doctor!" you said lightly assuming his rôle.

He shook his head and laughed and looked out over the campus.

"Some people don't believe they have souls," he said tentatively.

"They are foolish!" you said quickly.

He colored and smiled.

"The Doctor is not one of them?" you continued.

"Sometimes!" he answered. He was serious now. A strange and mysterious sadness came into your heart. It was like looking upon the spectacle of a marvellous machinery that had destroyed the great designer of its wheels.

"Yes," he resumed, "I envy the snail and the slug,—when they are stepped on, they are stepped on!"

"That is, Doctor, you would be a happy slug rather than a melancholy Plato!"

"You are assuming," he fenced, "that a slug is happy. By what authority do you do it?"

"From his actions, by the authority of inference."

He made no reply; he was thinking. There he stood, his proud head tilted, a confident smile in his grey eyes, telling you plainly what he was too gentlemanly to say—that he pitied your folly. Of course, you felt like a raging lion on the spot, but you said very calmly:

"Some men are so proud and so stiff-necked, they will hardly get through the gate of heaven."

"We will break it!" he responded emphatically.

"Yes, like the Titanic broke the iceberg!"

A momentary confusion came over you. A

little ashamed of the sharp retort, you proceeded more suavely:

"You will not break it, you will go on to the end, and then you will proclaim like Solomon about the vanities of this world because you have failed to do here the things that profit there."

"I don't see the use of it," he said, adjusting the motor in connection with the apparatus for liquifying air. He touched a screw here, and a switch there, the buzz of revolving wheels and the flash of electric sparks, and the glow of his face amid currents of instanter death! This was the last you saw of him. But he is frequently seen nowadays in our universities.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

### A Triple Jubilee at Loreto Abbey, Toronto

**I**N the feast of the Visitation of Our Blessed Lady, took place at Loreto Abbey, Toronto, one of the most pleasant events of the year—the thrice-joyous celebration of Golden Jubilees lovingly intertwined with Silver.

One of the happy participants—Mother Mary Ambrose, daughter of the late esteemed Mr. Augustine Keogh of New York City—during the past half-century, contributed largely, by her sweet simplicity and cultured musical talent, to the pleasure of the community and the accomplishments of the many clever young harpists and pianists, who have, year by year, graduated from her class; while Mother Mary Ignatius Byron, beloved sister of our late lamented M. M. Loyola, who came from London fifty years ago, has, by her gentle disposition and retiring manner, won, in the community, the enviable title of "Angel of the Little Ones."

M. M. St. Roque's twenty-fifth anniversary claimed no little part in the day's pleasant proceedings, giving her a simple foretaste of the joyous delights awaiting her when another quarter-of-a-century has passed away.

Solemn High Mass was offered by the chaplain, Reverend A. A. O'Malley, during which the "*Jubilantes in aeternum*" sweetly resounded throughout the beautiful Abbey chapel.

May God bless these dear Jubilarians and spare them to continue their good work till Silver has changed into Gold and Gold has become Diamond.



AMERICAN RAPIDS FROM PROSPECT PARK, NIAGARA FALLS.



LOOKING WEST FROM ROADWAY, GREEN ISLAND, NIAGARA FALLS.



### Archbishop McNeil Officiates at a Brilliant Gathering on Brunswick Avenue.

THE new Loreto Academy on Brunswick Avenue was the scene of a brilliant and interesting ceremony when Archbishop McNeil laid the corner-stone of the Day-School of this great Institution. The afternoon was ideal and hundreds of people had gathered, including many of the pupils and Sisters of Loreto, and many of the prominent clergy and laity of the city.

The Archbishop was attended by Chancellor Kernahan and by Right Reverend Monsignor McCann and Father Minehan, in whose parish the new building is situated.

The service of blessing the stone was brief, consisting of a short prayer and the singing of the hymn "Veni Creator" by the assembled clergy and acolytes. For the actual laying of the stone a handsome silver trowel was presented to the Archbishop, and with the aid of the workman the stone was declared "well and truly laid." Within it was placed a sealed box, containing a parchment with the name of the King and the names of all the Mothers of the Order who were on the Council for the erection of the building; the names of the Pope, the Governor-General, Premier of Canada, Premier and Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Mayor of Toronto and the architect. In addition there were Canadian coins of current date, copies of the city papers, medals of the Order and a copy of the *RAINBOW* and the *Catholic Register*.

The trowel was a work of art, exceptionally ornate in design, bearing the Loreto crest in a wreath of maple leaves and a suitable inscription.

Among those who were present were Reverend Fathers Rohleder, Coyle, Player, Bench, Dollard, Walsh, O'Malley, Cline, Whalen, Bonner, Dr. Kidd, Ryan, Kuhn, C. S. S. R., and Treacy, D. D.

The new building will have a frontage of one hundred and thirty feet on Brunswick Avenue, with a depth of one hundred and seventy-five and in addition there will be a Power House in the rear. It will be constructed of brick and stone five stories high with about twenty class-

rooms, accommodation for from four to five hundred students.

The speaker of the day was Reverend Dr. Cyril Kehoe, O. C. C. He was a picturesque figure, garbed in his Carmelite habit, thus adding a touch of novelty to the scene. He is now Professor of Dogmatic Theology at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto. He took for his text, "They that shall bring Me to light shall have light everlasting." He at once went to the heart of his subject by saying that education was the watchword of the day. Many and various systems of Pedagogy were exploited by as many competitors in the field of education, each claiming to have the correct notion of his science and art; each hoping by his own system to revivify the world. It was generally understood that to educate was to outpour the contents of one mind into another; to light the learner's torch from the burning brands of the teacher. Expressive enough; these similes are not exact. The philosophy of Pedagogy is contained in the word "Education" itself. To draw out, to bring the plan of nature and of God that the student potentially possesses, into actual contact with objectivity, to introduce him to the real facts of the world; all barren theorizing was lost time. Objectivity is the secret of realism and the senses are the avenues of receptivity and research. Facts once gathered are generalized by a faculty which the intellect possesses and the student is at once in possession of universal laws, principles and axioms. And these by reflection become standards of future criticism and classification. The idealist or the theorist wastes his energy when he wanders away from nature. "There is nothing in the intellect that was not first in the senses" is the sound position upon which the Church always stands. This is true in every sphere of education. Take Art—the painter whose perspective is perfect and whose coloring is gorgeous portraying the molten grandeur of the sunset is false if an atom or iota is there that he does not take from the scene he portrays. Thus sensism is realism and both are the media of the proper, nay, perfect education. The Catholic Church is always realistic in its ritual, doctrines and ceremonies. They all body forth the truths contained in the Word of God. Every doctrine is either literally contained there or is

