

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 17, 1886.

No. 31.

The Saracens in Spain.

BY FRANK H. DEXTER, '87.

II.—(Concluded.)

FURTHER PROGRESS OF CHRISTIAN AND MOOR.

It had always been the ambition of the Christians to recover their ancient capital—the city of Toledo,—and their greatest efforts were expended, as by the Crusaders against Jerusalem, in wresting it from the power of the infidel. When Alfonso VI came to the throne of Castile, he determined to take advantage of the troubles which arose among the Moors, as was narrated in the last paper, to achieve this glorious object; and for this purpose he devoted the first years of his reign in making adequate preparations for the enterprise.

Everywhere was heard the cry, "To Toledo!" and from all the parts of Christian Spain, enthusiastic warriors hastened to join his banners. Chief among them was the Cid Rodrigo Diaz, to whose exertions Alfonso owed the ultimate success of his expedition. For three years (1082–1085) the Christians vigorously pressed the siege with invincible ardor and courage. The Moors as obstinately resisted their repeated assaults, until the spring of the latter year, when they were obliged to surrender.

Thus, 372 years after its conquest from the Goths did their descendants of Castile re-enter the gates of the lordly Toledo on the Tagus. The cities of Madrid, Guadalajara, and others of great importance, followed, and Alfonso even bent his course southward as far as the river Guadiana. But here his victorious career was stopped by Yousuf-ben-Tarfyn, the chief of the Almoravides, a fanatic African sect, who had been called into Spain by the disheartened Moors to aid them in maintaining their possessions against the Christians. A bloody battle was fought at a place called *Al-Zalakah*—the slippery,—in which Alfonso was defeated with the loss of about twenty-four thousand men. From this time, however, the Moors began to find that, instead of having their African brethren as servants,

they must acknowledge them as lords and masters; for no sooner were the hordes of Yousuf scattered over Andalusia than he turned their arms against the emirs, or governors, of the various provinces until the country was brought under his control, which happened in the year 1094, when he established the *dynasty of the Almoravides* in Spain. Their rule was short-lived, however, for in the year 1147 another African sect, called the *Almohades*, entered Andalusia, where they established themselves, after a most bloody extermination of the former. Under the sway of these fiery chiefs the energy of the Saracens temporarily revived, and a fresh impetus was given to them in their wars with the princes of those Christian states that were rising out of the reconquered territory.

It is to this period that the modern kingdom of Portugal dates its origin. After the taking of Toledo, Alfonso presented this portion of his dominion, which was then a simple county, to Count Henry of Burgundy, a valiant nobleman, who had greatly aided him in his many wars against the Moors. It was not, though, until 1139—forty-four years after its occupation by Henry—that it became established as a kingdom, having for its first monarch Alfonso Enriquez, son of the former nobleman.

In other parts of the peninsula equal glory attended the efforts of the Spaniards, and chief among the Christian states was Aragon in the prominence she attained by her domestic culture as well as by her foreign wars.

In the year 1137, the Aragonese nobles called to the throne Raymond Berengar, Count of Barcelona, whose present possessions were united with those of Aragon, and whose future career added many another. This epoch is considered by many historians as the real beginning of the national history of this kingdom, and they attribute to the early princes of the line the development of that taste for the arts, sciences, and commerce which eminently distinguished the Aragonese among all the other Spanish inhabitants. By the marriage of Raymond, in 1150, with Queen Petronilla, the province of Catalonia was added to his dominions which, before his death, embraced also several dis-

tricts in the south of France that had been acquired by purchase and inheritance.

Provence, famed in poetry and history as the home of the Troubadours and the cradle-land of song, was ruled for more than one hundred years by the Catalanian princes,—subject to the crown of Aragon,—during which time its romances, its poetry, and the mild customs of its inhabitants exerted a happy influence upon the stern and haughty character of their trans-Pyrenean masters.

LAS NAVAS DE TOLOSA.

The Almohades had been at the head of the Moorish government in Spain for little more than half a century when, in the year of Our Lord 1212, Mohammed, the Miramamolin of the Spanish Saracens, was induced by his fanatical vizier, Abouben-Ghames, to proclaim *al ghazouah*, or the Moslem holy war, against the Christian states. From Morocco, and other parts of Africa, myriads of their brethren swarmed into Andalusia until the camp of the Miramamolin covered the bright plains for many miles like a great city, and their number, it is said, amounted to four hundred and sixty thousand. It was intended by them to put forth their greatest energy in this effort to re-establish themselves firmly and permanently in the peninsula, and to crush forever the power of the Christians. The Spanish monarchs, Alfonso IX, of Castile, Pedro II, of Aragon, and Sancho VII, of Navarre, combined their forces which, with the addition of a few warriors from France and Portugal, amounted to no more than one hundred thousand men. They hastened southward, and came up to the Moors in a plain called *Navas de Tolosa*, situated at the entrance of a pass into the Sierra Morena mountains.

On the sixteenth of July (1212) occurred the great battle known by the name of the plain where fought, and which effectually decided the supremacy of the Christian arms in Spain. The Moors were defeated with the loss of nearly two hundred thousand men; the Miramamolin fled in despair to Morocco, and with him fell the dynasty of the Almohades. From the battle-field a mighty *Te Deum* arose from the Spanish warriors to the God of hosts in thanksgiving for this glorious victory; and, as the battle of Xeres, five centuries before, had introduced the rule of the crescent, so now that of Navas de Tolosa re-established the sway of the Cross.

From this time, the Saracens suffered so many defeats, and their power was so gradually limited that their history henceforth may be considered in the third part of these papers.

III.—THE EXPULSION.

In the foregoing pages we have hastily considered a few of the most important features in the history of Moor and Christian up to the beginning of the present period—accompanying the former in their greatest prosperity, the latter in their early struggles and ultimate success,—let us not linger, then, over the subsequent misfortunes of the ill-fated Moslem, but pass still more hastily over the last scenes in this, the melancholy portion of their

history. In strong contrast to their unfortunate condition was the reign of Fernando III, *El Santo*, of Castile (1217–1252), which witnessed a series of brilliant achievements by the Spanish arms.

The kingdom of Leon, having permanently united with Castile, in 1230, the latter now became the most powerful, as well as the most extensive, of the Spanish states, with its capital at Seville; though, when separated, Burgos and Toledo shared the patronage of the Castilian sovereigns. Fernando and his son, Alfonso X, *El Sabio*, followed up the advantage gained by their predecessor, Alfonso IX, and in the course of a few years had annexed the greater portion of Andalusia to their dominions, including the cities of Jaen, Carmona, Seville, Xeres, Cadiz, and, above all, Cordova—the former capital of the Moorish empire in Spain—with its numerous mosques and remains of Saracen magnificence.

It is this period, following the union with Leon, that forms the brightest pages in the history of Castile, when she entered upon that career of conquest and internal progress which drew upon her the admiration of the world, and characterized her rule with almost oriental splendor.

Nor was Aragon far behind her larger neighbor in political and intellectual advancement. In fact, the whole of the thirteenth century was for her one of success and glorious achievements—especially during the reign of James I, the Conqueror (1213–1276), who recovered the Province of Valencia, with the Balearic Isles in the Mediterranean, and finally expelled the Moors from all his kingdom, which now consisted of the three provinces of Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia, occupying the entire eastern portion of the peninsula.

THE RISE OF GRANADA.

Such steady progress was made by the Christians that by the beginning of the fourteenth century there was nothing left of the former extensive territory of the Saracens but the small kingdom of Granada in the extreme south, which became a refuge for the fleeing Moslems, and where, protected by the natural bulwarks surrounding their little state, the last remnants of their once powerful race gathered together to hold this their last possession in Spain.

Unmolested for many years by the Spanish princes, who were occupied in tending to the claims and disputes of their nobles, the people of Granada were able to devote themselves to the pursuits of agriculture, science and art. Such became their prosperity as to recall the palmy days of the Omeyyad rule, when Cordova, the queen of Andalusia, was the teeming metropolis into which poured the revenues of the kingdom and the rich products of the Orient. This affluence began, under the first king, Mohammed Aben Alhamar, founder of the dynasty of the *Alhamarides* (1232), and ended only some two centuries later, when the kingdom began to be distracted by domestic feuds, and enervated by effeminate luxury.

Shortly after the accession of Aben Alhamar, Fernando *El Santo* had advanced up to the very

walls of their capital city, Granada; but upon the promise of tribute from the king, retired to his own dominions; and though the tribute ceased during the reign of Fernando's successor, the Granadian princes avoided serious collisions by treaties and truces, which the Spaniards were content to accept.

BATTLE OF SALADO.

Affairs passed thus rather smoothly between the two races, until about the middle of the fourteenth century, when Christian Spain was threatened with the largest force that ever landed upon her shores.

In the year 1340, Abou al Hacem, called also Alboacen, king of Morocco, crossed the straits with about five hundred thousand warriors, or, in terms of eastern magniloquence, with "a host sufficient to drink up the waters of the sea." The king of Granada joined him with one hundred thousand more, and, together, they began hostilities by laying siege to the city of Tarifa, the southern-most city of Spain, and then in the hands of the Christians. Alfonso XI, king of Castile at that time, trembled, no doubt, when he beheld this tremendous host; but, without delay, he hastened to put an army of some forty thousand men in the field with which, and about twenty thousand more whom Alfonso IV, of Portugal, had brought to his standard, he boldly advanced to meet the invaders. Lord James Douglass, the hero of Scotland, who was on his way to the Holy Land with a band of his countrymen to lay the heart of Robert Bruce, their idolized king, in the Holy Sepulchre, heard of this expedition, and since there was no need of his services at Jerusalem, determined to join with the Christians, and thus fulfil one of the objects of his crusading journey—to fight the infidel.

Upon hearing of the approach of the two Christian kings, the Moorish leader left Tarifa, and drew up his forces near the *Salado*, a brackish stream, some distance from the city. Here the armies met on the 28th of October, 1340, and on the banks of this river was fought the most sanguinary battle of modern times. The salt waters of the *Salado* were crimsoned with the life-blood of the slain, and the crest of its current, in its flow to the sea, bore the ghastly evidences of the fearful slaughter.

