

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

On a day last week I was carried off by an enthusiastic friend to see the new wing at Loreto Abbey. My friend was herself a graduate of Toronto's celebrated Catholic alma mater, which made the visit doubly interesting.

It may surprise some of my readers to hear that this was my first visit to the Abbey. It would be impossible to describe the establishment with which I viewed for the first time the magnificent pile of buildings on Wellington Place. The great height and vast extent of this handsome convent edifice upon no almost with a shock, and I uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise. The great unfinished dome of the new chapel shone white between the two towers of the east wing, the wooden frame making it look like gold in the afternoon light. Along the narrow wooden path skirting the left of the main building we walked to a side door. It was Sunday and a trilo late, the sisters would be in the chapel; we rang, and after a short delay were admitted. Benediction was just commencing, so we proceeded to the temporary chapel, which looked strangely low roofed, though it is in reality rather lofty; but one's eye is so accustomed to height in a chapel that it is difficult to become used to anything below a certain elevation. The singing was splendid.

My friend is herself an accomplished and enthusiastic musician, and she waxed eloquent afterwards over the congregational singing, which was quite spontaneous and showed the careful and excellent training the young voices had received. Miss O'Sullivan sang the "O Salutaris" in fine style. This young lady is an artist of marked ability, and to use a worn out cliché, "will doubtless be heard from at no distant date."

After Benediction two sisters took possession of us and we commenced a tour of the, as yet, unfinished wing. It is scarcely possible to attempt a description until the new building is finally completed; it is promised this will be in another month, at all events, as one of the sisters said: "We are living in hopes." So enthusiastically were we dragged about, and so bowdlering was the rapid succession of things and places to be seen and admired, that our heads were fairly in a whirl before the inspection was half over.

From the windows of the spacious reception room a view is obtained of a beautiful portion of the beautiful grounds with their velvet lawns, shade trees and comfortable seats. Downstairs to the kitchen where a new and handsome hotel range seemed a large share of admiration, with its four great ovens, and its polished steel fittings. Every possible convenience is arranged in the kitchen; the range and the cupboards are on the newest and most improved plan, and a large revolving door is used to convey food into the kitchen. From the kitchen we proceeded to the cellars where we found nothing more gruesome than an enormous furnace, which seemed to be buried in the bowels of the earth; and the miscellaneous collection of rubbish inseparable from building operations. Upstairs again, and on through an endless succession of beautiful rooms, still unoccupied. Several doors were locked, and the most energetic of our friends remarked that "the keys won't be us here yet, which, as we had already seen a great deal more than we could conveniently remember, was no very great deprivation. I am not going to attempt a description of the buildings at this writing. I could not do justice. I hope to write a lengthy article as soon as I have seen the completed wing, and also a description of the opening of the new and splendid chapel. I have been promised a plan of the building, which will assist me materially in giving a full and complete description of the excellent arrangements.

The chapel is still a mere framework, so to speak, but enough is built to give one an idea of the grand and striking proportions that will be a feature of the completed edifice. There was no ordinary and civilized means of getting into the chapel. We could not even get near the door, much less enter by it, but ingenuity and enthusiasm knew no obstacles, so a window opening on to a gallery or cloister running at right angles to the chapel, was utilized as a means of entrance, and had there been anybody there they would have been edified at the sight of half a dozen young ladies and a couple of nuns climbing a chair, scrambling through a window, and dropping down some four feet on the other side.

But once in the chapel, one had some idea of what the finished building will be like. The great dome surmounts the sanctuary, and looking down towards the door from this end one can scarcely distinguish it, so great is the distance. The height of the ground roof is the same, and even the shafts and roof-rafters with which the building was filled could not take away the general idea of size. Another scramble through the window and an adjournment upstairs to see the class-room and dormitories. The class-room is spacious and lofty, with plenty of light, and is situated at either side of broad corridors.

Our attention was attracted by an exceedingly interesting geographical chart, and while we were examining it, we heard a pair of small feet, and on looking up we beheld a tiny, sedate, dark-eyed little maiden, who was introduced to us as "the baby." We wanted to shake hands but the five small digits were sticky with candy, and were gravely pronounced "A-

THE DESTINY OF THE IRISH RACE.

