

ART GALLERIES.

BY "CRUX."

This week I am going to do some copying and culling. It will probably be remembered that some twelve months ago I reproduced a number of extracts from the admirable essays of Thomas Davis. Among them was one on "National art." I am not quite certain, at this moment, for I have not the file of the paper at hand, whether or not I published in my sketch the passage concerning "Art Galleries." If I did not, they will now serve as an introduction to what I desire to give the readers; if I did, then I can only say that they can bear repetition.

WHAT ART REALLY IS. —The first passage I take is the following: "Art is a regenerator as well as a copist. As the historian, who composes a history out of various materials, differs from a newspaper reporter, who sets down what he sees—as Plutarch differs from Mr. Grant, and the Abbe Barthelmy from the last traveller in India—so does the historical painter, the landscape composer (such as Claude or Poussin) differ from the most faithful portrait, landscape or scene drawer. The painter who is a master of composition, makes his pencil contemporary with all times and ubiquitous. Keeping strictly to nature and fact, Romulus sits for him, and Paul preaches. He makes Attila charge and Mahomed exhort, and Ephesus blaze when he likes. He pays the most minute attention to truth in his drawing, shading and coloring, and by imitating the force of nature in his composition, all the clouds that ever floated by him, and the forms of the dead, or the stranger, hover over him.

But art has a higher sphere than this. It is a creator. Great as Herodotus and Thierry are, Homer and Beranger are greater. The ideal has resources beyond the actual. The Apollo is more than noble, and the Hercules mightier than man. The Moses of Michael Angelo is no likeness of the inspired law-giver, nor of any other that ever lived, and Raphael's Madonnas are not the faces of women. It is creation, it is representing beings and things different from our natures but true to their own. In this self-consistency is the only nature requisite in works purely imaginative. Lear is true to his nature, and so are Mephistopheles and Prometheus and Achilles; but they are not true to human nature; they are beings created by the poet's mind and true to their laws of being. It is a blunder to require consistency to the nature of us and our world in the works of poet or painter.

To create a mass of great pictures, statues or buildings is the same sort of ennoblement to a people as to create great poems or histories, or made great codes, or win great battles. The next best, though far inferior, blessing and power are to inherit such works and achievements. The lowest stage of all is neither to possess nor to create them. To collect into and make known the best works of our living and dead artists, is one step towards procuring for the country a recognized National Art, and is one of the greatest factors in the elevation and education of a race."

JUST A HYPHEN.—This paragraph is merely a hyphen between what Davis wrote sixty years ago and what Rev. Dr. Shahan, of the Catholic University, recently said, on the occasion of the presentation to Trinity College, Washington, of the "O'Connor Memorial Building and Art Gallery." The address in itself, is a real little work of art, and a study for students of word painting but the great lesson it teaches is the value of art galleries as educators of the people. We will divide it under headings in order to emphasize the different points.

SENSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL. —"The sense of the beautiful is truly innate and original with man, even as the sense of the good and true. But even as the latter need guidance and exercise, lest evil and falsehood should get themselves accepted under the guise of goodness and truth—and what else is Christian education?—so does the sense of the beautiful need training and direction in order that it may not be misled, or corrupted or blunted."

CATHOLIC ART. —"This training goes on easily and habitually, to a certain extent, in all schools controlled by Catholicism, for the Church

is truly the mother and nurse of the fine arts, and can never rid herself of the predilection for them that she has brought along the ages from out the old classical world.

But what an impulse is given to this ancient Catholic tendency by the possession of a noble gallery of paintings, statuary and other art works! The training of the eye, then, goes hand in hand with the development of the imagination; the historical element of art keeps pace with the psychological process; the best works of past ages and every school lies before the youthful beginner; the faithful model is forever there, in silent and changeless perfection, chiding gently but efficaciously the raw and unpromising attempts of the beginner. This was no doubt the reason why in the meeting rooms and chapels of the old mediaeval guilds there were always kept specimens masterpieces of their work that the young apprentice might have ever before him in a finished product both the laws of his craft and the technique of execution."

