

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

Volume VIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY, 10, 1875.

Number 40.

Oration of Hon. J. S. Morris, of Vicksburg, Miss.

DELIVERED AT THE 31ST ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, IND., JUNE 23, 1875.

REV. FATHERS AND PROFESSORS,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is a very trite and common boast that in the free Republic of the United States there are no ranks or distinctions in government or society, save those which merit alone is supposed to have made; that in all those God-given rights, the enjoyment of which in other lands is limited to only a few persons, and perpetuated among them chiefly by inheritance or prescription, we, in this country, and all our children of either sex, are fellow-citizens, and each the equal of any of the rest; and that consequently, in the race of life we all, in a certain sense, take an even start and every one possesses the unqualified right, in the proper exercise of the faculties with which he is endowed to surpass, if he can, all the rest in physical, intellectual and moral power, excellence and usefulness, in every field of human action and human thought.

And yet in every assembly like the present there is a certain rank and distinction not made by its possessors nor by others for them, but at the same time a distinction higher and wider than kings or nobles or governments, as such, have ever conferred or claimed. I allude to that more than royal rank, that more than princely blood, that more than Oriental magnificence, which belong by an undoubtedly divine right to young people as contrasted with the old—children and young persons, as contrasted with men and women of mature age. A celebrated moral philosopher, who wrote in the last century, gave utterance to an axiom of all Christian philosophy when he said that "of all the views under which human life has ever been considered, the most reasonable is that which regards it as a state of *probation*." If this view be a correct one, the distinction of which I speak is the distinction between probationers whose best opportunities are passed, and, whether improved or not, can never be recalled; and others, on the other hand, whose opportunities are yet before them. The one class, it may be, have plucked what seemed to be the roses of life, and found the thorn and the serpent beneath; they have tasted the brightest cup of Earth's pleasure, and found it, like the waters of Mara, bitter to the taste. To the other class memory is only a dainty treasure-house of gladness and love; and as to the future, the tender mind

knows instinctively, and has had that knowledge confirmed by a thousand assurances at home and in school, that God graciously scatters the means and opportunities for developing and improving the budding faculties, within easy reach, all through the morning of life; and this consciousness of *power*, in possession or in immediate prospect, takes form and color from the guileless imagination, and the youthful mind makes its home in gorgeous palaces, amidst perpetual fountains and fairy bowers, spanned by a rainbow which it fondly dreams shall never fade.

"It drinks from a chalice

A king in his palace

Might barter his crown for and barter it well!"

In this view of the subject he who speaks to boys and young men on such an occasion as this, should reflect, at the very outset, that he is addressing the representatives of a highly privileged Order of human beings—an Order who are not only Heirs Apparent of Earth and all of progress and improvement that has ever been made on it or for it from the hour when "the morning stars first sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy," down to the present moment—but an Order which is destined to live in the 20th century of man's Redemption, to carry forward all the attainments of preceding generations and to show themselves capable, or incapable, as the result of the training they are now receiving, and the labor and discipline they are now undergoing, of increasing and improving the priceless inheritance!

Some of us who have reached or passed the noontide of manhood or womanhood may feel somewhat humiliated at having our condition placed in contrast with that of these imperial masters of the future. If we have neglected our opportunities, whatever they may have been, if we have buried our talent, though we had but one, the retrospect which this contrast suggests is painful indeed. Memory toils backward with limping steps and bleeding feet, over the flinty path that traverses the waste of years since we, like the glorious boys and young men about us to-day, were blessed with the bright hopes and sunny dreams of innocence and youth. To some of us, alas, it is a pilgrimage to ruined altars and broken shrines! The shadow of the raven lies upon the old hearth-stone, and the moss and mould covers the graves of many that we loved!

"There are hands that are waved on the fairy shore,

When the mirage is lifted in air,

And we sometimes hear, 'mid the turbulent roar,

Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before

When the wind on the tide was fair!"

But the darkest of all the shadows, and the deepest and

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coldest of all the graves in "The Long Ago," are the shadows and graves of our neglected and lost opportunities! "If a man die, he shall live again."

"'Tis a beautiful belief that over our head
Around us are hovering the spirits of the dead."

But whether the loved and the lost return to watch and guide us in our wanderings or not, we would not for a thousand worlds surrender the hope which we all cherish that we shall meet them in a higher and brighter state of existence. Indeed, we are sure that we shall. For we feel that the pure, the beautiful and the good cannot and do not really *die*! but that like the stars that set in the morning, they are only gone to shine upon and illumine some other, fairer and happier Land, and that even if they should return no more, after a while we shall follow them and go in and out in the presence of God and His shining multitude of Saints forever! Not so, however, with the white-winged opportunities that smile in vain and are slighted and insulted along the flowery pathway of youth. They are forever lost, and cannot return! Or, if they should, they will come only as so many spectral shadows to haunt the contemplations that would otherwise be happy and useful, and tinge the memory of our many failures with the sombre hues of unavailing regret.

But our country, the Church, and the world have reason to rejoice and be exceeding glad that there have been, in every generation, good and earnest men and women who have been vigilant to discover, prompt to seize and faithful to improve every fit and timely occasion of life. Nay more, our race has not in any age been without examples of young persons of either sex, who, when the path that leads up the rugged acclivity of usefulness and fame seemed lost, when night and the tempest gathered around them and no star gleamed above their horizon, nevertheless pushed adventurously forward, sustained by an unflinching trust, by a glorious ambition and by an unwearying industry, in the high and noble resolve of creating opportunity for themselves.

An infidel writer of the present day, endeavoring to maintain that man is the creature of mere chance, in the first place, and of mere circumstances in the second place, seeks to illustrate his theory by the cases of Sodom and Gomorrah, the inhabitants of which would have repented in sackcloth and ashes if the mighty deeds had been done in them which were afterwards done in the city of Capernaum. But the infidel writer is no less false in his instance than in the theory it was cited to prove. An All-wise God did, indeed, destroy those cities, but it was because their people slighted and abused even the few privileges that were offered to them. So that when the mists of 20 centuries were rapidly descending upon the ashes of those ill-fated cities of the plain, and the rich and splendid cities of Athens and of Rome had risen up to give learning, laws, philosophy and civilization to the world, the Lord of Heaven, sojourning in the flesh amidst the soft beauties of Palestine, declared to the inhabitants of Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum that a yet more intolerable fate awaited them! And why? Because the inhabitants of the old dispensation had seen only through a glass darkly, through the types and shadows of the Jewish sacrifices

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and ceremonies; and through the dim light of prophecy,—all which, it is certain, had been but partially seen, and very imperfectly explained to the great masses of mankind in the ancient world. But the Divine Master addressed His prophetic warning to those whose good fortune it was to live in the very age and generation that was then being made famous to all eternity by the appearance of His visible form, by the echoes of His audible voice and the public and notorious displays of His miraculous works—to men and women who with their own eyes were looking—and looking with neglect and indifference into His face, no longer veiled in a burning bush nor in the smoke and thunders of Sinai; but as the "Prince of Peace," "the Man of sorrows acquainted with grief," the meek and persecuted Son of Mary, walking with them through this vale of tears, and "going about doing good."

The atmosphere above us to-day is fragrant with suggestions respecting the opportunities which the youth already at Notre Dame, and those in reach of her classic shades, enjoy, for attaining to wisdom, usefulness, and immortality. It is their good fortune to live at a time when the Sun of Science and Enlightenment is far up towards his noontide, and to be eye-witnesses of and participants in much of achievement, attainment and blessing of which their predecessors had no conception and no hope, or, at most, only a dim and shadowy promise.

The inhabitants of Capernaum to whom the divine admonition to which we have referred was audibly given were even then, for the most part, still bound in Pagan ignorance, superstition and idolatry. Not only had they the same bad passions and the same lust of gold and of power which has been common to mankind in every age, but their philosophers, poets and priests had peopled Mount Olympus with an imaginary race of titular deities, represented in the persons of physical, intellectual and moral monsters—of pugnacious, bloody-minded and obscene men, and voluptuous and immodest women. The bloody altars and profane temples of these deified creatures of their imagination stood on every hand from the Adriatic to the Orient, a shame to the intelligence of man and an insult to the goodness and power of God. Titular divinities were supposed to preside and rule over every art and pursuit and over every condition and interest of the human race, on land, on the sea and in the sky, in shady woods and sunny fields, on thunder-riven crag and mood-lit glen, in sparkling spring and roaring cataract, in lonely grotto and ivy-mantled ruin, in lovers' bower and in the din of battle. Their worship was propagated and encouraged to a large extent doubtless as an instrumentality of unholy ambition. But it was carried by the victorious legions of Alexander and by the Roman eagles beyond the farthest verge of Athenian and Roman civilization. It was embalmed for future ages in the Homeric hymns to the gods and linked with unsurpassed sweetness in the songs of Anacreon. Many of the gods and goddesses took form and beauty beneath the creative chisel of Phidias and Myron, and life and intelligence from the matchless pencils of Parrhasius and Apelles. And though, as objects of fear and adoration, the pantheology of Greece, like that of Egypt, has perished forever, neither the advancing spirit of

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modern philosophy nor the sordid spirit of modern materialism or of utilitarianism has been able to drive them all from the realms and service of poetry, of fancy or of love. The graces and muses remain; young people are still acquainted with Cupid, and still seek the acquaintance of Hymen; and the children, God bless them, still people the snowdrifts and moon-lit vales with "beauteous nymphs and fairy forms."

