

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vivo quasi cras moriturus.

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Love's Tutelage.

Dimmed by the distance and the hazy sky,
On ocean's farthest verge a vessel lay;
Long had I watched it on its chosen way,
Till now, scarce seen, it faded on the eye.
Buried in thought and truest sympathy
Communed I with the souls it did convey,
And kind affections and hope's cheering ray
Sent o'er the waters with compassion's sigh.

How little thought the solitary crew,
'Mid the lone ocean, of a friendly care—
Of one whose heart still held them in its view,
And breathed for them a supplicating prayer!
Nor knoweth man what love his steps attend,
What unseen being is his guardian friend.

P. D.

Lost in Rome.

I have been thinking of my first days in Rome—Bohemian days, when I was learning the manners and customs of the people, and when my guide, philosopher and friend was the Poet of the Sierras. For the sake of those young people who dream of strange lands, I scatter a few pages plucked from one of my note-books—the one that was my confidant during the most trying hours of my new life in old Rome.

The train approached Rome in the grayest possible dawn; nothing could have made such a colorless sky welcome but a night of long suffering and refined cruelty. Continental steam carriages are like flying refrigerators; the coupés are sure to be secured by telegraph; the compartments at liberty are uncomfortable in cold nights; you cannot lie down, for the seats are too narrow; if you sit up your nose is above the snow line, and noses are troublesome things in cold weather; you can only curl up like a cat, if you have an accommodating spine, and purr all night just to keep yourself from committing a breach of decorum.

When my blood was at the congealing point a

young fellow who sat opposite me made friendly overtures. It occurred to me that the warmth of human affection, proffered by a fresh clerical of Chicago, an Episcopalian and a trifle high, might possibly preserve me until I rushed into the arms of friends in Rome. We therefore shared cloaks, travelling rugs and confidences, and were companions in misery until the break of day, when he of Chicago, who was travelling with an open copy of Paine in his hand, resumed his study of French and Liberalism, and I fell to thinking of Joaquin, and wondering if he had much changed since last we met. The carriage windows were obscured with steam; the landscape seemed shorn of every vestige of interest. A few skeleton vineyards; a few orchards wherein the trees looked like wire frames, and some of them were no more inspiring than so many unoccupied hat-racks; a few ruins, very poor ones for the most part, scattered here and there in out-of-the-way places gave one the impression that perhaps the better specimens are taken in and packed away for the winter; bare hills and bare valleys; a general air of dilapidation and exposure; a bridge or two; detached clusters of houses that seem to have grown together like wasps' nests; another train sliding swiftly by with ridiculously small cars, like a chain of coaches; some desperate efforts toward making an audible scream in the brazen larynx of the locomotive—a confusion of sights and sounds all new and strange to me, and the next instant we roll thunderously into an enormous station with a glass roof, and I discovered at one and the same moment that we were actually in Rome, and that I had lost Joaquin's address. One loses something every day in travelling, though it may be nothing more than a train. Joaquin's room awaited me, but I hadn't the slightest idea where to look for it or for him. It was Sunday. I started at once for a hotel. A cab-driver fished me out of the crowd with his long whip, on the lash of which I seemed to be dangling. He spoke nothing but Italian. I would willingly have ventured on any other tongue than that. I had secured the address of a good hotel, in case it might be required, and, passing the card to the driver, we dashed into narrow streets that

are for the most part only a block or two in length and branch off at the first corner at some inconceivable angle.

It was carnival. The hotels were stuffed to repletion. I drove from one to another in vain, seeking shelter. Neither love nor money would purchase me a spot wherein to lay my head. I scoured the street, more than half expecting Joaquin to rise like an apparition from the pavement and conduct me in triumph to his lodgings, but he did nothing of the sort. At last I secured a moderately good room in a second or third-rate house, I should judge; it was at the very top of the building, under the tiles. The only window, a small square one, out of my reach, was heavily grated. The atmosphere of the place was depressing. I could not hope to meet Joaquin until the day following, when I might be able to trace him through his banker. I drove to dissipate my melancholy. I took the carriage by the hour. The driver needed no instruction: we did the regular round; it was growing dusk when we returned.

I brought with me a confused chaotic impression of twenty centuries of imperishable history. I could have guessed successfully at every object of interest in the whole tour. A great cellar open to the sunlight, wherein is stored a multitude of broken columns—the forum; a round temple with a marble dome that seemed like another heaven—the Pantheon; a square on a low hill-top, bordered on three sides with palaces; a bronze horse, with a bronze rider, standing in the midst thereof, looking down a broad flight of steps into the city below—the Capitol; great statues flank the steps, and on the right hand is a long stairway like a terraced hill paved with posing beggars; and at the top, such a quaint old church, wherein the sacred Bambino is cradled—it was Ara Cœli. There Gibbon sat and mused, and first thought of writing the “Decline and Fall” of the Empire that is still declining and falling with fatal persistency. I saw an amphitheatre that has been nibbled away by the tooth of time until there is nothing left of it but the husk—the Coliseum. I threaded a lonesome street that ran out between dilapidated tombs and lost itself in a vast meadow hedged with distant and shadowy hills; divided by aqueducts, vine mantled and thousand-arched, that stretch afar in delicious and most satisfactory perspective—it was the vista of the Appian Way. Then came a ruin so splendid in its desolation one might imagine it to be a small star burned out, with nothing but the sculptured ribs remaining—the Rocks of Caracalla that Shelley haunted when he was at work on his “Prometheus.” After that a catacomb with an earthy odor, and a statue of that young Apollo, St. Sebastian, transfixed with golden darts. The temples followed; forests of columns, roots fretted with dazzling gold, walls set with precious stones, and multitudes of airy statues, whose drapery looks as if it had been blown hither and thither by the winds. So magnificent are the decorations of the temples, it was a positive relief to find myself rolling through the leafy avenues of the Villa

Borghese and taking a turn through the Pincio, the last of the Roman circuses, where Fashion displays herself for the gratuitous edification of the vulgar. All this pageant cost me the magnificent sum of \$3; it can be seen for a small fraction of that money in company with others who share the expense; in fact, most of it is better done on foot. There were a few maskers in the streets; the cafés were thronged with dominos. I dined and strolled aimlessly about the streets, returning in company with a procession bearing the Blessed Sacrament to some passing soul.

How wonderful are the contrasts in that city of cities! I entered the hotel to find the clerk on his knees in the doorway, for the flicker of the tapers borne by the shrouded figures in the procession still lighted his face. To my amazement, this important personage seemed not to recognize me. We had, it is true, conversed familiarly during the day; we had discussed in mixed languages the mixed politics of the country, etc. I asked for the key of my room, and was bluntly informed that there was neither room nor key at my service in that particular house. I began to suspect myself; I thought it possible that my reason was unseated; I had seen too much for one day; I had lost my reckoning, and had come to the wrong establishment! Gradually the truth came to light. Not finding, nor hoping to find Joaquin till the day following, I left my luggage at the station, intending to call for it as soon as I had settled myself. It was an unlucky thought. The clerk of the hotel had suspected me of being an adventurer; I had come to him without so much as a dressing case; and for this reason, when I went for a stroll in the Corso, he relet my villainous chamber to a couple of Austrians, who were to pay liberally for the privilege of sleeping in my single bed. It is not surprising that two Austrians in a single bed should crowd me out, though I have been one of slumbering triplets in my time. I could make the entire management of the hotel comprehend nothing; they scarcely seemed to recognize me; I pleaded in vain for some uninhabited corner wherein to lay my head for one night only; seventy sleepless hours stretched back between that miserable me and the coziest of quarters in dear old London. I went forth furiously; I rushed from house to house seeking shelter. No one would listen to me; no one seemed to care a hang; maskers mocked me, and danced before me a ballet of despair. I thought of the hospitable nights in the tropics, when I could easily have afforded to sleep under the canopy of the stars, and was not suffered to, for the heart of the savage is not so tame that it no longer softens at the wail of sorrow or the sight of a tear!

I abandoned myself to the streets, hoping to find a secluded spot wherein to pass the night. Every corner was occupied; every black nook rendered up a ghost of some sort or other. The maskers skipped by me, crooning in tedious falsetto. Never did merriment seem to me more out of place. The night was uncommonly chilly and dark to a degree. I listened eagerly for a syllable of good

round English; it seemed to me that one of my own kind could not leave me unhoused in the midst of the Roman winter; but every man went his way and left me to my solitary fate.

Many of the churches were still open. I entered one of these, and found penitents like myself, and wanderers in this vale of tears, seeking consolation at the several shrines. The blazing tapers seemed to give out supernatural warmth; the air was still sweet with floating incense; the soft whisper of those who were at prayer near me soothed me like a lullaby; I grew strangely calm. Perhaps I might have stolen into some obscure corner of the church and slept there unobserved; I seemed to care very little what happened now; the carousal in the street sounded very far off; I was as happy as if I had had a whole pillow to myself. This is evidently what prayer will do for a fellow when he makes a business of it.

When I went out of the holy house it was with a new spirit. I returned to the most convenient hospice and besought the landlord to receive me in any shape he chose, but in the name of humanity to receive me. I proposed a billiard table as a tolerable substitute for a bed.