an immediate inference from it. What is more, there is a history wrapped around every ceremony and every doctrine. History is the realism of other days made permanent by the pens of men for our advantage. No education is consistent that will not look into the dark cameras of the past and from them gradually proceed to our own day. In the Catholic Church history is respected; elsewhere its continuity is broken and its sanctity desecrated, hence all realism is lost. Better go back to Judaism, a divinely revealed religion, than to adopt the thousand and one man-made systems of the day. Five hundred years from now it would be absurd to discuss the great constitutions of the English and American nations in the abstract and apart from the atmosphere and coloring, nay, the crucibles in which they were constructed. What they idealistically ought to be is mere surmise. The future historian or economist must shift his perspective into the environments of the day and examine the constitution in the making. Thus the splendor and the strength of the Church is lost by the idealistic schools who dream dreams as to what the Christianity of Christ was, and will not examine the doctrine and the practices of the early Christians. What is charged against the Church as being new is merely the development of the original deposit and is nothing more than evident inferences therefrom.

The good Sisters of Loreto are educators in the real sense of the term. Sixty-six years ago they left their Emerald Isle and came, at the invitation of the Bishop of Toronto, to begin their work in your midst. For sixty-six years they taught the Alumnae, then the students at Bond Street, and henceforth here their footfalls will wear your pavements as they come and go from this beautiful home of learning, whose auspicious foundations have been laid to-day. Here will be the home of scholarship, here will be the home of sanctity and whether students pursue the vocational or the cultural, their needs will be met by the splendid equipment of the Sisters of the Community of Loreto.

We cannot fail if we live always in the brave and cheerful attitude of mind and heart. He alone fails who gives up and lies down.

### Lost on the Shores of Rabbit Lake.

**W**E have all felt the "Call of the Wild" when we could not resist the voice of Nature luring us away from the noisy, restless town, to the green fields of the country, or to the leafy woods. This feeling of getting back to Mother Nature, is as a rule, most impelling in spring, or in the autumn, when we say good-bye to summer. Then is when it is dearest and most appreciated. But there is a charm in autumn unknown to the other seasons—the time of the goldenrod, of the fruit-laden orchards, the woods in their glorious tints, the soft air of the mellow days when the Indian's gun resounds through the trees, the clear, starry evenings—all these belong to this one bewitching season; but it was not at such a time that the far-away hills called me. The morning was one in July, when we left the limits of Kenora, on our tramp to Rabbit Lake.

The sun was still low in the sky when we came suddenly from the dense woods to the lake shore. Rabbit Lake lay like a beautiful diamond encircled by the emerald trees, which were reflected on its glassy surface. After we had stopped here to rest a few minutes, we started on a narrow, winding path through the trees, very close to the water's edge—and which seemed to continue all around the lake. We soon began to wonder just where this would take us, but kept on—hoping to reach a bisecting path leading back through the woods.

In about an hour, when the path we were seeking was no more in evidence than when we started, we left this and directed our steps up through the woods, away from the lake. We knew we were going south and thought surely if we did not strike the right path we could at least find our way back to town.

From time to time as the tramp through the uncleared forest became very tiresome, we sat down and feasted on wild blueberries, which were very plentiful. Experiences of other pedestrians in these forest depths were recalled. We knew that the denizens of the wood, numerous enough at all times, had here their homes, evidences of which were only unperceived by uninitiated eyes; and felt that at any moment a startling step might bring us face to face with

a "Papa Bruin," "Mammy Muff" or "Tiny." These thoughts were accompanied by suitable thrills! A couple of times as we came to a height of rock, we hoped by climbing it, to see our way out; but in vain—the summit showed us as usual only bush and tree. "The Babes in the Wood" came vividly to our minds, but the sense of danger added somewhat to the novelty, and almost enjoyment of this escapade—especially later on!

When nearly two hours had elapsed since we had left the shore path, and we seemed as deep in the wilds as ever, we grew quite alarmed and were tempted to try to make our way back to the lake. But how were we to get there? We seemed to be in a perfect maze. At last, to our joy, we saw a bright, "sunshiny" streak through the trees just a little distance ahead of us. We hastened our steps toward the spot and soon found ourselves on a wide, well-cleared path; and following this, in half an hour, we had left the wilderness behind and were again in sight of civilization. We were delighted to behold once more the unromantic haunts of men, and to feel that we were again on the home-stretch!

RUTH ROBINSON.

### Monsieur:

"**H**ERE he comes," said my companion. A slight, tall man approached. He was smiling,—his face was beautiful. He wore a small skull-cap: it only partly covered his black hair—black except for a sparse scattering of the "silver thread."

On the spot you were thinking of Cardinal Merry del Val. There was the same poise of the beautifully shaped head, the same wonderful brown eyes lighting up the strikingly handsome countenance, and the same gentle ease of manner that distinguish the first man of Europe. Here in the quiet of a remote seclusion he dwells, year after year. I shall not tell you what he does, and I cannot tell you how he does it,—the wonder is in the last.

If he asked your name, it would make you glad to tell it. And if you have a second name, be ready to tell it also. He is interestingly curious. You will be perplexed, then you will be a little sad over the way he says:

"A good Irish? name!"

Is it a reconnoitre? His naïveté is delightful, notwithstanding the Irish question is perplexing your brain and making you wonder like little Alice in the story. Of course, you are Irish; you always were Irish; you love to be Irish; and when the day comes when you must put it away! oh, then you will yearn for "de friendsh—ip" of this vanished day.

Alas, no homage from your eyes can wash away the Irish word, and you are a little sad.

"The catacombs?" You mean the vaults, but you are excited.

"Will you take us there, Monsieur?"

"Certainly! Any place!"

His lovely smile returns and you know you are forgiven, and two thousand Hibernians are forgotten. In a jiffy, two lighted candles are in his right hand, a third one is carried by your younger sister. Like torch-bearers they proceed while you and a dear chaperon stumble along down into the vault-land under the great shrine of St. Anne's. Little mounds of dry earth impede your narrow path, and, on the side of your left, are mural slabs sealing the compartments in which coffins are placed. You read the name and the date in the candle-light.

Said Monsieur: "If I die to-night this shall be mine," putting his palm on the floor of an empty compartment. His brown eyes were shining and a smile played on his beautiful up-turned face.

