

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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[Respectfully Inscribed to Very Rev. Father General
Sorin, C.S.C., in Commemoration of His Patronal
Festival, October 13th.]

(August, 1841.)

Westward bound, a stately ship from the crowded docks
slips slowly;
Out from a forest of masts she sails with her precious
freight and holy,—
The saints were there, tho' in meek disguise, like their
Master, meek and lowly.
And one was the Lord's anointed, chosen priest of the
Most High,
And, the greatest of all, was the humblest in that saintly
company.

But none of the straining eyes that watched that good
ship's outward track
Could see what we, with the eyes of faith, may witness
looking back:
How a mystic Sign floats out aloft, by unseen hands un-
furled,
Bearing new message of Faith and Hope to the shores of
a Western World;
Or when, like Noah's snow-white Dove, meet emblem
undefiled,
There riseth from the foamy deep the soul of a little
child;—
A little child just sheltered Christ's all-glorious Church
within,
A little flower fresh gathered from a world of care and
sin:
Like the first fruits of a harvest, sent on dovelike wings to
Heaven,
A grateful intercessor to her benefactor given.

(November, 1842.)

Silent and grave, with folded arms, as one in thoughtful
mood.
In the lurid light of a dying day a dark-robed stranger
stood;
By the margin of a frozen lake, near the borders of a wood;
Tall, stately firs, snow-laden, trailed their branches on the
ground;
While through them sighed a bleak north wind, the only
living sound,—
With head uncovered to the wind, in the wilderness he
stands,
(Upon his breast there gleams a Cross half hidden by his
hands,)
And sees around him, stretching far, wide, undulating
lands!

His dark, prophetic eye notes all,—each distant hill and
stream,
Till he seems as one transfigured by the magic of a dream.
Then, on the stranger's upturned face a mystic light there
glows
Which comes, not from the sunset, nor the glory of the
snows,
But from his heart, where burns a fire no icy blast can
chill;
For transports, not of *this* world, all his being move and
thrill:

"Thou knowest, O my Mother! all my life to thee is given—
I came to make thee *better known, and loved*, O Queen of
Heaven!
And here, O gracious Lady, on this spot thou shalt be
known—
Upon this spot thy children shall upraise thy fitting throne,
And thy blessed name—'Immaculate!' sweet 'Lady of the
Snows'—
Shall make this frozen wilderness to blossom like a rose!

"'Tis here that, counting this world's gain, for love of
Christ, but dross,
That virgin souls shall come to swell the ranks of Holy
Cross;
'Tis here shall gather from afar the learned and the wise
To train the hearts of youth for God and their place in
Paradise;
'Tis here shall rise a Temple to the honor of thy Son,
And His Holy Mass be offered up from many an altar
stone,
That His 'glory may be magnified' till the world's last day
is done!
And here, with tears of sorrow, for the Man of Sorrows'
sake,
Shall faithful souls perpetually the *Via Crucis* make;
Here, never shall His altar lamp grow dim, or cease its light,
For loving hearts shall worship there *forever*—day and
night!"

(June, 1885.)

Through a wide and stately avenue, where the trees meet
overhead,
Past fields of waving wheat and corn, in richest verdure
spread;
Through winding paths, by lawns whose grass like softest
velvet shines,
By marble vases filled with bloom and wreathed with fairy
vines,
To where the grand, majestic towers of Notre Dame arise,
And lift their cross-crowned turrets to the fathomless blue
skies:
Where high above its mighty Dome, in a Vesture of Gold,
she stands—
Sweet Mother of God, as if welcoming all with her beau-
tiful outstretched hands!

(*Corpus Christi.*)

We kneel by the open doorway, through which the crowds
are thronging.

Till our heart aches with a rapture of unutterable longing!
For our eyes behold a beauty words were idle to portray,—
It seemed as if our very soul from earth had passed away;
And the pictured saints on the lofty roof seemed living
forms of splendor,

Who joined in the ancient Preface chant with seraphic
voices tender;

While, in an ecstasy of praise (the very arches swaying),
The grand, sweet organ answering, swells to the touch of
a master playing!

* * * * *

Through groves of oak trees and of maple, past the lilac
hedges sweet,

With the roadway strewn with blossoms, as a carpet for
His feet;

Winding round the lake whose bosom mirrors back the
stainless blue,

Under many an Arch of Triumph for His glory to pass
through;

While the bells peal forth to honor Him—the priceless
Gift, God-given,

And the Monks' angelic chanting bear His praises up to
Heaven;

And a sound of low, hushed sobbing, like the waves along
the shore,

Told of hearts so touched and softened they could bear the
strain no more!

And in that great Procession of the King of Kings walked
one

With meek, crossed hands and silver hair, uncovered in
the sun!

Like Moses from the Mount of God, his face with glory
glowing,

So looked this greater high Priest still, with his snowy
beard down flowing.

And as the long Procession passed the flower-wreathed
arches under

Our eyes could only follow him—that glorious Priest—and
wonder

At all this work he had done for God, and the glory of
His name,

For the triumph of His Holy Cross and the honor of Notre
Dame!

Long may he live! God knows His own, and guards with
jealous care

Heroic souls like his. Long may he live! long may his
silver hair

And gracious presence, like a benediction, set our hearts
afame

With love of God, and His Holy Cross, and his beautiful
Notre Dame!

JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

The Chronicles of a Kid.

I.

I MAKE MY BOW.

I was born in, or, rather, near the little town of
Q—, in the central part of the finest State in the
Union. Q— is a beautiful place, even without
the embellishments with which the imagination is
wont to endow one's birth-place. It is on a small
river, the banks of which are covered with wild-
flowers; red birds and mocking birds build their
nests in the brambles on the cliffs.

To me, Q— is the prettiest spot in the world.
This is natural, because it was here that I first
commenced to observe, and everything I saw made
a deep impression on my mind; moreover, being

very young, I saw only the agreeable side of my
surroundings; hence the memories of Q— are
very sweet to recall.

This was the home of my infancy, and I have
spent a great many happy days there since my
babyhood. But now, alas! I shall never enjoy
those pleasures again; those who contributed so
much to my pleasure are gone. My darling old
grandfather has passed away; and a bachelor uncle,
whom I loved ever so much, went out to California
to live; so the dear little town will never seem the
same to me again.

I never will forget the old house where my
grandfather lived, or the snug little room where
my uncle and I slept. This room was up in the
garret, where no one could hear or see us; what
stories those slanting walls could tell, had they
only tongues!

Then the negro cabins possessed great attractions
for me. How many pieces of "ash cake" and
bacon I have eaten down there with the little
"nigs"! And the creek, how often I have pad-
dled in it with those same small darkies!

I remember once when I was wading in this
creek I was suddenly seized with the desire to ex-
plore it; so I set off with my whole train of blacks,
and Stanley or Livingstone in the heart of Africa
was not prouder than I. We had waded about
three miles up the bed of the creek when my
"nigs" got hungry, and mutinied. Being forced
to abandon the expedition, I turned back, but took
my caravan a short cut through the meadows.

It was so hot when we left the creek we did not
put on any of our clothes, but carried them in a
bundle in our hands, or on our heads—quite in the
Central African style; I suppose you might call
us a choice lot of undressed kids.

When I got back to the house I found all the
family in distress, because they had been searching
for me in vain; but my distress was greater than
theirs, for I was terribly sunburnt from head to
foot; and, to add to this, I was badly poisoned with
poison ivy.

Such is the reward of enterprise.

II.

I SIN, AND SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES.

My father belongs to a whist-club. During the
summer this club goes at intervals to a favorite
watering-place, and there they play whist.

There is a kind of summer-house on the lawn
of the hotel at this watering-place, which is called
the "Shoo fly," and in it the gentlemen of the
whist-club spend agreeable hours at cards.

Once I asked my father to let me go with him
to the "Shoo fly" and see them play; he said I
might, provided I would promise to be very quiet
—and so the next day I went.

It was a very warm summer's day; the gentle-
men, one and all, had juleps; my father, of course,
would not allow me to have one; but as I sat upon
his knee, while he was absorbed in his game, I
would take a little sly sip from his glass, unnoticed.

Presently I climbed down; and went to sit on
some one else's knee, and then I sipped his julep.

Thus I made the round of the whole party, and by the time I had completed the circle, the "Shoo fly" seemed to be going around in the opposite direction.

I could not quite understand this, and I was ashamed to let my father see my confusion; so I stole out of the summer-house, holding on to the wall very carefully; then I wandered away to the woods, which were not far distant, and sat there till I felt almost myself again.

When I arose I found I was rather dizzy still; so I concluded to go down to the spring and bathe my head, and hoped by that time to be quite fresh and sober.

The shortest way to the spring, the way I took, was through a pasture where some sheep were grazing; when I came near these sheep one large ram came out from the flock and stood staring at me. I thought he wanted to play, so I walked toward him, and as I did so he came toward me; when he had arrived at a convenient distance he gave one wild leap and landed all in a knot in the pit of my stomach! I fell, of course, but the ram was not satisfied with having knocked me down, he would not allow me to rise, so I had to lie there and call for help, till I was rescued by a waiter from the neighboring hotel.

Need I add that I was a changed kid from that hour?

III.

I AM FRIGHTENED OUT OF A YEAR'S GROWTH.

Once, when my uncle was going a fishing with some friends, to be absent several days, I begged so hard to be allowed to go with him that finally he consented to take me.

We were to camp out: the tent was pitched in a little open space in the wood, about a hundred feet from the river, and was almost surrounded by blackberry bushes.

