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Cecilia.

BY REV. R. HOWLEY.

"Fiat cor meum immaculatum."—ANT.

I.

O mighty Rome! O cruel Rome!
Vassal at last to music's sway,
Hark how thy hollow catacomb
Resounds Cecilia's magic lay!
There, laid by great Callixtus' side,
She sleeps in beauty 'mid the just.
Ah, Rome! while runs old Tiber's tide,
Enthroned in song, she shall preside
Above thy monumental dust!
Music still breathes from that fair form—
Though mute in death—and martyred hosts
Seem thrilled to life; while quick and warm
About her throng th' enraptured ghosts.

Pulse of the universe! voice of all feeling,
Hymn of earth's gladness and plaint of its woe,—
Essence ethereal, rainbow revealing
Glimpses of heaven to us exiles below;
Music divine! God speaks in thy numbers,
His love and His light are thy home and thy spring;
Murmur of spheres where the spirit world slumbers,
Dreaming, while angels low lullabys sing.
Hark to the notes that resound to her fingers!
How her soul vibrates to God's mystic breath!
On the glad air the bright melody lingers—
Song of the swan that grows sweeter in death!

Hark! through the spirit strain,
Cecilia's voice again,

Wakes in full accord:
"Clean be my heart to Thee,
Thy living light to see,*
Source of all harmony,
Father adored!"

II.

Love spreads his lures! death lights his fires!
Cecilia strikes the tuneful chord,
To heavenly heights her song aspires:

* *"Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God."*

"Clean be my heart to Thee, O Lord!
Clean be my heart!" So full and clear,
From voice and organ, swells the tone,
That choirs angelic pause to hear
A music sweeter than their own.

Mother of music, thy bosom is teeming
With melody, offspring of love's fruitful fire!
Virgin, thy spirit forever is beaming
With rays that are struck from the strings of the lyre.
Martyr Cecilia, come, bless the devotion
To music and thee that inspires our glad throng;
Attune every heart by a sacred emotion
To sound to thy name and re-echo thy song.

Banded thy loyal knights,
By music's sacred rites,
Guarding for song's delights
Hearts ever clean!
Ever, Cecilia, be
To our glad company
Mistress of melody,
Patron and queen.

NOTRE DAME, EVE OF ST. CECILIA, 1885.

A Cairene Bazaar.

How well I remember it all! The large square room, surrounded by deep divans; the small cot pushed to one side; the grand piano, a kind of abnormally-developed music-box, *vis-a-vis*; the round table littered with books and papers in the centre of the room; banana leaves shading the windows; fountains tinkling in the adjoining court; Nubian slaves, light-footed as cats, silent as spectres, crouching in odd corners through the house—such was my state at Mme. Désiré's, in the midst of Grand Cairo, as I lay on my pillow for seven days and seven nights mourning the unforgotten Nile.

It was a horrible process, that weaning from the only life I had ever lived through and through. It began with a regret some miles up the river; it crippled me with headache and heartache; then it plunged me into a high fever and sent me to my pillow at Désiré's, where I turned and tossed, and

was only half conscious of anything but misery and a great globe lantern that hung to the faded frescos of the ceiling.

It was the ever-faithful E — who watched over me, and administered at frequent intervals a spoonful of colorless liquid from one or another of the several goblets at my bedside.

A was the aconite every half-hour,

B was the burden of life in that day,

C was the crisis that came to my bower,

D was the domicile of Désiré.

E — elevated me to the sound of pæans in praise of homœopathy; and so on through the delectable alphabet. I had nothing to say in reply. I looked the gratitude I could not speak, and at last learned to sleep through the faint delirium of the Strauss waltz, as executed by a feminine Viennese orchestra at the *café* over the way — an affair that ran on till two in the morning, and then perished of exhaustion.

For seven days I had been in a hasheesh frame of mind. The velvet-footed slaves stole noiselessly about and watched me from the narrow corners of their eyes; the heat increased; the hubbub of the annual festivities was daily multiplied; pilgrims came in from Mecca, escorted by friends who had gone out to welcome them with pipe and tabor; women were given in marriage, while the wedding guests made riot in the streets; lads were drummed to and from the circumcision, preceded by jugglers and athletes, and followed by troops of idlers who rejoiced audibly; the street music was perpetual, and very much of it discordant as well.

Across my soul swept memories of the past. Ah, that Nile! at the mere thought of it I was shaken with a sigh as wide as its shores, as deep as its bed, as long as its winding waters.

The very next moment the patient E —, having lost patience, ordered me peremptorily into the street for a change of air and scene. I went; I sat in a cumbrous saddle on a diminutive donkey that ambled like a kitten from town's centre to town's end and back again.

E — headed the procession, and we rolled right merrily out of the sunshine on the sand of the *Esbekeeyah* into the scented shadows of the *Moos-kee*.

Over the streets stretched rafters covered with tattered matting. The atmosphere was empurpled with smoke wreathes that floated upward from a thousand pipe-bowls. Broad bars of sunshine slid through the crevices over our head and fell into the twilight of the place like golden rain.

Our progress was constantly interrupted, for in that fairy-land men and beasts are on the same dead level; though we were mounted on fat, cushion-like saddles we were but a head higher in the world than the pedestrians that swarmed about us. One might walk over his toy donkey's ears in a thoughtless moment. It has been done before now.

We reached the Bazaar of Embroideries and dismounted. To dismount is like rising from a chair. Giving our donkeys into the hands of retainers, we seated ourselves on a broad shelf, cushioned with Persian rugs. The front of the Bazaar was entirely open; in fact, the Bazaar was a mere

niche, lined on three sides with compact bundles of marvellous needle-work and gauzy webs fretted with silver and gold. The niche enshrined a white-bearded Moslem in a deep sleep, with his lips glued to the amber globe of his *shibuk*. When we had succeeded in rousing him he recovered his etiquette, and, calling a youth as graceful as a fawn and with a face like a flower — as the Persian poets assert — ordered sherbet and sweetmeats for our entertainment.

What followed was recalled to mind only the other day by the Major, whose romantic years were passed in the service of the Sultan.

He, also, had entered a bazaar of silks; he had drained a coffee-cup about the size of a pigeon's egg; and once upon a time was inhaling the cloud of the delicious *Ladikeeyeh*, the favorite tobacco of the East, when he turned to the somnolent shopkeeper and asked for handkerchiefs. Without rising, the old fellow pointed with his pipe-stem — almost as long as a fishing-rod — to a box in the high corner of the bazaar. The Major drew it down, opened it, unfolded whole dozens of delicate fabrics, splendidly dyed, miraculously embroidered, and impregnated with intoxicating perfumes. Leaving these in disorder, for he resolved to rouse the ire, or, at least, the interest, of the merchant, he asked for more. With the same tranquil indifference he was pipe-pointed to a second box of equal dimensions. Again he poured out the marvellous merchandise. Box after box was thrown into confusion. The Major stood knee-deep in silks of fabulous value. The merchant, with the eloquent repose of the East, smiled placidly, smoked tranquilly, and waited with absolute indifference the will of his Christian customer.

Shamed at last, the Major selected a half-dozen of the articles, bargained and settled for them, and desired the merchant to fold them in a paper. Not he! At regular intervals those rings of smoke spring into the air from the mouth of the merchant's pipe-bowl; a brown, slender hand, the fingers stained with *henna*, graciously called his attention to the sheets of paper lying in the corner of the bazaar.

At this point, the Major surrendered, did up his own bundle, and retired in confusion.

As we were merely amusing ourselves, we languidly sipped the juice of violets chilled with snow, and munched cakes of cocoanut moistened with honey, and breathed *Ladikeeyeh*, while the handiwork of the most cunning needle-women delighted our eyes, and we could only think of the bonded wives of the harem, the thread of whose lives is woven into fabrics no more substantial than these.

Water-sellers passed to and fro before us; the brazen cups held in their hands clashed like cymbals to an air which doubtless haunted the memory of the waterman. Some of them cried: "May God compensate!" Some gave to all who asked, free of charge. Certain rich men bestow alms in this fashion, hiring the water-carriers to distribute cupfuls to as many as will drink.

There are water troughs for dogs and dumb beasts by the mosques and public fountains, and

the masterless dogs are often fed by the charitable. There is even a shelter for homeless cats, though that erratic animal is no longer considered as sacred as it once was.

Beggars passed us while we dreamed over our pipes. They had each a refrain which was chanted as they treaded the crowded lanes of the bazaar. "For the sake of God, O ye charitable!" cried one; "I am seeking from my Lord a loaf of bread!" another; and still another, "I am the guest of God and the Prophet!" or, "My supper must be Thy gift, O Lord!" All these hungry and thirsty ones are fed and restored, and at night the mosques are a shelter to as many as choose to sleep within the gates.

Somehow we drifted from our purchases to poetry, and after to philosophy. Charity was at the bottom of it all. The hospitality of the merchant was extended in the spirit of charity. His customers must needs take refreshment before the riches of the place are displayed to bewildered, alien eyes. God and the Prophet are ever uppermost in the hearts of these Moslems. "In the name of the Prophet, figs!" shouts the fruit-vendor. Is it not written in Alcoran, "God swears by the fig and the olive?"

"*Allah kereem*—God is beautiful!" is the response one hears from the lips of the grateful.

It seemed that the Cairene Bazaar had its humanizing and harmonizing lesson to teach me, for as we rode out of the deepening shadows of the *Mooskee*, where all the merchants were rolling back their wares and putting up their shutters, some of them hung only a net in front of their stalls, and lay down before them on bamboo litters to sleep until daybreak. Then we returned to Désiré's, and as I heard the first passionate notes of the intermittent waltz throbbing in the *café*—a kind of Alladin's Palace—over the way, my heart responded amiably, and I said to my comrade: "After all, perhaps life is worth living so long as charity continues to cover a multitude of sins."

C. W. S.

Communism.

