

Northwest Review

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

THE ONLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF ENGLISH SPEAKING CATHOLICS WEST OF TORONTO.

VOL 10, NO. 23.

WINNIPEG MANITOBA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1894.

\$ 2.00 per Year.
Single Copies 5 cts.

TO THE CATHOLICS

OF WESTERN CANADA.

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JUNE'S WELCOME.

Hail, flower-sweet June, our Lord's own month of roses,
Or bright blue sky and small tranquil sea,
O'er her fairest buds the loveliest
And smiling, leaves her lily wreaths for thee.
This month of months, we offer Thee, dear Master,
Its glowing days Thy chosen feast enshrine
So meekly asked. O Love, our hearts beat faster
To see, O Lord, what humble love is Thine,
Within the vail, that loving Heart is pleading;
Thou listenest for the children's coming feet,
Grave elder ones the prattling babes leading
To bring to Thee their offerings fragrant-sweet.
And lo! the old, the sick, the halt, the weary
They come to seek Thee at the sunset hour,
Care-laden they! 'neath weeping skies, and dreary
Their morning gift hath blossomed into flower.
Unto their hearts Thou whisperest Thine own story,
Thou tellest how the whitened harvest stands;
Of Thy Heart's pain, Thy Father's waiting
Or Labourers few, of idle folded hands.
Thou pleadest gently for Thy children's labour,
Born for Thy sake, nor toil, nor grief is vain;
Rejoice, sad hearts! 'tis ours the wondrous favour,
For Him, our Love, the harvest-field to gain.
Then hail blest month! which brings us ever nearer
To that loved Heart, so true, so kindly free,
Its interests dear each moment growing dearer,
A thousand welcomes, June, sweet June, to thee.

THE VATICAN PALACE

Adjoining St. Peter's Basilica in Rome.

Extensive Library—Wonderful Creations of Sculpture and Painting—Raphael's "Transfiguration"—The Apollo Belvedere.

Written for the Northwest.

There is perhaps no edifice in the civilized world to-day, which encloses within its walls so many attractions, ancient and modern, as does the Vatican Palace, adjoining St. Peter's Basilica in Rome. Here Rome has collected all that is to be admired, from every age and from every clime. Here are statutory paintings and antiquities, which will testify that Rome has been the patroness of art. When the eye has beheld the wonders which are assembled here, it will look on other museums and other art galleries with but little pleasure. Built at different times, the Vatican is a union of palaces. Apart from its unlimited curios, it possesses still greater interest in the fact that for centuries it has been the headquarters of the Popes of Rome; it has witnessed scenes ever memorable in the world's history; it bears silent testimony to the progress of the fine arts and science; and to-day it is proclaimed to the universe as the prison within which Leo XIII. considers himself a despoiled ruler. Neither the historical happenings, nor the current doings of the Vatican enter into the present narrative, for to-day the galleries of sculpture and painting, containing the choicest gems of the skill of the artist; the library, with the unbounded richness of its collections and decorations, are before our view, inviting us pressingly to feast our eyes upon the beauties which adorn their interior.

In going to the library one passes through a gallery, on each side of which are inserted in the wall inscriptions taken from the catacombs, and from heathen tombs. How striking the contrast! One seems to have been erected to the manes of the dead; it breathes no hope; the other, marked with the dove and olive branch, is symbolic of hope.
The Vatican library is by far the most gorgeous of the many stanzas which adorn the palace. In the ante chamber, where the students follow their different pursuits, may be seen the portraits of the many cardinals who from time to time have been its librarians. From this room you pass into the library proper. Your eyes are lost in bewilderment. The rich frescoes on the walls, the polished marble floor, the collections of gifts made by European monarchs to the popes, recall to your mind some fairy scene of which it may have one time dreamed but never hoped to realize. This room is 216 feet long, 48 feet broad and 28 feet high. The costly presents are simply marvellous and would require a volume in order to be enumerated and described. A pillar of malachite from the emperor of Russia, a large vase of Sèvres porcelain from Louis Philippe, two tables of Egyptian granite, a pillar of oriental alabaster from the Pasha of Egypt—these are some of the gifts. Perhaps the most wonderful of all is a vase of malachite with pedestal, being three feet four inches in diameter and nearly the same in height. The rich greenness of its color, and the high degree of polish of which it is susceptible, impart a beauty to it which charms the eye. No other library comes at all near to the Vatican in number of its Greek, Latin and Oriental manuscripts. Some of those are beautifully executed, being the choicest productions of medieval monasteries. In an adjoining chamber may be seen a collection of curios gathered together by Benedict XIV. in 1750. The ceiling is ornate with allegorical frescoes, representing History writing on the back of Time, with Genius on one side and Janus and Fame sounding a trumpet on the other. Sarcophagi, statues, busts, bas-reliefs of every description and of most beautiful workmanship, are encountered every where. The visitor meanders around in a maze of attractions, not knowing whether to proceed, and caring less to extricate himself from the meshes which at every step throw their hallucinations upon his wondering eye.