This was the first time I had ever camped out, so I thought it a great deal of fun; but the second night of my camp life I shall never forget.

My uncle knew I was very much afraid of the dark and of being alone in a strange place—in the woods, for instance—and he wanted to cure me of it: he told me this evening that he and the other gentlemen were going down to the river to fish, or something—I don't remember just what—and said I was to stay in the tent.

I thought they would go only a little way, within call, and soon be back; so I stayed and read a story by the fire light.

In about half an hour I finished my story, and then I commenced to think how still it was: I listened and listened for the sound of voices, but could hear nothing except the mournful murmur of the river rolling by, and the dew dropping from leaf to leaf—as if the trees were weeping over some calamity about to befall me.

Again I listened for the voices I longed so much to hear; all in vain! Then I began to get worried; I tried to call, but could not make a sound; I seemed paralyzed with fright; I could not move to put wood on the fire, and it began to go out. O how I watched those last dying embers, hoping some

one would come before they, too, became black, and I was left in total darkness! No one came! Presently an owl hooted in a tree just over head, and was answered by the far-off howl of a farmer's dog. Then I heard something moving in the blackberry bushes just outside of the tent. O my goodness! how frightened I was then!

Had that noise lasted five minutes longer I think I should have died; but just then the gentlemen made their appearance, and I speedily recovered from my scare.

My uncle did not say very much then; but later on, when the others were asleep, he took me in his arms and told me he was sorry he had frightened me so badly; that he did it to show me how there was really nothing to fear, and, he assured me, he was all the time near me, and had I called he would have come to me at once. He did not realize that I was so frightened I could not call; however, I was glad, after recovering from my fright, that it had all happened, for after that my uncle was doubly kind to me; he always took me in company with him, and when we were in the woods after dark he would not leave me out of his sight.

IV.

I ESCAPE FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

As soon as I became old enough to think for myself my mind was continually filled with thoughts of love: every pretty girl I saw I immediately fell desperately in love with.

There was one beautiful little creature, who lived next door to us, with whom I became deeply enamoured. I used to steal away from home and find her; then we would hide in the wood-shed, and hold very serious conversations on the affairs of life.

Of course we were engaged: I think we were about four years old at the time of this engagement; I know that a ring which I had borrowed from my mother and bestowed upon this little lady, as a pledge of my undying affection, was very much too large for her slender finger.

One day I climbed over the fence to see my sweetheart, but she was nowhere to be found; a terrible suspicion flashed across my mind: I imagined that she had eloped with some other kid, and my poor little heart was nearly broken.

I went over to a swing in which we used to sit together—like Paul and Virginia—and there began to brood.

Now, her father had a dog which was very fierce; hitherto this dog had been chained, but, for some reason or other, he was now loose, and I was not aware of the fact; so I was swinging very gently and brooding over my disappointment when—bang!—that dog sprang at me, caught me by the shoulder, pulled me from the swing, and dragged me over to his kennel; then he sat down and laughed at me.

I at first expected that he would eat me, but seeing he was not hungry—he had evidently just dined, judging from the bones that were strewn about the place—I lay there, hoping my sweetheart would come and see what I was suffering for her sake.

She never came; the dog grew tired of me and went away, and so there was nothing for me to do but to creep home, feeling very miserable, indeed.

After this experience that little girl was no more to me than if she had never been born.

V.

I AM DRIVEN OUT OF EDEN.

After the bitter experience recorded in the last chapter I lost faith in everybody, and my heart was like a little extinct volcano. I was very sad because no one seemed to love me, and I had no one to love. But by and by—in about a year, perhaps—my parents moved to another part of the town; our new house stood at the bottom of a hill, the top of which was crowned with a fine mansion surrounded by a rose garden.

I was very fond of flowers, so I went up the hill several times to see the roses and to smell them. One day I saw something—a new kind of flower—that set my small volcano in action again. This “flower” was the sweetest little fairy imaginable. Until now, whenever I had gone up to the garden, I had been content to walk along the top of a low wall that surrounded it. But now there was a stronger attraction than the roses; so I climbed down from the wall, tearing myself almost to pieces, and started after the little mistress of the garden, but she ran away. I hung around the gate for a long time; she did not come again, and I had to go home disconsolate.

The very next day I took an inventory of all my property, but found nothing I thought would please her, except some marbles—some beautiful agates; so I took these, and going to the window of the pantry, I captured fruits and cookies, and with these treasures I climbed the hill and peeped into the garden, but found no sweetheart there. I walked up and down the road—an age, it seemed to me—but no one came. After a while I stole into the garden, and put my offerings on the step, where I was sure she would see them, and then hurried home.

The next day I remembered I had a doll my cousin had given me, a very pretty doll, that had joints that would bend; I went again to the rose-garden and took it with me.

This time I was more fortunate: I found her in the garden, gave her the doll, let her discover that it was I who had brought the gifts on the day before. Then we had a very serious talk; both became quite eloquent, I am sure, and we ate great quantities of rose leaves.

Every day after that I went to see her, and we feasted on rose leaves. We were very happy, but not for long. By and by her mamma discovered that the roses were going before their time, and, wondering at this mysterious disappearance, made inquiries that resulted in my humiliation; for a huge negress, of whom I was very much afraid, drove me out of that garden and forbade me ever to return again. *Sic transit gloria kidibus!*

VI.

I BURY MYSELF IN MY BOOKS.

When I was eight years old, I became tired of

spending my time playing in the mud, etc., and wanted to go to school. My parents also thought I had better begin my education. This is how I began it:

I went to a school where the boys were all much larger than I was; they were very rough, also, and as I had never played with boys, or been at school before, they took great pleasure in tormenting me. I was dreadfully afraid of caterpillars; as soon as I began to get a little acquainted, the boys discovered this fact, for it was a caterpillar season and the ground was covered with them.

It was the delight of some of the boys to get a caterpillar and put it in my desk, so that when I lifted the lid and discovered the creature crawling about I would dash the lid down with a loud bang that startled the whole school. Not satisfied with this kind of fun, they devised new methods of torture. I used to open my double-slate and find it full of caterpillars; and, finally, one day a big boy caught me and dropped a live caterpillar down my back, next my skin, and in this horrible plight I ran all the way home as fast as my legs could carry me.

After that I resolved to go no more to school; and for one entire week I set out diligently every morning and returned home dutifully every night, having *skived* the whole day long.

Of course, this came to an end. One day my mother asked me how I enjoyed going to school; I told her “very much, indeed!” She asked me how I was getting on with my studies, and I assured her that I was improving rapidly. We had more of this conversation, and I grew quite enthusiastic. At last she let me know that she was fully informed of my whereabouts during the past week, and had been in communication with my teacher from the first. I said nothing more; indeed, I had said a good deal too much as it was. I merely went over to the bureau and silently handed her the hair-brush.

There is a moral lying about here somewhere. I never went to that school again!

VII.

I BEGIN TO TAKE A SERIOUS VIEW OF LIFE.

Some German Sisters had recently opened a Kindergarten in Q—, and my mother thought this might be a pleasant place for me to begin my education; I was therefore sent there without more ado.

There were but three pupils during the first month—one girl and one boy beside myself. There were no caterpillars at all.

We commenced by learning games, which we played with great spirit; then we learned songs for a week. The following week the Sisters taught us to make little—I don’t know what to call them, pannels, I suppose—those thin slips of wood with which you light cigars; and then we learned our letters. We made rapid progress, and by the Christmas holidays we could read very well, but I never could learn to write well.

The Sisters knew that it mortified me to have that little girl see me make a mistake in my writ-

ing, and they put the little thing by my side to teach me how to write. Then I felt mortified to death; I worked all the time nearly to hide my embarrassment, and tried ever so hard to write as well as the others, but I never succeeded.

However, I was always best in reading and singing. I learned to read very quickly, for I was fond of stories, and used to read everything I came across. I liked to sing because the other little fellow could not sing, and I could thus balance my bad writing. He could beat me writing but I could beat him singing, and so I was satisfied.

At the Christmas exhibition I sang a little song all by myself; this was my first public appearance, and I was very excited while singing the opening verse, but when I came to the second one I regained my composure and sang it well; indeed I sang it so well that I charmed myself, and insisted on going up and singing it all over again.

VIII.

I COME TO NOTRE DAME.

I came once on a visit to Notre Dame. I was very much pleased with the University, and while there everyone was so kind to me, that I begged to be allowed to return and finish my education. My mother tried to dissuade me; she did not like the idea of my living so far away from her. She told me I would not like the place; that the boys had to work very hard at their books; that the discipline was stricter than any I had ever known—in fact she did her best to keep me from coming—or rather she did her best to keep me near to her; but I had fully made up my mind that Notre Dame was the only place in which I would ever do any studying; I finally won my mother's consent and prepared to come.

My mother's consent was sufficient to decide the matter; but when I saw how sadly my father regretted my leaving, my heart almost failed me. He and I had always been great chums, and this was the first time that I had thought of leaving him for any length of time.

But I came, and here I am, and here I am likely to stay until the happy hour when I hope to receive the sheep skin that sets me free forever—the glorious day when I shall cease to be

A KID.

The Roll-Call.

Our Professor desiring that we should write rhyme,
Here is my poor attempt at it, finished on time:
As to style, it is lyric, and pastoral, too,
And, consid'ring the author, I think it should do.
I will sketch in a brief and a rhythmical way
Our own Literature Class as it sits here to-day.

Now, the first upon whom my eye falls, you may guess,
Is that gentlest of masters, our genial Profess.;
Next in order, as we pass along down the line,
Is our William P. Jess—one whose essays are fine!
Then comes Chassy J. Finlay, with smile so serene,
In the very next seat he's each day to be seen.

