

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.



Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

VOL. XVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 13, 1884.

No. 15.

## Nina's Choice.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"Only guess what Nina said!"  
Whispered Bella in my ear,  
(All the while, with drooping head,  
Little Nina lingered near):—  
"Only guess,—'twas not in fun,—  
But if she should ever wed,  
It must be a Prince,—the son  
Of a King;—that's what she said!"

Nina's head was lifted now,  
In her pure, clear eyes the light  
Of a virgin soul; her brow  
Like a snowdrop meek and white.

All the little face was sealed  
With the signet of the King;  
Naught that earth could ever yield  
O'er that face its spell might fling.

Round the child my arm was cast,  
Closer drew her to my side:  
"Ah! God grant it, love, at last  
That thou be a Prince's Bride!

"That thou plight thy virgin vows  
With a Heart which changeth never;  
Then, indeed, thou'lt be the spouse  
Of a Prince who reigns forever!"

## An Oriental Epic.

THE "RAMAYANA."

The splendid pagodas, or mosques, and the enormous temples sculptured from the rock on its mountain summits, are veritable images of the grand epic poems of Hindostan. They reveal the same colossal dimensions, the same exuberance of flowing imagery. We find nothing in European literature to compare with them, save the famous romances of chivalry—laying aside the difference in manners and religion. The epic poems of India are many; they seem to partake of the proportions of this giant country. Begotten at the foot of the Himalaya—the loftiest of its mountains—or on the banks of the Ganges, one of the largest rivers of the globe, they borrow from their environment

something of that sublimity and grandeur which strike us with wonder and fill us with awe.

The four most remarkable of these poems are the *Ramayana*, the *Mahabharatha*, *Saratra*, and *Damayanti*. Of these we shall take the first, and consider its moral and poetic beauties.

The *Ramayana* is, assuredly, the most beautiful of the poems of India, and, perhaps, of all antiquity. From a moral, if not from an æsthetic point of view, it surpasses the "Iliad," the "Odyssey" and the "Eneid." The author of *Inde pittoresque* says:

"The poet designs to show that there is no real glory, no true greatness, but after trial and through trial. It is by means of adversity, supported with fortitude, that man does violence to Heaven and rises to the bosom of God—the last term of his love, the supreme sanctuary of his happiness. The end of man here below is to lead first a life of penance in order to live hereafter a life of pleasure; to pass through voluntary humiliations in order to gain enduring glory. Such is the design which the poet proposes to himself: such the theory which he develops in an admirable poem.

"The grand, the noble idea of duty in all conditions of life, whether social or cenobitic; duty for the soldier, or the master, or the slave:—such is the fundamental idea of the *Ramayana*,—the inexhaustible and sacred source whence the poet at every moment draws his inspiration.

"But duty alone does not suffice; he goes still further and attains to heroism. Austerities in the desert, distant wanderings, dreadful combats, separation from his spouse—these form the severe discipline to which "Rama," the hero of this sublime epic, subjects himself. In this renunciation of the good that men desire, this devotedness to others and sacrifice of self, we have a Christian idea proclaimed by the *Ramayana* before Christianity itself."

In subscribing to this judgment, we at the same time note two essential things wanting to the Hindoo poet to make him an advance disciple of Christ. His hero knows neither humility nor chastity. However, notwithstanding the absence of these two virtues, so dear to the true Christian heart, he is, in moral worth, far above all the heroes of Homer and Virgil.

Valmiky\* (*the white ant*), the author of this beautiful poem, lived, it is believed, about fifteen hundred years before the Christian era; that is to say, at a period when art in the Oriental world, if we except the Jewish nation, was yet in its infancy. But this very simplicity of the literature of the age imparts an additional charm to the *Ramayana*; so that, as it has been well said, this epic holds a place in the poetry of India similar to that which

\* Valmiky, it is said, was the son of a king; but the origin of this Homer of the Indies is involved in great obscurity.

the school of Perugino occupies among the Italian painters that have followed in his train. At least the comparison holds good as regards elegance and delicacy of touch, but there it stops. The pencil that quickens beneath the rays of India's sun has at once all the greatness, all the fire, all the splendor which shone forth in succeeding years from the grandest works of the great masters of Venice.

Valmiky was conscious of the grandeur of his poetic production, as may be seen from the declaration he has made, unrestrained by any feeling of modesty. He writes: "As long as mountains and rivers shall be upon earth, so long will the *Ramayana*, that noble history, circulate throughout the universe." Then he adds: "These recitals leave pure the narrator and make pure the reader. Herein will be found, equally mingled together, the attractive, the useful and the just. . . . Whoever will read them will find a safe asylum wherever he may be, and should death come he will be found with Brahma." He spoke truly; his poem had throughout the whole of Hindostan an exceedingly great popularity, and the relatively proper morality therein inculcated exercised a happy influence upon the populace of India.

But, now, let us consider the subject-matter of the poem, with its hero, who, by reason of his exploits, has been compared to Apollo and Bacchus of Greece. Rama, the son of King Dasharata,—a descendant of the solar race which reigned at Ayodhya (Ouda)—passed through a childhood, like that of Hercules, encompassed with perils of all kinds. He avoided some and triumphed over others. Then, in the fullness of his youthful vigor, he travelled through the world, redressing wrongs, and freeing it from the plagues with which it was infested. Arrived at the court of King Djanaka, he falls in love with the daughter of that prince, the beautiful Sita,—one of the most admirable types of female character, says a writer, that ever emanated from the brain of a poet. Rama marries her. On account of the jealousy of one of the wives of Djanaka, the young hero is obliged to go into exile with his brother, the prudent and faithful Lackhmana. Sita wishes to accompany her royal husband.

"Remain here," Rama says to her; "Remain in this splendid palace in which thou wert born. Thou wilt live here happily and in honor under the protection of thy father."

"Never, never!" answers Sita. "Husband is more than king, or god, or father,—he is the sanctuary and the altar of the wife."

"But dangers without number await thee in the dark forests: serpents, vultures, tigers and a thousand other terrible enemies."

"Oh, my noble Rama! Protected by thy arm, whom could I fear? not even the gods!"

"But think of what thou shalt have to suffer. The fastnesses of impenetrable jingles, thorny briars, violent storms, the fierce rays of the burning sun, the ice of the Himalaya, hunger, thirst,—all this would mar thy beauty, exhaust thy strength."

"No, no! Wherever Rama goes, Sita will have strength to follow him: by his side she will ever be happy. Dear one, the forest is full of delightful shades, exhilarating perfumes, melodious harmonies. The forest! Oh, I feel already the pleasures of that happy solitude. Rama! Rama! I, too, was destined to lead the secluded life of the Sanyassi (penitent); I, too, must share in the merits of the Fakir (ascetic)! A brahmin foretold it, one day, when I, a thoughtless little girl, was playing before my father's palace. The brahmin did not speak falsely, the hour has come. Oh, Rama! let me fulfil the words of Mouni."

This dialogue, so full of true conjugal affection, is not remarkable in India, where wives must show such devotion to their husbands that they must follow them even to the tomb upon the funeral pile.

The two noble exiles, escorted by the faithful Lackhmana set out from Ayodhya. The king, lords, and all the people in tears accompany them as far as the gates of the city. Dasharata already experiences remorse for having pronounced so cruel a sentence. "Yes," he says, "the brahmin, whose son I had slain, cursed me, and now his malediction is accomplished." Some months afterwards he dies of grief. But, in the mean time, Rama and Sita, after crossing the Ganges, plunge into the midst of thick forests, and so great is their ardor that neither lakes, nor torrents, nor ramparts of rocks, nothing can stay their progress until they reach the mountain Tchitrakouta. Here our Indian hero builds a hut where he lives happy with his wife and his brother Lackhmana.

Shortly after the departure of Rama, his younger brother Bhārata, succeeds to the throne; but the latter, generous-hearted, does not wish to usurp the rights of Rama, to whom in his solitude he goes and begs of him to take possession of the throne to which he is the rightful heir. Out of respect to the will of his deceased father, Rama refuses and commences anew his travels through Hindostan, once more engaging in conflicts with monsters, giants, and evil genii. And here we come into the midst of Hindoo marvels. The hero receives the invincible bow of the god Indra, with two quivers which remain ever filled with arrows that never miss their aim. We have the labors of Hercules transferred to India. But the powerful enchanter, Ravana, king of the Isle of Shipgala (Ceylon), declares himself the rival of Rama and vows vengeance for all whom he has slain. He kills the vulture Djatayonch which guarded the home of the hero, and carries off his wife Sita. Rama is in great distress and thinks only of vengeance. Taking council of the hermit Carari, he forms an alliance with Hanoumat, the king of the monkeys.

We may stop to remark here that it is to be regretted that this last-mentioned important fact, although it does not rest upon *data* perfectly historical, should have escaped Dr. Darwin and other leaders in the army of *evolutionists*. They would have found herein a novel and startling argument in favor of their ridiculous theory of the descent of man.

Well, to resume, an argument is made between this great man and the chief of the monkeys. Rama dispatches to all parts of the world the mischievous and agile subjects of his new ally, charging them to discover Sita.

These extraordinary ambassadors start at once and traverse the sacred land of India with prodigious jumps of ten leagues at a time. But Hanoumat, the most perfect of the monkeys, is the first to get sight of the beautiful captive at Lanka, as she is walking, sad and mournful, in the groves of the enchanter. He accosts her and shows her Rama's ring. But the subjects of Ravana, astonished to see a monkey conversing with a mortal, attempt to seize the bold messenger. Then the king of the monkeys makes an extraordinary jump from Ceylon to India and hastens to warn Rama.