He now ascends the steps leading from the museo Pio Clementino, and the first object which greets him is the Torso. To the casual observer there is nothing at all of interest in this truncated specimen of sculpture, yet so perfect is its symmetry that the great Michael Angelo made it his study for years. We are now in the Gallery of Sculpture. We have viewed every known type of the art, but how little do we remember. It is only when years of separation have come between us and this happy hour that we will at all appreciate the wondrous field of study and admiration now thrown open to us. We are standing before the historic group of Laccoon; we form a hasty opinion of the workmanship, alas it is too hasty, for what we now behold is one of the most perfect productions of the sculptor's chisel. The agony depicted on the face of the aged father, as he vainly efforts to extricate himself from the coils of the serpents, is indescribable, and to be appreciated needs but to be seen. This remarkable piece of sculpture was described by Pliny as a chief d'oeuvre, and is mentioned by him as having been placed in the palace of Titus. Three Rhodians—Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus are credited with being the sculptors. For centuries it was lost to the world, having been buried beneath the debris which gradually immersed old Rome, till the level of the once Imperial City, was raised some twenty feet. Under the reign of Pope Julius II. it was again brought to light, and the enthusiasm of the people on the occasion knew no bounds. The bells rang out in joy; poets saluted it with odes: it was carried in triumph, ornamented with flowers, through the streets of Rome.

A few steps bring us face to face with the "lord of the unerring bow," called the Apollo Belvidere. This celebrated statue has been looked upon as expressive of the perfect ideal of material beauty.

The gallery of paintings possesses even more interest than does that of sculpture; in the latter the glories of antiquity are commemorated and verified, in the former the glories of modern times are set forth. The tapestry room is in itself a wonderful creation. The designs were originated by the immortal Raphael, who at the instigation of Leo X. produced them. When they were presented to the public gaze by the great artist, Pope Leo X. exclaimed in a burst of admiration, "Divino!" In the loggia of Raphael may be seen fifty-two frescoes executed after his designs, representing the principal events of the Old Testament. Besides these there are many other chefs d'oeuvre: the Burning of the Borgo, the School of Athens, the Parnassus, the St. Peter in Prison, are representations, whose beauty remains forever in the memory. This portion of the gallery contains but few paintings, but those few stand out in bold relief as masterpieces of creative art. I might speak of a "Madonna di Foligno," by Raphael, a "Coronation," by Julio Romano, a "Communion of St. Jerome," by Raphael, too, nor could I dilate too much on them, for any one of these precious gems would be considered a world's attraction elsewhere. Their beauty, however, is lost for the nonce, and is eclipsed by a still greater luminary, whose dazzling brilliancy sheds a lustrous halo on the spot. The "Transfiguration," by Raphael, is here seen and what a contemplation it affords! Never was the divine inspiration of the painter more clearly depicted than in this most noble of the world's pictures. The history of the "Transfiguration" is the most interesting episode in the life of the great Raphael. Sebastian del Piombo was considered a just rival to Raphael. He went to present to the pope the "Resurrection of Lazarus," of which Michael Angelo made the design. Both he and Angelo combined to conquer Raphael. This work was the one which they held out in defiance to Leo X. Raphael accepted the challenge. He shut himself up for a few weeks, and refused to see any of his friends. Soon the day for deciding the victory drew nigh. The Transfiguration was produced. Rome sent up a cry of admiration and wonder from her seven hills, and all tongues shouted aloud. "It is a beautiful ideal, the paragon of art, the chef d'oeuvre of painting, the most sublime effort of the genius of man." Sebastian del Piombo was conquered, but there was a victory for him in the conquest, for the Transfiguration, "the great and only Transfiguration" was called into existence to subdue him. This great painting was transported to Paris, by order of Napoleon, but after the Congress of Vienna was again restored with many others to the Eternal City. I have sat motionless for hours before it, vainly endeavoring to drink in the sublimity of the inspiration which suggested it. I have gazed on the resplendent radiance of the Saviour's face, till the imaginative almost gave place to the real, so vivid is the omnipotent glory of Jesus Christ depicted on the smiling countenance. Here is portrayed the Deity and Humanity of Christ. His power and glory is shadowed before you, as He is raised on high conversing with Moses and Elias. The apostles hide their faces, for they cannot look upon that which is beyond mortal ken: there too is suffering humanity near the influence of demagogical thralldom. The father's anxiety, the mother's solicitude are faithfully shown, and their parental instincts are immortally vivified. The figure of the apostle pointing heavenward reminds the awestricken spectator that what he then beholds, he shall one day see face to face in eternal kingdoms, if he but be true to the teachings of the transfigured Christ. No human power has ever achieved anything so marvellous as this creation. Raphael is the author, but it is Raphael inspired by the great Creator. Day after day, myriads of spectators visit this masterpiece, taking away with them recollections that know no ending. It would require a guide such as he who conducted the immortal Dante, to carry you through the wilderness of painting

