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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Superstition.

There is one attribute we trace
In every clime, through every race:
The love of strange, mysterious tales.
It peopled green Arcadia's vales
With nymphs and fauns of old, and gave
Enchantment to Trophonius' cave.
The Desert Dweller owns its powers,
Ierne's fairies crowd her towers,
On "castled Rhine" and "blue Moselle,"
Alike of elfin pranks they tell.

In the New World, where, by dark wood,
And rich savannahs green and broad,
Rolls Marañon's tremendous flood,
The hunter, at unusual sound,
Cowers breathless on the leaf-strewn ground,
Lest that his covert may be traced
By the fierce Ancient of the Waste,
Whose thirst of blood and iron hand,
No mortal prowess could withstand.

And still, the Mexic legend tells
Where fair Malinché's fountain wells,
How oft, beneath its limpid flow,
Her coronet is seen to glow,
But may not rise till Destiny
Permits her people's victory.
And stories, in more savage speech,
Shed horror round the lonely beach
Of many a solemn, inland lake
Their slender paddles dare not break.

MARION MUIR.

God in His Works; or, the Study of Nature.*

Man, as a rational and progressive being, has, by his very nature, an insatiable craving for knowledge. We find him descending into the depths of the earth to bring to light the embedded secrets. He scrutinizes the heavens that he may become acquainted with the celestial orbs; he calculates their distances, weighs and measures them, although millions of miles away. By his ingenuity he has weighed the air, tamed the lightning, and decomposed the light of the sun. He has found out that the earth is one of the smallest satellites

of the sun, that its size is only the one twelve hundred-thousandth ($1-12,000,000$) of that of the sun; that the planetary system measures 3,000,000,000 (3 billions) of miles in radius, and is but one system among myriads of others. He has calculated the nearest Fixed-star to be 7,000 times farther away than Neptune is from the sun; giving the enormous distance of $3,000,000,000 \times 7,000 = 21,000,000,000,000$ (21 trillions) miles.

What a small object is the earth! and yet the laws of the earth are also the laws of the universe. Meteoric stones visit us from time to time to tell us that the same chemical and crystallic laws are everywhere in operation. The moon reveals a surface covered with extinct craters, to show that volcanic forces have also been at work there, just as they are now on the earth. Gravitation is the law that regulates the motions of all created bodies. Through the telescope the eye of man plunges into space to catch a glimpse of the rays of light scintillating on the confines of the azure depth of empty space—they, too, come from those immense distances to tell him of the unity of physical forces.

Gravitation, light, meteors, and the moon teach man that there is only one and the same law for every phenomenon in space.

Our text-books of Chemistry, Physics, Crystallography and Mechanics are written for the universe. "The earth, although but an atom in immensity, is immensity itself in its revelation of truth; and our knowledge, although gathered from this one small sphere, is the deciphered knowledge of the laws of all spheres."

It is well to imbue our minds with these thoughts before we enter upon the study of nature. They give grandeur to science and dignity to man, who by his intelligence soars triumphantly aloft over all these worlds, and, encompassing their immensity within the narrow limits of his mental powers, reposes only when he comes to the mighty Author of all, and there, struck with awe at the infinite immensity, his mind is lost in contemplation. Although man cannot tell what Matter is, he is nevertheless so indomitable in his pursuit of this knowledge that no dangers are so fearful as to deter him; no bodily sufferings so acute as to cool his ardor in the pursuit of this knowledge! Now, we see him in the ice-bound regions of the Arctic Sea, undergoing untold hardships in a futile attempt to reach the North-Pole; again he is in the sandy ocean of the burning deserts of

* A Lecture delivered before the students by REV. A. M. KIRSCH, C. S. C., Professor of the Natural Sciences.

Africa studying the geography of that continent. Now we behold him on the Alps, exposing himself to the rigors of that region—and for what? Simply to demonstrate that the theory of Spontaneous Generation is untenable. Again, he takes his abode with the glaciers of Mont-Blanc in order to watch their motion. Follow him, if you can, as he pushes his way in the wilds of Brazil where never human foot has trodden before, there to study nature in its virginal state.

This gives you but a faint idea to what man will expose himself for the gaining of a little knowledge which he enjoys only for a moment, and which he must leave on his death-bed to become the common inheritance of a future generation.

Yet while men sail over oceans, wander through distant climes, explore the most remote quarters of the globe, drain seas, descend into the earth, penetrate with the microscope into every nook and corner of creation searching diligently for the more diminutive children of life, lift up their eyes by the telescope to study the motions of the oscillating atoms on the confines of space; or, annihilating, as it were, distance and time, send their thoughts with lightning rapidity around the globe, and move over two iron bars at the rate of 40, 50, 60, nay, 90 miles an hour; yet while men do all this, how few there are who, with the eyes of faith and adoration, seem to recognize in all this the work of that all-wise and all-powerful Being who designed everything, who has made everything, who rules over everything, from the lowly grass on the way-side to the lofty Cedars of Lebanon, from the worm that we tread in the dust to the ruling mind of man—that power in nature that tries to grasp Divinity Itself, or dares to oppose and deny its Creator. How is it possible that the noblest of God's creatures should be so perverted and so ungrateful as to lose sight of the Creator and His wisdom in the contemplation of His work—Nature?

The faculty by which man accomplishes so much in the study of nature is a reflection,—a shadow, or, to use the words of Holy Writ, "an image" of the wisdom of Him, who made this world, and from whom man also has his being and perfection; for was not man created to the image and likeness of God, and was he not constituted the master of Creation?

Man sometimes displays great wisdom, causing even himself to be astonished and surprised; but how infinitely greater must be that wisdom which is the source and cause, not only of man's own wisdom, but of all wisdom manifested in the universe! And although it is not our purpose here to prove the existence of God from physical nature, yet the belief in His existence is forced upon us at every step, when contemplating the wisdom and goodness He has manifested in His works.

This great work of His, be it stone, plant, or animal, always more and more amazing in proportion as it becomes better known, raises in us so great an idea of its Maker that our mind is stupefied and overwhelmed with feelings of wonder and amazement. Nature in its three phases of mineral,

vegetable, and animal has been, for thousands of years, displayed to the gaze, the admiration and the delight of mankind, in great and glorious characters testifying to the wonderful power, wisdom and goodness of its Divine Author, and still her charms have not vanished. Nature is old, they say: Geologists claim millions of years; what of that? The older, the more perfect she is, because a work that stands the test of ages proves its perfection;—nay this should convince us the more of the perfection and power of its Architect. Who does not see God in His works? Alas! for the depravity of the reason of man to try to do away with God, and replace Him by a something which he does not know himself; either by saying that all that exists is matter and force; or taking some other means of discarding Him; by telling us that He is the Great Unknowable, when in reality there is nothing more manifest than that, according to the words of the poet, we may

"Look through nature up to nature's God."

The study and contemplation of nature does not only confound our minds with what is great beyond our comprehension, and small beyond our observation, but raises in our minds a pleasure at once pure and holy! Well, then, has the poet Beattie said:

"O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields!"

The naturalist alone can have a sense of this pleasure, whilst walking through the halls of nature's temple, or rambling among the beautiful flower-beds that delight so much the vision, even of the most ordinary observer, or when amid an autumnal forest-scenery that displays a variety and splendor that the wildest fancy could scarcely surpass.

What emotion of gratitude he feels for the Divine wisdom and goodness, "when the first silence of night and the last murmur of day struggle for the mastery on the hills, on the banks of the river, in the woods and in the valleys! when the forests have hushed their thousand voices in the praises of the goodness of the Creator! when not a whisper is heard among the leaves! when the moon is high in the heavens proclaiming God's goodness in thus furnishing a fair guide to the lonely wanderer and shielding him from thieves and robbers; and when the ear of man is all attention—then Philomela, the first songstress of creation, bursts forth with a lively thrill, a hymn to the Eternal! There she pauses, now she is slow, and in dying strains expresses the feeling of a heart palpitating under the pressure of love to her Creator. Now the bird is silent; again she begins, but how changed are her accents!—she is wailing forth a languid melody, mixed with a melancholy that pierces the heart." What emotions of gratefulness do we not feel towards our Maker, when thus listening to the nightingale thrilling forth the praises of her Creator, or bewailing the ungratefulness of man!

Again it is night. We are walking in a primeval forest. Nothing disturbs the silence that prevails. Now and then the gentle breath of zephyrs stirs the leafy canopy above our head. Nature is

asleep. Even the feathery tribe have hushed their thousand voices. Suddenly we step out into an open place. The effect to the contemplating naturalist is thrilling. He stands stupefied; and, lifting up his eyes, he scrutinizes the mechanism of the heavens. There he is lost in the contemplation of the immensity revealed in the azure dome of heaven, where glows a perfect dust of stars.

"Whoever," says an illustrious orator, "contemplates this spectacle with the eye of his imagination, feels the littleness of man when compared to the vastness of the universe;" and, commenting upon this passage, Dr. Pouchet continues: "Although it is true that in presence of the immensity of space and the eternal duration of time, a feeling of humility subjugates us, although each step that man takes in his path, and every wrinkle that furrows his brow reveals his utter feebleness—yet his genius, that divine breath, supports him on his journey by showing him both his power and lofty origin."