The poem of the *Ramayana* concludes with a very touching epilogue. Sita is rescued from the enchanter and restored to her invincible husband; but the latter seems sad instead of being filled with joy. His soul is tortured with doubts. Sita exclaims:

"Yes, Rama, my heart has always been thine. The gods are my witnesses that my soul has never wronged thee." Then, turning to Lackhmana, she says to him, in accents of bitter pain, but with the majesty of a princess wounded in her most cherished affections: "Since Rama is silent, he believes me guilty. Prepare the funeral pile which alone can save me. Wounded by calumny, I care no longer to live. Abandoned by him I have loved so well, there is but one way open to me—the fire."

Lackhmana hesitates at first, but seeing that naught can move the inflexible soul of the hero, he prepares the pile. Sita ascends it and, turning towards Rama, she exclaims: "If it be true that neither in word, nor act, nor in my heart have I wronged my lord and my husband, may this devouring fire spare my members." Then, advancing towards the flames, the poor innocent cries: "O fire! thou the first of the gods, be my witness, my saviour!"

At that moment Rama trembles; the crowd break forth in sobs and cries. The queen respectfully salutes her husband, and plunges into the fire. Then come the *Dii ex machina*. All Hindoo Olympus descends upon the earth: Yama, the god of the dead; Indra, the king of the Devis; Varana, lord of the waters; Siva, the terrible; Braham, the creator of the world; Wischnow, Genesa, and a host of other divinities come to the assistance of the heroic Sita. They extinguish the flames, and a voice cries out to Rama:

"Take thy spouse, O King! She is spotless. Never has she wronged thee in word or thought. It is I who bear witness—I, the fire, from whom nothing is hidden."

Rama, whose joy and admiration are surpassed only by the renewed love which he feels for his faithful spouse, thanks the gods in grandiloquent terms, and, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the multitude, he places Sita in his triumphal chariot and conducts her to the palace of his fathers.

This short analysis of the most remarkable epic of the literature of the Indies may be sufficient to show that the *Ramayana* has, in beauty of sentiment and loftiness of thought, perhaps no equal among the literary productions of antiquity—always excepting our sacred books. Indeed, it might be said that such noble sentiments could be found only in the Pentateuch, of which, perhaps, they are a remote and feeble echo; for the *Ramayana* belongs to a period but two centuries later.

S. C. J.

#### Certitude.\*

As science supposes certain knowledge, it may well concern us to reflect upon that which lies at the foundation of all science as well as of philosophy—certitude. Certitude is not ignorance, doubt, or probability; but the firm adhesion of the mind to the truth made known to it. The importance of a consideration of this subject we will endeavor to show from an historical and practical standpoint. Historically speaking, we find that Pyrrho, in the 5th century (B. C.), established a system of sophistry in which he denied subjective certitude, or that firm, fixed state of the mind referred to in our definition. Now, to deny subjective certitude implies the denial of self-existence, and one who denies his own existence may deny anything. Another school rose up in the 18th century, called Kantism, which went to the other extreme: accepting subjective, but rejecting objective certitude—*i. e.*, doubting the reality of truths or objects. To show the fallacy of the latter, suffice it to say that in rejecting objective certitude, they doubt truth itself; and what can be expected of such men?

The agnostics in our own day maintain that there is no certitude whatever concerning supersensible objects, such as God and the human soul. To answer this absurd assertion, I will simply say that such men are either superficial scientists or wilful deceivers. Practically considered, if certitude were called in question, man would be destined to spend his mortal life in error and ignorance; society would have no fixed laws, and consequently no order; we could not know, or at least demonstrate, the existence of God, certitude of revelation and reason being denied; and without God there is no religion; and without religion there is no morality.

We must admit that the human mind is able to know something with certainty. The mind may know in a twofold manner: either it knows directly by itself, in making the proper use of its own faculties—for instance, when we realize our own existence, or perceive the existence of anything outside of ourselves—or it acquires its knowledge indirectly from others; or, as we say, by authority. Thus it is that we are able, even in the 19th century, to know beyond doubt that such men as Cæsar and Charlemagne once existed. In either

\* Thesis defended by T. J. McKINNEY before the Academy of St. Thomas, December 6, 1884.

case, whether knowledge comes directly or indirectly, we affirm that the human mind can be certain and cannot possibly fall into error; because its firm adhesion relies, in the first case, on a clear, irresistible, intrinsic evidence; in the second, on an undeniable feeling of human nature, called truthfulness. In treating the subject proposed for our consideration, we shall divide it into two parts—viz., certitude of human reason and certitude of human authority.

#### I.—CERTITUDE OF REASON.

By reason we mean here all the faculties of the mind by which man acquires knowledge—consciousness, senses, intellect, reasoning, and memory. Now, I feel certain that all these mental powers give me the truth if their operations have for a result to establish my mind in a state of perfect evidence. This evidence, however, cannot be merely subjective; otherwise man, a relative being, would be the cause of an absolute certainty. It comes, then, from another object, the light of which, by penetrating the human mind, compels it to see, and see evidently. Such is the case, *1° de facto*, with these different faculties. But, before going further, let us understand what evidence is. Evidence may be defined the clear perception of reason, either immediate or mediate. Immediate evidence makes known to us truths which are shown by their own light—those first principles or primary truths which do not admit of a demonstration, but on which all other truths are based: such truths as *two and two make four; two things which are each equal to a third are equal to each other; every effect must have a cause*. Mediate evidence makes known truths which are not perceived in themselves, but which are drawn from truths immediately perceived by means of demonstration. Such as, for example, Geometrical propositions or theorems, or truths, such as the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, etc. After establishing evidence as the mark or criterion by which we are enabled to recognize certitude, let us apply it to these different mental powers.

In the first place, consciousness, which is the faculty of knowing what takes place within oneself, gives certitude, if its knowledge is evident. Now, knowledge acquired through consciousness is evident; therefore consciousness *does* give certitude.

Secondly, the senses are those powers of the mind which enable us to perceive external objects, *e. g.*, stones, animals. Now, as the senses, when in their normal condition and properly applied, furnish us with evident knowledge, it follows therefrom that they give us certitude; their knowledge being evident, because we are forced by a universal, constant and irresistible law of nature to believe what they relate to us.

Thirdly, intellect is that faculty by which our mind perceives what is absolutely necessary. And from the definition of a necessary truth—viz., that which cannot but be, and which cannot but be as it is; we can readily understand that intellect gives us certainty.

Fourthly, reasoning likewise is for us a motive of certitude, if there is evidently a close connection between the principle and conclusion. Now such is the case with the syllogism, which is the most perfect expression of reasoning. Therefore, we are not liable to err when we follow all the rules of reasoning.

Lastly, memory is the faculty by which we recall to mind feelings and perceptions that are past. It is also a valuable motive of certitude. Memory, indeed, rests on two undeniable facts of the human mind: 1st, knowledge, either sensible or rational; 2d, our own identity. When I remember to have been in Washington, I know for sure that it is I myself; and likewise when I remember any good or bad action of mine. And as these two facts are admitted as evident by good common sense, it is plain that we feel as certain of the testimony of our memory when clear and well defined as we do of what reason and consciousness bring home to us.

2° Moreover, it must be so *de jure*—because common sense tells me that what is self-evident, as an axiom, is also certain; because, knowing that God is infinitely wise and truthful, He must of necessity have given me truthful faculties; for if they were deceitful, God Himself would deceive me, which is absurd to suppose: because we have the common consent of mankind, and this has been accepted in all ages and at all times as an infallible motive of judging with certainty of moral truths which are closely connected with human nature. In fine, because without certitude, without this settled, firm mental conviction in regard to truths and things, man who is by nature superior to animals would be really inferior to them, having indeed on the one hand an irresistible longing after the good, the beautiful and true, he would never be able to imbibe any of that sweet nectar called truth, goodness and happiness.

Moreover, what would be the use of laws in society, since there is no certain obligation? What foundation would there be for morality, since it is not certain that there exists a distinction between good and evil? Why should religion and the worship of God find a place, since we are not fully certain that there is a God? To deny certitude, therefore, is to destroy all social relations, all religious worship; nay, more: to attempt the annihilation of God Himself. On the contrary, by admitting the certitude of reason, we implicitly admit the existence—1st, of a moral order, since man is a moral being; 2d, of a physical world, since man is not soul alone, but is a compound of soul and body; 3d, even of a metaphysical world, since it being absurd to suppose that man has made himself, he must have had another Being superior and anterior to himself, whom he calls his Maker and Creator—God—the eternal King of the metaphysical world or order.

#### II.—CERTITUDE OF AUTHORITY.

Although man, by making use of his mental powers, can attain to a certain knowledge of truth, yet these personal faculties are greatly limited.

But there is also another means of knowing, not less powerful, by which man is enabled to expand the sphere of his knowledge—viz., authority. By authority is here meant the reason of other men either taken together or considered in one or several witnesses. These witnesses assert what they saw themselves, or what they heard from other persons who were eye-witnesses. Again, testimony or the assertion made by witnesses may regard merely historical facts, or events inseparably connected with some doctrine. Thus it is that while we *know* through our own reason, we *believe* on the reason or testimony of others.

But what are the two foundations of our belief? The first is psychological, inasmuch as we instinctively feel inclined to believe other men when they speak, and this because of an innate love of truth, which by nature exists in all men: language is looked upon as the natural expression of truth. The second is social, inasmuch as human society is or would be utterly impossible without the interchange of confidence between its members: mutual confidence is, as it were, the strongest bond which unites man to his fellow-man.