But the animated marble and the speaking canvas, rescued by the Popes and Catholic Fathers from the plundering and destructive hands of the Goth and the Vandal, the Norman and the Saracen, and preserved in the Museum at Florence, in the Louvre at Paris, and in the Vatican at Rome, and elsewhere, tell us not only of the forms of manly strength and symmetry of Apollo and Jupiter; of the soft grace and beauty which belonged to Diana and Minerva; and of the tearful story of Niobe and her children; but they tell us also, of the grandeur, genius and power of ancient civilization. Nay more. They appeal to us, sympathetically, to recognize in them the proof of a consciousness always existing in man, no matter how primitive and unlightened he may have been, that he is himself immortal, and that, in every age and condition, he has symbolized and vindicated his immortality by noble aspirations towards the Infinite; that Earth is not his abiding place, but that the learned and accomplished Pagan of Oriental climes, and the unlettered savage of the western forests have alike always used such lights as they had to personify their ideal Excellence, to invest it with the crown and sceptre of a deathless existence, and to give to that ideal the solemn and honest homage of their hearts.

But Christianity dawned upon the world, and "the times of this ignorance God overlooked," or, in the words of King James' translation, "The times of this ignorance God winked at."

Saint Luke, the inspired writer of the Acts of the Apostles, tells us that in that grand convocation of Stoic and Epicurean philosophers and other idolators, who disputed with him at the Areopagus and market-place in Athens, "all the Athenians and strangers that were there employed themselves in nothing else but either in telling or hearing something that was new." They had heard of the exalted and wonderful character ascribed by the priests and clergy of the Catholic Church to the Creator and Redeemer of mankind, and already their confidence in the Pantheology and philosophy of their fathers was trembling to its foundations. Their faith in the divine origin and immortality of the soul of man was still clear and undoubting; but in the wide deluge of ignorance and idolatry that then overspread the earth their faith "found not where its foot might rest," but fluttered back to the bounding ark of human hope, and in a spirit half of inquiry and half of despair, the People had erected the altar and inscription to which Paul referred:—"TO THE UNKNOWN GOD." It was as much as to say: "We know that there is a God over all, full of truth and justice; that His habitation is the Universe, and His duration from everlasting to everlasting. We know we are His creatures and ought to find happiness in honor and obedience to Him. But even His Name is to us unknown. Therefore to the Unknown God erect we this symbol of our submission." Does any person doubt that

No. 100 Van Buren St., Chicago, Illinois

this oblation was, as far as it went, acceptable unto the true God?

But "that which they worshipped without knowing it, was there preached unto them," to all who heard and to the world—by St. Paul. He offered them Jehovah for Jove, and the true and living God, composed of the ever-blessed Trinity, instead of the heathen "trinity of Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto." He offered them Calvary and the Well-spring of Life, instead of Parnassus and the Castalian fount; and the rainbow of God's covenant instead of the Homeric Iris. He offered them a Republic of salvation, open to all men through penance, faith and good works, and a real Heaven of pure and eternal bliss, instead of the blind and bloody propitiation of false and capricious gods and a fabled paradise of sensual delights.

Eloquence, poetry and music, sculpture, painting and architecture, belong to the noblest faculties of intellectual man, to the imagination and the emotions. They have always been subservient to the highest interests of religion and civilization. And when we remember that the most prominent characteristics of Christianity, even to the eye of the most impartial observer, were Peace, Charity, Hope and Long-suffering, is it any wonder that the arts received from Christianity fresh and most attractive direction, and a new and most powerful incentive? The ancient world had no eloquence of the pulpit. All the orators of antiquity have "paled their ineffectual fires" before the eloquence of Paul, Chrysostom, Massillon, Bourdaloue, Bossuet and thousands of others. The unadorned narrative of the birth and life, sufferings and death of the Son of Mary, possesses more than a pastoral simplicity, more than a lyric melody, more than an epic grandeur! The dangers and sorrows of sin, the beauty of holiness and the love that prompted the great plan of redemption—these have been and are being borne to the uttermost ends of the earth, upon voices of eloquence and song, sweeter than angel's harp! And still no human genius or sympathy can comprehend the immensity, fathom the depths or ascend to the unspeakable dignity of the theme!

The songs of Orpheus, of Sappho, of Anacreon and of Ovid, might well give place, as they did, to those of St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, Durante and the rest. The genius of Homer looks down upon us through the mists of 3,000 years; but the world would not exchange Dante's Divine Comedy or Milton's Paradise Lost for a thousand Iliads!

Shakspear, Addison and other modern dramatists have preserved much of the manners and customs and much of the history of ancient civilization; but of the ancient drama itself, but little remains except the antique fragments of dithyrambs which nobody reads, which are never produced on the stage, and which are rapidly passing, with their authors and their actors, beneath the waves of oblivion!

The masterpieces of ancient Art were but the embodiments of poetic conceit—exquisitely beautiful it is true, and worthy of preservation to the end of time—but still, each the embodiment of a merely Pagan ideal. Of them it may be said with the strictest truth:

"The poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from Heaven to Earth, and from Earth to Heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen

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Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

But the Christian artist has found his highest and grandest conceptions among the most striking, instructive or pathetic incidents in Christian history—In the Nativity, the Miracles, Christ Disputing with the Doctors, The Last Supper, The Death of Ananias, Paul Preaching at Athens—or in representations of the Patriarchs and Prophets of ancient times, or in portraits of the Saints, Martyrs and Fathers of the Church.

To Christianity we are indebted also for all the great masterpieces of modern architecture—for St. Peter's at Rome, for St. Sophia's at Constantinople, for St. Paul's in London, for the Hotel des Invalides and many other edifices of imposing majesty and beauty, which stand as enduring monuments to the living God, or to Charity or Science. A recent assailant of the Catholic Church complains—but his complaint unintentionally involves a high encomium upon the Church—that the broken columns and shattered arches of the Coliseum, of the Septizodium of Severus, of the Pantheon, and of the Pagan temples had actually been used by the Papal architects in the erection of churches, in the decoration of the Apostles' tombs and in carving statues of the Saints!

But Christianity has not merely given a fresh impetus and a more exalted character to art, eloquence and song. Through a long night of war of vandalism and of desolation, the Church has been the custodian and guardian of the Bible, of Morality, of Science and of all the seeds of Liberty and Civilization. Lord Macaulay, who will certainly never be accused of being prejudiced in favor of the Catholic Church, is forced to testify to the belief that "with *perhaps* the exception of England, no country of Europe has at the present time reached so high a point of wealth and civilization as some parts of Italy had attained 400 years ago!" In every age, in every trial, high above the din and clamor of decaying empires, of ignorance and of persecution, the Catholic Church has borne aloft the Cross as a symbol of faith and salvation, and always around and about that symbol, the torch of learning, liberty and civilization.

In reference to one of the educational and missionary Orders of the Catholic Church, as it existed nearly 200 years ago, Macaulay says:

Before the Order had existed a hundred years, it had filled the whole world with memorials of great things done and suffered for the faith. No religious community could produce a list of men so variously distinguished: none had extended its operations over so vast a space; yet in none had there ever been such perfect unity of feeling and action. There was no region of the globe, no walk of speculative or of active life, in which Jesuits were not to be found. They guided the counsels of Kings. They deciphered Latin inscriptions. They observed the motions of Jupiter's satellites. They published whole libraries, controversy, casuistry, history, treatises on optics, Alcaic odes, editions of the fathers, madrigals, catechisms, and lampoons. The liberal education of youth passed almost entirely into their hands, and was conducted by them with conspicuous ability. . . . Enmity itself was compelled to own that, in the art of managing and forming the tender mind, they had no equals. Meanwhile they assiduously and successfully cultivated the eloquence of the pulpit. With still greater

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assiduity and still greater success they applied themselves to the ministry of the confessional. Throughout Catholic Europe the secrets of every government and of almost every family of note were in their keeping. They glided from one Protestant country to another under innumerable disguises, as gay cavaliers, as simple rustics, as Puritan preachers. They wandered to countries which neither mercantile avidity nor liberal curiosity had ever impelled any stranger to explore. They were to be found in the garb of Mandarins, superintending the observatory at Peking. They were to be found, spade in hand, teaching the rudiments of agriculture to the savages of Paraguay. Yet, whatever might be their residence, whatever might be their employment, their spirit was the same, entire devotion to the common cause, implicit obedience to the central authority. None of them had chosen his dwelling place or his vocation for himself. Whether the Jesuit should live under the arctic circle or under the equator, whether he should pass his life in arranging gems and collating manuscripts at the Vatican or in persuading naked barbarians in the southern hemisphere not to eat each other, were matters which he left with profound submission to the decision of others. If he was wanted at Lima, he was on the Atlantic in the next fleet. If he was wanted at Bagdad, he was toiling through the desert with the next caravan. If his ministry was needed in some country where his life was more insecure than that of a wolf, where it was a crime to harbor him, where the heads and quarters of his brethren, fixed in the public places, showed him what he had to expect, he went without remonstrance or hesitation to his doom. Nor is this heroic spirit yet extinct. When, in our own time, a new and terrible pestilence passed round the globe, when, in some great cities, fear had dissolved all the ties which hold society together, when the secular clergy had deserted their flocks, when medical succor was not to be purchased by gold, when the strongest natural affections had yielded to the love of life, even then the Jesuit was found by the pallet which bishop and curate, physician and nurse, father and mother, had deserted, bending over infected lips to catch the faint accents of confession, and holding up to the last, before the expiring penitent, the image of the expiring Redeemer.

Since her organization, the Catholic Church, like her Divine Founder, has tasted the vinegar and the gall, and the scourge has been heavily laid upon her shoulders. Even now the darts of her foes are being showered into her tearful face, and their guns turned upon her gentle and unresisting bosom. But in vain! She still toils upward and onward, followed by a countless and ever-increasing multitude. Heaven and earth and suns and systems may pass away, but the Church, moored by the promises of God to the Eternal Throne, cannot fail!

