

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Horæ Vagabundæ—Student Rambles.

A Morning in Heidelberg—A German Market—Women and Dogs—Saint Ursula and her Legend—Ascent of the Rhine—Passing Bonn—The Dragon's Rock—Suppressed Convents—A Sketch of the Highland Scenery—Coblentz and Ehrenbreitstein—Emperor William's Castle—The "Two Brothers"—The "Cat and The Mouse"—The Syren—Haunted Lurlei Rock—The Altar of Bacchus—The Mouse Tower—Fair Bingen—Rheingau Wines—Mayence—Hesse-Darmstadt—Bergstrasse and the Odenwald—The Neckar—At Heidelberg.

HEIDELBERG, August 25.

This morning I took my first stroll about Heidelberg. Oh, how delightful the scene which greeted me! It was showery last evening, but this morning the sun shone brightly over blue the hills down the Neckar's narrow valley, bestowing upon dripping vine and shrub countless tiny crystals, and silvering the gauzy vapor which still slumbered on the summit of the Kaiserstuhl. Midway down this thickly-wooded hill, half hidden among linden, beech and dark fir-trees, the massive old ruined castle, festooned with ivy, stands like a giant sentinel with solemn air keeping guard over the town below. From the gabled-roofs of the town, gray smoke curls upward, till lost among the gilt-edged clouds floating in the azure sky. About the streets loiter students, wearing on the side of their head a little cap, without a visor, banded round with colors of their different associations. On the clear, green Neckar a few sculls, rowed by students, glide up and down the swift current. While I write, the church bells of Heidelberg and neighboring villages chime forth melodiously, calling upon all Christians to assemble and worship God, and thank Him for innumerable blessings. I fancy our SCHOLASTIC reader has no inclination to accompany me to church, so I will bid farewell to Heidelberg for a while in order that I may complete my narrative enant Cologne and describe the trip thence to my present abode.

Cologne's principal market is held in the Alter Markt, an open square prominently situated three blocks from the Cathedral, and an equal distance from the river. As in most continental cities, there are no market-houses in Cologne; in the Alter Markt there are no stalls—not even benches. The market-women sit or stand along the sides of the square, around them baskets of vegetables and fruit. Both venders and purchasers are females, and their

tongues waggle continually. The former chatter to advertise their goods, the latter to buy as cheaply as possible. On extra pfenning occasions lengthy and warm debate, and for closeness of bargains these women have no equals. Men, perhaps, feel that they should have but a slim chance at this important meeting of business-like dames, and therefore no men come to market. As one poor fellow endeavored to drive through this crowded square, during one of my visits to the market, his horse shied and upset several baskets. Instantly four or five stalwart country women were on their feet, and it was most amusing to see them and hear the abuse showered on that solitary man. It is possible I did not see all the commodities for sale at market, as an abominable smell from sauerkraut, pickled fish and animated cheese kept me a moderate distance from their baskets. Peasant women moved about the market place, bearing high baskets on their heads. They are strong, heavily-built people, and remarkably straight. Some assert that this arrow-like straightness, which is characteristic of German and Italian female peasants, results from carrying burdens upon the head. Very probably this is true, since they must walk erect to keep the load well balanced, and moreover it would be impossible to support upon the head a burden almost as heavy as the bearer unless the shoulders are thrown back and the head kept erect, because in that position the body is strongest for such purposes.

Here old and young women toil like slaves. It really saddens me when I see these good-hearted, faithful creatures from morning till night doing sheer drudgery which, if Europe's standing-army system were abolished, would be performed by men. However, I believe it is out-door labor which makes German women live so long. This country has an immense number of old dames, who are ever at work, and seem never to wear out. Throughout Germany so many yellow, shrivelled-up old women are seen laboring that a person might be led to think either that they do not die or else that they breathe their last while at work. Dogs in Germany are beasts of burden, and they and the women share the tourist's pity. Both are treated rather badly, but there is this privilege accorded the petticoat class that is denied the canine race: women are allowed full use of their tongues, whereas the dogs are always muzzled. Dogs wear harness, and draw carts which contain weighty loads. A good price is paid in Germany and Belgium for large dogs. They trot along, a woman usually driving. So kind-hearted are they that I have often seen a female driver help a dog to pull the loaded cart. An American student at the University of Berlin assured me that he once saw in the same city, on Potsdamer Strasse, a dog and a woman drawing a small wagon in which sat an able-bodied man, most probably

the woman's husband, who seemed perfectly contented and was smoking his pipe.

Of course I visited St. Ursula's Chapel. It is located on the Ursula Platz, in the northern portion of Cologne. This time-honored structure contains St. Ursula's reliquary, and the ashes of her companions martyred with her. Round the wall are a series of oil-paintings commemorating St. Ursula's history. On one side is an alabaster statue of St. Ursula with a dove resting near her feet. Among these creative people our Saint's history has not escaped being mingled with fable, and St. Ursula has become the heroine of a somewhat romantic legend. It may be stated briefly in this manner: Ursula, the daughter of a British king, was a perfect model of virtue, and her distinguished personal charms were in keeping with the purity of her heart; her wooers were numerous, but as she had consecrated herself to heaven by a vow of virginity, she refused all earthly love. The reasons given for her leaving Britain are various. Some versions maintain that she went on a pilgrimage to the Eternal City. However, I have chosen another explanation of her departure for unknown lands. Among those who sought Ursula's hand was Comon, son of Agrippinus, King of Cologne. This offer also would have been declined by the pious maiden had not a heavenly messenger warned her in a dream that her vow did not bind, as God willed that she should bring these pagan rulers and their people to a knowledge of Himself.

The vow had been made to please her Lord, and as He required a sacrifice of her will she most readily consented. Accordingly Ursula, and eleven thousand blooming virgins selected from all parts of Britain, clad in white, the emblem of innocence, set out from their native land, and in due time sailed up the Rhine. Through counsel received from a second apparition, they passed Cologne and continued to ascend the river in order to visit the tombs of Peter and Paul. That band of holy maidens crossed the Alps, proceeded to Rome, and after receiving the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff, they returned to Cologne. King Agrippinus, Comon, and many subjects were so moved by St. Ursula's exhortations that they desired to be admitted into the new religion, and were therefore baptized. Before Ursula was wedded to Comon, Attila and his Huns took Cologne, and put all its inhabitants, including Ursula and her companions, to the sword. Thus Ursula did not cease to be a virgin, espoused to Christ, while she led her bridegroom and many others into the Christian fold and won the crown of martyrdom for herself and companions.

Both prelates and laymen reject the wonderful portion of this legend, and few if any admit the fabulous number of the virgins. Several theories have been advanced to show how 'eleven thousand' was mistaken for the real number. The one which seems best founded and is most widely accepted maintains that our Saint had only eleven companions, and this error grew out of reading the inscription "*S. Ursula et XI M V*" as St. Ursula and Eleven Thousand Virgins, whereas it should be interpreted St. Ursula and eleven martyred virgins. The Roman Martyrology, which usually recites the history of those saints of whom it takes notice, only has written the words "St. Ursula and her Companions, Virgins, Martyrs." All in this connection which learned hagiographers agree is absolutely historical is that St. Ursula was a British princess, that she, together with many Christian maidens, suf-

fered martyrdom near Cologne, about the middle of the fifth century, at the hands of barbarians,—very probably Huns under Attila. It is evident the legend has not perverted but simply embellished these main facts, and over the gaps a thin veil woven from uncertain traditions and poetical resources has been spread. Moreover, when that extravagantly colored veil is lifted there is no reason for refusing to believe those historical facts. No one would think of rejecting the biblical history of the Creation merely because it differs in parts from the cosmogonies of Chaldea, Persia, Egypt, Phenicia, India and China, nor would any one set up the allegorical description of that event in Hesiod's Theogony or Ovid's fables to disprove the authenticity of the Mosaic record. On the contrary, however much, through various causes, the accounts may be interspersed with myths, and distorted by gross error, they always coincide strikingly in some material part with the first chapters of the Book of Genesis, and this universal agreement is a grand proof that the Holy Bible is the pure fount of truth. In like manner it is plain that not only the legend affords no ground for disputing the facts of St. Ursula's life, but indeed corroborates her history. When I consider how early her martyrdom occurred, and circumstances surrounding it; when I reflect upon what must have been the sanctity of her life, and how strong a temptation was presented poetic genius to enrich her biography with marvellous creations; when I remember that she was martyred in a land where the very air seems surcharged with fable, and that the circumstances of her life and death were confided to a people who live among spectres, witches, goblins, fairies—it seems to me remarkable that this legend has not strayed farther from truth and has not assumed a more extravagant character.