The fellow you see with the swell *pompadour*,
He is simply Goodfellow, no less and no more;
Then, up in the corner, reclining at ease,
Sits the young Charlie Combe, just as snug as you please.
Now, we here turn the corner, and then, coming down
Into Bolton we bolt, Oskalusa's his town;
If you're looking for one who with pen is not slow,
You will find him at once in our Charlie B. Crowe.
The one Junior, a Sophomore boy, in our class
Is Philipo D. Brownson, and him next we pass.
And then Burns, the disciple of Blackstone, we see,
One who thinks essay-writing no bother—not he!
Then Rotherth, a Webster, a good fellow, too,
In the very next seat he appears to our view.
Now you pause as you gaze, as if lost in a dream,
And you say to yourself things are *not* what they seem;
For here sitteth an author to fame all unknown,
Yet 'tis he who can claim "The Roll Call" for his own;
On his left, in relief, is a poet's profile—
Pat McGuire, if you please, from the Emerald Isle.
And then Harless, not heard from as yet; but if mute,
It is only because he's our latest recruit.
Now the last—not the least—in our one heavy man
You behold Birdie Wiley, from sweet Michigan.

Be not harsh in your judgment, O reader, I pray!
For my betters have set an example—e'en they
Have at times got the notion that they could compose
In a poetic strain that was hardly good prose;
So permit me to take my leave just as I am,—
Don't you think that some poems are not worth a—
continental?

JOHN HAMLYN.

Charles Dickens.

This noted man, with whose name we involuntarily associate every talent which enables a man to raise himself from absolute indigence to a position of respect and wealth, was born at Landport, Portsmouth, England, in 1812. In his youth he was encompassed by circumstances such as necessitated the performance of most menial duties. His father being for a time confined to a "debtor's prison," young Dickens was forced to seek employment. He found it in a shoe-blackening factory, where he eked out a scanty livelihood; his business in the establishment being, it is said, the pasting of labels on blacking boxes.

At length, a star came forth in the night of Dickens' life. By the most courageous and unflinching perseverance he was enabled to go to school for two or three years. During his attendance there he employed his time so well that, at the close of the term, he had obtained command of the lower branches, besides being tolerably familiar with those that were higher.

Shortly after discontinuing his school life Dickens obtained a position as parliamentary reporter for a leading journal of London. It was during these years of newspaper life that he culled those flowers of experience from the field of life which went so far towards qualifying his mind for the grand rôle of an author—the rôle which he was

destined to take. As a reporter, he had sufficient time and favorable opportunities to gain an immense fund of knowledge concerning a variety of subjects, and, moreover, to make those observations on human nature which have made his name famous.

Dickens' first attempt at authorship was in 1834, when he wrote a number of sketches for the *Monthly World*, using the famous signature "Boz" (a corruption of Moses when spoken through the nose; Moses was brother to Charles). In 1835 he transferred his scene of action to the sanctum of the *Evening Chronicle*, where he continued his "sketches." In the following year we find him collecting these "sketches," which he had illustrated by Cruikshank, and then published in two volumes. This at once made him famous.

By the way, it may not be amiss to cite an anecdote related of Thackeray and concerning the "Sketches." Thackeray, it seems, hearing of Dickens' intention to publish, hastened to him, submitting plans of illustration for the "Sketches." Thackeray thought himself a natural born artist; Dickens did not. Hence his services being politely rejected, Thackeray, in a fit of pique, resolved to write and illustrate his own books. Accordingly, he put forth "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," etc.

"Pickwick Papers" followed the "Sketches," and never, in the history of literature, did anything attain to so great and lasting success. Before the third number was printed, "Pickwick Papers" were being eagerly perused by everybody in London, "from the peer to the cabman." Even fashion took her titles from this famous work! There were "Weller Corduroys," "Pickwick Chintzes," etc. Their celebrity was not confined to London, but rapidly spread all over the country.

"Oliver Twist" was received with great favor; but when "Nicholas Nickleby" first appeared its success was astounding—50,000 copies being sold the first day! "Barnaby Rudge" and "The Old Curiosity Shop" came next, delighting everybody.

In 1842, Dickens visited America, receiving a most cordial welcome. His visit was ostensibly one for pleasure; but the shrewd novelist, combining pleasure with business, petitioned Congress to pass a law by which he could reap some of the profits arising from the sale of his books by literary pirates in America; but this Congress refused. Whereupon Mr. Dickens showed the meanness of his spirit in the manner in which he took revenge for his supposed wrongs. Upon his return to England he published, under the naïve title "American Notes for General Circulation," a work in which he holds forth the American people as vulgar to the last degree:—they spit upon the floor, are exceedingly impolite to ladies, all men chew tobacco, and the women dip snuff. He, together with Captain Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope and Captain Marryatt, pictures the social state low and dangerous, destitute of high principles or generosity. The state of the newspaper press he describes as "corrupt and debased beyond any experience or conception in this country." (England). And this in return for the free generosity, open-handed liberality, big-hearted hospitality of the American people towards him!

In addition to the productions already dwelt upon, Dickens wrote "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield"—his finest production,—"Bleak House," "The Child's History of England,"—a book full of bigotry and incessant tirades against the Catholic Church and its bishops and priests,—"Christmas Tales"—very beautiful, indeed,—"Little Dorrit," "Hard Times," and "Our Mutual Friend," in the title of which his great grammatical error was made. He was engaged on a new novel—"The Mystery of Edwin Drood"—to which he was said to have been devoting all his talent and time, when death cut him off in the midst of his work on June 9, 1870, at the age of fifty-eight.

Dickens is universally credited with being a great author, a critic of human nature and true to the instincts of his heart and understanding (the "Child's History of England" forming an exception, perhaps, to this last clause). Yet, in his best novels, the characters are decidedly vulgar; and even in his favorites there is a tinge of materialism always present, and this, indeed, is but the reflection from a similar vein that existed in himself. This fact goes far towards lowering the general excellence of his works.

We do not read Dickens for the acquisition of knowledge, nor for the improvement of style, for Dickens' language was notoriously peculiar, and hence his style suffered; but we do read him for amusement and relaxation, and the majority, indeed, prefer him in this regard. "Pickwick Papers," as he himself acknowledged, are "defective in plan and arrangement." In fact, Dickens could not afford to write a book and publish it, awaiting the results of criticism; but he put them forth piecemeal, thus evading any consequences that might follow a detailed examination and review.

We have seen the dark side, and now we will view, briefly, the bright one of the English novelist. Pathos is his predominating characteristic. Whose heart has not bled for poor little Oliver Twist? Who has not loved little Nell—pure-minded, innocent little Nell? Who has not been brought to a standstill by the terrible punishment meted out to Sykes, the murderer, of Nancy? Though it is exercised in a different line, his power of description equals that of Scott; he handles the passions like a Victor Hugo, and his humor is unexcelled by a Twain or a Nasby.

A few words as to his character as a man, and we are done. Dickens was not one of Nature's noblemen, either physically or morally. On the contrary, vain, proud, and selfish, he was a continual torment to those by whom he happened to be surrounded. He was extremely fond of dress, and particularly proud of his fine form and majestic appearance, though he was under, rather than over, the average height, but possessed, it is true, a striking appearance. He passionately loved "gay vests, glittering jewelry, and showy cravats," though he was the first to condemn such a passion in others.

Being conceited, he covered the walls of his house with illustrations from his own works, and was ever harping on them. Often when in conver-

sation he would quote from his own works—as, “Micawber says,” “so said Sam Weller when,” etc.

He had a passion for the stage, and, in fact, was at one time on the point of donning the mask and clutching the club of Melpomené. He wrote a tragedy and farce, which, however, are never mentioned now.

In order to do full credit to the memory of the novelist, we must admit that he was very charitable to the poor, and a most persevering man. The name and fame he has left as a legacy to the English people will undoubtedly live for generations to come. Though numerous attempts have been made to imitate him, yet the counterfeit has invariably been detected—the true Dickens’ ring was wanting.

Considering all things, our verdict, which is that of the world in general, is, that Dickens was a very great author, but a man whose pattern very few of us would wish to be cut to, both on account of the many trials and misfortunes of his youth and the many failings and vices of his after-life, as well as the unenduring nature of his fame.

FRANK J. HAGENBARTH, '87.

A Day Dream.

I was reclining on my Persian carpet under a towering palm. Its broad branches hung quietly over me, protecting me from the heat of an evening sun, which in Oriental countries seems to dart his rays with increased energy. From my hookah, which rested near my elbow, a blue thread of fragrant smoke curled up, mingling with the aroma borne from a grove of spice trees near at hand; while at my side lay scattered about in confusion a half dozen leather-bound volumes, one of which, entitled “Life,” I had just laid aside. Lifting my aching eyes, and casting them over the valley which stretched before me, I encountered a scene so pleasant that in its very contemplation I found refreshment and repose. The mosques and minarets of the city which lay below and afar shone brightly in the afternoon sun, and in the lake-like harbor lazy boats lumbered on, leaving not a ripple to stir the placid, shining waters.

From below came a hushed murmur as of droning bees, broken only by the musical tinkle from the bell of some burdened mule passing along the road beyond to the distant city. This was all strange and new to me—a traveller from the Western World.

“This must be peace!” murmured I; “Ah, if life could but be as peaceful!” and I heaved a sigh. I was somewhat surprised at hearing a sigh re-echoed just behind me, as I had been for many hours the solitary companion of my thoughts.