Of all that vast array who had marched so proudly under the banners of Islam on the morning of that fatal day, fully one half had perished in the conflict, and thousands were taken prisoners; while the rest were scattered like leaves before a gale to pursue their flight under the friendly darkness of the following night. Wonderful as it may seem, the greatest loss of the Christians was but a few hundred men, though among these was the valiant Lord James, who, when the Saracens were gaining ground in one part of the field, drew from his breast the cherished relic, and, casting it in their midst, rushed in after to fall beneath the Saracen cimeters.

After this battle the Christians might have completely put an end to the Moorish dominion in Spain, but, unfortunately, they engaged in disputes with one another—the effect of which was to retard their own progress and to lengthen the exist-

ence of the declining empire of the Saracens. Navarre, whose borders were far from the stirring scenes transpiring in the south, ceased to take an active part in these wars, having enough to concern herself in her struggles against French oppression, and to avoid the dreadful consequences of fierce civil strifes brought about by the rivalries of opposing factions and the insinuating influences of her intriguing neighbors, Aragon and France. Such was the condition of this state during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—remaining in unsettled state even until its conquest by Ferdinand, the *Catholic*, when it was united to Castile. Aragon took a more important part in these struggles with the Moors, and vied with the last-named state in its resources and achievements—to such an extent as sometimes to mutually inspire the citizens of each, not with the enthusiasm born of worthy emulation, but the belligerent ardor prompted by selfish rivalry and contention.

By the marriage of Ferdinand, the Catholic, of Aragon, with Isabella, Queen of Castile, the two kingdoms were fortunately united, in 1479, and an end put to all international disputes. Christian Portugal was at this time a powerful and flourishing monarchy, embracing, as it does at the present day, about one sixth of the peninsula—the rest, with the exception of Granada, being under the control of the Christians.

Thus do we find this country at the opening of the golden reign of Isabella and Ferdinand, when all the Spanish states were united in Castile, thenceforth properly forming the great and powerful kingdom of Spain. There wanted but one feature, however, to the realization of their most ardent desires, and this was the possession of Granada.

In the next paper will be depicted the closing scene in the history of the Moors in Spain—the conquest of Granada.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Le Bonheur des Epicuriens.

Quand l'océan s'irrite, agité par l'orage,
Il est doux sans péril d'observer du rivage
Les efforts douloureux des tremblants matelots
Luttant contre la mort sur le gouffre des flots.
Et, quoique à la pitié leur destin nous invite,
On jouit en secret des malheurs qu'on évite.
Il est doux dans la plaine, à l'abri des combats,
De contempler le choc des farouches soldats.
Mais viens, il est encor de plus douces images;
Viens, porte un vol hardi jusqu'au temple des sages:
Là, jetant sur le monde un regard dédaigneux,
Vois ramper basement les mortels orgueilleux:
Ils briguent de vains droits, s'arrachent la victoire,
Les titres fastueux, les palmes de la gloire;
Usurpent d'un haut rang l'infructueux honneur,
Et trouvent le remords . . . en cherchant le bonheur!
Mortels infortunés! quelle aveugle inconstance
Transforme en longs tourments votre courte existence!
Eh! quel bien conduit donc à la félicité?
—L'absence de l'erreur et la douce santé.

F.

Novels.

What a hold they have on the reading portion of humanity! All manner of people read them. The dreamy maid and sentimental youth live in them; the idle and the bored welcome them as means wherewith to dispel the curse of their existence, *ennui*; sternly practical, hard-headed business men like them for a change to arouse themselves from the flat realities of their surroundings; parents hand them to their children to engender in their tender minds a taste for reading; curious prigs, that vegetate on school-benches, use them as antidotes for the heavy lore of times gone by and trigonometrical abominations; yea, solemn slaves of the midnight oil, philosophers and figure-devotees, forget the syllogism and the relations of entity with the two predicaments, and treat their racked brains to a little of love and lovers and baffled villains. And the influence of novels on the mass of human character, who can estimate it? who can tell exactly how far it is for good or for bad? Who can tell how many great crises have been brought about in human hearts by the impassioned diction of some novelist? how many youths have gathered their first fixed principles in ethics from some novelist's unprincipled pages? in how many the madness, with which they flung themselves into the enjoyments of life, sprang from some novelist's apotheosis of sensual pleasure? All this is wholly incalculable; but, we think, it is a foregone conclusion to everyone who has given the subject any reflection, that their influence decidedly is for evil. We do not say that all novels are bad, nor do we consign to everlasting torments their every writer and reader,—there would be no sense and propriety in that. We all know that there are high-toned, pure, and wholesome novels, novels that inculcate honesty, probity and purity of life; we all have been kept in a whirl of horror and excitement when reading of the vicissitudes that befell "Redgauntlet"; have admired the deeds of prowess of the gallant Major Dalgetty; have laughed at old Pickwick, wept with little Nell; have followed Christian in his "Progress," and read, amazed, of the vast varieties of temptations, both spiritual and carnal, that can befall poor weak man; and I doubt that anyone has endangered his moral well-being by coming in contact with these and similar characters.

But the average modern novels are wholly different from works of fiction like Scott's or Dickens'. They contain vastly more poison and rubbish. Development of the sensuous, levity, sentimentality, extravagance, and often a burlesque of all things held in reverence by religious sentiment, are their dominant characteristics. The modern novelist makes not as much as an attempt to inculcate any special moral lesson by the run and issue of his story. His sole and avowed purpose is to amuse, to inflame the passions. To obtain this end, he is willing to pander to the vitiated and corrupt taste of his readers, to serve them with madly exaggerated ideal characters, and intensely sensational and bizarre plots, and to flatter and ex-

cuse their passions. Lust is metamorphosed into love, and love again into a virtue. And this false virtue is ceaselessly lauded and extolled, and thus becomes a most dangerous idol, reared in a temple where deceit, lust, and murderous *révenge* are worshipped.

The novelist, coveting success, now-a-days *must* gloss over and tickle the passions with which he can suppose his readers to be aglow. He knows how very apt these would be to become dissatisfied and to drop the novel, if they saw themselves represented in a light in which they must needs appear contemptible in their own eyes. He paints in their true color, therefore, only such passions as are already universally hated, and thereby, intentionally or unintentionally, sets off and fosters others, which we are already inclined to view with a lenient eye.

The too vivid representation of "love, love, love, that makes the world go 'round," is another source of danger for many a reader, in whom sentiment and emotion are stronger than reason and duty. The lovers are invariably pictured as spotless heroes and angels, respectively, and are always the centre of interest. What a charm the love of such beings possesses for the readers! Soon they alone appear interesting and loveable, no matter how far off the path of moral rectitude their passion forces them. They heartily rejoice with them at the successful issue of every scheme and intrigue that favors their love, keenly sympathize with them in the trials brought on by irate parents or pursuing villains; in short, live with them in an ideal world, whose realization they dream of and long for from the bottom of their gushing hearts. Foolish fancies begin to allure them hither and thither. Their surroundings begin to appear stale and flat. No matter how pleasant and cozy their home, the scene of their happy, innocent days, they wish they were out of it. It is so plain and small, nothing like the gorgeous palace and cloud-capped tower their Esmeralda sighed and languished in. And mother down stairs in the kitchen, hustling around with dirty dishes and the slop-pail! working! How much grander is Esmeralda's mamma, with the long train and the page and all the servants! And that old fool, who comes around every evening! I used to like him, but I don't any more. He can't talk half so sweet as Leander does to Esmeralda. And so on! The silly novel-readers' head is turned. They have sentimental gush and inane love-drivel on the brain. And, what is worse, they want more of it. New novels are devoured, more and more greedily, and with everyone matters become worse. All truth of character vanishes; ideals crowd realities in the background, and true feelings are sacrificed to mere sentiments. Their hearts fairly melt with compassion over imaginary sufferings, but the real sufferings of their fellow-men, who have a claim on their compassion and solace,—bah! these are too real, these are not half romantic enough! The other kind of compassion is cheaper, besides. A sigh, or at best a tear, suffices. Ah! this precious tear! How it tickles their vanity! how tender-hearted and com-

passionate they imagine themselves to be! Surely, they have paid a greater tribute than necessary to sweet charity! "What fools these mortals be!"

But we had better stop here. Denunciations of novels, theatres, and kindred innocence-traps, are pet themes with moralists, and we fear there is a familiar jingle about everything that can be said for or against novel-reading. The young brat with the dime-novel is, perhaps, worthy of mention in this connection; but, we suppose, this pitiable and ludicrous conglomeration of revolvers, and human gore, of detectives and rescued maidens, is familiar enough. Just one short word of advice, therefore, patient reader, and we have finished. Select your novels carefully. A novel is a curious thing. You hold it in your hand, but you know not whether the sweet breath of life animates it, or the foul damps of death infest it. The author's name is not always a cue, and the title very seldom affords a key. Charmed spirits sleep therein, cold and rigid as if dead, and it is not till the eye of man breaks the charm that the pages teem with life. You may expect to find prettily-colored and harmless butterflies, but suddenly bats and vampires whirl about you.

And read novels sparingly. There is no need of abolishing them altogether. Your mind cannot be properly nourished on logarithms or verbs in *μ*; any more than your body can on hard-tack or crackers. And besides, a judicious perusal of light literature tends to polish the mind and gives grace and variety to conversation and other more substantial accomplishments. But we repeat, read them sparingly. Go out to enjoy the beauties of nature when your mind is exhausted from the pressure of hours of stern work; open God's manuscript, listen to the sighing of the wind, the ripple of waters, and the singing of birds; watch the rearing of castles and cathedrals in the sky, and the sailing of phantom ships therein; study the exquisite tints of nature all around you, and your mind will be relieved by an amusement that delights and leaves no sting behind; and compared to which all the enjoyment to be extracted from a flimsy novel is cheap and tawdry.

B. T. BECKER.

Ancient Egypt.