On Friday morning, the 23d of August, I took leave of Cologne and boarded the steamer "*Deutscher Kaiser*" for Mayence. Many travellers coming out of Switzerland and France imagine they can get a good idea of the beauties of the river by a steamboat-ride down the Rhine. When started they discover their mistake. A fast steamer's motion is accelerated by the rapidity of the current, and one is carried so swiftly that he catches just a glimpse of charming scenes which vanish behind almost the same instant they are descried in front. A trip of the kind is invariably unsatisfactory, and those whose knowledge of the Rhine's beauties is limited to such a trip not unfrequently under-estimate what has been thus imperfectly seen. If after coming down they should then go up the stream, they would receive very different impressions.

While moving through the flat country between Cologne and Bonn, we met immense rafts of lumber—provided with huts to shelter their crews—floating down the stream, and passed many very large tugs drawing lines of six or seven freighted schooners. Before steam was utilized on the Rhine as a motive power for vessels, they were towed up the river by horses, as they are now on canals. We pass on the right Bonn, famous for its University and as the birth-place of Beethoven, and enter a gorge where begins that picturesque and charming scenery which extends from Godesbergh to Bingen. We are carried past the Seven Mountains on the left, and prominent among them, close to the river, is Drachenfels, or the Dragon's Rock. It is thus called according to the legend that the cavern on the mountain's side was once the den of a monster dragon, the terror of the surrounding country. In vul

nerable Siegfried killed this ferocious beast, and erected a castle whose ruins crown the mountain. A red wine made from grapes which grow on the sides of Drachenfels is called "Dragon's Blood." Not far on the right-hand side is the lofty and precipitous Rolandseck, bearing on its summit a crumbling arch—the last remains of the brave Roland's Castle. Just below, on Nonnenwerth Island, nestles now, as then, amongst fruit and shade trees a Convent's white walls, glistening in the sunshine, peeping forth modestly, reminding us that this emerald isle was once the sanctuary to which Charlemagne's heroic yet heart-broken knight, from his castle on the Rolandseck, often and lingeringly gazed in search of his beloved bride, Hildegunde, as the nuns moved about performing their devotions. In the general suppression of religious houses in Prussia, Nonnenwerth was included, and no longer do angelic virgins hymn Jehovah's praises within its ancient cloister. How unjust is the Prussian Government in persecuting those men and women whose life is devoted to their Maker's service and to deeds of benevolence for the welfare of humanity! What an outrage that pious religious should be ruthlessly driven from their monastic homes hallowed by saintly associations and endeared by the memory of centuries!

The steamer's upper deck was crowded with passengers, the majority of whom were English and American. On all sides I heard expressions of delight at the scenery around us. I myself was excessively enthusiastic; and no wonder, since the panorama now was ever intensely beautiful and occasionally almost sublime. The river winds along between chains of hills, which at times completely wall in the Rhine, as the Palisades do the Hudson; then again, a series of rugged peaks are seen, and between them narrow and savage ravines. Frequently, though, crags give place to slanting hills, over which vines, loaded with clusters of grapes, climb to the very top. Often in the midst of the craggy or steep and woody mountains lie smiling villas, embedded in fruit orchards and richly cultivated gardens. Many towns adorn both banks, while at short distances headlands and ridges are capped with grim storied castles and ruins. This is a rough sketch—only a few strokes—of the Rhine's course through its Highlands.

We passed the historic ruins of Hammerstein, the towns of Andernach and Neuwied, and when well around a long bend there described by the river we beheld the Gibraltar of the Rhine—Ehrenbreitstein Fortress; and, opposite, Coblenz covering an angle formed by the confluence of the picturesque and wildly romantic Moselle and the Rhine.

"Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her heights
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light:
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain;
But peace destroy'd what war could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain—
On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain."

This fortress has since then been restored, and Ehrenbreitstein's stronghold bids fair to defy her assailants in the future as it had in the past. This mighty fortification stands on a precipitous eminence almost four hundred feet above the water, and can only be approached from one side. The bridge of boats opened; we move through, under the high railroad bridge, and city and fortress

disappear behind us. We are now within the middle Highlands, and here the Rhine may boast of charms not equally possessed by any river on earth. The Hudson is, I think, of all the rivers I have seen, the most like the Rhine,—nay more, I believe that in natural beauty along the entire course our Hudson is peerless; yet it has no ruins, legends, or vineyards. Along the Rhine now, on almost every mountain stands a castle or mouldering ruin—sometimes two or three being in sight at once, and to each is attached a fascinating legend. Soon, on the right, the black-eagle banner was seen fluttering over the highest tower of Stolzenfels Castle. It is owned by Emperor William, but, like the majority of royal residences in Europe, is very seldom tenanted by the sovereign. This ancient restored chateau is perched upon the brow of a steep, shrub-covered hill more than three hundred feet high, while immediately in the background mountains rise several hundred feet higher. Elaborate architectural ornamentation, a handsome Gothic chapel, loopholed battlements, bartizans, angular and pinnacled ramparts, numerous turrets and towers, either square, pentagonal or hexagonal, of different heights, combine to make this externally one of the most beautiful castles in Europe. Two or three miles further on is the Königsstuhl, a vaulted octagonal hall, provided with stone seats for the seven Electors who assemble there to discuss important matters of state and elect an emperor.

Two more curves and we are carried below the rectangular walls of the quaint old town of Boppard, and in view of Sternberg and Liebenstein, called the "Two Brothers." These ruins surmount two adjoining naked peaks, and, close by, several other conical peaks loom up, opening between them rocky glens, and give to this spot a gloomy grandeur. A short distance beyond, famous cherry-tree orchards embosom the hamlet of Salzig. On our left we see the Cat and the Mouse, and on our right the majestic ruin of Rheinfels. The scenery has become grand, the river narrow, the valley contracted; the bang of a gun and the echoes which it awakens reminds us that this mountain above is Lurlei Berg, an immense rock, without castle or ruin, its front resembling in shape the human countenance. Lurlei was once the abode of a lovely siren whose bewitching charms and sweet voice enticed towards her many an amorous knight or spell-bound boatman till they met their doom in whirling rapids at her feet. These rocks in the channel were once seven maidens of Schönburg, but the Rhine-God changed them into stony masses, in punishment for cruelly disdaining the affection of their lovers. Oberwesel* is delightfully situated, with its high round tower, at this extremity; and at the farther end, on the crest of a lofty eminence, are the crumbling towers of Schönburg. A little ways up the river, on the left, the remains of Gutenfels cling to the summit of a barren peak and frown down on the town of Kaub, spread in the narrow space at the water's edge. Gutenfels belonged to the Counts Palatine, and here it is said the fair Guta or Beatrice of Falkenstein was wooed and won by Richard of Cornwallis, elected Emperor after the death of Conrad IV. In mid-channel, the six-sided Pfalz, with its turrets and pentagonal tower, looks like a dismal prison. A small cell is shown inside, where, as a

* Oberwesel is on the palisades overlooking the Rhine. The place is said to be noted for its echo. German students, resorting here, take a delight in crying out, "Who is the burgomaster of Oberwesel?" and the echo comes, loud and clear, in the closing syllables of the last word, "Asel!"

tradition reports, the Countesses Palatine gave birth to their children. Some of our passengers remarked a resemblance between this and the Chateau of Chillon. We passed on our right Bacharach, *i. e.*, the Altar of Bacchus, —and the "Deutscher Kaiser" hurried on among the rugged heights which continue to enclose the Rhine. Many of these age-blackened ruins were strongholds of robber barons, and were dismantled by Rudolph of Hapsburg. Rheinstein Castle, a stately pile rebuilt in mediæval style, stands on the brink of a perpendicular cliff in the midst of a romantic landscape. Rheinstein's magnificent aspect cannot fail to excite admiration. Ehrenfels Castle appeared next on the left; in front of it, on an island, the Mouse Tower, wherein, according to the legend, Bishop Hatto was, on account of his evil deeds, eaten up by myriads of ferocious mice.