INTERPRETERS OF LIFE.—"The fine arts are indeed a monumental exegesis, a helpful interpretation of all life. No one can wander through the infinite spaces of the minister at Cologne or look down upon the glorious hand work of the freestone pile at Freiburg, and not feel that he is listening to the voice of the past as truly as if he were reading the pages of Moliere or Cervantes. They represent the highest efforts of those who went before us to translate into visible realities the invisible and vague truths they felt more keenly than they could express. They embody for us an educational ethos or temper of soul, inasmuch as the fleeting vision of the brain or the secret longing of the heart that created them, keep ever infinite, ahead of the accomplishment and so drew out, unfolded, all the capacities of the disciple. Your true artist is dissatisfied in his highest triumph; he has seen a glory and heard a harmony that are a foretaste of heaven but are therefore unrealizable on earth. It is essentially a Christian and not a pagan temperament, the product of faith in another life, and therefore deeply imbued with melancholy, the straining and breaking of the heart for the final land of peace and love and beauty. There are, in our English literature, many moving pages that are inspired by this peculiar educational office and function of the fine arts. And though his lines are trite with much quotation, I cannot forbear to recall the profoundly romantic expression which our national poet has given to this eternal challenging of our better self by the artistic spirit. I mean that vision of the Alpine youth escalating, but in vain, some inaccessible white dome;

"There in the twilight, cold and gray, Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay. And from the sky, serene and far A voice fell, like a falling star Excelsior."

FORMATION OF TASTE.—"There is another advantage that accrues to an advanced school from daily contact with the admirable works of men to whom beauty was truly a religion, a delightful service of the Master of Masters, of that ineffable Beauty that is ever old and ever new. I mean the development of taste. It is not enough that the student should learn to know the nature and limits and purpose of ideal beauty. It is necessary that the student learn to recognize with ease and accuracy the works of that beauty. Taste in the realm of the imagination is akin to a delicate and tender conscience in morals, to correct and pleasing speech in our social relations, to a sure practical judgment in the affairs of daily life. It is a matter partly of natural gifts and partly of constant practice and training in youth. It is the judgment exercising itself with discrimination and nicety in the region of ideal forms and creations. It can be perverted like the moral sense, with which it is in very close contact. It can be dimmed like the sense of truth and learn to see "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt." Hence, the most cultivated of peoples does not speak simply of taste, not of le gout but of le bon gout, as though to warn us against the prevalence of a bad and perilous taste. There is in us, after all, a root of barbarism not quite seared, an open flowing cur-

rent of selfishness and animalism that is never quite dried up, a tendency to rebellion and wrong and perversion that St. Paul recognized when he spoke of the dualism in our nature, the double law in our members, and that good old Horace felt: Nititur in vetitum cupinose negata."

TRAIN SENSE ARTISTIC. —"So we cannot begin soon enough to train the tender sense of beauty, to crowd the eye with visions of what is according to the best criteria in all the provinces of the fine arts, to stamp with the final authority of immortal names certain positive conclusions in the mind of youth. Fitted out with this array of wise and permanent judgments, it will soon be better enabled to exercise and trust its own independent reasoning, its own personal emotions and impressions. It will vary and extend its judgments as life unrolls before it the panorama of things and events, ever the same and yet ever new for each beholder and participant, since for the individual man and woman the world is ever as fresh and picturesque as when it came from the hands of the Creator. But amid all its individualism the trained mind has once been polarized, has acquired a certain orientation, a certain justesse of thought and appreciation that may be forgotten as it were amid its new acquisitions, but which work on with silent efficacy. Here among the works of the greatest masters of the fine arts, we may hope to see grow in each ardent young intellect, more by the noiseless inoculation of daily intercourse with an aristocracy of genius, than by severe instruction, all the principles and criteria of taste. The eye and the heart will hold here an uninterrupted communion from which will grow a harmonious perfection of every natural gift, directed toward the easy recognition and proper enjoyment of all that is truly beautiful, truly worthy of imitation."

A Week's Anniversaries

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

SUNDAY LAST was the fourth after Pentecost. It was also the 19th June, and a day commemorative of many important events. In 1584, on that date the famous Archbishop O'Hurley, of Cashel, was hanged as a traitor—because he was a Catholic prelate—by the British. In 1810 Bishop Conannon of New York died. In 1541, King Henry VIII. was crowned King of Ireland. In 1864 the Kearsage had sunk the Alabama—an event that almost produced international complications. In 1786 General Nathan Greene died. In 1800 the great battle of Blenheim was fought. And in 1863 the State of West Virginia was admitted to the Union.