The history of Egypt dates back to the flood, and is linked with all the grandest events of antiquity. At the touch of Time, the mighty kingdoms of the Ancient World have fallen like the first leaves of the autumn woods. To the North, then Westward hath the "star of empire" taken its course." New worlds have sprung like magic from the bosom of the deep.

To-day, Egypt is but as the ghost of that powerful monarchy, whose dead bones yet remain, proofs of a material civilization that was grander than our own. When the Ark rested on Mt. Ararat, and the waters had settled over the face of the earth, Ham chose Egypt for the home of his future race. The government became an hereditary monarchy, and

wisdom, prudence and justice marked the rule which directed the people. The poets of less ancient times mention in their chronicles the famous hundred-gated Thebes, which must have contained five millions of inhabitants. To what a degree of glory Egypt attained, it is difficult to conceive. The lapse of ages has mantled, as with a mist, the spectral, phantom lands of antiquity. One would almost be tempted to doubt their very existence, save that, betimes, Science draws aside the dark cloak, and reveals, though but for a moment, the faded grandeur of the past.

As late as the beginning of the Christian era, and as far North as the banks of the Danube, gigantic pillars were standing with the inscription: "Sesostris, King of kings, and Lord of men, subdued this country by the power of his arms." Deep in the Sahara Desert, well-nigh buried in the sand, lies a shattered column upon whose base is marked: "Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair." Over that very desert, which is now a bed of moving sand, once rolled the blue waves of a vast inland sea. But that, too, together with a co-existent giant race, has passed away.

Egypt was the cradle of art. Nature had made her the gem of the Universe. Her rich and luxurious clime nourished poetry, music, painting and sculpture. Wisdom reigned in her palaces, justice in her assemblies, and peace brooded in tender silence over the murmuring Nile. Her schools were the resort of geometers, her groves of philosophers, and her temples of astronomers. Egypt of old was one vast garden where art was wedded to nature. Her streams, her woods, her valleys, were fair beyond comparison. Her fertile, alluvial soil, moistened by the annual overflow of the Nile, rendered to the husbandman several crops a year.

In one of my visits to the Orient, I remember one evening sailing up the Nile, for a short distance, to obtain a favorable view of the surrounding landscape, and indulge my natural tendency to contemplation. Having tied the boat to a large palm-tree, whence hung clusters of ripe dates, I stepped out upon the shore and walked along the left bank of the river. The air was soft and balmy; the moon was just rising round and full over the crumbling towers of a far-off temple. With feelings of rapture, not unmingled with awe, I gazed in silence upon the mysterious panorama that stretched before me in the silver light of the moon.

Here, the rude hut of the sleeping shepherd lay buried in gloom; there, far away in the distance, the moonlight slumbering with a strange pallor upon their mouldering ruins, reposed in all the silence of the grave the once gorgeous fanes of the Pagan. And past hut and shrine, broken obelisk and fallen pillar, flowed softly, as of old, the broad Nile, as though fearful of disturbing the calm sleep of a dead world.

This, thought I, is the Mausoleum, the vast tomb of the Egypt of the Pharaohs. Here Sesostris reviewed his glittering legions; here Alexander built his city; here Cleopatra sang, Antony loved, Pompey died, Cæsar conquered. But all this has

long since passed away. And, turning from the spot, with feelings of a sacred sadness, I unloosed the boat and gently glided down the river.

PHILIP VD. BROWNSON.

The Youth's Request.

A THRENODY.

Boil me another owl, mother,
Boil me another owl.
I've been up all night with a sick, sick friend,
And he kept up a constant growl.
So put me in my little bed
And do up my head with a tow'l;
Tuck me in gently, and then, mother,
Boil me another owl.

Let it be rather rare, mother,
Let it be rather rare;
The last was a trifle too well done,
And it almost made me swear.
I'm a *rara avis* myself, mother,
And I seek resemblance there;
So there's no use boiling an owl to rags,
But let it be rather rare.

You needn't mind any broth, mother,
You needn't mind any broth;
But serve it up with a bit of toast
And a clean white table-cloth.
I must have everything just so, mother,
I must indeed, by my troth,
So boil me another owl, mother,
And you needn't mind any broth.

BOYLE DOWELL.

The Pope's Memoirs.

It is a singularly interesting announcement that the memoirs of Pope Leo XIII are now in course of preparation, under his authorization, by Dr. Bernard O'Reilly, and will soon be given to the world by American publishers, and in various languages. Such a book would not only be prized by millions of Catholics in Europe and America, but it would be welcomed by all students of the religious, political, and social changes of this revolutionary century.

In the action of preceding Pontiffs there is a memorable precedent for the production of a work which, while biographical in form, should be substantially an autobiography. Pius II, better known to scholars as Æneas Sylvius, caused a secretary to set down at his dictation an account of his life, which had some striking points of likeness to that of the present Pope. The family of Piccolomini, like that of Pecci, was patrician, and the lot of Pius II, like that of Leo XIII, was cast in one of the most troubled epochs of the history of the Papacy. Born in 1405, in the midst of the Great Schism, Æneas Sylvius beheld the patrimony of the Church despoiled, its authority suspended, and Christendom rent asunder in the contest between Pope and

Anti-pope. He lived to see the Christian world suffer a still more grievous injury through the Ottoman conquest of the New Rome founded on the Bosphorus by the first imperial convert to Christianity—the New Rome, hallowed by the pious traditions of eleven centuries, and which had been uncompromising in zeal for the new faith when in Old Rome paganism was still potent. By these calamitous events the whole career of Æneas Sylvius was overcast and moulded. His memoirs recount how his early manhood was spent in the healing of the wounds inflicted on the Papacy by a schism of half a century; and we know that the last years of his life, during which he held the Papal chair, were devoted to a revival of the old crusading spirit and of the concerted action which alone could rescue central Europe from the fate of Constantinople. He was one of the few men who, even in 1453, when the Cross was wrenched from St. Sophia and the wave of infidel invasion seemed about to strike the coasts of Italy, never for an hour despaired of the Christian Republic; and to him belongs the credit of the federative policy which, long after he was dead, was crowned with triumph at Lepanto.

No one can fail to be impressed with the similarity of these incidents and impulses in the life of a former subject of Papal autobiography to the circumstances and influences to which the memoir of Leo XIII will bear witness. Born in 1810, when the temporal power and even the spiritual authority of the Roman Pontiffs were more nearly extinguished than they had been for four centuries—seeming to exist only by sufferance of the French Emperor—young Pecci, like the youthful Piccolomini, did efficient service in the work of Church rehabilitation. He was one of the most trusted agents of Gregory XVI in the double task of re-establishing law and order in the Italian possessions of the Papacy, and in re-asserting the moral ascendancy of the Holy See over the Catholic States of Europe. Like Æneas Sylvius, he was at once predisposed and qualified by acquirement and character to appeal to public opinion, and the wisdom of his constant preference for moral agencies, though it provoked the distrust of certain Papal Ministers of the Antonelli type, has been demonstrated by events. For, although he has lived to see the Old Rome wrested from the Papacy, as Pius II saw the New Rome torn from Christendom, yet the catastrophe, instead of proving an irreparable disaster, has seemed to give the crowning impulse to a movement which for half a century had extended the spiritual influence of the Roman Church. Never, indeed, since conquered Greece achieved the intellectual and moral conquest of her conquerors, has a more remarkable spectacle been witnessed by the seeming vanquished than that presented to the captive of the Vatican by the indomitable spirit of the Catholics in Germany and Belgium, and the amazing progress of Catholicity among English-speaking peoples.

The authorized life, in fact, the virtual autobiography, of any man permitted to occupy St. Peter's Chair would be sure of commanding a vast audi-

ence. But, inasmuch as the nineteenth is, next to the fifteenth century, the most momentous in the history of Europe as well as of Papacy, it is patent that no modern Pontiff has had stronger motives than Leo XIII, to follow the example set by Æneas Sylvius.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Scientific Notes.

—The prevention of decay in wood is said to be effectively accomplished by exhausting the air from the pores and filling them with a gutta percha solution—a substance which preserves the wood alike from moisture, water, and the action of the sun. The solution is made by mixing two-thirds of gutta percha to one-third of paraffine, this mixture being then heated to liquify the gutta percha, when it is readily introduced into the pores of the wood, the effect of the gutta percha being, when it becomes cool, to harden the pores.

—Here is one method of removing objects from the eye: Take a horse-hair, and double it, leaving a loop. If the object can be seen, lay the loop over it, close the eye, and the mote will come out as the hair is withdrawn. If the irritating object cannot be seen, raise the lid of the eye as high as possible and place the loop as far as you can, close the eye and roll the ball around a few times, draw out the hair, and the substance which caused the pain will be sure to come with it. The method is practised by axmakers and other workers in steel.

—A rat, while attempting to escape from human enemies, in the electric light station in Reading, Pa., a few weeks ago, jumped directly from the floor onto one of the brushes, and was thrown back to the ground. He lay motionless, apparently, and certainly dead, but without even a hair turned. One of the employes was sent with a shovel to gather it up; but as soon as the shovel touched it, the rat fell to dust, with a little cloud of particles rising from the place where the body had seemingly lain. There was no vestige of hair, flesh, or bones remaining.—*Electrical Review.*

—The *Yuma Sentinel* tells of a natural telephone in the wonderful Pacific coast country. It says that a train of cars is plainly heard on the line of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad at The Needles for a distance of seventy-eight miles to a place called Cottonwood Island. The discharge of the sunrise gun at Fort Mohave can be plainly heard at Colorado Cañon, a distance of 100 miles. Sounds can be understood in the narrows of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado for a distance of eighteen miles. The whistle of a Colorado steamer can be heard from El Dorado Cañon to Weaverville, the head of navigation, a distance of seventy-eight miles, and by tumbling a rock over the precipice at Lee's Ferry you can plainly hear the echo down the river at Weaverville, a distance of thirty-six miles.