The following appears in "Britannia," the organ of The British League, published in London, Eng.:

Attention in Ireland has been so long and so exclusively occupied with the effort of the Irish to shake off the degrading disabilities which they have endured under English government, that few have cared to look into the future and attempt to forecast what it may have in store for us. Almost all Irish writers who have not been entirely absorbed in the ephemeral contentions of politics have turned their gaze, not on what lies before us, but on what lies behind. The labor expended in rescuing and restoring to notice all that is left of a history of surpassing interest has been undertaken and carried out with the most conspicuous ability by men whose names are too well and too honorably known to require mention. They may be sure that their services are not likely to be forgotten; but the time is at hand when we must look forward as well as back. The great object for which Irishmen have so long contended may now be said to be achieved. The question at issue between the rival parties in England is no longer whether Irishmen shall be permitted to manage their local affairs themselves, but regards rather the form which Irish local self-government, as last recognized as inevitable, shall assume. With the passing of Mr. Balfour's promised Bill, the first great step in Irish progress will be taken. Irishmen will at last be free to work out their own destiny for themselves. They must now look out anxiously along the course which they have to tread.

We are all already familiar with the ideal of a separate Irish State. That ideal has been only contemplated because it has been so far removed from the possible that no really serious attention has been bestowed upon it. A separate Irish State is a phantom the materialization of which must be attended with such stupendous difficulties that the most ardent Irishman may well turn away from their contemplation. Where is such a State to come into existence? In the whole world there is not a single vacant spot where it could be planted with the smallest chance of growth. Geographical limitations make the idea of its development in Ireland grotesque. The island is not large enough to contain a fraction of the Irish race, which not to speak of the United States and the Dominion is already more numerous in Great Britain than in Ireland itself. Those whose aspirations for the Irish are limited to the establishment of the nominal independence of Ireland may indeed be called Little Irelanders. Their patriotism is as narrow as is their short-sighted; for, paltry as their object may be, no one with a particle of political sagacity can believe its realization possible. The era of small independent States has passed away for ever. Irishmen might as well try to keep back the rising tide with a broomstick, or to stop the rotation of the earth with a blackboard, as to arrest the great development towards the unity of mankind which is already grouping about the globe. The only Empire which covers the whole earth, Ireland, wrapped in the contemplation of a separate national existence, and limiting her ambition to that, is Ireland asleep, living in the past, dreaming, among conditions that have ceased to exist, of a world of petty conquests, of paltry politics, of puny kings, all of which have passed away. While she has been thus dreaming her sons have spread themselves over the whole world. It is time for her to awake; to realize that in the living present they can win for her a splendid place; that she is destined to be one of the Great Powers of the future.

So long as Irishmen in Ireland were refused the elementary rights of freedom and their country administered on unpopular and antediluvian lines, any extravagance of opinion was for them excusable. Submission to arbitrary rule, acquiescence in unconstitutional government would have been disgraceful; and it will doubtless hereafter be a subject for legitimate pride among Irishmen that there has never been either submission or acquiescence; the disorder of that has been reserved for those who ought to have been their leaders against it. The Union was not a submission; but, like that with Scotland, it was an inertia that till England came to act honestly in the spirit of that alliance there could be no peace between the two nations; and there has been no peace. At the present moment England is being punished for the dishonour with which she has acted where the Irish are concerned by the extremely formidable and persistent hostility of the Irish in the United States. This may, at some point, be the critical moment in the future, involve her in what would really be a civil war with America. And such a war would result inevitably in the loss of Canada. All Englishmen who are not utterly reckless, and who observe the rapid growth of foreign and realize that friendly Powers abroad, feel that it ought to be a chief object of English policy to remove for ever the causes which have produced this danger. There are also many

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Englishmen who desire a real union with the Irish from higher motives than mere political expediency. That feeling is reciprocated by many Irish men, who, like the present writer, have bitterly resented English misconduct in the past, but to whom nevertheless it appears certain that the only safety of the English speaking races lies in their complete reconciliation, and in the closest alliance with each other.

When all the disabilities of the Irish have been removed in Ireland—when, in their own country, as in every other part of the Empire, they have the same liberties and enjoy the same privileges as other citizens—the past will soon be forgotten, and Irishmen will come to look on things in a different light. Vast and difficult problems will then be presented for consideration to the leaders of Irish thought. Their intelligence will be much less acute than we hope if they then fail to recognize that of all the rights of the Constitution, the full extension of which to themselves they have so long demanded, the most vital to their country, and the most valuable to their interests, is its complete representation in the Imperial Parliament. Thoro the welfare not only of Ireland, but of all Irishmen in every part of the Empire, and in England itself, must be concerned in every discussion, belong to every debate, and be affected by every measure. There it ought to be the ambition of Irishmen to play not only a prominent, but a leading part—to be the spokesmen not of Ireland only, but of Irishmen in every part of the world.