which adorn the Vatican. Room after room is visited, each one throwing before you wonders which drew your eyes and the brilliancy of their beauty; new and hitherto unexplored worlds of fine art are laid bare to your view, till your mind becomes so fraught with the delicious sweetness of the place that it repeats "Lord is it not good for us to be here?" Only when years have rolled their insurmountable barrier between the present and the past can you begin to realize or appreciate all that was offered you in a visit to the galleries of sculpture and painting of the Vatican. "LEA FAIL."

CORPUS CHRISTI

At St. Joseph's, Balgonie, N.W.T.

Whatever was the case elsewhere, there can be no doubt but that the feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated with due honor at the church of St. Joseph, Balgonie. The congregation numbering nearly two hundred, are mostly German, and among them this feast is kept with particular devotion. The eve of the feast saw the arrival of Rev. Father Roy, of Qu'Appelle, and the veteran missionary, Rev. Father St. Germain, O. M. I., who were welcomed and hospitably entertained by the priest of the mission, Rev. Father Proth.

The evening passed quickly, beguiled by moving stories of adventures, encounters and hardships endured in the old days by the missionaries present, in the furtherance of God's work.

These same stories were emphasized and realistically brought home when at the time of retiring, Father St. Germain pitched his tent on the prairie near the church, and slept as he has often done before during his many years of missionary work in this country.

The morning of the feast was all that could be desired for the occasion, the sky blue, and the heat of the sun tempered by light cooling breezes. At a little distance out on the prairie on the south-west side of the church altars were erected embowered among trees, brought from the bluff, and radiant with young green leaves, Low Mass was celebrated at 5.30 by Father Proth. Between eight and nine o'clock the congregation began to arrive, many coming from a distance of 12 to 13 miles. The first communicants, eleven in number, were among the earliest arrivals, and were engaged in devotions at the priests' house until the hour of mass. At 10 o'clock the High Mass commenced. The communicants entered the church in procession, and looked very beautiful, the girls being dressed in white, and crowned with chaplets of flowers, while the boys wore modest black. Father Roy was the celebrant assisted by Father Proth, and the impressive periods of the Mass was honored by the discharge of volleys from guns outside the church, an ancient German custom still retained by the settlers here. Immediately after Mass a grand procession was formed, the various altars visited and the Benediction given from each. The scene was truly impressive, the solemn church music sung with real German tunefulness and vigor by the whole congregation, sounded religiously grand in the open air: the hushed and kneeling multitude bowing to receive the Holy Benediction, and then joyful exulting "Laudate Dominum" with the salute of guns, altogether made up an experience not soon to be forgotten.

Catholic Notes.

A wealthy Englishman, who died recently, John Gillow, of Lylstone Hall, Ingalestone, Essex, has bequeathed the whole of his personality, amounting to nearly \$650,000, for the benefit of the Catholic Church in England and Wales.

The Sisters of Charity in charge of the Mullanphy Hospital in St. Louis have agreed to undertake the establishment of a Training School for Nurses, both male and female. Suitable persons coming properly recommended will be admitted to the privileges of the school free of charge and expense.

The Nouveau Moniteur de Rome is the authority for the statement that Russia is about to establish a permanent representation at the Vatican.

SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Detroit, will be fifty years old June 29. The anniversary will be celebrated with magnificent ceremonies.

The Pope's coming encyclical, which is ready for submission to a committee of the Sacred College, concludes with an appeal to Christian of all creeds to preserve peace and strive for unity.

Father Girardy, of Grand Rapids, Mich. has been appointed provincial of the Redemptorist priests of that country, with headquarters at St. Louis. He succeeds Father Schwartz, of St. Louis, who has been appointed consultant to the superior general at Rome.

The Grey Nuns from Montreal, who are to have charge of the new Home for Incurables which the Rev. Thomas Scully, P. R., St. Mary's of the Annunciation, Cambridgeport, Mass. has generously provided for that purpose, have arrived in Boston and are temporarily located at the Working Girls' Home 89 Union Park street.

It is rumored in Rome that Prince Frederick Charles, of Prussia, who is staying there at present, is desirous of embracing the Catholic faith, and that the emperor has no wish to oppose her will.

Protestant Episcopal Bishop Doane, who expressed his fears for the Republic from the aggressiveness of Catholics, has a brother who is a Catholic Priest. Strange that the bishop should be afraid of his own brother.