Now, the question arises whether authority or testimony is for man a legitimate motive of certainty. We might first answer that it must be so, because in order to receive testimony, we make use of our senses, our reason and our will. But from what has been said before we know that our own faculties give us certitude when their respective objects are seen with evidence. Here, it is true, we cannot see the truth with evidence, but we nevertheless see evidently, in the case of reliable witnesses, that what they narrate must have been evident to them. Consequently, their voice is an infallible echo of nature; and nature being never false, we are certain with regard to the things which they relate.

Yet, the testimony of others can be accepted as certain only on three conditions: viz., first that they were not deceived when examining the facts; second, that, owing to their character, and the circumstances in which they were placed, they did not intend to deceive; third, that, even if they would deceive, they could not. This logical climax, if strictly applied to a single witness, would render his testimony indisputable. How much more should it be so if we meet with a great number of witnesses of different ages, conditions, passions, nationalities, and prejudices? Such were the first disciples of Christ and the early Christians. Let us suppose that all, or the greater part, of these witnesses agree upon relating the substance of a fact that was sensible, public and important; as, for instance, the resurrection of Lazarus; that, far from having any interest in relating the same fact, they would be injured thereby; in fine, that instead of concealing details that might damage their fortune or reputation, they speak or write with wonderful sincerity, as the four evangelists do, and also St. Paul; such being the case, who could be foolish enough to call in question things historical or doctrinal so emphatically asserted by such witnesses?

Testimony may be twofold, either *oral* or *written*. If oral, it often takes the name of *tradition*. Now, if we apply to tradition the rules just laid down, we shall soon convince ourselves that a tradition may pass unaltered through the course of ages, and must come down to us as pure as it was in the beginning. The first reason of it is because the tradition is supposed to have been universal, constant, uninterrupted and public. The second, because it deals with a fact intimately connected with the existence and constitution of a people. Third, because there exists no contradiction between the different stages of tradition, nor in the various ways by which the witnesses handed them down to us.

If, on the other hand, there is question of written testimony, it is generally called history. Here we meet with an objection made by some sceptics of our own day; they say, although certitude exists at the very moment when events take place, yet tradition, as well as history, speaks of remote times, and no sensible man will ever give the same credit to a by-gone fact as to one which he witnessed himself. We answer 1st, that the question here is not about the time or distance of events, but only concerning the witnesses of the facts. Moreover, when a witness has been proved to be trustworthy, even two thousand years before the present day, his testimony is rather strengthened than weakened by successive centuries. Likewise, if a book, after being strictly criticised, is pronounced the very expression of truth, it is and shall be so forever. Truth never changes, and certitude does not admit of any degree, except in its intensity. Nay, more: as time goes on, the intrinsic value of a book and the credibility of a witness increase more and more. We do not think it necessary to explain here the conditions requisite to establish the historical certainty of a book. Suffice it to state the instance of one book,—that has at all times been severely criticised, that has always firmly stood the test of criticism—we mean the Bible. The Bible, indeed, is the book of books; going back to the origin of the universe; containing, in short, the whole history of mankind, and relating all the principal truths of antiquity and modern times. Equally venerated by Jews and Christians, carefully preserved and defended by non-Catholics as well as Catholics, the Bible has remained an incomparable monument of certitude, built up by the hand of God. We see, therefore, that human testimony, when fulfilling the requisite conditions, must of necessity give us certitude.

We have now proven that the human mind is able to attain to certitude in a twofold manner. We have shown *first* that natural evidence is an undeniable and irresistible motive of certainty; that the mental powers,—consciousness, sensible perception, reason, reasoning and memory—place the mind in a state of perfect conviction, and therefore can and must give certainty. *Secondly*, we have shown that human testimony, whether conveyed to us orally, in tradition, or by writings, in history, furnishes us with a no less powerful means of knowing with certainty when subjected to the



proper rules. *Thirdly*, we have shown that if certitude were denied, all social relations and all religious worship would be destroyed, and even God Himself would be annihilated. *In fine*, we have shown that by admitting certitude we implicitly admit a moral, a physical, and even a metaphysical order.

Relying, therefore, on this demonstration, we have the right to infer therefrom that one of two things must be admitted: either there exists something certain, and certainly known by man when evidently seen and proven, or we must call in question the reality of man, the world, and God. Shall we be sceptics or shall we accept the dogma of the existence of certitude? Good common sense gives the answer.

#### Art, Music and Literature.

—Miss Anderson's "Juliet" forms the subject of a eulogistic article contributed to the December number of the *Nineteenth Century* by the Earl of Lytton.

—Premier Gladstone's Latin version of the "Rock of Ages" has been set to music by Dr. Bridges, the organist of Westminster Abbey, and it is set down for performance at the Birmingham musical festival.

—England, it appears, does not care very much for the memory of her great lexicographer. The effort of the Mayor of Lichfield to arrange a celebration of the Johnson centenary at his birth-place has met with so little notice that the scheme has been abandoned as hopeless.

—The front of Turner's old house on Queen Anne-st., London, has been rebuilt and decorated with what is regarded by many as the best commemorative tablet yet designed in that city. The memorial stone varies from the usual style in presenting a portrait of Turner, and the dates of his birth and death.

—The *Cercle de la Librairie* at Paris intends to open an exhibition of the designs of Gustave Doré for the illustration of books. Many noted French firms—Hachette, Mame, Jouvett, Hetzel, and Calmann Lévy—will contribute, and so will *Le Journal pour Rire*, the *Monde Illustré*, etc. Foreign publishers are also invited to take part.

—A valuable find of colossal statues and images rudely carved in stone has been made by the officers of a German gunboat at Rappanni, or Easter Island, in the South Pacific, hundreds of miles from any continent. The German Government, it is understood, is making preparations to send an expedition to Easter Island with a corps of scientists and engineers to sketch the island, survey the ground and to make plans and sections of the prehistoric buildings and ruins. Our own Government has also taken steps to secure some of these valuable remains for its own large and valuable ethnological collections representing the prehistoric

and known races of this hemisphere. Instruction have been sent to Admiral Upshur, in command of the South Pacific squadron, to send one of his vessels on a cruise in the direction of Easter Island, and to make such explorations, collections and reports as he may think important. It is understood that the Government of France is also turning its attention to this island with a view to the establishment of a protectorate.—*Home Journal*.

—M. Gounod's new oratorio *Mors et Vita*, written for the Birmingham Festival next year and dedicated to the Holy Father, is now finished, and the full score was recently delivered by the composer to the Festival Committee. The price paid to the composer for copyright and performing right is the same as that received by him for the *Redemption*—viz., £4,000. The subjoined list shows the division of *Mors et Vita* into parts and numbers:

Prologue.—(1) orchestral movement; (2) chorus; (3) The Voice of Jesus, bass solo; (4) chorus.

Part 1.—Requiem Mass.—(1) Introit and Kyrie, chorus and four solos; (2) double chorus, unaccompanied; (3) Dies Iræ, chorus; (4) Quid sum miser, four solos and chorus; (5) Felix culpa, soprano solo and chorus; (6) Quærens me, duet, soprano and contralto; (7) Juste Judex, chorus; (8) Ingemisco, four solos and chorus; (9) Inter oves, tenor and solo; (10) Confutatis, chorus and four solos; (11) Lacrymosa, chorus and four solos; (12) Offertorium, chorus and soprano solo; (13) Sanctus, tenor solo and chorus; (14) Pie Jesu, four solos; (15) Agnus Dei and Communion, soprano solo and chorus; (16) epilogue, instrumental.

Part 2.—(1) The Sleep of the Dead, orchestral movement; (2) The Trumpets of the Last Judgment, orchestral movement; (3) The Awakening of the Dead, orchestral movement; (4) The Coming of the Judge, baritone recitative, orchestra and chorus; (5) The Judging of the Elect, baritone solo, orchestral chorus and soprano solo; (6) unaccompanied Chorale of Angels; (7) The Judging of the Condemned, baritone recitative, orchestra and chorus.

Part 3.—(1) The new Heaven and new Earth, instrumental prelude, and baritone recitative; (2) The Heavenly Jerusalem, orchestra and baritone solo, orchestra, celestial chorus, and full chorus; (3) The Great Voice in Heaven, baritone recitative, orchestra and chorus; (4) No more Tears, no more Suffering, no more Death, quartet and orchestra; (5) All Things made New, baritone recitative, orchestra and chorus; (6) celestial chorus; (7) final Hosanna.

—The book trade of Germany differs from both that of England and that of France not only in its extent, but also in its character; for while with few exceptions the books of this country appear in London, and while the majority of French books are issued in Paris, there is hardly a town of importance in Germany that does not contain several publishers. However, though Germany has no centre of production, it has a centre of distribution, and from Leipzig books of the weight of over 7,000 tons are sent out annually. In this town is kept a stock of the publications of over 1,430 German publishers, and the business is carried on by means of 131 commission agents, who represent 5,400 booksellers. Here is held annually the Easter fair, which is largely attended, and where business is transacted to an amount exceeding £1,000,000. The important position now held by Leipzig had formerly belonged to Frankfort, but the arbitrary actions of the imperial council had

driven away most of the publishers from that town; while the more liberal arrangements of the Saxon Government attracted them to Leipsic, and its fairs were much attended. Fairs were held at Michaelmas and Easter, and for a short period at the opening of the new year; but eventually the Easter fair was the only one to which the booksellers repaired.

—*The Bibliographer.*

#### College Gossip.

—It is estimated that the South is spending today twice as much as it did five years ago for education, and four times as much as it spent in 1870.

—*Otterbein Record.*

—McGill University, Montreal, which has already received \$50,000 from the Hon. Donald A. Smith, for its medical department, has received another \$50,000 for the establishment of a woman's college in affiliation with the university.—*Ex.*

—Cornell has a class in dumb bells and club swinging, and at the winter meeting of the athletic association expects to witness an exhibition, accompanied by the festive sounds of the piano. This is certainly a novelty outside of a female seminary.—*Crimson.*

—It has been discovered that a Michigan teacher, by a misunderstanding of an anatomical model used in a public school, taught his hundreds of pupils during several years that the heart was the liver, and *vice versa*, besides making other radical transpositions of internal organs.