—A "soda motor," which is to revolutionize street-car traffic is occupying the attention of the people of Minneapolis. Its inventor thus explains

its workings: "A suitable quantity of properly diluted soda, raised to its boiling point (429°), is placed in a close tank in intimate contact with the steam boiler filled with steam and water in the usual proportions and at the working pressure. On the opening of the throttle, steam passes into the cylinders, does its work, and passes into the soda solution through the exhaust pipe, which ends in a perforated tube extending through the soda, the remaining heat being absorbed into the latter. When the soda is so dilute that it can no longer maintain the difference of temperature necessary to make steam, the soda lye is discharged, and a new charge of hot condensed soda taken in. This operation requires about five minutes, and is called recharging. It has to be done on an average once in six hours. The operation of the engine is precisely that of any steam engine, except that there is no exhaust into the air, and no fire nor smoke connected with the boiler. Steam is produced without fire by the heat generated in the soda lye which surrounds the boiler, and the exhaust steam is led from the cylinder directly into the soda lye instead of into the air. Thus, a working pressure is maintained without any of the objectionable vapors appearing, as in the case of the ordinary motor, for the simple reason that there are no vapors to appear."

—TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.—Between Merseburg and Schladebach, Saxony, there has been bored the deepest auger hole in the world. The intention originally was to search for coal; but being unsuccessful, the boring has been used to experiment on the temperature of the interior of the earth. A glass tube open at the top and filled with quicksilver, was inclosed in a metal tube in such a manner as to prevent the entrance of water and still not to prevent its sensibility to the effects of temperature. When the glass tube was reached and let down a warmer temperature the quicksilver exploded and a portion run over. When the tube was brought up the quicksilver cooled down, and consequently occupied less space in the tube than before. The glass tube with the remaining quicksilver was then placed in water, the temperature of which was high enough to make the quicksilver rise again to the brim of the tube, which showed that the temperature of the water was exactly the same as that of the interior of the earth. The depth of the boring is 4,500 feet, and the temperature at the bottom has been ascertained to be 120 degrees Fahrenheit. This temperature, increasing in the same ratio, the boiling point of water would be reached at 10,000 feet; at a depth of 47 miles sufficient heat would be found to melt platina. The radius of the earth being 3,950 miles, the ratio of the solid crust of the earth to the radius would be as 1 to 85. According to this measurement, then, the point at which lead would melt would be reached at a depth of five or six miles, which would indicate that the crust of the earth is not so thick and firm as has been supposed. We must accept the theory, however, that in penetrating to the interior of the earth the increase of heat is by no means found to be regular.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, April 17, 1886.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the NINETEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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

Our Staff.

FRANK H. DEXTER,	P. J. GOULDING,
F. J. HAGENBARTH,	T. J. CLEARY.
M. B. MULKERN.	

—Friends of Notre Dame who have law-books to spare can "put them where they will do the most good" by sending them to the Law Library of the University. A set of State Reports, or a number of text-books, would be thankfully received and gratefully accepted.

—The article on Holy Week which appears elsewhere in these columns will be found particularly interesting to the students, as the ceremonies of the Church during this great week are carried out at Notre Dame with all due solemnity and completeness. The explanations are clear and concise, and will serve to instil a proper appreciation of the various devotional exercises of these few days. All should provide themselves with

Holy Week books, in order to follow the instructive ceremonies with greater attention and profit.

—The *Catholic Historical Researches*, edited and published by Rev. A. A. Lambing, A. M., Pittsburgh, Pa., deserves to be better known and more widely circulated than it really is. As the title indicates, this publication presents the results of earnest, thorough study and investigation of the early history of Catholicity in this country. Each quarterly issue contains a number of Catholic historical documents, while interesting and instructive discussions are carried on in regard to various points connected with the work of the Church in early times. It is a publication, therefore, which commends itself to every member of the Catholic reading public—and especially to the various branches of our Catholic young men's societies. Certainly each and all will derive from the perusal of these records of the past, a deeper insight into the history of their country, a more thorough knowledge of the foundation upon which our liberties have been reared; while, at the same time, the career of noble pioneers in the work of the Gospel will prove a grand incentive to nobility of action and present many and varied lessons for instruction and models for imitation. The low price (\$1.00 a year) at which the *Researches* is published should secure the circulation of so valuable a publication far and wide throughout the land.

—The readers of the SCHOLASTIC have not failed to admire the graceful lines with which Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly has, from time to time, adorned our pages. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we record the high and merited recognition which this gifted poet has received from the Supreme Head of the Christian World. Miss Donnelly wrote a Hymn for the approaching Golden Jubilee of the Holy Father, which was recently presented to Pope Leo XIII, by Monsignore Aluigi Sepiacchi, Bishop of Callinico, as well as a copy of another of her works, entitled: "Our Birthday Bouquet, Culled from the Shrines of the Saints and the Gardens of the Poets." The latter book contained selections from the Supreme Pontiff's own poems, and was bound expressly for the occasion in covers of crimson morocco, on which were stamped in gold the Papal coat-of-arms and the date of the approaching Jubilee. The beautiful Jubilee Hymn was accompanied by accurate translations in Italian and German. His Holiness accepted most graciously the filial offering, and said that he was only sorry that, not being conversant with English, he could not read them in the original, and better appreciate their real value. He was further pleased to ask several questions of Monsignore Sepiacchi about Miss Donnelly and her native city, to all of which the Monsignore replied, to His Holiness's great satisfaction, by detailing the most salient points of the literary life, versatile talents, and Catholic works of Eleanor C. Donnelly. In conclusion, Pope Leo imparted to the distinguished American poetess, *con molto piacere e d'cuore*, his Apostolic Benediction.

Holy Week.

Holy Week is consecrated to the special commemoration of the mysteries attending the final act in the great work of man's Redemption—Our Lord's Passion and death. The solemn ceremonies whereby the Church recalls to the minds of her children these ever memorable events, are inaugurated on the first day of the week, Palm Sunday, which is so called from an ancient custom, still retained by the Church, of solemnly blessing palms, or, where they cannot be obtained, boughs of trees, which are distributed to the people, who bear them in their hands, in remembrance of the triumphant entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem, six days before his Sacred Passion, when the multitude, as the Gospel relates, "spread their garments in the way: and others cut down boughs from the trees, and strewed them in the way. And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying: Hosanna to the Son of David, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." (Matt., xxi, 8, 9.) After the blessing of the palms, there is a procession to commemorate this event; which, being formed in the sanctuary, proceeds to the vestibule, and the door of the church is shut—to signify that before the redemption the gates of heaven were barred against sinful man; presently, the cross-bearer knocks with the cross at the door, which, being opened, signifies that through the instrumentality of that sacred symbol heaven's portal was no longer closed. The procession then returns to the sanctuary, singing the beautiful hymn, beginning, "*Gloria laus et honor*," which is said to have been written about the year 818, by Abbot Theodulf, when in prison at Angers for taking part in a conspiracy against Louis the Pious, and sung by him when that prince passed in procession under his prison walls. The words and music so touched the good monarch's heart that the monk was liberated, and the hymn was afterwards adopted by the Church.

During the Mass the history of the Passion, from St. Matthew, chaps. 26, 27, is sung by three deacons, one of whom personates our Lord, another the Evangelist, and the third the High Priest and Pilate; while the choir takes the part of the rabble. At these most solemn words, *Jesus, autem iterum clamans voce magna, emisit spiritum*—"Jesus, crying with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost," all kneel to meditate for a few moments on that awful spectacle when "the veil of the temple was rent, and the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent, and the sun was darkened."

At Vespers the touching hymn "*Vexilla Regis*" is sung. It would require too much space to speak of all that is interesting and beautiful in the ceremonies of Palm Sunday. All who have the happiness and privilege of attending the ceremonies of this and the other days of Holy Week should be in possession of suitable books, in order that they may understand them, and profit by the commemoration of our beloved Redeemer's Passion and precious death, dear to every Christian heart.

The Office of *Tenebræ*, which is chanted or recited on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Holy Week, consists simply of the *Matins* and *Lauds* of the Office proper to these three days. It is called *Tenebræ* (darkness), because for three centuries of persecution and concealment the Christians chose the hour of midnight as the most secure time for the performance of those sacred rites which continued to be celebrated at that solemn hour for many centuries; the time is now generally anticipated, except in the old religious Orders, which still retain the custom of the primitive ages of the Church. The name of *Tenebræ* is, however, still preserved, in remembrance of the midnight prayer of the early Christians. While the Office is being chanted, fourteen yellow lights, arranged on a triangular candlestick, are extinguished, one by one, after each psalm, leaving only the white one at the summit lighted. In the same manner, after every second verse of the *Benedictus*, one of the candles on the altar is put out, till all are extinguished. This is intended to represent the entire abandonment of our Blessed Saviour during His sacred Passion. Our Lord is represented by the white candle at the top of the triangle, which during the *Misere* is taken down and concealed behind the altar until a slight noise is made, to signify the convulsed state of nature at the time of our Saviour's death, when it is replaced on the candlestick, to remind us that our Lord's divinity was never separated from His humanity. The lessons and prophecies chanted during the Office are taken from different parts of Scripture and from the Fathers of the Church.

The Thursday of Holy Week is called Holy Thursday, and also *Maundy Thursday*, from the *Mandatum*, or command given by our Lord for washing the feet. On this day the Church honors the anniversary of that day on which Christ instituted the most august Sacrifice of the Mass. In the week especially dedicated by the Church to sorrow, we are allowed one day on which to rejoice. It seems as if the Church would, even while she mourns, bid us lift up our hearts and be glad because of the glorious favors shown unto the faithful by Christ. It is for this reason that the Church veils the ornaments in white which elsewhere were covered with purple.

While the "*Gloria in excelsis*" is sung on this day, all the bells of the church are rung, and then they remain silent until the repetition of the "*Gloria*" on Holy Saturday. The mystical meaning of bells is that they are preachers. They remain silent during that time in which our Lord suffered His Passion, because when He was seized the Apostles and disciples were scattered and remained silent. On this day two Hosts are consecrated. One is consumed in the Holy Sacrifice; the other is carried in solemn procession to a repository at a side altar, where it is kept until the next day, when it is consumed at the Mass of the Presanctified.