Imagine my astonishment when, upon turning around to find whence this strange voice proceeded, I beheld near me a being whose like I had never before seen, and who resembled in appearance one of those genii of whom one reads so frequently in Oriental tales. He was a most singular personage. His stature was immense, and he stood majestically erect; his venerable head, clustered round with locks of grey, towered above like some mighty

peak over whose bald summit the snows of winter might ineffectually and eternally beat. Around him fell, in graceful folds, an ancient Eastern garment of a dark, rich color. This was caught up at the waist by a golden cord, while twisted about the cord and hanging to the feet was a marvelously-wrought scarf. On his feet were leather sandals of an antique pattern, curiously shaped. His face wore the look of a sage, and his long, flowing beard gave him the appearance of a Christian patriarch—if I may be allowed the comparison.

For many minutes I could say nothing, owing to my astonishment and wonder. At last, this extraordinary being broke the silence, saying, in a voice rich and mellow—like a symphony from Paradise: “You speak truly, O mortal! there, indeed, is peace; but is it, then, so difficult to obtain the golden blessing of peace in these days?”

“Alas!” said I, “I have sought it in many climes—my foot-prints are on the snow-covered lands of the North and in the burning sands of the South; I have crossed the billowy oceans and traversed illimitable seas—but still a voice within tells me ‘Not yet, not yet!’”

A smile, which seemed to me full of compassion not unmixed with sadness, rested upon the countenance of the genii as he replied, in a tone like the whispering of distant winds:

“Listen to me: Many centuries ago, I dwelt in yonder valley. In its bosom I received my first breath of life; there, also, I returned my last. Riches nor worldly honors were not the lot of my ancestors, but to me fell the inheritance of a good name. In my early youth I was taught that the golden key to a happy life was not to be found in the fascinating and uncertain paths of worldly glory, but within the shadow of home. Daily, I drove my flocks to pasture, and while they browsed upon the hillside, I sought the shade of some friendly tree, where I read from the writings of the wise men; and, while partaking of my crust and milk, thanked God in my heart for having allowed me to taste of the cup of human happiness. At the close of each day I went home to find peace and comfort awaiting me in the bosom of my family.”

Here, the genie seemed to read my thoughts, for immediately he set my mind at rest concerning certain doubts which I had begun to form. “Let me explain. Many peaceful years thus passed away until it pleased God to make me one of the sages of my people. In my old age I labored for others, and I found that each day brought new happiness and blessings. Thus, the life which I had begun as simple shepherd boy I closed as ‘Patriarch of the Valley.’”

I turned to speak, but he was gone. Before me was the valley, now enveloped in soft twilight; while from the towers and roofs of the distant city pious Mussulmen called their brethren to prayer. I had been dreaming.

The parting rays of the sun kissed the long range of hills beyond, as, picking my traps together, I slowly wended my way homeward, confident that I had found the secret of a peaceful life. Do you know it?

FERNAN EL MORO.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, October 10, 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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Our Staff.

FRANK H. DEXTER,
F. J. HAGENBARTH,

P. J. GOULDING,
T. J. CLEARY.

—Another "Justin Thyme" hath loomed up. He is a Mr. Robt. J. Fleming, of North Greece, N. Y., and he claims to have used the *nom de plume* for fourteen years. He writes pastoral poetry for the *American Rural Home*, of Rochester, N. Y., and advertising verse for our friend James Vick, the florist. The author of "Vapid Vaporings" will fall back on his other pseudonyme of "Boyle Dowell."

—*Apropos* of Miss Starr's communication which appears in another column, the following letter to President Cleveland, written four days before her death by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, the well-known authoress "H. H.," and an earnest advocate of Indian rights, will be of interest:

"TO GROVER CLEVELAND, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

"DEAR SIR:—From my death-bed I send you message of heartfelt thanks for what you have already done for the Indians. I ask you to read my "Century of Dishonor." I am dying happier for the belief I have that it is your hand that is destined to strike the first steady blow toward lifting this burden of infamy from our country, and righting the wrongs of the Indian race. With respect and gratitude,

"HELEN JACKSON.

"Aug. 8, 1885."

—Politeness may appear a very trite subject to many; but, regard it as we will, we cannot escape

the fact that it is an essential requisite to success in life. Here at Notre Dame, living like brothers, as we do, unexcelled opportunities are thrown open to us for the development of those innate principles of gentleness, good manners, and mindful consideration for our fellows which are implanted in each one of us. Often we are called upon to perform little kindnesses, to confer small favors on our fellow-students, which, without perhaps being of any material benefit to us, if granted with a good will and cheerfulness, will assuredly cause us to be regarded as gentlemen.

In the same way, suavity of manner to all, and roughness to none, will not only cause us to be universally respected and esteemed here at Notre Dame, but will pave the way to success in our future life in the world.

—A generous friend has come forward and contributed one thousand dollars (\$1,000) towards the decoration of one of the chapels in the new extension to the church, on condition that it shall be dedicated to St. Edward, king and confessor, the Patron Saint of the Founder of Notre Dame. St. Edward's Chapel will no doubt be one of the most beautiful among the seven which will adorn the sacred edifice, and which, it is expected, will be completed at an early date. These chapels will all have a beauty and richness peculiarly their own, and the perfection of which will be greatly enhanced by the magic brush of that *maestro* in Art, Signor Gregori. When we say that the illustrious Signor, in his new undertaking, will surpass even the magnificent frescos with which the interior of the main portion of the church is now adorned, we may have some idea of the grandeur and magnificence which these chapels will possess. Let us all hope that the day which will reveal these beauties may not be far distant.

—Our temperance societies have been reorganized with an enthusiasm, which is indicative of the earnest, manly spirit pervading the students of the present year. The reports presented in our local columns show that a goodly number have determined to take a noble stand in favor of the grand cause of Total Abstinence, and strengthen themselves by the influence of principles of self-restraint, in order to fit themselves more perfectly for the attainment of a successful and happy career in after-life.

To keep alive a beneficial interest in the Temperance movement, reunions, at which distinguished men will be present, will be held at regular intervals during the year. In particular, the services of the Rev. J. B. Cotter, of Winona, Minn., the official lecturer of the National T. A. U., have been secured, and he will address the students in the early part of December.

We hope that the movement thus auspiciously begun will prosper to the end of the year, and continue its good work among even a greater number.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

"SAN RAFAEL, CAL., August 16, 1885.

"You have heard; no doubt, that Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.) died here last week. The Indians have lost a strong, true friend. It was her sympathy for them, her fearless truthfulness in recounting their persecutions, and also her fair-mindedness to the Mission Period of California, that first attracted me to her. For five months she was a martyr to that dreadful disease, cancer, and bore her sufferings like a martyr, as a friend of mine, who knew her well and was with her much during her illness, has told me. I think she was a noble woman, and literature is a loser by her death as well as the unfortunate Indians, who have many despoilers but few friends.

"Only a few friends, specially invited, were at her funeral. I happened to sit close by the coffin, and all the time I kept thinking: 'O that she had died a Catholic!' There was the hand that wrote 'Ramona'—one of the strong, great novels of our time—wasted and thin on her breast; just touching the hand, a bunch of fresh clover blossoms. You could not look on her face without seeing it was that of a refined, intellectual woman. Father Casonova—to whom we owe the restoration of San Carlos—said to me that no one had helped him more in his work than 'H. H.' She, in the *Century*, tore away from Padre Junipero the mists with which bigotry and falsehood had so long obscured his name among non-Catholics. I felt—for I had known a great deal of her noble work on this coast—that we owed her some gratitude. So, from my school we sent a wreath of *California Bay*, and, will you believe it?—I, who had turned my back on verse-writing from the time I was twenty, on the spur of the moment actually wrote and sent with the wreath the four verses which I will try and recall for you:

"TO H. H.,

WITH A WREATH OF CALIFORNIA BAY, FROM THE LINCOLN
PRIMARY SCHOOL, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

"Friend of the lowly and oppressed,
With reverent hands we come to lay,
Upon thy stilled but noble breast,
This wreath of California Bay.

"The Red-man, midst his lonely hills,
Wronged and despoiled from year to year,
Had hoped his dark life's stormy ills,
Through thee, would one day grow more clear.

"O strong, brave heart with pity stirred!
O sweet voice full of human chords!
Afar the listening nation heard
And pondered well thy earnest words.

"Heard how the storied Missions came,
By Serra, zealous, brave and true;
With his shall stand thy well loved-name,
And children learn to blend the two.'

"And so, the Bay wreath goes on H. H.'s coffin!
Her husband sent me a message that it would go

East, alone of all the floral tokens of her friends' love for her. Read, if you have not, 'Ramona.' I know every trace of the locality. The scene is laid in Southern California."

The above letter, with the beautiful tribute to H. H. in verse, was sent to me in August, when the SCHOLASTIC hardly touched those whom I wished to have see what had been written by my friend of many years—Miss Agnes M. Manning—whose pen has set forth many a fair league from Alaska to San Rafael in *The Overland Monthly*. I am certain it will be welcomed to the columns of the SCHOLASTIC, and I am glad to associate my own name with the noble woman, Miss Agnes Manning, who could so well understand and appreciate another—the H. H. of the California Missions.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Pertinent Paragraphs.

