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[From the "Ave Maria."]

The Completion of Gilding the Dome.*

BY ARTHUR J. STACE.

The gleam of earthly gold—how pale!
Our brightest light—how faint the shine
To eyes that, bless'd with Light Divine,
Are turned in pity toward the vale,
Where Eve's sad children bid Thee hail!
To cheer them with a glance benign,
Their sorrows with Thine own to twine,
And thus the Throne of Grace assail.

And yet, though poor the gift, 'tis meet
Humbly and gratefully to bring
All earthly treasures to Thy feet,
O Mother of the Heavenly King!
For earthly treasures by Thine aid
May turn to joys that never fade.

* The gilding of the Dome of the University of Notre Dame, which is surmounted by a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin illuminated by an electric crown and crescent, was recently completed—the gift of a devout client of Our Lady.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.*

BY REV. S. FITTE, C. S. C.

This is a point of History which, having once been misunderstood, or rather misrepresented, seems to be doomed never to come to the full light of truth. Owing to the diversity of its causes, agencies and consequences, it has become in the hands of prejudiced or evil-minded writers a fruitful theme for declamation and calumny. To unravel its intricacies, and make it appear clearly as it is, would require a long, thorough discussion, which we do not intend to impose upon our readers. Let it suffice to trace, with patience and impartiality,

* Prepared from unpublished manuscripts of the National Library of Paris.

the principal lines of the work, sketching, as it were, the plan of a monument the erection of which demands the genius of a more skilful architect.

It can be said that, considering the means employed and the results, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes is to be regretted and blamed. But these means, that is to say, the violence too often used to bring about conversions, far from being called for by the measure itself, were directly opposed to the very text of the Edict. In fact, they were inspired not by the Catholic spirit, but by a passion merely human and political. Nay, the whole affair was always disavowed and resisted, finally reprovved by the Church, whose triumphs have always been those of true toleration. This is a distinction which has not been made, but which is, however, of the greatest importance to a full understanding of the question.

In all the acts, all the instructions, all the resolutions which characterize this undertaking, an attentive observer will easily notice a twofold tendency—a singular admixture of violence and meekness, derived from the respect or contempt for the sacred rights of conscience, and, so to speak, two contrary currents, which mark opposite directions in the counsels as well as the government of Louis XIV. One is Catholic, and guided by charity; the other political, relying upon brute force. Doubtless this double course of action resulted from the fact that the enterprise met with two different kinds of difficulties. Perplexed between the regard due to humanity, and the severe restraint claimed by public safety, statesmen proved unable to come to an agreement, and violence, having destroyed meekness, grew the more in intensity.

In the stormy contest between these two irreconcilable principles, this much is certain, that Catholic influence stood as a formidable barrier to the system of military coercion, and by a continual struggle forced it, even during its triumph, to arbitrary measures, until, the latter being at length overthrown, the government of the "great king" was compelled to yield and follow the way of mercy and the freedom of conscience.

This is, in short, the simple truth in regard to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; this is the

programme which impartial History must, sooner or later, fulfil and realize. In order to present, to some extent, a definitive solution, we intend in this essay to clear the ground for the future historian of the Revocation: we will therefore examine, first, how it was gradually brought about; then, what kind of measure it was in itself, and, finally, in what manner it was carried out.

I.—PREPARATION.

When Protestantism succeeded in obtaining the Edict of Nantes, it was not a mere religious association, anxious only to live in peace under the protection of law, but a military and political power, with its leaders, its armies, its strongholds, its taxes and alliances within and without the kingdom of France. A mighty organization, feudal in its leaders, republican in its members, it was both by nature and position directed to the overthrow of monarchy as well as Catholicity. This was the system with which Henry IV had to deal. The Edict of Nantes was forced upon him by the Huguenots, who hesitated not to sacrifice the safety of the nation to their selfish purposes, as appears from the fact of their flight before Amiens, despite the touching appeal made to their patriotism, and their allowing the Spaniards to penetrate into the heart of France.

Moreover, the Edict, far from putting an end to their resentment, was accepted by them with the secret reservation of violating it as soon as possible. To this end, they more than once conspired under Henry IV, who bitterly complained of it to the Landgrave of Hesse, and who died with a presentiment of the troubles which threatened his successor. To Mary de Medici he said: "The Huguenots are the greatest enemies of France. Let my son beware of them. Sooner or later they must be fought and repressed. For the little service I received from them I had much to suffer; but I hope my son will one day chastise them for their insolence."

After the murder of Henry IV, the first words spoken by the Protestants were, that "this was the time for proclaiming their majority under the government of a minor." And, in fact, they organized a league, and, under the pretense of guarding against its withdrawal, they were the first to violate the Edict by asking for greater advantages than those hitherto granted. "I know" said one of their leaders—the Duke de Rohan—"it will be objected that we demand more than was obtained in the time of the former king; but to this I answer that the present disordered state of affairs gives us some apprehension for the future." Accordingly, they raised again the standard of civil war; always eager to encourage and abet domestic factions, or support the attacks of foreign enemies, they took up arms no less than six times within twelve years.

A Protestant historian, Weiss, remarks:

"During the life-time of Henry IV, the general assemblies of the Huguenots did not go beyond the narrow limits assigned them; but under the reign of Louis XIII they declared themselves independent and sovereign, after the example of the States General of Holland, and gave rise to troubles and rebellion. Then was renewed the strange spectacle of a king of France traversing his kingdom at the

head of an army, and making his entrance into his good cities, preceded by cannons instead of trumpets. The odium of this fact ought to be thrown on the Protestants, who had become, without necessity, allies of a turbulent nobility. They might rightly be accused of being always ready to second the enemies of the State, and thenceforth their ruin was resolved upon. Therefore, in order to provide for the expenses of the civil war, their assembly ordered the seizure of all the ecclesiastical revenues and the confiscation of all the royal taxes. It, at the same time, confirmed in their charges only those officers of justice and finance who made public profession of the reformed religion, and had the ministers' salary taken from the resources of the Catholic Church. This was equivalent to openly proclaiming a Protestant Republic, like that of the United Provinces, raising La Rochelle to the rank of a second Amsterdam, and giving the signal of a disastrous war, which might bring about the dismemberment of the kingdom without the pretext of excessive oppression."

In fact, the only excessive oppression of the Huguenots was the prevention of such excess on their own part. In 1625, Richelieu had succeeded in quieting them for a while, and, trusting to insured peace at home, he was about to carry out the grand design conceived by Henry IV, of humbling Austria, whose powerful hand weighed heavily upon Europe and paralyzed the action of France. All the national forces were directed to that end. In such a conjuncture, which should have inspired in all French hearts a noble patriotism, the Huguenots saw but an occasion favorable to revolt. Seizing the men-of-war stationed in the Blavet River, while the Duke de Rohan endeavored to stir up the provinces, they compelled Richelieu to relinquish for the present his glorious undertaking, and the king of France to borrow eight English and twenty Dutch vessels, in order to rescue his fleet from the hands of the rebels. From this moment Richelieu realized, as he says himself, "how impossible it was for France to attempt anything great so long as she was hampered by intestine feuds—that is, so long as the Huguenots had a footing in the kingdom." Finally, in 1627, the English were called to La Rochelle by the Protestants, and all the forces of France, guided by the Cardinal's genius, succeeded, after heroic efforts, in capturing "that old den of heresy in France, which had constantly been opening its doors to the enemy, and through which the rebels were wont to obtain material and moral support from foreign nations." So great was the danger inherent in Calvinism that this glorious event, so beneficial to the welfare of France, was considered by Richelieu cheaply bought at the price of forty millions of francs.

Thus the Huguenots themselves, by their many audacious conspiracies, which set at nought the submission due to the Edict of Nantes, justified the revocation of this pacifying measure. The Edict virtually existed no longer; they had torn it to pieces, and it was by indulgence only, and in virtue of a new decree, called the *Édit de Grâce*, enacted in 1629, that the conquered rebels continued to be tolerated in the kingdom. In fact, Grotius himself, a Protestant writer, made no concession, but simply expressed the truth, when, some time after, he wrote these lines: "The Protestants of France must bear in mind that the Edict of Nantes,

and like decrees, are not treaties of alliance, but merely ordinances granted by kings for the sake of the public welfare, and, consequently, liable to be repealed when the safety of the nation demands their revocation." Weiss also justly exalts the clemency of Richelieu for allowing, "as a favor, the Edict of Nantes to subsist, even against the general opinion of the age." Still, it is more probable that the Cardinal, having on hand other and weightier affairs, thought it prudent to let his successors finish the work so auspiciously begun at La Rochelle.

Since that time, indeed, the political power of the Huguenots in France was greatly diminished. The Duke de Rohan, however, still continued the campaign in Languedoc, and concluded with Spain one of those criminal alliances so frequent at that period. In virtue of this treaty, De Rohan was to receive yearly from Spain six hundred thousand gold coins, "on the condition that he should maintain an army of twelve thousand men in the interest of his allies, and that he should enter upon no agreement with the king of France, unless with the consent of His Catholic Majesty."

It is true, the power of Louis XIV soon put a check to the detestable schemes of the Huguenots; but even then, says the Duke de Bourgogne, in a Memoir on the subject,

"It was less the will than the means which was wanting. Notwithstanding their protestations of fidelity and their seemingly perfect submission to authority, the Huguenots never ceased, in all kinds of covert ways, to stir up remote provinces and to foster intrigues with foreign enemies. We have at hand the authentic acts of clandestine synods, in which they had resolved to place themselves under the protection of Cromwell, even though at the time they had not the least reason to fear any interference in the exercise of their religion. We are also in possession of proofs of their intimate relations with the Prince of Orange. *To recall the Huguenots would be to recall the friends of our enemies.*"

Such is the conclusion of the Memoir composed by the pupil of Fénelon after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Finally, a modern historian, who certainly cannot be accused of partiality, whose appreciations, moreover, are wanting neither in science nor in acuteness—Michelet—states that such was indeed at that epoch the sentiment of public opinion—a sentiment which he himself endorsed. "There was then," he says, "a general exasperation against the Protestants. Checked in her success by Holland, France felt within herself a second Holland that rejoiced at the triumph of the first."