—The Pope, last Sunday, received an address from the pupils of the American College, presented to His Holiness in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the college. After a formal acceptance of the address, His Holiness spoke personally to each of the fifty-two pupils.

—Miss Mary Caldwell, a wealthy young lady of New York City, has given \$300,000 toward the establishment of a national Catholic University as recommended by the Plenary Council at Baltimore. The offer was made by Miss Caldwell in a communication to the Council, and was considered and accepted by that body. The amount will be made the basis of a large fund to be raised and managed under the supervision of a committee of which Archbishop Gibbons is Chairman, and which includes seven bishops and five laymen. It is hoped to raise \$1,000,000.

—Princeton College has the following system of making known each student's grade and rank in his class:—Each academic class is divided into six groups according to merit. The first group contains not more than one-tenth of the entire class, while the other groups are larger. The first and second groups shall be designated, at graduation, *magna cum laude* and *cum laude* respectively. An important change has been made in the requirements for entrance to the School of

Science. For the bachelor of science course the following are added:—The four Catilinian orations of Cicero, elements of physical geography, elements of French grammar and prose. For the civil engineering course the Latin will be dropped, and the French and geography as above will be required, also plane trigonometry.

—Dr. McCosh believes that the college which gives to students a wide choice of studies during all the years of their course commits a radical error, and he thus lays down the foundation upon which the curriculum at Princeton is based: "I hold that there are branches, rudimentary and fundamental, which have stood the test of time, fitted to call forth the deeper and higher faculties of the mind and opening the way to farther knowledge which all should be required to study. Such in language are the classical tongues with certain European ones, and above all our own tongue, all of these with their literatures. Such in science are mathematics, physics, chemistry and certain branches of natural history. Such in philosophy are the study of the human mind (psychology), logic, ethics and political economy. A young man is not liberally educated who has been allowed to omit any of these; and certain of them should be required in every year of the course to keep the mind from being dissipated and wasted."

—A NEW CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—A new Catholic University for Austria is to be erected at Salzburg. In no part of Europe is the strife between the falsely-called Liberalism and the Catholic Church so bitter as in the Empire. The German-Liberal party, which predominates in Lower Austria, Styria, Carinthia, Silesia, Goerz, Istria, and to some extent in Moravia, is united in a common effort—war against the Catholic Church and against the Slavs. It is at the universities that the anti-religious element is strongest. These institutions have become very nurseries of unbelief, hatred of religion, scepticism, rationalism, and materialism. In many faculties, says the *Germania*, scarcely a single Catholic occupies a chair; and thus the future physicians, lawyers, government employes, and teachers, are formed entirely by men who are infidels and haters of the Church. A new Catholic University has become a question of life and death. The Bill for the erection of such a University at Salzburg has been received with joy and hope by the Catholics, and with real consternation and fury by the Freemasons, upon whom the proposal has fallen like a thunderbolt. Salzburg, the beautiful and healthy mountain city, has already had a University of its own in days gone by, from 1623 to 1810; scarce another town in Europe is better suited for such an institution. The Catholics of all Austria and Germany will work together to further this great object. The first question, however, will be to negotiate successfully with the Government, and it is hoped that the Conservative tendency of Count Taaffe may make these negotiations successful. Every Catholic ought to wish the project God-speed.—"*London Tablet*" quoted in "*Catholic Universe*."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, December 13, 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 EIGHTEENTH 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.

## THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class, and by their general good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—In the present number we give a few extracts from the able and timely discourse delivered by the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, during the Plenary Council recently closed at Baltimore. Although the immediate occasion of the address—as, indeed, it is the main idea which underlies it throughout—was to advocate the establishment of a “University for the Higher Education of the Clergy,” like unto the grand universities of Europe, yet it abounds with thoughts and suggestions on the most vital of all questions at the present time—the question of Education; so that its perusal cannot fail to be fraught with profit and instruction to all classes of readers. The extracts we have published show, in a general way, the utility, necessity and grandeur of education; but we recommend all our readers to secure the discourse for themselves, and read it attentively. It is published in cheap pamphlet form by John Murphy & Co.; Baltimore, Md.

## Reception to Very Rev. Father General Sorin

After an absence of more than a month in attendance upon the grand National Council of the Church in the United States, recently held at Baltimore, Father General Sorin, with Rev. P. P. Cooney, who had accompanied him to the Council, returned to Notre Dame, on last Wednesday afternoon. A reception in his honor was prepared and tendered by the students under the auspices of the Orpheonic Association. The following programme was presented:

Overture.....N. D. U. Orchestra  
Address to Very Rev. Father General.....H. Porter  
Minims' Address.....W. McPhee  
Welcome Home! Chorus.....Dalmières  
Minims, Juniors and Seniors.

“I'm a Merry Zingara,” Grand Aria.....M. W. Balfé  
W. Ramsay.

Wanderer's Song, (F. Abt).....Chorus

“My Mountain Home” (C. Krebs).....R. Stephen

“Le Mouvement Perpetuel,” Rondo de Concert (Weber)  
R. Oxnard.

Norma, Duo (Bellini).....W. Ramsay, R. Stephen

La Foi, Trio.....Rossini

W. Ramsay, R. Stephen, G. F. O'Kane, A. Marion,  
E. Crawford, A. Smith.

Evening Song—Four-part Chorus.....Aut. André

By way of an overture, the Orchestra rendered Waldteufel's *Très jolie Valse*, which well bears out its name. The piece was executed with good effect. Mr. H. Porter delivered the address of welcome on the part of the students. He spoke of the joy of all on the return of their venerated Father, congratulating him upon the successful issue of the Council at which he had assisted. One of the great questions before the august assemblage was that which regarded a cause to which he devoted the service of a lifetime—Education. The proofs of an active interest in this grandest of questions lay patent to all in the noble structures which here meet the eye. The speaker concluded with appropriate felicitations upon the safe return of the venerable Father, expressing the wishes of all that he might enjoy many years of health and vigor to continue his good work. Master W. McPhee, accompanied by Masters C. Mooney and F. Noonan, then appeared as the representatives of the “Princes”—the special favorites of Father General. In clear, distinct tones, and with perfect self-possession, he read a beautiful poetic address, a tribute expressive of the joy of the Minims at the presence amongst them of their revered patron, and of congratulation that life and strength were given him to represent such great interests before the grand Council of the Church. Both addresses were received with great applause.

The remainder of the entertainment was carried out by members of the Orpheonic Association, under the direction of Bro. Anselm. It consisted, as indicated in the programme given above, of musical selections, both vocal and instrumental. The chorus songs were fairly rendered, though they showed evident signs of a lack of sufficient preparation; and, indeed, it may be said that the entertainment was gotten up on short notice. Messrs. W. Ramsay and R. Stephens especially distinguished themselves in the numbers that fell to their lot. Our little musical prodigy, R. Oxnard, as usual, provoked the greatest enthusiasm by his piano solo. His selection on this occasion was a *Rondo de Concert*, by Weber, and its many difficulties were mastered with his wonderful ease and brilliancy.

Father General made a few remarks at the close of the entertainment. He expressed his thanks to all who took part, and his own pleasure at being once more at home in Notre Dame, which had never been out of his thoughts since he had left. He said that the assemblage at the Council was one of the grandest events of our day, and presented a spectacle, the like of which in grandeur and sublimity has been witnessed in modern times in no place outside the Eternal City,—the capital



of the Christian world. Notre Dame was well known, and was held in great esteem by many among the prelates and ecclesiastics whom he had met, and he hoped that all would profit by the instruction and training they were receiving, and see to it that they did their part towards sustaining the good name and fame of their *Alma Mater*.

#### Education.\*

In this age when all who think at all turn their thoughts to questions of education, it is needless to call attention to the interest of the subject, which, like hope, is immortal and fresh as the innocent face of laughing childhood.

Is not the school for all men a shrine to which their pilgrim thoughts return to catch again the glow and gladness of a world wherein they lived by faith and hope and love, when round the morning sun of life the golden purple clouds were hanging and earth lay hidden in mist beneath which the soul created a new paradise? To the opening mind all things are young and fair, and to remember the delight that accompanied the gradual dawn of knowledge upon our mental vision, sweet and beautiful as the upglowing of day from the bosom of night, is to be forever thankful for the gracious power of education. And is there not in all hearts a deep and abiding yearning for great and noble men, and therefore an imperishable interest in the power by which they are moulded? When fathers and mothers look upon the fair blossoming children, that cling to them as the vine wraps its tendrils round the spreading bough, and when their great love fills them with ineffable longing to shield these tender souls from the blighting blasts of a cold and stormy world, and little by little to prepare them to stand alone and breast the gales of fortune, do they not instinctively put their trust in the power of education?

When at the beginning of the present century, Germany lay prostrate at the feet of Napoleon, the wise and the patriotic among her children yielded not to despondency, but turned with confidence to truer methods and systems of education, and assiduous teaching and patient waiting finally brought them to Sedan.

When in the sixteenth century heresy and schism seemed near to final victory over the Church, Pope Julius III declared that the evils and abuses of the times were the outgrowth of the shameful ignorance of the clergy, and that the chief hope of the dawning of a brighter day lay in general and thorough ecclesiastical education. And the Catholic leaders, who finally turned back the advancing power of Protestantism, re-established the Church in half the countries in which it had been overthrown, and converted more souls in America and Asia than had been lost in Europe, belonged to the greatest educational body the world has ever

seen. What is history but examples of success through knowledge and righteousness and of failure through lack of understanding and of virtue?

