

The Domain of Woman

TALKS BY "TERESA"

One of the most wonderful cemeteries in the world is the Campo Santo at Capua.

Imagine a garden surrounded with noble open galleries, lined with magnificent white marble monuments, and that in great groups, hills, and stand around like sentinels guarding the silent and sacred camp of the dead.

Above all the bright sun and deep blue Italian sky. It is difficult to realize that you are in a cemetery; the monuments are so unlike anything that we are accustomed to in this country.

In long marble galleries open to the sun, the monuments at first give the cemetery the appearance of an art exhibition. You imagine that you have wandered into a sculptural gallery by mistake.

But the wreaths of flowers with broad silk ribbons attached, the swinging lamps and the memorial tablets undecorated.

Each monument has an arch of the gallery to itself and is placed against the back wall. A man in his habit as he lived, stands life size in white marble above his own tomb.

Over another beautiful tomb is a family group, life size. The father is dying. He lies on his death bed and the sculptor has realized every detail of drapery.

On another tomb a man lies dead on his bed and his young wife reverently raises the sheet and gazes for the last time upon his face.

There are hundreds and hundreds of such groups in the Campo Santo. What makes them the more extraordinary to the American traveller is that the living and the dead are all habited in modern everyday costume, and no detail is spared to make the groups and the single figures triumphs of realism.

Probably this intense realism would jar upon anyone accustomed to the conventional manner usually seen in English and Canadian cemeteries.

Last summer an ingenious woman found a novel and ornamental top for an umbrella frame. The frame was opened and the handle placed in the middle of a round flower trailing vine with a white blossom was placed at each wire rib and twined around.

One of the American journals, I forgot which one, has been exclaiming itself and its readers over the recent Canadian elections governing matters in the Klondike region.

principle, Seattle would be a good place to settle in, everybody has rushed off to Klontyko and left the field clear for the ambitious to come in and make their fortunes in the surest way, by energy hard work, and perseverance.

But it takes a lifetime to make a fortune like that," grumbles the pessimist who would fain be rich in a hurry; "and by the time you have made it you are too old to enjoy it."

Exactly, and that is the most perfect argument against the religion of money getting for it is a religion with too many people. Why waste your life and worry yourself to die gathering together what you cannot enjoy? Your life will only squander it after you are gone, and—where will you be yourself?

How useless it is to talk: how worse than useless! The things that we can see are everything, the unseen, nothing, and yet, did we but know it the unseen alone is worth having, the visible is nothing, it is dust, and one day it will be not even dust, it will have vanished, and in its place will remain only that day. "What shall it profit a man if he have gained the whole world and lost his own soul?"

She walked down the peopled ways of sleep, And plucked its flowers and tasted, for her heart.

Was surrounded with and naught but slumber deep Unthickened and profound, could ease the smart.

Sho ate, and for a little space the pain Was stilled, the longing and the ache were dead, But O, the coming back to life, she "Thy flowers are bitter, Sleep," she weeping said.

But when she trod the hemlock bordered path, That led her down the darkened ways of death, Who in his ebony wings cool healing hath: She plucked and ate, "These flowers are sweet," she said.

Come and take a walk around "Vanity Fair," and watch the motley throng. Everybody has a wuck ruck and is eagerly looking about for valuables, sometimes there is a scrimmage between two people who try to see to the same thing.

Look at the women, silks, velvets, furs and jewellery, palms and powder; how they walk as if through they owned the earth and several other planets as well. But that is not so, poorly but neatly dressed, and walking modestly, see how the velvet clad maidens sweet, and draw their costly robes away from contact with such creatures, albeit of the same flesh and blood as themselves.

"What is that hill over there called?" we ask a man standing at the door of a booth. "That," he said carelessly, "Oh that is Calvary Hill!"

"What are the crosses for?" "Somebody was crucified there, nearly two thousand years ago, so I have heard, but I don't believe the story."

disturb, they hear only the song of birds and the flowing of the stream of life. Sometimes dust and sand, and there floats up a faint murmuring echo of the din and the turmoil of Vanity Fair.

The Assumption.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

Now Autumn's golden flood-lights lie On lake and wood, on sea and sky, As birds at their own notes prolong, Methinks I hear an angel sing, Oh come, ye tears, unto my bed, For 'tis an angel's plaintive hymn. Radiant spirits chase the gloom Far from our Virgin Mother's tomb.

They guard her with a justus caro; They rise around her lilies rare; And mournful is the dirge they sing O'er Sorrow's Queen now slumbering.

Hark! to that sound of angel's wings The lofty walls of Heaven ring; And far o'er land and glassy sea Is pealing now sweet melody. Forth from those peerly gates they pour In light formed on 't' eternal shore; Love lights each eye, each cheek hath bloom;

They form a pathway to her tomb, And whilst they float upon the wing Strango to earth is the song they sing:

Arise, oh Queen, arise; We come to bear thee to those skies Where flowers bloom and laurels shine. Throughout one living holiday, We'll place thee on a siarry throne; We'll deck thee with the Jasper stone;

Oh peaceful Queen, oh Virgin blast, We long for that bright hour of rest; We long to glide upon its sea And reach the heavenly shore.

Oh charming land, land ever green— Oh land where rules the golden Queen— Soon may we tread thy gladsome shore And drink thy joys for evermore.

Who brought forth thy Son and G. J. Oh guide us by thy trusty hand, 'Tis we may reach that wondrous strand.

—BROTHER ANDREW.

New Papal Encyclical. A Rome despatch says: In the Encyclical Letter which the Holy Father has just published on the occasion of the third centenary of the death of the Blessed Peter Caninius, he observes that the period in which the servant of God lived has much resemblance with our own.

Conjurer: "I say, lad, your mother says get eggs without foil, can she?" Led: "O course she can." Conjurer: "Oh, how's that?" Led: She keeps ducks."

Death of Mother M. Stanislaus McCarthy.

Dublin, Aug. 18.—The Freeman's Journal announces the death, after a brief illness, of Mother M. Stanislaus McCarthy, of St. Mary's University College, and Nun Hut Convent, Black rock. The regret will be shared by all lovers of Catholic literature, to whom the occasional writings of "M. M." had revealed a soul of exquisite tenderness and sweetness, and by that ever-widening circle by whom the great work that is being done in the spirit of St. Dominic and St. Thomas, for the higher education of Irish women, is known and appreciated.

They form a pathway to her tomb, And whilst they float upon the wing Strango to earth is the song they sing: Arise, oh Queen, arise; We come to bear thee to those skies Where flowers bloom and laurels shine.

Throughout one living holiday, We'll place thee on a siarry throne; We'll deck thee with the Jasper stone; We'll catch the flitting wild moonbeam And ruby bring from crystal stream, And in her hair we'll tangle tulle— Awake, oh Queen, awake, arise! We'll place thee midst the lilies gay And sing to thee the lively day.

Who brought forth thy Son and G. J. Oh guide us by thy trusty hand, 'Tis we may reach that wondrous strand.

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Bubbles or Medals.

"Best sarsaparilla." When you think of it how contradictory the term is, it is not surprising that one of the best sarsaparilla as there is one level, it is no wonder there's the rub! You can measure mount on height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could if you were chemist. But then do you need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it, and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, except Ayer's. So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. These others are blowing more the old ones. But Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal is gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

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