Death and Monsieur! It seemed very impossible—only for the reading on the slabs you could not connect his thirty-four years with death. But the proof lay in the marble at your left. At twenty-nine, at thirty-five, at forty-one, at every age, these men and women had died, and what remained of their earthly effects was within the touch of your fingers—a little dust to write your name in. The weird feeling that creeps into your being! The gloom and the dust! The ceiling over your head, like so many great inverted boxes, the cobwebs everywhere draping the homes of live spiders now watching the intruders with all their hungry eyes! And you are trembling and as cold as ice in the awful cloistral abode.

You reach the end of the wall and pass up the other side to a cross-wall. There are compart-

ments in it also; some occupied and sealed by the marble slab, other some gaping, waiting for the precious mouthful. One was empty and around it on either side and above and below were sealed ones. Its sides were weathered somewhat and its exposed corners jagged. Little mounds of dust were on its floor.

Medical students?

The surmise makes you sick. The French are like quicksilver to read your thoughts. Monsieur was French—gracious, quick, interpretative, delicate. All the beautiful characteristics of his sunny race were in him.

"Father Pampalon's empty sepulchre—this!" he said, with an upward flourish of his unoccupied hand. This little flourish served his descriptions generally.

"Father Pampalon, C. SS. R.?"

"Yes! yes! So many want to see the place where he was buried—this was the rizzon he was remove' to the sanctuary of the ol' church."

It was a relief to exonerate the medical students.

"Father Pampalon, he was a big saint," he continued. "Six hundred miracle' attes' it since his death."

As he spoke you were like a little child before a marvellous palace—you could only wonder what an *Advocatus Diaboli* Monsieur would make for this dear, young future saint. But you said nothing. You only touched the dust on the floor of the deserted sepulchre with your hand and prayed for one you love. It is something to touch the dust of saint or genius. For instance, St. Paul's dust or Shakespeare's. If an Indian looked upon such great dust would it not make him white forever in your eyes!

"Would you be afraid to die, Monsieur?"

A wistful light came into his wonderful brown eyes.

"Afraid! I would be glad—I long for it. There will be so many lovely people up there—no one to say an unkin' word, no one to hurt you, every one to love you."

Ever on guard, alert, brilliant, wary like Philippe de Valois, was Monsieur. Now his face twitched with a momentary sorrow. Who could embitter this good man's chalice? He was infinitely obliging. His optimism charmed you; his goodness attracted you. He was beautiful.

And because he was unconventional, intuitive, abnormal, Nature found ways to jar the susceptibilities she had made fine. Is it not a pity? Or is it better to be Socrates dissatisfied than Caligula satisfied? Surely, it is infinitely better!

"Monsieur needs the presence of the sun."

At the words he tossed his head, lifted his shoulder in a mimic shiver and smiled benevolently.

"Oh, no, no, no! Behol', I am transform'!"

It was true. His face was radiant with joy again.

"Those people up over the sky! Glorieuse! How I have watch' them! It is sad to me when I must hol' aloof! Merci—I should think so! À moi!"—all this with fine flourishes, mock shrugs and mild little grimaces! And you have a glimpse of Monsieur in the candle-light—that is "all of him that is not singing in heaven."

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

### The Poetry of Mrs. Meynell.

THE collected poems of Alice Meynell, the distinguished Catholic lady whose name was mentioned in connection with the Laureateship of England, have been published in London—and splendidly received. Mrs. Meynell is recognized as among the first of England's living poets and prose-writers, and her present volume only lends additional lustre to a distinguished name. The London *Tablet* reviews the poems in a most appreciative spirit, as follows:

Lovers of poetry, everywhere, unbeguiled by the "high noises" of much current verse, will turn with delight, relief and gratitude to the long-awaited collected poems of Alice Meynell. In the varied metres and melodies of the later poems (a full half of this new book) they will delight. In the perfect craftsmanship they will find salutary relief; and, for the nobility of the new ideas here given to English poetry, an abiding gratitude.

The many lovers of Mrs. Meynell's early verse perhaps think of her as a poet "of one mood in all her lays." They are haunted by the strange music and heart-shattering meditations of the "Letter from a Girl to her own Old Age"; their minds are stamped with the searching apostrophe "To a Daisy"; running through their dreams is

the revelation of "Renouncement": and "moments musicaux," like Schubert's, come to them from the "Shepherdess of Sheep." Let them not think, however, that this is all. Here is new work which is of a high and lasting significance. Hence to all Mrs. Meynell's present following, and to the new company that will find her now, this volume comes less as the confirmation of an old fame than as the creation of a new.

Some, perhaps, have thought that in Browning introspective poetry had spent its force; but here, in the "Unexpected Peril," there is a straighter plumbing of the depths of soul, a revelation as courageous as it is merciless:

How am I left, at last, alive,  
To make a stranger of a tear?  
What did I do one day to drive  
From me the vigilant angel, Fear

The diligent angel, Labour? Ay,  
The inexorable angel, Pain?  
Menace me, lest indeed I die,  
Sloth! Turn, crush, teach me fear again.

Tennyson's "rapport" with the intellectual movements of his day is a commonplace of criticism. Mrs. Meynell's poems touch every pulse of current thought. The suffrage problem is illuminated from within in the poem called "Saint Catherine of Siena"; courageous commentary is made upon the State campaigns against religion in Portugal and in France; and an appealing poem, "The Modern Mother," shows us her longing in this "dusk of days." Or is it the new Spinozism that perturbs? By a divination, almost miraculous, she interprets the problem of that philosophy, and fearlessly points the solution. We do not hesitate to say that this poem, "Christ in the Universe," is, in its own field, an achievement as unique as "The Hound of Heaven." Measured by the painful broodings of "In Memoriam," by the heavy ratiocination of "A Death in the Desert," or by the pulsing postscript of "Karshish," Mrs. Meynell's less than thirty lines stand alone, a speculation massively expressed and unerringly resolved:

But in the eternities  
Doubtless we shall compare together, hear  
A million alien Gospels,— in what guise  
He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

O, be prepared, my soul!

To read the inconceivable, to scan  
The million forms of God those stars unroll  
When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

Or where shall we escape from psychology? It is the refuge of the ignorant and the despair of the initiated. Comes this poet, and, in one exquisite strain of harmony, rectifies our vision and fortifies our heart. Poets, with Shelley, are the unacknowledged legislators of the world. It must be because they are first the unacknowledged philosophers of the world. We do not know whether to admire more the perfect music of "To the Body" or its perfect thought. With Berkeley, this poet shall be called the unassailable. Straight to the heart of St. Francis would his sweet vindication of Brother Ass have gone:

*To the Body.*

Thou inmost, ultimate  
Council of judgment, palace of decrees,  
Where the high senses hold their spiritual state  
Sued by earth's embassies,  
And sigh, approve, accept, conceive, create.