Glorious old St. Edward's Day is nigh at hand, and Notre Dame will hold high festival. All under the roof of *Alma Mater* are drawn together in a bond of good will on this occasion,—nay, the spirit of jubilee and congratulation goes out to all those on whom the influence of our venerable Founder falls. There is many an institution around the globe from which a current of fellow-feeling radiates on this day to convey the friendly spirit that is common to all. Here, it is our great festival and field-day. We recognize no distinctions, and the student of a month is as much interested as he of a year. The various contests are open to all, and it is expected, from the present indications, that there will be some close and exciting struggles. No one should be backward in entering; and if the records in the sports are up to the usual standard, old Notre Dame will be far from last in the catalogue of "Best University Records."

Monday evening, the 12th, Sir R. Brinsely Sheridan's tragedy—"Pizarro"—will be presented by the Euglossian Association. The characters and events which this play portrays are familiar to all, and, with but a few alterations from the original, is a faithful representation of the scenes which marked the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards. It is a play which is well adapted for its purpose—that of presenting an interesting and consistent entertainment without female characters. It is a mooted question whether such can be done, but let that pass. It must be remembered that this is the first play of the season, and, being early in the year, there has not been very much time for study and rehearsal. Therefore, the indulgence of the Faculty and students should be granted if everything does not pass off as smoothly as might be.

After a few weeks of hard practice, the boat crews will have their grand struggle Tuesday morning. The new students chosen have developed into satisfactory oarsmen, while the old ones, who have been in previous races, are anxious for the tussle. It is too bad the time is so short before the race, as those who have never rowed in a regular crew before are hardly drilled enough before the contest

takes place. An exciting race may be assured, however, and the crew that win will well deserve their laurels and their anchors. Go at it with a vim, boys, and may the best men win!

* * *

It is surprising that there are not more literary compositions coming into our *sanctum*! Can it be that there is no undiscovered genius modestly waiting to be requested to step to fame through the columns of the SCHOLASTIC?

PETER PRIMROSE.

Rotation in Office.

Following a custom of many years' standing, when the party in power is deposed by the voice of the people, the opposite or ascendant party, being firmly installed in place, immediately brings into practice the Jacksonian principle of rotation in office; it being generally understood that "to the victors belong the spoils." Andrew Jackson, after having been duly elected, assumed the presidential chair in 1829. The most prominent of his early official acts was the removal of all federal office-holders, substituting therefor men of his own political belief. In this act Jackson established a precedent which has been steadfastly adhered to by his successors to the present time. The only one that has ever even partially diverged from the time-sanctioned rule is our present high official, Grover Cleveland, who, upon assuming the presidential chair, announced, with great magnanimity, that the civil service should remain substantially unchanged; in other words, that all should retain their official positions, save those who had made themselves obnoxious during the campaign by offensive partisanship.

This announcement fell like a pall upon the jubilant spirits of the Democrats, while it imparted a powerful stimulus to revive the sunken hopes of the Republicans; in fact, one party was astonished at such a display of gratitude, while the other was disheartened. No one could predict the consequences that would follow this unlooked-for declaration, and all were left on the verge of expectancy. Time alone could tell the tale; and a few months revealed the fact that the number of offensive partisans was almost countless. The announcement, which had been received with so much satisfaction by one party and so much dissatisfaction by the other, proved to be only an apparent deviation from the time-honored rule before mentioned.

There are yet, however, a large number who have escaped decapitation at the hands of the Government, and who retain their official relation undisturbed. But they, in almost every instance, are thoroughly reformed, as regards their politics; and if now asked to express their views politically they would, with all the solemnity and earnestness at their command, assure you that they are, and always have been, unflinching Democrats!

There is another class whose aim is to always be members of the party that is fortunate and suc-

cessful; if, however, they are despised by fate and ignominiously deceived as to the realization of their hopes they remain silent until the smoke of battle has blown away. But at the first faint breaking of a calm are clamorous in their praises of the party which shortly before they scorned. At all times and in all countries it has been the ambition of this class to gain the favor of the reigning power, and to accomplish such an end they would stoop to anything, be it ever so mean or contemptible. Providence oftentimes decrees, however, that they shall never enjoy the favors for which they stained their hands to gain.

From this we can draw the conclusion that the easiest way to enjoy life is to be independent; for power, like fortune, is renowned for its fickleness; and this inconstancy is described most beautifully by the poet Burns:

"But loyalty, truce! we're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound
To-morrow may bring us a halter!"

* (Literature Class.)

Books and Periodicals.

ALETHEIA; OR, THE OUTSPOKEN TRUTH ON THE ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION OF DIVINE AUTHORITY. An Exposition of the Catholic Rule of Faith Contrasted with the Various Theories of Private and Fallible Interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures. With a full Explanation of the whole Question of Infallibility, and Application of the Principles to the Development of Catholic Doctrine, according to the Needs of the Times. By the Right Rev. J. D. Ricards, D. D., Bishop of Retimo, and Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern Vicariate of the Cape Colony. New York Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1885.

This new work by Bishop Ricards will prove a valuable addition to the numbers of books already published on religious questions, and explanatory of the doctrines taught by the divinely commissioned instructor and guide of mankind—the Church of Christ upon earth. "Aletheia" is a fitting companion-work to the learned prelate's recent masterly treatise on "Christianity and Modern Unbelief." With systematic method it presents a logical and profound but, withal, a familiar, easily intelligible and captivating exposition of the grand truth which every-day experience brings home forcibly to every thinking mind of the necessity of an infallible guide to lead weak human reason to the perfect knowledge of those higher truths and mysteries upon which the attainment of man's end and destiny depends. The most advanced rationalistic scientists of the day will acknowledge the existence of these grand, mysterious truths; but as their fallible guide, Reason, fails them, they relegate them to the region of the "unknowable." They are indeed truths which must be at least practically admitted, for on them the existence of the moral and social orders depends; and for a rationalist to act in practical life contrary to the dictates of reason in this regard would be to place himself at variance with the great mass of his fel-

low-men and make himself an anomaly on the face of the earth. Dr. Ricards says:

"'Why,' they exclaim, 'should we, gifted with reason and common sense, yield a blind submission to fallible men like ourselves, who candidly confess that they know no more than we do about the full meaning of the Divine message? There are matters contained in it of the highest possible significance. A child can understand them. There is a future life of eternal happiness or eternal misery set before us, mainly dependent on the good or bad use of the present life; but this is involved in mysteries which no mind can fathom. How, then, can we receive, with undoubting assent these practical conclusions, when the premises are altogether hidden from our view? These books and teachers tell us of a God, the rewarder of virtue and the avenger of iniquity, who sees and 'notes down as in a book' all our thoughts and desires and actions; and yet these guides cannot explain satisfactorily the nature of this God, or how He knows all things, or why He should give Himself the trouble of perpetually watching us. What benefit is it to Him to consign some to eternal perdition, and to raise others to eternal happiness? This very eternity of joy or misery is in itself a mystery. It is easy to say 'for ever and ever'; but when we try to grasp duration without end, the mind breaks down hopelessly in the effort. How can any sort of happiness be without end, when we know, by sad experience, that the most perfect delights grow wearisome in their protraction? And as regards the torments of which you tell us, our very instincts rise up in abhorrence of anything so inconceivably terrible. And this atonement—what does it mean? How could the great Being, who has made all things, suffer and die to redeem us? Where is the sense or reason of the All-Holy and Innocent suffering for the guilty? What is the Trinity of Persons, the same undivided nature—one the stern Upholder of an inflexible law, and another the Redeemer, and another, perfectly distinct from each, the Sanctifier? If this mysterious book, to which you refer us, and which you say contains in its pages the infallible truth, tells us of things beyond the comprehension of the most gifted intelligence, may not what we consider the practical results of this system be also wrapt in mystery? May not the whole thing be an allegory—a dreamy mythology dimly perceptible, perhaps, to the Oriental imagination, but absurd and preposterous to the logical minds and the sound common sense of these days of enlightenment?"

"What shall I say to all these difficulties? Simply this: If you do not admit the authority of a living, speaking, and infallible guide, *they are absolutely unanswerable.*"

Among the subjects treated in the work are: "The Necessity of Revelation"; "Private Judgment"; "Reasonable Faith and Non-Catholic Credulity"; "The Infallibility of the Church"; "The Infallibility of the Pope"; "Modern Romish Corruptions and Development under the Guidance of the Spirit of Faith," etc. The book is sold at 80 cents *per* copy—postage 10 cents extra.

—The contents of *The Ave Maria* for September are, as usual, of that varied, interesting and instructive nature so eminently characteristic of the only periodical in the English language devoted to the praise and honor of Our Lady. In the number before us, "The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin," "The Dolors of Our Lady," "Leo XIII on the Rosary" may be mentioned among those articles full of faith and piety, presenting much timely material for reflection to the devoted child of Mary as well as to the thoughtful and earnest seeker after a knowledge of the truths of our holy religion. There are also the concluding chapters of "The Martyrs of Molokai"—a narrative as fascinating as it is edifying—in which that master of English composition, Charles Warren Stoddard, portrays

the terrible condition of the poor lepers of the Hawaiian Islands and the martyr-devotion of the pious priests who have left all things to minister to the wants, spiritual and temporal, of those wretched outcasts of society. We are pleased to learn that this beautiful sketch will shortly be published in pamphlet form as one of *The Ave Maria* Series. The well-known author of "Ty-borne" concludes her beautiful story of "Charlotte"; while a new serial—"His Victory"—by Christian Reid—whom to name is to praise—is begun. There is also a well-written sketch, with a portrait, of "The Historian of Our Lady of Lourdes," M. Henri Lasserre. Octavia Hensel writes on "The Catholic Masters of the Revival of German Art"; Maurice F. Egan contributes an interesting sketch of "The Tenant of Gable End"—a lady well known in the literary world, Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey,—and John McCarthy has a paper on "Cardinal Wiseman." But our limited space will not permit us even to name the many good articles in prose and poetry with which the number abounds. Suffice it to say that *The Ave Maria* is a journal which, week after week, presents such a variety of entertaining and instructive reading suitable for all classes, and is published at such a moderate price (\$2.50 a year) that the extent of its circulation should be limited only by the number of English-speaking Catholics who love the Blessed Virgin and desire to see her better known and better honored everywhere.