The contemplation of nature has always been a source of joy and happiness to man. Who, I ask, would not be filled with admiration when contemplating the boundless vault of the heavens,—with its mighty orb, its fulness of light, its golden clouds and gorgeous sunsets, or its deep azure, studded with myriads of luminous stars? O God! how beautiful art Thou in Thy works! They are Thine for Thou hast made them all! Who, I ask, would not exclaim with the poet, as he stood in the midst of the snow-clad mountains that enclose the valley of Chamouni, his spirit, "expanded by the genius of the spot," soaring away from the scenes before him to the Great Invisible and yet so manifest Author of all that is beautiful and sublime in nature; when he burst forth in that well-known hymn of praise and worship in the ode to Mont Blanc?

"Ye ice-falls! Ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loftiest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
'God'! let the torrents like a shout of nations
Answer; and let the ice-plains answer, 'God'!
'God,' sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder 'God'!
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost;
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest;
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm;
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds;
Ye signs and wonders of the elements;
Utter forth 'God,' and fill the hills with praise,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun:
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

Thus the poet, carried away by the inspiration of the moment, utters words beyond the grasp of

human understanding; words that are as impressive as their object; words that cannot be encompassed by the narrow limits of human thought, but which nevertheless are true.

Is it, then, not true that everywhere in nature we see the invisible hand of God. Here He animates the insect and gives it a structure of a delicacy which surpasses all conception; there He reins the worlds flying through space with inconceivable rapidity—conserving, convulsing or annihilating them as He pleases. In fact, it is by the withdrawal of His all-supporting hand, as it were, that our globe is occasionally shaken to its very foundations, opening crevices where the philosopher may behold written on each grain of sand a grand page of natural theology.

"The dust we tread was once alive,"

says Byron, and in every crumbling peak are displayed to our view the remains of generations buried by the revolutions of the globe. Their number, their size, their unknown forms astonish us; but no doubt these now inanimate remains, of which the earth has faithfully kept the impress, are so many medallions struck by the Creator, and spared by the hand of Time to reveal to the geologist the world's eventful history of the past.

What forces were there not shut away in the bowels of the earth which, when unlashed, shook the world to raise the Alps and the Himalayas; at another time cleaving the globe from pole to pole, and raising up from the bosom of the sea the Rocky Mountains and Andes; when the startled waves, as I believe, tumultuously pouring over Atlantis and the ancient world, produced one of the most recent catastrophies of the globe—the deluge!

When now, after having contemplated the imposing phenomena which are taking place in the heavens and have taken place on the earth, we look down upon its tiniest inhabitants, we see revealed, in unexpected magnificence, all the wisdom of Providence; and ere long the spectacle of immensity in what is infinitely little astonishes us no less than the immeasurable power displayed in the grand scenes of creation.

Life is everywhere. In the air above, on the earth, in the water; everywhere we are surrounded by life. Nature seems to imitate ancient Pantheism which distributed portions of the divinity to every atom and molecule of created matter, thus mistaking the effect for the cause. The universal diffusion of life furnishes us even a more brilliant idea than the prodigious number of organisms scattered in every nook and corner of creation. On the mountain top, in the abyss of the sea, in the deepest crevices of the earth's crust we find traces of life. Nature although prodigal of space is nevertheless economical in filling it.

By means of the lens we can see thousands of organized animals dwelling upon a single grain of sand, and at every breath we inhale thousands. Every drop of water is an inhabited world, and every leaf a colony of insects. But of them their entire number and species are known to God alone

who has called them by their names, and whose power is strikingly exemplified in the multitude of constituent parts that go to form one of these extremely diminutive creatures. Indeed, we are astonished, when we read the works of naturalists to meet with so many curious, nay, almost incredible things, and we are tempted to reject all; but when we see their instruments constructed with such precision, we at once conclude that, however marvellous their investigations may appear, still they did not nor could they either deceive themselves or us.

Some there are who pretend to look with contempt upon the student of science, because they regard him as an eccentric specimen of the *genus homo*, wandering about, losing his time in examining trifles, or, perhaps, poking into every heap of mire to find something for his study. They cannot understand why he should not devote his time to studies which, they claim, are more ennobling and sublime. But they forget that the naturalist studies the sublimest masterpieces with which man can be conversant—masterpieces written in a language that reveals the thoughts, not of men, but of the infinite intellect of God Himself.

Ask one of those carpers, when condescending to take up from the ground one of the beautiful specimens of Mother Flora, whether he understands, whether he even notices, the individual and relative beauties of these little wonders of nature. Each calyx is a mouth, and each petal a tongue, proclaiming aloud, in their own mute but eloquent language, the beauty and perfection of Him who made them. Well has it been said by one of our American botanists that the flower is the standard of beauty, and that it has ever been regarded as such. "Through this attribute," he says, "so evidently divine in its origin, it breathes on the heart an influence which is essentially spiritual—always pleasing, always elevating, always pure; and the benevolent Thought which first conceived of this crowning glory of the vegetable world had evidently in view the education of man's moral nature as well as the reproduction and permanence of vegetable nature." Well, then, has a poet also expressed the same idea in the following words:

"Trees and flowers and streams
Are social and benevolent; and he
Who oft communeth in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the close of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden drest,
His Maker there to teach his list'ning heart."

Again, you question such a person as to what he knows of yon majestic towering rocks; what inferences can be drawn from them? Ask him whether he understands the language of the rocks. In vain do they speak to him, he knows not even the alphabet of their language. Each rock and stone and pebble tells him its age, its formation, its composition, its history; and with these the history of the earth on which we live and move, but he is deaf to this language. Whilst he thought he knew all the languages of antiquity,

there is still one he does not understand,—and this is the language of God, with its mysterious word-signs in the Book of Nature. But the student of nature reads from the open book that lies before him; to him every character is legible; whether he moves through the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom he understands what he sees; he moves not in darkness; he sees and hears the Great Architect as He moulds, shapes and builds up the children of life in the secret workshop of nature. Truly, the study of nature is noble when it can inspire thoughts like these.

But not only is this study noble, it also tends to raise man from the darkness of superstition; for here he learns the causes of the various phenomena, which before were a mystery to him, and which he often ascribed to causes that were not only absurd but blasphemous. Thousands of men have studied the language of nature with persevering energy and profound attention, and the exertions of the most intellectual men have been called forth to render the contents of this great volume of nature intelligible, and accessible to those who seek in its wonderful pages lessons of instruction and hours of pleasure. I might speak to you of the grandeurs of Astronomy, or of the wonders revealed by the microscope; I might call your attention to the beauty of flowers, or enlarge upon the habits of animals, but I will content myself with presenting to you a few notes on the "Science of Anatomy and Physiology." Dr. Roget, in his excellent work on Physiology, tells us that the object of that science is to enforce the great truths of natural theology by adducing those evidences of the power, wisdom and goodness of God which are manifested in the living creature. "The Scientific knowledge," he adds, "of the phenomena of life, as they are exhibited under the infinitely varied forms of organization, constitute what is called Physiology—a science of vast and almost boundless extent, since it comprehends within its range all the animal and vegetable beings on the globe."

We may see, then, that, whether it is our object to acquire useful knowledge in regard to ourselves, or to animals or plants around us, in order to realize more and more the gratitude we owe to God; or to show the absurdity of the atheist, who rejects a purpose and design in nature, and says that matter is eternal, or came into existence and shaped itself into these different forms by chance, or whether it is simply to interest ourselves with what is beautiful, wonderful and sublime, there is no subject worthier of our closest attention and deepest research.

Consider, among other things revealed by Anatomy and Physiology, the heart and its functions. The great physiologist Hamburger could not help exclaiming: "The wisdom of the Creator is in nothing seen more gloriously than in the heart!" Represent to yourselves the wisdom which constructed so small and yet so powerful an organ. True, therefore, are the words of St. Augustine: *Deus maximus in minimis*—"God is greatest in the least things;" and Pliny had already expressed the same thing when he said:

Natura nusquam magis quam in minimis tota est—

"Nature is nowhere more perfect than in her smaller works."

The force of the heart is calculated to be one-fiftieth that of the weight of the entire body, giving to a man weighing 150 pounds a heart of a force of about 3 pounds. The capacity of the ventricles of the heart is considered to be nearly equal, and each contains on an average three ounces of blood, the whole of which is thrown into the arteries at each contraction with a force maintaining such a tension in them—according to the interesting experiments of Dr. Hales, recorded in the "Statistical Essays,"—that if an artery of a large animal, such as a horse, be made to communicate with an upright tube, the blood will ascend in the tube to the height of about ten feet above the level of the heart, and will there continue, rising and falling with every pulsation of the heart.

Now, a column of ten feet indicates a pressure of about $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds to a square inch of surface. This, therefore, is the force of the heart urging the blood along the arteries and through the capillaries into the veins.

This statement is only true for the horse, but for man the column of blood supported would be, according to the estimation of Hales, only 7 feet, 6 inches, and the area of the left ventricle is about 1.5 square inches. Hales, therefore, estimates the force of the left ventricle for each contraction at 51.5 pounds. This estimate, although only approximate, is the one generally received by physiologists.