"Let me lie on the table, with a ball in my ear and a cue for a balance-pole, and I am happy," said I to mine host, with ghastly humor. His heart warmed a little. Guests were expected by the midnight train. It was just possible that they might not arrive, in which case their reserved chamber was at my disposal. I leaped for joy. I thought of returning to the church to give thanks, but I had forgotten which of the 366 churches was my salvation, and I never happened to strike it again. While I was wondering, my leaden lids dropped over the tired eyes in Rome, and I was asleep on a hard bench by the hall door, in a draught. No one came that night—nobody. Nothing but midnight and a boy in buttons, whose very buttons seemed to blink, he was so sleepy; and I was shown to the peak of the roof, in company with a bottle of mulled wine. Three beds stood in a row against a low, bare wall. I thought of my school-days and the dormitory to which I was doomed, and sighed. All these were mine at last. Virtue was rewarded in the fifth act; but there was an exquisite sting in the fulness of that reward: I regretted from the bottom of my heart, and I have never ceased to regret, that I was utterly unable to sleep in all three of those beds at once. Thus ended my first day in Rome.

C. W. STODDARD.

NOTHING hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humility and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.—*Colton*.

THE scholar without good breeding is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.

A Lesson from Nature.

BY F. C.

There are few comparatively amongst the multitude of human beings inhabiting this earth, who, whilst treading the path of life, pause to reflect on the many and noble objects presented before them for study and contemplation. To those who may devote time to the study of natural objects great is the pleasure and manifold are the lessons which may be received therefrom.

But to the people of the present day these lessons seem to be of little interest and of less importance. The works of nature convey no other ideas to them than that which their outward form presents. They scarcely ever think of comparing the ever-changing scenes of nature with the stages of human life which man passes through from his coming in to his going out of the world. But to one who observes closely that which is going on around him much material for study and contemplation is afforded.

The opening spring he compares to youth, when everything is fresh and full of hope; life runs on smoothly, and everywhere is peace and happiness. Then comes the blooming summer, symbol of early manhood, when everything is ripening and ready to burst forth into a golden harvest. The decay and dissolution of life come like the cold blasts of winter, carrying with them in their progress that which was verdant in spring, blooming in summer, and matured in autumn.

Such is the inevitable destiny of man. His time on earth is limited. If he pass through the first three stages true to his God and fellow-men, he will be prepared to enter into the fourth without fear or uncertainty, for he knows that eternal happiness is the reward of a virtuous life. Take a tender twig, and in whatever shape it may be bent such is the position it will have when grown. So it is with man. If, in youth, false ideas are impressed or bad habits acquired, it will be a very hard task to correct them in after-life. In the path in which the young are first placed, whether it be the right or wrong one, they will continue to march until some more powerful influence changes or stops their course.

Parents, guardians and preceptors of youth cannot be too careful to instil into the minds of those in their charge the love of righteousness and truth, that they may be enabled when choosing their path in life to take the right one. If a tree is planted on barren soil, where the essentials necessary for a healthy vegetation are wanting or but imperfectly supplied, it will soon die; or, if it has a lingering existence, its stunted growth or want of vigor will give evidence of the sterility of the soil. Thus it is with man. If in youth he habitually associates with persons of low and vicious habits, he, too, like the tree, will exhibit to all, by his undeveloped mind and evil habits, the soil on which he was nurtured. Many, alas! are the deplorable examples

which we have of persons who, brought up in the school of vice, continued in it till called to the final dread account.

Go into the forest and there meditate on what appears before you as the effect of time. Across your path lie the remains of what was once the monarch and pride of the forest; but in its present prostrate condition, rotting away into the dust whence it came, it gives no indication of what it had been in times gone by. Standing near are other trees, which, though of great age and size, are not so old as the one lying before you; but a withered limb or decaying core shows too plainly that they also will soon begin to crumble into dust. Around these are groups of trees of various ages and sizes, from the year-old sapling to those of a quarter of a century, which are sound in every part.

It should be unnecessary to draw a comparison between these simply organic creatures of the forest and human creation, for it is clear to every reader. Man, in some respects, resembles the trees, with their leaves at first so young and tender, afterwards becoming old and withered, as described by a well-known poet:

"Like leaves on trees the race of men is found,
Once green in youth, then withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise;
So generations in their turn decay,
So flourish those, when these have passed away."

Another and not less instructive lesson may be learned from the little stream that, perhaps, glides through the same forest. Listening attentively, the low murmur of running water may be heard, which at first sounds to the ear like far-off music. Advancing in the direction whence the sound proceeds, we find jetting forth from the base of some primeval rock a small stream of limpid water which might indeed outrival crystal in its purity. Prompted by curiosity, we follow its course, and find it running tranquilly along through a most delightful valley; on either side are flowers of the most beautiful varieties; for a time all seems innocence and pleasure; but on its way it is joined by other streams which, though they increase its size, at the same time destroy its purity. Thus, as it advances, it grows larger and more impure, until, finally, it flows onward with the impetuosity of a torrent until engulfed in the ocean. Such is the way of life. In youth all is innocence, purity, and happiness. This period, which is of comparatively short duration, is often recalled with pleasure in after-years, when new companions, new occupations and new walks of life have taken the place of those happier and dearer ones of childhood.

Man, like the tiny stream, goes on increasing in wealth and influence; but the primitive simplicity, innocence and candor so characteristic of his boyhood are lost in the midst of avaricious pursuits, companions more or less evil, until the simple and tiny stream of his life merges into the turbulent, passion-tossed ocean.

The Song of the Blue-Bird.

Across the field, across the brook—
Where will you find a prettier nook?—
A little blue-bird sings his lay
Just at the dawn and close of day.

Two lovers chance to wander by;
They hear that little blue-bird cry,
"You love to seek the coolest shade
That any oaken tree has made."

"Here you have found a grassy spot,
And all the secrets you may plot
Beneath this blue-bird's downy nest
Shall not be whispered to the rest."

One moonlight night, while all is still,
Those lovers wander by the rill,
And pause to hear the song that swells
From trembling throats of marriage bells.

C. W. (*Rhetoric Class.*)

Sponges.

Until very recently (1856), sponges were regarded by the scientific world as a species of plant; but recent investigations have led to a different opinion. In 1856 the great naturalist Esperse investigated the matter very closely, and publicly stated that the sponge was an animal and not a plant. His declaration was not accepted among the greater number of people; but it attracted the attention of several, and provoked deeper study which developed the question more fully. Siberkuhn and Carter were the next to follow, who made their first researches with the fresh water sponge. Oscar Schmidt, Professor of Natural History at Strassburg, and one of the greatest zoölogists of his time, studied the subject with much care, and has given us much information on the subject. But the greatest of these investigators, and the one whose authority is generally accepted, is Professor Hæckel, of Yena. For years he has made the sponge an object of special study, and in the numerous treatises written as the result of his researches he proves beyond a doubt that it is an animal and not a plant.

Granting that the sponge is an animal, the question remains: "What is its proper position in the great animal kingdom of nature?" At first it was placed among the very lowest of the Protozoa. To elevate it above this class was the work of Schulze and Barrois, who watched its method of reproduction and development with the greatest care and patience, and finally concluded to place it among the Metazoa. If the sponge had but a single cell it would be a Protozoon. That it is made up of a number of cells is not questioned by any; therefore it belongs to the class of Metazoa, and not Protozoa, as first regarded.

If you secure a fresh sponge just from the sea, you find it covered with a jelly-like matter which, on close examination, is found to possess a porous

covering. Those pores are for the passage of water from which the animals obtain their food. If some water be colored with a red coloring matter, and a fresh sponge placed in it, you can plainly see the currents of water as they pass in at the smaller holes and out at the larger ones. The inner chamber is lined with cilia which give motion to the water. This cilia forms the tissue of the animal.

It has been difficult to place the sponge in its proper position among animals. Several classifications are given us, but they seem to be of a complicated nature, and difficult for beginners to understand.

Oscar Schmidt divides the sponge into four distinct orders, each of which is subdivided into several families. Another classification, which is shorter and much more easily understood, presents two grand divisions of sponges, *i. e.*, *fibri spongidae* and *calci spongidae*. The first includes all the jelly and stone-like sponges, the second all the rest.

The sponge is among the very lowest of the Metazoa. It develops by fission, segmentation and true eggs. The egg produces a blastoderm by the division of that cell, and the cells of the blastoderm give rise to the adult body. The ovum undergoes regular division. The blastoderm consists of two cell layers, an epiblast and hypoblast; the young animal then has its form which is composed of two layers, the ectoderm and endoderm. After it passes those stages it follows a distinct course of its own, which is different from any animal among the coelenterates.

Sponges are almost exclusively marine, spongillæ being the only inhabitant of fresh water. The spongillæ may be found in almost any fresh water clinging to old wood, pieces of trees, and such like. The best sponge fields are in the Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas, the Bahama and West Indies islands, and the coast of Florida. Sesina, the largest of the Ionia Islands, is one of the best places known for studying the sponge. Sesina, the largest city of the island, is situated on the sea-coast, where sponges grow in great numbers, and are easily procured. At this place a monastery is located, and all students of nature are warmly received and kindly treated by the good monks. The locality has been made famous by sponge researches. It was here that Schmidt and Hæckel made their greatest investigations.

Now, that the nature of the sponge is no longer a question of doubt among scientists, we might think it would cease to be of interest to any one; but not so: the sponge holds a very conspicuous place in the commercial world. They are taken from their different haunts and distributed throughout the whole universe. The best sponge of commerce is secured at Sivaut, while an inferior grade comes from the West Indies and the coast of Florida. The sponge trade in some European countries yields immense profits. Greece and Turkey gather large quantities which bring about £100,000, or \$500,000, annually.

The sponges procured at the Bahama and West Indies are much larger and inferior in quality to

those of European countries. From the two named places about £215,000 are annually gathered and sent to Great Britain, besides the amount sent to the United States and other places. The amount sent to England alone returns a profit of £17,000 or about \$85,000 annually. The Ottoman sponge fishery gives employment to 6000 men, who form the crews of 600 boats which gather and put the sponges in the market. They also yield a large gain.