Personal.

—E. Schultz (Com'l), '84, is in business with his father in St. Paul, Minn.

—H. C. Allen, of '69, holds the office of County Surveyor at Clinton, Mo.

—E. W. Milner, of '70, is superintendent of schools at Corvallis, Oregon.

—Eugene Yrisarri (Com'l), '82, is prospering in business at Albuquerque, N. M.

—E. Taggart, of '81, is conducting a successful dry goods business in Omaha, Neb.

—Thomas Dillon (Com'l), '70, is the manager of a large wholesale business in Omaha, Neb.

—John B. O'Reilly, of '83, has an office in the Postal Department at Salt Lake City, Utah.

—Robert Walker, of '77, holds a position in connection with the Government Survey of Montana.

—H. B. Keeler, '68, is the General Agent of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Ry., at Wichita, Kansas.

—James Lane (Com'l), '69, is the active and genial Captain of a steamer plying between Oregon and Alaska.

—Albert Marion (Com'l), '84, occupies a responsible position in the German National Bank of Denver, Col.

—Mr. William Walsh, of Chicago, brother of our esteemed President Walsh, passed last Sunday at the College.

—Alfred Arrington, '70, is practising law in Pueblo, Col. He is doing well, and meeting with deserved success.

—We are glad to learn that Mr. John Fendrich, of '84, of Evansville, Ind., has fully recovered from his recent illness.

—Charles F. Achkoff (Com'l), '72, was recently promoted to the position of chief Book-Keeper in the large music establishment of Root & Sons, Chicago.

—C. A. Tinley, '84, has been appointed to the responsible position of private Secretary to Judge O'Hara, of Covington, Ky. He is, at the same time, practising law with gratifying success.

—J. C. Coleman, '76, is Division Engineer of the Northern Pacific R.R., at Portland, Oregon. He is successful and prosperous, and desires to be remembered to his many friends at Notre Dame.

—Friends of the Rev. Mr. Perkins, formerly of South Bend, but now residing at Alameda, Cal., were delighted to receive a visit from him on Friday morning. Their pleasure was all the greater for being unexpected. Mr. Perkins is highly respected wherever he is known, and his amiable qualities of mind and heart have endeared him to hosts of friends.

—R. J. Downey (Com'l), '75, of New Orleans, La., has so far prospered as to engage in business on his own account. He is now the senior partner in the firm of "R. J. Downey & Co., Slate Roofers, Importers and Dealers in English Slate, Ridge Tiles, American Bangor Slate—office, 109 Charles Street." Mr. Downey's many friends at Notre Dame are gratified to hear of his success.

—Among the visitors of the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. T. J. Thornton, Miss Fannie Thornton, Fond du Lac, Wis.; Mr. J. M. Hardy, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. J. F. Wollensak, Chicago, Ill.; John Walsh, Rockford, Ill.; Mrs. S. W. Gould, Quincy, Mich.; Mr. P. P. Dickinson, Lander, Wyoming; M. A. Goff, Maneto, Ill.; Florence S. Datham, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Jas. Walsh and daughter, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Wheeler, Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. S. W. Vernan, Chicago, Ill.

Local Items.

—Field-Day!

—Next Tuesday is St. Edward's Day!

—Bulletins were sent off last Thursday.

—Our friend Percy is muchly "*percy*cuted!"

—It is expected that the electrics will be up by the 15th.

—Which of the "Princes" will draw the Sorin ring?

—Slaters have begun work on the extension to the church.

—Ye festive Jack Frost doth now begin to make his appearance.

—The straw hat and overcoat seem to have buried the hatchet.

—The Euglossians will appear in "Pizzaro" next Monday evening.

—When is that wedding coming off? The Euglossians are very anxious to know.

—The Juniors played an exciting game of football Thursday, for a barrel of apples.

—"Fatty" does not want any bouquets,—at least not metamorphosed into watermelon-rinds.

—The Law students will probably attend the sessions of the court to be held in South Bend next week.

—"Class Honors" will be published next week. Our announcement last week was somewhat premature.

—All at Notre Dame are determined to make this feast of St. Edward one of unequalled magnificence.

—The Gymnasiums and reading-rooms during these cold October snaps are the favorite resorts for the boys.

—Very neat and tastefully-designed invitations to the celebration of St. Edward's Day were sent from our office.

—Bro. Paul and Walt. Collins, on Tuesday afternoon, brought from town two or three dozen choice bats and various other requisites for the Baseball Association.

—The librarian has received from W. J. Onahan, LL. D., of Chicago, fifty or sixty volumes for the Library. This is Dr. Onahan's fourth contribution since the fire.

—Mr. M. F. Connor, of Baltimore, has the thanks of the Director of the Historical Department for valuable services rendered in securing articles for the Historical Cabinets.

—Our vocal and instrumental musicians have been actively engaged in rehearsals during the week, and will present many agreeable features in the entertainment on Monday evening.

—Next Monday evening the "banner" boys of the Minim department will draw for the Sorin ring. We have seen the prize, and it will be a beautiful ornament for the fortunate winner.

—The Junior branch of the Crescent Club Orchestra is composed as follows: 1st Violin, Geo. Myers; 2d Violin, C. Senn; Bass, W. Wabraushek; Violoncello, Gus. Cooper; Cornet, F. Thurston; Flute, G. Cartier; Piano, S. Nussbaum.

—The 3d regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association (Minim dep't) was held on Monday 5th, in St. Edward's Hall. Original compositions were read by W. Bailey, D. Sweet, F. Cobbs, F. Crotty and B. Nealis. The President delivered an address.

—The third regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Debating Society was held on the 3d inst. Messrs. M. Byrne, C. Duffin, A. Gordon, O. Ryan, M. White, C. Paschel, A. McNulty, and J. Bates conducted the debate. The following

were received into the society: Messrs. H. Long, C. Voorhees, G. Harrison, Neill, Dempsey, and W. Daly.

—Judging from the preparations on foot, the celebration of St. Edward's Day this year will surpass any of its predecessors. The Euglossians promise a grand entertainment on Monday evening, and Field-Day—the 13th—bids fair—of course if the weather be fair—to be a memorable one. We regret to be unable to publish the programme this week, but it could not be arranged in time before going to press.

—On the afternoon of the 4th inst., Messrs. Finlay and Hagenbarth, with chosen sides of about fifty, played a very hot game of football on the Seniors' campus. Though the thermometer registered close on to zero, not a coat was worn. After a two hours' contest, a goal was won by Harless and Keyes, of Hagenbarth's side. Messrs. Walter Collins, Bolton, Dolan, Goodfellow, Coady, and Hamlyn were among the "stars" of the game.

—The third regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society was held in St. Cecilia Hall, Wednesday, Oct. 7th. Masters P. Levin, W. Houlihan and E. Dillon were admitted to membership. A criticism on the previous meeting was read by Master W. Wabraushek. Master P. Levin delivered a declamation. The public readers appointed for the ensuing week are as follows: H. Robinson, E. Darragh, W. Wabraushek, P. Brownson, T. Cleary, M. O'Kane, and C. West.

—A meeting of the Senior branch of the Temperance Society was held Sunday evening, Oct. 4th, for the purpose of reorganizing. Rev. T. E. Walsh presided. Fifty-nine Senior students took the pledge. The officers elected were, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C. Director; Daniel Byrnes, President; F. H. Dexter, Vice-President; W. E. Cartier Recording Secretary; P. J. Goulding, Corresponding Secretary; M. Dolan, Treasurer; A. J. McNulty, 1st Censor, and Chas. Finlay 2d Censor.

—The 3d regular meeting of the Notre Dame Lemonnier Boat Club was held last Wednesday. Several matters were discussed. Among others, it was decided that the members of the lucky crew in the October race should be awarded silver anchors. For this a vote of thanks was rendered to the Rev. President. A committee, in which Prof. John G. Ewing is to act as chairman, was appointed to draw up a new constitution and by-laws. The other members of the committee are Messrs. Ancheta, Burns, and Dexter.

—On the invitation of Rev. President Walsh, the "Banner" boys of the Junior department enjoyed a very pleasant "Sociable" in their reading-rooms, last Saturday evening. Several members of the Faculty were present and entered into the festivities of the occasion. The music was furnished by the Junior branch of the Crescent Club Orchestra, while B. Leopold generously provided the refreshments. These reunions are intended to be a feature of the year, and will be held on the first Saturday of each month by the "Banner" boys of the department.

—The Junior branch of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary held a meeting Sunday evening, Oct. 4th, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing session. The following were chosen: Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Granger; Director, Rev. Father Walsh; President, Rev. M. J. Regan; Vice-President, W. Wabraushek; 2d Vice-President, Jos. Courtney; Secretary, Geo. Myers; Treasurer, Ed. Porter; Standard-Bearer, T. J. Cleary. The following members were appointed to prepare essays for the next meeting: J. Courtney, P. Brownson, E. Ewing, and T. Cleary.