This repository is commonly, but improperly, called the sepulchre. The Church does not, then, call upon us to reflect upon the death of Christ;

nor are we to picture to ourselves our Saviour sealed up in the tomb. Were such the intention of the Church she would have the altar draped in black—we would have some of the emblems of death placed before our eyes. But the repository is covered with white. No signs of grief or death are to be seen. We are to regard our Lord as on His throne of glory. The Church celebrates the death of the Redeemer on the morrow. She now places Him on a throne that the faithful may indulge their devotion towards the most Holy Eucharist. And while she adorns with flowers and costly ornaments the place where the Lord reposes, she leaves the principal altar stripped of all ornaments, to exhibit the desolation of the Passion.

The washing of the feet, or *Mandatum*, as it is called, takes place generally in the afternoon. This custom is very ancient in the Church. Indeed no period, since the days of the Apostles, can be fixed upon for its introduction. Most writers agree in holding that the ceremony was continued from the time of our Lord and His Apostles. The number of persons whose feet are washed differs according to the special rites of each particular church. But all now agree in selecting some twelve or thirteen persons. Here at Notre Dame the custom exists of washing the feet of thirteen members of the Society of the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary.

All nations, save the English alone, call the Friday of Holy Week "Holy Friday." We, more appropriately, call it "Good Friday." This day has, from the first ages of the Church, been held as a day of sorrow and mourning. It was in the early ages styled the Passover; and such was it called by Tertullian, because on that day Christ, our Passover, was slain. The Essenians, or Ascetics of Egypt, gave this time up to fasts, watchings, etc. On this day the sacred ministers, on approaching the altar, prostrate themselves for a short time. A chanter sings a lesson from the prophecy of Osee, in which our Lord calls upon the people for repentance. The subdeacon sings a lesson from Exodus, describing the institution of the Passover, which is, in a great manner, prophetic of the death of Christ. The Passion of our Lord, as related in the Gospel of St. John, is sung by three deacons, with nearly the same ceremonies as on Palm Sunday. On Good Friday, the anniversary of the day on which Christ laid down His life in expiation of the sins of the world, the Church prays for all persons. First, she prays for the Church, then the Pope, the Bishops, Priests, Deacons, etc., of the Church, then for the catechumens; she beseeches God to remove all error, all disease and famine; to liberate all captives, and bring the wanderer home. She prays for heretics and schismatics, for the Jews, and for the pagans. When praying for the Jews, the ministers and people do not bend the knee, because on this day the Jews bent their knees in mockery and derision before our Lord, making Him the mere shadow of a king. After these prayers, the cross is uncovered and exposed to the homage of the faithful. This ceremony brings to the minds of the devout the whole history of the Passion and death of our Saviour, and there, at

the foot of the Cross, they can make some slight reparation for the indignities daily heaped upon our Divine Redeemer.

This ceremony having terminated, a procession is formed, which moves to the repository wherein the Blessed Sacrament is kept. With due ceremony it is carried by the celebrant to the High Altar, the choir singing the hymn, "*Vexilla Regis prodeunt*." There is no consecration of the Host on Good Friday. The reserved Host is then consumed by the priest, and the ceremonies are called the Mass of the Presanctified, because the Eucharist was previously consecrated. After the Mass of the Presanctified, Vespers are said in choir. This ends the ceremonies of Good Friday.

It was anciently a custom to examine, for the last time, on the morning of Holy Saturday, the catechumens. Those who proved themselves fit, received their final instructions before evening. About the setting of the sun the Offices were begun. These extended until about the middle of the night. Baptism and Confirmation were administered, Mass celebrated, and Holy Communion given. The faithful then returned home or remained during the balance of the night occupied in prayer. For this reason all the offices of this day refer to night, and end with the evidences of the Resurrection, which took place at a very early hour the next day. The Church now has these offices commence on the morning of Holy Saturday instead of the evening. This departure from the ancient discipline took place about the year 600.

As the lights had all been extinguished, it was necessary to procure fire again for the purpose of lighting the church. The manner of obtaining it has always been the same. It has always been usual to obtain it from flint on Saturday, and to bless it. All the old fires have been extinguished, and the new fires are emblematical of the Resurrection of our Lord and the progress of His doctrine over the earth.

A large candle, formed of wax, is blessed on this day. This is called the Paschal Candle. The ceremonies of blessing the Paschal Candle were originally confined to basilicas; but Pope Zozimus extended to all churches the faculty of performing them. Five grains of incense, having been previously blessed, are placed in the candle in the form of the cross. These represent the five wounds of our Lord. The candle is blessed by the deacon while singing the exquisitely beautiful canticle *Exultet*, written, it is supposed, by St. Augustine. The deacon is vested in white, as the angel announcing the Resurrection; the other ministers are in violet, to typify the grief of the Apostles. The deacon lights the Paschal Candle with the new fires. This candle is then burned at all the principal offices of the Church, from Holy Saturday until Ascension Day. After the Paschal Candle is lighted all the lamps of the church are lighted also.

On the conclusion of this ceremony the twelve prophecies are sung; after which the ministers bless the water at the baptismal fonts. The litanies are then chanted, and the ministers retire and vest for Mass. At the *Gloria* of the Mass the bells

begin ringing and the organ is played, because Christ has again risen. The *Agnus Dei* is not said nor is the *Pax* given, because Christ has not yet shown Himself to His Apostles, nor greeted them with the salutation of peace. After the Communion of the priest, Vespers are chanted, and the ceremonies of Holy Saturday and of Holy Week are ended. B.

Books and Periodicals.

IRELAND THE VIRTUOUS. A Lecture by Rev. Charles Carroll, S. T. D., Professor of Mental Philosophy and Hebrew at St. Joseph's College, Dubuque. Price, 25 cents.

This eloquent lecture is well worthy of preservation and of an extended circulation in pamphlet form. It shows clearly and beautifully how the three grand theological virtues—faith, hope and charity—shine forth in the career of Ireland, and are so eminently characteristic of the life and deeds of her sons and daughters as to make Ireland's virtue a distinctively national trait. The treatment of the subject naturally leads to the consideration of the past and present of this oppressed but never conquered nation, with the bright harbingers of the glorious and triumphant future which her fidelity to virtue will surely bring.

THE MISER: A Comedy in Three Acts. (For Male Characters Only.) Translated and adapted from the French of Molière. By Joseph A. Lyons, A. M. Notre Dame, Indiana: 1886.

This will be found to be a worthy addition to the excellent series of college plays which Prof. Lyons, is engaged in publishing. The success of previous ventures is attested by the great demand for the publications, and the general satisfaction attending their representation at various college celebrations. The experience, which Prof. Lyons has had in the direction of college societies, literary and dramatic, has been turned to good account in the preparation of these dramas. He has remodelled them, when necessary, so as to exclude all female characters, and in every case he has adapted them to the powers and capabilities of young students, without ever sacrificing the interest or literary merit of the piece. In regard to the "Miser," the following, from the Preface, will show its nature:

"This celebrated comedy was written and performed in Paris, in 1670. It was an imitation of Plautus; but how superior to the Latin poet's play, with regard not only to the plot, but also to the excellence of the language!

"Plautus, in his comedy, represents a poor man who has found a treasure, and who is in a continual fear of being robbed; all the comic situations of the play are founded on this commonplace idea. But Molière pictures to us a rich man, who, of all his riches, knows nothing but the pleasure of keeping them for himself; and to his thirst for gold sacrifices the happiness of his daughter and son, and his own peace and honor; and when the miserable creature appears to the reader or spectator as an object of hatred to his children who abandon him, and to his servants who cheat him, an object of scorn to society, there is no one who will not say: *Served him right!* This is the triumph of genius and morality combined; the most salutary lesson ever taught to misers; and if such men do not profit by it, it is simply because their vice and meanness are beyond redemption.

"Molière was an accomplished writer in verse and prose;

and his claim to excellence in this latter has never been more effectually supported, and more victoriously vindicated, than in this play. 'The prose in the *Miser*,' says Edward Mennechat, in his 'French Literature,' 'is the pattern of all dramatic prose; so correct and so easy is the language, so terse and so natural, that there is only one word which can do it justice—perfect!'

"In a moral and literary point of view, there is no French play which better deserves translation, and which may become more acceptable, not only to young students, but to every friend of refined and moral literature."

—This month's issue of Brainard's *Musical World* is as interesting and valuable as ever, containing the usual collection of new music, a number of editorials, hints, and musical news. The music in this number is as follows: "Little Love," by Ciro Pinsuti; "May Margaret," by Theo. Marzials; "Swiss Song," by Wilson G. Smith; "Royal Marionnette Polka," by L. Streabbog; "Soldiers' March," by Gustav Lang.

Personal.

—Henry Hess (Com'l), '83, is in business with his father in Wheeling, W. Va.

—J. Monschein (Prep.), '84, is studying law with O. T. Chamberlain, '60, the leading lawyer of Elkhart, Ind.

—J. R. Bowles (Com'l), '69, is the London (England) representative of the well-known firm of Moran & Co., Chicago.

—M. J. Burns (Com'l), '81, holds a responsible and prominent position in the large establishment of W. J. Quan & Co., Chicago.

—Among the visitors during the past week were: G. W. Stattman, Stephen A. McMahon, John Ziehl, Jas. Considine, H. Haas, Mrs. H. Haas, Miss Lillie Haas, Chicago; Mrs. J. R. Griffith, Miss Nellie Griffith, St. Louis; A. Brownwell, New York.

—Mr. James J. Healy, of Chicago, was at Notre Dame last week on a short visit to his son, who is a student in the Minim department. Mr. Healy was himself a student at Notre Dame in 1859, and after leaving here he entered the army and served through the war. For several years he has been a clerk of the circuit court of Cook County, and throughout Chicago he is well known and held in high esteem. For some time also he has been President of the Union Veteran League.

Local Items.

—Holy Week.

—Keep off the grass!

—Lent is nearly over.

—The duck went north.

—The gunner is disgusted.

—Philodemics to-night, sure!

—Latest styles of opera crush hats at the office.

—An extra half holiday was enjoyed last Tuesday.

—Feather weight coxswains are quoted at a premium.

—The Philopatrians will make things lively after Easter.