For the Irish there have really been all along only two alternative policies; unless they are satisfied to play in the history of mankind a small, undignified and unimportant part—a suggestion which they will, I am sure, regard with indignation and scorn. The one is to claim, with and exercise within the Anglo-Irish Empire a position of absolute equality with the English and Scotch. The other is to obtain by purchase if feasible, by conquest if necessary, some portion of territory large enough to allow of their establishing in it a great Empire of their own. Of these alternative enterprises the latter would be difficult to the verge of impossibility; the former has been virtually accomplished already. Like their kinsmen, the Scotch, the Irish are now seen in the front ranks in every part of the Empire. Sir Charles Duff has been one of the leading statesmen of Australia; and the Duke of Devonshire, in politics at home, what names are more distinguished than those of Lord Dufferin, Lord Russell, Lord Stratford, and Lord Salisbury at the head of the army—Lord Wolsey and Lord Roberts. An Irishman is in supreme command in India, and another in Egypt. Two of the most capable and most popular of our admirals are Irishmen—Lord Charles Bessborough and Sir Leopold McClintock. Ireland has given to science Lord Kelvin and Professor Tyndall; to musical art, Villiers Stanford, Foli, Ludwig and Plunket Greene. Two at least of the great merchant-princes of London are of Irish birth, Sir Thomas Lipton and Alfred Harmsworth. No writer in what direction we look, we find Irishmen winning their way to the front. Nor is there anything to prevent the son of any Irish peasant from winning for himself a position as distinguished as any of those mentioned. For Irishmen to turn aside from the splendid position they have already won, and to attempt, in the teeth of overwhelming opposition, to establish an independent Empire, rather than to be leaders in the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, would be indeed insanity. The future, the true mission of the Irish, lies, I am certain, within the great brotherhood of English-speaking men, not within it. What that mission is, space forbids me to discuss now, but I may have some other opportunity of doing so.

ROBERT BLAKE.

The Sage of Arn.

The Montreal Star, of May 4, commenting on the result of its successful defence of a libel suit brought at the instance of Dr. Howard, Carleton Place, says:

The suit of Dr. Howard of Carleton Place, Ontario, against The Star for libel is probably the most remarkable action ever tried in Canada. The judgment, of which we have published a very full report, shows an astounding evidence of sagacity, prudence and wise counsel. According to the evidence Howard tried, or pretended to try to establish on this continent a new religion, composed of a mixture of Braminism, Eastern Philosophy and Christianity. There was a good deal of "occultism" in the new religion and a good deal of balderdash about its rites and ceremonies. To say that Howard occupied an exalted position in the new dispensation is to state the case very mildly. He was known to his converts as the "Master," we beg pardon, "the Reverend and Respected Master, the Sage of Arn." The Sage was entitled to wear a green silk robe (not sage green) and to carry a sword with which to slay the "Elementals." We are not quite sure what elementals are but apparently they are frisky little devils which inhabit human beings, trotting horses, yellow dogs and witless boxes. At any rate the

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Sage and the elementals appear to have given a great deal of trouble to each other. Then the Reverend and Respected Master appears to have been the only member of the Order on this continent who was capable of controlling its finances.

Of course as he states in one of his letters, he might have sent to India for a member of our Order of the Vinya Caste, but the gentleman from the East would have been under the disadvantage of being ignorant of the manners and customs of the continent.

So very reluctantly Howard, in addition to his spiritual and philosophic labors, had to take the responsibility of looking after the cash as well. The wealthy Specht family of Gunston Hall, Virginia, were among the early converts; Mrs. Specht was and is a cherished member of the Howard folk, but the Sage now looks upon Mr. Specht as the Reverend Mr. Higgins looked upon the sister, Weller, as "a man of wrath."

Mr. Specht was evidently a devoted husband, a man of good principles and of kindly disposition. To possess his wife he gave five thousand dollars to the Order and probably had this been the only sacrifice he was called upon to make "on the work" might still have been going on in Virginia. But according to his statement, largely corroborated by other witnesses he saw himself confronted with more serious risks. His wife was under the control of Howard, his home was bequeathed to Howard, his own liberty was mortgaged to Howard, and then it is not surprising that he got out a warrant for the arrest of Howard.

The Sage says he did not run away from the work; but at any rate he came to Canada leaving "the work" and the property of the order behind; perhaps he felt hurt at Specht's act of faith and took this means of manifesting his disapproval. Some time afterwards Mrs. Specht followed him to Carleton Place where she, the erstwhile mistress of Gunston Hall and leader of society in St. Louis, has been living in his house and getting her meals at an hotel. There is a good deal of the ludicrous in this story but the smile is always very near the tear. The chief result of "the work" is seen in ruined homes, in wives separated from their husbands and mothers from their children. We hope the work has been transferred to Canada. This is a free country and men can teach almost anything they like in the way of religion, they can teach the worship of the devil if they like, and the only remedy is publicity. If the Howard school of philosophy has now got more publicity than it wanted the fact is due to the blunder of the Sage. His horoscope was at fault. We do not think that he will find this climate favorable to the development of the new religion. At any rate "our advice to the people of Lanark county is "Do not allow your wives to study eastern philosophy."

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