Philosophers and sociologists of all nations tell us that the very root of differentiation between the savage and the civilized man lies in the faculty of providing for the future, and that the accumulation of wealth is a test of civilization. In the savage this faculty is absent, or only rudimentary. He is the primitive communist; his life is the very fulfilment of the social theory of those who proclaim saving to be a sin, and the accumulation of wealth a crime against mankind. His is simply a struggle for the gratification of present appetites: of providing for the future he has no notion; of property or ownership, in any such meaning as the civilized man attaches to those words, he is unable to form a thought. The mental power of doing so marks the earliest step in the transition from the savage to the civilized state.

The structure of modern civilization rests on the

two correlated ideas of individual property and individual control. Every nation on the earth stands on this foundation. The whole body of statesmanship, as well as jurisprudence, is a continual assertion of the rights of persons and the rights of property against the manifestations of barbarism; and one of the most dangerous classes that statesmen of the present have to deal with are those who, lacking the faculty, or denying the right of accumulation, make war on society, by the methods of the German socialists, the dynamite fiends, or the Apache Indians, who manifest their savage proclivities by opposing to civil institutions the ideas and methods of barbarians. Such persons would willingly throw off all divine restraint; eliminate the noblest virtues of humanity; obliterate the sanctity of marriage and family ties; destroy the sublimest institutions of our social system, and reduce their fellow-men to the degeneracy of brutes.

The French Revolution and the Reign of Terror furnish us with a striking illustration of what might be expected from the government of those social hyenas, who for years past have waged a desultory warfare on established Government, whose rule would be identical in character with that bloodthirsty ruffianism which sets all law at defiance and establishes in its stead the *régime* of assassination.

Catiline may be said to be the progenitor of both socialism and communism. The doctrines he taught, the constitution he advocated embodied every theory they are now endeavoring to promulgate. Sallust, in his description of the inclinations, morals, manners and customs of the conspirators whom Catiline collected around him, very accurately pictures the character of those who compose the socialistic organizations of to-day. Under one form or another, we find these societies existing in every land for the avowed purpose of overthrowing established government and substituting instead their own anarchical systems. Such are the forms that the German socialists and the disciples of Herr Most would institute: a sort of a free and easy manner of life, where the gratification of animal nature would be man's highest end. History gives no comparison of the workings of such a nation, and its downfall may be better imagined than described.

Such also is the character of O'Donovan Rossa, and kindred spirits, who, in the name of Irish liberty, employ the assassin and the incendiary as the instruments of their purpose—means not only abhorrent to God and man, but which are also impotent. While Ireland has many grievous causes of complaint against the British Government, which for centuries has ruled her with a system of cruelty sterner than that employed in any part of her vast domain, yet nothing could be more unwise—not to speak of its criminality—than to suppose that her freedom could be gained by such means. Wherein has the liberation of Ireland been advanced by the numerous attempts made to destroy the public buildings of England? Common sense shows us that the force necessary for her liberation must be one capable of overcoming the immense military

and naval armament of Great Britain. Yet those dynamite fiends seem to believe they can accomplish their purpose by munitions of war, which they carry concealed in a knapsack. The only injurious results of their efforts have been to give tyranny an excuse for tightening the chains on an oppressed people, and to send a few miserable dupes to the gallows or to penal servitude.

The Russian Nihilist is another branch of the parental stock, composed of a heterogeneous mass of religious dissenters, Jews, and political malcontents, the great body of whom, with little in their heads and less in their pockets, follow, with the blind fanaticism of mystic devotees, a leadership which promises a radical change in the social order of things. When asked what they expect in the event of success, either they will not comprehend the question, or they will say that society cannot perish, and that the next state of things will be no worse than the present; and without the least idea of accomplishing any definite result, proceed to strew death and destruction on every hand. From such a mode of warfare, which plots in secret, after the manner of the aboriginal savage, the sentiments of mankind revolt. In all such classes ignorance and superstition are predominate constituents of their character. The surest means for statesmen to take in eradicating them from society is the liberal education of the benighted elements, that, in a great measure, go to make up such organizations. By a liberal education is meant, not only a knowledge of the sciences, but also a knowledge of the laws of society, of nature, and of God. Having accomplished this, they could bide their time, knowing that all other results would follow.

G.

Law.

Law is a noble though abstruse science, bringing into vigorous exercise that grand faculty of the human soul—reason. To study law profitably, that is, successfully, there must be one paramount purpose in view—its adoption as a profession; and it should be adopted from choice, not from compulsion, nor as an alternative.

The law is an exalted profession, co-equal with medicine and theology. Indeed, these three professions are indispensable to each other, one to the other two—a grand triumvirate which preserves life, makes society possible, and exalts humanity. To a logical, and especially an analytical mind, the abstract study of law is fascinating and absorbing. It is not the dry perusal of codes, and digests and austere rules which neophytes, and those who know Coke and Blackstone, deem it to be. Back of the yellow *scripta* of Justinian is a broad and fertile plain wherein lie the footprints of Cæsar, of Solon, of the Saxon Alfred, of the sages of antiquity, invisible still to the student. And as he moves on through those classic shades he is constantly discovering new problems in the grand system of jurisprudence which he delights to solve.

Law restrains the human passions, organizes so-

ciety, commands what is right, and prohibits what is wrong. It makes men equal, banishes tyranny, quiets tumult, and maintains order. Despotism falls before its mandates, and anarchy ceases wherever its temples rise. Without it, civilization, progress and justice become impossible. And so long as the practitioner seeks a proper application of its sublime principles to disputed questions, he remains a benefactor of mankind; but when he perverts these principles he becomes a *scourge*.

R. S. S.

Primera Nieve.

Dramatis Personæ:—Peter Primrose, from Missouri,
Felix Rodriguez, of Mexico.

SCENE:—*Seniors' campus, on the first snowy morning.*

PET. PRIM.:—Diga me Usted, Caballero.*

Porque viene tiritando,
De casa del cigarrero?
Serà porque està nevando
Un algodón blanco y blando
Sobre su negro sombrero;
Y que lleva por brasero,
El puro que va fumando?

DON FELIX:—*Faith, sir!* † soy un ventisquero. . . .

Diga me porque apagando
El sol yankee su brasero,
Ya de frio està muriendo;
Y se tapa tiritando,
La cara con el sombrero?
Es que se va este nevero
A si mismo congelando?

[*Aside.*] Ahora, si, que comprendo
Como, del mar a Mexico,
En tal nieve descansando,
El pescado llega fresco!!

PAUL NORD (*Spanish Class*).

* Mr. Prim., owing to the cold, pronounced this word "*Caballero*."

† Don Fel., tambien por el frio, pronuncio: "*Face! Sirrrr.*"

Advertising.

Within the last few years, advertising has become a necessary feature in the carrying on of any business enterprise.

Not many years ago, if a man, upon entering into business, stuck out a shingle with his name painted in black letters upon it, and the class of goods he was going to sell, it was a sufficient introduction to the people. But such a plan to-day would be absurd. As time advances, it throws down the customs of the past and builds up new ideas and forms. In the business world advertising has become indispensable as a means of attracting the attention of the public.

Large, dazzling and conspicuous posters, flaming sheets, and a space in the daily paper now acquaint the people with the fact that Mr. So-and-So solicits the patronage of the people, and will en-

deavor to please them by selling goods at "rock bottom prices," or, "cheap for cash." At the present time, goods are not allowed to speak for themselves: their proprietors speak for them.

Does advertising pay? has often been asked. It most certainly does, or else it would speedily sink into the ground. There is no better way of placing a man's goods before the public. Persistent advertising calls the people's attention to your wares; and as they know it costs money to advertise, they believe your article is good because you can afford to pay your printer; consequently they try the article—but oh, how often they are "bit"!

The amount of money spent for printers' ink each year is simply enormous. Vogeler & Co., of Baltimore, proprietors of the St. Jacob's Oil, each year spend over \$100,000; Lydia E. Pinkham, of "Yours for Health" fame, paid out \$80,000 in advertising her medicine before she ever received a cent in return. P. T. Barnum attributes the foundation of his success to the manner in which he has advertised his business. He says the American people like to be humbugged, and the easiest way of doing this is by advertising. Perhaps he is right.

Men are regularly employed at present in large establishments to manage the advertising department. All manners of dodges are resorted to in order to draw the attention of the people. Many of these little schemes are very ingenious; for instance, a baby-show, or the giving away of 20,000 1-cent neck-ties, one to every purchaser in a certain department of a clothing house, lottery schemes, etc.

Advertising makes work for the printers. It is estimated that if the advertising matter printed last year in the United States were piled up on an open plain it would reach the top of the highest Himalaya. Consider the different hands this matter had to pass through in the writing, the hauling of the raw material to the paper mill, its remanufacture, the printing, the pamphleting, the stamping, the delivery, the passing notice it received preparatory to its being consigned to the tender mercies of the waste-basket, and you can imagine what an industry it is, and what an amount of work it entails; and you will see that to mankind it is a blessing in disguise. "Nothing succeeds like success;" there is nothing that advertises as much as constant advertising.

M. O. BURNS.

Cattle Raising in Montana.

Cattle raising is the chief occupation of the people of Montana, and there the cattle are raised in a different manner from what they are in the States. They are not kept in a pen, and they have no names as the milch cows have in this part of the country. They run in the open country, and to most of them a fence is unknown. Montana is, or soon will be, overstocked with cattle.

The cow-boy, as he is known in the East, is not so desperate a character as he is thought to be. When you go into a cow camp, or a ranch, you share the best. No matter if you have never been in one be-

fore, you are treated like a gentleman; and when you leave you have no bills to pay for yourself and horse, or horses, as the case may be.

Now, take a city, and if a man is a stranger and happens to get lost, or anything of that kind, he is a tramp, a robber, or anything else that you have a mind to call him. Not so on a cow ranch; there everybody is treated the same, let him have money or not. You cannot find a truer friend than a cow-boy. He will stay by you; or, in other words, you are always welcome under his roof.

Now, for the work of these cow-boys. In the spring they have "round-ups": they gather together all the cattle, separate the cows and the calves, put them into a *corrle*, and brand the calves.

One might ask, how can the cow-boy tell who owns the calves? for he might brand another man's calf. No: because a calf will stay with its mother, and if it gets away, you will know it; the cows all have a brand on them, and therefore it is an easy matter to tell to whom they belong.

