

The Return of Columbus.

For The Carmelite Review.

On from Seville comes one whom all acclaim
 And none deride;
 For of late days applause hath caught his name
 In mighty tide
 That rushes like a torrent through the land
 And bears away
 Each word that might oppose the high command
 Of him to-day.

Trampling of horse at Barcelona's gates
 Bids all the town
 Rush forth to speed him where the court awaits
 His coming down.
 So fares he on, as those to Rome of old,
 With fine array
 And splendid show of rough-wrought virgin-gold
 That gilds the day.

But not in Roman triumph was their face
 Like this aglow
 With patient majesty which told the trace
 Of much sorrow;
 And noble impress of strong will power bore,
 Perhaps his glance
 Aside the veil of fortunes favoring tore
 From future chances.

To-day there is no high ceremonial
 Of old Castile
 Not largely greater than his Admiral,
 The king doth feel.
 And all the gracious sweetness of her soul
 Queen Isabella
 Expects on him who hath won hard the goal
 And so done well.

The holy tomb and Sacred Palestine
 Dwelt on the thought
 Devout of navigator and of queen,
 And high hopes wrought
 Of ransom from the Mussulman, with gold
 Of boundless West.

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And so, Columbus' day of triumph rolled
 At last to rest.

MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK.

RELIGIOUS ART.

For The Carmelite Review.

IT has been a fashion of a passing generation to refer to the so-called "ignorance of our Catholic population." This is the last fading shadow of the fluid arrogance of the Puritan fathers.

It would be amusing, were it not exasperating, to listen to "the sweet girl graduate" of the protestant seminaries, as she talks about the dark ages, her information drawn totally from those writers who condemn all modern as well as past monastical institutions. May we ask them to kindly remember that the early illuminated manuscripts and artistic church decorations are properly our inheritance. Let us demand that the good old maxim, "credit to whom credit is due," be put to the test. If all the books and parchments, the metal and stone work of those so-called dark ages descended into their rightful possessors, the members of the church militant, while all other elegances came to the living representatives of the opponents of the church, how should our fortunes compare? The injustice of laying claim to early art, while ignoring the spirit of beauty and truth which wrought these evidences through human agents, amid dissension and earnest toil, somehow remind us of the early German barons, whom later ages have entitled the noble robbers of the Rhine.

While pursuing a course of art history a few years ago, the writer studied up to that age of wondrous artistic development—the fifteenth century. When the student enquired from the instructor how such barbarians as the early popes were reported to have been, could have produced the only surviving monuments of the dark ages, "the director of art studies" replied that these curious things were not to be explained. Why not seek an explanation?—history is not a puzzle, it is but a problem with a definite answer.

The recent wonderful discoveries in the