Now, calculating the force exerted by the left ventricle a day, we would obtain (counting 70 contractions a minute) the following statements: The human heart contracts in a minute 70 times; in an hour, $70 \times 60 = 4,200$ times; in a day, $4,200 \times 24 = 100,800$ times. The force exerted for a minute would be $51.5 \times 70 = 3,605$ pounds; in an hour, $3,605 \times 60 = 216,300$ pounds; in a day, $216,300 \times 24 = 5,191,200$ pounds. The amount of blood passing through the left ventricle is about 3 ounces; every contraction, therefore, in a minute is $3 \times 70 = 210$ ounces of blood pass through the left ventricle, which gives about 13 pounds of blood. In an hour, this would make 60×13 or 780 pounds; and in a day, $24 \times 780 = 18,720$ pounds. Resuming, therefore, the whole statement we obtain the following: The left ventricle of the heart projects in a day 18,720 pounds of blood into the aorta with a force of 5,191,200 pounds.

Many physiologists were at a loss to explain or account for the fact that the heart exercises a much greater force than apparently needed. But those who are surprised at this should bear in mind that the heart, besides carrying on the general circulation of the blood, has to force the blood into those parts of the flesh which in the various attitudes of sitting, lying and standing are for the time compressed by the weight of the body above; and if the heart were not strong enough to drive the blood through, either the compressed parts, deprived of their nourishment, would quickly die; or the person, obliged to be constantly changing his position, could not obtain repose.

Now, compare the force of the human heart with that of some of the largest animals; take, for example, the whale,—the aorta of which is larger in the bore than the main pipe of the water-works at London bridge; and the water roaring in its passage through that pipe is inferior in impetus and velocity to the blood gushing from the whale's heart." Listen to Dr. Hunter, and bow down in adoration to the Author of such mighty works. Describing the dissection of a whale, he says: "The aorta measured a foot in diameter, ten or fifteen gallons of blood are thrown out of the heart at a stroke with an immense velocity into a tube a foot in diameter. The idea fills the mind with wonder."

This is only one of the millions of curious facts revealed to the student of nature. Is it, therefore, not just that some portion of our time should be devoted towards acquiring not only useful but most interesting and pleasant knowledge? And should not our hearts be filled with gratitude towards God in thus bestowing on us the benefit of so vast a field of study? And why should man remain cold and indifferent to all these benefits? Should man, the crown of all the Creator's works, instead of trying to understand the minor works of creation and praising the Creator in them, and loving Him for their manifold beauties and usefulness, show himself so ungrateful as entirely to ignore them? Ah, no! In contemplating the wonders of nature we are instinctively drawn closer to the Creator, to the Fountain and source of infinite wisdom and love. The atheist may cry out, "There is no God!" but the true naturalist will say, with Holy Writ: *The fool says in his heart there is no God!* But there is a God! we can see Him and know Him in His stupendous works. If a clock tells us that there must have been a clockmaker, and if a palatial building remind us of its architect, how much more must the sight of this vast globe with all its productions—animal, mineral and vegetable, and the still vaster planetary systems, of which the earth is but an infinitesimal part, cause us to bow in adoration before the mighty Author of these wonders and exclaim with Chateaubriand: "There is a God! The plants of the valley and the cedars of the mountain bless His name; the insects hum His praise; the elephant salutes Him with the rising day; the bird glorifies Him among the foliage; the lightning bespeaks His power, and the ocean declares His immensity."

Eloquence.

Ever soaring to the highest sphere,
Viewing all around with conscious power,
Asking naught; compelling all to bow
'Neath its self-known strength: and as a flower
Grasped by hurricane is swept along,
Even so the will of man is borne,—
Lifted, placed by Eloquence at will.
Idols from their wonted niche are torn;
Nations tremble:—Philosophy stands dumb;—
Eloquence commands;—the true, the false succumb.

W. H. J.

Matthew Arnold as a Poet and Prose Writer.

The subject of the following paper is now sixty-one years old. His career has been a distinguished one among his many illustrious contemporaries, both at home and abroad. His name, together with that of his countryman, Cardinal Newman, shall be handed down to posterity as that of one of the most able exponents of literary criticism on native and foreign literature in this latter half of the nineteenth century. A son of the great Doctor Kerchiver Arnold, a promising youth at the schools of Winchester and Rugby, a brilliant scholar of Balliol at eighteen, taking the Newdegate prize for an English poem at twenty-two, elected a Fellow of Oriel College at twenty-three, a year after the private Secretary of Lord Lansdowne, then an inspector of British schools, afterwards convocation Professor of Poetry, elected in 1857 Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford for ten years, and since then devoting himself with unflagging zeal to literary pursuits—more especially those connected with literary criticism—in a word, his life, like that of his illustrious father, has been a busy, influential, honored, and successful one. His name has adorned the literature of his country; and now, in the ripeness of his mental powers, he, like his great and revered contemporary, Cardinal Newman, represents the best type of the English scholar. Having now disposed of the main features connected with his biography, I purpose to show in what Mr. Arnold's strength as a poet and prose writer consists. In the first place, I shall deal with him as a poet.

Emerson's famous sentence that "human life is made up of the two elements—*power* and *form*—and the proportion must be invariably kept, if we would have it sweet and sound," is fully applicable to that *criticism of life* which is called poetry.

In the historical development of every poet the struggle between these two elements, may be noticed for longer or shorter periods. This struggle for the just proportion of *power* and *form*, and their complete fusion into the perfect work of power, has been strongly apparent in the development of Matthew Arnold's poetical powers. This last remark is equally true of the development of the poetic powers of Browning, William Morris, and Swinburne, whose poetical genius has so much in common with his own, as I shall have occasion to show later on.

Mr. Arnold's first publication was poetry—two little volumes published anonymously in 1849 and 1852, respectively, and the first volume with his name 1853. Since then he has been adding to his laurels as a poet by giving to the public many additional poems, all of which have been characterized by that classic finish and harmony of versification, for which, he has long since won such world-wide prestige as a poet. In common with most of his contemporaries, it was natural that he should form for himself a theory of poetry, and years ago he expressed without reserve his *choice of classic models* to which he conjoined the northern or Germanic style of writing poetry; whereas, with the three above-mentioned poets, as well as some

others, the "Sweet South" imparts a fragrance and a fire which are wanting in his more impassioned songs. As specimens of his best poetry may be mentioned the "Thyrsis," which A. C. Swinburne places in the same rank as the "Adonais"; the "Sohrab and Rustum," the last-mentioned being two fine examples of his doctrine of objectivity in poetry; "A Southern Night," "Rugby Chapel," "Calais Sands," etc., etc. If, to quote his own words, the grand power of language, the grand power of poetry, is its *interpretative* "power, and intimate sense of them and of our relations," though it has to be confessed that he does not belong to the first rank of poets, nay, furthermore, he is not a popular one. Judged by the side of his poet-compeers and contemporaries, A. C. Swinburne, Browning, and William Morris—the author of "Jason" and the "Earthly Paradise"—his poetry has a greater calmness, directness, and pathos than theirs. The three poets that I have just named surpass him in three things: (1) their work possesses greater *poetic truth of substance*, though they have not the high *poetic seriousness*—which Aristotle assigns as one of the virtues of poetry—of the great classics, which his poems have; (2) corresponding to their *poetic truth of substance*; (3) their work is characterized by a more exquisite virtue of style and manner of poetic diction than Arnold's.

Justin McCarthy, in the "History of Our Own Times," has aptly styled Arnold as "*a sort of miniature Göthe*." I do not know that his most ardent admirers could demand a higher praise for him. Of the three men whom I have just named in this paper, I should be inclined to say that he made the very most of his powers, and Mr. Browning the very least.

But it is as a prose writer and literary critic that he is most widely known, and his great powers fully acknowledged. In the discharge of the critic's function, no matter what his subject—unless it be theological or on American politics—and his themes cover many diverse fields, he always gets to the heart of it. Indeed, he lays it down that the important principle in criticism "*is to see the thing as it is*;" he might have added "*to see the country as it is*, and not through the spectacles of blind *historic* hatred and jealousy—so characteristic of A. Froude, Edward A. Freeman, and last, but not least, to complete the trio, *himself*, as his late contributions to English periodical literature would lead us to believe. But, to return to the subject under more immediate discussion, as an *exponent of the art of literary criticism and literary expression*, I am acquainted with no writer—unless I except the revered name of Cardinal Newman, in England, and that of James Russell Lowell and the great Dr. Brownson, in this country,—who is his equal. His writings evince a vast acquaintance with poetry (see his "Essays on Literary Criticism"), history, fiction, etc., etc. I have no space to characterize his separate productions; but if one wants a key to much that reveals the man and the quality of his works, let him read what he says on "Poetry," in his essay prefixed to "Ward's Eng-

lish Poets"; on Wordsworth, or Byron, or Burke, or Johnson, in his prefaces to their works. He, like Dr. Brownson, is a most remarkable example of ethical and intellectual productiveness under conditions of the most beautiful sanity. Like his great contemporary Macaulay, the language of his prose writings is so *pellucid* that the meaning of the ideas he intends to convey needs only a very slight effort on the part of his readers to grasp it. Altogether, his writings bear out what Göthe has well said: "The style of a writer is a faithful representation of his mind; therefore, if any man wishes to write a *clear* or *pellucid* style let him first be clear in his thoughts." In regard to the purity and clearness of his diction, he seems, to the writer of this paper, to bear a most marked resemblance to William Cobbett, one of the great political controversialists and literary critics of his own day. As a critic, Mr. Arnold, like most of the writers of the critical school which he has followed, appears to me to have inherited its *colossal egoism*, which has exercised a disastrous effect on his intellectual as on his moral career. If, like many other eminent writers of his time, he had not allowed himself to be blindly led by the nose by such infidel writers as Renan, etc., his views on theological and polemical subjects would be entitled to some weight. But as they now stand in his writings, they are not worth more—to use no harsher term—than a "jack straw."