The Catholic Church is a tree that is to be judged, not by its verdure, though that is eternal, nor by its blossoms, though they possess a beauty and a fragrance that shall last to eternity. But it is to be judged of by its fruits alone. Let her thus be judged! She has educated a larger number of boys and girls, men and women, and educated them more thoroughly, in body, mind and soul, and at the same time has dispensed more charity, and alleviated more of want and suffering, in both Christian and Pagan lands, than all other organizations, ecclesiastical and secular, that now exist among the descendants of Adam! Her faith has been displayed chiefly by her *Works*, and all her teachings based upon the divine declaration: "*Though I have all Knowledge, and have not Charity, I am nothing.*"

Great and irretrievable ruin in objects of nature and of

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human invention—in material, mental and moral achievement—has often, by means of the perversity and wickedness of man, or by the mysterious judgments of God, been made to occur in an hour or in a moment of time. But the best natural, mental and moral creations have always been of slow and often of most tedious growth. First the nebulae and then the stars. First the bud and then the flower; then the fruit, and then the seed. *Evolution* is becoming the central, moral scientific idea of modern times. It means that the greater does not always include the less; but that labor, cultivation, unfolding and development, are laws that govern the ways of God as well as those of man. But, as Prof. Fowler said in his splendid discourse the other day: "It does not become mortals in this dawn of being to be in too great haste in interpreting Providence. He does write out the order of His purposes on the heavens and punctuate them with comets and suns, but the letters are too large for our retina, and the words too long for our spelling." One thing, however, we do know—and we who are here, teachers and pupils, parents and children, had better realize and actualize it, in principle and practice—and that is, that through many centuries of great labor and travail, of prayer and privation, of blood, sorrow and sacrifice, the Church has been enabled by the blessing of Heaven to bring to us and to our children and to the ever-rising generation, here and, to a greater or less extent in every Catholic school in the world, the means of a deep, true and symmetrical Education. Not the education which pertains to a mere athlete, circus-rider, or prize-fighter. Not the education which was possessed by a Voltaire, by a Prof. Webster, or by a Ruloff. Not the attainments which belong to the mere speculators, stock-jobbers and leaders of "rings," and swindlers in Government or on Change. But an education whose pre-eminent idea is to

"Vindicate the Ways of God to Man."

A training and development of the body and of the intellect and, with these, and, if anything above these, a training and development of the immortal soul. Such an education does not teach its votaries to search and sift through all the objects of this beautiful world, nor through astronomy, geology, history and the other imperfect scientific discoveries and conjectures of our race, for apparent *contradictions* and *discrepancies* between science and revealed religion. But on the contrary, the Education which is here brought within the easy reach of our noble boys and our gentle, sweet-spirited girls, is an education intended to enable them to look upon all Nature as but

"The name for an EFFECT whose CAUSE is GOD!"

Nay more. It is an education whose life-principle is the divine injunction and promise: Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and then *all things else shall be added unto you.*"

Thirty three years ago Providence guided the footsteps of a young Frenchman, a Catholic priest of the Order of the Holy Cross, till he stood among these beautiful lakes and by the margin of this noble river. It was a bleak November day when he arrived; and the landscape, now the site of colossal buildings, gay fountains and flower-gardens—the most beautiful and picturesque in the great West—was then covered with snow. The now flourishing city of South Bend, hard by, with its population of 15,000 and its princely

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manufactures, was then an unimportant village of only 700 souls. But here the good priest and his then only seven followers planted the mission of their Order. They were all poor in worldly goods but rich in energy, courage and faith in Heaven. I cannot now recount the history of their early struggle. Suffice it to say that under the care, labor and management of Father Sorin and his associates, and by the blessing of Heaven, little by little and within one mile of each other, two splendid Institutions of learning,—the University of Notre Dame du Lac and the Academy of St. Mary's of the Conception,—have risen up to bless our country, Holy Church and mankind. They have already contributed thousands of noble graduates of either sex to the educated mind of the age. Here are the young representatives of the Middle States, of New England, of the great North West, and, I especially rejoice to add, a goodly number of boys and girls, young men and maidens from my own loved Land of the magnolia and the mocking-bird. She was lovely in the days of her pride and prosperity; but to all her children, and to good men and women everywhere, she has been even more lovely in the days of her sorrow and of her tears. The people of that war-stricken region, whatever may have been their religious and political opinions, whatever may have been their errors or their sufferings, have always been true to their convictions. And yet, go where you will in the South, from Cape May to the Rio Grande, from Cairo to the Peninsula of Florida, and you will find ready to be manifested among Southern people of every denomination a profound appreciation of the Catholic Church and of all her pious and charitable Orders. Thousands of the wounded soldiers of the Confederacy and of the gentle and afflicted women and children of that ill-fated clime have blessed the good Sisters of Mercy and Charity with their latest breath.

May the youth and maidens of the South henceforth come in ever-increasing numbers to meet their brothers and sisters of the North and great West and drink deeply with them at these bright fountains of learning and piety! and may they by their united love for the true, the good and the beautiful, do much to heal all the sorrows and blot out all the bitter memories of a great and an imperishable Republic!

NOTE.—The speaker has especial pleasure in acknowledging that when, towards the close of his remarks, he alluded to the South, the large audience present manifested their approval of his sentiments by repeated rounds of long-continued and tumultuous applause. Such indications, he trusts, mark the early approach of an era of thorough and perpetual reconciliation between the two sections.

Valedictory.

DELIVERED BY E. J. McLAUGHLIN ON COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Calmly have we been gliding down the stream of Time, gently drifting onward on its silent current, scarce heeding the fitting moments as they hurried by until their accumulation has warned us that another year has fled. Another year of labor, of joys and sorrows, of pleasant memories and mournful recollections, is all but lost in the vast repository of time since last we were assembled here to celebrate this anniversary—joyous indeed, but at the same time fraught with the sadness which such an occasion ever

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brings. Another year, rich in its present harvest, brilliant with its future hope, is inscribed on the records of our *Alma Mater*. Another leaf, as it were, from Time's hoary register has been added to her history, but on that leaf, dear comrades, is traced the "farewell" to our College career and to all the place and scenes and happy days connected with it.

Farewell! How like a knell it strikes upon the ear causing a shade of sadness to tinge your otherwise beaming faces. It tells us that we must part. It warns us that the sweet ties of friendship and brotherly love formed beneath the fostering care of this noble institution must be rudely severed,—that we, dear comrades, now gathered as children around the feet of a kind mother, will be scattered abroad through the land, perhaps to meet no more. Is it then a wonder that our joy on this occasion should be tempered with sadness? Ah, no! it only serves to purify the glad-some thoughts which pervade you all. You rejoice, you are happy, fellow students, that another year of useful labor has passed over your heads and that now you are about to enjoy a period of ease and relaxation from your toils. On the face of each may be read the happy visions which go floating through his mind. The grave Senior looks forward with calm delight to the pleasant meeting of friends. Old home associations come welling up within his bosom, and already he fancies himself surrounded by dear friends and loving relations, recounting again the haps and mishaps of the year gone by; or in imagination he saunters, book in hand, to some favorite haunt of yore, there to while away the pleasant summer afternoon. The active Junior paints glowing pictures of long-looked-for meetings, with boyish friends, visions of various sports and pleasant pastimes flit through his restless brain, he beholds long days of pleasant ease spent in all the careless freedom of happy boyhood; while on the other hand the little Minim is filled with delight at the pleasant prospect which lies before him; already he feels a mother's or sister's embrace, he shares a father's or a brother's caress, and the future is rose-tinted with the thoughts of the many good things which are yet in store. Thus, fellow-students, it is with you all. Imagination loves to wander over those pleasant summer months, and fancy paints in brightest colors sweet pictures of peaceful enjoyment. It is true you are about to leave this calm retreat, you are about to part from cherished friends and loved companions, but for many the parting will be brief. When the declining year brings round the hazy autumn, with its mellow tints and sombre hues, you will return refreshed and invigorated to recommence your pleasant tasks. Again will you be greeted by the kindly welcome of the Rev. Superior, the pleasant smile of honored Professors and the warm hand-clasp of college friends. Again will you saunter through these pleasant grounds, once more join the noisy group upon the green and mingle in their sports. Dear companions, all these will yet be yours; then prize each fitting moment as a precious gem which once destroyed can never be replaced. But ah! how different with us, who are about to leave forever the sheltering care of dear old Notre Dame, within whose walls were spent so many happy years. We, too, have passed through the greetings and the partings, and watched with mingled feelings others before us go forth upon the stage of life. But now our

P. L. GARRITY, CANDY FACTORY,

No. 100 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Illinois.

urn comes and we must leave these pleasant scenes to venture on the unknown and untried future. Fellow-classmates, college days are fast receding from our grasp. We stand, as it were, between two periods—boyhood and manhood. The great mysterious future stares us in the face. Happy boyhood is fast fading from us; but ere we cast ourselves into the future, ere we tempt its dangers yet unknown—with the poet let us pause and linger still awhile over the happy past,

And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew;
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through—
Yet still, as in fancy, we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

As we wander back over the flowery path which leads from youth to manhood, as memory gently wafts us again o'er the stream of life to the happy, careless days of early boyhood, how vividly does the recollection of them rise before our minds! Well do we all remember how, as weak and timid boys, we first made our appearance upon the stage of college life. Perhaps for the first time we ventured, a stranger, amongst strange faces; but soon through the kindly encouragement of Superior, the devoted efforts of Professor and the ready friendship of boyish hearts, we found ourselves college boys in word and deed. How rapidly do the scenes of the succeeding years come thronging before our minds, some sad, some gay, but all tinged with that freshness of youth which memory will fondly recall and even linger over with melancholy pleasure in the years to come. How well do we remember how days succeeded days as slowly we toiled up the rugged hill of science: now delving into some ancient book of classic lore, and with eager curiosity endeavoring to uncover from the dust of ages the opinions, the wise sayings and the manners of men long since passed away from the busy scenes and frequented haunts of men. Or again turning from the interesting but sometimes tedious contemplation of former ages, we explore the vast and intricate domain of mathematics, now tracing with compass, rule and pencil, lines and curves in endless variety, or seeking with mysterious signs to solve some difficult and enigmatical problem. How oft, when depressed with labor and discouraged with futile attempts, have we sought the aid of our kind Professors, and how nobly and willingly did they ever lend their assistance, clearing away all difficulties and making everything clear and plain. With what eager joy did we hear the sweet tones of the college bell pealing forth its welcome invitation to haste from books and slates away to enjoy the pleasures of recreation's hour, and how oft with feverish brow and tired brain we joined the noisy group upon the college green and there mid the pleasures of that well remembered spot tossed care to the winds and lost all anxious thoughts in the enjoyment of that happy time. Again does memory conjure up those long, happy days of freedom, the joy and the solace of a student's life. Once more fancy pictures the pleasant ramble, the game of ball, the invigorating row upon the lake; or more pleasant still, we linger over those happy afternoons when,

No. 100 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Illinois.