The waters in which sponges live are rarely molested by other animals, as they absorb the oxygen contained in the water, and give off carbonic acid with great rapidity.

P. HOWARD.

Art, Music and Literature.

—A new musical journal, entitled *Musikalische Rundschau*, is about to make its appearance at Vienna.

—The first periodical ever published in Persia has recently been started at Teheran. It is a semi-monthly, and called the *Echo de Perse*.

—A shilling edition of Longfellow's excellent translation of "The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri" has just been published in London by Routledge. The notes are omitted.

—A member of the Council of the Gaelic Union in New York announces that, from the correspondence that society receives, it is evident the Irish language is advancing in the estimation of persons of education.

—A French testator at Poitou has bequeathed to the Mazarin Library a collection, which it took him years to accumulate, of 3,500 specimens of bad French, written by members of the Academy from its foundation to the present day.

—A cable dispatch states that Tennyson's latest poem deals with home rule in Ireland. The author is dramatizing the work for Henry Irving. The health of the poet laureate is breaking, and this is probably the last literary work he will undertake.

—Will the English language become universal? The question is decided in the affirmative by Candolle, a Geneva scientist, who reasons from the rapid spread of English-speaking people throughout the world, and their almost invariable retention of their native tongue.

—The September number of *Merry England* contains a sympathetic sketch (from the pen of Mrs. Meynell) of the eminent English scientist, Mr. St. George Mivart, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the number. The story of his conversion to the Catholic Faith is well told. Trained under evangelical influences, he made his way upward "through those steps of High and Higher Church, which so many have found useful to pass over, but difficult to pause upon." Before he was sixteen he had learned to read the lessons written in the stories of the Rhenish churches, and those of the South of France; and, extending his studies

into the realm of the theocracy of the Middle Ages, found his way—with the aid of Milner's "End of Controversy"—at last into the fold of the Church.—*Ave Maria*.

—Basil Vereschagin lives some miles out of Paris, where, literally, in the clearing of a wood, he has built for himself what is probably the largest studio in the world, in which he is able to dwarf his enormous canvas to the proportions common to *genre*. He has no companion save the heroic and undaunted wife, who has been the courageous comrade of most of his Asian expeditions. The peasants are somewhat in awe of this stalwart, bearded recluse, who walks the country accompanied by a couple of blood-hounds, and whose bearded and stalwart person certainly gives him a forbidding aspect. Little do they know that under this formidable appearance is hidden a man with the gentlest and kindest of hearts, whose profession is not in the least alarming. The artist is at present engaged upon a cycle of pictures illustrating Indian history.—*Home Journal*.

—The *Unione Liberale*, of Perugia, deplors the disappearance from the Communal Library of that city of a very precious MS. of Cicero, adorned with sixteen miniatures by a Flemish artist of the 15th century. The city of Bologna is now engaged in trial of a man named Matteo Leonese on the charge of having stolen from the Library of the Royal University there a considerable number of rare and valuable engravings. An *employé* of the Library of Parma is also under trial for repeated thefts of valuable engravings and rare books and MSS.; and the press unanimously declare that, viewing the existing paucity in Italy of rare engravings and ancient books, in twenty years' time scholars will be forced to seek Kensington Museum or the *Bibliothèque Nationale* of Paris, in order to study the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Italian typography of the 15th and 16th centuries.—*London Tablet*.

Scientific Notes.

—Paper bed-clothes are made at a factory in New Jersey. They are doubled sheets of manila paper, strengthened with twine, and valuable by reason of the peculiar properties of paper as a non-conductor of heat. They have a warmth, preserving power far out of proportion to their thickness and weight.

—Fall, the glass founder of Paris, has at last cast a crown glass disk for the Lick telescope in California which is without flaw, and which will be forwarded to Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, for finishing. This disk will enable the Clarks to complete the great lens, so that there is now a prospect of the speedy erection of the telescope. Success was reached after about thirty unsuccessful trials.

—A French physician, M. Delthil, has lately laid before the Academy of Paris a remedy for

croup, which is simple and, it is said, infallible. It consists in burning a mixture of tar and turpentine beside the patient's bed, until the room is filled with a thick smoke. The patient eagerly breathes the air impregnated with this smoke, and the false membranes begin to detach themselves. Afterwards the throat is to be washed or gargled with coal tar and lime, and a radical cure is effected in two or three days.

—A writer in *Science* describes a natural bridge, almost as interesting as the Virginia curiosity, spanning a cañon about twenty miles north of the point where the Atlantic and Pacific railroad crosses the boundary between New Mexico and Arizona. This bridge is sixty-five feet long and fifteen wide at the narrowest point. It consists of tough grit rock, underneath which the softer sandstones have been worn away to a depth of twenty-five to forty feet beneath the arch. Near by is a petrified forest. The stone tree-trunks lie just beneath the soil, or half exposed, fallen in all directions. This point had never before been visited by a white man.

—Charles Edgar Fritts, a well-known electrician of New York, has introduced a new battery, in which the electrical properties of selenium are used with great advantage. The cell employed by Mr. Fritts is a stout piece of brass with a very thin layer of selenium pressed over it. On the face of the selenium is spread a film of gold, silver, or platinum, so thin as to allow the passage of light through it. The metallic foil is the positive electrode; the current enters the selenium by it, and leaves by the brass plate. Mr. Fritts states that he has made a cell three hundred and thirty-seven times more conductive in hazy sunlight than in the dark. He conceives that the light penetrating to the selenium is directly changed into electricity. This can only be determined by long and extensive experiments.

—The microscopic determination of the different qualities of iron and steel is now regarded as one of the most valuable aids in metallurgical industries. Thus, the crystals of iron are double pyramids, in which the proportion of the axes to the bases varies with the quality of the iron; the smallness of the crystals and the height of the pyramids composing each element are in proportion to the quality and density of the metal, which are seen also in the fineness of the surface; and, as the proportion of the carbon diminishes in the steel, the pyramids have so much the less height. In pig iron and the lower qualities of hard steel the crystals approach more closely the cubic form. Forged iron has its pyramids flattened and reduced to superposed parallel leaves, whose structure constitutes what is called the nerve of the steel; and the best quality of steel has all its crystals disposed in parallel lines, each crystal filling in the interstices between the angles of those adjoining, these crystals having their axis in the direction of the percussion they undergo during the working. Practically, good steel has the appearance, microscopically, of large groups of beautiful crystals.

THE WONDERFUL NEW STAR IN ANDROMEDA.

On Wednesday, September 2d, a cablegram was received at this observatory, *via* Harvard College Observatory, announcing the discovery by Hartwig, of Strassburg, of a star-like nucleus in the great nebula of Andromeda. The same evening being beautifully clear, I turned the large telescope upon the object, and was astonished at the marvellous spectacle. I am as familiar with the great nebula of Andromeda as the page of an oft-read book, having examined it hundreds of times in making my cometary sweeps. All that was ever seen before at the centre of the nebula was a broad, diffused condensation; but here was a bright, star-like disk, hard and well defined with all powers of the telescope, high or low. A *new sun* had suddenly appeared, apparently in the middle of this well-known nebulous mass. In later observations it had attained to the sixth magnitude in brilliancy, and was perceptible to the naked eye. A small telescope will show it well. In large instruments, with a low power and wide-field eye-piece, sufficient to take in the whole nebula, which is two degrees in length, the sight is a fine one, especially to those who are familiar with the former aspect of the nebula. The form of the nebula is a very elongated ellipse. On a clear night it is visible to the naked eye as a misty patch of light, and has been often mistaken for a small comet. The following directions will enable any one to find it:

First find the constellation Cassiopea, which in the early evening is well up in the northeastern sky. It resembles a chair now lying on its back. A line drawn southward through stars forming the front corner of the seat and the bottom of the back leg of the chair will nearly intersect the nebula, which is situated at a point on this line about three times the distance from the lower star as the space separating the two stars mentioned.

Every intelligent person should obtain a view of this celestial wonder, one of the most remarkable in astronomical annals.

Is it a temporary or variable star between us and the nebula? Or is it the condensation of the nebulous mass into a central sun, and hence a marvellous confirmation of the nebular hypothesis?

WILLIAM R. BROOKS.

Red House Observatory, Phelps, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1885.—*Scientific American*.

College Gossip.

—Laurence Barrett, the actor, has been invited to deliver an address before the Faculty and students of Harvard College.

—Mr. T. E. Sherman, S. J., son of General W. T. Sherman, is one of the professors this year at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

—The German Anthropological Society has found that rather more than one-fourth of the school children of central Europe are pure blondes, and about one-sixth are brunettes, more than one-half being of the mixed type.

—"Your studies are costing me a great deal," said a father to his son, as he reached in his pocket for money to buy more books with.—"I know it, father," replied the son, with some emotion, as he pocketed a \$10 bill, "and I don't study very hard, either."—*Ex.*

—Reports from the colleges that have opened their fall terms indicate that the Freshmen are above the average in physical strength. That is the opinion, at least of the Professor of Athletics at Harvard, and he looks for an exceptional year in sports.—*Sun.*

—The most romantic commencement story from Yale College this year is one of a southerner who left college to enter the confederate army, and was thrown over by his lady-love in consequence. He returned to New Haven this year, found the love of his youth still true, and there will be a wedding at Christmas.

—The African discoveries have opened a new missionary field to Catholics. Hence, an African seminary for the training of future missionaries for the Congo is about to be established at Louvain, the seat of the celebrated Catholic University. The new seminary will have place for a large number of missionaries.