I shall conclude this paper by applying to himself, as a writer on subjects exclusively connected with æsthetic criticism, what he says of Byron: "He has a wonderful power of vividly conceiving a single incident, a single situation; of throwing himself upon it, grasping it as if it were real, and, as if he saw and felt it, of making us see and feel it, too."

H. J. LLOYD.

College Gossip.

—The students at Rugby, England, have started a monthly illustrated magazine.

—There are eighteen ecclesiastical colleges in Rome, and of these, twelve are national institutions.—*The Monitor*.

—At the Cambridge University games, recently, the mile run was made in four minutes and twenty-seven and three fifths seconds.

—The annual debate of the B. J. F. Society will take place at Fenwick Hall, Holy Cross College, the 5th inst.—*Boston Pilot*.

—Ceremonies of thanksgiving were held at the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, May 1st, in gratitude for the generousities of all the benefactors of the institution.—*Catholic Union and Times*.

—INSTRUCTOR: "What is the meaning of the expression go to?"

STUDENT: "I do not exactly know, sir; but I think there is an ellipsis of the name of the place." [Tableau.]—*Spectator*.

—Dr. Schmitz, rector of the College at Paderborn, has resigned his position on account of old age, and, in recognition of his long and faithful labors in behalf of religion, was presented with the order of the Red Eagle.—*Catholic Columbian*.

—Two hundred students of Princeton took part in the last city election, supporting and electing the Democratic candidate. This action was in retaliation for fines imposed by the Republican Mayor on some of the students for breaking street lamps.—*Ex*.

—The Loreto Convent at Lindsay, Ontario, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday, the 23d ult. Nothing was saved but a small portion of the furniture, the boarders and Sisters losing the contents of dormitories and wardrobes.—*Catholic Chronicle*.

—Last week, at the call of the Xavier Union, a monster meeting was held in New York to protest against the spoliation of the Propaganda property by the robber Government of Italy. Speeches were made by Mayor Edson and Judge Daly; letters were received from S. S. Cox, Francis Kernan, August Belmont, Perry Belmont, and Frank Hurd.

—Since its foundation in 1663, the Seminary of the Foreign Missions in Paris has sent fifteen hundred missionaries to the east of Asia,—one thousand since 1840. Of these apostolic men, twenty-four, condemned to death by pagan tribunals, in hatred of their faith, had the happiness to shed their blood for Jesus Christ; seven others, without having been juridically condemned, were massacred by the infidels.—*Ave Maria*.

—Western doctors say that some of their medical colleges are so greatly in want of students that the so-called preliminary examinations are a mere farce. It seems that last autumn a young man, after paying his advance fees to a medical institution, desired to attend another college, and requested that his money be returned. This being refused, the youth determined to display great ignorance at the preliminary examination, and, out of twenty-five questions put to him, answered but three correctly. Certain of his rejection, he called upon the dean next day for his money. He was informed, however, with great affability, that his examination had been entirely satisfactory. The college cashed the claim only after a lawsuit threatened.

—The much used and expressive phrase "godless education," originated with a Protestant member of Parliament in the House of Commons. The Government measure which resulted in the establishment of Queen's Colleges in Ireland was being discussed, and Sir Robert Inglis, member for Oxford University, denounced it as a "gigantic scheme of godless education." O'Connell took it up as a happy phrase to express the character of the institutions then discussed, which are usually spoken of by their friends as "non-sectarian."—*Antigonish Aurora*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, May 10, 1884.

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 SEVENTEENTH 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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—Rev. Father Kirsch delivered an able and interesting lecture before the students assembled in the Rotunda of the University, on Wednesday evening last. We are happy to be able to present it to our readers this week, and commend its perusal to all.

—Hon. John Gibbons, of Chicago, visited Notre Dame Saturday and remained till Monday. While here he delivered two excellent lectures. The first, entitled "Oliver Goldsmith," was given in the Rotunda of the University, and the students of the Senior and Junior departments were present in full force, and manifested throughout the strictest attention. It was interesting and instructive to all of them. It will appear in our next number. The other lecture was delivered Monday morning in St. Cecilia Hall. It dealt with the interdependent relations of the Federal Government, the State, and the citizen. Clearly and admirably it outlined and described the triple sovereignty exercised by them under the Constitution and the laws. It was

received with manifestations and expressions of great favor by the Law students and others in attendance. Mr. Gibbons is an old student of Notre Dame, and belongs to the Class of '68. Since leaving college, his career has been very successful and he now enjoys a large and lucrative law practice in the city of Chicago. It pleases us to announce that he has consented to become one of the members of the Law Faculty for the coming year.

—"Now goes the royal mandate forth" to the disciples of Nimrod, interdicting further war on the feathered tribes that seek the shelter of the lakeside and the college groves, making glad the ear and the heart of the student

"—who to these shades retires,

Whom nature charms, and whom the muse inspires."

For some time past the crack of the shot-gun has been heard from morn till night in the groves and fields around the College. If this were allowed to continue we should soon have no birds left; those that would not have been killed would be scared off the premises. So thought the local council, and an order has been issued that forbids fowling within a radius of a quarter of a mile of the College, and declaring it hereafter a trespass amenable to law. So strict is the order that no exception is made even for the lake border, where wild-ducks are sometimes attracted. The latter clause seems rather severe, but on the whole the decision of the local law-makers is a wise one and should be respected.

—The admirable portrait of Cardinal Newman, just added to the treasures of the University, is a singularly beautiful specimen of drawing, artistically executed, and colors skilfully blended. The light is well disposed and the grand head of the great man with its clean cut prominent features, deeply drawn lines and calm, gray eye, is modelled with peculiar skill and life-like effect. In treatment, the soft texture of the silk mozzetta with its glossy lustre and deep tones of gorgeous crimson forms an effective contrast to the delicate flesh-tints of the transparent complexion. Escaping from the skull-cap of Cardinal red, the silvery white hair stands out in its purity, scattered in heavy locks upon the massive forehead. The colors used for the back-ground of the picture give a striking relief to the noble, dignified form, and the impression that the spectator stands in the presence of life. Although Gregori has admirably succeeded in portraying the outward form, he has not for-

gotten to reveal the spirit that resides within the venerable frame. The tranquil, penetrative and studious expression of the countenance reflects the great soul and giant intellect of the noble old man whose ineffable sweetness of character attracts and elevates all who come under his influence. In technical treatment and freedom of touch we have never seen a better picture. It fills our ideal of the great Cardinal,—of the Cardinal whose “life is now appreciated and honored, not only by his spiritual sons, but by all fair-minded men of English speech.”

Cardinal Newman.

“As when a painter poring on a face
Divinely tho’ all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face
The shape and color of a mind and life
Lives for his children ever at its best
And fullest.”

—Tennyson's *Elaine*.

(Suggested by Signor Gregori's portrait of the great Cardinal.)

The days of hero worship have not gone by. *Pace* Carlyle and all his school, there are still great men on earth and, as long as one generous instinct lives in man's bosom, so long will high character and noble deeds challenge respect, admiration and love. At college, the leaders of the games, the foremost in the classes, are followed by the admiring gaze of their fellow-students, and in the broader school of later life the sterling qualities of really great men win no less ready recognition. The tears of a sorrowing world over the grave of a Longfellow bear witness alike to fact and feeling. Incalculable is the good that has been and is wrought among men by this admiration and consequent unconscious moulding of life upon that of a noble character. To this feeling, no less than to that other of which they are spoken, are applicable the words of King Arthur in *Guinevere*:

“For indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is a passion for a noble soul,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thoughts and noble deeds,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.”

But to attain such results, the model chosen must needs be really great. No shadow will do, no trumpery tinsel, no loud-mouthed, self-conscious men whose empty hearts and brainless heads reverberate all hollowness.

Among the many noble men of whom Europe in the XIXth century may justly be proud, there is not one that ranks higher, whether for greatness of character or literary ability, than JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. As a theologian, philosopher, lecturer, critic, essayist, sacred orator, he yields to

none. And to these titles on our regard he adds another—he belongs to the band of

“Those rare souls—

Poets whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world.”