Two or three men—oftener two than three—go into the *corrle* and rope the calves—to rope them is to catch them. This looks like an easy thing, too; but they do not drop the noose over the head of the calf, they catch them by the hind legs and bring them to the fire where the branding irons are. These branding irons are made like a long poker, with the letters or figures at the end of them; they are placed in the fire and heated until they become of a blue color. The calf wrestlers have the hardest work of all. As soon as a calf is brought to the fire they throw it to be branded: they catch the calf by the neck and in the flank, lift it up and throw it on its side. One man holds it by the fore legs and another by the hind ones; the latter places one foot on the leg that is next the ground and pulls the one that is uppermost back towards him; then the hot iron is put on until the smoking hide becomes red.

When the calves are of good size, say four or five months old, they are too strong to wrestle in the way I have described, so a rope is thrown over the head and another over the feet, with a horse at the end of each rope; start the horses, and this stretches the calf, and holds him in position where he can be handled like a little lamb.

The cow-boys throw their rope, or *lasso*, over steers and cows, large or small, and hold them by taking a turn with their rope round the horn of the saddle. The average weight of western horses or ponies is about a thousand pounds; they can easily hold a steer when tied to the horn of a saddle, and you are just as safe in the saddle as if he were tied to a tree.

The first round-up lasts about six weeks; it is called the spring round-up: there is another, later in the year, called the fall round-up. In the fall the beef is gathered, driven to a railroad, and shipped to Chicago and other parts of the country.

The cattle are not disturbed in the summer on account of the beef; for every time a steer is rounded-up, or driven even a short distance, he looses more fat than he can put on again in a week. The less a steer is handled, the fatter he gets. For

example, cattle that stay around the river in the summer are not in as good condition as those that stay back in the hills and water at some spring or creek, because there is generally some one riding along the river bank from one ranch to another, and the cattle, of course, run as soon as they see any one.

In July and August the cow-boys put up the hay to feed their saddle-horses and poor bulls in the winter. Nearly all of them keep a horse up in the winter with which to gather the cattle in to feed. The bulls do not commence to get poor till about the middle of January; then the cow-boys have to ride many miles and gather and hold them; they drive them to a haystack, where a man or two is stationed to feed them till the hay is gone, when they move them to the next stack.

There is always a horse rangler, in other words, a man to herd the horses; he rounds them up every morning, and counts them to see that none are gone. In the spring, when they have not been ridden for a long time, they "buck" a little, and many a one piles his rider up in a heap. That is why a horse from the West is called a *broncho*—because he crow-hops a little when you get on him.

Any horse that comes from the West is a broncho. A genuine broncho is a horse that not every one will mount; one that you have to blindfold before you can put the saddle on. About the time you start to tighten the front cinch he begins to buck; tighten the hind one, and he bucks, squeals, bellows, and makes your heart come up into your mouth. But get on to him, and then you see a good old bucking broncho; he jumps side ways, frontwards, and every-which-way, trying to get you off; if he cannot do it he gives it up for awhile, until you are not paying attention, and then away he goes; and if you are not on your guard you are all of a heap on the ground.

T. C. RYAN.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Corner-stones of monuments to Schiller, the German poet, were laid recently in Philadelphia and Chicago.

—Ruskin's "Life of Sir Herbert Edwards" is in press and will soon be given to the public. The first part of the same author's edition of "Gotthelfo Ulric, the Farm Servant," is likewise nearly ready.

—It is said that there is now in London a woman who earns a livelihood by skilfully filling up wormholes in old books, each leaf being separately and patiently dealt with, the material being chewed, or "pulped," and pressed into the hole. The charge is six pence a hole.

—What is supposed to be the smallest book in the world has recently been discovered in the University Library in Bologna. It is an edition of "Seneca," printed about the year 1650. It is even smaller than the *Officium* of Giunti, hitherto considered the smallest production of the printing-press.

—Mr. Robert Buchanan's new poem, "The Earthquake," is ready for publication. The poem

consists of a succession of stories relating to religion and science. These stories are represented as being told by a gathering of fugitives who have fled from London during a supposed earthquake. Among the prominent persons of whom the poem contains sketches are Ruskin, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning, Professor Tyndall, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. William H. Mallock, and Walt Whitman.

—Mr. J. W. Redhouse has lately presented to the trustees of the British Museum the manuscript of his Arabic, Persian and Turkish Thesaurus. This work, the most comprehensive of the kind ever attempted, embodies the results of twenty years' unremitting labor. Its magnitude may be estimated from the fact that, although extending only from alif to the end of the letter sin (the author's advancing years unfortunately preventing its completion), it fills ten folio volumes of enormous size, and contains more than eighty-four thousand words. The list of authorities includes not only all the printed lexicons, native or European, but also a large number of rare manuscript works of the same class.

—The new universal language, "Volapuk," has already found a rival in a language equally new, and prospectively universal, called "Pasilingua." Its inventor (who is a German) has recognized that no existing language could serve the purpose of universality, and has accordingly devised a new tongue, which shall suit the mouths of all men. English is acknowledged to be the dominant principle; but how far its modification is necessary may be seen from the following verse of St. Matthew, ii, 3: *Et quando ils partitefer schire, to angelo deode apparifer Josephobi in una trauma, sagano: Arisire, takare ton jungon childon et tom matren et fliehre in Egypta et ere ibis, quoad mi bringar tubi wordas, car Herodes scekarar ton childillon pro 'lon detruar.*

—Mgr. Marangó, Archbishop of Athens, is engaged on an historical work which will throw light on a hitherto obscure period. It will be entitled "Græcia Sacra Latina," and will contain the civil and religious history of Greece from the time of Innocent III, the founder of all the Latin Sees in the Levant, down to the establishment of the Turkish domination. The origin of the work may be dated from the time when the author was appointed Bishop-Coadjutor of the Island of Tenos, where he was fortunate enough to discover in the diocesan archives, amongst the mouldy papers that had not been burnt, a complete set of the acts of the episcopal chancery for two whole centuries. The Archbishop has been able to transcribe, or have copies made for him, of all the documents in the episcopal archives of the Levant, and will thus be able to bring to light a multitude of facts hitherto unknown.

—The first complete English translation of the Talmud is now in course of preparation. Portions of the work have appeared in English from time to time, but no scholar has hitherto ventured upon the task of giving the entire work in the vernacular.

Dr. Moses Schwab, of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, has been engaged for the last fifteen years upon a translation of the Talmud into French, of which seven volumes have already appeared, and an eighth is in preparation; and he now proposes to undertake a like labor on behalf of English readers. The volumes will follow the order of those already published in French, the first, which is now on the press, being "Berakhoth, or Order of Blessings." There are two Talmuds: the Babylonian, which was completed about A. D. 500, and the Jerusalem, which was completed at a somewhat earlier date. The Babylonian Talmud is said to have been held in higher esteem than that of Jerusalem, but, for reasons not stated, it is the latter which Dr. Schwab has translated.

Scientific Notes.

—The chief geographical societies in Germany have resolved to erect a monument to the late Dr. Nachtigal on Cape Palmas, where he lies buried—a monument large enough to serve as a landmark to seamen.

—Asia possesses the most powerfully equipped hornets. The *Indian Medical Gazette* tells of a man who was bitten on the neck by one of them. Within ten minutes he became cold, pulseless, and unconscious. He was a robust man, but the use of active remedies only brought him to after a couple of hours. The hornet was of medium size, bright yellow and striped with black.

—Mr. John Muirhead, to whom electro-teleg-raphy is much indebted, is dead, at the age of seventy-eight years. He was born in Haddingtonshire in 1807, and died at Upper Norwood on September 24th. Mr. Muirhead introduced a battery so portable and practical that it bears his name, and has been the model for many of the most approved forms of batteries in general use.

—A simple and effective method of bleaching bones, to give them the appearance of ivory, has been discovered. After digesting the bones with ether or benzine to recover the fat, they are thoroughly dried and immersed in a solution of phosphoric acid in water, containing one per cent. of phosphoric anhydride. In a few hours they are removed from the solution, washed in water, and dried.

—The birth of a huge iceberg, a phenomenon that has been seen only once or twice by a European, and, to a certain extent, has remained a matter of theory, was observed by the Danish explorers on the east coast of Greenland last summer. The bergs are formed by breaking off from the end of glaciers extending from the perpetual ice of the unexplored interior to the coast and into the sea. The water buoys up the sea end of the glacier until it breaks by its own weight, with a noise that sounds like loud thunder miles away. The commotion of the water, as the iceberg turns over and over in the effort to attain its balance, is felt to a great distance along the coast. The natives regard

it as the work of evil spirits, and believe that to look upon the glacier in its throes is death. The Danish officers, when observing the breaking off of the end of the great glacier, Puissortok, through their telescopes, were roughly ordered by their Esquimaux escort, usually submissive enough, to follow their example and turn their backs on the interesting scene. They had happily completed their observations, and avoided an embarrassing conflict with their crew by a seeming compliance with the order.—*Home Journal*.

WHAT SCIENCE DOES FOR THE ARTS.