Wherein lies the superiority of civilized races over barbarians if not in their greater knowledge and superior strength of character? And what but education has placed in the hands of man the thousand natural forces, which he holds as a charioteer his well-reined steeds, bidding the winds carry him to distant lands, making steam his tireless ever-ready slave, and commanding the lightning to speak his words to the ends of the earth? What else than this has taught him to map the boundless heavens, to read the footprints of God in the crust of the earth ages before human beings lived, to measure the speed of light, to weigh the imperceptible atom, to split up all natural compounds, to create innumerable artificial products with which he transforms the world and with a grain of powder marches like a conquering god around the globe?

What converts the meaningless babbling of the child into the stately march of oratoric phrase or the rhythmic flow of poetic language? What has developed the rude stone and bronze implements of savage and barbarous hordes into the miraculous machinery which we use? By what power has man been taught to carve the shapeless rock into image of ideal beauty, or with it to build his thought into a Temple of God, where the soul instinctively prostrates itself in adoration?

Is not all this, together with whatever else is excellent in human works, the result of education, which gives to man a second nature with more admirable endowments?

The poet speaks the truth—"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." They who know but little and imperfectly, see but their knowledge, if so it may be called, and walk in innocent unconsciousness of their infinite nescience. The narrower the range of our mental vision, the greater the obstinacy with which we cling to our opinions; and the half-educated, like the weak and the incompetent, are often contentious; but whosoever is able to do his work does it, and finds no time for dispute. He who possesses a disciplined mind, and is familiar with the best thoughts that live in the great literatures, will be the last to attach undue importance to his own thinking. A sense of decency and a kind of holy shame will keep him far from angry and unprofitable controversy; nor will he mistake a crotchet for a panacea, nor imagine that irritation is enlightenment. The blessings of a cultivated mind are akin to those of religion. They are larger liberty, wider life, purer delights and a juster sense of the relative values of the means and ends which lie within our reach. Knowledge, like religion, leads us away from what appears to what is, from what passes to what remains, from what flatters the senses to that which speaks to the soul. Wisdom and religion converge, as love and knowledge meet in God; and to the wise as to the religious man, no great evil can happen. Into prison they both carry the sweet company of their thoughts, their faith and hope, and are freer in chains than

\* (From "University Education considered in its Bearings on the Higher Education of Priests," By Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.)

the great in palaces. In death they are in the midst of life, for they see that what they know and love is imperishable, nor subject even to atomic disintegration. He who lives in the presence of truth yearns not for the company of men, but loves retirement as a saint loves solitude; and in times like ours, when men no longer choose the desert for a dwelling-place, the passionate desire of intellectual excellence co-operates with religious faith to guard them against dissipation and to lift them above the spirit of the age. The thinker is never lonely as he who lives with God is never unhappy. Is not the love of excellence, which is the scholar's love, a part of the love of goodness which makes the saint? And are not intellectual delights akin to those religion brings? They are pure, they elevate, they refine, time only increases their charm, and in the winter of age, when the body is but the agent of pain, contemplation still remains like the light of a higher world to tinge with beauty the clouds that gather around life's setting.

To deny the moral influence of intellectual culture is as great an error as to affirm that it alone is a sufficient safeguard of morality. Its tendency unquestionably is to make men gentle, amiable, fair-minded, truthful, benevolent, modest, sober. It curbs ambition and teaches resignation; chastens the imagination and mitigates ferocity; dissuades from duelling because it is barbarous, and from war because it is cruel; and from persecution because it trusts in the prevalence of reason. It seeks to fit the mind and the character to the world, to all possible circumstances, so that whatever happens we remain ourselves—calm, clear-seeing, able to do and to suffer. At great heights, or in the presence of irresistible force, as of a mighty waterfall, we grow dizzy; and in the same way, in the midst of multitudes, in the eagerness of strife, in the whirlwind of passion, equipoise is lost and we cease to be ourselves, to become part of an aggregate of forces that hurry us on whither we know not. To be able to stand in the presence of such power, and to feel its influence and yet not to lose self-possession, is to be strong, is, on proper occasion, to be great; and the aim of the best education is to teach us the secret and the method of this complete self-control; and in so far it is not only moral, but also religious; though religion walks in a more royal road, and bids us love God and trust so absolutely in Him that life and death become equal, and all the ways and workings of men as the storm to one who on lofty mountain peak, amid the blue heavens, with the sunlight around him and the quiet breathing of the winds, sees far below as in another world, the black clouds and lurid lightning flash and hears the roll of distant thunder.

No excellence, as I conceive, of whatever kind, is rejected by Catholic teaching, and the perfection of the mind is not less divine than the perfection of the heart. It is good to know as it is good to hope, to believe, to love. A cultivated intellect, an open mind, a rich imagination, with correctness

of thought, flexibility of view, and eloquent expression, are among the noblest endowments of man, and though they should serve no other purpose than to embellish life, to make it fairer and freer, they would nevertheless be possessions without price, for the most nobly useful things are those which make life good and beautiful. Like virtue, they are their own reward, and, like mercy, they bear a double blessing. It is the fashion with many to affect contempt for men of superior culture, because they look upon education as simply a means to tangible ends, and think knowledge valuable only when it can be made to serve practical purposes. This is a narrow and false view; for all men need the noble and the beautiful, and he who lives without an ideal is hardly a man. Our material wants are not the most real, for being the most sensible and pressing, and they who create or preserve for us models of spiritual and intellectual excellence are our greatest benefactors. Which were the greater loss for England, to be without Wellington and Nelson, or to be without Shakspeare and Milton? Whatever the answer be, in the one case England would suffer, in the other the whole world would feel the loss. Though a thoroughly trained intellect is less worthy of admiration than a noble character, its power is immeasurably greater; for, example can influence but a few and for a short time; but when a truth or a sentiment has once found its best expression, it becomes a part of literature, and, like a proverb, is current forevermore, and so the kings of thought become immortal rulers, and without their help the godlike deeds of saints and heroes would be buried in oblivion. "Words pass," said Napoleon, "but deeds remain." The man of action exaggerates the worth of action, but the philosopher knows that to act is easy, to think, difficult; and that great deeds spring from great thoughts. There are words that never grow silent; there are words that have changed the face of the earth, and the warrior's wreath of victory is entwined by the Muse's hand. The power of Athens is gone, her temples are in ruins, the Acropolis is discrowned, and from Mar's Hill no voice thunders now, but the words of Socrates, the great deliverer of the mind and the father of intellectual culture, still breathe in the thoughts of every cultivated man on earth. The glory of Jerusalem has departed, the broken stones of Solomon's Temple lie hard by the graves that line the brook of Cedron, and from the minaret of Mount Sion, the misbeliever's melancholy call sounds like a wail over a lost world; but the songs of David still rise from the whole earth in heavenly concert, upbearing to the throne of God the faith and hope and love of countless millions. And is not the Blessed Saviour the Eternal Word? And is not the Bible God's word? And is not the Gospel the Word, which, like an electric thrill, runs to the ends of the world? "*Currit verbum*," says St. Paul, "man lives not on bread alone, but on every word that cometh forth from the mouth of God." Nay, there is life in all the true and noble thoughts that have blossomed in the mind of genius and filled the earth with fragrance and with fruit. . . .

## Exchanges.

—The *St. Mary's Sentinel*, as usual, contains some good things. It seems to have been laboring under some kind of mixed-upedness, but now looks as lively as ever.

—*The Badger* is one of our best exchanges, so far as editorials go; but only two pages of contributed matter could we find in the one at hand. *The Badger*, however, is full of interesting and spicy local and personal notes which, we should judge, ought to make it popular at home.

—The *College Review* contains several clippings from the *SCHOLASTIC*, among which is an extract from "The IV Eclogue of Virgil." The *Review* seems to have an able staff, and although the articles in the present number are all short, they are mostly above the average.

—The *College Rambler* and the *Otterbein Record* might brush up their Exchange columns; while doing themselves no harm, this would certainly add greatly to the interest of their papers for readers outside and at the many other colleges, besides their own, to which their journals find their way. Nothing is more pleasant than a friendly Exchange chat, and we would suggest that, if required, the Exchange-editors be provided with assistants.

—The typography of some of our exchanges is a torture to the eye. The *College Record*, of U. C. College, though by no means the worst in this respect, is—in the present number at least—bad enough. But, friend *Record*, why not keep up with the times and open an Exchange column? Leave out one of your heavy harangues, if necessary, to make room: your paper would then, in spite of its somewhat decrepit type and blue outside, present a brighter appearance.

—For amount and quality of matter, one of our best exchanges is the *NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC*, published at Notre Dame University, Ind. Although without a cover, its outside has taken on an improved appearance this year by showing a fine cut of the University buildings and grounds. As it is published bi-monthly we wonder how its editors can find time to present so readable a sheet. —*The Pleiad*, *Albion College*.

The Exchange-editor of *The Pleiad* has made a mistake. The *SCHOLASTIC* is published *weekly*.

—"College Chips," says an Exchange, "is chiefly noticeable for its smallness." Well, it is rather small, to be sure, but this is probably through no fault of the editors. The number before us contains, besides locals, etc., only a half-speech (concluded in the next) delivered on some anniversary, and a rather carelessly-written communication from an alumnus. This paper, however, has interesting local, personal and Exchange notes, and, despite its size, is a quite neatly gotten-up little sheet.

—Quite a chipper little paper, the *Atom*, came to us lately from the Methuen High School, but where the Methuen High School is located was a puzzler. We scanned the heading—no city, town, or State there; next the editorial business-corner,—

none there either. At last we bethought us of the advertisements, and after a diligent search found, appended to *one*—and only one—of them, "Methuen, Mass." Boys, you get out a good school paper; but try to be a little more business-like, and insert the place of publication somewhere for the benefit of your exchanges.