Create—thy senses close  
With the world's pleas. The random odours  
reach  
Their sweetness in the place of their repose,  
Upon thy tongue the peach,  
And in thy nostrils breathes the breathing rose.

To thee, secluded one,  
The dark vibrations of the sightless skies,  
The lovely inexplicit colours, run;  
The light gropes for those eyes,  
O, thou august! thou dost command the sun.

Music, all dumb, hath trod  
In thine ear her one effectual way;  
And fire and cold approach to gain thy nod,  
Where thou call'st up the day,  
Where thou awaitest the appeal of God.

There are no sonnets among the later poems of this volume. It was largely through her sonnets that Mrs. Meynell's early fame was achieved. Can it be that her mature thought no longer needs or tolerates the sonnet's narrow plot of ground? Or is it due to a secular change of temper that Milton's denunciation of religious persecution was thundered forth in sonnet form,

while Mrs. Meynell's conviction of its futility takes a shorter lyrical shape? This is, perhaps, linked with another significant feature of the later poems: the repeated presence of the Eucharist as a theme. The chief example of this is in "A General Communion," a poem which, once read, is remembered, cherished, and sustenance to the soul. This poem, too, is a signal example of the critical use of words that is for the reader so delightful a discipline. Mrs. Meynell has the genius of Horace himself for finding the fit word and the fit context. "Her flocks are thoughts," "she keeps them white and guards them from the steep." No reader of her poetry can fail to notice her exquisite choice of adjectives. In the later poems each epithet is freighted full with music and with meaning. Here shall the unwise reader first be chastened by the unexpected peril of his haste, and then cheered by the largesse of his gain. After recalling "Crossing the Bar," let him turn in this volume to "The Launch." Stilled into acquiescence by Tennyson's lines, he will almost resent the austerity of Mrs. Meynell's poem. But when he has caught the new interpretation given to this world-old metaphor of death, he will understand the difference between acquiescence and assent. From wistful, unsure hope he turns to a strong, calm faith. Where else have we the office for the dying in a line and a half? And here, too, is an epic—an epic of twelve lines!

*"Your sins . . . shall be white as snow."*

Into the rescued world new-comer,

The newly-dead stepped up, and cried,

"Oh, what is that, sweeter than summer

Was to my heart before I died.

Sir (to an angel), what is yonder

More bright than the remembered skies,

A lovelier light, a softer splendour,

Than when the moon was wont to rise?

Surely no sinner wears such seeming

Even the rescued world within?"

"O, the success of His redeeming!

O, child, it is a rescued sin!"

But although the new poems testify to the position of the poet's thought, they have not proved the winter of her song. The old metrical skill is unimpaired. In "Veneration of Images" Mrs.

Meynell shows us where is "the rood of every day"; and, incidentally, shows in what manner her veneration for the speech of every day makes her the unbeguilable guardian of our tongue that we know in her essays. The "exaggerated decision of monosyllables" she has criticised in prose; a more excellent way with them, revealing their lyrical capacities, may be found in her threefold "Chimes."

Quotation is the privilege of the reviewer of poetry. If he but use his privilege aright he may yet save from ignominy the phrase "scissors and paste." And we feel that we are striking a serviceable blow for the vindication of quotation when we cite so fine a poem as this—the last of the book:

TO W. M.

Home, home from the horizon far and clear.

Hither the soft wings sweep;

Flocks of the memories of the days draw near

The dove-cote doors of sleep.

Oh, which are they that come through sweetest  
light

Of all these homing birds?

Which with the straightest and the swiftest  
flight?

Your words to me, your words!

### A Fairy Tale of the Humber Valley.

**E**ARLY, early morning in the quiet Humber valley. The river, smooth, flowing swiftly. Here and there a tiny ripple breaking the black green sheet. Grey curling mists rise slowly like ghost shapes of departed ones going closer to the Heaven of their hopes. On either bank the bushes bending over, peering to see their vain reflection in the clear stream. Higher up, the trees, their heads still bent from slumber, move a little and lowly seem to whisper that the day approaches. A tall white birch alone seems wakeful, and its haughty head, towering with slender strength, draws away from its darker brethren. Over all the grey sky bends, brooding over the quiet scene, welcoming the mists into its own dim vastness, a morning picture before dawn—repose the keynote.

Imperceptibly, the sky grows brighter, a faint

flush comes over the eastern heaven; every minute it deepens to a rosier hue until the whole wide space reflects the pink of morning, a modest lady blushing at a compliment. Then the first glad yellow ray rushes from the impeding hills which chain it down with their dull hugeness, and all its brothers, leaping from the sun, now risen its full circumference above the earth, fly to overtake their leaping leader. They play within the quiet valley, touching first the birch and teasing it to dazzling whiteness. Then they sport with the darker brethren, throwing a lattice work of gold on the emerald leaves, and a light breeze tosses their dark crests to give the sunbeams better chance. Even the bushes receive their share for all the tender green shows up amongst their dainty flowers and they do not bend to revel in their prettiness in vain. But on the river the bright motes linger for here is a playfellow worthy of their mettle, who sends an answering flash from its mystic depths, and throws back diamonds from its ripples to meet the jewels rained upon it. A morning picture after dawn, sunrise on the quiet river, indeed a fairy tale of the Humber valley.

KATE CRAY.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

### Passing.

An aureole crowning the passing year  
 Is the brooding sunshine cast  
 O'er landscape enchanting, afar, anear,  
 O, the splendors here amassed!—  
 For the jewels rare of this crown are told  
 In all gorgeous shadings of red and gold.

And nothing may add that the heart can bring  
 Of charm from the years ago;  
 For joy of the summer, and hope of spring,  
 We, blest in this present, know.  
 The spirit of dreaming fills the air;  
 And life seems unburdened everywhere.

So the heart makes pray'r—"Be life's story told"  
 —Quiescent the soul inclines,  
 "With the emerald setting to red and gold,  
 —The foil of the stately pines:  
 For the pines in unfading dignity  
 Witness ever love's immortality."

IDRIS.