Let me take a single example of how even a petty manufacture, improved by the teachings of science, affects the comforts and enlarges the resources of mankind. When I was a boy, the only way of obtaining a light was by the tinder-box with its quadruple materials, flint and steel, burned rags or tinder, and a sulphur-match. If everything went well, if the box could be found and the air was dry, a light could be obtained in two minutes; but very often the time occupied was much longer, and the process became a great trial to the serenity of temper. The consequence of this was that a fire or a burning lamp was kept alight through the day. Old Gerard, in his "Herbal," tells us how certain fungi were used to carry fire from one part of the country to the other. The tinder-box long held its position as a great discovery in the arts. The *pyxidicula igniaria* of the Romans appears to have been much the same implement, though a little ruder than the flint and steel which Philip the Good put into the collar of the Golden Fleece, in 1429, as a representation of high knowledge in the progress of the arts. It continued to prevail till 1833, when phosphorus-matches were introduced, though I have been amused to find that there are a few venerable ancients in London who still stick to the tinder-box, and for whom a few shops keep a small supply. Phosphorus was no new discovery, for it had been obtained by an Arabian, called Bechel, in the eighth century. However, it was forgotten, and was re-discovered by Brandt, who made it out of very stinking materials in 1669. Other discoveries had, however, to be made before it could be used for lucifer-matches. The science of combustion was only developed on the discovery of oxygen, a century later. Time had to elapse before chemical analysis showed the kind of bodies which could be added to phosphorous so as to make it ignite readily. So it was not till 1833 that matches became a partial success. Intolerably bad they then were, dangerously inflammable, horribly poisonous to the makers, and injurious to the lungs of the consumers. It required another discovery by Schröter, in 1845, to change poisonous waxy into innocuous red-brick phosphorous in order that these defects might be remedied and to give us the safety-match of the present day.—From "*Relations of Science to the Public Weal*," by Sir Lyon Playfair, in *Popular Science Monthly for December*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, November 28, 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,
F. J. HAGENBARTH,

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

—Monday next, the 30th inst., will be the forty-second anniversary of Very Rev. Father Sorin's First Mass at Notre Dame. The day will be observed with special festivities by his youthful protégés—the Minims—who, it seems, claim the sole right to give, by an entertainment, public expression of the general joy. We beg leave to extend our congratulations to the venerable Superior on the recurrence of this happy occasion, and offer our heart-felt wishes that he may live to enjoy returns of the same *ad multos annos*.

—Thanksgiving Day was appropriately observed at Notre Dame. In the morning, at 8 o'clock, solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. President Walsh, assisted by Rev. Fathers Toohey and Regan as deacon and subdeacon. The Faculty and all the students attended in a body. At noon the usual turkey dinner was enjoyed, and during

the afternoon the Band enlivened the surrounding atmosphere and stirred up the fires of patriotism in every breast by the national and other melodies which they played. The flag of our country waved over the porch of the main building, but was displayed at half-mast out of respect to the memory of the deceased Vice-President Hendricks.

Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks.

Last Wednesday evening, Thomas A. Hendricks, Vice-President of the United States, died almost suddenly at his home in Indianapolis. He was in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and for more than thirty years was a prominent figure before the American public. He was born in Ohio, in 1819, and admitted to the bar in Pennsylvania in 1843; but his whole subsequent career had been passed in Indiana. His life—marked as it was by a long, influential, and unimpeachable course in the domain of politics, and in its social side manifesting a kind, unaffected and generous disposition, accompanied with a dignified, manly bearing, indicative of uprightness of character—is so well known that we need not dwell upon it here.

Scarcely has a year gone by since the occasion of his last visit to Notre Dame. It was but a few days before the election of last fall. He was then warmly greeted by the students to whom he spoke in words of kind and timely advice that are still remembered by many. He himself had been so well pleased with his visit and reception that, shortly after his return to Indianapolis, he sent a *souvenir*—a fine portrait of himself—to the students' Hall. It was therefore with great and sincere regret the news of his death was received by the students who, as soon as possible, assembled and commissioned a series of resolutions, which we present herewith:

RESOLUTIONS IN MEMORY OF VICE-PRESIDENT THOMAS A. HENDRICKS BY THE STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call from the labors of a long, active and useful life the Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, late Vice-President of the United States, whose ability, integrity and fidelity in all the relations of friend, advocate of education and champion of the public interests are so well known; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the interests of the Nation, the purity of official life, and the cause of education have lost in the death of Vice-President Thomas A. Hendricks a staunch friend, an earnest champion of justice, and a pure statesman.

RESOLVED, That the students of Notre Dame University tender their assurance of sincere sympathy and heart-felt condolence to the wife and relatives of the deceased in this sad hour of tribulation, and trust that consolation may be found in the reflection that he has received his rewards for a life so noble, so active, so useful and so honorable to himself and the Nation.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the wife of the late Vice-President, and that other copies be sent to the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, *Indianapolis Sentinel*, and to the *Tribune*, *Times* and *Register*, of South Bend.

DANIEL BYRNES, L. MATHERS,
P. J. GOULDING, B. T. BECKER,
Committee.

Celebration of the Festival of St. Cecilia.

On last Saturday evening an entertainment in commemoration of the Festival of St. Cecilia was presented in Washington Hall, under the auspices of the Philomathean and Euglossian Associations of the University. A varied and interesting programme—as given in our local columns—had been prepared, but owing to the cold state of the hall, which through some one's blundering had not been heated in due season, several numbers were omitted. Notwithstanding this great drawback, the exhibition was very successful, and, with the exception of one long recitation, was greatly enjoyed by the large audience that had assembled.

Promptly, at half-past seven, the entertainment was opened by the University Band with the rendition of a new arrangement of that old, but ever-pleasing melody, "The Mocking Bird." This organization gave evidence of the great progress made, and the high degree of excellence already attained under the able direction of Prof. Paul. When the Band had concluded Master J. T. Cleary appeared upon the stage and read an "Ode to St. Cecilia"—an original and excellent composition of a friend of the Society. It is given on our first page, and we are sure the readers of the SCHOLASTIC will peruse it with pleasure. Next came "The Famine," a long and spirited piece recited by Mr. V. Burke. The speaker showed himself the possessor of a fine voice, which, however, needs cultivation to be made effective. The senate scene, from Addison's "Cato" was then presented with the following cast:

Cato.....	S. T. Murdock
Sempronius.....	M. A. Dolan
Lucius.....	T. Sheridan
Decius.....	J. Rahilly
Junius.....	A. Gordon
Marius.....	R. Goodfellow
Juba.....	Jno. Wagoner

The stage was appropriately "set" for the scene, and the performers appeared in costume. All entered with spirit into their several rôles and gave evidence of great proficiency in voice-culture. Mr. S. T. Murdock's rendition of Cato presiding over his senate, though manifesting a slight misconception of the character, was particularly admired and received with applause. Mr. Murdock displayed great oratorical power and a good command of voice, combined with appropriate gesture. Mr. J. T. Rahilly, as "Decius," was also very effective and bids fair to make his mark in oratory.

Mr. R. S. Stephens sang "The Maid of the Mill," which showed to good advantage his fine tenor voice, and gained for him an enthusiastic *encore*. He was followed by Mr. F. B. Combe in a spirited declamation, and Mr. C. E. Finlay in a humorous recitation which "brought down the house." The "Oration of the Day" was delivered by Mr. Daniel E. Byrnes, who spoke of the life of St. Cecilia and the particular lessons it inculcated. His effort was an excellent one, both in composition and delivery.

Rev. President Walsh made a few appropriate

remarks in conclusion. While regretting the necessity which had called for the curtailing of the programme, he stated that an occasion would soon present itself, when the missing numbers would be supplied. All then retired to "music by the Band."

THE BANQUET.

At four o'clock, on the afternoon of the 22d inst., the Juniors' dining-room was the scene of a large gathering prepared to do justice to the good things with which numerous tables groaned, and which Prof. Lyons, to conclude the festival day of the Society over which he so ably presides, had provided. Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, who was visiting the College, occupied the head of the centre table, with President Walsh on his right. Members of the Faculty, and representatives of the various college organizations and other invited guests, together with the St. Cecilia Society, were seated at other tables, and made a happy and joyous throng.

After the removal of the dishes, Prof. Ackerman, being called upon, responded with a song from "Preciosa," with guitar accompaniment. Prof. Hoynes rose to his usual fervor of eloquence in the course of some remarks to the Cecilians on the importance of public speaking and the necessity of duly preparing for it at college. He spoke substantially as follows:

"Readiness in public speaking is of greater utility in this country than in any other. There is hardly any person, no matter how exalted or humble his station, who does not at certain times find occasion to speak in public: Some must do so in the discharge of their duties as clergymen, lawyers, members of the Legislature, members of Congress, etc., while others do so as members of certain societies, representatives of political parties at conventions, stump-speakers during political campaigns. There is no country in which the right to speak upon every topic is more general, and in which the occasion for doing so is more common. This fact almost necessarily serves to develop the capacity of our people for public speaking, and it is but fair to say that they are nowhere throughout the world excelled in this particular. The freedom with which people may speak of the laws, customs, and acts of the Government, the Administration, public functionaries, and the like, imparts comprehensiveness to the range, and energy to the manner, of public speaking. In view of such facts, it may boldly be contended that young men should give attention to the study of elocution and the graces of oratory as a part of their educational training. I congratulate this Association that such is the chief aim of its work—the special object of its organization. The members of former years, many of whom hold prominent places in the pulpit, at the bar, in medicine, and in other useful walks of life, have been greatly benefited by the excellent practice and judicious discipline it has afforded. They have derived substantial profit from the wholesome emulation it has inspired. To be a great orator must ever be considered one of the most exalted aims of honorable ambition; and to realize this lofty aim, the practice required by the rules

and enjoined by the spirit of your useful society must always be of signal moment. Without practice there can be no progress in elocution—no attainment of striking felicity in diction—no command of the graces of true oratory. But besides practice you must exhibit a certain modesty or apparent forgetfulness of self. To do otherwise is to invite the opposition, if not the contempt and disgust of listeners. The matters treated should, as far as practicable, be considered in the order of their occurrence, or with due reference in point of unity to the conclusion they tend to establish.

"Then, again, the modulation of the voice, the gesticulations, the expression of the face, the very words used, the cadence of language, the variety of style, etc., should be expressive of the feelings and appropriate to the subjects discussed. The saying that "one must himself feel what he would have others feel" is as old as Horace. In dealing with a sublime subject, the thoughts and expressions should be sublime. In the presence of war and danger one may safely tread the heights of thrilling eloquence, but the description of a beautiful landscape in summer admits of no such fiery energy of language. But enough at this time upon the subject proposed by your worthy President. May your Association grow and prosper until its members can be found everywhere throughout the country in the first rank of the professions! Though its past is bright, honorable, splendid, yet may its future realize, year by year, a larger and ever-increasing measure of success! And when this overflows in its plenitude, may your sentiment still be—

"We front the sun, and on the purple ridges
The virgin future lifts her veil of snow;
Look backward, and an arch of splendor bridges
The gulf of long ago!"