—By the authority of the General of the Jesuits in Rome, the College of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Woodstock, Md., has been declared *The Collegium Maximum*, the principal institution under the charge of the Society of Jesus in the United States. This high honor was appropriately celebrated at the College on the 7th inst.

—Prof. Henry, of Harvard, says that he was discussing Greek with a friend at dinner in a Saratoga hotel when their negro waiter ventured to give a quotation that they could not recall correctly. The servitor was one of a party of Howard University students at work during vacation. His fortunate remark caught the fancy of one of the hearers, who presented \$500 to him for the completion of his collegiate education.

—No corporal punishment is ever administered at French schools. The worst that can befall the offending pupil is a short period of solitary confinement; but this is rarely resorted to, and a public reprimand is usually found sufficient. Pupils are only permitted to begin Latin when they have been thoroughly grounded in their own language, geography, arithmetic, and the rudiments of history and German—that is to say, about their eleventh or twelfth year.

—Strong efforts are being made in Catholic circles in Chicago and vicinity to raise funds which will enable the Archbishop to purchase the half-finished palace which the late Wilbur F. Storey had intended to use as a residence. The building is to be converted into a convent and young girls' academy. The movement is said to meet with liberal responses, and it is stated that the preliminaries of the trade have already been arranged between the administration of the Storey estate and the representatives of the Archbishop.—*Irish American.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, September 26, 1885.

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 NINETEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

Our Staff.

FRANK H. DEXTER, P. J. GOULDING,
FRANK J. HAGENBARTH.

—The classes in Christian Doctrine, graded according to the age and knowledge of the students, were organized last Thursday morning, and are, of course, attended by all the Catholic students in the University. The importance of these classes cannot be overestimated. As God and eternity surpass the world and time, so does the knowledge of the teachings of religion excel all profane knowledge in the arts and sciences, however great it may be. All human science should be made subservient to those interests which are eternal, as the powers of body and soul, with which the great Creator has endowed us, should be cultivated, developed and perfected with a view solely of making them minister to the glory of Him who bestowed them. Young men should be thoroughly conversant with the teachings of the divine religion which they profess to practise. They should be able on all occasions to give "a reason for the faith which is in them," and combat the false charges which are brought to bear against their religion. To effectively accomplish this duty, they need to take ad-

vantage of the opportunities presented them in the catechetical instructions given in the class-room.

—Now, that we have fairly entered upon the work of the year, we remind the students of the standing invitation extended to them to contribute in some way or other to the general interest and excellence of their college paper. All can do something towards increasing the circulation of the SCHOLASTIC and establishing it on a firm financial basis, and the motive for this, we think, suggests itself and need not be urged upon them by us.

Again, there are not a few who are impressed with the importance of the practice of writing, and who really desire to become good writers. They, of course, will understand that, in order to acquire a good style, the practice of composing and writing frequently is indispensably necessary. Unless the student exercise himself, unless he write often, the rules and precepts which direct him in the attainment of his object will be of no avail to him.

If one finds that he has acquired a good style, and thinks the matter which he has treated is of sufficient interest to publish in the SCHOLASTIC, let him send it; and if the Editor judges favorably of it, it will appear in these pages. If, however, the essay is rejected the writer ought not to be discouraged, but should endeavor to excel his first attempt and write again. The pages of the SCHOLASTIC are open to all the students, and their communications will ever receive the attention which they deserve. Therefore, there should be no reserve on the part of anyone, but each should endeavor to qualify himself as a contributor to its pages. "Write often" should be the motto of all, even though their essays may not be published; frequent practice will lead to the most desirable results.

—An appeal to the Catholics of the United States has been made by the Board, composed of bishops, priests, and laymen, to which the late Plenary Council of Baltimore entrusted the project of the establishment of the new Catholic university. The Board states that the money (\$300,000) promised by Miss Mary G. Caldwell, of New York, has been turned over to the members in trust for the purpose for which she made the offer; that Washington City has been selected as the site of "the Catholic University of America"; that sixty-five acres of land have been bought, and that the first university buildings will be erected as soon as the plans will be decided upon and other preliminary arrangements made. It is further stated that, "... it is deemed advisable to begin with the faculties of Philosophy and Theology, to which, in due course of time, all the other faculties needed to constitute a true university will be aggregated. These two faculties will require not fewer than eight professorships; and as the success of the university will depend in great measure upon the ability of its teachers, it is all-important that the chairs should, from the very start, be so endowed as to secure salaries which will enable the most competent and distinguished men to accept these positions. Some of the chairs of the faculties of Philosophy and Theology will, of course, be filled by priests; and for such chairs it is thought

that an endowment of \$50,000 each will be sufficient. Others will be filled by laymen, and the endowment of these is fixed at \$100,000 each."

The members of the Board deem it advisable that a number of burses—\$5,000 each—should be founded, "so that students of talent may not, through lack of means, be prevented from receiving the best mental training." To provide the means for the endowment of the eight professorships and the foundation of the burses spoken of is the object for which appeal is now made to the Catholics of the United States, "and especially to those among them who are possessed of wealth."

It is confidently expected that this appeal will meet with a hearty and generous response, so that the Church in America, as its dignity demands, shall have one institution which will be the "great intellectual centre of Catholic intelligence and influence, which will unify and complete our educational system, and be a crown of honor and a focus of light for our schools, colleges and seminaries."

Pertinent Paragraphs.

It is a fact much to be lamented, and in no way consistent with the practical and broadening tendency of the age, that more attention is not paid to the study of Law. Even though not studied with a view to making its practice a profession, prominent thinkers have begun to hold it essential to a finished education, inasmuch as it is the embodiment of all that is refined in Ethical Philosophy, and is the natural field of history. Its study schools the mind by calling into requisition its highest faculties, producing, as a result, good reasoning powers, acuteness of perception, and elevation of soul. Appealing to the strictly practical sensibilities, how many an unfortunate collapse, loss, or ruin, might be avoided through a reasonable familiarity with the forms and points of Law!

The secret of a happy life lies in adapting oneself to circumstances. He is the true soldier of destiny who meets with undaunted spirit the "slings and arrows of fortune," and finds in a life made active in surmounting obstacles to his progress a genuine pleasure and a cheerful lot. Life, at best, is but a brief journey, a passing scene in the great drama of Eternity; and the best actor is the one who adapts himself to his character.

There is no one thing in a college, where a large number of students are associated and thrown into each other's society, more contemptible, as well as corrupting, than the existence of cliques and clubs whose members, uniting under some aspiring candidate for the distinction of a demagogue, endeavor to make themselves the leaders in their little world by petty acts of favoritism and electioneering. They are little spirits who stoop to such means for obtaining popularity, and they will be sure to bring upon themselves the contempt of their more intelligent associates.

Speaking on this topic leads me naturally to another, which has been the subject of many an interesting volume and well-intending lecture; but for all that it is one which will be constantly recurring to the coming generations. I mean the subject of manners and culture. Probably, there is no such place as a large boarding-school for the study of character and the chances obtained to know a person's home life, with the degree of refinement which attaches to it.

There is no one who has not a pride—and a commendable one too—in his family, and who does not speak of his younger days with fondness and reverence. Let him not, then, cast a slur upon them by showing that he is lacking in the first qualities that belong to a gentleman, by his disregard for the forms of etiquette, either in public or in private. These forms are found not alone in books, but they are the promptings of a manly and unselfish heart.

PETER PRIMROSE.

(Communicated.)

The Congregation of the Holy Cross.

A pleasant ride from Buffalo over the Lake Shore railway brought me to the flourishing city of South Bend, with its millionaire carriage, wagon and plough manufacturers—the Coquillard, Studebakers and Olivers. But, on taking up one of the three daily papers of the city, I became interested in the report of a most eloquent address delivered the evening before by the eminent lawyer and brilliant orator, Emory A. Storrs. I found that this distinguished jurist did not consider that South Bend owed its fame to its great material developments. Mr. Storrs, alluding to the University of Notre Dame, says:

"This noble Institution is famous—and famous all around the world. South Bend is famous, not because of any natural advantages, but because of Notre Dame and St. Mary's—because of Father Sorin. And Notre Dame will be glorious in its future, as it has been honored in its past."

As a Catholic, this interested me, and I determined to go out to the University—a drive of two miles—and spend a day or two in visiting this renowned Institution, or, I should say, cluster of Institutions—for, though separate, yet in close proximity are, the University, under the Fathers of the Holy Cross, the Industrial Schools conducted by the Brothers of the same Order; beyond the lakes, on the banks of the St. Joseph River, St. Mary's Academy, and the Mother-House of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and many other imposing buildings, of which I will make mention farther on.

Forty-four years ago, the present venerable Superior-General, Father Sorin, came from France with six Brothers of the Order, and on the banks of the two picturesque lakes—St. Mary's and St. Joseph's—laid the foundation of what is now a village in itself of over a thousand souls, comprising the University of Notre Dame, with its ample

accommodations for five hundred students. The grand main building, surmounted by its splendid Dome, two hundred feet from the ground, seems a fitting throne for our Blessed Mother, whose burnished statue, sixteen feet high, crowned by an aureole of electric lights, is gracefully poised upon it, as if midway between heaven and earth; with outstretched hands, she is ever, by day and by night, blessing the broad acres with all their wealth of animate and inanimate nature, which nearly a score years ago were solemnly consecrated to her by the Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding, surrounded by many other prelates and priests, and thousands of devout Catholics gathered from many states to assist at the memorable crowning of the statue on the Dome of Our Blessed Lady.