JUNE 20TH.—In the year 1860, Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans died. In 1632 Maryland's famous charter was signed by Calvert. In 1631 the sack of Baltimore, in Ireland, by the Algerine pirates took place. This is an event which furnished a subject for one of the finest poems ever written by an Irishman, from the pen of Thomas Davis; in 1763, Wolfe Tone was born. In 1815 Napoleon the Great abdicated. It was on the 17th June that Ligny was fought, on the 18th Waterloo, on the 19th he fled to Paris, and on the 20th abdicated. In 1849 James Clarence Mangan died, at Meath Hospital in Dublin. A mere mention of this fact must suffice, for poor Mangan's work was so glorious and his life so miserable that no ordinary volume could tell his story.

JUNE 22ND. — The great fire in New York City took place in 1820. In 1798, Malyneux—"Case of Ireland stated"—was burned by the public executioner. In 1527, Machiavelli, the Florentine, whose name has gone down as famous for the principle that "the end justifies the means," died. In 1535, Bishop John Fisher was beheaded on Tower Hill, London; in 1812, the famous Irish chemist, Richard Kirwin died, and in 1845 the great American General, Andrew Jackson, died.

JUNE 23RD.—In 1780 the battle of Springfield, N. J., was fought; in 1859 the battle of Solferino, the first step along the pathway of glory for Napoleon III., was fought; in 1757, the battle of Plassy was fought; and in 1793 took place the massacre of the white people of San Domingo—just at the time that the Reign of Terror was sweeping thousands into human shambles in Paris.

JUNE 24TH.—In the year 1497 Newfoundland was discovered; in 1817, Thomas McKean, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, died; in 1808, Matthew Thornton died; in 1814, Robert Bruce defeated Edward II. at the great battle of Bannockburn; in 1979 Archbishop Hughes was born, and in 1747 John O'Keefe was born.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHY SHE WAS NOT PROMOTED.—The following story is told by one of our exchanges:

The head of the linen department of a large city retail store was much pleased with the appearance of the new saleswoman who had been assigned to this department. "She is healthy, neat and quick in her movements," he said to his assistant. "She has the face of an intelligent, honest and ambitious girl. I have put her at the towel counter, but if she does well, it will not be long before she is promoted to the lace counter."

"You are inclined to favor her," was the comment. "Only because I think she is an exceptionally clever girl, and will deserve it" was the reply, "I know that she is poor, and needs work badly."

Miss Scott, the girl in question, soon impressed all the other saleswomen with the conviction of her cleverness. She talked well and upon every subject, but—linen. She had thought more than any of her companions upon the question of suitable occupation for women, and startled them by her fluency.

"Why should not women be educated in the law, sit in the judge's seat?" she said to her companions. "Are they not quite as likely to be honest as men? Did you read that decision in the railroad case to-day? Anything more unjust—"

"Have you any huckaback towels?" asked a customer. Miss Scott turned, apparently irritated at the interruption, swung down the package, and went on whispering, "If I had been the judge in that case, or the prosecuting attorney

"These are not huckaback." "Then we have none." The customer turned away. "A more atrocious injustice—" continued Miss Scott. The floor walker happened to be near and overheard what had been said.

"Miss Scott, we have a large line of huckabacks," he said sharply. Show them.

The next day Miss Scott was explaining to the other girls what she would do if she were an artist. "I have no patience with women who are content to paint china plates and menus. If the time ever comes when I can devote myself to art—noble figures—"

"Double Irish damask, fringed?" said a busy matron, memorandum in hand.

Miss Scott placed some goods before her.

"No, these are Scotch, I want Irish."

Miss Scott looked hopelessly among the shelves. The floor walker, who had grown anxious with regard to her, stood near, and motioned to another clerk to take the customer.

"Why do you not learn the shelves when you are not waiting on customers?" he asked. He caught sight of a pamphlet hidden under the counter. "Higher Employment for Women," and understood the cause.

One day, two or three weeks later, Miss Scott's mind was so full of opportunities for girls to hold responsible places in this country that she made a mistake as to the price of Russian crash, and her check was returned to her from the desk.

"I really have not learned the meaning of all the tags on the goods," she said to the head of the department.

"Then you must go elsewhere to find other work."

The next day Miss Scott was told politely her further services were not desired. Then the manager added kindly, "To be faithful in selling toiling committed to one's care might prove one's true worthiness for greater responsibilities."