—A few of the good-looking Juniors obtained "rec." last Tuesday.

—Artillery practice has ceased to agitate the waves of the St. Joe.

—The first "skivers" of the season have had phenomenally bad luck.

—"Sag" is happy; the baseball suits and other paraphernalia have arrived.

—The First Communion will take place on the second Sunday after Easter.

—The first championship game in the Juniors will be played Easter Monday.

—Master Jamie Dungan, of Lima, Ohio, is the latest arrival among the Minims.

—To-morrow, Palm Sunday, the ceremonies in the church will begin at 9.30 a. m.

—Six have already entered for the oratorical contest. It will be an exciting affair.

—The banks of St. Joseph's River are now covered with the flowers of early spring.

—The double-windows have been taken down. May we expect a spell of cold weather now?

—It is time for the Class of '86 to think of organizing. Their college days are nearly over.

—Mrs. Dr. Rowsey, of Toledo, has the thanks of the Princes for some choice seeds sent for St. Edward's Park.

—Our friend John cannot understand why people make such a fuss because he puts his knife in his mouth when he eats.

—Prof. Stace has secured a fine specimen of *Erignia Bulbosa*, which he intends to send to the herbarium of St. Laurent College, Montreal.

—The members of the Band return thanks to Rev. Fathers Walsh and Regan for favors shown in connection with their late trip to the farm.

—Our friend John was asked: "Can February March?" "No," he replied, "but April May." This is as good as that little one about the "race."

—An exciting game of baseball was played Tuesday afternoon, on the Seniors' campus, between the "Reds" and "Blues." Score: 6 to 10 in favor of the "Blues."

—That so-called "flop-over" of this township was simply intended as a slight rebuke to the administration. The admonition will be heeded, and everything will be serene hereafter.

—The Botany Class invaded the woods last Tuesday in the interests of science. Some of the boys tried to perfume the study-hall with specimens of *symplocarpus* that they brought back.

—The Minim baseball nines have now a great incentive to splendid work in the diamond. Rev. P. J. Boland, of Lakey, Minn., has kindly donated a medal to be contested for by the youthful athletes.

—In our baseball reports this season we shall publish full scores of the championship games only. For

other games—except there be one of extraordinary interest—we can publish only the score by innings.

—The small parlor has been handsomely decorated—the walls and ceiling tastefully frescoed by Bro. Frederick. He has also painted, in new and artistic designs, the hall of the Culinary Department.

—At the 13th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Club, Messrs. Hull and Bryar were admitted to membership. In the debate, the principal speakers were Messrs. Maguire, Hamlyn and Crowe.

—Prof. Ackerman has nearly completed another piece in the series of mural paintings with which he is decorating the Junior Refectory. The subject of the present work of the artist is the ancient Basilica of St. John Lateran at Rome.

—Hon. James G. Blaine has sent to Very Rev. Father Sorin, Rev. President Walsh, and Professor Hoynes of the Law Department, elegantly bound copies of his work, "Twenty Years of Congress," as *souvenirs* of his visit to Notre Dame.

—Rev. Vice-President Zahm has the thanks of the Minims for a donation of fine, large, elegantly-framed photographic views of Denver and other places of interest in the great Northwest. They form a valuable improvement to the reading-room of the "Princes."

—The other day, three little kittens were quietly sunning themselves in front of the *maison boucherie*, when two canines suddenly sped across the yard, as if eager to greet them. The felines tarried not to ascertain the object of the visit, but took a hasty departure for other climes.

—The Shrine of St. Aloysius, which from time immemorial has stood at the junction of two roads leading to St. Aloysius' Seminary, is to be moved a few yards further west. It will henceforth nestle cosily in a little grove at the foot of the eminence on which the Seminary is situated.

—A true life-like portrait of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Forbin-Janson, Bishop of Nancy and Toul, France, has been placed in the Bishops' Gallery. This good, holy and learned prelate visited the United States in 1840, and spent some time in New York, Baltimore, St. Louis, New Orleans, and other cities, preaching with wonderful effect—for he was a great orator—the nascent work of the "Holy Childhood" of which he was the founder.

—The crews selected for the June regatta are as follows:

EVANGELINE.	MINNEHAHA.
W. Harless, Capt. and Stroke;	A. Gordon, Capt. and Stroke;
B. Byrnes, No. 5;	G. Harrison, No. 5;
G. Craig, No. 4;	J. Shaide, No. 4;
B. T. Becker, No. 3;	F. Noncolas, No. 3;
J. Hamlyn, No. 2;	H. Luhn, No. 2;
G. De Haven, No. 1;	P. Chapin, bow;
A. H. McNulty, coxswain.	F. Combe, coxswain.

—The Junior 1st nines played two practice games of ball during the week. In the first game, Courtney's nine was victorious with a score of 20 to 16. In the second game, a dispute arose in the 4th inning, and the umpire awarded the game to Wabrau-

shek's nine, with a score of 9 to 0. Messrs. Courtney, Cooper, Cartier, Myers, Benner, and Preston distinguished themselves in the former, and Benner, Dillon, Wabraushek, Cartier, and Fehr in the latter game.

—The *Irish Monthly* says of Prof. Stace's recent publication—"Vapid Vaporings":

"Mr. Justin Thyme has given us one of the brightest little books that we have ever come across. His wit is very innocent and genial, and yet very pointed, though no doubt we miss many points that tickle consumedly those who dwell near South Bend. Some of the pieces, like the address to a Neighboring Editor, remind us of Dalton Williams' 'Misadventures of a Medical Student' (of which, probably, the American humorist has never heard); others, like 'Ask Me not Why,' remind us of Frederic Locker and Austin Dobson, whom he has certainly studied. Why is there more fun in the books and newspapers of the United States than anywhere else? In Ireland we are far graver in our tone."

—The action, in trover, of Jas. Anderson vs. John Anderson was tried, before Judge Hoynes, in the University Moot-court, on the 10th inst. The interests of the plaintiff were represented by Messrs. Judie and Jess, two young law students, who made their first appearance before the court on this occasion. They acquitted themselves with credit, exceeding the expectations of their friends, and showing argumentative powers unexcelled by older students. John Conlon took care of the defense, and, notwithstanding the fact that he had to face several unforeseen and irritating circumstances, secured a verdict for his client. The witnesses for the prosecution were J. D. Willson D. C. Saviers; for the defense, M. O. Burns and P. J. Goulding. The jury was composed of Messrs. Jeffs, Rheinberger, Hull, Luhn, Combe and Kenny.

—The following correspondence explains itself:

A CHALLENGE.

We, the Junior Baseball Association hereby challenge the Seniors to a series of games—the best two in three, or the best three in five—for the Championship of the University. The time for games is to be decided by agreement. The non-acceptance of this challenge gives us the right to consider ourselves the champions of the University.

We have resolved that one copy of this challenge shall be sent to Captain Combe, and another to Captain Chapin.

Junior B. B. A.

E. BENNER, *Capt.*

THE REPLY.

E. BENNER, *Captain Junior Nine:*

SIR:—Your challenge has been received, and will be duly considered.

PAUL CHAPIN, }
FRED. COMBE, } *Captains.*

—Professor Gregori, a few days ago, shipped to His Grace of Philadelphia a masterpiece of art, depicting the affable St. Francis de Sales leading sinners to the foot of the cross. The figure of the saint is of colossal proportions, painted on a canvas 8 feet, 6 inches, by 4 feet, 6 inches. He is represented clothed in the purple robes of a Bishop with rochet of the richest antique lace, holding a crucifix in his left hand and with his right directing attention to the symbol of our redemption. Life seems to animate the slightly inclined figure, and sympathetic earnestness marks every lineament of the countenance pleading the strayed sheep to return to the One True Fold. The simplicity of the

background adds greatly to the artistic effect of the composition, and gives a bold relief to the figure of the saint. We understand the picture is to be placed over the handsome marble altar erected by Archbishop Ryan in the cathedral of Philadelphia to the memory of the late Francis C. Drexel, who left large bequests to all the charitable institutions of the diocese.

—The Director of the Historical Department returns thanks to Rev. J. C. Carrier, for lithographic portraits of Mgr. Laval, first Bishop of Quebec, 1674; Mgr. de St. Valier, second Bishop of Quebec, 1688; Mgr. de Mornay, third Bishop of Quebec, 1728; Mgr. Dosquet, fourth Bishop, 1734; Mgr. de l'Auberiviere, fifth Bishop, 1739; Mgr. Pontbriand, sixth Bishop, 1741; Mgr. Briand, seventh Bishop, 1766; Mgr. D'Esglis, eighth Bishop, 1784; Mgr. Hubert, ninth Bishop, 1788; Mgr. Denant, tenth Bishop, 1797; Mgr. Plessis eleventh Bishop, 1806; Mgr. Panet, twelfth Bishop 1825; Mgr. Signay, thirteenth Bishop, 1833; Mgr. Turgeon, fourteenth Bishop, 1850; Mgr. Baillargeon, fifteenth Bishop, 1867; Mgr. Taschereau, sixteenth Bishop of Quebec, and first Canadian Cardinal; Mgr. Bailly, Coadjutor Bishop of Quebec, 1789; Mgr. Lartigue, first Bishop of Montreal, 1836; Mgr. Bourget, second Bishop, 1840; Mgr. Fabre, third Bishop of Montreal; Mgr. Guigues, first Bishop of Ottawa, 1848; Mgr. Duhamel, second Bishop of Ottawa, 1874; Mgr. Cooke, first Bishop of Three Rivers, 1852; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Lafleche, second Bishop of Three Rivers, 1870; Mgr. Prince, first Bishop of St. Hyacinth, 1852; Mgr. J. La Rocque, second Bishop of St. Hyacinth, 1860; Mgr. C. La Rocque, third Bishop of St. Hyacinth, 1866; Mgr. Laforce Langevin, first Bishop of St. Germain de Rimouski, 1867; Mgr. Racine, first Bishop of Sherbrooke, 1874; photograph of Mgr. Grandin, Bishop of St. Albert, Saskatchewan Ter.; to a Friend for Conewago, a collection of Catholic Local History by John T. Reily; to Rev. Father Johannes, of South Bend, for *Cæleste Palmetum* (illustrated) *Trajecti ad Mozam*, 1767.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ancheta, Ashton, Ashford, Aubrey, Archambeault, V. Burke, M. Burns, D. Byrnes, Becerra, Bowles, Bryar, Baca, A. A. Browne, Breen, P. Burke, Condon, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, Congdon, Craig, Chapin, Jno. Cusack, Jos. Cusack, Walter Collins, Fred Combe, Cassidy, Cooney, G. Crilly, Carbajal, Dexter, Dolan, Daley, Dempsey, Dohany, F. Dooling, E. Egan, Emmons, Finlay, Forbes, Goulding, A. A. Gordon, A. Gordon, Gallardo, Hamlyn, Hagerty, G. Houck, Hampton, Hagenbarth, Harrison, Judie, Jackson, Johns, Koudelka, H. Kenny, Karst, Kleiber, Kendall, H. Luhn, W. Luhn, Larkin, Ley, Lally, G. Morrison, Murphy, McNulty, Murdock, Meir, McErlain, McGuire, Miller, Neill, Nancolas, O'Rourke, Ott, P. Prudhomme, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, P. Paschel, Padilla, T. Ryan, E. Ryan, Remish, E. Riley, Rothert, Rochford, Regan, Rheinberger, Rodriguez, Shaide, Stubbs, Sheridan, Sack, Snapp, Triplett, Werst, C. Williams, W. Williams, White, Wagoner, Wilson, Zeitler, A. Moody.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Adams, Austin, Ackerman, Akin, Berry, Benson, Baur, Bacigalupo, Boos, E. Benner, F. Benner, Bunker, Cleveland, Courtney, Cleary, Cooper, G. Cartier, D. Cartier, Cavaroc, Coles, Chaves, Corbett, Cain, E.

