

## The Guardian Angel.

Lamartine (from Longfellow's Translation).

When in my childhood's morning I rested 'neath the shade  
Of the citron or the almond tree, with fruits and  
blossoms weighed,  
While the loose curls from my forehead were lifted  
by the breeze,  
Which like a spirit haunteth every living thing it  
sees;  
Then in those golden hours, a whisper soft and light  
Stole on my senses, thrilling each pulse to wild de-  
light.  
'Twas not the perfumed zephyr, the dreamy pipe's  
low swell,  
The tones of cherished kindred or the distant village  
bell;  
O, no, Guardian Angel, that music in the air  
Was but thy voiceless pinions that hovered round me  
there.

When deeper founts of feeling within my bosom  
sprung,  
And love with soft enchantment, its varied cadence  
rung;  
When twilight after twilight still found me lingering  
near  
You green and wavy sycamore, to meet with one  
most dear  
Whose least caress could liberate the full spring of  
my breast,  
Whose kiss at every parting gave strange but sweet  
unrest.

Ah! then the soft same whisper upon my spirit fell;  
Say, would 't be his footsteps, which wake the mys-  
tic spell?

O, no my Guardian Angel, who watchest over me,  
My heart returned that echo of sympathy from thee!  
And when in bliss maternal, I clustered round my  
hearth

Those blessings God had lent me, to make my heaven  
on earth,

When at my window's portal I watched their buoy-  
ant gleam,

As my children, a throng of birds, shook the ripe boughs  
from the tree;

Even then, though half defined, that voice with  
sweetness fraught,

Poured out its notes familiar upon my raptured  
thought.

What moved me then? Ah! was it the bird's song  
unrepressed?

Or the breathings of the babe that slumbered on my  
breast?

O, no my Guardian Angel, I felt that thou wert near  
To echo back the gladness of my heart-music clear.

And now old age hath planted its snow crown on my  
head,

And, sheltered from the bleak winds that through  
the forest spread,

I feed the blazing embers that warm my shrinking  
frame,

And guard the lambs and children, who scarce can  
hisp my name.

Yet in this withered bosom as in the days of youth,  
The self same voice consoles me with words of love  
and truth.

Thou not the joys of childhood that haunt me in my  
sleep,

Or the lost tones of the dear one whom even now I  
weep;

O, no, my Guardian Angel, my tried and faithful  
friend

It is thy heart that twine with mine till life shall  
end.

## How Columbus's Rights Were Ignored.

The discoverer of the New World had a solemn agreement with the sovereigns as to the reward of his services. The Queen agreed without hesitation that Columbus and his descendants should have the tenth part of all the products which should come from America, but she objected most strongly to Columbus exercising any authority in the territory discovered, as, even though his authority were exercised in the name of the sovereigns, this would constitute a division of the royal power. This was not vain ostentation on the part of Isabella, but she deemed it necessary in order to maintain the political unity realized by her after a desperate struggle against feudalism, and not to compromise the national unity obtained by the conquest of Granada, the last refuge of Mussulman rule.

This was why the negotiations were broken off and why Columbus abandoned the Court of Castille, with the intention of going to France or England; but such was the enthusiasm of the Queen for the enterprise that she caused him to return and acceded to his requirements, signing on April 19, 1492, at Santa Fe, a small town near Granada, the articles which conceded to him the tenth part of the revenue from the Indies and, under the title of Admiral and "Adelantado Mayor," the authority he had desired to obtain

for himself and his descendants. The effort of the Admiral's enemies to have him displaced, or to make use of the power which he was exercising, are well known. The remembrance of those facts which so embittered his life has served to tarnish his memory with the applause of the detractors of Spain. Envy and bad passions have existed and will exist at all times and in all countries, and a grave injustice is committed by supposing that these pettinesses of the human heart constitute the distinctive elements in the character of Ferdinand the Catholic. Although he was a prince of exalted mind, he was also the representative of the ideas of his time with reference to the royal authority. A disciple of Machiavelli, in his policy he made use of the resources of astuteness and cold calculation. He was never dazzled by the glory of the enterprise of Columbus, and he was not willing that the grandeur acquired by Castille should cause public business to be directed into channels that he deemed dangerous and of but slight benefit to the interests of Aragon. Not so much from hatred of Columbus as from political motives, he saw with perfect indifference the existence of a spirit of distrust of the admiral and the ignoring of his services.

While the Queen lived, Columbus obtained satisfaction for his wrongs, but when she died he was left to struggle alone, and, overcome by years, by sorrows and physical sufferings at last succumbed in poverty, leaving as a patrimony to his family an immortal name, an example of patience and Christian resignation and a wealth of expectations.—From "The Family of Columbus," by the Duke of Veragua, in *North American Review* for July.

