

our day, has descended from that lofty pedestal, on which Christianity, aided by the spirit of classic Greece, had placed her. Will it ever be so, and is she destined, henceforth, to seek her ideals in the dreary round of our material existence, debarred from those sources of sublime inspiration that lie beyond the sky? Had we to accept as final the prophecies of the apostles of modern unbelief and anti-christian science, the problem would admit of but one solution, namely, that with religion, true art must vanish from the abodes of men. But, ladies and gentlemen, the religion of Christ is not yet moribund. The Eternal Word first heralded to the world from the summit of Mount Sinai, and afterwards revindicated on Calvary, still holds the hearts of men in its magic spell. And its sacred guardian, the Church, although in the Old World her prestige has become somewhat dimmed, west of the Atlantic sees her banners float triumphant over three new continents. And here, under her fostering care, a new civilization is springing up, strong and exuberant like the soil on which it was born. And soon this soil, with its inexhaustible gifts of nature, will have been wooed to man's

service, and will give him leisure to reach out for the nobler goods of life. By that time science will have recovered from her sad infatuation and abandoned the pursuits of those false lights which now are leading her astray. Rich with the accumulated wisdom of sixty centuries she will return to the support of that nobler sister religion from whom she was so long estranged, and from their reunion human life will assume a splendor such as the world has never beheld. Man, freed from toil by the subjugation of nature through science, freed from war and oppression by an organized brotherhood of all human races, and freed from much of that poverty, misery and vice that disgrace our present civilization, by a deeper knowledge of life and a livelier faith in God, will at last enter upon the golden age foreshadowed by the seers of the past. And Art, quickened into new life by these various influences, will experience a second renaissance far nobler than the first, by which this glorious phase of human existence will be reflected in forms of beauty transcendent and divine.

Then comes the statelier Eden back to man,
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.
May these things be!



ON GIVING ALMS TO A BLIND BEGGAR.

Like Belisarius, and like Homer, blind,
By one weak child, sole guide and guardian, led,
Alms by your hands to suffering age consigned
He cannot see—God sees them in his stead.

—*Victor Hugo.*