To the left of the University stands the beautiful Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, 275 feet in length, with nineteen altars, built at the cost of over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—mostly the contributions of the devout clients and children of Mary throughout the United States. But the real beauty is within. The paintings with which it is adorned, and the frescoing of its grained arches have not their equal in the United States. This *chef d'œuvre* is the work of the celebrated artist, Gregori, who was brought from Rome in 1873 by Father Sorin for this purpose, and has since been retained as Director of the Art Schools in the University and at St. Mary's. The towers of the church contain a chime of twenty-three bells; the principal one—the great Bourdon—is the largest bell in the United States.

The Conservatory of Music, or Odeon, including also the reading-rooms and the Exhibition Hall, is another large and imposing structure, to the right of the University, and by its side another splendid building—Science Hall—with its lecture rooms, museums, laboratories, etc., and as pendant to it, there will be erected a large Library, giving a regular frontage of 800 feet.

In the rear are situated the long range of buildings for kitchen, laundry, and other domestic purposes; the printing-office of *The Ave Maria* and SCHOLASTIC, with its fine steam presses, and its book publishing departments. And last, but not least, of the University proper buildings is St. Edward's Hall, the gem of the domain. It is fitted up with elegance, and furnished with every advantage as a primary school for young boys from six to twelve years of age. It is popularly called "The Palace of the young Princes."

On another portion of Notre Dame's domain is the Manual Labor School, where, under the direction of the Brothers, a large number of boys, from fourteen to twenty years, are taught a variety of trades. On the border of St. Joseph's Lake are the Novitiate and Scholastic Houses of the Order; and on the margin of St. Mary's Lake the *Petit Seminaire* for the training of young boys who evince a vocation for the priesthood.

Between the two lakes is the Home of the Professed Brothers, with its lovely chapel, the Portiuncula, that draws every year, on the 2d of August, crowds of pilgrims from far and near.

Then—the most important of all, when we consider its moral and religious influence extending over all the Houses and members of the Order in America and Europe—the Mother-House of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Here resides the venerable Superior-General, the Very Rev. Father Sorin, with the Assistants-General of the Order.

Notre Dame comprises an area of eight hundred acres. Six miles distant, the Order has a stock farm of fifteen hundred acres. I also visited this Farm, and made my adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in the neat, pretty chapel connected with the Brothers' House. I then passed several hours wandering around those immense fields of grass waving like the billows of the ocean, as stirred by the pleasant breeze that was making sweet, "Pentecostal music in the leafy trees" on that bright June day.

On the Farm, as in the University, I was surprised to find that a large number of those engaged in both places were seculars. On expressing my astonishment, the Rev. Father who accompanied me said that, although the Ecclesiastics and Brothers engaged in the offices and duties of the *ensemble* of Notre Dame numbered over one hundred, yet they were not sufficient to meet the demands of the Institution, and that, among the forty Professors in the University, nearly a dozen are secular gentlemen of marked learning and ability. In the manual employments of the University and farm duties, between twenty-five and forty hired men, and in certain seasons about one hundred are employed. Imagine, good reader, the heavy amount that must be paid out annually for salaries of professors and the wages of laborers, and you will be puzzled, as I am, as to *how an unendowed Institution* can meet such a heavy demand, and yet do all the grand work it is now doing for the intellectual and religious needs of the day, as Notre Dame most certainly does in the most brilliant and efficient manner. And if it is enabled to do so much under such an immense financial drain, what could not this noble and zealous religious Order do were it able to command professed members to fill all the places now occupied by salaried professors and hired laborers?

I pray God that what I am now writing may attract the attention of the Catholic young men of the day; I am in earnest, speaking of their temporal and eternal interests.

☞ In God's holy designs, higher vocations than for mere worldly pursuits should be as many *now* as in the ages of faith;—and, the spirit of the age to the contrary, why are not these vocations developed and acted out in the great work of training youth for eternity as well as for fleeting time? To this large class of young men I address these few lines, and pray that many will heed them. To the talented and educated, what nobler life can be proposed than that of a religious Priest or Brother, consecrating the intellectual gifts bestowed upon them by the good God, filling the places of secular professors, thus relieving *unendowed* colleges from the immense expense of sal-

aries now disbursed? To young, vigorous and robust laborers, what more enviable position can be offered than that of aiding, by their willing hands, those devoted Priests and Brothers engaged in the weary work of teaching?

After paying all the *employés* on the large Farm of Notre Dame, but a very small surplus remains. If this work could be all done by Brothers, a large yearly revenue could be secured as a material resource for the development of the University of Notre Dame and its branch schools and colleges.

To the youth destined to this work I would propose the grand promises given, not by a lying and deceitful world, but by God Himself—*He who instructs others unto justice shall shine as a star through all eternity. He who leaves father and mother and lands and possessions for My sake shall possess a hundredfold in this life, and eternal happiness in the life to come!*

How many thousand honest, innocent young hearts in America, now unsettled and seriously exposed to misery and ruin, could at once secure here blessings for this life and for eternity!

If we can judge from what we see, I declare I never saw a happier lot of men than I did at Notre Dame. Nor is it so very difficult to account for this; on the contrary, it is quite reasonable. The Order is not severe; all it requires is *good will*, good health, and devotedness to duty. Even with these qualifications, many will fail in the world; here they will succeed and be happy for life and forever. The Farm, the garden, the shops, the printing-office, the immense steam apparatus, with its five huge boilers, and other multiplied internal employments, will utilize to mutual advantage every good will, every natural ability; and, when the race is run, heaven will open its gates to the faithful servant more readily than to the poor wretch coming from a world of miserable infidelity.

The Rules and Constitutions of this new Order in the Church were submitted to the Holy Father, Pius IX, who encouraged the work, assigned the Sta. Brigitta, in Rome, for the residence of its Procurator General, and, on the 13th of May, 1857, the Holy See solemnly approved those Rules and Constitutions.

The Very Rev. Father Sorin, Founder of the Order in America, who had long filled the office of Provincial, was elected Superior-General at the General Chapter held in 1868. A prominent feature in this young and vigorous Order is the union of Priests and Brothers under a common Rule. This is a feature peculiar to this Order, and gives it a remarkable strength and power for development. By it the Fathers have the aid of Religious of their own family, not only for the manual employments, but also as assistants, teachers and prefects in colleges; and the Brothers in their schools have the direction and spiritual assistance of the ecclesiastical authorities, and in their asylums and industrial establishments they are directed by their own religious Fathers.

A FRIEND OF EDUCATION.

Books and Periodicals.

THE AMERICAN ELOCUTIONIST AND DRAMATIC READER. For the Use of Colleges, Academies, and Schools. By Joseph A. Lyons, A. M., LL. D., Prof. of English and Latin in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. With an Elaborate Introduction on Elocution and Vocal Culture by the Rev. M. B. Brown, A. M. Seventh Edition—Revised and Enlarged. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Company.

The several editions through which this book has passed show that the popularity which it first attained has been growing steadily during the past fifteen years. The seventy-two pages treating of Voice Culture, etc., with twenty-six explaining the *Æsthetic View of Elocution*, and nine pages of engravings illustrating the various expressions of the hand in oratory, attitudes, gestures, etc., will prove an invaluable aid in the study of elocution, either in class or privately. The selections for rhetorical reading and declamation are carefully made. Examples of every variety and style of declamation are given, so that persons of different tastes and abilities will find something to suit their peculiarities. The book is clearly and handsomely printed on good paper. Exception might be made to an occasional battered type or missing letter, owing probably to the wear and tear of plates passing through large editions, but as yet this little defect produces no uncertainty and will be hardly noticed. Few even of our best text-books are better printed or more substantially bound than this really handsome volume of Prof. Lyons's.

—The October number of the *North American Review* contains articles on "Inhuman Crimes in England," by Cardinal Manning; "Abraham Lincoln in Illinois," by Elihu B. Washburne; "George Eliot's Private Life," by Edwin P. Whipple; "Vice-Presidential Politics in '64," by Gen. Benjamin F. Butler; "How to Quell Mobs," by Gen. Fitz John Porter; "Letters and Recollections of Grant," by Admiral Ammen, etc.

—Among the contents of the *Popular Science Monthly* for October is a very interesting paper on "The Metaphysical Society," by R. H. Hutton. It gives an account of one of the meetings of a remarkable association, which was organized under the above name in London in the spring of 1869, and counted among its members men of such mental calibre as Cardinal Manning, Father Dalgairns of the Oratory, Dr. Ward, the distinguished Editor of the *Dublin Review*, Huxley, Tyn-dall, Mivart, Ruskin, etc. The society lived a harmonious and useful life of twelve years and then disbanded because, as one of the members said, "after twelve years of debating, there seemed little to be said which had not been repeated more than once." The paper in the *Monthly* tells what was said by the members about miracles and the uniformity of nature. "The Solar Corona," by Huggins; "The Relations of Railway Managers and Employés," by Barnard; "The Trading-Rat," and "Tissue-Selection in the Genesis of Disease," are excellent and readable papers. There are a likeness and biographical sketch of Professor H.

A. Newton, and an editorial discussion of "Official Science at Washington." The minor departments are full and varied as usual.