These were the dispositions of the Huguenots under the reign of Louis XIV. But it should not be inferred that there existed an immediate danger to the public safety. Such a conclusion would pass the limits of truth. Politically disarmed, and chiefly engaged in industrial and commercial pursuits, the Protestants no longer presented to the power of the great monarch the obstacles existing under previous reigns. Yet the spirit of rebellion was rather latent than destroyed. Protestantism constituted a defeated party, and, under circumstances dangerous to the country, might be tempted to rise again and oppose, or impede, measures necessary to the success and future destiny of France. The whole nation was disquieted. This

uneasiness gives reason to conclude that, the public welfare being at stake, Louis XIV was determined to use all possible means of persuasion, in order to accomplish the work so successfully begun by Richelieu. Thus it was that the complete absorption of Protestantism became a necessity, because France was to be freed from a hostile element, and the monarchy from a permanent source of revolution, which undermined authority and unity; at that time more than ever the main stay of the French nation and government.

Furthermore, Protestantism, although deprived of all influence in politics, and not so dangerous as in the past, had not changed its nature. Acting on a principle of independence antagonistic to revealed dogma, it threatened with complete demoralization civil and social relations in the future order of things. After being, as it were, absorbed in political affairs and preserved from interior disorganization by material violence and fanaticism, it now recoiled upon itself with renewed activity, the more intense for having being delayed. The French nation, having been saved before by the union of Faith and patriotism, Protestantism, conquered by the force of arms, was the more anxious to penetrate and poison the vital organs of the State, to bring disorder from without, to sap the religious foundations of society, and to prepare a far deeper, far more frightful abyss than any into which France had ever been precipitated. "Protestantism is a dreadful leaven of evil for a nation!" wrote Fénelon from the midst of the populations which he evangelized.

To-day we can but faintly realize the magnitude of the danger, because we have lost the appreciation of the good which was threatened with destruction. We declaim at leisure amid our ruins; philosophers by necessity, we easily slight the advantages we possess no more, and decorate this cheap disinterestedness of ours with the pompous name of toleration. But, as has been well observed, to have the right to boast of our present toleration as if it were a moral progress, we should have still alive in our hearts the Faith of our fathers. The fact is that the toleration of our day results chiefly from torpidity, from a polite incredulity which can no longer take offence at injuries and insults to Faith and convictions which we have lost. In vain do we flatter our scepticism and try to endow it with qualities that are simply ideal. The proof of this is that we give it up as soon as anyone touches upon the only good that remains to us, namely, *property*.

"A little liberty and tolerance," as an illustrious writer said lately in concluding an article on the Revocation, "would be the best preventive of political and religious revolutions." This is well said; but it holds good only when society has exhausted all kinds of political and religious remedies by destroying all conviction and belief. Should, then, the same thing be said of social revolutions? Would it also be right to say "A little liberty and toleration would be the best preventive of Socialism?" The Paris Commune and the bold attempts of the Chicago anarchists give us the answer. Well, in

the 17th century religious innovations could not but be social revolutions. At that time society had everything to lose, because it was rich; a downfall was possible, because the social fabric stood erect; and the fall must necessarily be great and disastrous, because that fabric was high and expansive. It was, then, very natural to see all minds uneasy, all hearts disturbed, at the thought that religion, the foundation of all moral and social institutions—a foundation upon which majestically rested an edifice of magnificent proportions, and of which there now remains not a stone upon a stone, was undermined by a heresy which would surely prepare the way for deism and infidelity.

Be this as it may, have subsequent events in any way given the lie to the fears entertained in the 17th century? We have seen the catastrophe which took place in the following century; we have heard the impious vaunts of D'Alembert, impudently responded to by Voltaire:

"For my part," says the former, "I begin to see things in a roseate hue: I foresee toleration, the Protestants recalled, the priests married, confession abolished, and the Infamous One crushed, without anyone being aware of it."

To which Voltaire later on alluded, saying:

"Why did you not pass by Geneva on your return? You would have enjoyed the sight of the accomplishment of your predictions. There are now in the city of Calvin but a few rascals who believe in the so-called Consubstantial One. Everybody there thinks as they do in London. That which you know is mocked. I embrace you most tenderly, my dear philosopher."

But let us go further, and appeal to the Protestants themselves who were contemporaneous with the Revocation. Let us take them as judges in the question at issue:

"The curtain at length has been drawn, the bottom of iniquity is now bare, and those gentlemen have almost entirely revealed themselves, since persecution scattered them about in places where they were allowed to speak in full liberty. The young men recently arrived from France, all heavy with the universal toleration of all heresies and their own infidelity, have believed that this was the right time and place to bring them forth. It is high time, indeed, to stem that impure stream, and expose the pernicious designs of the disciples of Episcopus and Socinus. When the poison begins to insinuate itself into the vitals, it is time to call for a remedy. Although the number of those indifferent people is growing more than I dare to say, still our beautiful language is not yet stained with these abominations. But since our dispersion, the country is full of French books which make charity consist in the toleration of paganism, idolatry and Socinianism."

Such is the sentence passed by the Protestant Jurieu upon the partisans of the reformed religion who had taken refuge in Rotterdam. Thirty-four French ministers living in England wrote as follows to the synod at Amsterdam:

"We are greatly afraid of, and deeply scandalized by, the new refugees from France, who, being infected with divers errors, endeavor to spread their virus among the people. These errors are so grave as to aim at nothing else than the overthrow of Christianity, and the peril is so imminent, the licentiousness so great, that ecclesiastical bodies can conceal them no longer. If opposed only by palliative remedies, the evil would be incurable."

After the verdict pronounced by such competent judges, might we not rest the case? Had not the Catholic religion the right, was it not plainly its

duty to guard against Protestantism when honest Protestants themselves felt such a dread of the impending evil? Could Bossuet be wrong when he pointed to the fact, exclaiming: "Thus it is that youth was educated in our so-called reformed churches! Such a reformation was heavy with religious indifference; and that monster, which the laws of the kingdom did not permit to bring forth in France, achieved its purpose as soon as that unbridled youth breathed abroad the air of a greater liberty." Could it be possible that those radical free-thinkers, whose recall would have given Voltaire such a satanic joy, and inspired him with the hope of nothing less than the abolition of confession, the marrying of priests, and the crushing of the Infamous One—as he blasphemously termed the Redeemer—could it be possible that French refugees, whose appearance terrified even Protestants that had still preserved a spark of Christian Faith, so much so that, notwithstanding the common cause of hatred and misfortune which recommended them to their sympathy, they called for remedies against the evil, and remedies "more efficacious than palliative remedies"—is it likely that such a dangerous element should not have created any emotion in the heart of Catholic France in the time of Bossuet and Louis XIV? Was it not quite natural, rather, that the whole nation should feel greatly excited, should be horrified at the moral and social danger nourished within its own bosom?

It was that instinctive dread of the storms of impiety and anarchy which would arise from Protestantism in the future, as well as the sad remembrance of the political calamities of which it had been the source in the past, which caused the assent, even the unanimous approval, of the 17th century to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Placed between two epochs of ruins, the 16th and the 18th century,—that model of order *par excellence*, that beautiful age, so conscious of its incomparable glory, was the admirable fruit of a Catholic reaction dearly bought by one hundred years of civil war, and it nobly resisted the formidable foe who, after being conquered abroad, threatened to dismember and ruin his indefatigable victor. Therefore it is that all the great geniuses of that truly brilliant epoch, notwithstanding their diversity of character and difference of opinions, instinctively agreed in extolling the step taken by the king of France. That step was inspired both by religion and patriotism. This wonderful accord of Bossuet, La Fontaine, Arnauld, De Sévigné, La Bruyère, Fénelon, and a host of others, of whom these were the *élite*, is well calculated to shake the presumptuous confidence with which we approach that delicate question, scanning it with the feeble light of our superficial criticism.

Still, we may pass judgment upon it, but with the reserve and discretion which become a degenerate posterity. Bearing in mind the general considerations just presented, let us ask ourselves: How, and under what circumstances did the Revocation of the Edict take place? Was there in it a preconceived system of violence and brutality? Did the Catholic Church, while upholding the sacred rights

of the Faith, show any regard for those of freedom of conscience? The answer to these questions will form the subject of our next paper.

The Legend of Brother Eugene.

BY A. BARRY.

I.

A brave young monk was Brother Eugene;
He dwelt in the Convent of Breau,
Head-gardener he, and right well, I ween,
Did his plants and his flowers grow.
Light-hearted he worked through the Summer day,
And sang, as he toiled, some sacred lay.

II.

Now, the Father of Evil, the chronicles tell,
Detested the monks of Breau,
For the frequent sound of their convent-bell
Was heard by his legions below,
And every stroke seemed to chant, with pride,
The glory of God whom they had defied.

III.

So, Satan commissioned a score or so
Of his spirits most cunning and deep,
To hold strict watch o'er these monks of Breau,
While at work, or at prayer, or in sleep;
And to strive by the arts they knew so well
To ensnare recruits for the service of hell.

IV.

The watch was set and the snares were laid
For each of the monks of Breau,
And a daily report of the progress made
Was taken to Satan below;
From which reports the arch-plotter knew
His successes were slight ones, and very few.

V.

Undaunted by failure, he bade his band
Persevere and be vigilant still;
Bade them seek for chances on every hand
Their enemies' souls to kill,
Assuring them all that persistence could win
The fall of the monks into deadly sin.

VI.

But as time wore on and there came no news
Of a notable victory won,
His imps he began to upbraid and abuse
For leaving their duties undone;
And he bade them thereafter remain below,—
He himself would attend to the monks of Breau.

VII.

He brought to the task all the powers for ill
Of a genius distorted and curst;
He worked with the ardent, insatiate will
Of Ambition when seen at its worst.
The result of his toil—o'er each Brother's life—
Swept a storm of temptations, and trials, and strife.