It needed not a Disraeli to testify to the power and wide-reaching influence of his character, nor a Gladstone to tell us of his inimitable mastery over our mother-tongue. And yet, strange to say, whether it be from force of prejudice or ignorance, the name of Newman is not even mentioned in the latest and best work on English Literature that has ever issued from the American press. Strange, indeed, when, in his own land, all classes and people freely recognize his high position in the world of letters.

J. H. Newman was born in London, in the year 1801. His parents belonged to the upper portion of the middle class,—the portion from which in every age England has drawn its leaders and thinkers. His childhood, like that of most children in the same rank of life, was quiet, uneventful and happy. Only one thing in it demands our attention from the important lesson it teaches that the minds and imaginations of the young can never be too early accustomed to what is beautiful and good. “I was brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible,” he says in his “*Apologia*,” and it is not mere fancy to conclude that to this early familiarity with the sinewy English of the classic Bible is due much of his own marvellous power of expression. His school days were spent at Ealing, a suburb of the great city, and in due time he went to the University. After his undergraduate days were over, he fell under the influence of Whately, in later days Archbishop of Dublin; and when the latter became Principal of Alban Hall, Newman accompanied him there as Vice-Principal and Tutor. However much his modesty led him to undervalue himself and overestimate Whately, Coplestone, and Hawkins of Oriel, however generous his judgment of them, the fact remains that his was a nature and a genius far superior to theirs. He was not formed to be ruled, but to rule; not to follow, but to lead. Palmer of Magdalen, Hurrell Froude, Pusey, the Regius Professor of Hebrew, Keble, the sweet singer whose lyre awoke a music in English hearts unknown to them since the days before the Reformation, Rose, the distinguished theologian, who possessed a deeper and more extensive knowledge of German metaphysics and thought than any man of his day—these and others similar would hardly have grouped themselves round Newman, and followed him as their leader, had they not recognized a nature higher and qualities loftier than their own. It were needless to dwell on this gifted band of brothers and the great work they performed. Is it not written in imperishable letters in the *Religious and Social History of England*? From their labors came a movement that, like the growing circles on the waters, spread till it covered the whole of the English-speaking world. The “*Tracts of the Times*” were read everywhere. Their publication was anxiously expected. “Is there another tract?” was the first question asked in the

morning. Discussed, criticized, admired, attacked,—they stirred up a new life in intellectual and religious circles. And during this time, too, Newman was drawing crowds to the services at St. Mary's. Often there was not standing-room in the church. No wonder, he held his hearers spell-bound. It was as if the golden-mouthed had returned to earth, or St. Bernard or Vincent of Lerins come back to call men to a higher life. And not even their eloquence surpassed that of the silver-voiced preacher of St. Mary's. He unfolded all the intricacies, he pierced all the depths of life. A sentence, a single phrase often sent a ray of piercing light into the hearts of his hearers that lit up the whole of their lives and gave them clear, guiding light for future direction. Joy and sorrow, content and doubt, despair and hope,—he seemed to have fathomed all, and in his own person to have concentrated the experience of a world. From this period many are the people who date the beginning of a higher life; and this side the grave the extent of Newman's influence will never be adequately known. Such a man must advance. For him there can be no rest except in the attainment of the highest truth. Natural enough, then, was the breaking up of this lofty-souled band. Some remained in the Church of England, and through that decrepit but still stately body sent a spasm of life that lasts even now. No student of religious history can fail to observe the change that has come over the spirit and work of the clergymen of England since the Tractarian movement, and no impartial mind can deny to whom the change is due. Others more logical followed Newman in his submission to the Church. And those were dark days for converts. To be the butt and mark for abuse and calumny and ill-report—"Never yet was noble man but made ignoble talk," and the nobler the man the more ignoble the talk—to leave the glorious old University, to give up friends and kinsmen and home, to go out into the big, cold, heartless world alone, is no easy thing; only those who have experienced it can imagine its bitterness. But Newman's love of truth and the frank, high honesty of his character which in later days were recognized by his countrymen and won their deepest regard, were not to be turned aside from the path of duty. He saw his star and he followed it.

The conversion of Newman to Catholicity has been characterised by Disraeli as the greatest blow given to the English Church since the secession of Wesley. Greater—for the reconciliation to the Church of Newman, and the hundreds who followed and are still following, was the recoil of intellect from a false system, and whatever foundation Methodism may have, it had no such deep one as this. It is said that shortly after becoming a Catholic, Newman wished to join the Jesuits. From this step, however, he was dissuaded by F——, a distinguished member of the Order, who told him that other work awaited him. Be the story true or false, certain it is that as a Jesuit not even Newman could have gained for Catholicity the proud position which as an Oratorian he so gallantly won for it.

In 184—, he founded a house of the Oratory at Edgebaston, and, with one or two exceptions, his life, devoted to good works and literary toil, has passed quietly in the peaceful seclusion of religion. But the exceptions are worth noting. Of the suit *Achilli vs. Newman*, little need be said. Lost in law, morally it was a great victory; Achilli left England and was never heard of more. The controversy with Kingsley is famous. Base and unfounded as Kingsley's attack was, it can hardly be regretted—to it the world owes the most open, clear and ingenuous story of the struggles and strivings of a great soul in search of truth. In the whole range of literature there is nothing like it, unless it be the "Confessions of St. Augustine." Need anything be said of the effect of the *Apologia* and the accompanying pamphlets? Kingsley started for the West Indies, and more than two years passed before his foot pressed English soil again. Yet once more did Newman come before the public. In 1874, Gladstone, smarting from ill-treatment at the hands of Catholics which nothing could justify, penned his famous *Expostulation*. It was a direct attack on some of the most important principles of Catholicity, an indirect one against the English Catholics. The little island has no more loyal sons than the small band of English Catholics, nor are there anywhere to be found truer children of Holy Church. To be told, then, that loyalty to Church and country were incompatible, that a good Catholic could not be a good citizen, and that in the glowing, impassioned language of which the great Premier is a Master, was an attack that could not be passed over in silence nor treated with contempt. It must be answered, and answered once for all. Many were the replies—good and bad, they were all neglected. Men had heard it whispered that Newman was to enter the lists and they bided their time. One should have lived in the country at the time to comprehend the satisfaction of the Catholics on the appearance of the "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk." They breathed more freely, they walked more erect, an intolerable weight had been taken off them. And hearty, spontaneous and unanimous was the judgment of the leading periodicals and papers—their verdict was not unfavorable to Newman.

In 1879, Pope Leo XIII made Newman a Cardinal. All classes and conditions of men, without reference to religion or politics, received the announcement with joy. It was an honor that came unsought, but even to the humble Father Newman it must have been gratifying. It was the recognition of his life's work, the Church's seal of approbation, it was a foreshadowing of the glorious words he hopes to hear from the Divine lips of his Lord and Master—"Euge, serve bone et fidelis!"

The foregoing sketch was suggested by the portrait of the great Cardinal lately painted by Sig. Gregori. Here, indeed, was a model to imitate—a man of high attainments and lofty character, whose life, more than that of any man in our days, has fulfilled all the requirements of noble living made by the poet, when he sang,

"We live in deeds, not years: in thoughts not breaths:
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best;
And he whose heart beats truest lives the longest—
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along the veins.
Life is but a means unto an end; that end
Beginning, mean and end of all things—God."

This is neither the place nor the time to enter into a detailed examination of Dr. Newman's writings. But whosoever wishes to study the most original and graceful literary work of our time must needs go to the pages of the Cardinal. Matter and form are as near perfection as man may attain. The statement that in Newman Intellect predominates to the exclusion of the Imagination is in some respect true. It results, however, from the nature of most of his subjects. Given a fitting subject and occasion, and he discloses to our admiring gaze the possession of the highest form of Imagination. Not to mention other works, a study of "The Dream of Gerontius" will amply prove this. To the only other defect attributed to his writings—his coldness—the reply is ready at hand. Granted a fitting opportunity and subject, and he displays the possession of a remarkable power of pathos. Many examples could be adduced to prove the position; one, however, must suffice. At the first meeting of the Bishops of England in Provincial Synod at Oscott, under the presidency of Cardinal Wiseman, Newman's sermon "On the Second Spring" drew tears from the eyes of the assembled dignitaries and divines, albeit they were not much used to the melting mood. Indeed so far are these defects from being his, that the more the works of the great Cardinal are studied the more the conclusion will be forced upon us that he belongs to the number of those rare men whose glory arises not from the abnormal growth of a single power at the expense of all the rest,—of which class there are so many examples in every country,—but from the equal and supreme development of each and every faculty.

DISCIPULUS.

Personal.

—J. Harkin, of '74, is a successful practitioner at the bar, in Des Moines, Iowa.

—J. Lynch, of '75, is prosperously engaged in business in Las Vegas, N. M.

—J. A. Stubbs (Com'l), '73, is engaged in the insurance business in Galveston, Texas.

—H. Morse (Com'l), '83, is engaged in business with his father in Salt Lake City, Utah.

—Thomas F. Flynn (Com'l), '83, occupies a trustworthy position in a bank at Des Moines, Iowa.

—John B. O'Reilly (Com'l), '83, occupies a lucrative position in the office of the Utah Commission Co., Salt Lake City.