The valley has gradually widened, and the scenery grows milder as we approach Bingen.

My first school declamation was that pathetic lyric beginning "The soldier of the legend"—*Bingen on the Rhine*, —and often in boyish fancy had I rambled over the vintage slopes of calm Bingen; therefore it affords me great pleasure to view what my imagination had frequently pictured. The river Nahe, which empties into the Rhine at Bingen, separates Hesse Darmstadt from Prussia. As we lose sight of Bingen, we skirt the vineyards of Rheingau whose luxuriant grapes make the best Rhine wines. Passing Petersau island, where Louis Debonnaire died, we at last reach Mayence. Ahead of us is a bridge of boats; also seven water mills, anchored to seven buttresses, the only remnants of a bridge which Charlemagne caused to be thrown across the river. As the sinking sun illumined with a ruby glow the steeples and windows of Mayence, we landed on its handsome quay.

Supper over, I retired to my room to note the occurrences of the trip, but soon becoming lost in dream-like reverie my pen remained idle. Fiction and facts, warlike deeds and fairy fables suggested during the day, crowded upon me. The airy beings peopling supernatural tales seemed instinct and moving in vivid panorama. I thought of the Rhine's history from the time when Julius Cæsar led his army—over the bridge which he had built across the river—among the fierce Teutonic tribes who took refuge within the solitudes of impenetrable forests, until long after the day when Bonaparte crossed to invade Russia with an army of almost half a million of men;—of the early ages, when the banks of the Rhine re-echoed the Barbarians' war-cry and the clash of arms which culminated in Roman victory or Roman defeat;—of the chivalric period, with its tournaments, jousts, knightly duels, castle banquets, revelry, fair ladies, brave and gallant knights;—of lord and follower who assumed the red cross and did marvellous deeds of arms to avenge the wrongs and murder of their fellow-Christians and to recover the Holy Sepulchre from Paynim thralldom;—of later ages, when the battles fought and treaties made decided the destiny of emperor, king, and nation, and changed the face of Europe. What other river has a history equal to this! That of the Nile is more remote, but the Rhine possesses the grandest and most splendid history. Think of all this as the record of a single day, and who would not suffer the discomfort of a sea-voyage for the sake of a tour in Europe?

Next morning I started out early to see Mayence, visited the house in which Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, was born, the stately Dom of St. Martin, whose tombs and

monuments inside make it a miniature Westminster; the citadel, wherein is a mass of rock, the remains of a monument erected by Drusus' troops in memory of their leader; also other points of interest in the city. Ascending zigzag streets to St. Stephen's Church, a Gothic edifice completed in 1318, I pulled the bell-wire at the entrance of the great tower. Immediately a faint shout is heard above, as a little bag containing the door-key whirls rapidly to the ground near me. It is a queer way to say "Come in,"—however, it meant this. After clambering until tired, I found myself in a neatly-finished room in which sat the sexton and his rosy frau, around them their chubby little children, whose play seemed to have been interrupted by my sudden intrusion. The sexton's clerical dress and excessive politeness made me at first doubt to whom I was beholden. Nevertheless I gave him the key, and, having provided himself with a field-glass, he led me to a tower-gallery 425 feet above the Rhine. In a mixture of German, bad French, worse Latin, and barbarous English, he endeavored to give me a history and description of Mayence, Roman ruins, battle-fields, the Rhine district, and whatever he pointed out. When I had listened to his jargon, and enjoyed the magnificent landscape for a half-hour, I dropt a couple of marks into the old man's palm, started towards my hotel, paid my bill, got my valise, and took an afternoon train for Heidelberg.

The cars cross the Rhine by a fine bridge to the mouth of the river Main, opposite, and soon arrive in Darmstadt, the quiet capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse. A few minutes' delay, and then our train dashed through the well-tilled and fertile fields. From Eberstadt to Weinheim the railroad follows close on the right of the Bergstrasse, a national highway originally laid out by Roman soldiers. Before reaching Zwingenberg we espy Melibocus, one of the highest peaks of the Odenwald, a mountain range which the Bergstrasse borders all the way to Heidelberg. This chain of hills have their sides next to us sometimes covered with dense forests and sometimes bedecked with vines and fruit trees, while at intervals abbeys and castles are visible. Beyond the walled Ladenburgh, named by the Romans Lupodunum, we passed across a red stone bridge which spans the sparkling Neckar, and at last are in Heidelberg.

ALPHA.

Exchanges.

—The *Notre Dame Scholastic* seems slow to acknowledge that it has been severely castigated by the *K. M. I. News*, for reviewing the latter's pet article, "Secret Fraternities." We are bound to say that as yet we haven't been able to see that it has been so very much cut up by our friend from Kentucky.—*Philosophian Review*.

Probably you wish to take up the *Scholastic's* fight. It's free for all; don't hesitate.—*K. M. I. News*.

It is the privilege of the *Philosophian Review*, certainly, as it is the privilege of any other paper or magazine, to express its opinions, *pro or con*, on the subject referred to; but as the *K. M. I. News* has not yet refuted the arguments either of *The Sunbeam* or the *Scholastic*, it is hardly necessary at present, for a third paper to enter the lists on the negative side of the question.

—Though the *Notre Dame Scholastic* may occasionally differ from us, yet we seldom receive an Ex. whose general "make-up" impresses us more favorably than that of the *Scholastic*.—*K. M. I. News*.

Bravo, *K. M. I.*! We feared, from the tone of your discourse in controversy, that you would go to extremes. We like to meet a man of your stamp—one who, notwithstanding his prejudices, conquers self so far as to give a cheerful meed of praise to those who, opposed to him in some re-

spects, are honest in the convictions that have called forth this opposition, while in others, apparently their opposite, they are equally honest and outspoken. We are glad to know that although we cannot agree with our friend of the *K. M. I. News* regarding the beneficial influence of secret fraternities in college, he does not, like many, wish to put us outside the pale of society or even to exclude us from social relations in other respects. A word, on account of the manner in which it is spoken, often shows the speaker's heart. We have no bone to pick with the advocates of secret fraternities; they have no relations with us, nor we with them; they have never injured us, nor do we wish to injure them; but when the question of benefit, of good or evil or doubtful tendency is mooted, we will not be backward in giving our honest opinion. If, on the contrary, there be anything doubtful in regard to our associations, practices or customs, we are equally willing to see the question discussed,—prepared to defend with all our might as long as we can conscientiously do so, but at all times open to conviction. We hope we shall never so far forget our manhood as to sell a conviction or to uphold what we know to be wrong. Our object is simply to discuss questions on paper in the same friendly spirit that we would in social converse.

—The *NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC* contains a review of an article in the *Catholic Shield* entitled "Half-hours with Modern Philosophers." Judging from his style we would assume that the writer had been with them more than "half-hours;" for he rides slashing right and left through a host of lesser philosophers from Bacon to Mills, and even touches the mighty shields of Locke and Comte. When he comes to deal with the doctrine of evolution, his stock of patience is evidently exhausted, and like the statesman of old, he exclaims, "Let no man complain of strong language." He describes evolution as a doctrine that "excludes all knowledge of a Creator, begets doubt and nihilism in philosophy, anarchy in politics, and in morals would sanctify all that is vile and impure." How a man could write this after reading part first of Spencer's *First Principles* seems doubtful; but the mystery is cleared away when we learn that the cure for all this is the Catholic Church, "which even its enemies recognize as the only barrier of any consequence that opposes the advancing flood of paganism in the guise of philosophy."—*Coup d'Etat*.

If a person reads only Spencer's *First Principles*, he will, no doubt, be disposed to take the Evolution Theory for what it is not always represented by its advocates, but after wading through Darwin's meaningless twaddle of *suppositions*,—suppositions only, suppositions first and last and all the time—he will be apt to get sick of the Evolution Theory. If not, Haeckel should certainly prove a powerful emetic. We speak of the so-called "advanced" theory of Evolution, of course. Darwin's works on Evolution—that is, Evolution in the sense in which he, Huxley, Spencer, Haeckel, and the rest of that ilk view it—remind us of the Cockney's show of "Daniel in the Lions' Den." Looking through an odd-looking stereoscope, a young Cockney saw a man with a cotton umbrella under his arm and a dog at his side, and asked, "Vich is Daniel and vich is the lion?" The exhibitor coolly answered: "Vich you please: you pays your money and you takes your choice." That is about as much satisfaction as one gets from reading Darwin's many and big volumes, and Darwin originated the Evolution theory.