—*The Catholic World* for October opens with an article entitled "The Light of Asia and the Light of the World," in which the Rev. John Gmeiner shows that the "strange resemblances between some institutions of Lamaism and of the Catholic Church and between the narratives of the life of Buddha and of Christ" are due to traditional reminiscences of the work of early Christian missionaries. The Rev. Dr. Hewitt contributes a very interesting paper on "Hawthorne's Attitude toward Catholicism," in which he pays a tribute of praise to the character and life of the eminent American writer. Says Father Hewitt:

"Hawthorne's natural temperament and his early education led his thoughts and imaginations toward the region of the preternatural. At the beginning of his literary career Puritan ideas and associations furnished the theme to his musing, contemplative spirit, which his imagination wrought into those weird, fascinating forms which crowd his earlier fictitious works. His æsthetic sense is not earthly, sensuous, and immersed in the material, physical embodiment of the ideal of beauty; it is a vehicle of thought and speculation, and all Hawthorne's imaginative works which have themes taken from New-England life and history are essentially in their inmost character and meaning a presentment of the old Puritan religious idea of the visible and the invisible world, of the present world and the world to come. . . . The beautiful passages quoted from his writings show how the Christian belief which he had retained was brightened, his religious views and sentiments made more vivid and elevated, by the influence of Catholic art, and by the pervading atmosphere of faith, in Italy and Rome. These impressions were not limited to that part of the Catholic religion which has been imperfectly retained in the theology of New England, but they came also with considerable power upon his mind from the general system of Catholicism, and those parts of it which are wholly unlike and opposed to Protestantism, particularly in the naked and gaunt form of Puritanism. This ugly counterfeit presentment of the lovely religion of Christ appears especially unlovely and repulsive in Hawthorne's delineations, and he everywhere shows his natural repugnance to those features in it which are distorted. The symmetry, beauty, harmony, and reasonableness of Catholicism, its adaptation to the wants of the human heart, the superhuman quality of its ideal, and the conformity to nature of its outward environment, though only dimly discernible to him through a mist, found something in his mind akin and responsive, awoke an echo in his heart, charmed to a certain degree his imagination."

Among other articles are "Some Recent Italian Novels," by Maurice F. Egan; "The Negro—How can we Help Him?" by Rev. C. A. Oliver; "Relations Between the English and Scotch Pirates and the 'Reformation Movement,'" by S. H. Burke; "The French Radicals and the Concordat," etc., etc.

Personal.

—G. Harry Smith, of '85, is passing a few days visiting his *Alma Mater*.

—Mr. Timothy McGrath, a student of Notre Dame in '80, is a prominent Attorney in Chicago.

—P. W. Gray (Com'l), '63, formerly of Chicago, is now a leading business man at Richburg, N. Y.

—Very Rev. M. Hurley, Vicar-General of the

Diocese of Peoria, was a welcome visitor to the College during the week. Father Hurley is an amiable, devoted and learned priest, and it is hoped that his pleasant visit to Notre Dame will be often repeated.

—James Bell (Com'l), '78, was recently appointed Deputy City Treasurer of Terre Haute, Ind. As characterized by the press, "the appointment is a good one"; and we are confident that Mr. Bell's efforts in the discharge of his duties will be crowned with success.

—Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Professor of Natural Sciences, has been named Vice-President of the University. Father Zahm brings to the discharge of his office a high degree of talent and executive ability, and his appointment is one that gives general satisfaction to the students and Faculty.

—The ceremony of conferring the Pallium upon the Most Rev. P. J. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, took place in the Cathedral of that city on Sunday last, the 20th inst. A telegram sent by Father General Sorin, who was President during the Archbishop's college days at Notre Dame, conveyed the expressions of congratulation and the cordial wish of *ad multos annos* on the part of all here.

—Rev. V. Heli, made his religious profession as a member of the Congregation of Holy Cross on Sunday last, at St. Joseph's Novitiate, Notre Dame. We are glad to state that he will be numbered among our Faculty during the coming year. Father Heli is distinguished as the possessor of rare talents and ability, and has received the two degrees of *Docteur ès Lettres* and Doctor of Theology from the Sorbonne, Paris.

Local Items.

—Pull 'em out!

—The bear is no more!

—Are we to have a boat-race on the 13th?

—"Pizarro" will be placed on the boards for the 13th.

—Work on the extension to the church still progresses very satisfactorily.

—The Book-Keeping Classes have become so numerous as to necessitate subdivisions.

—A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE:—The athletes chose "fair day" for their exhibition. Purely accidental, you know!

—Persons desiring to view the eclipse of the moon sat up all night Tuesday. The time here was 1 hour, 24 minutes Wednesday a. m.

—The thanks of the Rev. President and several members of the Faculty are extended to Mr. A. A. Cooper, of Dubuque, Iowa, for favors received.

—A "practice" game of baseball was played on the 24th inst. between the "University Blues" and the "Star of the East." Score: 13 to 15 in favor of the "Stars."

—The Course of Church History, inaugurated

last year under the direction of Rev. S. Fitte, was very successful, and it is hoped that the class will soon be reorganized for the present year.

—We welcome the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC back from its vacation. It has an interesting illustrated history of Father Sorin's life-work at Notre Dame this week.—*South-Bend Register*.

—The Literary and Dramatic Associations are now in fine working order. It has been remarked that never before did our societies witness so large a membership of old students at the beginning of the year.

—On Tuesday night the Brownsville (Texas) delegation arrived, after having experienced a stormy passage across the Gulf. Kleiber has not returned yet, but will be here in a few days. We are all glad to see the Brownsville boys back.

—Mr. Willson, the agent of the Incandescent Light Co., of Chicago, is at the College superintending the placing of the lamps into the halls. The new electric light plant will be placed in a building which is in process of construction in front of the steam-house.

—A life-size bust of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Fitzpatrick, third Bishop of Boston, has been placed in the Bishops' Gallery. It was formerly owned by Father Fitton, to whom it was given by the Bishop himself. Through the kindness of Rev. Father Boland, of Boston, it has been presented to the Bishops' Gallery.

—Carpenters and masons have been at work during the week making alterations and improvements on the building formerly known as the "Scholasticate." As stated before, it is to be transformed into a Preparatory Theological Seminary, under the direction of Rev. S. Fitte, and will be formally opened at an early date.

—The Notre Dame University Cornet Band reorganized and held its first meeting September 21st. The following officers were elected: President, Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C.; Vice-President, Bro. Paul, C. S. C.; Director, Prof. Paul; Assistant Director, A. J. Ancheta; Treasurer, W. Cartier; Secretary, C. Hausberg; 1st Censor, W. R. Congdon; 2d Censor, F. Thurston.

—A finely-executed portrait in oil of the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes has just been taken from the easel of Signor Gregori. It has been placed in Bishops' Gallery, near the portrait of Cardinal McCloskey. Gregori is now sketching a portrait of Bishop Concannon, first Bishop of New York; when finished, it will be a companion-piece to Archbishop Hughes' portrait.

—A pleasing exhibition of club-swinging and trapeze exercises was given from the stage in Music Hall last Thursday afternoon. The skill of the athletes elicited universal admiration. In particular the Indian Club exercises displayed grace and poetry of motion combined with extraordinary skill and endurance. After the performance the gymnasiums were visited, and many other interesting "tricks" exhibited to the delight of all.

—The second meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association (Minim dep't) was held September 23d. Masters M. Dewald, of Chicago; C. Scherrer and W. Bailey, of Denver; Leo Riordan, of Muskegon, Mich.; W. Martin, of Dallas, Texas; and B. Nealis, of St. John, N. B., were admitted to membership. F. Crotty delivered a declamation, and J. Peck gave a description of his "Trip from Denver." A. Smart, of Atlanta, Georgia, read an essay.

—The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC begins its nineteenth volume with an attractive new head and a readable illustrated article on Notre Dame. Among the more interesting of these illustrations are Father Sorin's arrival at Notre Dame in 1842, with the Indians around him who assisted in building the log church; the college building of 1843; Notre Dame in 1860; the college building of 1866; Notre Dame before the fire of 1879, and a bird's eye view of the Notre Dame of to-day.—*South-Bend Tribune*.

—On Thursday morning, Very Rev. Father General visited St. Edward's Hall, where he was received by the graceful bows of the "princes." After noticing the happy faces before him, he said it was too bad to have such bright boys deprived of the pleasant sunshine and fresh air, and he asked the teachers to dispense with the hour of study. The grateful smiles that greeted him as they passed in ranks from the study-hall to the play-ground showed the warm affection in which the Minims hold their venerated patron.

—The first regular meeting of the University Baseball Association was held September 17th. The following officers were elected for the present session: President, Rev. M. J. Regan; Directors, Bros. Emmanuel and Paul; Treasurer, W. Collins; Secretary, J. E. Cusack; Reporter, P. J. Goulding; Captains, P. Chapin and A. McNulty. The following gentlemen were admitted to membership: Messrs. C. Hausberg, E. Hampton, J. D. Crawford, H. Phillips, J. V. O'Donnell, L. Bolton, Moody, C. Stubbs, F. Hagenbarth, W. Tiernan, F. Riley, C. Bowles, C. Harris, H. Barke, H. Long, and V. Padilla.

—The first meeting of the Lemonnier Boat Club was held Thursday morning, September 16th. The main object of the meeting was the arrangement of affairs for the opening of navigation; but as the business on hand was too much for one meeting, the election of officers was all that could be attended to. The result is as follows: Rev. T. E. Walsh, Director; Rev. J. M. Toohey, Referee; Rev. M. J. Regan, President; D. C. Saviers, Commodore; P. J. Goulding, Treasurer; A. J. Ancheta, Recording Secretary; Aaron Jones, Jr., Corresponding Secretary; L. Mathers and W. E. Cartier, Captains.

