

L'EGLISE DES SAINTS.



E all can remember some moments when we have seemed overwhelmingly conscious of beauty. In my own mind, it has become indissolubly connected with a certain evening last fall, when I knelt in a dark corner of "L'Eglise des Saints," listening to the organ.

The dim light changed the cold gray marble to a living brown, and darkened the mosaics into an uneven surface, each perfect piece seeming to have shrunk and shrivelled like an autumn leaf.

Farther, in the darker corners, new details gathered into the general interchanging of column with column, and vault with vault; yet each stood out clear in a singular completeness of effect.

The mosaics darkened the marble, and the long shadows of the pillars intermingled with the gold and white of the single altar. Above the altar hung the only painting the church contained,—the "Last Supper." Around the walls stood "The Way of the Cross," carved in marble, the life work of a noble Italian master.

In the rear the organ was but dimly visible, while one star of light burned in the chancel, glowing on the four massive bronze pillars, the corners of the altar. Over the arches joining diagonally the tops of these pillars, was spread a cloth of silver interwoven with gold, which stole the colors from the stained glass windows, each shadow changing with the changing light.

The pulpit stood perhaps a dozen paces up the left aisle — a low, wide pulpit, polished until the remotest corners of the church were reflected in its burnished surfaces.

But the whole conveyed to the soul something deeper than the realization of mere beauty, for in the very curves and vaultings, in the balance of lines and forces, was the dominating suggestion of a life of "being, becoming—becoming, being," and a mind "idealizing, realizing—realizing idealizing."

Outside, the general impression of peace was well maintained. The gray stone walls were overhung with creepers, and the gold and yellow of the setting sun were mingled with the scarlet and the purple of the autumn leaves.

Soon one last ray of glorious color was diffused among the "Northern Lights," then slowly faded into gathering darkness as the last peal of the Angelus was echoed across the hills.