## Calvary Clover.

All over Europe a strange little plant grows and thrives. It is commonly called Calvary clover, being a trefoil and said to have been unknown on the earth until the time of our Lord's crucifixion. In some localities it has no name but the crucifixion plant or plant of Calvary. Tradition says that the first of its species sprang up under the feet of Pilate, who unjustly condemned the Saviour to death. After the crucifixion he went to Calvary, and the little plant appeared at every step he took to remind him of his crime.

This Calvary clover has three round green leaves, each with a spot of carmine in the center, looking exactly like a drop of blood. During the day they arrange themselves so that to the most incredulous they resemble a cross, and when the flowers appear in their season each one is startlingly like the crown of thorns.

Many historians, both sacred and profane, mentioned this strange member of the floral kingdom. Julian tells us that as far back as his day there was a tiny white cross displayed on each leaf, and that if one looked carefully enough he could see a figure hanging thereon. The figure of the central leaf is clothed in white, those on the other leaves being in black or red. The same writer also declared that when the blossom appeared the figures gradually faded away, the central one lasting longer than the others.

Tradition is so uncertain, however, that we hardly know how much of this folklore is to be credited. But surely in a belief which is widespread it can do no harm to place some confidence, and we like to believe in the pretty Calvary clover.—*Ave Maria*.

## Local Option.

This term should be applied to the choice every intelligent person has between Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural and certain remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache, and bad blood, and the various imitations offered by unscrupulous parties as being "just as good." There is nothing else as good as B.B.B. It is an honest medicine.

## Palace of Electricity.

Visitors to the World's fair are unanimous in commending the electrical display. Nothing like it has ever been seen before, and, including the exhibit in the electrical building and the many features displayed in the lighting of the grounds, a truly marvelous presentation is made of the progress of the most modern of the sciences.

It was proper, of course, that the statue of Benjamin Franklin should preside over this display. It is 141 years since he made his celebrated experiment with the kite. The statue occupies the place of honor in the southern hemicycle of the Temple of Electricity. It represents Franklin and the famous kite held in his hand and his face aglow with the ardor of science, upturned to the sea of azure whence he drew the spark that has lit the world. Mounted high on the pedestal, of white staff, the superb figure of the old philosopher and sage is strikingly life like. The sweep of the winds seem to have blown his loose locks about his neck, his long frock coat above his knees. Above in the semicircular dome is his name engraved on the centre panel, upheld by an Angel of Light; while below, around the frieze, shines in golden letters the noble epigram uttered by Turgot: "Eripuit cælo fulmen, acceptumque tyrannus." "He snatched the thunder from the sky and the sceptre from the tyrant."

Franklin, or this ideal image of him, by Sculptor Carl Rohl Smith, invites you to cross the threshold of the modern wonderland, whose magic of light, heat and power has become almost commonplace. The wizards have, however, invested it with new glory here in the overwhelming display of giant dynamos, the bewildering brilliancy of thousands of incandescent lights, the witchcraft of innumerable creeping, peeping, vanishing flashes. All is a marvel of blaze, from the powerful gleam of the grand arc-light to the delicate incandescent lamps sparkling like tiny fire-flies.

The glory of the scene rises in dazzling majesty in the centre of the building—the Edison Tower of Light. The tall shaft represents the apotheosis of the incandescent lamp. From base to capital, a shining pillar of 82 feet, it springs from the roof of a colonnaded pavilion and nearly strikes its splendid crown against the groined arch of intermingling nave and transept. It is studded with thousands of lamps of all the hues of the rainbow, arranged in the most graceful patterns. When the bands strike up these colors are flashed in rhythmic harmony with the music. But above, the crown of this glorious column, is the magnificent eight-foot replica of an incandescent lamp, fashioned from 30,000 prismatic crystals of cut glass. Illuminated by a multitude of lamps within, it floods the Palace of Electricity with its brilliancy.

Next to this unrivaled achievement in beauty is the Western Electric Company's pillar of fire, a broad belt of red, white, and blue fire ceaselessly clambering up the crystal-studded column, vanishing below as it climbs above; creeping out in every direction along the zigzag joistings and disappearing in the beauty of whirling globes, changing color like dolphins.

I am like a tired out spider, whose web has been demolished so often that he is inclined to give up spinning it over again. St. Wilfrid seems to get for me a kind of dogged cheerfulness, and so I go on and on and on, and perhaps I may not live much longer, and then it will be well to have worked to the last moment.—*Frederick Faber*.

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