After Prof. Hoynes's speech, Right Rev. Bishop Gilmour was appealed to for a few remarks by President Walsh, at Prof. Lyons's request. This brought forth a humorous sally from the Bishop, who, with a smiling countenance and a glow of quiet humor glistening in his eyes, said in substance:

"That's the way these Presidents do! They are accustomed to bossing so much at home every day that they think they can boss strangers and others who visit here. On a former visit I thought I noticed a current that was running through the house and making things lively for all around. It began with a lion, and it ended with a lion, and now this lion is running everywhere in the house, seeking whom he may devour. Not satisfied with having roped in the first speaker, he came over to speak to the President to rope in a second speaker. He is evidently afraid to speak to the musicians. They are dangerous. They would scent him afar off and make short work of him. Their sensibility is so keen that they keep on dividing and subdividing, and when their volatile temperament is tuned up they are about the most sensitively organized of human beings, about as fine drawn as the fiddles which respond to the lightest touch and give such delicacy of tone that you are lost in the fineness

of their sense. For that reason I think he has been afraid of the musicians. Their ears are so finely attuned that they catch the least discord.

"With regard to life, it is a good deal like the accord of music. You can play upon it to the dominant note. There is a note that gives tone, that gives character; there is a something in the human soul, there is a something in the human life that dominates and gives a tone to a man's actions and character, like the dominant note in music. A young man going out into the world must be upright, manly, honorable, virtuous. That is the dominant note—to be virtuous. If you look out into the great field of human life you will see that those who succeed, succeed by the aid of that dominant note. For a man who is honest, who lays honesty as the basis of life, may play just as the musician can upon his dominant note all the variations—some of them more, some of them less, but all may be played by the aid of those dominant thoughts. Just like the musician, he may run into the major or into the minor key, keeping the dominant thoughts, like the musician his dominant notes, for his guidance. A young man starting out thus will invariably end as the musician does, with the applause attending success; and if men succeed, and if their success is deserving of applause, they succeed only by virtue and industry.

"Here in college, where you are in the young springtime of life, learning to be men, you are learning—but simply learning—the elements by which men succeed. It has been stated that many young men who have gone out from this house, from these halls of education, have held positions of high honor and trust; these men have succeeded because they have had a dominant thought. Such men may write—the first day they start—the word 'Success' upon their tablets, and at the end of their life they will have written upon their tombstone the same word—'Success.'

"Just like speculators who seek to make success in a day, because they see here and there where men have been successful, people may think they can succeed in the same way, but fail in it. They try another and another, and fail; while, if they kept on steadily, they would have succeeded. Like the persons who went out huckleberrying, ran off from one bush to another—all but one of them, who had been told by his father before starting that most of the others would be likely to do so, but that he should act differently. 'You stick to your bush,' was the advice he received, 'and when that is stripped, go to another;' and in the evening he came home with his bucket full, while the others had theirs only half full. Now, I say the same to you: 'Stick to your bush!' like the professor of music, who makes you stick to one bar until you have become perfect at it; and if he doesn't, you can tell him to 'stick to his bush!'"

The Right Rev. prelate closed by saying that he had lengthened his remarks further than he had at first intended,—a favor for which we know his audience was sincerely grateful. The prelate's genial manner and excellent advice made such an impression upon his hearers that one and all unite

in the wish to hear him again and often, and as long as he may be pleased to address them. Right Rev. Bishop Gilmour is now a great favorite with the St. Cecilians and Euglossians. They will never forget his genial manner and kind words on the Feast of St. Cecilia, 1885.

Books and Periodicals.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1886. With Calendars Calculated for Different Parallels of Latitude, and Adapted for Use Throughout the United States. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co., 9 Barclay St. Price, postpaid, 25 cts.

Besides its use as an almanac, the handsomely illustrated biographical and historical sketches of this year-book have always secured for it a peculiar interest; instead, therefore, of being cast aside like common almanacs, at the end of the year, it is often taken care of and bound in volumes. The current issue is an exceptionally good one—both in reading-matter and illustrations. Of the 122 pages devoted to reading-matter, only 31 are taken up with the calendars, tables, and information common to annuals of this kind. A beautiful poem by Maurice F. Egan, entitled "The String of the Rosary," handsomely set in an artistically designed and finely engraved framework, is deservedly given the first place. There are illustrated biographical sketches—prominent among them being those of the late Cardinals McCloskey and McCabe, Most Rev. Archbishops Corrigan, of New York, and Bourget, of Montreal, Cardinal Moran, Most Rev. Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, and the late lamented A. M. Sullivan and Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

—*Catholic Historical Researches*, edited by Rev. A. A. Lambing, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is a publication that commends itself to every Catholic reader, as indeed to all students and lovers of history. It is published quarterly, and each number contains interesting and valuable articles on points connected with the early history of the Church and settlements in the United States.

—The *Catholic World* for December opens with an able article, entitled "The Trinity in Simple English," from the pen of the Rev. C. A. Walworth. Though we think the title is somewhat of a misnomer, as regards the simplicity of language, yet the paper is a very striking and well-reasoned presentation of the argument by analogy,—from the human soul to the nature and triple Personality of the Godhead. Mr. T. M. Healy, M. P., writes on "The Prospect for Ireland," and presents clearly and instructively the position, policy and prospects of the Irish movement. After speaking of the relations of the Irish party to the Whig and Tory parties, he concludes as follows:

"Both parties are so utterly dishonest in their dealings with Ireland that principle will never be allowed to influence them, and on this account much that will be obscure to Americans in Mr. Parnell's policy is certain to arise. He has, however, behind him in Ireland a practically united country, and in Parliament he will control a force

hitherto unknown in British politics; and I much mistake if, whatever happens at the polls in England, he does not, before long, succeed in winning the full recognition of his country's rights."

Two excellent articles are contributed by the Rev. A. F. Hewit, D. D., one on "Human Authority in the Church," and the other on the life, character and work of the late Cardinal McCloskey. Maurice F. Egan contributes an interesting paper on "'St. Thomas of Canterbury' and 'Becket,'" in which he compares the productions of the two great poets, Aubrey de Vere and Tennyson, to the advantage of the former. The other articles are: "The Stamp of the Guinea," by Charles de Kay; "The American Congress of Churches"; "The French Problem," etc., etc.

Personal.

—Judge Prindiville, '62, of Chicago, paid a flying visit to the College on Sunday last.

—Mrs. P. L. Garrity, of Chicago, spent a few days at Notre Dame during the week, visiting her sons at the College.

—Rev. F. Maguire and J. P. Green, of St. James' Church, Chicago, were among the welcome visitors of the past week.

—Hon. James H. Ward, of '72, member of Congress from the third Illinois district, of Chicago, visited his *Alma Mater* last week.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour spent last Sunday at Notre Dame. His visit was a source of much pleasure, the only regret being that it was so brief. We hope to see the Rt. Rev. Prelate soon again in our midst.

—George P. Cassidy, M. D., of '79, has been gradually extending his reputation as a physician and surgeon at his place of residence, Shawneetown, Ill., and is doing well in the practice of his profession there. He was lately appointed a member of the Board of Examining Surgeons, and through the courtesy of his fellows holds the position of Secretary. Dr. Cassidy sends regards to his old preceptor, Dr. Neyron, and expects to visit Notre Dame soon.

—We extend our congratulations to the Hon. W. W. Dodge, '74, of Burlington, Iowa, on the success of his late contest for State Senator from the 10th Iowa district. Senator-elect Dodge is the son of the distinguished Senator A. C. Dodge, and grandson of Henry A. Dodge, first Colonel of the 1st Dragoons, and territorial Governor of Wisconsin. He will prove a worthy and efficient incumbent of his present high position, and his many friends at Notre Dame wish him every success.

—Among the visitors during the week were: Jas. D. Nations, M. D., Jalisco, Mexico; Jos. R. Carnham, Indianapolis, Ind.; David A. Foster, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; S. H. Comings, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. E. W. Dart, Lansing, Mich.; W. A. Lannan, Nashville, Tenn.; Jeffrey Coles, Marquette, Mich.; S. B. Hiner, Lima, O.; Mrs. S. C. Wynn, Toledo, O.; Mr. and Mrs. A. Gordon, Elkhart,

Ind.; Edward Clark, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Donnell, T. E. Montgomery, S. H. Ward, Thomas A. Dean, Chicago.

Local Items.

- Utica Lunch!
- Thanksgiving Day!
- What has become of the Scientifics?
- The Gymnasium is now heated by steam.
- The Infirmary grows in popularity as a winter resort.
- Moustaches and "Burnsides" are becoming *à la mode*.
- When shall we have the rest of the programme?
- The St. Cecilians and Euglossians gave the first "Turkey spread" of the season.
- The new time-table of the L. S. & M. S. R.R. will go into effect to-morrow (Sunday).
- Prof. Hoynes's speech at the Cecilian reunion merits attention. Read it in the reports.
- Our dramatic critic asks "Must I endure all this?" Aye, more—wait till it's finished!
- The first edition of the "Troubled Heart" has been completely exhausted. A new edition will be ready Thursday, Dec. 3d.
- The *Petit Seminaire* is now in complete working order. It has 18 inmates, under the direction of Rev. Father Fitte, C. S. C.
- At the northeast corner of the Presbytery there is a big, withered tree which our friend John says is neither useful nor ornamental.
- The reports show that our societies are lively and flourishing. This is as it should be, and we hope to hear from them early and often.
- Charlie says that it looked as if all the turkey they had on Thanksgiving Day could not be raised in the whole State of Indiana! It took 810 pounds to go around.
- A handsome *aquarium*, in which a number of gold, silver and pearl fish glide, has been recently added to the collection of beautiful objects in St. Edward's Hall.
- The Band serenaded the Minims' College on Thanksgiving. The "Princes" enjoyed the excellent music, and return thanks to the courteous young gentlemen who furnished it.
- An exciting game of football was played on the Minims' campus last Thursday. The sides were captained by A. Nussbaum and L. Doss. Willie McGill made the first goal.
- That confectionery was delightful, and there was lots of it, too! Considering the sources whence it came, gratitude prompts us to say that it is "not the love of the gifts, but of the givers."
- Rev. President Walsh continues his examination of the classes in the Minim department, and seems highly pleased with the work that the little gentlemen have done since September.

