

BEAUTIFUL MT. ANGEL.

IN one of the most picturesque valleys of Switzerland stands, at the feet of tall, white mountains, an old monastery. It was founded over eight centuries ago by the rich Count Conrad Von Seldenhuesen, who entered it as the first lay-brother, and died May, 1125, as the first saint of the institution he had generously established. What a pretty home this lofty valley is! May covers it with green carpets, and hangs leaves on the spray of the trees, while the birds sing "Welcome, Sweet May." Anon June comes and weaves into May's emerald robes the splendor of the flowers, so that it looks to the poet like a new book beautifully illustrated. Here spring, summer and autumn are

But it is another Mt. Angel of which I wish to tell you. In this far away, sun-set land of Oregon there has arisen out of the wilds of yesterday a new Mt. Angel—a Benedictine Monastery. In the center of a luxurious valley, and rising to the height of 300 or 400 feet, stands Mt. Angel, clad in her primeval forest, through whose dim and shadowy aisles a little while since crept the copper-faced wild man in doubtful contention with the cougar and the bear. The forest has fled from the valley, and here and there the plow has darkened its fields that now stretch alongside the waving green, which, rising higher and higher, swelling with the tides of the traversing months, breaks in a sea of golden grain on the plenty-strewn shores of autumn. Beyond this circular valley rest the brown



THE OREGON MONASTERY—THE MONASTERY, CHAPEL, REQUIARY AND ACADEMY.

about equal in duration to winter. For half the year the pearl-wrought clouds lie three and four feet deep the valley over. Continually overshadows this vale the rugged majesty of the mountains, which lift their cold, white peaks, like marble spires, as testimonies of devotion, into the blue solitude of heaven. As in the course of nature, amid such environments, characters are developed into whose construction enter, as it were, the gentleness and humility of the vale and the stern loftiness of the mountain. Switzerland is a symbol of hardihood and freedom. Here the star of modern republicanism first kindled its silver flame in the cold blue of Switzerland's skies, and its reflection fell like fire into the hearts of that heroic people!

foot-hills, supporting the blue rim of a mountain range, which, in turn, upholds a white-clad belt from whose wintry summit Mounts Hood, Adams and St. Helens lift their hoary forms, whitened by the first winter of the young world, where only the cloudy-footed north has left his footprints. The valley of this Mt. Angel might be likened to a great cup as seen from a balloon some five miles above it. Its rim is the circular range of mountains. In the bottom of this cup would be seen an emerald mound covered with tiny trees; around this mound stretches a green vale threaded with silvery strands, through which the bright adjacent fountains pour their pearly currents. A brown, pulsing haze fills two-thirds of the cup; then a liquid-like