—The game of ball played on the 20th inst., between the Senior and Junior nines, attracted considerable interest. The game was evenly contested and fairly well played, though the errors on both sides were too numerous, and many of them

entirely inexcusable. The following is the score:

SENIORS.	T.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McNulty, s. s.....	4	1	1	1	1	1	1
Chapin, l. f.....	4	1	3	3	2	0	1
Nester, p.....	5	1	2	3	7	6	3
Kegan, 2d b.....	5	0	2	3	4	4	2
Collins, 1st b.....	5	2	1	1	7	1	1
Collins, r. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	2
Goodfellow, p.....	4	1	1	1	1	7	1
Cusack, c. f.....	3	0	1	1	1	0	0
Crawford, 3d b.....	3	2	1	1	2	0	2
Total.....	37	8	12	14	24	19	13

JUNIORS.	T.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Benner, p.....	5	3	3	3	1	6	3
Fehr, c. f.....	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Myers, s. s.....	5	0	0	0	0	1	1
Robinson, 3d b.....	4	0	1	1	2	2	2
Cooper, 1st b.....	4	0	2	2	9	1	7
Holman, r. f.....	4	1	2	2	1	0	0
Cartier, 2d b.....	4	1	0	0	3	1	0
Courtney, l. f.....	4	1	2	3	1	0	0
Wabraushek, c.....	4	1	1	1	7	1	2
Total.....	38	7	11	12	25	12	15

INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

SENIORS:—I 3 3 1 0 0 0 0 —=8

JUNIORS:—I 0 1 0 1 4 0 0 0=7

Earned Runs, Seniors, 2; Juniors, 1. Two base hits, Nester, Kegan, Courtney. Double plays, Wabraushek and Cooper; Nester and Collins.

Time of game, two hours. Umpires, Duffin and Burns.

—The Director of the Historical Department acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following articles: From H. Macke, Esq., of Covington, Ky., a silver coin, Estados Unidos de Columbia G. 12,500 cingo Decimos, Medellin Lel o, 8353; a copper coin, Georgius III, 1807, and a daguerreotype portrait of Rt. Rev. Bishop Carroll, first Bishop of Covington. From Master Gus. Cooper, of Dubuque, Iowa, a three, a five, a ten, a fifteen and a twenty-five cent war script. From Rev. Father Dwyer, rector of the Catholic church at Mackinaw Island, Mich., *per* Bro. Emmanuel, a piece of Father Marquette's coffin, and seven silver and copper coins from Brazil, Belgium and Italy. From Mrs. Jos. Bannigan, of Providence, R. I., a portrait of Rev. Father Bapst, S. J., who was tarred and feathered by a mob at Portland, Maine, in 1854. From Bro. William, photographs of Archbishop Hughes, Bishop Bailey, Father Langcake, S. J., Father Fitton, Father McEvoy, S. J., Father Boyce (*alias* Paul Peppergrass), and Bishop Fitzpatrick; views of Niagara Falls, and several curios. From Frank Dexter, of Kansas, a photograph of Bishop Shannahan. From Rev. Dr. Hallinan, of Little Rock, a *souvenir* of Bishop Byrne. From Major H. F. Brownson, the cane used by his illustrious father, Dr. Brownson. From Rev. Father Spillard, specimens of wild-cat money; autograph letters of Father Ryan, the poet-priest, Father Lemonnier, and Archbishop Kenrick. From Mrs. Duggan, of Dubuque, a handsomely-framed portrait of Bishop Cosgrove, of Davenport. From Bro. Alexander, an Arabian coin. From Major Henry Brownson, specimens of Vermont money, 1781; large photograph of Dr. Brownson. From Rev. M. Fallize, of South Bend, a silver Napoleon, 1811. From George A. Houck, of Oregon, mineral lyre

and compass from Butte City, Montana; moccasins made by Rogue River Indians. From F. L. Jewett, of Chicago, moccasins made by Sioux Indians; bow made by Minnesota Indians.

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.

A. Ancheta, F. Ashton, T. Becerra, C. W. Bowles, M. Burns, E. J. Burritt, J. Bates, D. Byrnes, F. Baca, F. Brown, W. Breen, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, E. Cody, W. Congdon, W. Collins, P. Chapin, G. Crilly, W. Cartier, J. Cusack, P. Carbajal, F. Combe, C. Combe, Francis Combe, J. Dohany, J. Dempsey, C. Duffin, G. De Haven, F. Dexter, L. Daly, C. Finlay, F. Forbes, J. Ford, A. Gordon, A. A. Gordon, G. V. Goble, P. Goulding, J. Gallardo, J. Hamlyn, J. Horn, C. A. T. Hagerty, G. Houck, E. M. Hampton, J. W. Hampton, F. Hagenbarth, C. Harris, G. C. Harrison, C. Hausberg, L. Howard, L. W. Holden, G. Hasson, H. D. Hull, A. Jones, A. Judie, J. Jackson, F. Jewitt, W. Jess, T. Keys, F. Kreutzer, H. D. Kenny, J. Kenny, J. Keegan, A. Karst, J. Kabat, L. Kegel, H. Long, L. Martinez, G. Morrison, B. Morrison, J. Murphy, A. McNulty, L. Mathers, R. McCartney, S. Murdock, A. Meir, G. McErlain, P. McGuire, A. Miller, C. Neill, J. Nadeau, W. O'Rourke, J. V. O'Donnell, W. Ott, W. O'Connell, P. P. Prudhomme, J. L. Prudhomme, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, P. Paschel, K. W. Perley, H. Philips, H. Price, V. Padilla, J. Remish, E. Riley, C. Rothert, J. C. Rudd, W. J. Rochford, J. W. Regan, F. Riley, F. Rodrigues, J. Rahilly, R. Snapp, C. Shaide, I. Straus, C. Stubbs, D. Saviers, T. J. Sheridan, J. Shields, W. Tiernan, A. S. Triplett, H. Vandercar, A. S. Williams, W. Williams, M. White, J. Wagoner, E. Woodbridge.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

W. Austin, W. Arts, E. Benner, G. Benson, E. Bodley, J. Baur, H. Blakeslee, P. Brownson, J. Boos, E. Bowles, F. Benner, I. Bunker, W. Borgschulze, L. Bacigulpo, W. Curtis, M. Colina, J. Courtney, T. Cleary, M. Cummings, C. Cain, G. Cartier, D. Cartier, J. Dougherty, A. Duffield, E. Dillon, E. Ewing, C. Epple, A. Fitzharris, R. Frain, T. Flood, F. Fehr, J. Fisher, J. Fitzgerald, W. Gordon, O. Grothaus, F. Goebel, C. Galarneau, J. Garrity, F. Garrity, H. Hoyer, W. Hoffman, W. Houlihan, H. Huston, T. Hake, A. Hake, W. Harris, J. Hayes, G. Hoben, C. V. Inderrieden, H. Jewitt, P. Jacobs, N. Jacobs, E. Jeffs, W. Kern, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, M. Luther, H. Lesh, F. Long, D. McKendry, W. McCourt, A. Muesel, C. Mueller, W. McPhee, H. McConn, A. Meehan, G. Myers, J. McIntosh, R. Newton, J. Nealis, L. Newton, F. Noud, F. Nester, W. O'Connor, R. Oxnard, M. O'Kane, J. Portillo, L. Phillips, A. Press, E. Prudhomme, L. Preston, E. Porter, D. Regan, W. Rattigan, A. Redlich, C. Ruffing, A. Ruffing, H. Robinson, L. Rose, F. Smith, J. Smith, S. Smith, W. Short, C. Shields, C. Senn, C. Spencer, L. Scherrer, P. Servis, F. Thurston, W. Thompson, L. Thompson, J. Talbot, D. Tewksberry, W. Vanselow, M. Violet, W. Vandercar, H. Warner, W. Welch, W. Walsh, W. Wabraushek, P. Wagoner, C. West, T. Williamson, H. Ackerman, L. Chute.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. Ackerman, J. Bull, W. Bailey, S. Ciaroschi, J. Connors, E. Connors, F. Crotty, F. Cobbs, C. Campeau, F. Chute, G. Dunford, F. Dunford, L. Doss, E. Doss, M. Dewald, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, E. Farmer, F. Garber, E. Garber, A. Griffin, C. Grant, J. Healy, E. Jewitt, S. Jones, J. Kintz, A. Kintz, O. Kintz, F. Kellner, P. Keefe, G. Landenwich, F. Mainzer, J. Moncada, J. McIntosh, H. Morgan, M. McCourt, J. McNulty, W. Martin, F. Murphy, A. Mason, C. Mooney, A. Nussbaum, B. Nealis, C. Nealis, L. Paul, J. Piero, J. Peck, F. Peck, C. Quinlin, C. Ramsay, J. Riordan, L. Stone, W. Smart, T. Smart, D. Sweet, G. Sweet, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Sullivan, H. Tillenburg, A. Williamson, H. Wormer.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—At the first regular meeting of St. Teresa's Literary Society the following officers were elected and installed: President, Mary Ducey; Vice-President, Estelle Horn; Secretary, Marie Bruhn; Treasurer, Lucretia St. Clair; Librarian, Anna Heckard.

—St. Angela's Literary Society held its 1st reunion Tuesday, Sept. 16th; the following officers were elected: President, Marguerita Otero; Vice-President, Edna Claggett; Secretary, Miss Murphy; Treasurer, M. Alwein; Librarian, L. Trask.

—At the first regular meeting of the Sodality of the Holy Angels the following officers were elected: President, Ella Sheekey; Vice-President, Belle Snowhook; Secretary, Grace Regan; Treasurer, Agnes Keyes; Librarian, Margaret Smith; Sacristan, Fannie Hertzog.

—The following officers were elected and installed at the first regular meeting of St. Catharine's Literary Society: President, Louise Blaine; Vice-President, Lillie Van Horn; Secretary, Ada Duffield; Treasurer, Philomena Ewing; Readers, Ada Duffield and Grace Regan.