—The *Cornell Era* is an admirably conducted college paper. While not wanting in attention to athletic sports, it nevertheless does not ignore or discountenance literary effort. In a word, it wishes to be more than a mere college newspaper, or perhaps it would be better to say a college newspaper of the higher order. An editorial in its issue for December the 2d gives some good advice to students who, through no fault of their own, do not make great progress in their studies. We reproduce the following extract, and regret that space forbids giving the entire rattle:

"There are a plenty of good, honest students who bewail their poor memories and the fact that they have gained only a 'smattering.' They consider their time wasted; they lament that they were not more thorough. But, we think there is no great cause for discouragement. A recent writer tersely says: 'A large part of our knowledge is to be considered as nutriment, or as intellectual exercise; and we should no more lament over its loss than because we do not remember what we had for breakfast a year ago to-day, or the exact length of the invigorating walk we took on that breezy morning week before last. God

has evidently arranged the powers of the human mind in such a way that we must forget a great deal, however carefully we strive to remember all we can. If we have forgotten some things that were good and pleasant, we have luckily blotted from our minds not a little that was noxious and unattractive.

"A person must consider the purpose for which he came to college before he condemns the smattering he retains. If his business in life is such that it requires more than a smattering of a certain subject, then he should indeed deplore his lack of thoroughness. The days of Admirable Crichtons are past. One must be content to be ignorant of many things. Bishop Whately says very truly of this much decried smattering: 'What then is the smattering, the imperfect and superficial knowledge that does deserve so much contempt? A slight and superficial knowledge is justly condemned when it is put in the place of more full and exact knowledge. Such an acquaintance with chemistry and anatomy, for instance, as would be creditable and not useless to a lawyer would be contemptible for a physician; and such an acquaintance with law as would be desirable for him, would be a most discreditable smattering for a lawyer.'

"Let then a man keep in mind his purpose in life when he criticises himself. If he does not intend to engage in further scientific studies, but intends to lead what is commonly called a "practical life," we think he has no mean advantage over others, if he has a smattering only, which they have not, if he has enough acquaintance with a science to be able to appreciate the value of new discoveries or methods and the work of scientific men. In fact, if a smattering were more wide spread Science would feel its benefit."

—*Church's Musical Visitor* for December is a fine holiday number of that very popular musical magazine. It opens with a few really poetical Christmas verses by the editor of the *Visitor*, Mr. James Murray, who, it seems, to his high qualifications as a musical composer and critic, adds the no less artistic accomplishment of expressing melodiously the music of the heart. The reading matter of the holiday number is very good, as usual, although the customary "weighty" articles on music have their place occupied by something more in keeping with the season. When our voice began to change from a very fair soprano, and passed on through various grades of harshness and squeak until it settled into a baritone in timbre, we felt bad about it for a while, and for the benefit of those of our sweet-voiced younger readers who have yet to pass through the ordeal, we clip the following on "The Human Voice":

"Startling revelations about the human voice have been made by a French physician. Careful experiments convinced him that both among animals and men the voice is more sharp and piercing in the lower than in the higher species or races. The ancients also (he says) had more shrill voices than later generations—a fact which he ascertained by means of the phonograph used by Homer and dug up by Schliemann. If we add to these facts the consideration that in the individual, too, the voice gradually changes from soprano to tenor and through baritone to bass, it would follow (as a corollary of the Darwinian law that the developments of the individual is a recapitulation of that of the race) that in course of time tenors and sopranos are destined to disappear altogether, leaving only altos and basses. Right here comes in the use of the phonograph. The last surviving sopranos and tenors will, doubtless, be employed by Government to devote their life to singing into the phonograph for the benefit of future generations, who would, otherwise, be deprived of this luxury. And thus Edison's name will be cleared of the awful imputation that in the phonograph he invented a mere scientific toy. But our Frenchman has some further observations to make. Blondes, he says, usually have higher voices than brunettes, which is borne out by the observation that sopranos and tenors are usually of light, basses and altos of dark complexion. Among earnest and intelligent folks bass voices prevail, while the frivolous are tenors. Before dinner, too, the voice is higher than after dinner, a circumstance which compels tenors to dine early, in order to preserve the high pitch of their voice. Finally the use of spirituous liquors leads to congestion of the larynx, wherefore, tenors must be sparing in the use of them, while basses may drink and eat as much as they please. Temperance people should take note of this, and in future persecute only tenors and sopranos."

The man that wrote that had a bass voice, of course. The music of the holiday number of the *Visitor* is unexceptionably good. "Chapel Chimes at Christmas," by James R. Murray; "Marequita," a Spanish serenade song, by Richard Goerdeler, op. 133; "A Tress of Mother's Hair," song and chorus,—words and music by James E. Stewart. The *Visitor* is published monthly by John Church & Co., 36. W. 4th St., Cincinnati; subscription, \$1 a year.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, December 17, 1881.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FIFTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—Prof. Luigi Gregori has kindly consented to favor us with an occasional article on art. We are pleased to note the artist's kindly interest in our journal and heartily wish that others near home would imitate his good example in this respect.

COMPOSITION IN PAINTING.

Composition in painting is the expressive idea of any subject made visible by representations of bodies. It is the expressive idea, for it does not suffice to have conceived the subject which is to be represented, but it requires that its expression be fully equal to that which the appearance of distinct bodies shows. In order to attain success in these representations they should be founded on the same principles that govern the teacher or student of oratory or elocution which have for their object the clear and forcible expression of facts and a desire to please, to move or persuade the minds and hearts of their hearers. The only difference between oratory, elocution, and pictorial pantomime being that the former is expressed by words and the latter by the representation of objects. As a picture obtains its durable permanence from drawing, representing as it does, the images of bodies, giving feeling, life and motion to objects in order to touch the hearts of spectators and make fictitious objects seem real to their eyes, so oratory or elocution take also from drawing the origin of their visible existence. To show this fact, the Egyptians, in order to communicate their thoughts to posterity, depicted events and discoveries which they thought necessary and drew objects adapted to explain the subjects they

wished to mention. But this manner requiring too great a labor, they abbreviated it by marking only the principal events or points, for instance; to express a bad or unstable character they represented a man with his feet in water, and afterwards surrounded the figure by hieroglyphics. This happened before the Egyptians and Assyrians knew how to draw the letters that introduced the alphabetical writing with which we preserve and make visible oratory and figures of elocution in all their force and beauty. Pictorial representations not only aim to show human actions but all that is visible in the universe. To accomplish this in a worthy and acceptable manner, it is necessary that we should be guided by certain rules so that knowing the principles of art, one cannot err; it being the highest art that gives reasons and principles by which we may follow the truths of nature, and by nature is meant not only the external forms, but the internal effects and intrinsic properties of whatever can be imitated.

TRUTH OF COMPOSITION.

It is certain that the first office of the artist is to plan the subjects as nature represents them. It is well, then, to establish a foundation, to regulate the truths of the art of representation in order to give a clear idea of the subject and have it express nothing other than what it is meant for. Art should then imitate most closely and rigidly the images of bodies, and their various natures, so that the ideas produced may be able to persuade and surprise the beholders with a delight which renders them satisfied.

DIVISION OF HEROIC COMPOSITION AND THE USE OF IT.