—Another arrival among the Minims is Master H. Taft, of Denver, Col. The nine-year old little gentleman came in care of the conductor to Chicago, where he was met by Rev. Father Zahm.

—The Rev. Prefect of Discipline has the thanks of the Minims for his efforts in organizing the military company, known as the "Sorin Cadets," in their department. The cadets are also obliged to Messrs. Fred. Combe and De Haven for their services as drill-masters.

—At the 6th regular meeting of the Philopatrians, held Nov. 24th, Masters W. McPhee, L. Scherrer, A. Redlich, E. Berry, H. Ackerman, G. Meehan, A. McVeigh and R. Frain gave selections. Master Meehan read a criticism on the previous meeting. Masters H. Jewitt, G. Brabrook and E. Bodley were elected members.

—At the 8th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, held Nov. 25th, Masters L. Chute, W. Wabraushek, J. T. Cleary, F. Long and R. Newton read essays. Selections were given by J. Garrity, F. Goebel, P. Levin and D. Regan. Public readers appointed for this week are: C. Cavaroc, E. Darragh, F. Long, T. West, E. Ewing, and W. Wabraushek. Master Oxnard closed the exercises with an organ recital.

—Notre Dame University is not to be asked to participate in the State Oratorical Contest, as its standing is not to the liking of the *literati* of Indiana. This is the highest possible tribute to Notre Dame, whose aim has been to send out scholarly and practical young men to battle with a stern world, and not infinitesimal molecules or a height of oratory that assumes to darken even the fame of Mr. Clay. —*Ft. Wayne Sentinel*.

—Our friend John has again broke forth, as witness the following ode:

To the Baseball Fiend.

Lay down your little ball and bat,
The season dies to-day;
Take off your suit and dainty hat,
And lay your scores away.
The umpire's occupation's gone—
No more he'll strut therein,
As if he owned the place alone,
And yell, "little 'Mac,' come in!"
Goodfellow can step back a pace,
And give his arm a rest;
And "Sag" can get his hands in place,
And—ditto to all the rest!

—In the University Moot-court the case of John Smith *vs.* the C. & G. T. R.R. was called Nov. 23d, Judge Hoynes on the bench. Messrs. Finlay and Dexter appeared for the prosecution; Burns and Stephens for the defense. A jury, consisting of Messrs. McNulty, Bates, Goodfellow, Loomis, Howley, and Jewitt, was impanelled. The counsel for the defendant filed a demurer to the plaintiff's declaration, which the court, after listening to the arguments on both sides, overruled. Messrs. Conlon and Redmond, witnesses for the prosecution, were then called. The witnesses for the defense were Messrs. Becker and Goulding. Owing to the lateness of the hour, the court was

obliged to adjourn before the counsel had concluded their arguments. The case will be continued at the next session of the court. The trial was an instructive one, inasmuch as it demonstrated the fact that unless counsel prepare their cases well before appearing in court they need not hope for favorable results. As this is one of the main objects of Moot-court trials, it is to be hoped that in future better preparations will be made.

—Wednesday evening the 25th, a "Thanksgiving party" was tendered the students of the Senior department. They were all there—even Sheridan—and when the reporter dropped in, a little before lunch time, the reading-room was found to be filled with a jolly, good-natured crowd, everyone of whom was bent—in a go-as-you-please style—upon having a good time. The Orchestra discoursed delectable strains to which the lovers of the graceful art tripped the light *fantastic* over the clean-swept floor. We are almost tempted to enter into a description, but words fail us, and we can only say that there is as much pure amusement in one of Bro. Paul's *recherché* affairs as can be had anywhere. The ever-loquacious "Chas." was in his element as "Right Grand Master and Chief Mogul," and never was eastern monarch surrounded by a gayer and nimbler lot of merry-makers than he at the head of his dancers. The majestic and colossal proportions of "Daddy" Byrnes and blushing "Sam" were at the head of separate sets, leading them through intricate manœuvres and bewildering movements. After havoc had been made on the commissary department, a grand military march was formed, which, besides winding up the intermingling files in a hopeless knot, wound up the evening's feast with a general burst of hilarity and a hearty thanksgiving to all concerned.

—The following notice of Notre Dame appeared recently in one of our Greek exchanges, *Ἀνατολή*—a paper published at Syra, or Hermopolis, in the Island of Syros, in the Grecian Archipelago:

Τὸ ἐν Notre Dame ἐν Ἰνδιάνῃ τῆς Βορείου Ἀμερικῆς Πανεπιστημιακὸν ἐκπαιδευτήριον, ἰδρυθὲν τῷ 1844 καὶ ἄγον τὸ 41 ἔτος τῆς διαβιώσεως αὐτοῦ, ἀπαρτίζεται ἐκ πολλῶν μεγαλοπρεπῶν κτιρίων μετὰ πλείστων παραρτημάτων, ἐν οἷς ὑπὲρ τοῦ 50 καθηγητὰς ἐπιμελοῦνται τὴν ἐκπαίδευσιν 500 καὶ πλέον μαθητῶν. Εἶναι δὲ ἄλλως χρησιμώτατον ὥς ἐκ τῆς ἐν αὐτῷ διδασκαλίας πάντων σχεδὸν τῶν νεωτέρων εὐρωπαϊκῶν γλωσσῶν, ἔτι δὲ τῆς ἀρχαίας Ἑλληνικῆς τῆς Λατινικῆς, τῆς Ἑβραϊκῆς κλπ.

Τὸ προπαρασκευαστικὸν τμήμα διαιρεῖται εἰς τρεῖς τάξεις, ἐν αἷς σπουδάζονται Ἀγγλικὰ, Ἑλληνικὰ, Λατινικὰ, Μαθηματικὰ κλπ. μεθ' ἧς ὁ μαθητὴς εἰσέρχεται εἰς τὴν τῆς τοῦ Γυμνασίου. Τὸ Γυμνάσιον διαιρεῖται εἰς δύο τμήματα, τὸ ἑτερον τῶν ὁποίων ὁ μαθητὴς ἀκολουθεῖ ἀναλόγως τοῦ περαιτέρω προορισμοῦ του. Τὰ εἰδικὰ μαθήματα ἀκολουθοῦντα τὰς ἀνωτέρας Πανεπιστημιακὰς τάξεις, περιλαμβάνουσι τὰς σχολὰς τοῦ Ρωμαϊκοῦ Δικαίου, τοῦ Ἐμπορίου, τῆς Νομικῆς, τῆς Ἀνατομίας, τῆς Ἀστρονομίας καὶ τὸ εἰδικὸν τμήμα τῶν νέων γλωσσῶν. Παρὰ τὰς τάξεις ταύτας παραδίδονται καὶ αἱ προαιρετικαὶ διδασκαλίαι τῆς μουσικῆς, τῆς ζωγραφικῆς, τῆς ἰχθυογραφίας κλπ.

Ἐκ τῶν Ἑλλήνων συγγραφέων παραδίδονται ὁ Ὁμηρος, ὁ Θουκυδίδης, ὁ Δημοσθένης, ὁ Σοφοκλῆς, ὁ Αἰσχύλος, ὁ

Πλάτων, ὁ Πίνδαρος, ὁ Εὐριπίδης, καὶ ὁ Ἀριστοφάνης. Ἐκ τῶν Πατέρων ὁ Ἅγ. Ἰωάννης ὁ Χρυσόστομος, ὁ Ἅγ. Γρηγόριος, καὶ ὁ Ἅγ. Βασίλειος.

ὑπὸ τῶν φοιτητῶν τοῦ ἐν λόγῳ Πανεπιστημίου ἐδιδάχθη τῇ 19 Ἰουνίου 1883 τὸ δράμα τοῦ Σοφοκλέους Ἀντιγόνη, ὑπερ πολλὸν ἐξετιμήθη. Τὸ δράμα ἐκτυπωθὲν πωλεῖται ὑπὸ τῶν μαθητῶν ἀντὶ ἐνὸς δολλαρίου, ἀποστέλλεται δὲ τῇ αἰτῇ καὶ εἰς τὸ ἐξωτερικὸν ἐλθόντων τῶν ταχυδρομικῶν τελεῶν.

—At the annual celebration of the Festival of St. Cecilia, by the St. Cecilia Philomathean and Euglossian Societies on last Saturday evening, the following was the

PROGRAMME:

Music—"The Mocking Bird" (Southwell).....N. D. U. C. B
"Ode to St. Cecilia".....T. J. Cleary
The Famine.....V. Burke

CATO'S SENATE.

Cato.....S. T. Murdock
Sempronius.....M. A. Dolan
Lucius.....T. Sheridan
Decius.....J. Rahilly
Junius.....A. Gordon
Marius.....R. Goodfellow
Juba.....Jno. Wagoner
Solo—"The Maid of the Mill" (Adams).....R. S. Stephens
Declamation.....F. B. Combe
Patriotism (Selected).....A. Ancheta
Selection from Shakspeare.....F. Hagenbarth
Music—Adelphi March.....N. D. U. Orchestra
In the Amphitheatre.....F. Dexter
The Wonderful String Instrument (Personation)

.....C. E. Finlay
Music—Piano.....
Cauch the Piper.....W. Jess
A Rustic Scene.....P. Goulding
Duet—"What are the Wild Waves Saying?"

.....R. Stephens, E. Riley
Oration—"St. Cecilia".....D. Byrnes
Music.....Prof. Paul and R. Oxnard
Closing Remarks.....
Music—"At Home" (Waltz).....N. D. U. C. B

—Tuesday, Nov. 24th, was the forty-third anniversary of the memorable day when that illustrious man, the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, first trod the soil of Notre Dame, the spot that his presence has since so marvellously blessed. But while Notre Dame is the grandest of all his works, it is only one of hundreds of educational institutions that he has founded and still directs in this country, in Canada, and in France. What courage would it not have inspired in his breast if, at the first survey, 43 years ago, of that snow-covered plain with its solitary log cabin, he could have foreseen the magnificent results of the future!