THE SAINTS AND THE BEES.—Many charming stories are told in the lives of the saints of the intercourse between those holy personages and irrational animals of all kinds. One pretty incident concerning bees is narrated of the great St. Ambrose. Before Ambrose was either a saint or great, when he was decidedly little—in fact being just a roly-poly baby in his cradle—he was lying fast asleep one day with his mouth wide

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER

This week I am not exactly going to relate any of my experiences on the curbstone, that is to say my observations in the regular form. It has been too warm this week, and not feeling too well, I kept indoors. However, within I hear a great many things that might have never come to my ears had I been outside. I am just now reflecting, in a more or less lazy way upon the remarks that attracted my attention.

"THEY SAY."—Invariably I have found that when people have any unpleasant story to relate about a neighbor, a bit of scandal to take up and send on its way, a bad report to circulate, or anything to tell that they might feel ashamed of, or perhaps would not like to be held responsible for, they begin with "they say." For example that "they say John Smith has taken to drink," "they say that there is trouble up at old man Brown's"; "they say that Mr. Jones is beginning to put on a lot of style, they all wonder where the money comes from." I might go for a whole column repeating the various things, good, bad and indifferent, that "they say." All this time the person who is really saying the thing, and actually doing the harm, does not seem to think for a moment of the responsibility and sin thereof. In all probability he, or she, thinks that "they say" is sufficient to cover the whole affair, to whitewash the scandal-monger and to shift the responsibility on to other shoulders. But "they say" is not a person or persons, with any shoulders or soul, to bear the burden or to be answerable therefor. Yet it is a delightfully handy fiction to help the lover of scandal and the possessor of an evil tongue, when retelling the evil that has been gathered in, or imagined.

A COWARDLY WAY. — Whenever I hear a person commencing to relate something to the discredit of a neighbor, by saying, "they say that, etc." I at once have a feeling that the person in question must be very much of a coward. Perhaps not a physical coward; more likely, in that sphere, a bully: But certainly tinged

open, in the courtyard of his father's palace. His nurse, who had gone to have a little chat with another servant on the opposite side of the yard, was suddenly startled by seeing a whole swarm of bees fly towards the cradle, circle about it for a moment or two, and then settle upon the baby's face. The woman was alarmed lest the insects should sting the child; especially when she saw one after another fly into the baby's mouth and fly out again in a regular procession.

She was just going to "shoo" them away when little Ambrose's father came along, and, noticing the strange behavior of the bees, he told the nurse to let them alone. After a few minutes when the queer visitors had all paid their respects to the baby, they flew away of their own accord and went right up in the air—so high that they were soon lost to view. Ambrose's father thought he saw in so strange an occurrence a mysterious sign, and remarked: "If God grants this child length of days he will one day be something great." And everybody knows how true his prediction became.

There is another story about bees related in the life of St. David of Wales.

One of St. David's monks, an Irishman, named Madonno, could not resist, in his old age, the desire to see once again his native country. Such a longing is very common in people of all nationalities; they like to die where they were born.

Well, Madonno received the necessary permission from his superiors and went on board the vessel that was to carry him to Ireland. No sooner had the monk embarked, however, than all the bees of the monastery flew down to the shore and established themselves on the vessel's bowsprit. Madonno denounced them to his superior, and tried repeatedly to chase them back; but it was of no use, the bees hadn't taken any vows of obedience, and they persisted in sticking to the vessel and accompanying Madonno to the Emerald Isle.

Ever since that time bees have been found in Ireland. Some historians say that previously they were

with moral cowardice that is very unpleasant to encounter. That expression "they say," is at once put on as a mask, just as does the burglar put a mask over his face when about to commit a crime. He thinks and hopes that the piece of black cloth that hides his features will preserve him from detection and consequently from the punishment due to his breach of the law. So it is with the scandal-lover; he covers the identity of the inventor of the evil report with the flimsy mask made out of the two words "they say." Take such a person to task for some bad report about a neighbor, and he will at once seek refuge behind his shield—