VIII.

With most, the struggles were sharp and brief—
They were clad in the armor of prayer;
And Satan's schemes ever come to grief
With the few who that armor wear.
But all were not victors—for, sooth to tell,
In much or in little, full many fell.

IX.

Success only whetted the fiend's desire
For victories still more complete;
And wild was his rage and fierce his ire
'Gainst those whom he could not defeat.
But most furious his anger, and bitter his spleen,
'Gainst our joyous young gardener, Brother Eugene.

X.

For Eugene had been tempted again and again,
But never an inch did he yield;
The wiles of the demon he scorned, and then
His scorn was in nowise concealed.
And he slept, and prayed, ate, worked and sang,
With a joy that caused Satan full many a pang.

XI.

Yet Satan, though vanquished day after day,
Would never his hopes forego
Of winning at last, and of working his way
With this champion monk of Breau.
And he vowed he would trouble the spirits serene
Of "this psalm-singing idiot, Brother Eugene."

XII.

Then came trying times for our virtuous youth.
Through the live-long day and night
Temptations assailed him, and bravely, in truth,
Did he bear the fierce brunt of the fight;
For in sunshine or gloom, when the strife was done,
All the angels rejoiced that Eugene had won.

XIII.

At length upon Satan there dawned the thought
Of entirely changing his plan.
Since the Brother with *spirits* so valiantly fought,
He would strive with him next as a *man*,
And once more endeavor to overthrow
The obstinate, gardening monk of Breau.

XIV.

Eugene was called from his work next day
By the porter, Brother St. John,
And informed that a traveller, old and gray,
With features chastened and wan,
(Who came, he said, from the village of Dean,)
Had craved permission to see him, Eugene.

XV.

Now, Dean was our Brother's native place,—
He had dwelt there as child and as boy;
And this prospect of seeing some well-known face
Was a source of quite natural joy.
But one glance at the stranger's thoughtful mien,
Assured him 'twas one he had never seen.

XVI.

Abundant tidings the traveller brought
Of Dean and its villagers all;
And one might have fancied he eagerly sought
These familiar scenes to recall,
In order to fill the monk with regret
For binding himself the world to forget.

XVII.

After dwelling at length on the pleasant theme
Of the friends whom Eugene used to know,
It was quite in the order of things, it would seem,
To speak of the life at Breau.
To the traveller's questions the monk replied,
And the traveller shook his head and sighed.

XVIII.

"What fools, these monks!" he exclaimed at last,
As if more in pity than scorn;
"To think they can alter a judgment passed
Long ages before they were born!"
Eugene was astounded and could not refrain
From begging the stranger his words to explain.

XIX.

"Explain?" he rejoined, "why, here *you* are
In life's spring-time of joy and delight,
The design of your being resolved to mar,
Your existence contented to blight.
Why shun all the pleasures enticing of earth?"
"To win," said Eugene, "a prize of more worth."

XX.

"But whether that prize will be yours, or not,"
Said the stranger, "is written now;
No acts of yours can erase or blot
The seal of fate from your brow.
God sees you in heaven, or sees you in hell;
Where *He* sees you, you'll go, live you ill or well.

XXI.

"Then act like a man; since the future's unknown,
Be happy now while you may;
The bliss of the present, at least, make your own;
Quaff pleasure in *this* life, to-day;
For be monk or gallant, be peaceful or vexed,
You can never alter your lot in the next."

XXII.

The latter part of this wily discourse
Was quite lost upon Brother Eugene;
He ask'd God's grace and sustaining force,
Through His Mother, the Virgin Queen.
She heard and answered the fervent prayer;
He discerned the fiend, perceived the snare.

XXIII.

"And so," said Eugene, "'tis at length made clear,
Your design in this visit to Breau.
You would have me leave it, but, really, I fear
I cannot consent to go.
And pray, may I ask, do I not guess well,
In thinking your Highness, the Prince of hell?"

XXIV.

"And if you are right," was the stranger's reply,
"My logic is none the less sound."
"Quite true," said Eugene, "and I doubt whether I
Can answer such logic profound;
Permit me, however, to throw some more light
On a few of your points which I think not just right."

XXV.

"To begin with: you take it for granted, I see,
That my life here is joyless and bleak.
Now on that point, at least, you will surely agree
That I am best able to speak.
And with all due respect, I can only reply
That your statement is, wholly and simply, a lie."

XXVI.

"Then you claim that my fate was decreed long ago,
That my lot I can ne'er hope to change,
Now, supposing all this to be even so,
I confess that it strikes me as strange
That you work so hard men's souls to gain;
If your logic is sound, then your toil must be vain."

XXVII.

"That God knows my future, I admit to be true—
He sees that I'll live well or ill;
Which means, that He sees what hereafter I'll do,
Of my own unrestrained free-will.
But that God's foreknowledge coerces my act,
Neither I nor yourself believe to be fact."

XXVIII.

"For, once grant that my fate depends not on me,
And your folly is rendered quite plain,
If I'm destined for Heaven, 'tis as can be
That your tempting will ever prove vain;
If to hell I'm foredoomed, you are surely an ass
To work with such zeal for what must come to pass."

XXIX.

"But of this, enough; I have work to do,
And need only say, ere I go,
As the final result of this interview,
That I purpose *remaining* at Breau."
So saying, Eugene bade the stranger farewell,
And the Devil, defeated, returned to hell.

Modern Athens.

A night's sail from Smyrna brings the voyager to Syra. Piræus, the port of Athens, is but six or seven hours distant from Syra across the Homeric Sea. Syra is Greek to the backbone. The town climbs the steep slope of a high hill, so that the houses seem set one upon the other. They are all white and ugly. Not a green thing is visible; even

the island is dust-colored and naked. Syra, with its pyramid of houses, looks as if it were built of cards; as if the first gust from the right quarter would carry the city off over the sea and scatter it on the four winds.

The harbor of Piræus is scarcely less unlovely. To be sure, you are pointed to the tomb of Themistocles, on the promontory, and yonder towers the Acropolis; and the peaks of Parnes, Hymettus and Pentelicus are crowned with glorious light; but close at hand there are store-houses and custom-houses, and many a hovel that is suggestive of poverty and domestic filth.

Our anchor is no sooner overboard than swarms of natives storm us. Hotel runners hail us in all the tongues of Babel. Greek, real Greek, is poured into our astonished ears. It sounds bookish, and recalls the days when we nibbled the dry roots, too often in the extra hours that fall to the lot of the delinquent. This modern Greek sounds well enough and looks well enough, but it resembles the royal tongue of Homer only to the degree that the modern Athenian resembles his illustrious god-nourished predecessor. It is spurious, and to be guarded against. It is half a page of the *Illiad* dealt out in the limping lingo of the fellow at the foot of his form.

The omnibus that plies between Piræus and Athens is certainly preferable to the rail that likewise modernizes and disfigures the capital of Greece. The road is most interesting. You can scarcely turn your eyes without discovering some improvement—evidence of the new life that seems to be awakening in the heart of that long-slumbering nation, and of which, naturally enough, they are immensely proud.

The six-mile drive from the seaport to the capital is too soon ended, and the splendor of modern Athens bursts upon the beholder quite unexpectedly. Young Athens might easily be mistaken for a small German capital. The Bavarian influence is indelible; and though King Otho has made his bow and retired, and a new king and a new constitution come to the troubled surface, this modern Athens will probably increase and multiply in every phase and feature that is German until the last feeble remnant of the original race has burst with pride and mingled its dust with the sacred soil of Attica.

Athens has broad, glaring streets, full of heat in summer, and ever open to the carousal of the wind from the gulfs. There are rows of smallish German cottages, snow-white, two-storied, isolated, in well trimmed gardens. You are cunningly lured on to the *Grand Place du Palais*, and there in a single glance your eye takes in the galaxy of modern monuments that stand as indisputable proofs of the survival of art on the soil where it reached its highest perfection. Here you have the Royal Palace—which ought not to complain if it were mistaken for a woollen factory—and here also are three huge hotels, brilliant with balconies and bunting, and with a pension of twelve francs a day.

There are other buildings in Athens just as big

and just as ugly. There are *cafés* without number, but not by any means without attractions, for the coffee of the Orient is here brought you in a semi-solid state, and the divine *nargileh* is unwound by the young man in the fez, who is not bad-looking, and is a tolerable shot. They will strike your lips at three paces, these pipe-boys, with a coil of hose on their arm and an extra half franc in their eye. Bad music of a windy afternoon in the *Place du Palais*, sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, mingled with the rumble of chariot-wheels, the click of festive glasses, and the hubble-bubble of the water-pipe at my lips and yours—is it not Athens?

Are we not in Greece? See the Franco-Greek names on the street corners—*Rue d'Hermes*, *Rue du Stade*, *Rue de Minerve*, *Rue d'Eole*, *Boulevard des Philhellenes*. The Greek names on the houses, the shop signs, the bulletin boards—do they not set you thinking on the half-forgotten cases? Is it not pleasant to know that the gate of Adrian is within a stone's-throw—if one is a tolerable stone-thrower—and that the temple of Zeus Olympus (the Olympieum) is just above the English Church?

From the *Place du Palais*, from the top windows of the hotels, from the broad, straight street, one always comes sooner or later, by one method of locomotion or another, to the Acropolis. This also must be accidental; for time, that deals so tenderly with the treasures of antique art, has brought hordes of Iconoclasts to the summit of that forsaken altar, and there they have dealt death and destruction to whatever was susceptible to the barbarous hand of man. It is not unlikely that in the flight of the gods mankind lost his reverence for the purely beautiful; they took with them that finer faculty—the sentiment is called feminine to-day, it may be considered infantile to-morrow—for the want of which the world is now suffering sorely. If I am somewhat obscure, I trust I shall be pardoned by all those who have approached Athens with due reverence, and have wished it to the old boy within the next four-and-twenty hours.