P. L. GARRITY, CANDY FACTORY,

No. 100 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Illinois.

stretched at ease upon the greensward, beneath the sheltering foliage of some spreading oak, we whiled away the glorious summer's afternoon in the perusal of some favorite author, or roved in dreamy imagination through the fairy palaces of the future, weaving bright pictures of happy days to come, days which ne'er may be our lot, but which gave us none the less pleasure in their fancy.

Oh! well may we exclaim with the poet—

"Blessed, thrice blessed days, but ah! how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing charms of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone."

Ay! dear companions, "quickly gone." How like a mist before the morning sun have they vanished from our vision! Fain would we linger over the happy scenes which soon will be but reminiscences of the past: but time bids us haste; the future with outstretched arm beckons us onward to its mysterious shore. We must obey; we must leave these pleasant scenes; we must leave this noble institution beneath whose sheltering care we have been daily learning the true principles of science and religion; we must depart from those kind protectors, the guardians of our youth, who watched over our wandering footsteps with more than fatherly care. Oh, how different, as with unprejudiced eye we view the past, do we construe its meaning! The word, the glance, the act of those placed over us, that once seemed harsh, now only appear as the chidings of a parent to guide our sometimes erring footsteps in the right. But enough; the broad world lies before us. Soon we shall be far from this peaceful home, midst the active scenes of men. In a few days we will have cast ourselves upon the ever turbulent and troubled waves of this busy world. We are now about to commence the real battle of life. Already the waves are advancing which will carry our frail barque upon life's stormy sea, and it rests with ourselves whether it will gallantly weather the tempests by which it will be surrounded, stem the raging billows and reach a haven of rest and safety, or sink ignobly beneath the waves of adversity which are ever yawning to receive it. Many difficulties will we have to overcome; many trials will beset our path ere we reach the end; but it is for this during the past few years, our cherished Alma Mater has trained our minds, has sown deep in our hearts the seed of wisdom and virtue. Let us then advance bravely, and unflinchingly pursue the path which she has pointed out and our efforts will be crowned with success. But now, dear friends, comes the saddest part of all our college days—the parting.

As I look around me, and behold on every side the familiar faces of those endeared by long association and many acts of kindness and generosity—as the thought of dear old Notre Dame with her spacious halls, her silvery lakes and her pleasant grounds come rushing o'er my mind, and feel that from all these I must part, that I must drift asunder from the pleasant scenes and cherished friends of so many happy years, the words which I would utter fail me and my heart is filled with a flood of sadness. Once more memory unveils her treasured storehouse, and from each shadowy cell shines forth some precious gem implanted there by the friends of my fleeting schoolboy days. And first among them we turn to you, Very Rev. and Dear

Father General—founder of this Institution whose name and fame has spread abroad throughout the land. What can we say to you, or how express the mingled feelings which come surging up within our bosoms on this momentous occasion! Happy indeed are we that fortune has detained you in our midst that we may go forth with your blessing upon our heads to sustain us in the struggle of life when far away from your fatherly care. And as it was your hand that planted the first seed of this institution which has since grown to be the pride of Catholicity and the boast of the West, that your years may be long and happy and your end peaceful, is the farewell wish of the Class of '75. And you, Very Rev. Father Provincial—how can we thank you for your loving care and fatherly guidance during the years in which we have been placed under your mild and gentle direction? Little did we think a few short weeks ago to behold your benignant and kindly face beaming to-day. But as God in His all-wise mercy has deemed fit to restore you and send you back, as it were, from the very shore of the spirit land—we pray with our farewell breath that you may be long spared to guide and direct your faithful children of Notre Dame.

And now our beloved President, Rev. Father Colovin, who but one short year ago came amongst us, to many a stranger, but who by his kind and affable manner, his mild but just sway, so endeared himself to all the students, that our connection with him will ever be one of the happiest recollections of the past. Farewell, dear Father! May you long rule over this Institution with that grace and dignity which so well becomes your position.

And last, but not least in the hearts of all the students, our worthy Vice-President, Rev. Father Toohey, ever kind and generous, severe when duty demanded, but never harsh. Dear Father, if ever during the years we have known and cherished you, our acts have caused you pain and trouble, think of them only as the thoughtless acts of school-boy days, and be assured that you will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the Students of Notre Dame.

Dear Brothers, honored Professors—you who have toiled with such unwearied zeal for our welfare and advancement, we bid you an affectionate farewell; and should ever memory waft us back o'er the scenes of yore, you shall always hold an honored place in the recollections of our happiest years.

And now, dear classmates, a word with you, and I have done. Oh! the waves of memory that dash o'er me as I stand here about to break the last golden link of happy days, happy days which will soon live but in the memories of the past! How say the word! how break the ties of brotherly love which year by year have only been strengthened by the many little acts of kindness and goodwill which I have received at your hands! Together we have toiled up the rugged path which leads to knowledge and to wisdom; together we have shared the joys and the sorrows of each fleeting hour. But now to think that we must part, that each in his separate sphere must drift asunder on the broad stream of life, that days and months—ay, years—may roll between us ere we meet again, calls forth the unbidden sigh, the silent tear which I in vain would endeavor to repress. Ah! fain would I linger yet

P. L. GARRITY, CANDY FACTORY,

No. 100 Van Buren St., Chicago, Illinois.

P. L. GARRITY, CANDY FACTORY,

awhile among ye, companions of my early toil, but fate forbids. Our college days are over. In a few moments our *Alma Mater* will send us forth, crowned we hope with her choicest favor. Let us then go forward with the determination to preserve the fair record which we have won, and by our acts to add still more lustre to the fame of this loved institution which to-day wreaths our brows with the laurels of victory. Acting thus, we may expect to glide calmly and smoothly down the stream of life, until Time with his chastening hand shall have dimmed the eye and silvered the hair—when we can look back with pleasure over the past, and with heart made green by the waters of memory think fondly of those dear old boys of the Class of '75. And now—

"Farewell, my home, my home no longer now,
Witness of many a calm and happy day;
Farewell, my home, where many a day has past,
In joys whose lov'd remembrance long shall last."

Kind friends, to one and all a last and fond farewell!

Twentieth Annual Commencement of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.

[TUESDAY, JUNE 22, 1875—3 O'CLOCK P. M.]

PROGRAMME:

- Grand Fantasia—"Tannhäuser".....*J. Raff*
Miss A. Smith.
- Essay—"Woman's Influence".....Miss L. Dragoo
Read by Miss Walker.
- Song—"Sognai".....*Schiro*
Miss Haggerty—Accompanied by Miss Spier.
- Essay—"Kind Cruelty and Cruel Kindness".....Miss A. Smith
- Wedding March—Transcription.....*F. Liszt*
Miss H. Foote.
- Poem—"The Old Homestead".....Miss L. Ritchie
- Quartette—From "Moses in Egitto".....*Rossini*
Misses Riopelle, Spencer, Wicker, Cavenor—Acc'd by Miss Foote
- Essay—"Family Pride".....Miss R. Green
- Overture to "Fidelio".....*Beethoven*
Miss R. Spier.
- Poem—"Apostrophe to St. Joseph River".....Miss A. Curtin
- Essay—"Live for Others, Not for Self".....Miss Kearney
- Cavatina—From "Lucia".....*Donizetti*
Miss L. Henrotin—Acc'd by Miss Quinlan.
- Essay—"Palace of Delight".....Miss M. Wicker
- "Polonaise"—Andante Spiniato, (Opus 22).....*Chopin*
Miss E. Quinlan.
- Poem—"Interior Voices".....Miss E. Haggerty
- Essay—"Studio of Nature".....Miss A. Lloyd
- Gypsy Chorus.....*R. Schumann*
Vocal Class—Acc'd by Miss Quinlan.

N. B.—The Drawings and Paintings, executed by the pupils during the scholastic year, are on exhibition in St. Luke's Studio, Academy Building.

WEDNESDAY, June 23,—11 o'clock, A. M.

PROGRAMME:

Grand Entrance.

- Fest—Overture.....*A. Leutner*
Harps—Misses M. Walker and M. Wicker.
- Pianos—Misses E. Quinlan, R. Spier, H. Foote, A. Smith, B. Spencer, R. Green, J. Kreigh, J. Kearney.
- "Perfida Chori"—Canon.....*Cherubini*
Misses L. O'Connor, H. Foote, E. Henrotin—Acc't, Miss Spencer
- Distribution of Premiums—Junior Department.
- Song—"Russian Nightingale".....*Alaneff*
Miss E. O'Connor—Acc't, Miss Spier.

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-No 100 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Distribution of Premiums—Intermediate Department.

Cavatina from "Il Trovatore".....*Verdi*
Miss H. Foote—Acc't, Miss Quinlan.

Distribution of Premiums—Senior Department.

Vocal Quartette—From "Semiramide".....*Rossini*
Misses Henrotin, Foote, Spencer, and Haggerty—Acc'd by Misses O'Connor.

THE JUNIOR'S CHOICE.

CANTATA: MIRIAM'S SONG OF TRIUMPH.

BY SCHUBERT.

"So Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hands: and all the women went after her with timbrels and dances.

"And she began the song to them saying: Let us sing to the Lord; for He is gloriously magnified; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."—*Exodus, Chap. 15.*

BY THE VOCAL CLASS.