—J. Brice (Com'l), '79, and F. Brice (Com'l), '83, are engaged in the wholesale grocery business with their father, at Des Moines, Iowa.

—Rev. D. A. Tighe, '69, accompanied by his sister, Miss Elizabeth Tighe, a former pupil of St. Mary's Academy, spent a few days at the College, during the week, visiting old friends. They left yesterday for New York, where they will take ship for a few month's visit to Ireland. The best wishes of many friends accompany them on their voyage.

—J. B. O'Reilly, of '83, writing from Salt Lake City, Utah, reports himself and Harry Morse enjoying good health, and both doing well. They wish to be remembered to all their old friends and associates of bygone days, and regret exceedingly they cannot be here for Commencement. The Morse and O'Reilly gold medals for field-sports will keep their memory green, and although absent will not be forgotten.

—The Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, arrived here Wednesday evening, April 16, and made a short stay at the Church of the Sacred Heart. On the following morning (Thursday), he paid a visit to St. Isidore's College, in the Third District, where he was joyously received by the Fathers, Brothers and pupils, one of whom made to him a short address of welcome, wishing him many happy years of long, long life and prosperity in the great and noble undertaking of education so well conducted by him in the West and also continued in the South. After this address, the Very Rev. Father was conducted to the Church of the Sacred Heart, where a sumptuous feast was prepared by the pastor, Rev. Father Demers. Among the visitors were: Very Rev. Father Chassee, Chancellor of the Archdiocese; Father Juttau, Dominican preacher of the Lent at the Cathedral; Father Manorito, of the Italian Church; Father Sherer, C. S. C., Superior of St. Isidore's College, and Father Molloy, C. S. C. Hon Mr. Costello, in his beautiful toast, wished the Very Rev. Father, whom he had known for over thirty-five years, long life and prosperity, reverting to the days of old when first he began that grand University of Notre Dame on the hunting grounds of the Indians of the West. Next came the Very Rev. Chancellor, L. A. Chassee, who welcomed Very Rev. Father Sorin to the South, and hoped that he would make the parish of the Sacred Heart flourish next to Notre Dame in grandeur and magnificence.—*N. O. Morning Star.*

Local Items.

—Fishing!

—Foot-ball is *non est*.

—Baseball is all the rage.

—Leon sighs "Ay de mi!"

—The festive duster has appeared.

—"By Jingo!" says our friend John.

—"Rec." was granted last Tuesday afternoon.

—Who will get up a "University Alphabet"?

—Bro. Albert has started a new Class of Drawing.

—The crews are hard at work with their daily practice.

—The Philopatrians will appear in full force next Wednesday.

—The Juniors caught over a hundred fishes in the lakes, on the 6th inst.

—The Philopatrian Zouaves are actively engaged in their drill-work.

—The botanists make daily excursions to the woods and the river-bank.

—The Muggletonian's concerts have as yet only been heard by a privileged few.

—Society reports have been crowded out this week. They will appear in our next.

—SONG OF THE BOTANIST:—"If you wish for heart's-ease, you shouldn't mari-gold."

—The Zouaves will execute their manœuvres in entirely new and dazzling uniforms.

—The members of the Junior Nines have procured handsome and tasty uniforms.

—The recent rains have produced a marked effect on the College lawn; it looks beautiful.

—Commencement will probably be on the 26th, this year. The question has not been decided as yet.

—The Junior T. A. U. held an interesting meeting last Tuesday evening. Full report in our next.

—The beautiful flowers which adorned the statue of St. Joseph last Sunday were from ST. EDWARD'S PARK.

—Our friend John, who is quite an adept at baseball, says that he takes a "hip-ball below the knees every time."

—The Minims intend entering their nines in the league to compete for the University championship. Success, "Princes"!

—Work on Science Hall, though to some extent retarded by the condition of the weather, still progresses satisfactorily.

—The many friends of Guy — will be surprised to learn that he narrowly escaped complete extermination last week.

—Rev. President Walsh and Rev. Father Toohey have the thanks of the Junior Baseball League for kind favors.

—The time creepeth on apace when ye Junior orders his swallow-tail, and the Senior his box of collars and ice-cream vest.

—Messrs J. B. O'Rielly and H. Morse, both of '83, have presented two handsome gold medals to the Senior Baseball Association.

—A question for philosophers or (perhaps) for philanthropists:—"Does a change in habiliments necessarily indicate a change in the man?"

—The "Star of the East" and the "N. D. U." nines played a very interesting game of baseball last Tuesday afternoon, resulting in a victory for the "N. D. U."

—The College has a warlike appearance at present, owing to certain grim-visaged veterans, who nightly wake the echo with warlike step. The "Prince" leads the "Passing Regiment."

—Mr. J. P. O'Donnell, of Chicago, Ill., has presented the Junior reading-room with a large and handsome clock. It is an eight-day clock with steel pivoted rolling pinion and perpetual calendar combined, giving the month, days of the month and week. The Juniors are under obligations to the generous donor.

—The Active Nine of the Juniors' Baseball League is composed of the following players: Murphy, 2d b. and Captain; Nester, catcher; Yrissari, pitcher; Fendrich, short-stop; Barela, 3d base; J. Henry, 1st base; Pohl, left field; Benner, centre field; Barnard, right field; Weber, sub; Halligan, scorer; Kauffman, umpire.

—The devotions of the Month of May are well attended every evening. Sermons are preached on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings. On Tuesday, the Rosary is recited in common, and on Thursday the devotions conclude with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The services each evening begin with the singing of hymns to the Blessed Virgin.

—The Minims had substantial proof in the two large boxes of oranges and bananas which they received that they were not forgotten by Very Rev. Father General during his visit to the South. The fruit arrived on Saturday last, and was taken to the study-hall, where the Very Rev. Father himself distributed it among the 105 Princes. The Minims return thanks to their beloved patron, not only for the fruit, but for the affection which such kindness evinces on his part.

—Last Monday, the 5th of May, is one of the greatest national feasts of Mexico, and it was celebrated with becoming enthusiasm by the students from that place. Having obtained of the Rev. President the entire day for themselves they went to the woods, under the guidance of Mr. Zahm, to enjoy a picnic. A green, shady bank on the Rio San José was selected, and the ground spread with blankets, which were piled high with eatables cooked in the woods. About noon, they were visited by Rev. Father Zahm, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Arrache, Mr. and Mrs. Doss, and Mrs. Campeau. The skill of the latter made the dinner a success, and Mr. Arrache amused the boys by salting the gravy "*bastante*" and presenting them a box of cigars. The beef was roasted in the old Homeric style, and was such as tickles the stomach and keeps up the spirits for a long time. After dinner, music and the attempts to ride a crazy little burro were enjoyed for half an hour. There was also another old self-willed one, that should have been killed long ago; he could not be pulled, nor pushed, nor coaxed except as he thought best, and the efforts of Master G. Moye to drive him to the grounds and back with a heavy load of provisions was ludicrous enough. A game of baseball finished the day, and the students returned much refreshed.

—The inaugural game between the Junior "Actives" and "Mutuals" took place last Tuesday. The "Mutuals" were pretty confident of their ability.

to take into camp the team they had defeated in three out of four practice games. They had not duly considered that the play in an exhibition game is not always a reliable criterion. And this they discovered before the contest was half over. The "Actives" kept up an attack upon the enemy's battery until they almost silenced it. The "Mutuals" made a spurt in the eighth inning, making seven runs, and, as a spectator remarked, "died game." J. Nester, E. Benner, J. Henry and H. Barnard led at the bat. The masterly play of P. Yrisarri was an especial feature of the contest. The following is the score:

ACTIVES.	O.	R.	MUTUALS.	O.	R.
J. Nester, c.	4	3	McCullough, c.	3	1
P. Yrisarri, p.	3	2	T. McGill, p.	4	0
J. Fendrich, s. s.	3	3	J. Devine, s. s.	4	1
J. Henry, 1st b.	3	2	H. Foote, 1st b.	3	2
W. Murphy, 2d b.	5	1	J. McDonnell, 2d b.	3	1
P. Barela, 3d b.	3	3	C. Muhler, 3d b.	2	3
E. Pohl, l. f.	1	3	W. Breen, l. f.	4	0
E. Benner, c. f.	1	4	M. Clarke, c. f.	1	3
H. Barnard, r. f.	2	2	J. McGordon, r. f.	3	2
TOTAL	25	23	TOTAL	27	13

INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

ACTIVES:—3 0 6 2 6 0 3 3 —23

MUTUALS:—0 3 0 0 0 2 0 7 1—13

Umpire, C. Kaufmann; Scorers, W. Mug, J. Halligan.