Campbell, S. Campbell, Dougherty, Doss, Duffield, Dillon, Darragh, Dickinson, E. Ewing, Edgeworth, Epple, Frain, Finckh, Flood, Fehr, Fisher, Fitzgerald, Fitzharris, Fontanel, Goebel, Galarneau, Garrity, Gordon, Hoffman, Houlihan, Hayes, T. Hake, A. Hake, Hiner, Hall, Inderrieden, Jewett, P. Jacobs, N. Jacobs, Joyce, Klaner, Kern, W. Konzen, F. Konzen, Luther, Long, McCourt, McConn, McIntosh, McNamara, McCart, Meehan, Myers, Mulkern, Mitchell, Macatee, Mohun, Nealis, Nussbaum, Newton, Nations, O'Connor, Oxnard, O'Kane, Portillo, Preston, Regan, Ratighan, C. Ruffing, A. Ruffing, Robinson, Ramirez, F. Smith, L. Smith, S. Smith, Shields, Spencer, Statman, Servis, Talbot, Towner, Tarrant, Tiedrich, Valasco, Wabraushek, Wagoner, L. West.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Atkinson, Barger, Bull, Campeau, Ciarcoschi, Chute, J. Connors, E. Connors, Cobbs, Dungan, Dunford Dewald, T. Falvey, E. Falvey, F. Falvey, Farmer, Fontanel, F. Garber, E. Garber, Grant, Griffin, Haney, Hillas, Huiskamp, Healy, Inderrieden, Jones, Jewett, Keefe, Klaner, Kellner, Landenwich, Mainzer, Maloney, Mason, Moncada, McIntosh, Morgan, McGill, Martin, Murphy, Mitchell, H. Mooney, C. Mooney, Munro, Nester, B. Nealis, C. Nealis, Nussbaum, Paul, Piero, J. Peck, F. Peck, Quinlin, Ramsey, Rowsey, Riordan, Sullivan, Steel, Stone, D. Sweet, G. Sweet, W. Smart, A. Smart, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Taft, Tillenbergh, Williamson.

Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. O'Connor, Portillo, Colina, Benson, Vanselow, L. Smith, McCart, C. Mitchell, Muessel, H. Jewett, Austin, S. Campbell, E. Campbell, Talbot, Nealis, N. Jacobs, Hall, A. Hake, T. Hake, N. Smith, McConn, Oxnard, Boos, Myers, Spencer, McPhee, Scherrer, W. Gordon, Cain, Bacigalupo, L. West, Macatee, Fitzharris, Ramirez, Cavaroc, Clarke, Darragh, Joyce, Nations, Valasco, Chaves, Fontanel, Tiedrich, Sack, Glenn, T. Ryan, Cassidy, Griffith, Hampton, Judie, Dooling, Chapin, Harris, Harrison, H. Long, Gallardo, Rodriguez, Breen, Ley, Soden, F. Long.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters C. Scherrer, Cobbs, Crotty, McNulty, McIntosh, F. Dunford, C. Mooney, A. Smart, Riordan, B. Nealis, F. Peck, Murphy, Nussbaum, Graham, McGill, Martin, F. Garber, J. Peck, E. Doss, Sullivan, Nester, Munro, Bailey, C. Quinlin, Jones, F. Falvey, J. Connors, E. Scherrer, L. Doss, E. Connors, W. Smart, G. Sweet, Paul, Huiskamp, Mitchell, H. Mooney, E. Falvey, Steele, Taft, C. Nealis, Grant.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

German—Messrs. A. Miller, P. Jacobs, Baca, C. Bowles, Muessel, A. Hake, Meyers, Darragh, Tarrant, Towner; French—Messrs. Brownson, Cavaroc; Spanish—Messrs. Dexter, Saviers, Colina, Rodriguez, Gallardo; Instrumental Music—Messrs. Luther, Carbajal, Dooling, Morrison, W. Akin, Willson, Prudhomme, Egan, Preston, Tiedrich, C. Ruffing; Practical Drawing—Messrs. Houck, Fehr, Wabraushek, H. Smith, Vanselow, Dolan, Hagerty, De Haven, Fitzharris, Berry; Figure Drawing—Messrs. F. Long, Nations, Nealis, Ley, Press; Telegraphy—Messrs. Austin, Murphy; Type-Writing—Messrs. Adams, O. Ryan; Phonography—Messrs. Harris, Hamlyn, McConn, C. Paschel, Flood, Myers, Cooper, Bunker, Ratighan, Rothert, Remish.

NOTE.—The names of P. Brownson and C. P. Neill should have appeared for Latin, last week.

A Distinguished Catholic Citizen.

[The following brief notice of General Newton went the rounds of the press several months ago, before the last of the series of explosions at Hell Gate had crowned the triumph of modern engineering. The recent action of the University of Notre Dame in bestowing its grand honor of the "Lietare Medal" on this eminent scientist will make the publication of this sketch especially timely and interesting.]

General Newton's experience of fifteen years, illumined, as it is, by his matchless engineering genius, and by his wonderful power of organizing and controlling skilled fellow-workers, lands him far above any of his compeers in the art of exploding huge masses of rock. We remember a lecture of his at the Cooper Institute in New York, not long after the Hallet's Point explosion. On the stage he exhibited a miniature copy, in some sort of plaster, of the rock as it stood before the explosion. Wires radiated from it in every direction, and were all gathered into a framework connecting each wire, along which, as in the great explosion, the electric current was to do the blasting work. This gave the lecturer who had done the great deed so successfully, an opportunity of explaining every detail of the operation. But he took care not to tell us what he was going to do. It was only casually that he mentioned the fact that each one of the wires running into the plaster model ended in a dynamite cartridge. When, however, his very interesting and luminous description had led up to the critical moment when his three year-old daughter touched the electric key, he suited the action to the word, touched a button to a small piece of wood he had in his hand, and, bang! went the plaster model, shattered into atoms, with a report not much louder than a pistol shot. Not a particle of burnt plaster fell beyond the orchestra seats close to the stage. And yet it was done with hundreds of small dynamite charges.

General Newton is worshipped by those that work under him. He sees to every detail without interfering needlessly with engineers who know that, while he trusts them, they must be men of untiring watchfulness, very slaves to duty. Himself a splendid specimen of West Point training, he loves to talk of all he owes to the great school, a school which he values more even for its mental discipline than for its military tactics. Modest, like all great men of worth, he dislikes talking of his triumph over matter. Mind in its highest form, mind as irradiated by devout faith is what he revels in. For the General is not only a Catholic, he is a man of prayer, walking and working in the presence of God. The lives of the saints are his favorite reading. When he meets with priests he expects them to talk to him of the soul, of eternity and God. This clearness of spiritual vision enables him to ride roughshod over many of those conventionalities which even pious Catholics submit to. Some years ago, when Professor Tyndall came to New York, General Newton was invited to meet him at a banquet. His answer was characteristic: "An infidel is no fit company for a gentleman."

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The first wild-flowers of the season bloom on the altar of St. Anthony, the gift of Miss Rachel Burke, a former pupil of the Academy.

—Miss Lulu Hutchinson, a former beloved pupil of St. Mary's, is travelling in Ireland. She will visit Germany, France and Italy before her return.

—Among the visitors of the week are, Mr. James White, Jackson, Mich.; Mr. W. D. Mulhall, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, Chicago; Mrs. J. Griffith, St. Paul, Minn.

—St. Ritta's dormitory has been enriched by a handsome new gong, and tasteful new waste basket, thanks to the thoughtful care of Miss Munger and Miss Sarah McHale.

—Two handsomely-bound volumes, from the *Tribune* book-bindery, of South Bend, were received on Saturday. They were "Notes of General Literature," skilfully copied on the Type-Writer by Miss Martha L. Munger.

—The Roman mosaic cross was drawn by Lottie Bragdon, who transferred her claim to Hannah Stumer. Those who drew with them were the Misses Coll, Griffith, Hertzog, Keyes, McEwen, Nester, Prudhomme, Regan and Smith.

—Work on the new chapel has begun in earnest. It is to occupy the space in front of the Chapel of Loreto. The beautiful flowers which adorned this area last fall, and which were transferred to the hot-house for the winter, will have to seek for other quarters. The fine old trees are level with the dust.