Heroic composition in painting is divided in historical and allegorical. The historical represents facts as they are; the allegorical are figurative representations which put us in possession of a truth or an idea intended to be expressed. To the true in history it is permissible to add that which might likely have happened or is believed probably to have taken place. Additions of this kind oftentimes serve to clothe the subject with a certain grandeur and clearness, idealizing in its most admirable and acceptable form a certain truth or fact that might have occurred, thus embellishing the idea with all the accessorial circumstances that might render it more evident, more pathetic, and more elevated. In allegorical composition, on which work the inventive faculties are particularly brought into play, it is allowable to introduce all that can express with nobility and clearness the meaning that is meant to be conveyed. Appelle, eminent in allegories, gives us an example, which is both valuable and beautiful, of the facts already mentioned. Having been accused of rebellion against king Polomeo, by the painter Antifilo, he was condemned to death; the sentence was not executed, however, his innocence having become known. The vile calumniator was condemned to be his slave, and they gave him one hundred talents. He represented this fact in an allegorical painting which he called "Calumny." He pictured Antifilo, with the ears of a donkey, between the figures of Ignorance and Suspicion, in the act of extending his hand to Calumny which, escorted by Envy, and served by Deceit and Falsity, comes emblazoned with fierce aspect, holding in her left hand a lighted torch, and with the right hand holding by the hair a youth who, with entreating action, seemed imploring testimony from heaven of his innocence. On the other side is pictured Repentance with sorrowful appearance, dressed in a dark and ragged robe; turning his head, he looks at Truth, who, joyful as well as modest,

and modest as well as beautiful, comes to save Innocence. The meaning and ideas of the artist are here depicted very clearly in allegorical form. He wished to represent his rival as a suspicious character, and making his ignorance a slave to calumny, torments his enemy until Truth, discovering innocence, exposes the crime. It is very necessary in allegory that the artist should place his whole mind on the nature of the object which he desires to symbolize. In moral subjects and abstractions it is generally preferable to represent particular feats; as for instance, in love of country it might be represented by Decio, who throws himself into a crater for the sake of his country. The spirit of the true love of justice, by Brutus, who condemned his own sons to death for the crime of rebellion, etc., etc. To conclude, in any fact or action to be represented in painting, either real or ideal, it is necessary to adopt an interpretation that can be readily understood by all.

—Books are like men, patronage often takes the place of merit, and merit can never get along without patronage. A thousand circumstances totally foreign to the merit of a book make its reputation. If the work appears under favorable circumstances; for instance, if it flatters the pride of a sect, of a party or a nation; if it attacks powerful men; if passion is interested in praising it, by an almost unanimous consent it will be praised to the skies, and amidst the thunders of applause contradiction is not heard; and when men begin to hear, the time for sober thought is past.

There is not, at least in France, a greater reputation than that of Montesquieu, but in this respect no one was more lucky; everything was united in his favor. A powerful sect absolutely yearned to adopt him, and offered him glory as an incentive; the English even consented to pay him in current praise for his chapter on their constitution, and as a cap to this climax of honor, he was poorly attacked and well defended. It served him the part of an apotheosis. But look into other countries, seek out the cool and calculating wisdom-eaters, on whom style exercises no seductive power, and you will be surprised to hear that "the *Esprit des lois* is a pernicious book, which has, however, made much noise on account of the great erudition remarked therein and some other inexplicable circumstances." The praise is meagre, yet he who passed this judgment was, without contradiction, one of the most illustrious men the last century deigned to honor. . . . Would you like to honor the book of the 18th century that least of all merited its reputation? It is precisely the one that is most universally praised: "the *Essay on the Human Understanding*," by Locke. Every kind of defect is piled up in this work. Superficiality under the appearance of depth, sophisms, palpable contradictions, abuse of words even while reproaching others for the same; immense edifices built upon spiders' webs, hurtful principles, insupportable repetitions and verbiage, even rudeness, that nothing might be wanting. Nothing, for example, is so inspired as the exordium, which would hardly be permitted in "Blue Beard" or the Fairy Tales. How did he gain his reputation? At the beginning of the last century, men, who had grown large enough on Protestantism, were ready for impiety. Bayle had raised the standard, and everywhere was perceived a restlessness, a revolt of pride against all the received or revealed truths, and a general inclination to distinguish one's self by independence and novelty of opinion. Locke appeared, and with the influence of his estim-

able character, a merited reputation, and the authority of a great nation, he told men or rather *re-told* them, (for in folly there is nothing new,) "that all our knowledge comes through the senses, and the human understanding is but a dark room." "That no idea of good or evil, of vice or virtue, is original in man." "That men have invented languages," whence it follows that there was a time when none was spoken. "That it is to fail in respect to God and to limit His power, to suppose that He cannot make matter think." "That the faculty of thinking is only an accidental quality of the soul, which can be material."

Europe, half putrid, drank in this diseased doctrine with most fatal avidity. Materialists made it their delight; they translated, abridged, explained, and commented on the *Essay on Human Understanding*; they taught it to youth; they would, as Madam Sevigné said of a work somewhat different, "have made them take it as a soup." Locke is famous with some, because they have become brutish, and they have become so because they have believed him.

Unhappily a reputation thus established is with difficulty shaken. It endures for a reason on which men scarcely reflect, because the book is no longer read. . . . A reputation made, *lasts because it is made*. . . .

All that can be said on the destiny of literary reputations, disappears before the two examples which England presents in the persons of her two principal poets, Milton and Shakspeare. No one thought of the merit of Milton, when Addison, taking up the speaking-trumpet of Great Britain, cried out from the top of London Tower: "Ye Roman authors and Grecian authors, yield to us!" If he had spoken modestly, if he had only found beauties in *Paradise Lost*, he would not have made the least impression; but this cutting decision which displaced Homer and Virgil, struck the English; every one said, how is this! we possessed the first epic poem in the world and no one thought of it! The reputation of Milton then became a national property, a fixed fact.

Every one knows the reply of Pope to Voltaire, who asked why Milton had not put his poems in rhymes: "because he could not." In a post-scriptum to his *Odyssey* Pope makes this observation: "In the places even where clearness is most indispensable Milton uses transpositions and constructions so forced that he can only be understood after a second or third reading."

Chesterfield, who was possessed of taste, talent and knowledge, regarded *Paradise Lost* as one of the most troublesome consequences of Original Sin. "Of all the characters of Milton," wrote he to his son, "I declare that I only know the man and the woman; but I beg of you not to denounce me to our solid divines." However, if the slowness of fame made the shade of this great poet impatient, he has since been well rewarded. Dr. Newton, one of the last commentators on Milton, says expressly, that every man of taste and genius must own that *Paradise Lost* is the most excellent of modern productions, as the Bible is the most perfect of ancient.

The lot of Shakspeare is far more happy and extraordinary. He himself had not, as we know, the least pretension to renown. . . . No one thought of him, and it is a most extraordinary thing that in England the merit of the two greatest poets of the nations is a discovery. I do not know a more curious piece of writing than the preface of Dr. Johnson on his tragedies. This great critic grants the poet all the defects imaginable; faults in the plans, false

wit, immorality, faulty expressions, grossness, indecency buffoonery, redundancy, a never-ending play upon words, etc. There cannot be in the literature of any nation a critic who shows more clearly the influence of circumstances on the reputation of authors. The dry passages of Homer are easily understood, but that the first of tragic poets should habitually offer a collection of all imaginable defects, is what is inconceivable. Other poets paint an ideal nature, Shakspeare alone describes true nature, universal nature, in one word, *natural* nature! Do not laugh at Dr. Johnson, he was one of the best critics England ever produced. He did not believe one word of the fine things he said of Shakspeare, . . . it was simply necessary to defend the national dogmas.

Oh! the wonderful destiny of books! we can never cease admiring it. Seneca once said: "some have renown and others merit." What he said of men, we have at least as much right to say of the productions of the human mind. In our day it is particularly necessary to be on our guard against the reputation of books, for the past 150 years will be forever noted in history as the great era of humbuggery of all kinds, but especially in usurped reputation.

Since our last issue another one of our old companions has passed from our midst. We grieve to record the death of Alexander Korty, of the Senior class of '80-'81.

About eight months ago he was attacked with that dread disease, consumption, growing worse each day until death came to his relief. Deceased was 20 years of age, industrious and full of bright promise. His death is a sad blow to a loving family. He was much beloved by everybody, and the sympathy of many friends go out to the stricken in their deep sorrow.

Local Items.

—Many students wish to know who our "funny man" is.

—"Buttercup" sits next to "Primrose." Where are our botanists?

—"Who would not belong to the German table? Oh, that feast!

—"Moriarty" is booked for a wrestling match with "Charley Ross."

—"Fatty from Boston" says the last SCHOLASTIC was giving us a gag.