—Books lately added to the Library: Historia de Méjico, desde sus Tiempos mas remotos hasta nuestros dias, por Don Niceto de Zamacois, 20 vols., calf 8vo.; Historia de Méjico desde los primeros movimientos que prepararon su Independencia en el ano de 1808 hasta la Epoca presente, por Don Lucas Alaman, calf, 8vo., 5 vols.; Disertaciones sobre la Historia de la Republica Mexicana, 3 vols.; Compendio de la Historia de Méjico, por Luis Perez Verdía; Historia de la Conquista por de Solis; Don Fray Juan de Zumarraga primer Obispo y Arzobispo de Méjico, estudio biografico y bibliografico por Joaquin Garcia Icazbalceta; Historia Elemental de Méjico por Terso Rafael Cordoba; Compendio de la Hist. de Méjico por Manuel Payno; Manual del Viajero en Méjico, por Marcos Arroniz; Catecismo Geografico—Historico—Estadistico de la Iglesia Mexicana por el presbitero Br. Fortino Hipolito Vera Cura Vicarico Foranco; Hist. Abreviada de la Beata Mariana de Jesus Paredes y Florez per Henrique Maria Castro; Guia de Pecadores, por al Venerable P. M. Fr. Luis de Granada; Epitome o Modo Facit de prender el Idioma Nafuath o Lengua Mexicana por Faustino Chemalpopoca; Hist. Fray Gerundio de Campazas, 5 Vols.; Life in Mexico during a residence of two years by Mme. C—Dela B—, 2 Vols.; Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces, William Henry Bishop; Mexico and the United States—Their Mutual Relations and Common Interests, Gorham D. Abbot, LL. D.; Travels in Mexico and Life Among The Mexicans, by Frederick A. Ober; Appleton's Guide to Mexico, Alfred R. Conkling; Our Next-Door

Neighbor, A Winter in Mexico by Gilbert Haven; Teatro Escogido de Calderon de la Barca; Theatro Escogido de Lope de Vega; Contestacion a le Historia de conflicto enter la Religion y. la Ciencia de Juan Guillermo Draper por el P. Fr. Tomas Camara; Catalogo de los sugestos de la compania de Jesus que formaban la Provincia de Mexico; Mexico To-Day, a country with a great future and a Glance at the Prehistoric remains and Antiquities of the Montezumas, by Thomas Unett Brocklehurst; The Mission of San Xavier de Bac, by a Missionary in Arizona; Founding of the Missions of California, San Francisco, in 1776; Don Quijote de la Mancha; Gil Blas de Santillana; Os Lusíadas de Luiz de Camoes.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Anchondo, Ancheta, Aguilera, Alvarez, Arce, Banigan, Baca, Bowers, Brosseau, Barron, Becerra, Browne, V. Burke, F. Burke, F. Combe, J. Carroll, Coll, Carbajal, Cass, Cusack, Crawford, Conway, Cussen, Creel, Delgado, De Groot, De Wolf, De Haven, A. Dennis, Daily, F. Diaz, A. Diaz, Feltz, Fogarty, Farrell, T. Fenlon, E. Fenlon, Fitzgerald, Frain, Grothaus, Gonser, Goulding, Gonzalez, Gutierrez, F. Gallagher, J. Gallagher, Hyde, Howard, Hamlyn, Hotaling, Johnston, Kavanaugh, Kolars, Kleiber, Lechuga,* Lucas, McErlain, McKinnery, Mathers, Marquez, Mittendorf, J. McNamara, T. McNamara, Mahoney, Madden, Mahon, G. O'Brien, Ott, O'Dea, O'Rourke, Otis, Orchard, O'Kane, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Pour, Proudhomme, Rudge, T. Ryan, Rogers, Reach, Rul, Solon, Slatery, Scholfeld, Spencer, Saviers, E. Smith, J. Smith, G. Smith, Sanchez, Uranga, Warner, Warren.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arnold, Anchondo, Aguilera, Borgschulze, Berthelet, Barela, Baur, Barclay, Benner, Breen, Barnard, Cohen, Courtney, F. Curtis, Chaves, Cavaroc, Crilly, Costigan, Cassilly, Dorenberg, Dexter, Duffin, Ewing, Fitzgerald, Fehr, Fendrich, Foote, Finckh, Garrity, Gerlach, Grunsfeld, Hemisbaugh, Hagenbarth, E. A. Howard, E. J. Howard, Halligan, W. Henry, Houlihan, Houck, Holman, Hagerty, Jensch, Johnson, R. Lewis, Loescher, Lane, Luther, Monschein, Mullane, Muhler, Miller, A. Moye, Murphy, Mug, Major, Martinez, McDonald, J. McGordon, C. McGordon, O'Brien, Plishke, C. Porter, Pohl, Perley, Parres, J. Proudhomme, E. Proudhomme, Partillo, Rogers, Reynolds, Ruffing, Shea, Sedberry, L. Scheuerman, M. Scheuerman, Schaefer, Saunders, Shields, Schott, Talbot, D. Taylor, G. Tarrant, Uranga, Wabraushek, Williamson.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Adams, J. Addington, H. Addington, A. Arrache, S. Arrache, Amoretti, Boos, Benner, Comins, Crotty, Cole, M. Coad, Cummings, Dirksmeyer, Devine, J. Devereux, A. Devereux, Weston, Wright, A. Welch, Ernest, Fitzgerald, Fulwiler, W. Grimes, Garrity, Grunsfeld, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, Johns, Jones, E. Kelly, La Tourette, Landenwich, Lewis, B. Lindsey, W. McCourt, E. McGrath, T. McGuire, McPhee, McVeigh, Murphy, Manzanares, Meehan, Morrison, Morgan, A. Nester, M. O'Kane, Otis, O'Connor, R. Papin, V. Papin, Paden, Quinlin, Quill, Studebaker, Sumner, Stange, Shōneman, Schmitz, Sokup, L. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Uranga, West.

* Omitted last week by mistake.

For the Dome.

Rev. P. Demers.....	\$150.00
Rev. P. J. Franciscus.....	150.00
Rev. P. Lauth.....	150.00
Lovers of the Blessed Virgin.....	200.00
Mr. George Barrey, Detroit.....	10.00
Henry Heller.....	5.00

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Miss Maude Wiley, Class '83, is on a visit to the Academy.

—The rare pleasure of a call from Mrs. Dr. Cassidy, a former pupil of St. Mary's, was greatly enjoyed.

—The Devotion of the Month of May was duly inaugurated by the Rev. Father Shortis, on Wednesday evening.

—The monthly adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was observed on Sunday. All the Catholic pupils received Holy Communion in preparation.

—On Saturday, the Feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, the Benediction of the True Cross was given after the usual evening May devotions.

—The Princesses present their royal compliments and sincere gratitude to Very Rev. Father General for the large box of delicious oranges he so kindly presented them on his return from the South.

—The very successful competitions of the Junior pupils in the French Classes—presided by Rev. Father Saulnier—entitled the ambitious little participants to a picnic in the woods, on last Wednesday.

—The Princesses drew for the politeness badge on Friday. All except one were worthy. Alice Schmauss was the fortunate winner, but generously waved her right, and presented the badge to Sabry Van Fleet.

—In the Junior Preparatory Class, two Juniors, Mary Murphy and Mary McEwen, and the following Minims received 100 in lessons: Maggie Ducey, Jessie English, Lilly Johns, Bridget Murray, and Alice Schmauss.

—At the regular Academic reunion, in the Junior department, Hannah Stumer, in a natural, graceful style, read the story of "Sebastian Murillo's Mulatto," and Clara Richmond recited "The Origin of the Opal."

—The Roman mosaic cross is now worn by Nellie Quill. The Misses Ida Allen, Bailey, Cox, Dillon, Mary Ducey, Ada Duffield, Agnes English, Fehr, Halséy, Helen, Sibyl and Ella Jackson, Keyes, Richmond, Sheekey, Snowhook and Shephard, were her companions in the noble strife of lady-like manners.

—In calisthenic drill and personal graceful carriage the following are worthy of mention for their marked improvement: the Misses Dunn, Carney, Reynolds, Horn, Taylor, Lintner, Kearns, and Alice Gordon, in the Senior department; Catharine Lord, Ada Malbœuf, Eva Roddin, and Sybil Jackson, in the Junior department; and Jessie English, Bridget Murray, and Mary Reynolds, of the Minims.

—The young ladies return their hearty thanks for the rare specimens of bananas presented to

them by Very Rev. Father General. They were in two immense branches, just as they were plucked from the trees; the Prefect of Studies ordered them to be suspended in the centre of the refectory, and after dinner the pupils were invited to go up and gather them from the pendant boughs, and to fancy themselves in the sunny South.

—At the regular Academic reunion, in the Senior department, a little poem entitled "Watch your Words" was read by Miss Horn; and another, "Imelda Lambertini," was read by Miss Campbell. Very Rev. Father General presided, and gave an account of his visit in New Orleans and Texas. He spoke of the prosperous condition of the Academy at Austin, and the proficiency of the pupils; also of his pleasure in being able to celebrate the first Mass offered in the beautiful new church just completed in that city.

—Mrs. Rose Sipple Wightman, of Cheyenne, Wyoming Ty., was a welcome visitor on Wednesday last. Mrs. Wightman was a pupil of the Academy in '59 and '60. "If I am praised for anything," she said, in the course of her visit, "it is for my proficiency in literary and epistolary composition. I am, however, rejoiced to refer any merit I may possess to my dear teachers at St. Mary's, who first instilled the love for these acquirements in my youthful mind." Expressions of gratitude like the above are prized beyond measure by those whose lives are devoted to the cause of education, and who find by such acknowledgments that their efforts have not been wasted.