One takes coffee repeatedly, and drives again and again with this friend or that. One smokes religiously, listens to the vile music in the *Place du Palais*, sleeps late in the morning, after having done the Acropolis by sunrise; and the argument of the new Iliad seldom rises above this miserable round. If the Porch of Adrian or the Temple of the Winds finds a corner in the conversation, the one or the other is immediately laughed out of countenance by the young woman you met in Cairo and passed on the wing at Nazareth, but who is resting in Athens and has everything to talk of save Athens. The fellow who proposes to join you in the siege of Constantinople is a conscientious mole; but, bless him! he is dry as salt fish, and wrings the last dew of poetry from every subject that he touches.

Athens is a spot to sulk in. I have sulked in Athens in my day. England, Germany and the United States have combined forces, and between

them the little Greek that is left in Greece is of that nature which God alone in His infinite mercy can tolerate for a moment. In such a mood the finest ruin in the world would find no favor in my eyes.

But the wreck of that consecrated mount is so complete, so barbarous, that one cannot walk without striking against the shattered marbles, and everywhere the finger of vandalism has profaned the fairest monument of time. Does any one conjure up the shades of the past from a sepulchre like this? Let me, rather, fly to the uttermost parts of Attica—and that is only a little way—even to bee-haunted Hymettus, or to any convenient distance, where I can turn away from the insufferable stupidity of this young Athens, and look alone upon the Parthenon in the blue edge of the twilight.

The Parthenon rises above the plains as chaste as a virgin of the temple; it seems to separate itself in mystery awful and profound; to hold once more communion with the gods. The after-glow that illumines the inner temple rekindles the fires upon the flower-wreathed altars. I fancy I see the priestess, followed by her white-robed flock, and I think I hear the chant of voices and the wild melody of flutes. Or is it the piping of some shepherd boy sitting in the thyme and clover on the banks of the trickling Ilissus? Color—pure, transparent, luminous color—floods the fair temple, and in that heavenly light the gods descend and sit again in their seats, clad in immortality. The best inspiration of the artist cannot approach the exquisite loveliness of this scene; but it is as brief as it is perfect, and night veils the silent temple in a shower of golden stars.

The climax is over, and over for better, for worse. In the next moment I find myself thinking of Pericles and Phidias as if they were merely fables, and trying to glorify Xerxes, but failing utterly in the attempt. The view from the Acropolis is no less splendid, but it must be indeed from it, not in it. What the moon does for white marble is too well known for me to dwell on. So, also, is the geography of all these splendid ruins. I can only add that after one has duly execrated the memory of Lord Elgin, as every one is bound to do so sure as he sees the wreck that noble lord accomplished; having been again and again over the same old drives, and some of them are really interesting; having concluded that *Nίκη ἄπτερος*, the Unwinged Victory, had doubtless the best of reasons for deserting her Athenian worshippers, one is full ready to gird up his loins and depart—at least I was. . . .

However, in the torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of our passion, with our toes heading for the Hellespont and our heels ridding themselves of the last particle of classical Greek dust, we must not forget, my friends, that Athens—not this cheap modern Athens, but the Athens that is dead and gone—was once a city set upon a hill, whose light could not be hid; was once the cradle of the arts, the temple and the throne of beauty, the glory of the world!—From "*Staff and Scrip*," by C. W. Stoddard in "*Ave Maria*."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, October 9, 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 TWENTIETH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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Our Staff.

B. T. BECKER, D. G. LATSHAW,
P. V. D. BROWNSON.

Sacrilegious Robbery.

Early last Wednesday morning, robbers broke into the magnificent Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame and stole the two valuable crowns from the shrine of the Blessed Virgin. An entrance was effected through the new extension—which had been somewhat exposed, owing to its unfinished state—and breaking through the temporary board-partition separating it from the sanctuary and body of the church. The theft was discovered on the assembling of the Community for religious exercises at five o'clock, when their attention was attracted to the long ladder which the robbers had left standing against the wall by the statue, and immediately the rich crowns were missed. Communication was shortly after made with the authorities at South Bend, and information received in return that one of the thieves was captured with the booty and placed in jail; but the crowns had been so battered and broken as to be placed beyond possibility of repair. Such is the brief record of one of the most deplorable occurrences in the history of Notre Dame.

The large crown, designed by one of the Rev. Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and executed in Paris in the year 1866 by one of the best and most promising young silversmiths of France, was the gift of thirty generous and noble-hearted persons, all valued friends of this institution, whose names had been engraved on the casings of the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary, each

having contributed one hundred dollars towards it. These thirty devoted Catholics constituted the "Guard of Honor." A diploma to that effect, signed by the Most Rev. Dr. Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore, was given to each of them on the 31st of May, 1866, when the large University building, which was destroyed by the fire of 1879, was solemnly dedicated by that eminent prelate.

As to the material of which this crown was made, it must be stated that not a particle of inferior metal was used: all was solid silver-gilt, even the strengthening circular band inside; the whole was embossed, or punched out with the hand, compactly hammered, and very carefully chased. The sixteen medallions at the base, representing the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary, and the cipher of the Blessed Virgin Mary were beautifully enamelled, and cost one hundred francs each. The balls along the mountings, and the smaller ones, forming the Fifteen Decades of the Rosary, were of the purest crystal. Five workmen were constantly employed during three months in making the crown, and twelve for two weeks. It weighed fifty-two and a half pounds, and contained twenty-three and a half pounds of pure silver, and one and three-fourth pounds of gold. It measured twenty inches in diameter at the base, two feet four inches in the middle, and was two feet six inches high. The sixty-four precious stones on the band, between the Mysteries, were all *fine (turquoises)*. The seventy on the cross, which contained the monogram of Mary, and the sixteen on the ball of the cross were also *fine*. There were eight large and very fine crystal balls, thirty-two small ones, one-half of which were colored red, and one hundred and sixty-five, still smaller, forming the Rosary beads. The two hundred and eighty-eight other stones were only half fine. It was purchased at a cost of \$3500, but its value, by reason of its intricate and artistic workmanship, was estimated at a much higher figure.

The smaller crown was also of solid silver, elegantly wrought, and a magnificent work of art.

From an artistic point of view, apart from the intrinsic value of the material, the destruction of these precious crowns is a great and, we fear, an irreparable loss. The artistic labor represented in their construction was by far more valuable even than the precious metal and more precious stones, used by the skilled artisans. Each of the miniature enamelled designs which decorated the large crown was a masterpiece made by the best artists of Paris. Several of these are missing, and the remainder have been seriously damaged. In the world of religious art the destruction of the large crown is as great a loss as would be an irreparable injury done to a painting by one of the grand masters.

The lover of art and the friend of Notre Dame, wherever found, must certainly be pained to learn of this act by which a monument to religion has been destroyed, and a treasure, unique in its way, robbed of its value as one of the grandest speci-

mens of human handicraft. But by none can the loss be experienced so keenly as by the religious inmates of Notre Dame—not because of any pecuniary or other material considerations, but because what has been so ruthlessly destroyed was the first *offering* made to the Virgin Mother of God at a time (May 31, 1866) when Notre Dame was solemnly dedicated to her honor by the highest ecclesiastical dignitary in the country, amid the most imposing and solemn display ever witnessed in the West. This large and beautiful crown was intended as a precious and fitting *souvenir* of an event ever to be remembered in the annals of Notre Dame and worthy of a foremost place in the history of Religion and Education in America. As such even more, perhaps, than its material and artistic value, this crown was treasured by all, and given its public, prominent place pendent over the beautiful marble statue of the Immaculate Conception in the church. The associations connected with it; the memories which it recalled; the bright hopes of which it was the harbinger, gave it a value to the Community at Notre Dame far more precious than what its costly material and artistic workmanship could give it in the eyes of others.

Restored, it cannot be. Shall it ever be replaced? Time will tell. Who knows but the dedication of the New Notre Dame may bring with it a memento which will present in itself and hand down to future generations the record of the grand history of an institution of learning and a home of religion, which, in the New World, will be a perpetual witness of the marvellous protection of the Queen of Heaven to whom it has been, and will be ever dedicated. *Esto perpetua*, Notre Dame! A loss, such as this, is but a trial which will form another and a brighter jewel in the crown which thy career entwines for thee!

Reception to Archbishop Riordan.

As announced in our last issue, the distinguished Archbishop of San Francisco was the welcome guest of the University during the latter part of the week. The high dignity which the eminent prelate occupies in the ecclesiastical world—a dignity which, though only a few short years have elapsed since his elevation, he has already adorned by the great good accomplished through his zeal, learning and piety—would of itself have made his visit an honor of which Notre Dame might well be proud. But there was, besides, that which created by his presence feelings of affection and added tenderness to the welcome held out to him; his visit was that of an old student to his *Alma Mater* under whose protection three years of happy college life had been passed. And His Grace showed that such were his own feelings, by the care which he took to dispense with all formalities and make himself perfectly “at home.” All this made his visit one of the most pleasurable possible, and we sincerely hope that he may, at least occasionally, amid the responsible and extensive cares of the charge confided to him, find time to repeat the same.

It was, indeed, a cause of regret to all to learn that the good Archbishop was suffering from an injury to his arm received a short time before his arrival here. It was owing to this, chiefly, that the reception intended for him by the Senior students had to be postponed until the 13th, when His Grace has promises to be with us again.

* * *

But the younger students, the Minims of St. Edward's Hall, “took time by the forelock.” And on Thursday afternoon they profited by the occasion of his visit to their “Palace” to present a little entertainment, consisting of addresses, recitations, vocal and instrumental music.

His Grace seemed greatly pleased with the reception given him by the “princes,” and on its conclusion made some very appropriate and touching remarks. He drew a striking contrast between St. Edward's Hall with its beautiful statuary and paintings, rare plants and beautiful lights, and the college building of his time, thirty years ago, when he was a young student. He said he thought from the number of bright, intelligent faces before him that men would spring up of whom the country might well be proud. Some may wish to be priests: well, let them study hard and try to prepare themselves to be good priests. Others may wish to be lawyers: let them, too, study, and try to make good lawyers. Then, again, some may wish to be doctors: let them study hard and prepare themselves to be first-class doctors; others, also, may wish to be merchants: let them also study and fit themselves to be successful business men. In a word, there was a place in the world for all; a destiny appointed by God, and it was the duty of all to find out what God wished them to do, and to prepare themselves to do it well.