Soloists—Misses O'Connor, Foote, Henrotin, Haggerty, B. Spencer and J. Riopelle.

Chorus—Misses Kearney, Wicker, Cavenor, Locke, Dougherty, Reilly, Smith, Gaynor, Arnold, Morgan, Walker, Curtin, Kirchner, West, S. Edes, M. O'Connor, I. Edes, J. Bennett, E. Edes, Andrews, Cash, M. Walsh, Koch, A. Walsh, Anthony, L. Walsh and E. King.

Acc'd by Miss Quinlan.

Duo Concertant—(Two Pianos) "Variations sur la Marche Bohemienne,"—Compose et dedie a Madame Ottilie de Geethe, Par Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, et Ignace Moscheles, tiree du *Preciosa de C. M. Von Weber.*

Misses E. Quinlan and R. Spier.

Conferring Graduating Medals in Academic Department.

Conferring Graduating Medals in the Conservatory of Music.

Distribution of Crowns and Honors in Junior, Intermediate and Senior Departments.

Coronation Chorus.....*Verdi*
Accompanied by Misses R. Spier and B. Spencer.

Valedictory.....Miss M. Walker

Closing Remarks.....Hon. J. S. Morris

Retiring March—"Triumphal".....*Goria*
Harps—Misses E. O'Connor and M. Walker.

Pianos—Misses Kreigh, Dennehey, Nunning, Julius, K. Hutchinson, St. Clair, L. Wyman and S. Harris.

—The summer-house known as the Chinese Umbrella has been reconstructed on a larger and more elegant plan; the dimensions are now 25x52 feet, the height 16 feet.

The notice of the cannon sent last week, and the Programme of the reception of the Papal Envoys promised in the last number, are here inserted.

—Quite a sensation has been created by the landing of the three cannon presented by Commodore Davis to Mother M. Angela as a memento of the services of the Sisters of Holy Cross in nursing the sick and wounded soldiers of both armies. Said cannon are to be used as a pedestal on which to erect a statue of Our Lady of Peace.

MUSICAL EXERCISES AT ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, JUNE 22-23, 1875.

We had the good fortune to be present both days, and followed carefully the whole of the varied programme. The audience were charmed from beginning to end, and never before have we seen so much real appreciation on their parts, testified not so much by their frequent applause as by their perfect silence during the performances; and we also noticed many professionals, who listened and followed critically each member.

The first day was devoted to the reading of some of the graduates' themes, in prose and verse, and the examination of the 1st Music Class in instrumental music—interspersed with a few vocal *morceaux* which enlivened and made it altogether a delightful entertainment.

The opening piece was a difficult arrangement of Wagner's "*Tannhäuser*" by Joachim Raff. Miss Annie Smith

No. 100 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Illinois.

P. L. GARRITY, CANDY FACTORY,

of Chicago gave full justice to both execution and phrasing. Some admired the loud parts—we must say the softer ones pleased us most,—“Chacun a son gout.” As we do not feel capable of doing justice to the literary portion, we shall leave this to more competent pens and shall mention only the musical members on the diversified programme. Therefore the next was a song, well rendered by Miss E. Haggerty. We remember having heard her last year, and as we remarked to our next neighbor: “Her stay at St. Mary’s has brought great improvement. Her song was well chosen, showing the full compass and strength of a deep-toned voice, so rarely met with among young ladies. She was accompanied by Miss Spier, one of the musical graduates. As we shall speak of this lady again, we mention now only that an appreciative accompaniment is one of the requirements of the Faculty for graduating in music.

The well-known Transcription, by Liszt, of Mendelssohn’s *Wedding March* was played by Miss Helen Foote of Burlington, Iowa, with all the fire and brilliancy requisite for such a composition. Her touch is clear and correct; great power in some passages and delicate execution of others did credit to herself and her artistic training.

A quartette from *Mose in Egypt* by Rossini was sung pleasingly by Misses J. Riopelle, M. Wicker, B. Spencer and Adelia Cavenor. The voices blended well, and their modest manner was charming. It was generally remarked that all the young ladies felt the embarrassment of playing and singing before the public, and prevented them from doing themselves full justice—still we prefer their unaffected, ladylike manner to the dashing effrontery often met elsewhere.

The great Overture to “*Fidelio*” in E dur., by Beethoven, and played by Miss Rose Spier—of Peoria, Ill.—was a striking contrast to the modern works heard before. We congratulate the young lady on her selection and rendition—hoping she will continue to study and play the works of the old masters.

An aria from *Lucia* was beautifully sung by Miss L. Henrotin of Chicago, and the spontaneous burst of applause showed it was fully appreciated by the audience. We hope to hear Miss Lulu at many future Commencements, and felt a regret that her gifted accompanist—Miss Quinlan—was to leave as a graduate.

The grand Polonaise, Opus 22, by Chopin, with the beautiful introduction, “*Andante Spiniato*,” was perfectly rendered by Miss Quinlan of Cleveland, Ohio. The notes flowed from under her fingers, soft and sweet, like gossamer threads twisting around a tender melody as a fine web, entrancing and soothing the ear for some minutes—then came a few warning notes of power, and the brilliant polonaise, with its many-hued expression, its startling passages and elegant cadenzas, gave full scope to her wonderful strength and soulful expression. She also accompanied the next number—“*Gypsy Chorus*,” by Schumann. This closed the Tuesday programme, and made all determine to be present the next day. This chorus was sung by the private Vocal Class, as it contains so many difficulties; it is one not often attempted without an orchestral accompaniment—but after the first two movements we felt certain of success; nor were we disappointed.

WEDNESDAY—THE COMMENCEMENT DAY—

we entered the Hall early in order to secure places, but the crowd was so great that we were fearful our party should have to retire, like many others, under the shade of the trees; certainly among the many improvements since last year (and there are many) a capacious concert hall is much needed; the present building is too small, both to contain the patrons of the Institution and to give proper effect to the sound.

The opening overture was grand. It gave the key-note to our expectant ear, and we felt from the start that the day would be a success. Miss Wicker and Miss Walker brought out the tones of two fine harps, and added much to the harmony. Misses Quinlan, B. Spencer, R. Spier, R.

No. 100 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Green, H. Foote, G. Kreigh, A. Smith and J. Kearney played on the four pianos in such perfection of time as would scarcely seem possible if we had not the proof before our eyes, that twenty hands were moving together instead of two. The first piece of vocal music on this day’s programme was a trio in canon form, by Cherubini, correctly sung by Misses H. Foote, E. O’Connor and L. Henrotin. This lovely composition was well received by the critics. The accompaniment by Miss Spencer was suggestive of her talent.

The Bravura Concert Song followed the distribution of premiums in the Junior Department. The playful, birdlike execution of this piece by Miss Ella O’Connor of Chicago, was perfectly charming. The chromatic scales and trills—those two last attainments of a singer—were performed in an easy, graceful manner.

The Grand Solo from *Il Trovatore*, “*Tu vedrai che amore*,” was beautifully rendered by Miss Foote of Burlington, Iowa. This lovely soprano—with great range, always in tune—so delightful now, what will it be when she has more thoroughly mastered the *technique* of her art? She has done justice to herself and her careful teacher since we heard her last. To our surprise, we learned that this young lady has not made music a specialty, but is following the full course of studies, having but one hour each day for both vocal and instrumental practice.

Quartette from Rossini’s *Semiramide* was given by Misses Henrotin, Foote, Spencer and Haggerty. We have already spoken of these ladies, except Miss Spencer, whose voice gives good promise, and we welcome her first appearance among the pupils of St. Mary’s Conservatory, and hope to have the pleasure of hearing of her future progress.

SCHUBERT’S CANTATA—“*Miriam’s Song of Triumph*”—was indeed a triumph for the young ladies of the Vocal Classes. It was magnificent, and the spirit of the composer was carried out through the entire piece of at least 40 pages. The difficult minor fugue movement was the gem which reflected the diligence and attentive study on the part of the vocalists, and faithful training on the part of their accomplished teacher; to see about forty singers standing on the stage, *alone*, without a director to indicate the *tempo* of the various movements, showed the diligent application on both sides and the result of the year’s labor. The solos were charmingly taken by Misses O’Connor, Foote, Henrotin, Spencer, Haggerty and Riopelle—young ladies of the 1st Vocal Class—all of whom had appeared on the programme before; and if they charmed us *then*, they did not disappoint us now; they sang with an *elan* and confidence they could not feel when standing alone on the stage.

The crowning feature of the day, in the Instrumental Music, was the “*Duo Concertante*,” (two pianos) “*Variations sur la Marche Bohemienne*,” composé et dédié à Madame Ottilie de Goethe, par Felix Mendelssohn et Ignace Moschelles, tirée du “*Preciosa*” de C. M. Von Weber, played by Miss Quinlan of Cleveland and Miss Spier of Peoria—who received their graduating gold medals for music immediately after. Each lady had equal difficulties to combat, playing alternately, and together. We do not intend to go into particulars, for the simplest of reasons—we cannot; for when we thought we were listening to *one*, we found, a minute later, we had been following the other; we can only congratulate heartily both ladies on their perfect success.

The coronation of the young ladies was a beautiful sight yet *one* more appreciated by the teachers than the audience, though we heard “*How beautiful!*” burst from many lips, as the last honor was given. Misses Spier and Spencer seated themselves at two of the pianos, the happy recipients of the Honors divided their circles and formed a pyramid of crowned heads—the Chorus, with appropriate words written for the occasion, was enthusiastically sung in full chorus.

The retiring march was given by (we understand) the pupils of the 2d and 3d Classes. It was for retiring, as far

P. L. GARRITY, CANDY FACTORY,

as the pupils of the Academy were concerned, but not for the lovers of music, who lingered around the pianos until the last chord was struck; this we consider a compliment to the young pianists, Misses Kreigh, Dennehey, Nunning, Julius, Hutchinson, St. Clair, Wymau and S. Harris; harps, Misses E. O'Connor and M. Walker. Having mentioned in as few words as possible the main points, we cannot close without expressing our thanks to the ladies of the Institution for our invitation, and hope to be favored again, for we take a particular interest in the progress of music—particularly in our Western convent schools.