—We give kindly greeting to a new candidate for journalistic honors, the *Student's Journal*, from the Illinois Wesleyan University, which bears at the head of its cover "Vol. 1, No. 2." The *Journal* would do fairly well for a beginner if some regard were had for the common rules of grammar. Whether it is owing to the fact that it has a *Bee* in its bonnet or some other cause, there is a good deal of slushy writing in its pages. The essay on Byron is very good, but the bad English and bad spelling throughout the editorial and local items would reflect discreditably upon grammar-school work.

—The *Oberlin Review* publishes an interesting sketch of summer travel by President Fairchild, entitled "My Vacation Journey." Although the sketch is nothing more than a skeleton—the impressions of 12,500 miles of travel being crowded into less than three pages—it is, nevertheless, of more or less interest to the general reader,—which cannot be said of the greater number of vacation sketches contributed to the college press. The *Review* is one of the most regular of our exchanges, contains a fair share of literary work, and is well edited generally—if we except the lack of an Exchange department, which detracts from its interest to outsiders. The bitterly sectarian character of many of the articles contributed to the *Review* prevented us, hitherto, from noticing its contents; we do not wish to give tit for tat, or pick a quarrel; hence we have either said nothing or made only a passing allusion to the matter of the *Review*. We shall always be glad to speak favorably of whatever pleases us in the *Review* or any other paper.

—There!—we have gone and done it,—shocked the nerves of the Exchange-editress of the *Sunbeam* and made her lose confidence in ourselves and our paper. Verily, all flesh is grass, and we must be greener than we had imagined. "We feel now as if the ground were trembling under our feet, as if we could depend on nothing when the *SCHOLASTIC* fails in using the purest English;" and, further, "The *NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC*, that classic paper, that model of excellence, of which no one dares to utter a disparaging word!" That is more than even our egregious vanity can assimilate. We fear this coy Canadian maiden is poking fun at us: "Of which no one dares to utter a disparaging word!"—and forthwith she ties us hand and foot by alluding to *The Sunbeam* as a lady's paper, after she has cut our paper to pieces in a manner that would make Jeffrey or Bentley green with envy had they been to the fore. But we suppose we have done too much unwitting damage already to venture an excuse or palliation. It is said that Lord Berkeley got Male-

branche so excited on the new theory of the non-existence of matter that he died, and we don't know what the consequences might be if we should name again the obnoxious word:

"The things we know are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the d——l it got there."

—"The Society of Friends has always shown a love of mental culture; its spirit, if unhampered, would show that tendency in a much greater degree. Puritanic Quakerism has not always smiled on Art; but *genuine* Quakerism welcomes every form of art whose influence is wholesome, and through which breathes an effluence of the Great Spirit, who speaks to His creatures in beauty as well as in might."

This quotation, from the address of Pres't Chase, of Haverford College, on the occasion of the unveiling of the portrait of John J. Whittier at the Friend's School, Providence, R. I., besides teaching those a lesson who cavil at Catholics for exhibiting statues and pictures of the saints and of Christ crucified, merely as *memorials* of the persons whom they represent (they are nothing more), gives us the key to a mystery that has long puzzled us—namely, the difference in Friends, or Quakers, in the East and in the West. We have had personal acquaintance with many Quakers in the East; we found them kind, sociable, and devoid of all sectional rancor and bigotry, while those of the West seem altogether different—if we may judge from articles in *The Earhamite*, published at a Quaker college in this State, which are as bitter and bigoted against Catholics as they could possibly be. From the distinction hinted at by Pres't Chase we are led to infer that the Western Quakers are of the Puritanic kind, or a sect apart, and distinct from the *genuine* Quakers of the East.

—We fully endorse the *Haverfordian's* comments on the quotation from the *Alabama University Magazine*, and further, would add that there are good reasons for dissent anterior to the late internecine war. The fact is that the struggle for Independence gave the leading men of *both* sections all they could do, with united effort; and, even then they would in all probability have failed had not France sent an army and fleet to their relief. The writer in the *Alabama University Monthly* therefore exposes himself to ridicule, if not to derision, when he asserts that "if it had not been for Southern leaders, jurists and Statesmen, we should not have to-day an American Republic." As Yorktown really finished the war for Independence, what, we ask, would have been the fate of our brave little army without the aid of the French fleet and the well-disciplined French troops? The answer can be readily given. With Yorktown against us, the first war for Independence would probably have been terminated by the hanging of Washington and the other Revolutionary leaders as rebels. And right here we say that no true American should ever forget the heavy debt of gratitude we owe the French nation for its timely succor in the hour of our greatest need, when the fate of our gallant young Republic hung in the balance against British greed and British tyranny.

#### Personal.

—James Knight, '78, is practising law with his father at Dubuque, Iowa.

—Rev. H. Knoll, of Chesterton, Ind., paid a flying visit to the College last Wednesday.

—Jos. Kahman (Com'l), '83, is acting as shipping clerk for his father at Washington, Mo.

—Among the visitors of the past week was Mr. J. Cook, son of the distinguished Dr. N. C. Cook, of Chicago.

—Mr. Henry G. Foote (Prep.), of '84, writes from his home in Burlington, Iowa, to one of his former Professors, and speaks of the good results of the instructions received at Notre Dame. His many friends here are pleased to hear of his success.

—Our venerable Father Founder was a conspicuous figure among the ecclesiastical dignitaries who took an active part in the deliberations of the recent Plenary Council at Baltimore. *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle* of Friday, Nov. 28th, said:

"One old man, with long, flowing white beard and long silver hair might have sat for a great painter's model as an old apostle or saint. He was Father Superior-General Sorin, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana."

—Mr. W. J. Murphy, of '78, the efficient editor of the *Grand Forks (Dak.) Plain Dealer*, has, we regret to say, met with a great misfortune in the destruction of his large establishment by fire. By his energy and talent he had succeeded in building up an able paper both daily and weekly, and it is a pleasure to know that he has set it on foot once more. We hope that he will meet with every encouragement, and be enabled not only to repair his losses but make his business more extensive than heretofore.

—We learn that our old friend, Mr. A. J. O'Reilly, of '68, has recently been made General Southern Agent of the Louisville, Albany & Chicago R.R., with headquarters at Louisville, Ky. The Company, it is needless to say, has made an acquisition in securing the services of Mr. O'Reilly, for, in addition to his being a railroad man of long and varied experience, he is one who is sure to make friends wherever he goes. His courteous manners and obliging disposition, aside from his ability as an energetic worker, have contributed to make him one of the most popular men in the railway service. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him continued success.

#### Local Items.

—Get a copy of the *Scholastic Annual*.

—"One week from to-day," saith the small boy.

—Ice is slowly—oh, so slowly!—forming on the lakes.

—What has become of those melodious *gym. soirées*?

—New pictures have been hung in the Senior class-rooms.

—The *Scholastic Annual* for 1885 will be ready early next week.

—The three hundred and ninety-fifth student enrolled Monday.

—The next issue of the SCHOLASTIC will be the last until after the holidays.

—The Euglossians will give their Holiday entertainment next year—on Jan. 3d.

—The St. Cecilians have ordered the finest outfit of costumes ever seen on any stage.

—Present indications point to plenty of sleighing and skating during the holidays.

—Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan is expected to visit Notre Dame within a short time.

—The deferred "Class Honors" and "List of Excellence" will be published next week.

—The committee of the Thespian Association have selected a play for their next exhibition.

—PROF. in Geography Class: "What are the United States chiefly noted for?" PUPIL: "Democrats!"

—The new drop-curtain in Washington Hall, the artistic work of Prof. Ackerman, is admired by everyone.

—Thursday the 11th, the Banner boys of the Junior department spent a most enjoyable day at St. Joseph's Farm.

—Yesterday (Friday) was the festival of *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, and therefore enjoyed as a holiday by the Mexican students.

—The new work in two volumes, "Pilgrims and Shrines," by Miss Eliza Allen Starr, Chicago, would be a very appropriate Christmas gift.

—A general amnesty has been granted the "Princes" this week, in honor of the return of their beloved Patron. Hence the large-size "Roll of Honor."

—The Biological Laboratory has been enriched by Carlyle Mason, of the Junior department, with a fine collection of botanical preparations for the microscope.

—The appearance of the park in front of the College has been greatly improved by the removal of some of the tall, unsightly cedars that used to obstruct the view.

—Students returning home for the holidays can secure special rate tickets at the L. S. & M. S. R.R. office in South Bend. Tickets are good until the 8th of January.

—The St. Cecilians will give their Winter entertainment on next Wednesday evening. The celebrated drama, "The Recognition," will be produced on the occasion.

—The "Protection" debate has been postponed until "the sweet bye-and-bye." It is hoped that none of the participants will be "unwell" when the happy moment arrives.

—The singing of the college choir on last Monday appeared, as was well said by a former editor

of the SCHOLASTIC on a similar occasion—"like an oasis of harmony in a desert of discord."

—At midnight, in his guarded coop,  
The turk. was dreaming of the hour  
When grease, his corse to crisply cook,  
Should mix with pasty flour.

—Some lovers of the *antique*, who seek for the preservation of old and venerated land-marks, are sad over the destruction of the two large trees that erstwhile ornamented (?) the *parterre*.

—The SCHOLASTIC will be published on Friday next week. Send your communications early, and make them spicy for the Christmas number, which we hope to make larger than usual.

—Rev. Father L'Etourneau has received from Kemper of Dayton, Ohio, a magnificent collection of sacred medallions beautifully embossed. They are gems of art, and are very suitable as holiday gifts, as well as appropriate ornaments for room or sanctuary. Call and see them, and get one.