In conclusion, the Archbishop spoke in a touching manner of the pleasure it gave him, as an old student of Notre Dame, to note not only the wonderful progress it has made since his time, but the improvements made since he visited his *Alma Mater* a few years ago—since then grand buildings have sprung up, beautiful grounds have been laid out and everywhere might be seen progress and success.

Weather Prophecies.

Probably among the first sciences to engage the attention of mankind was that of meteorology. The weather seems to furnish the most generally interesting of all conversational topics, and, like the “motion to adjourn,” seems to be never “out of order.” But in spite of this persistent and universal application of the human intellect to this one subject, absolutely *no* progress has been made in regard to it. It remains a matter of conjecture as it has been from time immemorial. True, of late years, the improvements in electricity have enabled us to telegraph the approach of a storm to distant points, but always with the proviso that the wind does not abate its fury or change its course, so that such intimations are fitly headed “Probabilities.” But even this is not progress in meteorology; it is the result of electric science. Such, then, will re-

main the mystery of the weather, insoluble, probably for ages yet to come.

Nevertheless, so great is the interest felt on the subject that pretenders have sprung up at various periods, advancing theories whose fallacy is shown by the event. How disastrous these theories are, before their error is exposed, may be understood by such newspaper paragraphs as the following:

"The family of Richard Wellington, a farmer living near Hillman, Mich., have gone daft over Wiggins' cruel hoax. Wellington has of late devoted much of his time to studying biblical prophecies regarding the coming of Judgment Day. His wife and two children were gradually impressed by his persistence that the end of the world was near, and were brought to that state where they were easily frightened. When Wiggins' last prediction was learned by the Wellingtons, they firmly believed the earthquake would occur on schedule time, and would destroy the world."

That mediæval legislation should have locked up such disturbers of the public well-being as these self-styled "prophets" is not so very blameworthy, after all. In fact, we should be justified in locking them up now if that process would diminish the number of their believers. To call this a persecution of "science" is a mere perversion of terms. There is no "science" about Wiggins' "dark moon," or Tice's pretended calculation of the orbit and mass of Vulcan—a planet whose very existence is more than doubtful. True science is founded on experiment and observation, and susceptible of such demonstration as will carry conviction to the minds of all capable of understanding its terms and processes of reasoning. Its conclusions never fall into oblivion. Even though ill-judged measures be undertaken by prejudice to suppress them, they will invariably pass triumphantly through the ordeal.

The writer of this article for some years amused himself and his friends by burlesquing the weather predictions so much in vogue. To his surprise, not to say dismay, he beheld his burlesques taken in earnest, the event often proving that predictions made at random were quite as likely to hit the mark as those made on what their fanatical promulgators call a "system." And such, too, seems to be the natural credulity—or what some have called the "gullibility"—of the public, that one hit is remembered where forty misses are forgotten. These developments, of course, admonished the writer to lay aside so dangerous a form of trifling. The possibility of scaring women and children into fits, ending in insanity or perhaps suicide, is quite too serious a risk to incur for the sake of mere amusement, or psychological experiment; and although frequently urged to resume an office whose evil effects, in his own case, have not, so far, become evident, he must in future strictly decline doing so, for reasons which all conscientious persons will appreciate.

A. J. S.

P. S.—I *may*, perhaps, go so far as to say that the Wiggins' idea of a protracted winter and late spring is all bosh. The coming winter will be open and mild, and spring will follow nearly as early as last spring.

An Excellent Law School.

Within the past three or four years the Law Department of the University of Notre Dame, situated at Notre Dame, just north of the city of South Bend, Indiana, has taken rank among the very best law schools in the country. Not one of its graduates, during that time, has failed to pass a creditable examination for the Bar in any of the states. While its diploma admits the holder, without examination, to the Bar of Indiana, yet in other states prevails the general rule applying to all law schools outside of their respective jurisdictions and an examination is necessary. But it is worthy of note that the graduates of Notre Dame have not only successfully passed that test in every case, but also have, on several occasions, been highly complimented by the examiners. The methods of studying law at Notre Dame differ in certain particulars from those in force at Harvard, Yale, Ann Arbor, etc. The duration of the regular course is from two to three years—two years for those who attend two lectures a day, and three years for those who attend but one. Each lecture lasts an hour. The first is delivered in the morning, soon after breakfast, and the other begins at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon. While these lectures are very carefully condensed, they are yet so arranged and delivered that the youngest student cannot fail to understand them. They are prepared with special reference to brevity and clearness, and are free from the contradictory and repugnant dicta so commonly found in the text-books. They are delivered slowly enough to enable the student to write them down substantially as given. The notes thus taken in class are re-copied or transcribed in appropriate books, words omitted being supplied and sentences filled out as the memory and taste of the young man may suggest. At the same time he consults in the library some of the authorities cited. The practice of listening to and transcribing the notes tends to fix firmly and ineffaceably in the memory the definitions and principles they embody. From time to time questions touching the subjects treated in the lectures are asked by the Professor, and statements of facts showing the application of the principles taught are submitted for opinion to the class. After an expression of opinion by the students generally, the Professor briefly analyzes the facts embodied in the statement, points out the application of the law to them, and finally states the correct and decisive rule as to the whole case. In the Moot Court of the University cases are tried once a week, the Professor presiding as Judge. This court is regularly organized, having its clerk, prosecuting attorney, sheriff, etc. Pleadings are prepared and filed, issue is joined, juries are impanelled, and cases tried in as close accordance as possible with the order of procedure in the regular courts of law and equity. William Hoynes, a well-known and highly respected lawyer of this city, is the Professor of Law.

Furthermore, it is the privilege of all the law students, who so wish, to attend the other classes

in the University course, such as history, philosophy, logic, mathematics, the sciences, languages, etc., and to do so involves no extra charge or expense. The students make their home in the University, boarding and living within its precincts, and thus they enjoy immunity from the temptations and distractions incident to "boarding around" in a town or city. The buildings are large and the grounds very extensive, while the location is singularly beautiful and charming.—*The Chicago Law Journal for October.*

Books and Periodicals.

Der Familienfreund, Katholischer Wegweiser für das Jahr 1887. St. Louis, Mo. Bräutigam des „Hercules des Glaubens.“

This annual will be found filled with a collection of highly entertaining and profitable reading, besides the usual information, astronomical and otherwise, peculiar to all almanacs. The pictures—many of which are photo gravures—constitute a striking feature of the publications being of a high order of excellence, and alone more than worth the price of the book. We commend the Familienfreund to our German readers and all our students of German. Price, 25 cents.

AN ANCIENT HISTORY. With Numerous Maps and Plans of Cities. By A. I. B. Vuibert, S. S., A. M., St. Charles' College. Baltimore: Foley Bros. Publishers. 1886.

Any student who has been put through Fredet's Histories and Gaume's "Catechism of Perseverance" will be glad to see his successors in college or seminary blessed with text-books better ordered and more interesting. Father Vuibert denies that his book is even founded on Fredet's Ancient History. He has written a wholly new book—as far as Ancient History can be made new. After reading more than half of it critically, one can find few faults in it, except occasionally a slip in the use of prepositions, or forced meanings attached to words—for example, *concealing to* (p. 136), *substitute to* (p. 213) *indicting Anaxagoras of* (224); *lower down* (219) *biles for boils* (95) frequent misuse of the word *empire* from p. 239–257. Otherwise, the proof-reading, especially in hard, proper and foreign names and words, is well done. The Rev. Author claims the following points as in his favor, and they can be endorsed: "1st, Simplicity in the general arrangement, and in the separate account of each nation; clearness of classification and subdivision of subjects. 2d, Egypt and Assyria, *i. e.*, pp. 2 and 5, it is hoped, present in a brief compass whatever the hieroglyphics and cuneiform inscriptions have hitherto yielded, which is most interesting, either in itself or in reference to the Sacred Scriptures. 3d, In the more familiar field of Grecian and Roman history, some of the main features impressed on the reader, are: the carefully-drawn line between the legendary, or doubtful, and the historical; the conflicts between a class curiously resembling those of the present day; the gradual development of popular government; the strong

military organization of Rome, which, under Providence, explains its astonishing success in the field; then, the successive steps to that moral decadence which paved the way to the despotism of the Cæsars. 4th, From the advent of Christ we are made to assist at the progress of the Gospel, whose influence is felt, first in private, next in social, finally in public life. These details, together with the summary and complement of them found in the concluding chapter of the book—Progress of Christianity—cannot fail to be of special interest to those not familiar with Church history." T. J. J.

—The *Musical Record* for October—Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.—publishes a new "Reverie" for the Piano by that popular writer C. Kinkel. Other pieces are: "Janette," a very pleasing song; and a new grand march, entitled "The Lady of the White House." There is, besides, the usual interesting *mélange* of subjects that will delight the music-loving reader.

—General W. S. Rosecrans's description of his victory at Corinth is the chief illustrated war article of the October *Century*; other papers of a distinct personal interest are reminiscences of Stonewall Jackson, by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, and "Stonewall Jackson's Last Battle," by his *aide-de-camp*, Captain James Power Smith, who helped the mortally wounded General from the field at Chancellorsville. Striking portraits are given of Rosecrans and Jackson. The frontispiece is a portrait of the statesman of Norway, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, and the illustrated article by H. L. Brækstad with reference to his greater prominence as a writer is entitled "A Norwegian Poet's Home," and gives some account of his literary habits and country life. With the beginning of the autumnal gales, the stirring article by Franklin H. North, handsomely illustrated, on "The Gloucester Fishers," has a seasonable interest. Captain J. W. Collins, in "Open Letters," discusses "The Outlook of the Fisheries" with reference to Canadian action and home legislation. In his finely illustrated paper on "American Explorers at Assos," F. H. Bacon has done more than to give the first authoritative account of the success of the expedition headed by Mr. J. T. Clarke and himself for the Archæological Institute of America. An editorial in "Topics of the Time" announces that in the November number will be given the first chapters of "The Authorized Life of Lincoln," by John G. Nicolay and John Hay, who were the President's private secretaries. Lincoln is one of the greatest figures in American History, and his biographers are well qualified to make the story of his life a gain to American literature. Readers who have not the personal interest of the veterans of the war in the battle series, will find in the history of Lincoln, as it appears serially, and carefully illustrated, the blending of literary charm, the romance of genius, and the interest of momentous events; while soldier-readers, as the war series becomes less and less prominent as a feature of the magazine, will see in the biography of the civic chieftain a larger view of the leading personalities and motives of the struggle.