—At the Benediction of the True Cross, on the 14th inst., Rev. Father Shortis gave an admirably clear and interesting account of the vicissitudes to which the sacred relics of the wood upon which our Lord was crucified had been subjected. The narration was so full of striking and pathetic incidents that the poetic charm connected with the history of the "Holy Graal" was strongly suggested to the mind.

—An admirable spirit of grateful affection for her *Alma Mater* is clearly expressed in the following, which we take the liberty to present, from a letter received a few days ago from Miss Belle Gove, the esteemed Valedictorian of the Class of '85:

"Enclosed you will find a post-office order for the SCHOLASTIC, which I would not miss for anything. I shall be, in reading it, transported to dear St. Mary's at least once a week."

—The first regular meeting of the Sodality of the Children of Mary was held in the Confraternity Hall, on the 18th inst. After the preliminary exercise and a short instruction, the following officers were named, *pro tem.*—the 8th of Dec. being the day for the regular election: President, Miss M. Bruhn; Vice-President, Miss A. Heckard; Secretary, Miss L. Carney; Treasurer, Miss M. Scully; Librarian, Miss S. St. Clair; Sacristan, Miss A. Donnelly.

—A lady in a city not very far distant writes to a friend:

"The Apothegms from 'New Arts' were received this morning. I carried one copy to Mrs. —, read it, and told her if I were able to do so, I would like to place a framed copy in each school-room of the city. She replied that she knew a teacher who, she was certain, would make use of it, and put each day upon the board one couplet for the pupils

to memorize; and I let her have it for that purpose, though she said she should copy them for her child first. Could I return a more forcible 'thank you?'"

—A Texarkana paper received by the Prefect of Studies—who is also the Directress of the Vocal Department—contains a high eulogium of one of her pupils. From an account of a concert, given for a charitable purpose, we take the following:

"Miss Marie Bruhn deserves especial mention. Her cultivated voice, in the beauty of its warbling and trilling notes, completely enraptured the audience, which exhibited its appreciation by repeated *encores.*"

Miss Bruhn, crowned with her well-earned laurels, is heartily welcomed to the hearts of her former teachers and companions at St. Mary's.

—On the eve of the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, among other notable recollections connected with the day, was the memory of the late saintly Irma C. Fer de la Motte (Sister Francis Xavier, of the Sisters of Providence). She was one of the little colony of religious who embarked at Havre with Very Rev. Father General on his first voyage to America. Of Mass on shipboard, in one of her letters published in her biography, she writes:

"We have had Mass six times, and I have communicated five times. If you knew how happy we are when our Divine Saviour enters our little cabin to encourage and strengthen us! We have very poor ornaments; our chalice is copper, but the priest is gold. He has the heart of an apostle, the simplicity of the dove mingled with the wisdom of the serpent; he is admirable among his Brothers."

True Christian Liberty.

The thought of freedom seems to comprehend the ideal of pure delight to the heart of the young; and yet the glittering medal has its unpleasant reverse, and the discontent, strife, anarchy—in one word, the disobedience of dependent creatures—may all be traced to a love of false freedom.

But the existence of the spurious presupposes that of the real. Safe, innocent freedom, oh, where is your beautiful home! Where can you stretch forth your magical sceptre and no pretender wrest it from your grasp, and, usurping your heaven-born title, make it the pass-word of folly and wickedness? Not in the mountain fastness where the outlaw lies in ambush to assail the unwary traveller; not in the courts of kings, the House of Parliament, the Congress Hall, where sycophants, extortioners and demagogues scruple not to enter; not in the pursuit of honors. True liberty has but one secure resting-place on the earth: like the fugitive of old, she must take the sanctuary, and no one may molest her.

But, alas! her counterfeit, with a specious mask of truth, walks the earth, and deceives wherever she goes. History is filled up with the rehearsal of the disasters she has occasioned; the world is covered from North to South, from East to West, with the ruin she has wrought. Christian liberty is of quite another stamp. Possessed of the gifts she imparts, the heaviest fetters cannot enthrall the soul. On the other hand, if they are not cherished

in the heart, the most powerful monarch is a slave. Without those gifts, the immortal part of our being is at the mercy of changing events; but with them we can defy the darkest doom to which mortal has ever been condemned. No torture can annul, cripple or destroy the glorious prerogatives she has conferred.

Christian liberty has struck off the manacles of pagan superstitions: it has ransomed us from the bondage of a fallen race, and from the even more galling slavery of wilful skepticism. It is an inheritance for which the human soul can never be grateful enough. In our daily personal experience we are constantly its debtor, but we are trebly under obligation in our social dealings. As the circle of our relations to our fellow-beings expands, so does that of our indebtedness. Whatever of happiness we may enjoy for time, yes, for eternity, must be traced back to the same pure source,—that liberty “wherewith Christ has made us free.” It is the key-stone to the arch of human virtue as well as of supernatural grace. It imparts that strength, that triumph over earth described by Vaughan as giving men, “by their systematic commerce with the unseen world, force, light and direction—courage, independence,—*liberty*, making them in the *highest sense* men of the world, because they were in no sense worldly men.”

A glance over the past will show how from the first God has sustained His chosen people against the vaunted power of the exalted ones of earth. The great Hebrew law-giver, born in the heart of cruel oppression, his very existence preserved in defiance of an inhuman edict issued by a jealous tyrant, becomes a favored child of the royal Egyptian household, and in a marvellous way is fitted for the great work of his life. Grown to manhood, he leads his people through the Red Sea of divine submission to the Promised Land. In modern as well as in ancient history the same proofs are given. Providence defends the freedom of the upright human will. The selfish, the ambitious are overthrown. The prerogative distinguishing man from the lower orders of creation is dear to God. When submitted to His all-wise decrees, He will support it, though the heavens fall. Christian liberty is the outgrowth of a faithful heart, which, confessing its absolute dependence, distrusts itself and relies on God. The victory of Josuah over the impious Amalec reveals the secret cause why God has so unmistakably sustained the virtuous human will. The power of prayer won the heart of Omnipotence. On the other hand, we find that even Sampson and Solomon were not allowed with impunity to trifle with the gifts of God. David was punished for his temerity, and the ancient chosen people bartered their birth-right because they were proud.

Compulsion is not the way by which the human race is led to truth. The principle of respect for liberty underlies Heaven's most minute operations. There is no fatality. We reap what we sow: of pride, degradation; of humility, true exaltation. Christian liberty, as distinguished from pagan, or infidel license, is marked by the follow-

ing characteristics: On logical grounds, the rights and happiness of every member of the human family are as dear to the Christian as his own. This arises from that charity which unites the race in one indissoluble family bond. My enemy must not suffer harm from me, since, like myself, he is the child of God by creation. The divine law commands me to forgive him as I would be forgiven.

Never in this life shall we be able to compute the debt we owe to Christian faith and morals; for our immunity from evil, from the savage license which knows no law but brute force, and which oppresses the weak and defenceless, from a natural love of oppression. The requirements of Christian civilization constitute the divine protest against the evil of the unregenerate heart. In the lawful functions of every holy institution we find the demands of true liberty responded to. To no one is this more clearly apparent than to the intelligent interpreter of the world's history.

Again, as a natural outgrowth of Christian charity, the appetites and selfish inclinations must be made subject to reason and the common good. Morality and respect for lawful authority is the seal of Christian society. This benign power modifies the influence we exert. Our example must be good, or we are, by our *free consent*, *banished* from the society of the innocent and just, lest the contagion of evil be spread; hence the old-time “Truce of God,” the existing “Prohibited Index” of dangerous literature, and many like protections of the virtuous against the criminal.

C. GINZ (Class '85).

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Alwein, E. Allnoch, L. Blaine, M. Bruhn, A. Butler, N. Brady, A. Blacklock, I. Bub, M. Blair, H. Clendenen, E. Claggett, M. Chute, M. Chaves, L. Considine, M. Ducey, M. Dillon, N. Donnelly, A. Donnelly, A. Duffield, G. Degan, S. Dart, P. Ewing, A. Egan, M. Fuller, C. Fehr, G. Faxon, C. Griffith, Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, H. Geise, A. Heckard, B. Heckard, E. Horn, M. Hummer, A. Henry, L. Haas, I. Haines, K. Kingsbury, M. Kearsey, N. Kearns, F. Kingsbury, C. Kendall, B. Klingerman, A. Kennedy, M. Lange, M. Lyons, L. Levy, L. Longworth, C. Leahigh, B. Morrison, M. F. Murphy, S. McHale, M. Morse, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, C. McNamara, M. McNamara, M. Murphy, E. North, H. Nagle, M. Otero, A. Riedinger, H. Rose, F. Rowley, F. Robb, M. Scully, C. Scully, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, F. Sullivan, G. Stadler, K. Shields, M. Terry, F. Thornton, L. Trask, G. Wolvin, L. Williams, F. Wynn, A. White.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Barry, O. Boyer, S. Campeau, M. Cox, M. Clifford, M. Duffield, M. Ducey, L. Griffith, F. Hertzog, T. Haney, A. Keyes, M. Mason, E. Martin, A. Odell, B. Pierce, O. Parmelee, C. Prudhomme, M. Paul, G. Regan, M. Robinson, B. Snowhook, E. Sheekey, C. Service, H. Smart, A. Schmauss, M. Smith, L. Van Horn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Blaine, E. Burtis, L. Caddagan, M. Goetz, G. Garrity, F. Johnson, M. Lindsey, M. Philipps, E. Quealy, H. Rhodes, F. Spencer.