But the heroic founder of Notre Dame had left the comforts and attractions of Paris to accomplish an end; no difficulties, no privations were able to daunt his brave young heart! The log house was as acceptable as a sumptuous mansion, and the meagre fare as a Parisian banquet. From the very first he tenderly cherished his adopted country; and his warm, affectionate heart, enhanced by the charm of a graceful, urbane manner, made him many fast friends, whose number has since increased to thousands.

A pleasant incident which occurred on the memorable forty-third anniversary, shows the amiable disposition of the distinguished founder. It appears that for several years he has absolutely refused to

give a sitting for his picture, though many schemes have been laid to secure one. The matter was taken in hand by the Rev. Professor of Science, and on Tuesday last, after ascertaining through the telephone that Mr. McDonald had everything in readiness, Father Zahm called on Very Rev. Father Sorin, telling him that if he were free for a few hours he would like to take him out on some business. "Certainly," said the Very Rev. Father, in his own gracious way; "but what is your business?"—"I have a carriage waiting at the door," said the former, "if you step in, Father, I will tell you about it as we drive." But no sooner had the carriage begun to move than Father Zahm managed to divert the attention of his unsuspecting companion by asking many questions about his first arrival. It was a subject awakening many happy recollections, and it was only when the carriage stopped in front of Mr. McDonald's studio that Father Zahm changed the conversation, by saying: "Now, Father, as we are passing, will you please step in and see Mr. McDonald's studio? he has lately fitted up one of the finest in the West." As they entered, Father Sorin was surprised to find a number of his Minims in holiday dress. They all seemed on the *qui vive* ready to capture him, if he attempted an escape. Father Zahm explained the scheme, and the venerable Father, seeing he was caught, quietly submitted to the inevitable, remaining until eight excellent negatives had been taken, in some of which his Minims were artistically grouped around him.

The snows of forty-three winters have whitened the coal black hair, and otherwise altered the appearance of the brave young priest, who came to make his home in the midst of the forest, forty-three years ago, but the dark penetrating eye still flashing with its wonted brilliancy, the frame strong and vigorous, and the elastic step, all give his numberless friends the happy assurance that the august Founder will live to see many returns of the glorious anniversary which gave birth to world renowned Notre Dame.—*South Bend Tribune*.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ancheta, Ashton, Ashford, Aubrey, Bowles, Burns, D. Byrnes, Baca, Breen, A. Brown, Becker, C. Crowe, Congdon, Walter Collins, Chapin, Crilly, Cusack, F. Combe, C. Combe, Craig, Dohany, Dempsey, Davis, De Haven, Dexter, Dolan, Finlay, Ford, A. A. Gordon, Goble, Goulding, Gallardo, Hamlyn, Horn, Hagerty, G. Houck, J. Hampton, Hagenbarth, Hausberg, Hasson, Holden, Judie, Jackson, Jess, Kreutzer, H. Kenny, Keegan, Kabat, Kegel, Kleiber, Latshaw, Lannon, Martinez, L. Mathers, McCartney, Murdock, Mier, McErlain, P. McGuire, Miller, Moon, Neill, O'Rourke, O'Donnell, Ott, P. Prudhomme, L. Prudhomme, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, Perley, Padilla, T. Ryan, Remish, E. Riley, Rothert, Rochford, Regan, Rodriguez, Rahilly, Redmond, Snapp, Shaide, Straus, Stubbs, Saviers, Sheridan, M. Strasser, Triplett, W. Williams, White, Wilgus, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adlesperger, Adams, Austin, H. Ackerman, Arts, Akin, J. Benes, Bodley, Baur, Blakeslee, Brownson, Boos, Bowles, E. Benner, F. Benner, Borgschulze, Bacigalupo, Curtis, Cleveland, Colina, Courtney, Cain, Cooper,

Chute, G. Cartier, Cavaroc, Clarke, Coles, Coad, Dougherty, Doss, Duffield, Dillon, Darragh, Dickinson, Ewing, Edgeworth, Epple, Frain, Finch, Flood, Fehr, Fisher, Fitzgerald, Fitzharris, Grothaus, Goebel, Galarneau, Gordon, Hoffman, Hayes, T. Hake, A. Hake, Holman, Harris, Inderrieden, Jewett, P. Jacobs, N. Jacobs, Jeffs, Kern, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, Luther, McKendry, Muessel, McConn, Meehan, McVeigh, Mueller, McPhee, McIntosh, Myers, McNamara, Nester, R. Newton, L. Newton, O'Connor, Oxnard, O'Kane, Portillo, Press, Prudhomme, Porter, Preston, Regan, Ratighan, C. Ruffing, A. Ruffing, Robinson, Rose, Ramirez, Steele, L. Smith, S. Smith, F. Smith, Short, Shields, Senn, Scherrer, Servis, Sandoval, L. Thompson, W. Thompson, Tewksbury, Talbot, Thurston, Tarrant, Vanselow, Vandercar, Warner, Welch, Wabraushek, Wagoner, West, Williamson, Woodman, F. Long, Levin, Berry, Spencer, Walsh, Houlihan.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bull, Barger, Ciarcoschi, E. Connors, J. Connors, Chute, Cobbs, Campeau, Dunford, L. Doss, Dewald, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, F. Garber, E. Garber, Griffin, Grant, Graham, Healy, Haney, Holway, Inderrieden, Jones, Jewett, Kceffe, Klaner, Kellner, J. Kintz, A. Kintz, O. Kintz, Landenwich, Moncada, McIntosh, Morgan, McGill, McCourt, Martin, Mooney, Murphy, Munro, Nester, Nussbaum, C. Neal's, B. Nealis, Paul, Piero, J. Peck, Quinlin, Ramsey, Riordan, Stone, Steele, Sullivan, D. Sweet, G. Sweet, A. Smart, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Tillenburg, F. Titus, Williamson, Wormer.

Class Honors.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Messrs. Voorhees, Rochford, O'Rourke, S. Smith, Ruffing, Dillon, P. Jacobs, F. Long, Wabraushek, E. Riley, Talbot, Remish, Keys, Murphy, Rahilly, Luther, Jess, Houck, Cooper, C. Shields, Preston, Tewkesbury, McKendry, O'Kane, Frain, P. Paschel, Bunker, Finlay, Ott, Maguire, Oxnard.

List of Excellence.

PREPARATORY AND COMMERCIAL COURSES.

Reading and Orthography—Messrs. F. Riley, Bowles, O'Rourke, Servis, W. Luhn, Kabat, Walter Collins, Ott, Aubrey, Danielson, Reagan, McCourt, Rochford, Talbot, Adlesperger, Houlihan, A. Hake, McVeigh, Thurston, McConn, McPhee, A. Ruffing, Clarke, McKendry, J. Hampton, O'Connor, Brabrook, E. Hampton, Goble, Stickney, Doss, L. Thompson, Harris, Press, S. Smith, Williamson, L. Smith; Grammar—Messrs. Neill, Padilla, Harrison, E. Riley, Murphy, Rochford, Kreutzer, Ott, Aubrey, Bowles, Nadeau, Redmond, E. Hampton, Oxnard, C. Jacobs, Frain, Tewkesbury, Nussbaum, T. Hake, L. Thompson, Short, Dickinson, Hayes, McPhee, McVeigh, J. Akin, Bodley, Portillo, H. Jewett, Wilgus, W. Borgschulze, W. Konzen; Arithmetic—Messrs. C. Bowles, C. Schaide, Woodbridge, F. Jewett, Hayes, Padilla, J. Hampton, Goble, Stickney, L. Thompson, Cain, Servis, Boos, Thurston, H. Jewett, Inderrieden, C. Mueller, Coles, Tewksbury, Adams, Vandercar, Remish, P. Paschel, Jess; Geography—Messrs. C. Bowles, Padilla, Nealis, Noud, Thurston, Boos, Galarneau, E. Hampton, H. Jewett, McKendry, C. Ruffing, W. Akins; United States History—Messrs. C. Bowles, Padilla, Walsh, L. Thompson, Kreutzer, C. Ruffing, W. Akins, McKendry, Adlesperger, Nussbaum, F. Smith, McNamara; Book-Keeping—Messrs. C. Shields, C. Ruffing, G. Morrison, Kreutzer; Penmanship—Messrs. Servis, Curtis, E. Smith, Cavaroc, P. Jacobs; Christian Doctrine—Messrs. J. Hayes, Hoffman, Bacigalupo, McCourt, Flood, Meehan, McVeigh, Nealis, T. Hake, Short, McNamara, A. Ruffing, Berry, Preston, C. Shields, H. Smith, McPhee, Jeffs, Jacobi, Grothaus, Kerns, McKendry, Duffield, Clarke, Portillo, J. Doss; Algebra—Messrs. Ewing, Newton, White, Harless, P. Wagoner, Neill, J. Fisher, H. Long; Latin—Messrs. West, Neill, Hagerty, Porter, M. Burns.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour passed some days at St. Mary's.

—Congressman James Ward paid a visit on Monday to his sisters-in-law, the Misses St. Clair.

—The beautiful penmanship of the address from the Graduates was executed by Miss B. Heckard.

—The notes on Sunday evening were given by the Rev. Chaplain. A recitation by Miss Angela Donnelly, and reading by Miss Clendenen composed the literary supplement.

—The pupils of the late beloved Sister M. Cecilia, in honor of her festival, secured many Masses for their dear departed teacher. A beautiful letter in memory of the day was also received from Miss Eliza Allan Starr.

—The entertainment given by the Graduating Class is spoken of as a model of its kind. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was of the best. The same may be said of the recitations. "San Sisto," from George H. Miles, was delightfully presented by Miss Fuller; a poem from Alice Carey was well recited by Miss Munger.

—Monday the 23d inst. was the patronal festival of the beloved Prefect of Studies, and the pupils made it an occasion of a simple but most delightful entertainment. Masses were secured for the opening of the day, and the various religious societies received Holy Communion for the intention of the esteemed object of their warm felicitations. A "late sleep" was the first welcome boon of the day. The pupils' Mass was delayed until half-past seven; and after breakfast the three departments gathered in the study-hall, where the festival addresses were to be pronounced. The Children of Mary, however,—holding the first claim, since the Prefect of Studies is also their Directress,—had detained her in their Confraternity room, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Miss M. Bruhn read the address in an appropriate and feeling manner, and all repaired to the study-hall.