Personal.

—George De Wolf (Prep.), '83, is in business at Douglass, Wyoming Ter.

—Charles Paschel (Com'l), '83, holds a responsible position in the wholesale house of Lee & Co., Omaha, Neb.

—Mr. P. Kavanagh, Chicago, spent a day at Notre Dame during the week and entered his little son Charlie among the Minims.

—Rev. J. B. Agnew, Rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago, was a welcome visitor to the College during the week.

—Rev. R. Maher, the esteemed assistant chaplain of St. Mary's, spent a few days at Bay City, Mich., last week, where he assisted at the dedication of the new Church of St. James.

—Jacob Eisenman, of '71, paid a flying visit to the College last Thursday, and was warmly greeted by many old friends. Mr. Eisenman is now one of the successful business men of Louisville, Ky.

—David J. Wile, of '72, now one of the leading lawyers of Laporte, Ind., paid us a visit on Thursday. He has generously volunteered his services in the trial case connected with the late robbery of the church at Notre Dame.

—Very Rev. J. B. Raverding, of Denver, Vicar-General and Chancellor of the Vicariate-Apostolic of Colorado, was a most welcome visitor to the College during the week. Father Raverding passed a few days with us, and expressed his pleasure on observing the great advantages held out by Notre Dame to the student in every department of knowledge.

—The friends of the Hon. Wm. C. McMichael at Notre Dame—and they are legion—were glad to learn of the spontaneous testimonial paid that gentleman's worth and excellence at the Democratic Convention in South Bend, recently. In deference to the aspirations of a *confrère*, Mr. McMichael had declined the nomination tendered him; but a majority of the members of the Convention insisted upon its acceptance, and the nomination was made unanimous. Mr. McMichael has served several terms creditably in the State Legislature, and is now nominated for the position of Clerk of the County Court, a position for which his law studies at the University here, some years ago, will no doubt qualify him to discharge with entire satisfaction to himself and the public.

Local Items.

—Little warmer.

—Strike woo-unn!

—Field Day next week.

—Bring back those dogs!

—Precocious tinted leaves begin to drop.

—Next Wednesday is St. Edward's Day.

—The Euglossians will appear next Tuesday evening.

—Some new reed instruments have been procured for the Orchestra.

—Geo. Crilly has succeeded Werst as No. 3 of the "Minnehaha" crew.

—There are indications that we shall have fine weather for the field sports next week.

—If the boys keep on coming as they do, Notre Dame will soon be crowded to its full capacity.

—Several medals and beautiful prizes have been promised for the various contests on St. Edward's Day.

—The princes are quite enthusiastic in the organization of their games for the beloved Founder's Day.

—Matters are progressing very favorably with the Boat Club. Each of the two crews is confident of victory.

—An old friend of the Senior students has donated a gold medal for the mile-race on St. Edward's Day.

—Judging from the preparations being made, the celebration of next St. Edward's Day will surpass all its predecessors.

—Lost.—A pocket-book, containing eleven (11) dollars. The finder will please return to the Rev. Prefect of Discipline.

—The grand reception tendered the Temperance Society by Prof. J. F. Edwards on Saturday evening was a complete success.

—At a special meeting of the Baseball Association on Thursday, Messrs. P. Prudhomme and Frank Smith were elected 2d nine captains.

—To honor Very Rev. Father General's feast, the Minims have all, by their good conduct, deserved to figure on the "Roll of Honor" this week.

—If the attendance in other colleges is as eminently satisfactory as it is in ours this season, we can safely conclude that the country generally is prosperous.

—Charlie Combe and Jos. Cusack, have reorganized the first nines for St. Edward's Day's game. All the baseball "fans" are delighted at the prospect of an exciting game.

—Rev. Father Agnew, of the Cathedral, Chicago, made a beautiful little speech to the Minims on Thursday. The Minims feel greatly honored and hope the Rev. speaker will visit them soon again.

—The students of this year will have to practise, to be up with the record of such old students as J. McKinnery, M. Dolan, Thos. McGill, L. Austin, Frank Dexter, Chas. Shaide, P. J. Goulding, and others.

—Among the features of the celebration of St. Edward's Day will be the military display and drill by our newly-organized companies. It is expected that all the members will be supplied with uniforms before that date.

—A Cecilian Sextette has been organized, under the supervision of Prof. Kindig. Messrs. Jewett, McFarland, McDermott, O'Kane, McPhee, and Senn form the talent of the organization, with

Rev. M. J. Regan as President. Success to the Sextette!

—The Museum will shortly be enriched with a number of fine specimens of minerals, mosses, etc., from the Hawaiian Islands. Among them are two monster *Tridacna Squamosa*, weighing 100 pounds each. We shall give a fuller account after their arrival.

—In the Students' Office can be seen two beautiful gold medals—the gifts of Moses Livingston & Sons, of South Bend—one for the Fall championship in Baseball and one for the winning crew in the St. Edward's Day race. The students will not forget the kindness of this firm in encouraging manly sports.

—Two live ducks have been seen on St. Joseph's Lake. Is there no young nimrod here this season, willing to demonstrate that human pedal extremities are more enduring than ducks' wings; in other words, to demonstrate that, if ducks cannot be squarely killed with a shot gun they can be chased tired and then killed with an oar?

—Many were the glances cast upon the beautiful marble statue of the Immaculate Conception, Wednesday evening, when the boys were going to church. It caused a feeling of sadness in all to observe the unusual appearance of the statue of Our Lady without the beautiful crowns which had for so many years adorned her head.

—We expected to be able to chronicle this week something about the great progress made by our electricians in furnishing our office with the electric light. But, alas! not a chronicle! We haven't seen them anywhere in the near neighborhood. However, we are told that the necessary material has been ordered and is on its way. So we shall say no more this time.

—Mr. Adler, of the firm of Adler Bros., South Bend, has kindly, and unsolicited, offered a gold medal as a prize for the hundred-yard race on St. Edward's Day. This gentleman has also promised a grand gold medal for baseball next Commencement day. The students of Notre Dame, and the Senior students in particular, should not forget the interest this firm takes in their field sports.

—A deeply interesting lecture on the "Human Voice" was delivered before the Euglossians last Wednesday evening by the Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C. The diagrams, charts and plaster casts of organs, handled and explained in such a masterly manner, the instructive hints on voice preservation and culture, made the lecture, as a whole, the best the Elocution Classes have thus far had the pleasure of listening to.

—On Saturday last, Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the army as chaplain of the Indiana State Militia then in the field. Father Cooney's four year services during the trying times of the late civil war form a memorable and enviable record in the history of our Republic, and each recurring anniversary presents a fitting subject of congratulation to the reverend gentleman.

—The second game of the championship series

was played on the Seniors' grounds last Saturday afternoon. The game was closely contested until the 7th inning, when the "Blues" took the lead. Brilliant fielding on the part of the "Reds;" Combe and Brownson's batting, and Myer's work in the box were noticeably good. The following is the score by

INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
BLUES:—	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	2	0=5
REDS:—	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0=3

—The Seniors' Branch of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union was reorganized last Sunday night. The following officers were elected: Spiritual Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh; President, Prof. J. F. Edwards; Honorary President, Prof. J. A. Lyons; 1st Vice-President, Warren Cartier; 2d Vice-President, John Kleiber; Recording Secretary, W. Lally; Corresponding Secretaries, A. A. Cooper, Jr., and M. B. Mulkern; Treasurer, P. Burke; 1st Censor, G. Houck; 2d Censor, A. Triplet. Membership 86. Last Sunday night Father Walsh delivered a spirited address on Total Abstinence, before the students of the Senior department.

—When a college student, Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan was a member of the Cornet Band. On the occasion of his late visit he took great pleasure in relating many interesting reminiscences of that organization in early days. Of the old members he found that several are still here. Among the number are Very Rev. W. Corby, now Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, then a student in the college; Prof. J. A. Lyons, then a student; Bro. Basil; Bro. August; Bro. Charles, and Prof. Ackerman. Rev. Father O'Sullivan, who visited the University a few days ago, was also a member of the same band when he was a student in 1856 *et seq.*

—The oil painting of His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, lately placed in the Bishops' Gallery, is from the brush of Mrs. Leonore Neary, a promising young artist of Chicago. She was at one time a pupil of our own Gregori. The portrait is an excellent one and reflects credit upon the artist. The painting is a gift from an old student of Notre Dame, Rev. T. O'Sullivan, '56, now rector of the church at Cummings, Cook Co., Ill. Father Galligan, of St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, requested Father O'Sullivan to permit him to have the picture framed. We are requested to thank these generous gentlemen for their very acceptable gift.

—The Director of the Historical Department returns thanks to Mr. J. Denis, of New York, for The Ordinal of King Edward VI, by Dom Wilfrid Raynal, O. S. B.; to Rev. D. J. Spillard for photographs of Minnesota scenery and several letters written by Texas missionaries; to Rev. Father Cooney for Memoirs of the Secret Societies of the South of Italy, particularly the Carbonari, translated from the original manuscripts London, 1821; (this book was owned by Father Finotti); Origin and Development of Anglicanism, by Rev. W. Waterworth, S. J.; to Very Rev. Father Quérat for infor-

mation concerning the early missionaries of Texas; to Mr. P. Nolan, of Philadelphia, for several valuable reports of the Total Abstinence Union; to Rev. Father Walsh for photograph of the second General Chapter of the Congregation of Holy Cross held at Notre Dame; fac-simile of an ancient illuminated manuscript.