—Bro. Robert, C. S. C., from time immemorial Infirmarian at Notre Dame, and well known to many a student, old and new, left last Thursday for the sunny South, to seek to recuperate his fast-failing health. His many friends hope the genial southern clime will afford the much-desired remedy.

—The removal of the furniture, appliances, etc., etc., from old Science Hall to the grand new building, was successfully accomplished yesterday and this morning. Some one, whose name we withhold for the present, on seeing the long procession of individuals transporting the contents of the Museum, said that it looked "like the exodus from Noah's Ark."

—The 9th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus' Philomathean Association was held Tuesday, December 9th. The chief feature of the meeting was the discussion of the "Tariff Question." Masters Tarrant, Tewksbury, Hoye, R. Morrison, B. Morrison, Schmauss, and Luther, were the principal speakers. Master M. O'Kane closed the exercises with a spirited declamation.

—The Library Association has received from M. J. Soule, Erie, Pennsylvania, *Cours de Littérature Française*, par M. Villemain, 6 vols.; Miss Emilie L'Etourneau, *History of Macomb County*, Mich.; Prof. A. J. Stace, *History of Kentucky*, Catholic Christianity and Modern Unbelief, Rt. Rev. J. D. Ricards; Maurice Tyrone, by Justin McCarthy; Judge Hammond, of the Supreme Court of Indiana, several valuable law books; Hon. W. Calkins, valuable Public Documents; Mrs. I. Jamison, of Wheeling, W. Va., *La Vie et les Œuvres de Marie Lataste*, 3 vols.; Mgr. Peyramale, *Curé de Lourdes, sa Vie, son Œuvre*; Dom Leo, *ou Pouvoir de L'Amitié*. Thanks are returned to the generous donors.

—An able lecture was delivered by General W. S. Rosecrans before the students of the University



of Notre Dame, Indiana, on Nov. 6. It was entitled "Some Political Principles," and it reviewed in a striking way the dangers into which we have drifted from the public inattention to the first principles of our system of government.—*Boston Pilot*.

—For the benefit of the Preps interested in geography, we give the following from the *Philadelphia Press*:

O, bring me a map of the seat of war!  
I hear the guns on the River Min!  
I want to see where the missiles tore  
Through far Foo-chow with a devil's din.

Just show me Ke-lung and Sinon-choo.  
And where, O, where can be Kin-to-ching,  
Chow-choo, Chang-chow, and where Cha-oo?  
Is Hing-who far from old Yen-ping?

—ACADEMY OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.—The first regular meeting of the Academy was held on the evening of the 6th inst., Rev. S. Fitte presiding. Most of the students in the Collegiate Course, together with those of the Law department attended the meeting on special invitation. The Rev. President of the University and several members of the Faculty honored the society with their presence. The business of the evening was the discussion of the question "Is there any Certitude"? To Mr. McKinnery was assigned the difficult task of proving that certitude does exist. His thesis, on which evidently much study had been bestowed, was a master-piece of sound reasoning—a real philosophical treat. The subject in all its bearings was treated with the greatest fullness and exactness imaginable. We are pleased to state that his paper appears elsewhere in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC. The objectors were Messrs. Dickerson and Kolars. Mr. Dickerson did all that could have possibly been done to maintain his side of the question, but the odds against which he had to contend were too great, inasmuch as he had the wrong side to defend, and the irresistible arguments of Mr. McKinnery to fight against. Mr. Kolars made two or three objections, one of which seemed somewhat plausible, but he lacked the vim necessary to sustain his position for any length of time. His objections, no doubt, even though longer sustained, would end in a complete refutation; nevertheless, he should have tried to uphold his arguments as long as possible. The only other objections offered were those made by Rev. A. M. Kirsch, which were satisfactorily answered; and one made by W. H. Johnston, in which that gentleman made the deplorable mistake of affirming certitude at the same time he denied it—as indeed any objector to the proposition must do. Certainly, this debate was remarkably good, not only because of the solid arguments that were proposed, but also owing to the vigor and warmth wherewith they were discussed. It is but fair to say that the interest of the whole audience was kept up till the end.

After Mr. McKinnery had established, to the perfect satisfaction of all present, the truth of his thesis, the Rev. President of the University com-

plimented him highly on his excellent treatment of the subject, and expressed his hope that this was but the first of a long series of such profitable discussions to be held by the society. After this the meeting adjourned. C.

### Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Arce, Ancheta, Alvarez, Ashton, A. Browne, Felix Baca, Becerra, J. Baca, F. Baca, Burns, F. Burke, V. Burke, Breen, Callaghan, Conlon, Crilly, Wm. Collins, Walter Collins, Crawford, Casavantes, Creel, F. Combe, C. Combe, Carbajal, Cusack, De Groot, Donohue, Dwan, Dexter, Dolan, Dickerson, Estrado, Ewing, Fox, Freyer-muth, Goulding, Guthrie, Garcia, Hamlyn, Halligan, Howard, Jess, Johnston, Kavanagh, Kleiber,\* King, Kolars, J. Lechuga, Livingston, McCabe, McKinnery, McNulty, G. Miller, McGuire, Meyer, McErlaine, McCartney, Marquez, Mathers, A. Miller, Noonan, J. P. O'Donnell, O'Connell, Perley, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Pattison, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, H. Porter, C. Porter, Piefer, Rothert, J. Ryan, O. Ryan, Reach, Rul, Rivard, Ramsay, Rahilly, Ruppe, Rice, G. Smith, Sheridan, Stephens, Steis, Triplett, Tully, Troy, Troxell, W. Williams, C. Williams, Willard, A. Williams, M. White, J. Wilson, Warner, Zeitler.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arts, Amoretti, Adams, Borgschulze, Byerly, E. Benner, Baur, Berthelet, Congdon, Cummings, Chamberlain, G. Cartier, D. Cartier, Colina, Cavaroc, Cleary, Courtney, Cooper, E. Dillon, O. Dillon, Daly, Darrah, Dempsey, Donnellan, Dorenberg, Ewing, Fincrook, Flood, Frane, Finckh, Feher, Grunsfeld, L. Grever, J. Garrity, F. Garrity, A. Hoyer, E. Howard, O. Harring, J. Hieronimus, Hibbeler, Holman, Houlihan, Hagenbarth, Henry, Johnson, Kelly, Kegel, Knisely, Kenny, Leoni, Luther, F. Long, Martinez, Mulkern, McCourt, R. Morrison, Monschein, Mullane, J. McGordon, C. McGordon, A. Meehan, Nusbaum, Oxnard, O'Brien, Portillo, Parres, Prudhomme, Porter, Regan, Real, Rose, Rebori, Ruffing, Remish, Reynolds, Ruger, Rogers, Robinson, Ryan, Stubbs, Senn, Shields, Soden, Stange, Shaw, Sedberry, Tewksbury, Talbot, Tarrant, Wabraushek, W. Wagoner, P. Wagoner, Willard, Williamson, West, Weiler, Zozaza.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters J. Addington, H. Addington, Adams, Ackerman, Boos, Bunker, Berry, Bull, Barger, Blakeslee, Baker, Crotty, Comins, Cobbs, F. Dunford, J. Doss, E. Doss, L. Doss, Ernest, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Grunsfeld, Grimes, Henry, Haney, Hopkins, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, S. Jones, J. Kelly, E. Kelly, Kellner, Landen-wich, McPhee, McVeigh, Murphy, Morgan, McGill, C. Mitchell, J. Mitchell, Moncada, McCourt, Mahon, Mason, McNulty, McGuire, Mooney, Nusbaum, Nester, Noonan, O'Kane, F. Peck, J. Peck, Piel, Piero, Paul, Perkins, Quill, Quinlin, Ramsay, Rugee, Salman, Sweet, Scherrer, Stone, Smith, Shöneman, Weston, Williamson, Zozaya.

\* Omitted last week by mistake.

### Class Honors.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters McPhee, McVeigh, Grunsfeld, Henry, C. Inderrieden, O'Kane, Landenwich, Scherrer, Cobbs, Noonan, McGuire, McNulty, Smith, J. Addington, Blakeslee, Shöneman, J. Kelly, Weston, Boos, Bunker Berry, Ernest, Salman, Murphy, Mahon, Rugee, F. Dunford, C. Mitchell, F. Peck, Sweet, Piero, Baker, Mooney, Nester, Williamson, Perkins, J. Peck, Nussbaum, Grimes, Bull, R. Inderrieden, T. Falvey, J. Mitchell, Hopkins, S. Jones, Barger, Stone, Piel, Moncada, Crotty.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The mosaic cross was won by Miss L. Trask.

—The Misses Ella Sheekey, Richmond, Snowhook, Regan, and Taylor received 100 in lessons.

—Two very interesting essays were read on Tuesday evening at the meeting of St. Teresa's Literary Society.

—The Children of Mary received Holy Communion in the Chapel of Loreto, in commemoration of the translation of the Holy House of the Incarnation. The Pilgrims' breakfast was partaken of in the pastoral residence.

—On the evening of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, *St. Mary's Chimes*, Vol. X, No. 2, was read at the regular Academic reunion. Editresses: the Misses Hayes and Taylor, of the Senior department; and the Misses Regan and Trask, of the Junior department.

—A distinguished gift from an honored source has just arrived. It is a magnificent life-size statue of St. Catharine of Alexandria, presented by Very Rev. Father General to the Prefect of Studies for the Library. Warmest thanks are tendered to the venerable donor. Next week a full description will be given.