The Princesses were in waiting, and the moment all were seated presented their congratulations *viva voce* in a body. Miss Grace Regan, on the part of the Juniors, recited an address; Miss Margie Smith presenting the congratulatory letters of the department, and Miss Ellen Sheekey a spiritual bouquet on the part of the Society of Children of the Holy Angels. Miss St. Clair, in a graceful manner, recited a poetical address from the Senior department.

At about ten o'clock the Graduating Class gave a choice entertainment in the Vocal Music Hall. The programme is appended:

Marche.....	Misses Barlow and Shephard
Festal Greeting.....	Miss A. Heckard
Invitation de Valse.....	Miss V. Barlow
Recitation.....	Miss M. Fuller
Violin Solo.....	Miss L. Carney
"Ave Maria".....	Miss M. Bruhn
Recitation.....	Miss M. Munger
Ernani.....	Miss A. Shephard
Marche Pinnacle.....	Misses Munger, Carney

The address of the Minims, being so complete a specimen of the most approved organization of "The Mutual Admiration Society," was called for, and, to the pleasure of all present, was a second time recited. Mrs. Ducey, of Muskegon, Mich.; Mrs. Dart, of Lansing, Mich.; Mrs. Brown, of Dubuque, Iowa; Madame Gregori, Miss Gregori, Mrs. V. S. Williams, Mrs. Atkinson and Miss M. Ewing were among the invited guests.

Among the many graceful feast gifts a handsome cabinet, from the Graduates, and a box of exquisitely embroidered scapulars and *Agnus Deis*, delicately painted, also spiritual bouquets, tastefully embellished, cannot be passed over; but the covers of the addresses from the Children of Mary and from the Graduates were the most valuable. That of the Graduates' was designed and painted by Miss Agnes English, and is admirable alike for the skill of the work and the appropriateness of the design. The embellishment of the Children of Mary's address is of a beauty not easily described in words; to say that it is the work of Signor Gregori is its highest praise. The painting, on moire antique, is of the Immaculate Conception. The figure, face and pose are perfect. The work is an evident inspiration, so fascinating in its effect, that, once beheld, the attention is riveted on the wonderful vision it has so touchingly realized. It is painted in imitation of *tapestry work*, and the woof of golden threads, of blue, roseate, silver, amber and all the fairest hues of heaven are so deftly rendered that the illusion is complete. The beautiful needle-work was done by Miss Gregori.

The Grandeur of Obedience.

Since the day when the terrible revolt of the most brilliant angel in the celestial hierarchy caused the war-cry of St. Michael to resound through the empyrian archways, and subtracted from heaven one-third of its seraphic population, there has, perhaps, been no period in which the necessity of obedience has been less practically understood than at present.

To a large proportion of mankind, servility and obedience are synonymous. As a natural result of this mistaken idea, we find political, social and domestic confusion everywhere. Yet, on the other hand, we may judge somewhat of the sublimity of the virtue by the instinctive admiration which its exhibition extorts. Take, for example, the "Charge of the Light Brigade," made so popular by Alfred Tennyson. What was it that went so directly to the hearts of the people? It was the promptitude with which, in the face of inevitable death, the gallant brigade responded to command. If, however, in a military point of view, where fear is so large an ingredient of the incentives, we see so much in obedience to admire, how much deeper should be the commendation bestowed on that which arises from supernatural motives!

In primitive days, one there was who by his obedience merited the title of "Father of the Faith-

ful." In those days of comparative innocence, God walked and talked with man. He promised to the Patriarch Abraham that his posterity should outnumber the sands of the sea. But the voice of Omnipotence commands the immolation of his only son. Does Abraham question? Does he reason? No: one course alone is open before him. It is compliance with the divine mandate. He stifles the struggle of nature, bids the beloved victim carry the fuel for the holocaust, and prepares the altar with his own hands; but before the final moment the heavenly voice is heard once more: "Abraham, harm not the boy, for now I know thou fearest God, and hast not spared thine only son for My sake." From that moment he was styled the "Father of the Faithful"—or, as one has aptly said, "of the obedient people." The most sublime as well as the most insignificant of our Creator's works are alike under His control, subject to His will. Why should any resist?

Some shrewd writer, to show by contrast the beauty of order—that is to say, of universal obedience to law—has imagined a world of chance: men with eyes in the back of the head; ears on the wrists, and other like absurdities of misplaced organs; trees with branches in the soil and roots in the air; the huge sunflower pendant from the delicate stalk of the fuchsia; rivers flowing up streams instead of down. From this imaginary world of chance we can, in some small measure, realize the confusion to ensue from the revolt of nature against the laws of its Creator.

A similar confusion would arise from ignoring the experience of the past. Flippant minds, with little education and less wisdom, may not accept this truth, but their doubt is their worst punishment. It is true that the laws of nature have often been suspended to give place to the supernatural. Barren rocks have sent forth pure crystal waters; the waves of the rushing river were stayed in their course, when the prophet stretched his rod over them, that the oppressed Israelites might escape from the hosts of Pharaoh. At the word of Josue the sun stood still. These are not exceptions to our proposition; on the contrary, they are strong evidences in its favor. In obedience to power divine, the miracles were wrought.

After the fall of man, and his expulsion from the Garden of Eden, amid the thunders of Sinai, God made manifest the importance He attached to submission. He made it, as it were, the shrine whereon we are to lay the noblest offering we have to bestow, and where we are to learn the horror He entertains for disobedience to His law, from the eternal punishment of both angels and men which He inflicted as their just deserts upon their ungrateful revolt.

MARIA BRADY (Class '77).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allnoch, Allwein, Barlow, Butler, Bruhn, Blaine, Brady, Blair, Blacklock, Brown, Carney, Clendenen, Chute, Considine, Claggett, Coll, Carmien,

Dillon, A. Donnelly, E. Donnelly, Dart, Desenberg, B. English, A. English, Egan, Fuller, Fehr, Farnsworth, Fitzpatrick, Fenton, Griffith, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, Guise, A. Heckard, Horn, Hummer, B. Heckard, Henry, Haines, C. Kingsbury, Krapf, Lang, Longworth, Lyons, Levy, Lauer, Livingston, Lawrence, Munger, Morrison, J. McHale, M. F. Murphy, S. McHale, N. Meehan, M. McNamara, C. McNamara, Monahan, Nagle, North, Rowley, Riedinger, Rose, Robb, C. Scully, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, Sullivan, M. Scully, Stadtler, Shields, Shephard, Stafford, Trask, Terry, Wolvin, White, Walsh. *2d Tablet*—Misses Duffield, Kennedy, M. Murphy, Williams, Wynn.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Balch, T. Balch, Boyer, Campeau, Clifford, Coll, Duffield, Griffith, Hertzog, Haney, Keyes, Martin, Mason, McEwen, Odell, Parmelee, Pierce, Prudhomme, Paul, Regan, Robinson, Sheekey, Smart, B. Snowhook, Servis, Smith. *2d Tablet*—Misses Barry, Cox, Schmauss, Steele, 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, F. Spencer, J. Wallace.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Barlow, Carney, Heckard, Munger.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Horn, M. F. Murphy, C. Scully, C. Griffith, L. St. Clair, Kearney, Hummer, Lang, A. Donnelly, Butler, Keenan, Sheekey, J. McHale, Williams, Fuller, Clendenen, Keyes.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses Chute, Fehr, Kearns, Snowhook, Brady, Alice Gordon, Nagle, Carmien, Addie Gordon, B. Heckard, Sullivan, Regan, M. Scully, Guise, Trask, E. Donnelly.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses M. Clifford, Bubb, Van Horn, Robinson, Smith, Lauer, Longworth, Levy, Riedinger, Stadtler, Brown, Hertzog, Rose, Henry, Coll, Egan, Blair, E. Balch, F. Kingsbury, Lyons, L. Meehan, North, Considine, Dart, S. McHale, Stafford, L. Griffith.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Kennedy, McEwen, N. Meehan, Shields, Ducey, M. Duffield, Smart, Desenberg, Murphy, Haas, Robb, Haney, Servis, Parmelee.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Haines, Monahan, T. Balch, Spencer, Burtis, Lindsey, Goetz.

JUNIOR PREP.—Misses Boyer, Pierce, Johnson, Blaine, Caddagan, Qualey, Lee, Paul.

BOOK-KEEPING.

1ST CLASS—Misses Fitzpatrick, Kearney.

2D CLASS—Misses L. Blaine, Lyons, J. McHale, Lawrence, Sullivan, S. St. Clair.

3D CLASS—Misses Kearns, Snowhook, Cox, Keyes, M. Scully, Walsh, Faxon, Morse, Guise.

4TH CLASS—Misses Longworth, A. Henry, Farnsworth, Bubb, Coll, Brown, Blair, Desenberg, Claggett.

TYPE-WRITING.

Misses Munger, Lyons, Nagle, Walsh.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Miss Bruhn.

2D CLASS—Misses Murphy, Barlow.

3D CLASS—Misses Snowhook, Van Horn.

2D DIV.—Misses Kearns, Sheekey, Kearsey, Hertzog, Servis.

4TH CLASS—Misses B. English, Brady, Faxon, Gordon, Keyes, McEwen, Levy, Clendenen, Morse, Fenton, Campeau, Fuller, Guise, Otero, A. English.

5TH CLASS—Misses F. Johnson, Prudhomme, Pierce, Smart, Odell, Coll, T. Balch.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Miss Horn.

2D CLASS—Misses Keenan, Kearney, Lang, Wolvin, Fehr.

3D CLASS—Misses A. Donnelly, Bubb, Stadtler, Cox, Allnoch.

4TH CLASS—Misses Longworth, Butler, Trask, Smith, Lauer, Blair, E. Donnelly, Rose, Blaine, Livingston, A. Schmauss, Qualey.

5TH CLASS—Misses Hummer, Terry, Dart, Lawrence, Lee, Caddagan, Desenberg, Haas, Rowley.