—"Open the gate!" said the boy, when the farmer's dog was after him.

—I wonder if anybody told the leader of the "big four" how to pronounce option or summary?

—Mr. Smith is painting a life-size portrait of Master J. Studebaker, son of Clem. Studebaker, Esq., of South Bend.

—The mail at Notre Dame is unusually heavy this week. Prof. Lyons's "Library of Catholic Poets" is doing a rushing business.

—THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL FOR 1882 is now ready. It surpasses all its predecessors of the past seven years. See contents in present number.

—The SCHOLASTIC ED. is indebted to D. C. Smith, of the Philopatrian Society, for his kindly thoughtfulness. The pineapple cheese was a splendid one.

—A half-length portrait in oil of the late Rev. P. Dillon, second President of Notre Dame, has been secured by Prof. Lyons for the St. Cecilia Society room.

—Yesterday a *Requiem* Mass was celebrated by Rev.

Father Ford for the repose of the soul of the late Col. Dunbar, who died Dec. 16th, 1878. *Requiescat in pace!*

—A certain representative of the Keystone State had better leave off some of his tricks. Such actions as we witnessed Sunday afternoon would be unpardonable in a Minim.

—Masters I. Otis, P. P. Johnson, W. J. Miller, F. P. Nester, D. O'Connor, J. S. Chaves, J. H. Dwenger, and Guy Gibson are honorably mentioned for marked improvement in music.

—We have been told that Rev. President Walsh and Rev. Vice-President Toohey are making a thorough examination through all the classes in the Senior, Junior and Minim departments. Prepare, boys!

—The members of the Euglossian and St. Cecilia Associations have tendered Rev. Father Zahm a unanimous vote of thanks for favors at their last Entertainment. The St. Cecilians and Philopatrians also tender their sincere thanks to Rev. President Walsh for favors received on St. Cecilia's day.

—The Minims have a "boss" refectory all to themselves, and from the fact that they remain there several minutes after the Seniors and Juniors leave their refectories, we conclude that the small boys are faithfully adhering to the advice given by Very Rev. Father General at their first dinner there on the 30th ult.

—Through the kindness of Mr. J. D. Coleman, the Curator of the Museum is indebted to Messrs. J. and W. J. Coleman for a valuable collection of Colorado ores. The collection embraces a number of choice specimens of silver and gold ores from several of the recently discovered mines in Colorado, and make quite an addition to the Cabinet of Mineralogy.

—A heavy snow-storm on Saturday, a heavy rain-storm Sunday, and great big caterpillars crawling round trying to lift up the windows and get in. Oh! what a country, where you can have all kinds of weather in the calendar at short notice! You can go skating one day and the next you can chase butterflies around the fields.

—The annual retreat for the students opened on Monday evening last and closed on Thursday, Feast of the Immaculate Conception. It was preached by Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C. The attendance was quite large and the time and opportunity given for relaxation from temporal affairs and an attention to spiritual needs seemed to be thoroughly appreciated.

—The Sorins deserve the highest praise for the manner in which they performed the "New Arts" on the 8th inst. The best judges say that the Drama is very fine. The language, though humorous, is refined and elegant, while the noble aim the genial author had in view, namely, to call attention to the beauty of refined manners, underlies every word of the "New Arts."

—The Philopatrians, last week, enjoyed an excellent treat. It was given by D. C. Smith, whose father kindly sent him a most generous supply of oranges and other delicious fruits, as also nuts, candies, cake, etc., for the benefit of himself and his companions. A more choice or generous donation of the kind has hardly ever been seen at Notre Dame, and the Philopatrians enjoyed their good luck hugely.

—Prof. Ackerman finished last week a large mural painting of St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome. He is now engaged in painting the celebrated ruins of Melrose Abbey Scotland, the last of the series of pictures which decorate the walls of the Seniors' refectory. Immediately after the holidays Prof. Ackerman will begin to embellish the Juniors' refectory with a series of fourteen scenes taken from the most famous sanctuaries of Europe.

—The pilgrimage of the Jubilee was performed on Wednesday last. The students, together with the Rev. Fathers and the Brothers of the Congregation of Holy Cross, marched in procession from the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart to the Portiuncula Chapel, and returned. The Litany of the Saints was chanted while *en route*, and appropriate prayers were offered up in the churches. It was a very solemn and imposing spectacle.

—On Sunday last, two Nimrods started out to look for

wild ducks. On arriving at St. Mary's Lake one of them spied a flock and let fly; suddenly, from a short distance beyond, there came the sound of a chiding voice, which increased itself into a sort of halloo-oo-oo followed by something like—don't you know—tame ducks—etc. The bold hunters immediately struck a ten-mile-an-hour gait, one of them dropping his glasses in his earnest efforts to beat the best time on record.

—We are asked, some days, by at least twenty persons to please say this, or please do that, or please don't forget such a thing in next week's number. Now our good friends imagine that we have nothing else to do but write locals, etc. We would be most happy to accommodate them did time permit us, but as the contrary is the case we will now say that in future we will not notice anything in the SCHOLASTIC that is not written out or handed to us by Wednesday of each week.

—The 12th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Debating Association was held Thursday, Dec. 1st. Debate: "Should Ireland abide by Gladstone's Land-Law"? Affirmative, J. B. O'Reilly, J. Murphy, C. Smith, H. Schmil; Negative, J. R. Marlett, Jos. Kindel, J. Browne, F. W. Wheately; Judges, H. Morse, E. Yrizarri, W. Johnson. Decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative. Appointments for next meeting, Debate: "Was the South justified in seceding?" Affirmative, J. Farrell, J. B. Zettler; negative, J. M. Falvey, C. Tinley.

—The ninth regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on Sunday evening, Dec. 4th. A declamation was delivered by Master W. Miller. The question, "Is Arithmetic a better study than Geography?" was debated. On the affirmative side were Masters Edwin Thomas, J. A. Kelly, W. Devine, C. McGordon, T. Ellis, F. Whitney; on the negative, W. Prindiville, C. Metz, J. Nester, E. Nash, I. Otis, and J. H. Dwenger. Decided in favor of the affirmative. Brother Simon, was proposed for honorary membership, and elected by a unanimous vote, after which the meeting adjourned.

—Large full-length portraits of Cardinals Barnabo and Simeoni have been added to the collection of the Historical Society in Columbian Hall. These distinguished divines have been placed among the benefactors of the University at the request of Father Sorin, on account of the many services they rendered the University and the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Father Sorin has in his possession several gifts which he received for Notre Dame from Cardinal Barnabo, and an excellent oil-painting given to him by Cardinal Simeoni. Both these portraits are from the studio of Mr. J. Francis Smith, whose work needs no recommendation.

—The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was observed in the usual way at Notre Dame. Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Walsh, President of the University, Rev. Fathers Franciscus and Stoffel acted as deacon and subdeacon of the Mass. The singing by the choir under the direction of Prof. Paul was very fine; indeed, we earnestly wish we might be favored a little oftener with such harmony. Solemn Vespers and Benediction were given in the afternoon by Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau. Mr. Sullivan, C. S. C., acted as master of ceremonies, and we doubt if the acolytes and altar-boys ever made a more pleasing appearance than on that day.

—The regular meeting of the Senior Archconfraternity was held Sunday evening, Dec. 4th, Rev. Father Walsh presiding. The ten-minutes' instruction was given by Rev. Father Cooney. Rev. Father Stoffel and Bro. Basil were present; the latter kindly acted as organist. Well-written compositions were read by the following: W. Cleary on "The Jubilee"; T. Clarke on "Retreat," and R. Fleming on "The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary." The following-named were appointed to take part in the next meeting: C. H. Tinley, on "The Angelical Salutation or Angelus"; E. Taggart on "The Festival of Christmas," and W. J. McCarthy on "The Manner of Spending the Vacation." After some remarks by Rev. Father Walsh on the retreat, the meeting adjourned.

—The tenth regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on Sunday the 10th inst.