## Letter Box.

### JAPAN'S SACRED ISLE.

DEAR RAINBOW:

You ask me for a description of a spot as yet undescribed in your pages, so I have chosen Japan's Sacred Isle.

The beautiful in nature must ally itself with some evidence, however slight, of man's presence before it can be fully appreciated by him. The vast forests of the Amazon have their gloomy grandeur enhanced and not relieved by the far-between huts of the Indians which stand spider-like on their piles, and the grandeur and sublimity of the Rockies owe not a little in their effect on the imagination to the conquest of their passes and avalanches by the tiny thread of the Pacific Railway. In this spot I write of—one of the three famous beauty-spots of Japan, famed from time immemorial in Japanese annals for its enchantments of scenery—the native artistry, which of all things in this idealistic land pleases the traveller most, often indeed deluding him into undeserved transports, has not failed to harmonize the necessities of human existence with existing allurements. The waves crawl in and out of innumerable rocky coves, whose walls close jealously about fairy floors of emerald-green waters, while white stones, glimmering far down through the deeps of the tide, suggest the hidden retreats of unseen creatures of the sea. Many islands lie about, all rocky where they are fretted by the teasing sea, but green and soft, often pine-clad above, where they bask in the sun and the gentle rains, like people who turn, smiling and courteous, on the world but have a hardness hidden below ever ready to meet the furies of its storms.

The interior of the island rises in irregular heights, divided by green and wooded valleys which descend easily to the sea, and about the mouth of one of these, facing the mainland, is built the little town. Had any other people built a town there or even a villa, they must have contrived to make it an eyesore to the beauty-abiding divinity who has made the isle his home. As it is, the little match-box houses nestle scarcely seen among the rocks and pines, more as if they had been cast up by the design of some kindly

spirit of the sea than by the coarse labor of human hands. The bright hues are Nature's own, those of the wild azaleas and purple-clustered wisterias, and where they display themselves it is with no arrogance of haughty beauty, but with a gentle insistence of their own modest worth amid the more stern and militant beauties of the pine foliage, like children at a Quakers' meeting.

There is a lightsome touch in everything and an odd frailty characteristic of things Japanese. The trees hang over the waterfalls "light as leaf on linden," and butterflies dance in and out of the foliage, glesome, and dainty as painted Ariels.

We trod this island in many directions, using faint paths through the woods, which often led us nowhere, often coming out of some glade to behold the sea at our feet reflecting, mirror-like, the sinuosities of rock and tree, anon finding our feet entangled in riotous undergrowth or held tight in the threatening clutch of some soft and mossy bit of bog, and again at the top of some eminence there would confront us a tiny temple of wood, with its adornments of faded wreaths and chaplets, all silent and peopleless. On one of these excursions we killed a snake, an act of impiety which we did not publish abroad, for despite its holiness the island seems to have had no St. Patrick to charm these reptiles away.

The spirit which taught the Japanese their nature-worship caught readily at this favored isle as a spot of very especial sanctity. Nothing is allowed to desecrate it by dying on it. Life may neither begin nor end upon it. It sleeps on in a perpetual Now, having neither past nor future, youth nor age. The morning mists and evening suns are but commas in the long prayer of unbroken life; they bring none nearer to the end so far as the island is concerned. Here are the gods that live forever, dwelling content in their embowered shrines, roaming the brakes and the margins of the shore, whispering in the rustle of the bamboos and the sough-sough of the pines, laughing in the tinkle of the waterfalls, accepting the garlands that pilgrims bring, and listening to the vows of holy men.

The corners of the hotel, a sort of wooden chalet, much-verandahed, peeped at us from the mouth of a pine-filled glen. Down the rocky strait lay a huge gray warship doubling her mast and funnels in the sea. A mighty wooden arch,

painted red and straddling out seaward, made a pretence to guard the beach. Behind it a rambling wooden temple projected weird angles and elbows amongst the boughs. The arch was the emblem of the Shinto religion, the temple one of its homes. In this strange land two religions have oddly fraternized, the easy Shintoism, a kind of formal nature reverence tricked out with gewgaws of divinities to catch the popular eye; and the tolerant Buddhism, elastic and expansile, ever ready to adopt and assimilate what it has failed to controvert. The island temples own allegiance to the former though a five-storied pagoda, emblem of the Buddhist creed in the East, towers on a hillock behind. About the beach and the inland glens wander the sacred deer, much as Brahmin bulls in an Indian bazaar.

It was a quaint little town that straggled by the sea, a town of narrow streets and open-fronted dolls' houses, each house as it seemed a shop, so that the people must have lived by buying from each other. Everything was neat and orderly, a strange contrast to the faith of the Chinese cities we had lately left. One would not have hesitated to eat or drink from the counters by the street side. Here was a barber shaving his man, with a respirator over his face—surely the barber's art could go no further. Next door was an inn where they sold saké, the national spirit of Japan, which bowls a man over if he be not aware, with the suddenness of a paralytic stroke. Next came a toy-shop, filled with grotesque trifles, puzzles, boxes, and comical jim-cracks, presided over by an old lady who went into peals of merriment at the antics of her wares even while she did not forget to ask three times the price she meant to take for them. In the next doll's house a group of schoolboys were wrestling on the open floor. One sturdy urchin, with a bullet-head, took on all comers, and beat four of them, till at last, exhausted, he was beaten by the fifth. At every other corner there is a sudden vista of the loch, with its jade-green sea, its silent shores, and the great, gray, silent ship of war; or, on the other hand, of the hanging woods of the steep hillside.

Here one might have written on the great wooden arch on the beach what was written over the entrance to a famous Hindu palace: "If there is a paradise on earth it is this, it is this, it



is this." The days that went by were days of Lotos land. We climbed the crags and the many worn stairs to an eyre above the crags, wherefrom the eye gazed down across and among the billowing pine tops to waters lapping cool and green on blanched sands far, far below and to the panorama of outspread islands asleep on the mirror of the loch. One evening I walked alone by a pathway overhanging the sea, and stood to watch a fishing-boat, a clumsy wooden affair, poling inshore amid the shallows. Six Japanese were at the poles, and at each thrust they grunted, while the rudder ropes creaked and the great yard, with its idle sail hanging limp, gave forth prodigious groans. It drifted on its way and left me alone again. Continuing my walk, I was brought to a halt by a barbed wire fence, which ran up from the rocks across the path and into the woods. On it was a notice, in English and Japanese, that all ground within, being fortified, was forbidden. So there was the Sacred Island, which Death could not invade, armed with great guns, barbed wire, and a warship, a stern portrayal of the conflict of old ideals and modern barbarity.