—The 1st regular meeting of the St. Thomas Aquinas Academy took place last Saturday evening. The object of this meeting was the reorganization of the society. The following officers were elected: Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Honorary Directors; Rev. S. Fitte, Director; Rev. N. Stoffel, Assistant-Director; L. Mathers, President; T. J. Sheridan, 1st Vice-President; F. Dexter, 2d Vice-President; J. A. Ancheta, Corresponding Secretary; M. Burns, Recording Secretary; D. Byrnes, Treasurer; Jno. Waggoner, 1st Censor; T. Hagerty, 2d Censor.

—The Director of the Historical Department returns thanks to Master Alberto Parres for an artistically executed wax model of a Mexican saddle; and to Mrs. Joseph Parres, of the City of Mexico for six pictures made of feathers by the descendants of the Aztecs: to Master Real, of Mexico, for twelve groups of bird figures skilfully made by the Indians: to Rev. Father Heli, for a letter written by the Archbishop of Mexico, Mexican silver dollar, 1884; Mexican silver half dollar, 1854, 1859, 1877, 1884; Mexican quarter dollars, 1880, 1882, specimens of dimes, half dimes, and nichils; rabbi worn by the French clergy: to Mr. James A. Marlette, for a number of bullets, and other missiles, used by Grant's army in the siege of Vicksburg.

STUMBLING-BLOCKS! AN ESSAY OF THE TIMES.

How many live to-day? how many have lived in ages past who have not met with stumbling-blocks? From the cradle up, life is but a continual war against stumbling-blocks. The baby in the crib meets them, and oft his happy hours are rudely marred and rendered miserable by castor oil, pills and paragoric; the kid in knickerbockers meets them many a time—oft his "Mammy" nabs him on a return from a clandestine swim. After he has ingeniously and successfully evaded all inquiries as to "unbuttoned shoes," "wet hair," "damp shirts," etc., the fated "*Fritz, your pants are wrong side to!*" strikes like a knell on his unprepared ear; oh! then, his little heart doth palpitate in contemplation of lonely vigils kept with straps, shingles, and stray slippers of various shapes, sizes and forms!

The urchin transformed into the college boy finds stumbling blocks still rampant. His lonely

"skives" are oft rudely burst upon; his quiet peregrinations around the campus are still oftener rendered wretched by the profane *ching-chat-a-ra-da* of his fellows, who have discovered a handkerchief or dry-goods' advertisement dangling from his flapping, swallow-tailed coat; once in a while he is bounced from the boat club. Small loss *thrust* on a fortunate man.

As the cycle of years rolls on, stumbling-blocks roll on too. We may meet them if striving for a position in the literary, scientific or commercial world; we may meet them whilst in the humbler paths of life; or, perhaps, in the full zenith of an illustrious renown.—*Quien sabe?*

Yet, we will all meet them; and if we are successful in our future career it must needs be because we were not dismayed by stumbling-blocks; because, instead of allowing them to bar our way, we mounted, thus making them auxiliary to our onward progress.

What would now be the result had Columbus succumbed a jot to the gigantic stumbling-blocks heaped in his way? What manner of literature would the English-speaking people possess to-day had our great models—Shakspeare, Milton, Goldsmith, etc.—been disconcerted by stumbling-blocks? What would we Americans to-day amount to had our forefathers faltered in the face of British stumbling blocks? MOORE A. NON.

—The second of the series of championship games of baseball, between the "Universities" and "Stars of the East," was played on the 8th inst. The "Universities" were first at bat, Browne struck out; Dolan followed with a base hit, stole second and third, and came home on Harless' sacrifice hit, while Combe came in on a couple of errors. Breen, of the "Stars," tapped a sharp liner and came home on McNulty's two-bagger. In the third inning, the "Stars" scored four runs on three base hits and four errors. Cusack was heartily applauded for a neat fly-catch in the sixth inning, and was *encored* for a like play in the seventh. A double play in the ninth, by Kegan and McNulty, decided the game. The following is the score:

UNIVERSITIES.	T.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Browne, p.....	5	0	1	1	2	6	4
Dolan, s.s.....	5	1	2	2	0	1	1
Combe, c.....	5	3	2	2	6	1	2
Harless, 2d b.....	5	1	1	1	3	2	0
Duffin, c. f.....	4	1	1	1	0	1	1
Cusack, l. f.....	4	0	1	1	2	1	0
Collins, r. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hampton, 3d b.....	4	1	2	2	3	1	0
Chapin, 1st b.....	4	1	1	1	8	0	2
Total.....	40	8	11	11	24	13	10
STARS OF THE EAST.	T.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Keegan, s.s.....	5	1	1	1	0	0	0
Breen, r. f.....	5	2	2	2	0	0	0
McNulty, 1st b.....	4	1	3	4	9	0	2
Nester, c.....	4	0	1	1	12	0	2
Goodfellow, p.....	4	3	1	1	0	15	1
Rahilly, 2d b.....	4	2	1	1	4	2	1
Collins, c. f.....	4	1	1	1	2	1	0
Bolton, l. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Crawford, 3d b.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	2
Total.....	38	10	10	11	27	19	10
Earned Runs: Universities, 2; Stars, 3. Double plays,							

Rahilly and McNulty. Two base hits: McNulty, struck, and Browne, 4; Goodfellow, 10. Time of game, one hour and forty-five minutes. Umpire, Finlay.

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, Jno. Ashford, W. Aubrey, T. Becerra, C. Bowles, E. Burritt, D. Byrnes, F. Baca, W. Breen, A. Brown, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, E. Cody, W. Congdon, Walter Collins, P. Chapin, W. Cartier, J. Cusack, Fred. Combe, J. Dohany, J. Dempsey, G. De Haven, F. Dexter, L. Daly, M. Dolan, C. Finlay, J. Ford, R. Goodfellow, Albert Gordon, Alex. Gordon, G. Goble, P. Goulding, J. Gallardo, J. Glenn, J. Hamlyn, J. Horn, C. Hagerty, G. Houck, E. Hampton, J. Hampton, F. Hagenbarth, C. Harris, G. Harrison, C. Hausberg, L. Howard, L. Holden, H. Hull, F. Hutchison, A. Judie, J. Jackson, F. Jewett, W. Jess, T. Keys, F. Kreutzer, H. Kenny, J. Kenny, J. Keegan, L. Kegel, J. Kleiber, H. Luhn, H. Long, M. Luhn, 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, W. Ott, W. O'Connell, P. Prudhomme, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, P. Paschel, K. Perley, H. Phillips, V. Padilla, J. Remish, E. Riley, C. Rothert, J. Rudd, W. Rochford, J. Regan, F. Rodrigues, J. Rahilly, W. Redmond, R. Snapp, C. Shaide, I. Straus, C. Stubbs, D. Saviers, T. Sheridan, R. Stickney, F. Soden, A. Triplett, R. Stephens, H. Vandercar, A. Williams, W. Williams, M. White, J. Wagoner, E. Woodbridge, E. Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

E. Adlesperger, W. Austin, D. Ackerman, W. Arts, H. Ackerman, E. Berry, J. Benes, O. Benes, E. Bodley, G. Brabrook, H. Blakeslee, J. Boos, E. Bowles, I. Bunker, W. Borgschulze, L. Bacigulpo, W. Curtis, D. Cartier, A. Cleveland, C. Cavaroc, J. Courtney, J. Clarke, T. Cleary, L. Chute, M. Cummings, G. Cartier, J. Dougherty, A. Duffield, E. Darragh, E. Dillon, J. Dickinson, E. Ewing, C. Epple, J. Fitzgerald, R. Frain, A. Finch, T. Flood, F. Fehr, J. Fisher, A. Fitzharris, W. Gordon, O. Grothaus, F. Goebel, C. Galarneau, J. Garrity, W. Hoffman, W. Houlihan, H. Huston, J. Hasson, T. Hake, A. Hake, S. Holman, W. Harris, J. Hayes, C. Inderrieden, H. Jewett, P. Jacobs, N. Jacobs, E. Jeffs, W. Kern, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, P. Levin, M. Luther, F. Long, D. McKendry, W. McCourt, A. Muessel, C. Mueller, H. McConn, A. Meehan, G. Myers, J. McIntosh, R. Newton, J. Nealis, L. Newton, F. Noud, S. Nussbaum, F. Nester, F. O'Gorman, R. Oxnard, M. O'Kane, J. Portillo, L. Phillips, A. Press, E. Prudhomme, L. Preston, D. Regan, W. Rattighan, C. Ruffing, A. Ruffing, H. Robinson, L. Rose, R. Ramirez, E. Sandoval, F. Smith, L. Smith, S. Smith, W. Short, C. Shields, C. Senn, C. Spencer, L. Scherrer, P. Servis, F. Towner, L. Thompson, W. Thompson, J. Talbot, D. Tewksbury, W. Vandercar, M. Violett, H. Warner, W. Welch, W. Walsh, W. Wabraushek, P. Wagoner, T. Williamson, E. Benner, C. West.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Miss Ada Walsh (Class '77), is on a visit to her *Alma Mater*.

—Miss McCarthy, a reporter of social gossip for the Washington and New York papers, is a welcome guest of St Mary's.

—The entire Junior department drew for the Roman mosaic cross. Miss Belle Snowhook was the fortunate winner of the prize, but she kindly waived her claim in favor of Miss Maggie Ducey.

—The monthly Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament for the scholastic year was opened on Sunday. All the Catholic pupils approached the Holy Table, and each passed an hour in the chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed upon the altar.

—On Rosary Sunday the Society of the Holy Rosary was formed. The Rosary was said in common, and the following officers were elected: President, Miss Henrietta Keenan; Vice-President, Miss Bertha English; Secretary, Miss Catharine Scully; Treasurer, Miss Louise Blaine.