Compositions were read by several members. The question, "Is the Republican Party Better than the Democratic?" was debated in an earnest and spirited manner by Masters J. J. McGrath, M. E. Devitt, B. Powell, W. Miller, and T. Norfolk on the affirmative, and Master Donn Piatt, D. A. O'Connor, D. L. McCawley, Ryan Devereux, and W. Welch on the negative side. The debate was decided in favor of the negative side. Master F. Scott was elected to membership. The President made a speech, in the course of which he complimented the members on the orderly and creditable manner in which the meetings were conducted. His remarks were received with applause, after which the meeting adjourned.

—One of the most useful and interesting pieces of apparatus that we have examined for a long time is the Pocket Camera, manufactured by Wm. H. Walker, of Rochester, N. Y. With this little instrument, any boy of ordinary intelligence, can, in a few days, master the principles of photography, and take photographs superior to those produced a few years ago by old and experienced artists. And all this is done without the use of poisonous chemicals or large and expensive apparatus. For tourists, educators, and students, we know of nothing more convenient and useful, or capable of affording more genuine enjoyment than the Pocket Camera. The outfit necessary for taking negatives is a marvel of cheapness; the camera, accessories, and chemicals necessary for one hundred negatives, costing only twelve dollars. We have seen a number of photographs taken with the above apparatus, and found them as good as those taken with more expensive instruments. For further information, price lists, etc., apply to W. H. Walker, Rochester, N. Y.

—"New Arts, or Gracful Manners," a beautiful play, written by Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior General, C. S. C., for the benefit of the pupils, was performed by the young ladies of St. Mary's Academy last evening. The hall was tastefully decorated, and over the scenes was placed the motto: "The Dew Drops Nearer Heaven's Fair Light, and Faultless Manners Grace Divine." The play exhibited the most thorough, graceful and successful training. As its name indicates, it teaches that fine manners are essential in every circumstance of life. The parts were admirably taken, and especially worthy of notice were Miss Della Gordon and Miss Annie Cavenor. The occasion was enlivened by some fine vocal and instrumental music by the young ladies. This part of the programme included an instrumental duett by Misses Laura Fendrick and Nettie Galen, an instrumental solo by Miss Fendrick, a vocal solo by Miss Laura French, and instrumental solos by Miss Delia Gordon, Miss Maud Wiley and Miss Mamie Campbell. At the close of the entertainment appropriate remarks were made by Very Rev. Father General and Father Cooney. It was a delightful event for all present. —*South-Bend Sunday Register.*

Roll of Honor.

[The names of those students who appear in the following list are those whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty. They are placed in alphabetical order.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. Anderson, M. D. Anthony, W. Arnold, J. C. Armijo, F. M. Barron, W. H. Bailey, W. I. Browne, J. F. Browne, F. M. Bell, R. Becerra, T. E. Bourbonia, T. Cullin, D. Corry, S. G. Clements, M. J. Carroll, L. F. Calligari, J. J. Conway, T. F. Clarke, C. E. Cripe, G. Clarke, J. Concannon, N. Commerford, A. D. Dorsey, J. Drury, J. P. Delaney, D. Danahy, B. Eaton, F. Ewing, J. Farrell, R. E. Fleming, T. F. Flynn, J. Falvey, C. L. Fishburne, W. W. Gray, A. J. Golonski, F. H. Grever, T. D. Healy, M. F. Healy, W. Johnson, F. E. Kuhn, J. Kindel, A. Kuntsmann, D. Kavanaugh, H. Letterhos, J. C. Larkin, G. E. McErlain, F. X. Murphy, W. McCarthy, C. J. McDermott, J. A. McIntyre, W. H. Morse, J. F. Martin, W. B. McGorrick, E. McGorrick, W. McEniry, J. Nash, H. Noble, J. P. O'Neill, W. O'Connor, J. N. Osher, E. A. Otis, F. Paquette, C. L. Pierson, S. Pillars, S. S. Perley, L. Proctor, J. P. Pfeifer, F. Quinn,

E. J. Ryan, P. Rasche, W. E. Ruger, A. P. Schindler, J. E. Schalk, W. Schofield, B. Schofield, J. Solon, H. Steis, C. A. Tinley, I. Treon, S. B. Terry, C. B. Van Duzen, F. Ward, F. S. Weber, J. A. White, E. D. Yrisarri, A. F. Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

P. Archer, W. Barron, W. Coghlin, C. Echlin, J. Fendrick, R. French, E. Gall, J. Heffernan, T. Hurley, C. Kolars, W. P. Mahon, H. Sell, E. Blackmann, E. Bryant, J. Concannon, E. Cripe, M. Falvey, C. L. Fishburne, A. Jackson, J. Kindle, J. McErlain, J. Nash, S. Perley, F. Wheatly, J. Zettler, J. Conway, W. H. Connor, M. B. Eaton, A. Schiml, F. Ward, E. Yrisarri, D. Corry, N. Commerford, G. Buchanan.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Reading and Orthography—C. Porter, R. French, J. Courtney, E. Gerlach, J. Castillo, Neeson, F. Barron, W. Barron, Browne, C. Coughanowr, E. Yrisarri; Grammar—J. Kindle, E. Yrisarri, F. Ward, H. Morse, W. Connor, E. Eager, J. Concannon, M. Falvey, T. Hurley, S. Katz, G. Deschamp, F. Campeau, H. Suee, E. Fenlon; Geography and History—E. Yrisarri, C. Fishburne, J. Conway, P. McGinnis, F. Paquette, C. Devoto, H. Hess, J. Kahmann, J. Armijo, D. Thomas, J. Neeson; Arithmetic—A. Brewster, J. Neeson, J. Dehner, A. Golonski, S. Katz, E. Orchard, J. Flynn, W. Jeannot, H. Foote, I. Treon, W. Connor, D. Corry, C. Murdock, W. Coghlin, W. Mahon; Penmanship—W. Ruger, S. Perley, L. Gibert, E. Fischel, F. Eelix, G. Schaefer; Book keeping—J. Marlett, C. Kolars, F. Ward, E. Yrisarri; Christian Doctrine—D. Taylor, H. Kitz, M. Foote, M. Dolan, J. Courtney, W. Mahon, J. O'Donnell, C. Echlin, W. Jeannot, P. Hoffman, W. McCarthy, F. Farrelly, H. Foote, J. Neeson.

* Omitted from last week.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

CARD TO PARENTS:—There is no vacation during the Christmas holidays. If parents wish their daughters to go home at that time we earnestly request that our classes be not broken in upon by pupils leaving before the 21st of Dec., and that they return promptly to resume studies by the 3d of January.

PREFECT OF STUDIES.

—The sermons during the three days' spiritual retreat for the Catholic pupils were given by Rev. Father Steil. The exercises were followed in the most edifying manner. The retreat closed on the 8th.

—The Minims gave the Juniors such an amusing and graceful entertainment this week that they deserve a big notice. There is no lack of talent and taste in this department. Such pretty tableaux, good elocution and nice vocal and instrumental performances, speak well for these little girls. Long life to the Minims!

—The classes that were so reduced in numbers during the retreat resumed their full proportions on Friday, the 9th inst., and the renewed good will and energy of those who made the pious exercises will soon enable them to make up for all the lessons they lost by their absence from classes on the Monday and Friday of the retreat.

—During the week ending the 10th inst., the following ladies and gentlemen were guests at the Academy: Hon. P. B. Ewing and lady, of Lancaster, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Fenlon, of Leavenworth, Kansas; Mr. Smith of Watertown, Wis.; Mrs. J. H. Courtney, of Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Mrs. Fred. Taylor, of Chicago, Ill; Miss Vion, St. Louis, Mo.

—On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception the Very Rev. Father Superior General C. S. C., assisted by Rev. Fathers Shortis and Saulnier, C. S. C., gave the religious habit and veil to the following young ladies, in the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception, St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind.: Misses Teresa Smith, who received the religious name of Sister M. Eudocia; Bridget Mulvehill (Sister M. Carmelita); Anne McGlynn (Sister M. Wilfred); Cecilia Bushu (Sister M. Helena); Mary Qualey (Sister M. Amelia); Johanna Cronin (Sister M. de Chantal); Mary Rebecca Ewing (Sister M. La Salette).

—On the 10th inst., the following programme was well rendered before a highly appreciative audience. Very Rev. Father General, C. S. C., and several of the Rev. Clergy honored the occasion with their presence. The closing remarks were encouraging and instructive. The pupils gratefully appreciate Very Rev. Father General's devoted interest in their improvement in all that goes to form the truly cultivated lady:

Polonaise.....A. Saran
Misses Fendrick and Galen.
Prologue.....Miss Galen

"THE NEW ARTS!"