A. W. HOWLETT.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR RAINBOW:

As you are aware, the marriage of King Manoel with Princess Augusta Victoria of Hohenzollern, took place on Thursday morning, the 4th. inst., after a solemn Mass in the Castle of Sigmaringen, at which only the bride, bridegroom, and immediate relatives were present. King Manoel and his fiancée received Holy Communion. The civil function was carried out at the Castle by the Kaiser's Master of the Household, Count Eulenburg. This was immediately followed by the religious ceremony in the parish church, which was connected with the Castle by a covered way, bedecked with flowers, and lined with white-clad maidens of various classes, including a bevy of peasant girls, in so-called "Hohenzollern" attire. The bride's train was borne by three ladies of the Court. A group of Benedictine monks, carrying huge lighted wax candles, received the wedding-party at the entrance to the church.

Before the altar were, on each side of the bride and bridegroom, the various Royal and other

guests, including the queen mother, Amélie of Portugal, the bride's father, the Prince of Hohenzollern, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Aosta, the aged Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, Prince August Wilhelm (representing the Kaiser), and the Infante of Spain. Cardinal Netto, formerly Patriarch of Lisbon, officiated, and Prince Abbot Bossart, of Einsiedeln, delivered an address. At the wedding breakfast the bride's father made an affectionate speech to his "beloved daughter" and "dear Manoel," in which he mentioned that the present was the third instance, within fifty years, of a union between the Houses of Portugal and Hohenzollern, and reminded them of the Hohenzollern motto, "Nihil sine Deo."

\* \* \* \* \*

Owing to the private initiative of a few devoted friends of the Portuguese Royal Family, there was on Thursday, the fourth of September, at the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater (a foundation of Cardinal Manning, and one of the great Pugin's gems), a touching service, carried out with extreme simplicity and great devotion, and well attended, considering the season of the year, for the intention of the young Portuguese King and his bride. It consisted of a Low Mass and a *Te Deum*. The Very Reverend Father Superior was the celebrant, assisted by Reverend Father Bennet, O. S. B. During the Mass, the skilled organist gave selections of sacred music, including an appropriate Portuguese melody.

At the end, after the grand "Wedding March" had been played, the congregation was invited to go before the altar of Our Lady, which was tastefully decorated with white flowers, and recite the *Salve Regina* and prayers for the special intention of the queen mother and the bride's grandmother, Princess Antonia of Hohenzollern, Infanta of Portugal, and daughter of the Portuguese Queen Doña Maria II. Father Bennet said the prayers. The devotions over, all the congregation signed the telegram of congratulation to the Royal couple at Sigmaringen.

\* \* \* \* \*

King Manoels present to his bride was an exquisite tiara of most delicate workmanship, studded with two thousand stones—diamonds and emeralds. It was made by the jeweller

whom the bridegroom patronized when he was King of Portugal.

The gift from the City of Oporto was a magnificent specimen of artistic Portuguese workmanship. It consists of a gold jewel case, in the shape of an ancient Portuguese trunk. It is adorned with delicate gold filigree-work and enamel, and studded with precious stones.

The present from "The City of Lisbon to its King"—as the inscription runs—is of great artistic and intrinsic value. It is an ancient ship, in silver, with three masts of agate, resting on silver waves. It is decorated with the arms and crown of Portugal.

The present which the borough of Richmond is to give will consist of a silver Corinthian column set of candelabra, engraved with the arms of King Manoel and the borough. The presentation will probably be made at Fulwell Park, Twickenham, the beautiful old-world property which has been acquired by King Manoel for himself and his bride.

C. T. L.

**"To Restore All Things in Christ."  
—Daily Communion, Etc.**

(*Stanza of Pope Pius X.*)

Called by the sun to the day new-born;

Invited guest to a banquet spread;  
Forth in the hush of the rev'rent morn

I go with my soul to our Daily Bread.  
Crumbs thro' long ages have not sufficed:  
Now be restored all things in Christ!

Without and within is the song of birds,

Beauty of flower, and sky, and tree;  
The hour is for silence and not for words,

For Heaven's own Manna is "waiting me"!  
Yet this beautiful world!—all fresh and fair;  
And God in His goodness everywhere!

Refreshed from the fullness of Heaven's store,—

How vain seems pursuit of this world's poor  
pelf!

With my cup of happiness brimming o'er,

O, shall not my neighbor have thought with  
self?

Let the burden be what God wills to-day;  
Night, sooner or later, bring what it may!

IDRIS.

## School Chronicle.

### Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

The summer holidays, with all their good stores, are now a thing of the past. Among their treasures was the visit of Reverend M. I. Stritch, S. J., to the Abbey. Those who were privileged to meet this wonderful man will treasure forever the memory of his personal charm and his kind heart. Those who listened to his fine discourse and captivating oratory can realize what measure of beauty can come from the cultured mind, steeped in divine Love and Wisdom.

Some one said, "You would not think any one could be so charming." And no one could but God's own elect. If we could only secure him this year for our three days' retreat! At present he holds the Chair of Philosophy in St. Louis University.

July the twenty-third marks the date of the death of a grand old Canadian, Mr. James Conmee, father of our dearly-loved and well-remembered classmate, Miss Louise Conmee, graduate of '07. The papers and magazines have said beautiful things about Mr. Conmee. The Kipling motto, "Fellow to a beggar, brother to a king, if he be worthy," well suited James Conmee in his personal relations to his fellow men. "His ample purse was ever open to the unfortunate, his kindness was proverbial, a debater of unusual strength and clarity; tender as a woman to the suffering; a loyal friend and an indomitable enemy, and the amasser of a big fortune. James Conmee was a Canadian whose personality and career would repay the study of a Ralph Connor." The tributes were many to this great, good man. We offer our sincerest sympathy to his family and relatives who sustain his loss. R. I. P.

August the twenty-fourth—To-day we were saddened by the tidings of the death of Margaret O'Grady, president of our Alumnae. The news was unexpected and startling, and we can hardly realize that the noble woman who moved among us so recently with such elevating influence, is no more. Although her death was sudden, it was not unprovided; the consolations of our Holy

Faith were hers. She received the last sacraments with fervor, and her last words were expressions of gratitude and resignation to the good God who had so richly endowed her life. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to her many mourning friends. R. I. P.