A LOVER OF MUSIC.

ART EXHIBITION IN ST. LUKE'S STUDIO.

The Studio—under the patronage of St. Luke the Evangelist, to whose pious hand are still attributed certain ancient paintings of the Madonna and Child, and who has been the acknowledged patron of so many noble schools of art and so many societies of artists—literally blossomed on the two days of the Exhibition. There was no end to the roses, and long stems of the mock-orange made flowery arches over niche and corner. It was a graceful application of art to the everyday life of women of every sphere, since the cottage has its rosebush as well as the palace. There is no home too humble for the exercise of taste, as there is no architecture too grand to accept floral decorations. Above the studio-screens, and above wreaths and bouquets, rose the beautiful banners of the Papal States of Italy and of the United States of America, while four choice engravings of Raphael's pictures in the Stanza della Segnatura in the Vatican, with drawings from casts made on previous years, formed an artistic frieze for the whole studio. The studies which had been made during the school year of 1874-5 were arranged on the screens which divide the large room, with its several windows, into alcoves, perfectly adapted to artistic purposes. The studies made by each pupil were hung together, so as to give a correct idea of the progress made by each one, during the year, and of their actual standing, both in drawing and painting. It was, strictly and literally, a school-exhibition, and was arranged as methodically as any school-chart; the intention being to show what the pupils had really done during the year. Below the pencil studies of blocks, stood, in several instances, charming evidences of taste and skill in color on silk and whitewood, showing that color had been allowed as a recreation to those specially gifted in its use, even when *all* the severe studies, which would have put them into higher classes in drawing, had not been completed.

In the Fifth Class, we noticed thoroughly good elementary work from blocks by Misses Kirchner, Kreigh, O'Connor, Colwell, Arnold and Morris. Miss Kirchner has a remarkably delicate touch, which will by-and-by show to better advantage than at present if she continues to be conscientious in the study of forms. Miss Kreigh and Miss O'Connor and Miss Colwell have more talent than they know. Time and industry will tell the story, and the very same is true of Miss Arnold and Miss Morris. We saw a very pretty piece of flower painting from Miss Arnold, showing that her taste was in advance of her actual standing in the classes. Time and study, as we have said, will bring this right.

In the alcove appropriated by the Fourth Class, Miss Lange and the Misses Thompson had spheres which spoke of their close proximity to the next higher class, and gave marks of decided progress; while Miss Koch and Miss Schultheis and Miss Gaynor had cylinders and cones to witness to their industry. Miss Koch and Miss Gaynor should, in time, become very graceful delineators, and if Miss Schultheis is the steady worker she bids fair to be, we shall see studies of solid excellence from her hand next year.

In the alcove given to the Third Class, we found Miss Ritchie and Miss Henrotin eclipsing their own drawings by the beauty of their studies in water-colors. Of the two,

No. 100 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Miss Ritchie's drawings are the firmest, and it is evident that Miss Henrotin loves color better than form, but, by the time she has made her entire preparatory course in India-ink we shall see that her coloring will be fully sustained by accuracy of form. Another year will do wonders for both. Miss Ritchie won the honorable distinction of painting, on the cover to her sister's Graduating Essay, a picture of the Old Homestead from memory. She has a decided aptitude for landscapes: although the stems of pansies, on a white silk cushion, showed that she could draw flowers with botanical as well as artistic correctness, and the coloring was almost faultlessly true to life; as it was, also, in the hepaticas and anemones, on a small whitewood easel, springing from a bed of mosses. Miss Henrotin had a blue silk handkerchief-case adorned with exquisitely painted sprigs of spring wild flowers, and a monogram; a whitewood easel with a bunch of meadow violets, precious both in drawing and color, and bordered with young grape-leaves; and a paper-cutter with a spray of harebells. This graceful flower, so peculiar to St. Mary's, came almost too late this year to be used; but it deserves special study. In this same alcove were some very choice studies of shells by Miss Ritchie, Miss Morgan and Miss Wade. Miss Morgan had finished some paintings of meadow violets, also of wild columbines and pansies, on whitewood, very delicately and faithfully; indeed we had never seen the meadow violet represented more charmingly; but Miss Wade certainly carried off the palm with her columbines. The drawing was very fine and delicate, and all the flowers were *posed* with intelligence and taste. Although she took the first premium in oil painting, we should like to see her trying water-colors for her landscapes. There is everything in favor of water-colors, especially for sketches, and with her success in flowers and shells we are certain that she would succeed in landscapes.

Before leaving the alcove filled by the Third Class, we must notice the drawings of two Juniors, Miss Lappin and Miss Cullen, which included the first block in the first position, cylinders, cones, the sphere, and finally the egg, to its last position; thus proving their acquaintance with flat and round surfaces, perspective and foreshortening. These Misses deserve warm praise for the skill and industry shown by these drawings, which give evidence of nice perception, good judgment and faithfulness. Another year will see them making rapid progress in something more inviting, even if not more useful, than elementary studies.

In a place of marked distinction were carefully arranged the result of Miss Neteler's industry during the past year. From the beginning to the end there was not a *break* in the course. There had been no *skipping*, by way of recreation, but the higher blocks, cylinders, cones, spheres, eggs, acorns, nuts, berries, sprays of light vines, columbines, with their delicate shadows thrown on the paper, and finally, studies of ears, hands and feet, from casts, came in due succession; and with each study had come more firmness in the outline and touch, and at the same time greater delicacy and transparency in the shadows. There were landscapes, also, with trees which Ruskin would know how to prize, and another year will see Miss Neteler free to choose heads from casts, or landscapes and flowers in color, with eminent success. She well deserved the premium which she obtained—the *first* in the Art Department.

We have dwelt upon these details, because they illustrate the principle upon which the classes are conducted. The course is not a showy one; but it is thorough and decisive in its effects. Indolence, carelessness, being their inevitable reward; for no teacher in such a system as this, can cover up their results; while intelligence, perseverance and cheerful fidelity, will leave their traces on the simplest study. Another year will see a still closer adherence to the established course, and a still more cheerful compliance with it on the part of the pupils; for *they* must see already, as well as the teachers, the solid benefits resulting from it; at the same time, the pleasure naturally felt in the more interesting studies belonging to the higher classes will feed their enthusiasm and encourage them to

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kance, from many angles. We copied them mechanically upon a page of roughish paper held at fixed angle, and candor compels me to add that no court would have sustained a claim to the trees, the castles, and the riparian rights of one picture by any alleged resemblance to the oaks, the towers, or the river in the other. We were systematically abandoned to the copying of flatness,—to the imitation of imitations.

But the teaching of art in St. Mary's is very different. Here there is no copying of flatness. I did not see a single imitation of an imitation. The drawing and the coloring are taken, in every instance, from life, and some extremely beautiful work is shown which could not have been achieved in any less intelligent way. No copying, except from life, is tolerated or thought of. Every line which the pupils draw is drawn from life; every atom of color is a mimic of the same atom in whatever object the pupil is using as a model. There is just enough of our Simian grandfathers left in us to make us all a little monkeyish; the average child can imitate common sounds, and reproduce a simple picture, so far as the lines are concerned. Give a child the picture of a chair, and it will, in a moment, give you the picture of a chair. The child's chair would not be safe, perhaps, to sit on; it may not rest securely on the floor, and its legs may have no settled relation to its seat or its back, but it will be the picture of a chair, the "features" being as recognizable as those of some of our leading citizens in certain exhibited portraits. But ask the same child to draw on paper the chair which stands upon the floor, and he cannot do it. He will give up the attempt in disgust after a moment's effort. It is there that the science of art comes in; it is there one sees the difference between studying art by simulating imitations, and learning art by drawing from life.

After learning to draw only from life, the next essential to success is that the pupil shall be kept faithfully upon the fundamentals of art until the principles shall be thoroughly mastered. In no direction does ambition so hasten as toward the composition of colors. Every young artist yearns to leap, spurred, upon a flying Pegasus, which shall dismount him in a month, before a vast canvas, which he may daub according to the sublime sport of his fancy. There were no "young landscapes" on the walls of St. Mary's art department; and it was a great relief not to be tortured by the sight of even one. A "young poem" is bad enough; but "May Heaven protect us from young landscapes!" should not have been forgotten in the litanies. The drawings I saw were simple, and wonderfully exact; the best of them—as well as the most difficult, as every artist knows—being uncompromising blocks which must be drawn correctly, for errors in such mathematical work will so outrage the true eye as almost to set one crazy. The models, of which there are many varieties, are placed before the girls, the principles of simple linear drawing expounded,—the head-teacher, I ought to have said long ago, is Miss Eliza Allen Starr, well and affectionately remembered in Chicago,—and the girls go on with their study of the model and the experiment of reproducing it, until the fac-simile looms up on the paper. This is very hard work. It is persisted in, and, after a while, if the student have talent, it becomes delightful work, because she begins to feel its value. To attempt diverse drawing without learning to reproduce accurately from life, would be like undertaking to play a fugue of Sebastian Bach's without learning the scales. Elementary drawing from life is to progress in art what practice on the scales is to progress in music. Miss Starr is ably supported by Sisters whose talents are reinforced by devotion,—for art, above everything else in the world, is devotional, and finds within religion the climax of its ecstasy as well as the highest distinction of its toil. The noblest achievements of art are notoriously the inspiration of religion; and the churches are the great painters' immortal monuments. If art has honored religion, religion has certainly rewarded art. It is less devotional now than at any time since the Renaissance, but, at least, it is still reverent. Ruskin is of opinion that, in old times,

men used their powers of painting to show the objects of their faith, while in later times they use the objects of faith that they may show their powers of painting. Happily, however, the best art still thinks less of itself than of that which it strives to represent, and the greatest painters of the future will value their fame as did those of the past, according to the dignity of their subjects. Art will preserve religion and renew its legends long after philosophy shall have made the last assault upon it.

