

thus she is not unnatural or commonplace in her description. See this very vivid picture of the Rhine:—"The Rhine like a white snake in the dizzy distance below, bored a passage for itself as if through the recesses of a cloven world: and there, imitating its indomitable energy, and washed by its spray, the pines planted their roots, and rising towards the light, clothed many a terrible gap and fissure with the long, sweeping draperies of their dark-green, purple-aist laden boughs. Looking down into this narrow, almost bottomless hollow, one is overwhelmed with awe at the grandeur that nature has piled within its depths and up its sides, the luxuriance of vegetation, and magnificence of color enriching its gloom: looking up, one grows giddy with joy at the glory that wraps the spires and crowns of mountain, crag, and pine."

And this paragraph is eclipsed, if not in language, at least in interest, by two others, one of the church of San Zeno in Verona, and the other of the forsaken Carthusian monastery at Certosa. From her picture of San Zeno we have an idea of the solemn grandness of the old European churches. Speaking of the company of saints whose images people the walls of this church, she writes:—"Gathered from all the ends of the earth the faithful servants stand in God's house, their sculptured faces shining with the smile of the glorified spirit that is far away, sunned in the light of paradise. Enshrined high above our heads, clothed with strength, their feet lifted for ever out of thorny ways, they would seem at first to be not of our kind, till presently the sword, the palm, the wheel remind us of the toils and wounds with which they fought the battle of life and scaled the heights of eternity. Cecilia with sword and lyre, Vincent de Paul and his clinging babes, Dorothea blooming among the roses, the great Christopher stemming the torrent—who shall call the roll of the beautiful army! . . . Passing from church to church the Christian will find himself eagerly looking for certain angelic countenances, as the links of a living litany followed by his heart. Stately Barbara with her tower of strength; delicate Elizabeth among her cripples; Francis surrounded by his lovers and birds; the

meek and mighty Paul—every one stands serene in his own place. Happy are the feet that linger reverently before their sculptured semblance, blessed the hearts that muse on the lovely lessons of the imperishable lives they recall."

The other passage is a description of the Certosa, one of the many monasteries which the Italian government has stolen from its lawful owners, leaving only two or three monks as caretakers of the building. Thus she writes of it:—"On either side of the quadrangle were the bake-houses and the brew-houses of the monks, the apartments where were lodged the poor travellers who knocked at their gate, and the doors whence they distributed the food which the hungry came to claim. Such busy scenes are in the past. Silence now reigns in these deserted buildings; the sound of labour no longer disturbs the air: the hum of voices, the melody of the bells are hushed; and this magnificent centre of prayer, charity, and toil, stands mute like a great heart that has ceased to beat. The men who risked their lives and toiled without counting the cost to put whole meadows where the poisonous swamp had been, are driven from the home that sheltered them and their poor. The Certosa in all the dream like beauty and splendor of its spires, towers, galleries, and cupola, stands there for no purpose but to astonish the traveller, like a pile of jewels forsaken and forgotten in the desert."

And now I have left Kevin and Fan far behind, but speaking of the Certosa, I may say for the satisfaction of the reader, that it was in this grand old monastery the lovers met after a separation of many years. To describe this meeting would be beyond the scope of this article, for the cleverness with which it is brought about can be fully appreciated only by reading the whole book. Suffice it to say that this latter part is the "old, old story" told in a new, new way.

In conclusion I may say that if any one wish to read a *judicious* Catholic novel, he will find what he wishes in the "Wild Birds of Killeevy." It is not only instructive reading, but it serves to cheer a lonesome hour, and affords legitimate relaxation from the wearying hurry of this nineteenth century.

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