—The Bishops' Memorial Hall has received the following gifts: From B. Gregoire, of Paris, photographs of an old engraving of Cardinal de Cheverus, at one time first Bishop of Boston; from Mr. T. B. Catherwood, of Savannah, for a copy of the Bishop England and Fuller controversy concerning the Roman Chancery, Charleston, 1840 (this copy was presented to Mr. Catherwood by Rev. J. O'Neill, Bishop England's companion and Vicar-General); from Rev. Father Hannigan, of Philadelphia, for a second large photograph showing profile portrait of His Grace of Philadelphia; from Mother M. Ascension a portrait of Cardinal McCloskey woven in silk; from a friend, an oleograph of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons; from Mr. F. X. Reuss, of Philadelphia, a lithograph of Bishop Neuman, and nine autographs of Bishops; from Very Rev. Father Quérat for manuscript containing information about Mgr. Odin, first Bishop of Galveston.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

G. Archambault, W. Akin, M. Akin, F. Ashton, T. Berra, E. Britt, W. M. Bingham, Jno. Brown, P. E. Burke, F. Baca, H. A. Barnes, E. Benner, L. Bolton, C. Bush, E. J. Byrnes, M. Colina, S. Chaves, M. Crane, W. S. Castleman, G. Craig, W. Crowley, J. Cusack, G. Cartier, C. Combe, W. Cartier, E. Coady, G. Cooper, G. Crilly, S. Craft, C. E. Devlin, W. H. Dorsey, S. W. Dorsey, J. J. Dougherty, M. Dore, G. F. Deary, E. Dillon, G. F. Dreever, D. E. Dwyer, T. Dierdorf, C. J. Eyanson, E. Egan, A. W. Ensor, A. Finck, J. Ford, F. Fehr, L. Greever, J. S. Gallardo, C. Gallarneau, A. Gordon, J. Geisler, A. P. Gibbs, V. E. Green, T. F. Griffin, G. A. Houck, F. B. Hinchman, E. Hiner, S. Hummer, C. Hagerty, J. Judie, F. Jewett, T. Jordan,* E. Jeffs, J. Kleiber, S. Kendall, F. Kreutzer, J. Kelly, J. Ley, J. Langan, J. Lyons, H. Langan, G. Lais, A. Leonard, A. Larkin, W. Lally, D. Latshaw, A. McGinley, L. A. Mohan, T. G. McDermott, F. McErlain, P. A. Martineau, B. McAllister, J. McDermott, J. Murphy, R. McGinnis, G. W. Mallay,* W. E. Moffatt, A. McFarland, M. Mulkern, J. O. Mally, V. E. Morrison, S. McSweeney, W. McNamara, J. Maher, L. E. Maher, G. Myers, P. Newell, R. C. Newton, P. J. Nelson, C. Nancolas, D. F. O'Connor, W. F. O'Rourke, T. O'Regan, L. O'Malley, V. Padilla, P. P. Prudhomme, J. L. Prudhomme, P. Paschel, F. Prichard, T. H. Pender, D. Quill, E. Ryan, C. E. Rheinberger,* H. Rothert, R. Ramirez, F. Rodriguez, R. L. Raynor, D. C. Regan, W. J. Rochford, F. Rielly, H. E. Ruger, F. Suing, W. E. Sullivan, O. W. Sullivan, A. W. Sproehnle, G. H. Sullivan, C. J. Shields, C. Stubbs, F. Shannon, F. Smith, F. Soden, A. S. Triplett, B. Taylor, C. Voorhees, R. Valasco, H. B. Vandercar, F. Weber, A. S. Williams, J. Wagoner, W. Williams, E. A. Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

E. Adelsperger, W. Austin, A. Adams Black, W. Boland, H. Boland, R. Bronson, H. Bronson, E. Blessington, E. Bodley, C. Badger, I. Bunker, W. Bailey, Bull, G. Brabrook,

F. Baca, J. Burns, S. Campbell, J. Clarke, B. Clarke, Cleveland, F. Carney, C. Cavanaugh, W. Clifford, F. Cobbs, J. Cooney, L. Chute, F. Chute, Curtis, G. Cooke, Darragh, F. Duffield, A. Duffield, Dungan, Decker, W. Devine, J. Doss, Dempsey, Draper, E. Ewing, S. Fitzharris, M. Falter, J. Flynn, F. Flynn, Figge, T. Flood, J. Fisher, Glenn, C. Gallarneau, T. Goebel, F. Garber, H. Houston, J. Henry, P. Houlihan, J. Hart, C. Hurd, T. Hake, A. Hake, E. Hannin, J. Hayes, J. Hampton, H. Hoyer, Higgins, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, H. Jewett, N. Jacobs, Julien, E. Kerlin, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, W. Kern, F. Kellner, A. Kutsche, J. Keating, H. Lesh, G. Landenwich, M. Luther, F. Long, T. Mahon, L. Monarch, W. McKenzie, M. McCart, E. Mathewson, J. McMahon, J. McGurk, J. McIntosh, L. Macatee, McPhee, J. Mulburger, McNulty, Moncada, Meehan, T. Noud, R. Nations, B. O'Kane, J. O'Connor, M. O'Kane, J. Ormond, Oxnard, W. O'Brien, J. Pfau, L. Paquette, C. Paquette, L. Preston, Power, J. W. Quealy, H. Roper, A. Redlich, C. Ramsey, A. Rudd, M. Reynolds, B. Stephens, P. Sweet, D. Stephens, N. Smith, F. Smith, C. Senn, C. Spencer, L. Smith, M. Smith, F. Taliaferro, Tarrant, Tionen, H. Vhay, W. Vandercar, F. Wilbanks, L. West, L. White, P. Wagoner, Weadly, Walker, Welch, Walsh.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. Ackerman, C. Boettcher, M. Blumenthal, F. Bloomhuff, R. Boyd, H. Backrack, A. Backrack, S. Backrack, L. Black, R. Clendenin, A. Cohn, F. Crotty, J. Conners, E. Conners, E. Cook, W. Connor, C. Connor, L. Doss, Jas. Dungan, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, J. Dungan, C. Dahler, E. Foote, T. Falvey, E. Falvey, E. Falvey, G. Franche, C. Franche, C. Grant, G. Gale, R. Graham, E. Garber, O. Griffin, O. Haney, E. Hillas, J. Huiskamp, Huiskamp, E. Jewett, W. Kutsche, T. Kerwin, C. Koester, P. Keefe, J. Kain, G. Klaner, M. Lewin, R. Lane, M. Lowenstein, J. McIntosh, S. McGuire, W. McDonnell, W. Martin, A. Mason, Aug. Morgenweck, A. Mayer, A. Morgenweck, F. Mainzer, C. Mooney, H. Mooney, G. Mayer, C. McPhee, R. Munro, A. Nester, J. O'Mara, J. O'Neill, W. Prior, L. Paul, C. Priestly, D. Quill, L. Riordan, W. Rowsey, F. Rogers, L. Stone, E. Savage, A. Sullivan, G. Sweet, S. Steele, F. Smith, F. Toolen, B. Triplett, Fred Toolen, H. Tillenburg, C. Taft, T. Tomkins, A. Williamson, W. Williamson, S. Witkowsky, A. Wickler, Cavanaugh.

* Omitted last week by mistake.

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.

W. Henry, P. Sweet, E. Campbell, H. Houston, L. Hoffman, L. Monarch, A. Cleveland, R. Nations, S. Campbell, E. Kerlin, F. Willbank, J. Ormond, F. Carney, J. Quealy, R. Bronson, H. Bronson, H. Jewett, L. West, P. Houlihan, F. Duffield, A. Fitzharris, H. Roper, J. O'Connor, H. Figge, P. Dungan, A. Gallarneau, F. Noud, M. Smith, H. Lesh, C. Hurd, C. Kavanaugh, M. McCart, F. Hake, F. Flood, W. Kern, L. Paquette, H. Mallay, H. Walker, F. Cobbs, W. Boland, F. Chute, J. Brabrook, W. Vandercar, J. McIntosh, F. Coad, J. Cooney, I. Keating, F. Garber, J. Bull, H. Morgan, C. Paquette, F. Taliaferro, A. Kulche, F. Smith, J. McMahon, L. Macatee, J. Doss, E. Doss, G. Landenwich, J. Ford, F. Baca, F. Benner, F. Flynn, W. Welch, C. Inderrieden, C. Mitchell, A. McNulty, B. Stephens, H. Boland, W. Walsh, W. Akin, E. Britt, S. Chaves, M. Crane, A. Eisenhauer, S. Kendall, J. Ley, P. Martineau, D. Marx, G. Morrison, B. McAllister, F. McDermott, F. O'Regan, E. Prudhomme, P. Prudhomme, E. Rodriguez, R. Ramirez, A. Triplett, R. Valasco, E. Zeitler, F. Ashton, J. McDermott, B. Taylor, J. Brown, W. Murphy, W. Castleman, A. Williams, G. Sullivan, S. Hummer, C. Voorhees, J. Mallay, A. Leonard, W. Lally, A. Sproehnle, E. Howard, W. Rochford, H. Barnes, C. Shields, A. Gordon, A. McGinley, A. Gibbs, F. Shannon, V. Green, T. Griffin, H. Ruger, L. O'Malley.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The first prize for decorative painting in water-colors at the State Fair in South Bend was awarded to Florence Steele, who is in her fourteenth year, a pupil at St. Mary's Academy, and daughter of Col. C. F. Steele, of Lancaster, Ohio.

—Miss Lizzie Carney, a former pupil of St. Mary's, writing from Marinette, Wis., says:

"... I have neglected, from week to week, to subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC, and you do not know how much I missed it. I always read it with much interest while at St. Mary's, but now its items will be far more interesting than ever before. Enclosed find amount for this scholastic year...."