—Positions at table, piano, desk, etc., should be made subjects of most careful study. How many can be counted as perfect? Whose attitudes in the parlor, on the promenade, or in the class-room, are faultless? It would be well for each young person to ask this question, and to compare her own with the best models, and not to rest satisfied till there be nothing left to desire.

—*Rosa Mystica*, Vol. XII, No. 4, was read at the regular Academic reunion. Editresses: The Misses Rowena Fenton, Lena Clendenen and Angela Donnelly. We extract the following note from its pages:

"Last Wednesday, the young ladies of the Graduating and First Senior classes entered upon the arduous course in Domestic Economy. We were ushered into—shall I say where?—I will venture to do so, under the French dress—well, into the *cuisine*. The doors were barricaded, to spare the blushes of the uninitiated, and the process went forward, under the surveillance of vigilant guards. Each young lady expected in her first attempt to rival the renowned 'Francatelli' as a *chef de cuisine*. We deem it needless to state that they were extremely gratified in the outcome of their efforts. Some of the productions, or concoctions, would certainly have amazed the skilful *chef*."

The Precious Blood.

Show me a tree, or a charming flower,
That is not bathed in Its loving power;
Find me a drop in the crystal sea
Unadorned with Its majesty;
Point me a star, or a planet bright,
Wearing no beam of Its searching light;
Lead to a joyous thing on earth,
To which Its love hath not given birth.
Ye can find them not; for the fair, the true
Are alone to Its loving mercy due:
Yet, little, alas! is it understood
How much we owe to the Precious Blood.

The goods of Nature, the price of grace,
To their source in the Heart Divine we trace;
While all that is dark is the fruit of pride
Which seeks this Fountain of bliss to hide.
It is unbelief. 'Tis the doubt that fell
On the fiends who opened the gates of hell.
But he who turns to this Source of Light
Finds the strongest demons are put to flight.
Baptismal waters in sweetness roll,
And the stain of the fall leaves the human soul.
Should perchance the dismal blight of sin
Again mar the beauty and peace within,
The priestly hand is upraised to cleanse—
The Precious Blood with our sorrow blends—
Then joy returns from that deep abyss
Of pure, of undying happiness.

The unction of strength, to support the germ
Of faith, and its life of peace to confirm,
Is vigor imparted by that rich tide,
Sent out to make fertile the lands so wide;
Each Sacrament is a Fount Divine,
Of the Blood that makes holy the Sacred Shrine;
And the souls of men, wheresoever they be,
Drink life from this boundless, eternal sea;
While seraphic hosts are forever fed
On the wonders that hide in its mighty bed.
Thrice blissful, ubiquitous, precious Power,
We thank, we adore Thee, hour by hour,
And rest alone, in the hope at last
To dwell where no cloud shall Thy waves o'ercast.

M.

Holy Week.

Those who are happily divested of that levity which belongs to unbelief, or of that hatred which is born of bigotry, greet with loving sympathy this period of the ecclesiastical year, in which the momentous mystery of human redemption is honored throughout the entire world. Soothing, indeed, to the upright mind is the assurance that the noblest part of our being is not left with unanswered aspirations. The immortal soul finds rest in divine truths, and the earnest heart is filled with tender confidence when it remembers that an infallible Voice has declared the "resurrection of the body and the life everlasting."

To the true-hearted, there is no more gracious boon than commiseration in the sorrows of the

most dear, and it has been justly remarked that trifling by any member of a family, when some calamity has befallen the father, for example, would be a proof of the most unnatural heartlessness. What can be said of those redeemed by the Crucifixion, who never care to commemorate their redemption? To the faithful, the thrilling ceremonies of Passion and Holy Week are full of sublime consolation. In those days we trace our genealogy as children of God, and listen to the confirmation of our title to heaven.

Let the lover of the pathetic, the beautiful, the grand in literature, look for anything to surpass the office of *Tenebræ* in Holy Week, and he will be baffled in his search. Added to his satisfaction is the consideration that all this grandeur and power of eloquence is no evanescent display of happy fancy or pleasing style. They are the worthy mirror of a theme that the highest created intelligence can contemplate. No flippant, time-serving poet composed the thrilling Latin hymns employed during this season. The *Stabat Mater*, the *Pange lingua*, the *Vexilla Regis*, were written by men who sang as the angels sing, for love of God. What a cherishing, faith-inspiring winter is Holy Week to usher in the ineffable springtime of Easter. As there is no mother so tender as the Church, so there is no joy so pure, so exalted, so satisfying as that she imparts. Though she wreathes her shrines with flowers at Easter, and causes the air to palpitate with the richest music that genius can devise and art express, she is no less beautiful in the sad hours that intervene, from the procession of Holy Thursday to the *Gloria* of Holy Saturday.

Who, that has passed an hour before the radiant repository, or that has shed a tear in presence of the dismantled altar, reflecting, as he knelt, upon the events commemorated, with the ardor of vital faith, can turn away without being more and more profoundly impressed with the dignity of the human soul, for the sake of which God took upon Himself our nature and suffered a cruel death.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Alwein, Andreus, Barlow, Bruhn, Butler, Brady, Blair, Bubb, Beckmann, Carney, Coll, Cox, Dillon, A. Donnelly, E. Donnelly, Dart, Desenberg, English, Ewing, Egan, Fuller, Faxon, Farnsworth, Fenton, Flannery, Griffith, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, Green, A. Heckard, Hummer, B. Heckard, Henry, Haas, Harlem, Kearney, Kearns, Kingsbury, Kennedy, Lang, Lyons, Levy, Lauer, Livingston, Lawrence, Laskey, Moon, Munger, McHale, Murphy, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, Morse, M. McNamara, Monahan, Neff, Nagle, Nester, Patrick, Riedinger, Robb, S. St. Clair, M. Scully, Shields, Stockdale, Smith, Thornton, Trask, Wolvin, White, I. Wynn, F. Wynn, Walsh. *2d Tablet*—Misses Claggett, H. Guise, C. Scully, Stafford, Rend.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses L. Bragdon, M. Coll, M. Clifford, L. Griffith, F. Hertzog, T. Haney, A. Keyes, L. Nester, C. Prudhomme, M. Paul, G. Regan, H. Stumer, M. Smith.

2d Tablet—Misses M. Duffield, McEwen, E. Sheekey, B. Snowhook.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

Class Honors.

[The following-named young ladies are best in classes—according to Competitions held during the past month.]

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

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses M. Dillon, E. Horn, M. Hummer, M. F. Murphy, R. Fenton, G. Wolvin, C. Lang, C. Scully, B. Kearney, L. St. Clair, M. Kearsey, J. McHale, L. Williams, A. Shephard, M. Fuller, C. Morrison, A. Keyes.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses E. Kearns, F. Carmien, G. Faxon, B. Snowhook, B. Heckard, E. Brady, H. Nagle, E. Walsh, L. Foine, M. Scully, A. Duffield, F. Thornton, H. Guise, M. Neff, E. Donnelly.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses A. Henry, C. Farnsworth, M. Rend, M. Clifford, I. Bubb, M. Beckmann, M. Patrick, M. Lyons, E. Carroll, M. Cox, F. Kingsbury, I. Moon, E. North, G. Stadler, I. Wynn, E. Egan, M. Morse, A. Riedinger, E. Coll, L. Meehan, M. Stafford, E. Stockdale, E. Dart, L. Levy, M. Smith.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses R. Smith, E. Flannery, A. Kennedy, N. Green, L. Haas, C. Shields, A. Livingstone, N. Meehan, M. McEwen.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses E. Harlem, H. Smart, L. Nester, E. Allnoch M. Andreus, M. Alwein, H. Nester, F. Spencer, T. Balch, A. Monahan, M. Mason, C. Prudhomme, A. Blacklock, E. Claggett, M. McNamara, M. Otero, L. Bragdon, M. Lindsey.

JUNIOR PREP.—Misses E. Qualey, D. Lee, O. Boyer, M. Paul.

1ST JR.—Misses L. Caddagan, E. Kendall, H. Rhodes, L. Simpson, J. Wallace.

PHONOGRAPHY.

1ST CLASS—Miss M. Kearsey.

2D DIV.—Miss M. Lyons, F. Carmien.

2D CLASS—Misses Shields, Monahan, Thornton, S. McHale.

3D CLASS—Misses Kearns, A. Donnelly, Rend.

TYPE-WRITING.

Misses Munger, M. Lyons, Walsh, H. Nagle, Monahan.

BOOK-KEEPING.

1ST CLASS—Misses Fitzpatrick, B. Kearney, J. McHale.

2D CLASS—Misses A. Keyes, B. Snowhook, M. Cox, J. Lawrence, N. Kearns, M. Lyons, F. Carmien, M. Morse, L. Walsh, G. Faxon, M. Scully, H. Guise.

3D CLASS—Misses I. Bubb, I. Wynn, C. Farnsworth, M. Beckmann, A. Monahan, B. Desenberg, N. Carroll, M. Blair, A. Kennedy, N. Green.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Miss M. Bruhn.

2D CLASS—Misses M. F. Murphy.

3D CLASS—Misses Snowhook, Van Horn, A. Baschamang.

2D DIV.—Misses Fenton, Clendenen, Kearns, Hertzog, Sheekey, McEwen, Servis.

4TH CLASS—Misses Brady, Levy, English, Keyes, A. Beckmann, Duffield, Guise, Otero, Stumer, Campeau.

5TH CLASS—Misses Smart, T. Balch, C. Prudhomme, B. Pierce, E. Coll.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Miss E. Horn.

2D CLASS—Misses C. Lang, B. Kearney.

3D CLASS—Misses I. Bubb, A. Donnelly, L. Trask, M. Cox.

4TH CLASS—Misses M. Hummer, A. Butler, J. Lawrence, H. Rose, M. Smith, M. Blair, F. Carmien, B. Lauer, E. Qualey, N. Donnelly, E. Allnoch.

5TH CLASS—Misses E. Balch, B. Desenberg, A. Kennedy, E. Dart, E. North, F. Thornton, A. Livingston, N. Neff, E. Stockdale, L. Caddagan.