—The Children of Mary gathered in the Chapel of Loreto at 11 o'clock, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and the following young ladies were received to full membership: the Misses L. St. Clair, Kearney, Hutchinson, E. Walsh, B. Heckard, T. McSorley, A. McSorley, A. Donnelly, M. Dillon and M. Blair. Aspirants: L. Blaine, A. Dwan, and N. Brady. Rev. Father Shortis performed the ceremonies. He officiated also at the reception of the Children of the Holy Angels which followed. Full members: the Misses Hertzog, Prudhomme, Stadler, Hagan and Norris. Aspirant: M. Barr. Father Shortis addressed the young ladies upon the mystery of the day. The Acts were read by the Misses St. Clair and Blain. At one o'clock, the Children of Mary assembled in the confraternity-room, where the annual election of officers took place, the Rev. Fathers Shortis and Saulnier and the Directress of the Society being present. The officers were, without exception, re-elected. They are as follows: President, Sarah Dunne; Vice-President, Marie Bruhn; Secretary, Anne Murphy; Treasurer, E. Sheekey, Sacristan, M. Adderly; Librarian, A. Heckard.

—The return of Very Rev. Father General from the Baltimore Council was hailed with joy, and in honor of the event the following entertainment was prepared and presented on the afternoon of Thursday last:

### PROGRAMME.

"WELCOME HOME TO FATHER GENERAL!"

Entrance March.....*Spindler*  
Misses L. Carney, and E. Sheekey.

Greeting.....Miss A. Murphy

"Welcome"—solo, Miss M. Hale; semi-chorus, Misses M. Bruhn, B. English, A. English, I. Alcott, B. Lauer, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, E. Walsh, L. Walsh, E. Sheekey, M. Ducey.

Welcome from the "Princesses."

### "NEW ARTS."

*(A Drama in Three Acts.)*

Prologue.....Miss A. Donnelly

### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Madame Affable.....J. Barlow  
Miss Eastlake.....M. Fuller  
" Holmes.....L. Williams  
Mrs. Fairbanks.....S. St. Clair  
Miss Rosecommon.....N. Danforth  
" McPherson.....M. Bruhn  
" Clark.....M. Hale  
" Everett.....M. Dillon  
" Faraday.....E. Donnelly  
" Carson.....L. St. Clair  
" May.....I. Alcott  
" Copeland.....F. Henry  
" Carloman.....M. Fisk  
" Grundy.....G. Faxon  
" Fish.....B. Lauer  
" Delemy.....M. Kearsey  
" Toby.....M. Helpling  
Ladies of the Reception—Misses C. Ginz, B. Gove, E. Sheekey, L. Walsh, E. Taylor, L. Carney, E. Schulze.

### ACT I.

Concert Galop.....*Mason*  
Miss A. Shephard.

Song.....Miss M. Hale

### ACT II.

"Polka de la Reine".....*Raff*  
Miss J. Barlow.

Recitation—"The Sculptor Boy".....*O. W. Holmes*  
Miss M. Fuller.

Song.....*Il Trovatore*  
Miss M. Bruhn.

### ACT III.

Trio—"Ave Maria".....*Owens*  
Misses M. Bruhn, M. Hale, E. Walsh.

### TABLEAU—"Sedes Sapientiae."

"Florence".....*Leibling*  
Miss B. Gove.

Closing Remarks.....

### The Literary Works of Father Faber.

Last week we presented a few suggestions with the desire of drawing attention to "the first true Catholic poet since the Reformation." Father Faber's prose writings have no doubt eclipsed his three volumes of poetical works, in the sense that his wide reputation gained by them, has diverted public admiration to the broader field of his labors: however, had he never written a line except those three vols., "Christian Letters," the Church would be forever indebted to him as to one "who devoted his manhood to her service, and who found his highest happiness in wreathing upon her brow the laurels which the world would have been so glad to bind upon his own,"—to use the words of the *Catholic Quarterly Review*.

His prose writing are masterpieces of English composition, any one volume of which would have made the reputation of any author. Take up any of them and open the pages at random; the intellect is at once fascinated; and while we regret our narrow limits, we will not excuse ourselves, but

will attempt to prove our statement by opening at page 369 of "The Blessed Sacrament; or the Works and Ways of God."

"Amongst the various sciences there is one which, because it speaks especially of God, is called theology. In spite of the usurpations of physics and politics, it is the queen of science. Its data are more sure; its methods more safe; its empire more magnificent; its results more permanently interesting; and its disclosures more vast, numerous, and heavenly than those of any other science. It is, in fact, the rule and measure of all other sciences, and the only ultimate interpretation and harmony of them all. The value of all other sciences is in the proportion according to which they contribute to this mistress science. Beautiful while in subordination to it, and contentedly shining with borrowed light, they become unsteady and misshapen when they separate from it, and try to set up for themselves."

The entire work is one to captivate a logical mind by its broad scope and clear, deep, unmistakable truth of argument and sincerity of reasoning. The intellectual athlete is apparent in every word. It would be impossible for one possessed of a candid, cultivated mind and of generous heart not to be carried along by the rich, vigorous, inexhaustible tide of the author's eloquence. This is particularly true of the volume just named, because it deals more especially with science in connection with the Incarnation.

But, setting aside the intellectual character of the book, its literary merits are of the highest order. Through all Father Faber's writing flows the strong spirit of cheerfulness. There is no gloom in religion to him. It is the brightest of all bright things. Nothing is more attractive; nothing more satisfactory. Common sense should teach us this; but, unfortunately, many have not learned the lesson. It takes a Father Faber to write "Roses grow on briars, say the wise men, with that sententious morality which thinks to make virtue truthful by making it dismal. Yes! but, as the very different spirit of piety would say, it is a truer truth that briars bloom with roses. This is the rule of life. Yet everybody tells us one side of this truth, and nobody the other." And again, "a genial man is both an apostle and an evangelist: an apostle because he brings men to Christ; an evangelist because he portrays Christ to men." Here, as the lines are naturally suggested, we will return to the poems and quote:

"More tall than the stars is the wonderful height  
Of unselfishness, always reposing in light  
On whose glorious summits the night falleth never  
But the seen Face of God is its sunshine forever.  
How great is the gift to have sisters and brothers!  
They only who lose them can estimate mothers!"  
For to hearts where the world would fain fling its  
first spell  
A home can be almost religion as well."

In "Ethel's Book" the same courageous, gay-hearted spirit of contentment with what God assigns us is incorporated. "The melancholy heart" carries sunshine enough to illuminate all the dim chambers of the most misanthropic soul. Listen to Father Faber's idea of "harsh judgments":

"When we ourselves least kindly are,  
We deem the world unkind;  
Dark hearts in flowers where honey lies  
Only the poison find."

A bright horizon out at sea  
Obscures the distant ships;  
Rough hearts look smooth and beautiful  
In Charity's eclipse."

And here we find, not only the secret of inveterate sadness, but that of unconquerable, blissful cheerfulness.

If one has ever come suddenly upon an extensive plot of exquisitely beautiful spring flowers, and wishes to gather the fairest to present to friends, and finds all equal in beauty, such a one can appreciate our present position. There is so much of value to which we would fain draw attention that we cannot make choice. Our little, rambling sketch will close with an extract from a letter dated July 21, 1860:

"Mrs. Kenelm Digby has died quite suddenly, and almost the most beautiful death I ever heard. She went out, Mr. Digby tells me, to walk on the beach at Dover with her daughter Mary Anne. They sat down on a bank, and Mrs. Digby took out her book and read some prayers; then she and her daughter rose and walked on 'gayly' and 'laughingly.' They went to the chapel, where Mrs. Digby said her rosary, and then prayed a little while before the Blessed Sacrament. Coming out of the little chapel, a poor woman asked an alms. She gave her a shilling; a moment after she fell, and the poor woman just relieved caught her in her arms. How beautiful! So will the Great Lover of the poor catch her in His everlasting arms. See how He can make even a sudden death into a beautiful grace!"

That simplicity the surest mark of the truly great is touchingly reflected in the manner the above incident is noted.

### Roll of Honor.

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

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses M. Adderly, I. Alcott, M. Bruhn, L. Blaine, J. Barlow, Blair, N. Brady, C. Cox, L. Carney, Congdon, S. Dunne, A. Dwan, M. Dillon, E. Donnelly, A. Donnelly, B. English, M. Fuller, C. Fehr, G. Faxon, D. Fitzpatrick, M. Fisk, A. Gordon, A. Gordon, B. Gove, C. Griffith, M. Hale, A. Heckard, B. Heckard, L. Hayes, M. Helpling, L. Hutchinson, B. Kearney, N. Kearns, C. Lang, M. Munger, A. Murphy, T. McSorley, J. McHale, M. Newman, A. Murphy, E. O'Connell, H. Ramsey, E. Rose, M. Reinholdt, D. Reynolds, M. Scully, C. Scully, L. Sheekey, A. Schidler, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, E. Schulze, M. Shea, M. Schmidt, E. Taylor, Torrent, L. Walsh, E. Walsh, White. *2d Tablet*—Misses M. Hawkins, M. Kearsy, M. Myler.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses N. Brown, O. Boyer, M. Barr, M. Cox, A. High, F. Hertzog, M. Murphy, L. Norris, E. Preston, C. Prudhomme, C. Richmond, G. Regan, N. Sheekey, B. Snowhook, H. Stumer, M. Smith, Margaret Smith, G. Searls, L. Van Horn. *2d Tablet*—Misses E. Hagan, N. Quill, M. McEwen, G. Stadtler, L. Trask.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses E. Blaine, E. Burtis, E. Chapin, F. Johnson, L. Johns, V. Johns, M. Lindsey, D. Lee, B. Murray, F. Spencer, A. Schmauss, S. Van Fleet.

EVERY day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Therefore, live every day as if it would be the last.—*St. Jerome.*