The prettiest attempts in water-colors which I saw in St. Mary's were bunches of flowers, drawn and colored invariably from life. Several times I laid the real flower beside the copy, and the truthfulness of the reproduction was in more than one instance absolutely without a blemish, as far as a fairly good eye is capable of discerning. These water-colors were all the work of young ladies, whose ages run from 11 to 20, and several of them would fitly match those beautiful pictures of Teresa Hegg, of Nice, which attracted so much attention at the recent exhibition of pictures in the Art Hall of the Chicago Exposition building. Mgr. Roncetti, the Papal Legate, said that he saw nothing in Europe that compared with St. Mary's, and he was delighted particularly with its Art School.—*M. F. S., in the Chicago Tribune.*

Annual Commencement at St. Angela's Academy, Morris, Ill.

The annual commencement of St. Angela's Academy, Sister Francis of the Holy Cross, Superior, took place in the new hall, trimmed with green leaves and festooned with flowers, of the academy building, Wednesday, June 29th at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The hall was filled to its capacity, and the exercises were frequently loudly applauded. First came the entrance march, performed upon two pianos by M. Downey and N. Dooley. This selection as did all the others performed, indicate a highly cultivated, musical ability on the part of the performers. Next "Ild Trovatore" was played by the Misses A. Hall and G. Tower. Music-loving auditors pronounced it splendid. Equal to any amateur playing in any young ladies' academy in the country. The third number on the programme was a duet, rendered in most pleasing and artistic style by the Misses C. Wilber and A. Crane. An overture for eight hands, on two pianos, by the Misses L. E. Collins, A. Hall, G. Tower, and J. Cronin, was very fine. The Latin quintet was rendered in perfect time and tune by the Misses R. McQueeny, E. M. Finley, A. Crain, C. Wilbur, and M. Maguire, five handsome and tastefully-dressed young ladies, particularly graceful and easy upon the stage. A well-written and well-delivered prologue, by Miss Teresa Killela, introduced an operetta, a bright, sparkling bit of music and dialogue business, with a little excellent dancing, of two scenes in which the Misses L. Connors, E. Housh, F. Housh, G. Miller, L. Ronan, C. Pangborn, and S. Whealing were school-girls; the Misses T. Killela, N. Dooley, M. Downey, E. Carr, M. Steel, M. Caughlin, D. Sawtelle, Gypsies, and the Misses Maria and Louisa Grier sang a duet, as finely as possible. Between the scenes, operatic airs were played by the Misses Lettie and Lila Collins, K. Ronan, J. Cronin, M. Killela, S. Prior, A. Howard, and G. Tower. Miss Ella M. Finley read an essay on the subject "Use of Time," that had the double merit of brevity and common sense, and received its full quota of applause and bouquets. The Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., Superior General of the Holy Cross, of Notre Dame, Ind., presented the graduates with medals of solid gold and artistically beautiful, and also crowned them with beautiful wreaths. The graduates were Mary Killela, Ottawa, Ill.; Agnes Howell Columbus, O.; Maggie McGuire, Chicago; Kittie Walsh, Morris, Ill.; Ella Finley, Pana, Ill.; Agnes Cavanaugh, Nevada, Ill.; Rose Ann McQueeny, Chicago. The exercises were highly successful, and demonstrates that the educational advantages offered at St. Angela's Academy are of a superior order.

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The following was the programme of the Commencement exercises:

Entrance March, Misses M. Downey and N. Dooley; Chorus (Rossini), By the Vocal Class; Il Trovatore, Misses A. Hall and G. Tower; Angels, Whisper, Misses C. Wilbur and A. Crain; Overture (8 hands) Misses L. Collins, A. Hall, G. Tower, J. Cronin; Latin Quintette (Lambelotte) Misses R. McQueeney, E. M. Finley, A. Crain, C. Wilbur, M. Maguire; Prologue, Miss Theresa Killela; Operetta, Twin Sisters, Misses R. A. McQueeney and Annie Crain; School Girls, Misses L. Connors, E. Housh, F. Housh, G. Miller, K. Ronan, C. Pangborn and S. Whealing; Gypsies, T. Killela, N. Dooley, M. Downey, E. Carr, M. Steel, M. Caughlin, D. Sawtell; Vocal Duet, Misses Maria and Louisa Grier. Music Between Scenes; Overture (8 hands), Misses A. Hall, K. Ronan; Lettie and Lila Collins; Belisario (2 pianos), Misses L. Collins and J. Cronin; Wallenbaup's March, Misses M. Killela, S. Prior, A. Howard, G. Tower; Essay, Miss Ella M. Finley; Vocal Duet, Misses Annie Crain and Kittie Ronan. Conferring of Graduating Medals on nine (9) young ladies. Valedictory, by Miss Mary Killela, Ottawa, Ill. Wreaths to Graduates. Farewell Song, Miss M. Maguire.

THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, SOUTH BEND, IND.

The Annual Commencement of St. Joseph's Academy, South Bend, Ind., took place in Veasey's Academy of Music on Wednesday, June 29th. Quite a large audience was present and was entertained with good music and two excellent dramas.

The following is a copy of the programme:

Entrance Music. *Der Freischutz*..... Weber
Misses M. Dubail and M. McGuire.

Drama.—BLANCHE DE CASTILE.

Queen Blanche.....M. Veasey
Little King Louis.....T. Byerly
Guardian.....B. Bope
Constantia, Countess of Brittany.....C. Thayer
Isabel, Countess la Marche.....L. Vinson
Queen, Margaret.....L. Hamlin
Princess Joanna.....A. Lefever
Princess Isabella.....L. Gillen
Princess Beatrice.....M. Dubail
Princess Yolande.....J. Eyer
Demented Peasant, Fleda.....M. Briggs
Her Daughter, Fausta.....K. Claffey
Lady Clare.....A. Baker
Lady Frances.....M. Quinlan
Lady Evarista.....B. Bope
Lady Agatha.....L. Gillen
Tartar Princess, Inez.....A. Brown
Tarter Princess, Benice.....C. Smith
Lucia de Lammermoor.....M. Briggs, A. Baker, C. Thayer
Angel of France.....B. Chess
Song—"Lonely Bird".....B. Chess and S. Lynch
Song—"Gently Sighs the Breezes".....Lynch, Chess, Veasey
Last Hope. *Gottschalk*.....J. Eyer
Overture. *Fra Diavolo*.....B. Bope, J. Eyer, L. Gillen
Junior's Colloquy.....
Country Sports Versus City Pastimes.....
Caliph of Bagdad.....J. Eyer, M. Veasey, C. Smith
Closing Remarks.....
Retiring March.....B. Bope

All of the young ladies performed the parts allotted to them in a highly creditable manner. The manner in which the drama, "Blanche of Castile," was performed was excellent, receiving encomiums from all present. The singing was well rendered and was very enjoyable. The instrumental music was of that high standard that the Sisters of Holy Cross always demand of their pupils. At the close of the Entertainment Rev. Father William F. O'Mahony, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, addressed the audience in a short yet choicely worded address. He thanked the audience for the interest they felt in the institution, the students of which had prepared the Entertainment that day. They displayed this interest by their attendance at the Entertainment. He complimented the young ladies on the happy and successful manner in which they had each and all performed their various parts. Then he touched upon the matter of education, and viewing it in the various lights

No. 100 Van Buren St., Chicago Illinois

in which it may be presented to our view, he urged upon the young ladies who were to leave the Academy for good to always keep the interest of the institution at heart, and by their lives show forth the advantages to be gained by a sound religious education. Among the many persons present were Very Rev. E. Sorin, Revs. W. O'Mahony, J. L. Letourneau, and others. The exercises were eminently successful.

—Vacation.

—Lazy times.

—Tivoli to Toledo.

—How do you feel?

—Go to Lewis Nickel's.

—A large school is expected next fall.

—Prof. Dailey is the only one now left.

—Nothing going on—not even a squabble.

—Strawberries (canned) are plenty just now.

—The President of the Clover Club is still here.

—Things look lonely around the College just now.

—Bro. Bonaventure is making his garden look fine.

—Don't forget Lewis Nickel, Jr., No 85 Main Street.

—Mr. D. A. Maloney of '73 paid us a visit on the 1st.

—The noble fifteen are waiting for watermelons to loom up.

—The Exhibition at Morris seems to have been a grand one.

—Our printers are kept very busy although it is Vacation.

—Prof. Stace stays altogether in South Bend the last few days.

—Father Lilly is looking well. He speaks highly of Watertown.

—"Swimming in the Lakes" is the popular air among the students.

—Father Colovin spent a few days in Chicago during the past week.

—Father Brown has gone to Youngstown, Ohio, to spend his vacation.

—Bro. Louis does not receive the large mails he did a couple of weeks ago.

—Fathers Gillen, Lilly and Brown arrived here since Commencement Day.

—The Student's Lunch Room is kept by Louis Nickle, Jr., No 85 Main Street.

—The Thespians held their closing meeting June 22, after the play of "Vildac."

—Rev. Father Corby arrived at Notre Dame on the 2nd. He looks first rate.

—Bro. Leopold has charge of the store, Bro. Thomas having gone away for a while.

—Fathers Granger and Zahm have gone to Watertown for the benefit of their health.

—Nearly every one except Tom and his horse, Judy, have a touch of the spring fever.

—Prof. Lyons was here for a few moments the other day. He has returned to Chicago.

—All persons desiring Catalogue, etc., of St. Mary's should write to the Mother Superior.

—The stereotype foundry formerly belonging to this office has been sold to a Chicago firm.

—Persons desiring information about the College can have a Catalogues sent to their address.

—The Commencement Exercises of St. Joseph's Academy, South Bend, were very interesting.

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—We understand that there will be Mass in the new Church about the 15th of next month.

—The telegraph office is at present under the direction of Bro. Celestine. He is fixing it up neatly.