"I only repeat what I heard, I did not invent, or start the story, I am not to blame, I simply said what everyone else says: Then ask him: "who are they that say so?" He will probably reply: "Every person," or "a lot of people" But he will be very careful not to give you the name of any one in particular. He fears that he might be held responsible; he knows that there is such a thing as libel, defamation of character, or whatever else you may call it. Consequently he did not start the rumor; not at all, he merely gave it a good shove around to keep it going and see that it did as much injury as he could manage to make it do. Never for a moment does he reflect that his action is just as bad and, possibly, worse in a certain sense, than that of the one who first told the evil to a neighbor. And even should he never be held answerable for it in this world, he need not imagine that when God calls him to account for the slander there will be any excuse before the Almighty. It will be no use saying to God, "they said it." Let them—if others there be—look after themselves. You are only responsible for your own acts, words and thoughts, and the deeds of others will neither bring you a condemnation nor save you from one. I will admit that the expression "they say" has become so common that many use it without any evil intent—simply through a force of habit. But, all the same, you should always "take with a grain of salt" whatever is told you injurious to others, when it is prefaced by "they say."

GOOD MANNERS. — There is one charm within the reach of every girl and that is the grace of good manners. Some faces are fairer than others, some voices are naturally musical, while others are harsh, but each of them can be sweetly courteous. Instead of envying another girl the charm of manner by which she has won her way into hearts, resolve to possess it for yourself.

REVERENCE TO PARENTS. —Do not forget the pains and weariness, and watching, and fatigue, which your parents have experienced for you, says the "Orphan's Friend." You think them peevish, perhaps. Did they never bear with fretfulness never pass over your faults, and look with a tender eye on all your mistakes? You are busy, it may be, and cannot spare the time to render them any attention. Were they too busy to watch over your helplessness to guide your unsullied feet, to sit by your sick bed, weary days and more weary nights? They are old, and you can enjoy yourself better with your companions. Your young companions may be pleasant, and you may pass your time very easily among them, but who of all the number will care for you as has your own tender and forsaken mother?"

"Forget not thy mother when she is old." Then is the time she needs your support, your presence, your cheerful voice, to comfort her heart, and guide her trembling steps during the last and most difficult part of the journey. Whatever may be the opinions and practice of others, let nothing cause you to withhold the love and respect due to your parents. Do not give them a rude or impatient answer; you will be sorry for it when they are dead. Do not leave them to be cared for by others, or to take care of themselves; you will regret it when they can not more be benefited by your attention.

OTHER SAINTS. — mention St. Basil the Great, one of the greatest Doct

SOME SAINTS

ST. BARNABAS. — saint was not one Apostle, still he was the by St. Luke, and remained with him. He of Cyprus, and his first name but the Apostle called—which means "Son of

ST. ESKILL. — The was both a Bishop and an Englishman who the Swedes abandoned in the 11th century, he was, and was a his kinsman, St. Eskill of York. They ful mission, and before England St. Eskill sacred Bishop. The Bloody" became King revived paganism, and back to save his people. As the people went to him, he prayed for a sign of His power, arose that overturned tar and the sacrifices. But the sign of God's only enraged the people turned on St. Eskill a to death.

ST. ANTHONY OF P Saint was the great v of his age, and his m hold word in every C. So important is his f call the following sket and labors, which will deep interest by all:

"Born at Lisbon, in christened by the name which he changed on the Franciscan Order, St. Anthony of Egypt saint of the chapel in the habit. At fifteen he entered the regular St. Augustine, but ten joined the Franciscans. He went to Africa to p Moors, but through a was obliged to return the journey the ship in ed touched at Messina where he was informed Francis was holding a ter of the Order at Assisi he repaired to pay his the seraphic saint. In closer touch with St. thony begged that he n Italy, and was accord to the hermitage of near Bolonga, where he was to serve in the learning, however, came his superior insisting on a discourse to an Franciscans and Domin Forli. St. Francis, he discourse, which was by eloquence and erudi its author to Vercelli, made to go through a of theology, which fitted wondrous work of contr converting heretics and Gregory IX., who heard preach at Rome in 122 styled him the Ark of t to express the spiritual regarded him as displayi France, Spain and Ital market-places and fields places which would hold diences, he preached. of St. Francis, the seco the Order, Brother Elia veral abuses, mainly o to creep into the Order, many of the provincia dians willing to let thing. But St. Anthony and named Adam pressed f ary reforms, and had to appeal to the deposed Elias. St. Ant advantage of this to see Pope permission to resti clanship of Romagna, at seclusion at Padua. (1281, being then only St. Anthony died. Nu des testified to his san even at his death the ven the streets proclaimed, "The Saint is dead." he was canonized by P IX."

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