—At one o'clock p. m., on Rosary Sunday, in the Chapel of Loreto, the following Aspirants were received as members of the Sodality of the Holy Angels: Josephine Beaubien, Eleanor Blaine, Charlotte Caddagan, Estelle Dempsey, Elizabeth Fritz, Helen Hake, Laura Leonard, Mary Lindsey, Alice McDonnell, Blanche McCormick, Elizabeth Nester, Annie O'Mara, Alice Schmauss, Eva Qualey, and Florence Steele.

—On Friday, at about half-past two in the afternoon, quite unheralded, the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, paid the young ladies a visit in the Seniors' study-hall, accompanied by Very Rev. Father General, Rev. D. Riordan, of Chicago, and Rev. W. B. O'Connor, of Stockton, Cal., and the following programme was improvised:

Entrance March.....Liszt
Misses M. F. Murphy, H. Guise.
Greeting to Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan....Miss Fuller
Vocal duett.....The Misses R. and V. Henrichs
Retiring March.....Misses L. Van Horn, M. Rend

The address, penned when the distinguished visitor was already at St. Mary's, is as follows:

OUR WARMLY WELCOMED ARCHBISHOP OF
SAN FRANCISCO.

I.

Unnumbered visitors of late
Have tarried at our Convent gate;
Many with titles which command
Homage of all throughout the land;
But none can claim, as does your Grace,
Such heart-warm welcome to this place.

II.

A son of classic Notre Dame,
And blending with her fame your fame,
Our own Saint Mary's claims her part
In honors that she takes to heart.
Prince of the Church, in lands of gold,
We hail you still our friend of old!

III.

Full many a scene of mirth and cheer
Has met your eyes, and on your ear
Hath fallen many a pleasant voice
To bid your kindly heart rejoice.
Yet not one group could ours exceed
In wish to pay devotion's meed.

IV.

The Holy Angels' month now opes
With brilliant promises and hopes,
And one and all of us would fain
Your presence in our midst retain
Till great St. Edward's Feast, so treasured.
Remain, your Grace! Give joy unmeasured.

The Archbishop responded cordially, regretting his inability to comply with the invitation to remain until the feast of the venerable Founder.

He gracefully alluded to the days, thirty years ago, when he, as a student at the University, had taken part in the celebration in honor of Father General's feast. Flattering praises were accorded to the climate of California, but the key-note of his Grace's excellent speech was affection for Notre Dame.

Storms.

The wonders of Nature are always invested with the power of inspiring in the thoughtful and religious mind a sense of awe and of reverence for the Supreme Being from whose mighty hand these marvellous manifestations proceed. The vivid flash of the lightning, the ominous roll of the thunder that succeeds, the grand downfall of the life-giving rain, each renders a storm an object of interest to all; of admiration to the scientist, the painter, and the poet; of gratitude, or of fear to the farmer, the merchant, the householder—of gratitude, when the soil has for a long time been dry and parched; of fear, when the streams are high, and rain has been too plentiful.

At the approach of a storm, the heavens, which before greeted us with the smiles of sunshine, wear the garb of darkness and woe. Ere long, the mighty floods descend, as if impelled to wash out all traces of the land. Sublime, indeed, is the aspect! a warning and a symbol of the clouded brow which shall at last overwhelm us, if life's grand opportunities are not improved.

The calm serenity of the fresh morning hours was rudely disturbed by a wind almost cyclonic in its violence. The heavily-charged clouds rushed on with fearful velocity, and down came the rain in mighty torrents. The earth opened wide its welcoming arms to receive the refreshing draughts, and, deep under the soil, the roots of plants, shrubs and trees, eagerly expanded their fibers; while flowers and foliage looked up in thankful recognition of the generous gift from Nature's hand.

The wondrous display in a storm, of what some one has appropriately styled "Nature's fireworks," is a fruitful subject of contemplation. The grand motor, electricity, pierces the ether with such rapidity as to form a vacuum, nature's insuperable abhorrence of which is expressed in the terrific report which follows. Who can doubt the Power that guides the elements? who, in presence of such marvels, can affirm that we are mere creatures of chance—insignificant waifs of Nature's fickle brain, and subject to an inglorious destiny?

The unusual prevalence of wind-storms of late

years has been noted by meteorologists, but they are unable to assign a cause. Fearful is the ruin these wind-storms have wrought. The devastation of hearth and home, of human hopes and earthly prosperity they have carried in their path, can never be computed. They sweep over the land as though laden with vengeance. Often the smiling village, the peaceful farm, the proud and imposing city, without the slightest premonition, have, in an hour, been transformed into shapeless masses of ruins. Worse than all, precious lives, freighted with their promises of hope and joy, are immolated, and self-defense is powerless before the conquering march of the cyclone.

By many it is asserted that the most sublime spectacle of which we can form any conception is a storm on the ocean. Poets have sung its praises, and painters have attempted to reproduce on canvas its awe-inspiring features; therefore, though we have never seen it, we can, in some small degree, imagine its grandeur.

The proudly-sailing vessel glides gaily over the crested waves, trusting to the loving arms of the sea, her generous master, who seems to make a fair, bright path before her graceful prow. Alas! how soon is the indulgent tide transformed into a treacherous abyss! Lashed by merciless breakers, overcome by the powerful wrath of the sea, the ship sinks to rise no more; and on flow the triumphant waves, with a loud shout, as if rejoicing in the cruel victory. The angry glance of the lightning cleaving the heavens, is not subdued, even though precious lives are sacrificed; and the haughty billows are not appeased, though untold happiness has been wrecked in their terrific contest. But over all a merciful Providence rules, and His decrees are ever adorable.

Discordant and tempestuous elements are not confined to the atmosphere and to the waters alone. Beneath the crust of the earth, now clothed with a fair green vesture, and anon with whitest snows, disturbances are constantly taking place, which, were we to realize their impetuous force, would fill us with lively apprehension. Often they break forth, giving us but a faint idea of their pent-up violence.

Investigations of their nature, and of the laws controlling these phenomena but result in complete bewilderment, the effects are so much calculated to mislead even the most skillful observer. However, it is useful to study the various material exhibitions of God's power—"fire, hail, snow, ice, stormy winds which fulfil His word;" for the bard of Israel has called upon them to praise their Maker, and shall we do less?

God's tender beneficence is revealed in the storm no less than in the calm; in the most subtle and indirect interposition of His providence no less than in the most evident and direct. The earth cannot always be sunny; nor can its surface be covered with an unchanging verdure. Flowers cannot always blossom, nor can the birds sing without ceasing; nor should we wish to imitate the wayward career of the butterfly, and be content to live mere votaries of fashion, looking for nothing but pleas-

ure. We "are born for something better." Clouds must rise; rains must fall; the vivid flash, and the sullen roar must rend the heavens at times, but God has placed the rainbow of His mercy in the heavens, and, trusting in Him, no power can do us harm.

MARY FRANCES MURPHY (Class '87).

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allnoch, Brady, Blair, Barry, Bates, Brophy, Burke, Blacklock, Beschameng, Blakeslee, Clendenen, F. Curtis, M. Curtis, E. Coll, Carmien, Dillon, Donnelly, A. Duffield, M. Duffield, Dart, E. Dempsey, C. Dempsey, Desenberg, E. Dunkin, M. Dunkin, Davison, Egan, English, Fuller, Flannery, Griffith, Guise, Gordon, Gavan, Griffin, Horn, Hummer, Heckard, Hertzog, Harlem, Hodges, Henke, Kearsy, Kearney, Kearns, Kingsbury, Kennedy, Larkin, M. F. Murphy, McHale, H. Miner, A. Miner, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, Murphy, M. McNamara, C. McNamara, Marsh, McDonald, McCormick, Moore, McCarthy, Nester, Patrick, Pierson, Proby, G. Regan, Riedinger, Rend, Rose, E. Regan, Scully, St. Clair, Shephard, Stadtler, Shields, Sterns, R. Smith, M. Smith, Sherman, Swegman, Trask, Triplett, Van Horn, Williams, Wolvin, G. Wynn, F. Wynn, Wehr, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses T. Balch, Beaubien, E. Blaine, Boyer, Bragdon, Bruns, Campbell, Cook, Crane, M. Coll, E. Dempsey, Fritz, Griffith, Hake, Hayman, Hinz, Hurd, Hunting, Kennedy, Knauer, Koester, Leonard, Lindsey, Mason, McDonnell, N. Morse, L. Nester, Prudhomme, Paul, Rhodes, Steele, L. Smith. *2d Tablet*—Misses Campeau, Hancy, Hull, Stumer.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Becker, I. Becker, L. Caddagan, B. McCormick, E. Qualey, A. O'Mara, J. Wallace.

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

1ST CLASS—Misses L. Clendenen, L. Trask.

2D CLASS—Miss L. Blaine.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Miss E. Horn.

2D CLASS—Misses B. Kearney, L. Trask, I. Bub, L. Henke, A. Beschameng.

3D CLASS—Misses A. Donnelly, M. Hummer, T. Hinz, L. Bruns, M. Blair, F. Moore, O. Knauer.

4TH CLASS—Misses E. Dart, H. Rose, B. Desenberg, R. Stearns, H. Hake, M. Wehr, L. Fritz, E. Allnoch, M. Hunting, F. Carmien, E. Blaine, M. Smith, E. Balch, E. Qualey.

5TH CLASS—Misses R. Smith, M. Wimer, M. Clifford, N. Quill, L. Smith, L. Caddagan, G. Hurd.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Miss M. F. Murphy.

2D CLASS—Misses B. Snowhook, L. Van Horn, A. Beschameng, E. McCarthy.

2D CLASS, 2D Div.—Misses F. Hertzog, L. Clendenen, M. McEwen, M. Kearsy, K. Gavan.

3D CLASS—Misses J. Beaubien, M. Morse, H. Stumer.

4TH CLASS—Misses M. Barry, C. Prudhomme, T. Balch, L. Nester, A. Donnelly, C. Proby, G. Wynn, G. McDonald, L. Bragdon.