—The last number of the "St. Cecilia Philomathean Standard" contained seventy-six well written pages.

—Owing to a northeast wind and rising barometer, Prof. Lyons will not visit San Francisco this vacation.

—We notice some good changes in the College Catalogue this year. It is well arranged, and looks businesslike.

—Only 15 students remain over at Notre Dame during Vacation. Of these, 8 are Seniors, 2 Juniors, and five Minims.

—The diplomas awarded to the members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association were the neatest we have ever seen.

—Among the late arrivals are Bros. Daniel, Benjamin, Gregory, Emmanuel, Irenæus, Ildelfonsus, Peter, Cyril and others.

—Bros. Alban, Marcellinus, Leander and Prof. J. A. Lyons, accompanied the students westward via the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Road.

—Bro. James is getting out a Diploma to be given to those who have served their apprenticeship in the Manual Labor School and who are worthy of receiving one.

—By mistake the names of W. Schultheis, Jas. L. Ruddiman and E. S. Seibert were omitted in the list of students who received diplomas in the Commercial Department.

—Rev. John Ford, the esteemed parish priest at St. Joseph's, left Notre Dame for New York on Thursday last. His many devoted friends here wish him a pleasant vacation in the east and hope that he may return with renewed vigor to enter upon his arduous labors in September.

—Among the persons present at the Commencement Exercises at Morris, Ill., were Very Rev. E. Sorin, Notre Dame, Ind., Rev. Fathers Vagnier, Notre Dame, Smith, Morris, Sheedy, Seueca, Ill., Smith, La Salle, Ill., Gormely, O'ho Station, Ill., O'Farrell, Mendota, Ill., Howard, Galesburgh, Gray, of Peru, and Byrne, of Ottawa.

—We again call attention to the advertisement of Jansen, McClurg & Co., the great booksellers of Chicago. The collection of books is unequalled by any house in the West, and we can safely and honestly recommend all parties desiring books to call upon this firm before purchasing; we feel confident that they will be able to satisfy the most hard to please.

—The 33rd regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatians was held June 21st. After transacting miscellaneous business the members received their badges to be worn at the Annual Commencement. A vote of thanks was unanimously tendered to Rev. P. J. Colovin C. S. C., and Bro. Leander for kind favors received during the year. After a few remarks from the President the meeting adjourned.

—The *Catholic World* for July contains: I, Space; II, Corpus Christi (poetry); III, Are you my Wife? IV, The Cardinalate; V, Horn Head (poetry); VI, Stray Leaves from a Passing Life; VII, An Old Irish Tour; VIII, Brother Philip; IV, Submission (poetry); X, The Roman Ritual and its Chant; XI, A Legend of the Rhine; XII, Why not? (poetry); On the Way to Lourdes; A Little Bird (poetry); Early Annals of Catholicity in New Jersey; New Publications. It is one of the ablest periodicals of its kind in the country.

—Each week the *Catholic Review* contains an excellent illustration. The last number contains a truthful portrait of Archbishop Wood. The *Catholic Review* and the *Catholic Universe* are the two best Catholic papers in the United States and we strongly recommend our readers to subscribe for them. A subscription for a good Catholic paper is the best present a father can make his child, and

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we hope that next year many persons sending their students to college will also leave orders to have the *Review* and the *Universe* sent to them.

—Our friend John has gone! Shall we hold our hands in pleading form to call back again the wandering youth? It would be in vain to offer all the gifts of the human kind for such a favor. He has said it, and it will be ever thus. No more shall we gaze in consternation upon his pedal appendages; no more shall his rotund voice be heard, or his mighty baton seen, leading his youthful band on to lunch; no more shall we hear him plead in suppliant tones for one small "puff." All this is past! Dear John, good-bye! Take a friend's advice: Young man, go West—(may heaven bless you)—as far as you can get.

—We call attention to the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, the Great Overland Route to California. Through trains are run to Leavenworth and Atchinson, connecting with trains for all points in Kansas and southern Missouri. Two express trains daily leave Chicago as follows, from depot, corner Van Buren and Sherman streets:

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Omaha, Leavenworth & Atchinson Exp.,	10 15, a. m.	4 00, p. m.
Peru Accommodation,	5 00, p. m.	9 30, a. m.
Night Express,	10 00, p. m.	6 15, a. m.

M. SMITH,

H. RIDDLE,

Gen'l. Pass. Ag't.

Gen'l. Sup't.

—THE ALUMNÆ.—We understand that at the next Annual Commencement of St. Mary's Academy an Alumnae Association will be formed by the graduates of the institution. A great number of the graduates attend the Exhibitions and take great interest in all that pertains to St. Mary's. A number of those who attended this year spoke of the matter, and we believe will make arrangements for holding a meeting to organize on the Tuesday preceding the Annual Commencement. We believe it is the intention to limit the members to those who have graduated in course, and it is expected that at the first meeting there will be over one hundred members. A correspondence among the graduates is requested with a view to forming this association.

—The 39th and 40th regular meetings of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association were held respectively June 12 and 21. When the regular duties had been performed, Mr. Louis Oliver C. S. C., Bros. Leander, Alexander and Philip were elected honorary members. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Rev. P. J. Colovin and Bro. Marcellinus for many favors rendered the Association during the year. The badges were then distributed to the members, and also diplomas to the most worthy. The grand gold ring was presented to D. J. O'Connell. On motion of Mr. Downey a vote of thanks was unanimously tendered to the retiring president. The Secretary then read a letter from Mr. Oliver, acknowledging his thanks for the favor of being elected an honorary member, after which the meeting adjourned until next September.

—The Commencement at St. Mary's Academy this year was unusually interesting and successful. The Graduating Class numbered ten young ladies, all of whom passed brilliant examinations. The literary exercises were of a high order. The Essays were charmingly written, and the reading of them was done with even more grace and finish than is usually found at a Commencement. Exquisite music, alternated with the reading of the Essays and gave a variety to the Entertainment that was enjoyed by all. The musical parts of the Entertainments was of a superior order and reflected great credit upon the teachers and honor upon the performers.

—The display in the studio was very fine, and proves that the excellent instructions of the many lady artists has been productive of much fruit. There are not many female Academies in the United States possessing so efficient a

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corps of teachers of drawing and painting as St. Mary's, where there is a perfect enthusiasm for art in all its forms.

We hope to see the exercises at St. Mary's continue to be of the same high standard they were this year. Of course, if they can do even better we would be delighted, but we are—and so are all who attended—satisfied with the Entertainment of this year. Elsewhere we give more extended notices of the different exercises.

Many will be pained to read of the death of Daniel Corby, who was known in this community as a good citizen, a faithful Christian and a revered father. He was born in the town of Birr, Kings County, Ireland, in 1798, and at his death was somewhat over 77. After the death of his father and at an early age he emigrated to America and resided for some time in Canada, where he married, and a year later came to Detroit. He immediately entered the service of the Government as a civil engineer, about the year 1825, and in this capacity superintended the construction of one of the last military roads built by the general Government in Michigan. In a few years, by untiring industry, he was enabled to purchase a large tract of land in the vicinity of Detroit, where he lived until 1872. At this time, seeing that he was advancing in years and that his family had grown up, he apportioned his real estate among them, reserving a competency for himself and two daughters, and removed into the city, at 77 Elmwood avenue.

At ten o'clock Tuesday morning, June 29, Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., son of the deceased, assisted by Rev. Fathers Vandriss and Laporte. At the conclusion of the service the funeral oration was pronounced by Rev. Father Limpens, pastor. The oration was considered very eloquent and masterly.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Funeral of the Late Frank E. Foxen.

The funeral of the late Frank E. Foxen, who was drowned at Notre Dame, Indiana, on Saturday, took place from the residence of the father of the deceased, on Howard street, yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. The funeral cortege was a large and imposing one, and was headed by the Light Guard Band. Companies A and B of the Pelouze Corps, under the command of Major Rogers, turned out to honor the memory of their late comrade, while many others of his schoolmates and youthful companions also paid their last tribute of respect by following the remains to the church and thence to their resting place in Mt. Elliott. Eight members of the Cadet Corps acted as pall-bearers. The number of carriages in the procession was unusually large, testifying to the deep sympathy felt by the community for the afflicted family as well as to the esteem in which the deceased young man was held. St. Aloysius' Church, where the services were held, was filled to overflowing with the large concourse which had gathered. The services were of an unusually solemn and impressive character, the brief address of Rev. Father Hare being peculiarly touching. At the conclusion the funeral procession re-formed and the remains were conveyed to Mt. Elliott Cemetery.—*Detroit Free Press.*

RESOLUTIONS OF THE ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN ASSOCIATION ON THE DEATH OF THEIR YOUNG ASSOCIATE, FRANCIS E. FOXEN, OF DETROIT, MICH.

Whereas it hath pleased the Divine dispenser of life and death to summon home without a moment's warning, our well beloved associate, Francis E. Foxen, and whereas we the members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association are desirous of presenting a testimonial of our love for our young companion and our sorrow in his sudden death, therefore be it

Resolved, That we have lost a true friend and brother, and an earnest and efficient fellow-member; and while we submit with faith and resignation to the wise and benign decrees of Almighty God yet we cannot suppress our sin-

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cere sorrow that Death has thus early snatched from us our gifted young friend.

Resolved, That we impart our feeble consolation to the grief-stricken hearts of the relatives of the deceased in this their hour of affliction, and that with pure faith and hope we will offer up our prayers for the repose of his soul in that bright realm where "sorrow and pain enter not."

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread in the Journal of our Society, that a copy be sent to the parents of the deceased, and also to the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC and *Detroit Free Press.*

D. J. O'CONNELL,	J. W. MINTON,	} Committee.
J. DORE,	W. BYRNE,	
F. J. WEISENBURGER,	T. J. SOLON,	
C. HAKE,	A. K. SCHMIDT,	
T. MCNAMARA,	R. DOWNEY,	

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