

depth of blue shadows intervenes and flows up against the snowy foam at the top of the cup's rim, while the winds blow small flecks of it off into the space beyond.

You will say this is fancy painted. But of great interest to the state is the young and flourishing college situated here. At the foot of Mt. Angel is a group of buildings (see illustrations) whose purposes and work are an interesting study. Here, on a small scale, is Bellamy's dream realized. The monastery owns about 1,000 acres of land, on which are herds of sheep, bands of horses and cattle. Besides, there are orchards, vineyards and fields of grain. This property is held in common by the community. The shepherd takes care of the sheep, the farmer the farm, and so on. They have a flour mill, a bakery, butcher shop—indeed, it is a little world by itself. Of course, the possibility of such a state of affairs must have a psychological basis.

Mt. Angel College, St. Thomas Grand Seminary, and St. Anselmus Petit Seminary constitute the group of structures to which we have alluded. The college has an excellent three years' record, having at present 142 students enrolled. The college comprises the classical, commercial and preparatory courses. St. Thomas Grand Seminary comprises the studies of theology and philosophy. St. Anselmus Petit Seminary gives a home and instruction to those who wish to become priests. It has twenty pupils at present.

There is a road leading from the monastery to the chapel about a mile away. This road runs through a deep forest, and along it every little way is a station where are pictures in commemoration of scenes in our Savior's pilgrimage to the place of his crucifixion. The road leads to a beautiful octagon chapel on the summit of Mt. Angel, where the college proper is finally to be built.

In this chapel is a famous painted bas-relief, showing the agony of the Redeemer. The artist seems to have dipped his brush into the azure of heaven and of it fashioned the pale blue eye of the divine sufferer, whose gaze is filled with infinite pity and tenderness. Above Him are the partially-clouded heavens, and on the blackness of the clouds falls the soft splendor of the moonlight, while the stars tremble through the dusk of the firmament. An angel comes to the Savior, its face as full of consolation as of sadness; the white plumage of its half-folded pinions are tinged with blue, as though the skies had melted in pity and stained them as the angel passed through them on its way from the white throne beyond the stars. It is an illustration of an individual victory upon which the world's triumph hung, and, as such, it awakens the more heroic sentiments.

This institution, so full of promise, is soon to be known as one of the foremost places of learning in the

country. Its head—the Very Reverend Father Adolph Oederrott, O. S. B., a man of untiring energy—is assisted by teachers of thorough proficiency. Indeed, it is doubtful if many of our older institutions of learning can boast such an aggregation of scholarship as is represented at Mt. Angel College. Several members of the faculty were educated at the mother institution of Switzerland.

The college is situated in Marion county, on the narrow gauge railway, forty miles south of Portland, and seventeen miles northeast of Salem. If it be true natural environments impress something of their own



THE OREGON MONASTERY—IN THE CHAPEL.

greatness or insignificance upon the mind of man, then is it certain that Mt. Angel College has built her shrine of learning in one of the most favored sites in the great northwest. Here is solitude inhabiting the forest and meditation lingering on the bank of the stream. As we strolled through the darkened grove, its shadows pierced here and there with shafts of sunshine, we fancied the muse of poetry concealed behind the dusky veil of distance, waiting to kiss the lips of some Mt. Angel youth who should thence bind the world with golden links that would make up the chain of his sublime song. Here will they find object lessons of devotion and self sacrifice.