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Written by Very Rev. Father Superior-General, C. S. C., for the benefit of the pupils.

Dramatis Personæ:

Madame Affable.....	Miss Gordon
Miss Eastlake.....	" Cavenor
Mrs. Fairbanks.....	" Galen
Miss Holmes.....	" Taylor
" Clark.....	" Fendrick
" May.....	" Wiley
" Faraday.....	" Fox
" Everett.....	" Hackett
" Copeland.....	" Reutlinger
" Carson.....	" Legnard

" McPherson.....	" Todd
" Rosecommon.....	" McKenna
" Carloman.....	" Shickey
" Grundy.....	" Garrity
" Fish.....	" Pampell
" Toby.....	" Waters
" Dilemma.....	" Barlow

LADIES AT THE RECEPTION.

Misses M. Campbell, C. Campbell, A. Nash, H. Nash, M. Behler, C. Fenlon, C. Donnelly, S. Papin, M. Casey, J. Reilly, M. Clarke, L. Lancaster, M. A. Ryan.

Rondo..... Weber

Song, "The Day is Done,"..... Balfe

Golden Youth..... Jackson

Closing Remarks..... Misses Campbell and Wiley.

Retiring March.....

(Selections from "ROSA MYSTICA" and "ST. MARY'S CHIMES," monthly papers edited by the young ladies of the Senior Department.)

Music.

Music is a great and reliable guide in the study of human progress and development. It will be my object in the course of future instructions to throw light on the early periods in the art of music, scarcely known to amateurs, nor even to the majority of professional musicians. We shall find many occasions to remark the industry, iron will, perseverance and deep devotion displayed by those early pioneers and masters of the art as we trace and follow their progress through successive centuries, until music became a science. . . . In an intellectual nature, formed for progress, there are capabilities of creative, ever growing thought, and the science of music is one form in which these energies are strikingly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of music that it makes all things new. It finds its elements in what it sees, hears and experiences in the world of matter and mind, blending these into new forms, and breaking down, if we may so express it, the distinctions and bounds of nature: imparting to material objects life, sentiment and outward emotion, investing the mind with the powers and splendors of the outward creation; depicting thereon those moods of repose, agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion which manifest a thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. It is true also to say, in its legitimate and highest efforts, when inspired by Christianity it has the tendency to purify and regulate our nature. But music, like other God-given gifts, has often been perverted into an instrument of vice; as a proof of this, the French themselves say that the unbridled, communistic spirit which almost destroyed Paris during the Franco-Prussian war, was, in a great measure, owing to the sensual and demoralizing tendency of the insidious operas which covertly caricatured law and order. On this perversion of music I shall dwell more at length when we study various styles of composition and their influence on society.

The word music was not always confined to the signification it now possesses. Originally it embraced the whole circle of sciences as well as elegant arts, comprehending everything which was practically considered to have emanated from the influence of the muses. Hermes defined music to be the general knowledge of order; this was also the doctrine of Plato, who taught that everything in the universe was music.

Generally speaking, the terms science and art are confounded by writers; especially is this the case in criticisms on music, descriptions of concerts, or the capabilities of public performers. I remember reading a short extract on this subject in an old work which is clear on this point. Allow me to recall a few sentences. "Science is knowledge, art is dexterity. Science is based upon abstract principles, art upon fixed rules. Science addresses itself to the understanding, art is an accomplishment of tact. Science is always something to be learned, never anything to be done: art often gratifies its highest aim in works of imitation. Science discovers and unfolds the hidden laws of nature, art applies them to practical use. Science points the way, art bridges the river, tunnels the mountain and constructs the thoroughfare. Science might exist independent of art, but the former is the soul which animates the latter."

By the light of science, "art transforms rude materials into things of utility and images of beauty." . . . Man is an instrument of music. His every emotion is expressed by tones. Fear, anger, joy, etc., have each a tone understood by all human beings and even by animals.

The world has passed through many rude, unfashioned days; and the history of music unfolds the devious steps in composition and execution, in which, at one period, men took great pleasure; but to those who came after, these delicious strains were intolerable, discordant jargon to the ear and taste, a little more cultivated through the aids of science and art. . . . Music was before science existed. It came forth from chaos, at the Fiat of the Creator. The earth was dark, without "form, and void," when the voice of God broke the awful stillness, and made earth musical with created light. Who can write the language of Deity, who paint His glory, or criticise His poetry?

Who can imagine nature's harmonious accompaniment, when God descended to the garden of Eden, "and walked and talked with man"? Then the gentle breeze sported among the palms, the olives, pomegranates, vines, and fig-trees, causing them to pour forth strains of joy and gladness; the "hills and mountains clapped their hands." All was music before man's disobedience caused the first discordant sound to vibrate through the air. Then, nature changed her harmonies, her order, and her mission! The elements warred with earth, the aspen trembled, the cedars and the willows moaned and sighed; since the fall all nature chants in minor strains *miserere, miserere*.

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, AMIABILITY, AND CORRECT DEPORTMENT.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par excellence—Misses A. Cavenor, C. Claffey, E. Galen, S. Hanbury, L. Pool, S. Walsh, M. Clark, A. Dillon, M. Feehan, C. Bland, M. Beal, M. Campbell, C. Campbell, E. Chrischellis, C. Donnelly, L. Fendrick, L. French, R. Fishburne, A. Glennon, J. Heneberry, L. Lancaster, S. McKenna, A. Nash, H. Nash, A. Price, M. Ryan, A. Rasche, M. Simms, E. Shickey, M. Tanner, E. Vander Hayden, H. Van Patten, K. Wall, J. Barlow, J. Butts, M. Casey, E. Call, M. Call, L. Coryell, M. Fishburne, N. Hackett, N. McCoy, S. McGordon, N. McGordon, A. Mowry, J. Owens, M. Price, C. Pease, S. Papin, C. Rosing, J. Reilly, V. Reilly, A. Richardson, M. Richardson, A. Rulison, E. Thompson, G. Taylor, M. Wolfe, A. Leydon, L. English, K. Fenlon, M. Fleming, M. Garrity, M. Metzger, K. Mulligan, M. Newton, M. H. Ryan, M. Reutlinger, A. Watson, L. Wagner, M. Behler, A. Castanedo, B. English, A. Gavan, M. Green, H. Hicks, M. Mulvey, I. Smith, M. Eldridge, A. Ives. *2d Tablet*—Misses M. Wiley, Mary Price, A. Waters, E. Wright, L. Williams, N. Hicks, J. Pampell, E. Todd.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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THE SCHOOL OF DRAWING, PAINTING, AND SCULPTURE.

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2d Div.—Misses E. Vander Hayden, H. Van Patten, C. Donnelly, M. Wiley, A. Rulison, A. Watson, M. Call, E. Hackett, V. Reilly, S. McKenna, A. Clark, H. Hicks, J. Krick, G. O'Neill, A. Price, Margaret Price, A. Nash, H. Nash, A. Martin, Mary Casey, L. English, B. English, K. Mulligan, M. A. Ryan, C. Pease, M. H. Ryan.

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2d CLASS—Misses S. Papin, C. Campbell, L. Fox, L. Lancaster, C. Lancaster.

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JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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—Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, in his "Mirror of True Womanhood," says: "Woman's entire existence, in order to be a source of happiness to others as well as to herself, must be one of self-sacrifice. The first step in this royal pathway to all goodness and greatness is to forget self. Self, with its miserable little cares and affections, is the root of all the wretchedness we cause to others, and all the misery we endure ourselves. Every effort we make to forget self, to leave self behind us, and to devote ourselves to the labor of making every person with whom we are bound to live, happy, is rewarded by interior satisfaction and joy. The supreme effort of goodness is, not alone to do good to others—that is its first and lower effect—but to *make* others good. So with selfishness: the first step is to forget

one's own comfort in order to seek that of others; the next is to forget one's own pain and suffering in order to alleviate those of others, or even to discharge towards others the duties of sisterly or neighborly kindness.

The Scholastic Annual

For 1882.

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