August the twenty-seventh—The ceremony to-day of the religious Profession of thirteen novices, and the Reception of two postulants was beautifully impressive. In the absence of His Grace Archbishop McNeil, Right Reverend Monsignor McCann, V. G., officiated, assisted by Reverend George Williams. The celebrant of the Mass was Reverend A. O'Malley. A very inspiring sermon was delivered by Reverend M. Gillis, C. S. P., cousin of one of the professed. He showed in his inimitable way the advantages of the religious life. "He that hath left father and mother for my name's sake and the Gospel shall receive a hundredfold in this life and life everlasting hereafter."

The professed novices were: Sisters M. Rose Francis Ottawa; M. Imelde, Joliette; M. Aldegonde, Oustic, Ont.; M. Aileen, Ottawa; M. St. Charles, Kenilworth; M. Borromeo, Kenilworth; M. Florence, Chicago; M. St. Michael, Toronto; M. St. Winefrid, Montreal; M. St. Stanislaus, Hamilton; M. Francis Clare, Toronto; M. St. Aloysius, Hamilton; M. Bertha, Collingwood.

The postulants were: Miss Myra Street, Ottawa, in religion Sister M. Loyola; Miss Olive Porter, Chicago, in religion Sister M. Pancratius.

September the seventh—The sermon on "Usefulness," this morning, by our greatly-appreciated chaplain, Reverend A. O'Malley, was a wholesome treat. "Be amiable and humble and you can be used effectively; be proud and self-willed and you are good only to be humored!" Father O'Malley speaks new thoughts in new ways.

September the eighth—Our opening day! In our circle are representatives from the four cardinal points. Some from the salubrious north-west are smiling far-off sweet smiles as if they are glad to escape the snows of Fort William; and some from the northeast are talking volubly about politics as if they are yet abstracted in the

atmosphere of Ottawa; and some from the south are sighing little pensive sighs for the blue grass of Kentucky; and some from the east are jesticulating mildly and shrugging little shoulders and speaking beautiful French! "Striking varieties!" says one, standing upon a chair and looking down at us! This one is our philosopher! She falls up the steps because there are no wells here to fall into.

September the ninth—The "Victrola" this afternoon was a delightful treat, thanks to Mr. Paul Hahn and his friend, Mr. Nash, who were instrumental in securing this pleasure for us.

September the fourteenth—We enjoyed the sermon, this morning. It was the first after our return, and the Reverend M. Staley, to whom we are indebted for the favor, rendered his words doubly impressive by the way he applied the words of the sacred text to our lives. He spoke on the gospel of the Sunday—"That you may know that the Son of Man hath power to forgive sins, He said to the man sick of the palsy, arise, take up thy bed and walk."

September the sixteenth—A real Japanese Sister—Sister Mary Louise—was at the Abbey, this afternoon. She speaks five languages, English, French, Italian, Portuguese and Japanese. She is travelling around the world, begging for the orphanages in Japan, under the charge of her Order. She is quite tall. Her religious dress is black, relieved by no white around the face or hands. She is interesting and pleasant-looking and we are quite anxious to meet her. This pleasure will be ours on Tuesday, September twenty-third, when she has promised to return and tell us about Japan, her own country.

September the eighteenth—Mr. Coombs, our new choral master, has altered the time of our choral period from 10.30, a. m., to 3 o'clock, p. m. We feel we are privileged to be able to secure Mr. Coombs for our vocal director. He is a genius with none, or with only the delightful eccentricities of genius!

September the nineteenth—The lecture on "Character," this evening, by Reverend A. O'Malley, was deeply interesting. Every word appealed so that one's mind kept punctuating each great idea with "that is true—so true." The Reverend speaker is a man of ideas, always

entertaining, and always inspiring. He accentuated the "habit of work," particularly. "Let one tell me he is unhappy, melancholy,—tired of it all—and I can tell him, if I would, what is true—he has never acquired the habit of work, he is indolent."

September the twenty-first—This morning, Reverend G. Ferré, S. J., of Montreal, celebrated Mass here and delivered a most pleasing sermon on "How to become a saint." The Reverend speaker said it did not consist in working miracles,—Judas worked miracles and he was the son of perdition—nor in practicing austerities,—the Pharisees practised austerities and they were whited sepulchres—nor in giving alms,—John the Baptist gave no alms and he was the great precursor, the God-eulogized, the most perfect man born of woman! "In what then? Let us come to Nazareth and see. Here we behold Mary about her humble tasks, sweeping, dusting, preparing the frugal meal. Nothing more wonderful than this for thirty years, and she is the greatest saint in heaven. We see Joseph in the carpenter shop, driving nails, planing boards, all day long. Nothing more wonderful, and Joseph is the next greatest saint in the Church of God! And lastly, we see the Child helping Joseph in his humble toil. This is the Child whose gospel will subsequently change the world. This fair Child is the Eternal Son of God! It is not then what we do but how well we do that which we are called upon to do for God's sake that makes us saints."

KATE CRAY.

### Loreto Convent, Hamilton.

September the first—Mount St. Mary honored by a visit from Very Reverend Abbé Azarie Couillard-Desprès, of Quebec.

While the visit was appreciated by all the Religious, it was especially enjoyed by M. M. Euphemia, cousin of our Reverend guest. Indeed we were loath to intrude on their moments of pleasant retrospection and only wished that M. M. Angela, M. M. Camilla and M. M. Joseph had been here to share the pleasure of the reunion. However, the good Father was not unmindful of their desire for he went to the Abbey, the day before, and was on his way to the Falls.

M. M. Euphemia is now the fortunate possessor of some valuable volumes—notably, "La Première Famille Française au Canada, ses Alliés et ses Descendants," and "Histoire des Seigneurs de la Rivière du Sud et de leurs Alliés Canadiens et Acadiens"—by this distinguished writer.

M. l'Abbé has graciously promised to honor the RAINBOW by contributions to its pages, in the near future.

We like to think that he has carried away with him to his historic home some happy memories of Mount St. Mary, whose doors will always be open to him in cordial welcome.

September the second—Reopening of school—new work—new resolves. Truly is the whiling-away time over, despite the fact that thoughts of summer joys still linger and roseate memory pictures flit through the mind and blur the open page before us.

Many interesting phases of human nature are revealed in the recital of incidents and experiences of the holidays, which furnish the principal topic for conversation, for school girls still have their all-important nothings to talk about and discuss, notwithstanding the insistent claims on their attention, in this age of individual development, and the new apparatus of scholarship which belongs to the educational maelstrom wherein we ever revolve.