—At five o'clock, on Sunday, the following young ladies were received to full membership in the Society of the Children of Mary: the Misses M. Chute, E. Allnoch, K. McNamara, M. McNamara, H. Guise, F. Sullivan, K. Brown, H. Nagle, K. Shields, A. Kennedy, and M. Hummer; the aspirants were the Misses M. Ducey, M. F. Murphy, A. Riedinger, A. Henry, E. Coll, A. Egan, and N. Meehan. Miss Sullivan read the Act of Consecration, and Miss Ducey the Act for the aspirants. The Rev. Father Shortis officiated, and the interesting ceremony was performed in the Chapel of Loreto.

—Madame Gregori so successfully imitates nature in the adroit manipulation of paper, and the docile, thread-like wire, that her charming handiwork has more than once completely deceived the beholder. Not a tint of the radiant autumn wild-flowers, or of the choicest exotic, but is exquisitely duplicated by her magic touch; not a delicate form of calyx, leaf or bloom, of which she cannot present the life-like *fac simile*. The rarest roses, carnations and camellias, perfect in every external feature, are embalmed in her wonderful collection, of which they were the models. The destination of this artist's work is the altars of poor churches.

Promptitude.

Promptitude implies so many other excellent qualifications that one is almost tempted to call it the queen of virtues. This might, however, prove an usurpation; yet we may well ask, what is courage without it, but foolhardy daring? what good will, but mistaken kindness, almost sure to do the proper thing in an importune way; to act with precipita-

tion, or with tardiness, and to counteract the good disposition by misapplication? Without a judicious readiness, even a sense of propriety loses its force.

Promptitude presupposes preparation, orderly thoughtfulness, and a clear understanding of duties to be performed. It is the reverse of sluggishness, and implies respect for others as well as for ourselves.

Alacrity in duty possesses a charm for which nothing else will supply. Upon it, in a great measure, depends the success of our every undertaking. It should be made a habit, a second nature to the young. Armed with this sterling trait, confidence is inspired everywhere.

In our collegiate and academic institutions the pupils are afforded every means whereby this virtue may be stimulated, encouraged and incorporated as an essential part of the mental life. They perform all their actions at stated times, and duties are not permitted to interfere with each other.

The most successful are, without exception, those who are the most exact. A young lady who is so wanting in the first principles of politeness—not to say of justice—as to deliberately keep her companions or teachers waiting, because she wishes to take her own time in arriving at classroom, study-hall, the ranks, etc., does not merit respect; she certainly does not receive it. On the other hand, the one who can *be depended upon*, the one who is in earnest about what she does, must, of necessity, be esteemed. She shows that she is actuated by a sound, healthy conscience. Trifles will not control her; her obligations to herself and others are paramount. To be depended upon is a very rare qualification; nevertheless it is so essential to the harmony of our social and domestic relations that it would seem no other acquirement could take its place; certainly, the advantages arising from talents or accomplishments are sadly degraded by the want of it. Generosity of nature looks to the happiness of others, and when it is a clear ingredient of the character, the low subterfuges of indolence, thoughtlessness, trifling occupation, are never offered as an excuse, or resorted to in order to cover the non-performance of our obligations.

The generous are ready to take trouble for others. Indeed, who can live a good Christian life without it? Unhappy the child who is brought up to believe that she should never oblige another except when she can do so without giving herself any trouble. The compliment of a service rendered because it costs one nothing is a very poor one. A benefit, though trifling in itself, that is the result of a real sacrifice is worth something. The widow's mite was far more in the eyes of divine Wisdom than the large contributions of the rich.

It is the same with the small, but often invaluable, services rendered from the spirit of punctuality. If there be a merely natural advantage to be derived from the Christian custom of daily examination of the conscience, it may be found in the strict account we hold ourselves to in our dealings with those whom we daily meet.

“A place for everything, and everything in its

place"; "A time for everything, and everything in its time," are two short rules which will secure order and its sure concomitant—happiness. Who has not been sorely embarrassed—sometimes seriously incommoded—from the neglect of some one who had given her word, and upon which we had depended? We have lent a book, or some notes, or a paper, perhaps, which to us was important, really necessary, but which was carelessly borrowed, and thoughtlessly never returned.

Persons who have been the victims of such forgetfulness can appreciate the vexation aroused by the like impolite, or, rather, unprincipled neglect.

Let "your word be as good as your oath," and do not excuse yourself from meeting an engagement, without the most urgent necessity; then let your regrets be conveyed to the disappointed party as cordially and as early as possible. Common politeness demands this.

Were this advice universally followed what a world of good feeling would be maintained, and how much coldness, and even enmity, would be prevented! But the power of habit is so great that even the kind restrictions of school-life may bring on a spirit of routine that may blunt the delicate sense of obligation to others which they are designed to foster. This will be the case where we perform our duty out of compulsion, and not from an active desire to improve ourselves by every possible means.

The earnest, honest heart will, in a moment, comprehend the injury done by robbing the hours of their precious minutes. The bodily presence of a young lady in her class-room, or in the study-hall, is not always a guarantee, however, that she is there to profit of the time passed there: the spirit of punctuality is that of application. The true student will not waste a moment. She has left to her thoughtful teachers the apportioning of her recreation, and she is so conscientious that she would scorn so unworthy an act as that of allowing herself to be distracted from her study; much more would she despise herself were she to divert the attention of others.

We have only hinted at the many admirable traits to which punctuality opens the door. To assure ourselves of its value in real life we have but to recall the noble character of those whose lives are governed by its orderly requirements, and to contrast them with the reckless, ungenerous, hap-hazard conduct of those upon whom no one can rely.

LIZZIE CARNEY.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Allnoch, M. Alwein, V. Barlow, M. Bruhn, A. Butler, L. Blaine, N. Brady, M. Blair, I. Bubb, A. Blacklock, C. Brown, E. Carney, L. Clendenen, M. Chute, L. Considine, E. Claggett, E. Coll, M. Ducey, M. Dillon, A. Donnelly, E. Donnelly, A. Duffield, S. Degan, S. Dart, B. Desenberg, B. English, A. Eng-

lish, A. Egan, M. Fuller, D. Fitzpatrick, C. Fehr, C. Griffith, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, H. Guise, A. Heckard, E. Horn, M. Hummer, B. Heckard, A. Henry, L. Haas, B. Haines, C. Kingsbury, N. Keenan, B. Kearney, N. Kearns, F. Kingsbury, B. Klingerman, C. Kendall, A. Kennedy, C. Lange, M. Longworth, M. Lyons, L. Levy, B. Lauer, C. Leahigh, A. Livingston, M. Munger, C. Morrison, J. McHale, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, M. McNamara, C. McNamara, M. Murphy, H. Nagle, E. North, F. Rowley, A. Riedinger, H. Rose, F. Robb, C. Scully, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, F. Sullivan, M. Scully, G. Stadler, C. Shields, A. Shephard, L. Trask, L. Williams, A. White, G. Wolving, F. Wynn. *2d Tablet*—Misses P. Ewing, M. Kearsey, M. Otero.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Blaine, E. Burtis, L. Caddagan, M. Goetz, F. Johnson, M. Lindsey, D. Lee, M. Philipps, E. Qualey, H. Rhodes, J. Wallace, F. Spencer.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

1ST CLASS—Misses Barlow, Bruhn, Shephard.

2D DIV.—Miss Keenan.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Chute, Carney, Horn, Morrison, Van Horn

3D CLASS—Misses Ducey, Dillon, Fuller, Guise, Munger, Riedinger, M. Scully.

2D DIV.—Misses Brown, Kearney, Fehr, Snowhook, Wolvin.

4TH CLASS—Misses Fitzpatrick, C. Griffith, L. Haas, M. F. Murphy, L. St. Clair, Shields.

2D DIV.—Misses Brady, Egan, A. English, Lauer, Regan, Sullivan.

5TH CLASS—Misses Barry, Cox, A. Duffield, A. Donnelly, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, Keyes, Thornton.

2D DIV.—Misses Allnoch, L. Blaine, Clifford, H. Coll, M. Duffield, M. Ducey, B. English, Faxon, Livingston, Longworth, M. Murphy, Nagle, Philipps, Parmelee, H. Smart, Servis, S. St. Clair, Stadler, Smith.

6TH CLASS—Misses Bubb, Chaves, Clendenen, Considine, Hummer, Kearsey, Kendal, K. Kingsbury, Kennedy, Levy, L. Meehan, Odell, Qualey, Robb, Spencer.

2d Div.—Misses Blacklock, Claggett, Dart, Desenberg, Goetz, B. Heckard, S. McHale, Henry, Kearns, Lang, Leahigh, M. McNamara, Morse, Mason, N. Meehan, Pierce, McEwen, Schmauss, Trask, White, Wynn.

7TH CLASS—Misses Alwein, Burtis, E. Balch, T. Balch, Blair, Campeau, Coll, Caddagan, Degan, Hertzog, Klingerman, North, Rhodes.

8TH CLASS—Misses E. Blaine, Lindsey, Prudhomme.

9TH CLASS—Miss Lee.

HARP.

2D CLASS—Miss Dillon.

3D CLASS—Misses Fitzpatrick, Shephard.

GUITAR.

6TH CLASS—Misses Otero, Servis.

VIOLIN.

Miss Carney.

ORGAN.

Miss Congdon.

PRIVATE THEORETICAL CLASSES.

COUNTERPOINT.

Miss Bruhn.

HARMONY.

Misses Barlow, Horn, Keenan, Shephard.

The general Theoretical Classes comprise all the music pupils.