The Story of Kate Shelley—Iowa's Heroine.

The night of July 6, 1881, was one never to be forgotten by those who at that time witnessed the scenes of the awful flood upon the Des Moines River. The tide, already swollen by the incessant rain, rose higher and higher sweeping away all in its swift and terrible course, covering the woods that border its banks; yet safe upon its rocky height stood the home of Kate Shelley, scarcely a yard from the door of which the bank descends in one bleak, unbroken line, to the dark river below.

Across the river, scarcely a mile away, can be seen the sleepy town of Monigona; but to-night the glimmer of its lights are shut out by the darkness and rain. Men linger at home; only those who are forced to face the wild elements quit their firesides, and many are the prayers breathed by trembling lips for fathers, husbands and brothers, out in the blinding rain and darkness, made more dense by the fitful flashes of light, for trains must run, be the night what it will.

At the little Monigona station, the drowsy telegraph operator starts from his nap, catching the words from the subtle clicks: "Send Wood out to try the bridge." Ah! brave must be the heart of the engineer to face that awful night, and drive his iron steed across the boiling waters over a bridge, insecure at best; but "Wood" was brave, with a heart of oak, and he thinks of the lives in

the coming express, and then of his own dear ones at home. There throbs in his honest heart not the slightest pulse of fear, and, with a prayer on his lips, he mounts his "horse of steel." He opens the throttle valve; the ponderous monster rolls from the side track on to the main out from the depot into the night. The fireman at his side shouts back his last farewell, then the engine is lost from sight, and the clash of steel is drowned in the war of the tempest.

They near the bridge that totters above the seething tide. Many a night from his cab window, Wood had looked ahead for signs of danger here, but he sees not, in the blinding storm, the awful gulf ahead, where grim death stalks up and down on the wind-swept ties. On speeds the engine. Wood opens the throttle-valve wider still; the engine sways from side to side; the bridge trembles beneath it, and, with a terrible crash, goes down.

With one gigantic leap, the engine plunges on, as if possessed of human will; then it sways and goes down, down, with a hissing splash. The glare of the great light gleams for a moment, then goes out forever! The engineer is flung from the cab. As he falls, his hands touch the limb of a tree, and clinging to it, he swings himself up among the branches. Among the storm he hears the cries of his drowning comrades, and by the lightning's flash sees the engine disappear beneath the waters; sees the headlight go out, and all is darkness.

But there is another who hears the terrible fall of the timbers, and the splash in the river. By the window of her cottage home Kate Shelley stands with bated breath and sad, white face, watching the rain as it falls, listening to the sullen roar of the river below, thinking of that other awful night when her own dear father was taken from her in just such another cruel storm. She hears a locomotive, and peering out in the darkness, she sees high up on the bridge a headlight glimmer faintly. Then all at once there is a deafening crash; she sees the light fall, illuminating the foaming waters, and then disappear. A deadly faintness comes over her; she clings to the window-sill for support; but in another moment she regains her strength, raises her eyes to heaven; a prayer falls from her lips—a prayer for the poor drowning ones whom no human aid can reach; then, suddenly, a thought strikes her, and, turning to her mother, she exclaims. "O, Mother! God help us! the night express will be here in an hour!" Then, with a calm, pale face, but with a resolute look in her bright, dark eyes, she lights the candle in the old lantern, and without hesitation leaves the cottage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPORTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses Adderly, Beal, Bruhn, A. Babcock, C. Babcock, Cummings, Campbell, Cirkel, Calkins, Dunn, Fuller, Fitzpatrick, Fogerty, Ginz, Gove, Gavan, Addie

Gordon, A. Heckard, Hale, Keating, E. Kearns, Kenny, Kearney, Lintner, McHale, McNamara, A. Mooney, McCarthy, Neu, O'Connell, Quill, Reilly, Ramsey, Reynolds, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, Sheridan, Sheekey, Scully, Stackert, Todd, Tynan. 2d Tablet—Misses Call, Duffield, Alice Gordon, Helpling, Horn, Johnson, Kearsey, King, A. Murphy, Williams.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses Chaves, Cox, Dillon, M. Ducey, Fehr, Haney, H. Jackson, E. Jackson, S. Jackson, Keyes, McEwen, Malbœuf, N. Quill, Richmond, Schmidt, Sheekey, B. Snowhook, Vradenburg. 2d Tablet—Misses Durlacher, Duffield, Eldred, A. English, Halsey, Otis, Regan, Roddin.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses E. Chapin, M. Ducey, J. English, L. Johns, V. Johns, M. Lindsey, B. Murray, G. Papin, M. Paul, M. Reynolds, A. Schmauss, S. Van Fleet.

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2D DIVISION—Misses B. Gove, E. Neu.

2D CLASS—Misses Bruhn, Shephard.

3D CLASS—Misses Crawford, Ginz, Hale, Keating, E. Sheekey, Tynan.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Adderly, Carney, Dillon, E. Horn, H. Jackson, Scully, Todd, Van Horn.

4TH CLASS—Misses A. Babcock, Campbell, M. Ducey, L. English, K. Fehr, Morrison, Ramsey.

2D DIV.—Misses Castenado, J. Duffield, Fuller, Gavan, Kearney, Lucas, Munger, Moshier, Malbœuf, A. Murphy, Snowhook.

5TH CLASS—Misses Call, Dunn, A. Duffield, Fitzpatrick, Platte, Quill, L. St. Clair, Stackert, Wolven, Williams.

2D DIV.—Misses Chaves, Cirkel, Cox, Danforth, Agnes English, M. Fisk, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, E. Jackson, Keyes, Regan, Sheridan.

6TH CLASS—Misses C. Babcock, Billings, Brown, M. Barry, B. English, J. Fogerty, Hetz, B. Haney, Legnard, Lintner, Mooney, M. Murphy, Otis, Margaret Reynolds, Roddin, Richmond, Steele, S. St. Clair, Schmidt, Stumer, Taylor.

2D DIV.—Misses Best, Bailey, S. Jackson, Kearsey, King, Kearns, McEwen, McCarthy, Newman, O'Connell, Peak, E. Sheekey.

7TH CLASS—Misses I. Allen, J. English, Ewing, Helpling, L. Johns, Kenny, Leahigh, McNamara, Ryan.

8TH CLASS—Misses M. Ducey, Schmauss.

9TH CLASS—Misses Chapin, Lindsey, Murray.

10TH CLASS—Miss Mary Reynolds.

HARP.

3D CLASS—Misses Mary Dillon, E. Neu.

5TH CLASS—Miss D. Fitzpatrick.

6TH CLASS—Miss Crawford.

GUITAR.

Misses M. Beal, A. English, L. Van Horn.

VIOLIN.

Miss E. Carney.

ORGAN.

Miss C. Sheridan.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses M. Bruhn, M. Hale.

2D DIV.—Misses E. Neu, M. Tynan.

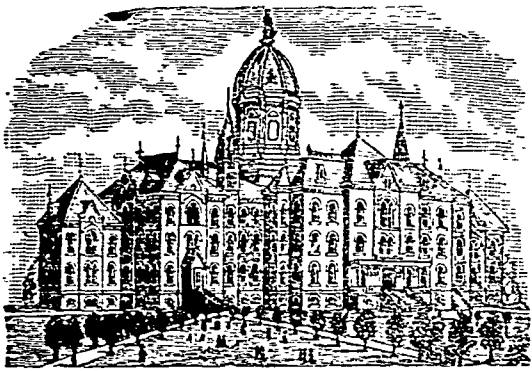
2D CLASS—Misses B. English, C. Babcock, Ginz, Ramsey.

3D CLASS—Misses S. St. Clair, M. Ducey, H. Jackson, A. English, E. Sheekey.

4TH CLASS—Misses F. Castenado, M. Otis.

5TH CLASS—Misses Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, M. Chaves, C. Fehr, C. Leahigh.

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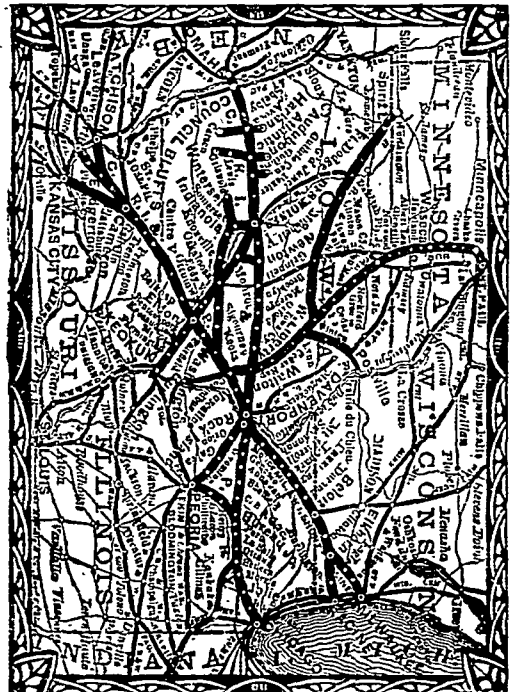
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