September the eighth—Apart from the traditions linked with the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, Father Faber tells us "there is hardly a feast in the year so gay and bright as this—right in the heart of the happy harvest, as though she were, as indeed she was, earth's heavenliest growth, whose cradle was to rock to the measures of the whole world's vintage-songs; for she had come who was the true harvest-home of that homeless world."

An added note of joy, caught from the silvery chimes of Jubilee bells, marked the celebration in our midst, this year.

September the thirteenth—In the early hours of this golden afternoon, with our fortunate star in the ascendant, we found ourselves en route to the Beach, lured by the traditional potency of its breezes to banish dull care, homesickness and all the other ills to which the schoolgirl oc-

asionally falls victim—the accommodating car seemed to be aware that its occupants were desirous of just such a boon, and proved equal to the emergency.

The first real glimpse of the Beach—the satisfying one—was joyfully acclaimed; attention was held to something every moment—a store of pictures about which one could write indefinitely was there for keen eyes and receptive minds. Of course, we waxed duly enthusiastic over the scenic delights as each entrancing vista, each new surprise came in view, but endeavor as we would, the heights attained by certain maidens of the party, imbued to the marrow with a sense of the beauty of everything in the vicinity of their native town, were beyond our reach. For the dozenth time since we had set out, we mustered our supply of adjectives—all too few and small to please the exacting taste of our friends. "What a delicious haze hangs over the water—full of mystery—full of suggestion!" exclaimed Mary. "Don't you catch the subtle charm?" We didn't. "Sometimes on a glorious autumn day I have stood here when every detail of the most remote spot was cut out sharp as a cameo, and I fairly wept with admiration." If only we could!

Next time we will bring that book of synonyms to the Beach—or, better still, commit to memory a few new adjectives to represent a proper degree of admiration.

A generous supply of cake and fruit proved an appetizing lunch and added not a little to the enjoyment of the occasion. All too soon the shadow of departure hung over us and a voice called the hour for the return trip. With happy memories of an afternoon pleasantly passed, we said au revoir, and the car sped onward.

September the twenty-third—We have heard with deepest regret of the death of Mr. Patrick Ford, one of the best, noblest and staunchest champions of the Irish race. The close of the long and distinguished career of this noble patriot, was the ending of a Christian life in a most edifying manner. For years he had been preparing for death. Every first Friday of the month witnessed him kneeling at the altar-rail to receive the Body and Blood of Christ. On the fiftieth anniversary of what he ever regarded as the most momentous event in his life—his

First Communion—he gave in the *Irish World* a brief description of the scene in the old Holy Cross Cathedral in Boston, when he was first privileged to receive his Lord. In his own simple, clear and direct manner he told of how he was accorded what was to him the inestimable boon of being united with his God in the Sacrament of the Altar, with a detailed account of what might seem to be a purely personal matter. His reasons for doing so throw a strong light upon the spiritual side of his character. "The real motive that impelled me to note these events was not the gratification of a puerile vanity, but rather a desire to kindle in others, especially in the hearts of children who are preparing for Confirmation and Communion, a burning flame of love for those heavenly gifts and an abiding regard of their memorial of their reception of the blessed sacraments."

To the sorrowing family of Mr. Ford the RAINBOW offers sincere sympathy and the assurance of prayer for the repose of his soul.

September the twenty-seventh—First in importance in the chronicle of the opening scholastic year is the visit of our beloved Bishop, Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton, whose "worth is warrant for his welcome."

How we look forward to these gracious paternal evidences of interest, accompanied by words of encouraging approval, which not only brighten our lives but help us to surmount the difficulties that oftentimes bestrew the rugged path of knowledge,—and the great Archangel, mindful of our desire for the loved presence, guided his steps to us to-day.

After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, His Lordship preached a beautiful sermon on devotion to the Holy Angels, those blessed spirits whose chief care—next to that of adoring and serving their Creator—is for our happiness and eternal welfare. The Holy Angels, His Lordship said, are destined to be not only our guides, but likewise our models on the road to heaven, their virtues should form a frequent subject of our meditation especially in this age of toleration, weakening of Christian belief, and civilization in which a belief in God and immortality is becoming perilously vague; when vast numbers of nominally Christian people follow prevailing customs and fashions, of whatever kind

they may be, without even asking themselves whether they are forbidden by any of the Ten Commandments.

His Lordship's words, spoken with that forcefulness of presentation, familiar and dear to his privileged hearers, find their way straight to our hearts, never to be forgotten. G. W.

### Personals.

"Where do you stand in school these days?"  
"In the corner most of the time."

"What's the matter with Nan?"

"Yesterday she had an attack of examinitis, and to-day she's trying to set the machinery of the world's affairs in motion."

"Lincoln was born on a bright summer day, the 12th. of February, 1809. He was born in a log cabin he had helped his father to build."

"Oh, it's ten o'clock!"

"Why didn't you tell me that before?"

"Because it wasn't."

"You know what happens when a little girl tells a falsehood? A black spot comes on her soul."

"Then Bessie's soul must be just speckled."

"Can you describe a sea-horse?"

"Yes. It's the present tense of saw-horse."

"We had to have our dog shot last week."

"Was he mad?"

"Well, he didn't seem any too well pleased."

"Look at these black kid gloves. They're the latest style. They have tan stitches and vice versa."

"I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa."

"Oh, vice versa is the French for seven buttons. Buy them."

"Just listen to the way Nellie is talking about the world being a sad place."

"What is she saying?"

"That we never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he's dead."

"Translate—Riz de veau à la financière."

"Smile of the calf at the wife of the financier."

"What is Lil's malady now?"

"Enlargement of the imagination, I think."

"John Cabot landed at Labrador and took possession of the British King."

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Cut Flowers and Floral Designs a Specialty. Vases and Baskets Filled. Bedding Plants in Season. Hardy Flowering Plants and Bulbs in Spring and Fall.

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## Pleasing Things at "THE ARCADE"

'Tis Pleasant to shop in an altogether daylight store,  
to receive courteous treatment from salespeople,  
to buy where stocks are large and well-assorted,  
to buy where goods are exchanged willingly,  
to buy where one can buy everything,  
to 'phone orders where prompt attention is given,  
to find everything arranged for one's comfort; for example, toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen; ample rest room; perfect ventilation; 'phones on every floor; parcel checking office; perfect elevator service,  
finally, to find that one's money goes farthest and that satisfaction is actually guaranteed with every purchase at

THE  
**ARCADE**  
LIMITED.









