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## At Evening Time.

BY J. E. U. N.

Thy glorious Feast-day draweth to its close,  
And in this calm, still evening hour, to me  
A sound of chanting swells across the sea,—  
The moonlit sea—that slowly outward flows:  
“*O Cor Mariæ Immaculatum, ora pro nobis*”!

And once again I hear those sweet bells ring,  
And kneel, His Benediction to receive;  
Then, as that matchless shrine I turn to leave,  
Hear those clear, boyish voices thrilling sing:  
“*O Cor Mariæ Immaculatum, ora pro nobis*”!

Then out into the starry night, to see  
The “Gate of Heaven” unveiled to mortal eyes—  
A blaze of splendor 'gainst the purple skies—  
The “Gate of Heaven” unveiled for such as me!  
“*O Cor Mariæ Immaculatum, ora pro nobis*”!

O grand realization of a life-long dream  
Of earthly glory for a Heavenly Queen!  
The brightest diadem man's skill can frame  
Crowns *thy* majestic statue, grand Notre Dame!  
*There* thou art honored, Mother ever blest!  
Thy fairest throne on Earth stands *there* confessed!

What if unholy hands thy jewelled crown  
In filthy greed have dragged; dishonored, down?  
Thy tender heart, knows *all* the loving thought—  
That *love unequalled*—that hath tireless wrought  
To have thee honored as in Heaven thou art,  
Queen of *his* Order, and *his* priestly heart!

Ah! Heavenly streets of gold may be  
More glorious far,

But O, the hearts that love thee *there*  
No warmer are

Than *his*, whose only dream of earthly bliss  
Was, ere his death to see thee throned like this!  
To have thy glory as a load-star shine,  
And not a throne on earth to equal thine!

The city's distant bells for midnight ring,  
The cold moon shines upon the glistening sea,  
And the incoming tide still brings to me  
That sweet refrain Notre Dame's far voices sing:  
“*O Cor Mariæ Immaculatum, ora pro nobis*”!

FORT DUFFERIN, CARLETON, N. B.

## Rambles in the Tyrol.

### A STUDENT'S VACATION REMINISCENCES.

At last! The dreary lecture-hours are over; the well-thumbed note-books thrown aside, and the massive doors of the ancient University are closed, not to be opened again—for us, at least—till the cooling breezes of October shall have fanned away the last reminder of the Dog-Star's fiery reign. After ten long months of mental labor, it is with no small sense of relief my two companions and myself see Innsbruck grow dim behind us, as the morning express on this beautiful first of August dashes along—though not with lightning speed—to reach, in the scheduled twelve minutes, the historic town of Hall.

Our destination is Hallein, and our intention to make a foot-tour thence to Salzburg by way of Königsee; from Salzburg (still on foot) to Rosenheim, where we shall take the train for Munich, and after that whither fancy wills, and our purse allows.

The scenery around us for the first three hours of our journey is too familiar to awaken more than a passing interest: emerald valleys, dotted here and there with rustic cottages whose white-washed walls fairly glisten in the morning sun-light; the noble Inn winding along, like a silver serpent, to meet the Danube; wooded hills from whose neighboring slopes we can almost hear the cow-bells tinkling on the gentle breeze; and far beyond, though seemingly nearest of all, the purple Alps towering up in rugged majesty until they pierce the sky. Very beautiful, we must confess, is all this;

but as it is the scenery of our every-day life, and only serves to remind us of dismal halls and prosy lectures of the past, we prefer to while away the time in perusing a bundle of American papers, received some days before, or in communing with the tourist's never-to-be-forgotten companion, the infallible Baedeker, rather than, like the other occupants of the carriage, in making extravagant remarks about the country.

Jenbach, with its glimpse into the world-famous Zillerthal, is passed, and we speed along to Wörgl. Here our train deviates from the Munich line, and two of us, in consequence, are borne amid scenes hitherto unvisited. Now we wind slowly up a mountain-side, now we spin along the brink of some awful precipice. The country, inasmuch as it is unknown, becomes interesting. The Alps assume a more imposing grandeur; the valleys rejoice in brighter robes of green; the mountain-streams dance and sparkle with a grace and beauty all their own.

At 11 o'clock, Zell-am-See is reached. What words can describe the charming vision that dawns upon us as the train pulls up at the tidy little station! It is a dream of fairy-land! A glimpse of the Elysian fields!

The waters of the lake, green as a mermaid's hair, laugh and wanton in the golden sun-light, and break upon the pebbly shore with a most entrancing music. Away to the south, vast, terrible, and dazzling in their purity, rise the glaciers, crowned with

"Unshaken snow,  
High and eternal, such as shone  
Thro' thousand summers brightly gone."

To the west, bathed in purple mist, the distant Alps lift up their kingly heads; and before us, far as the eye can reach, are studies in light and shade enough to throw the dullest plow-boy into raptures.

We cannot resist the temptation to stop off for a few hours at this delightful spot, so we call the *Herr* conductor—an individual dressed in a blue coat and a little brief authority—and learn that our tickets will be good for the same train on the morrow. With joyous hearts and crampy legs we jump to the platform, admire for a moment the tasteful floral decorations of the station, and then make for a quiet sail upon the lake. Unfortunately, there are no sail-boats; but, as we do not object to rowing, we are soon skimming over the emerald waves, with a pleasant breeze wafting tons of ozone to our lungs. The row suggests a plunge in the refreshing waters, so on our return to the boat-house we provide ourselves with bathing-garments and prepare to "beat the surges under us and ride upon their backs." The Zeller is probably the most delightful of all the Tyrolean lakes for bathing purposes; its average temperature is R. 17°. At one o'clock we seek the „Gasthaus zur Post“ for dinner. The dinner is not a very satisfactory one, but we are hungry, and so make no complaints. After dinner we go for coffee and a cigarette to the hotel patronized by the Empress, and which is called in her honor "The Elizabeth." Everything

here, as one may imagine (even the prices), is carried out in imperial style.

At four o'clock, just as the sun has fixed his throne upon a grand old peak and prepares to bid the little world that circles around Zell-am-See "good night," we determine to walk to Taxenbach, the next village where our train will stop. It is but twelve miles distant, and a quiet walk of three hours in the delicious "afterglow" that follows sun-set in the Alps, in lieu of twilight, will be most enjoyable.

It is a rare enjoyment, truly! The air is still warm with the parting kisses of the sun, yet fresh and vigorous withal; the earth is soft and springy beneath our feet; the sky is tremulous with a thousand tender tints; while the solemn evening hush is broken only by the cheery song of the peasant, as he trudges homeward from his daily toil, or the sacred music of the *Angelus*, as it peals forth its "tidings of great joy" from some distant, unseen spire. So tranquil is the hour, so filled with sweetness not of earth, one cannot but repeat the well-known lines:

"Hark! How the sacred calm that breathes around  
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease;  
In still, small accents, whispering from the ground,  
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

The first hours of our evening walk are occupied in discussing continental railroads and contrasting them with those in the United States. The question,—“Resolved, that it is more beneficial to ‘the public at large’ for railroads to be in the hands of a governmental, rather than a private monopoly,”—is debated at some length, and the satisfactory conclusion arrived at is that governmental railroads, like boarding-house coffee, have their good points and their bad points. After this, “we whistle as we go for want of thought.” True to our calculation, seven o'clock finds us at Taxenbach. But now a dispute arises about the inn we shall patronize. Mr. Nash asserts that he has never yet found suitable arrangements or respectable meals in a „Gasthaus zur Post,” and declares in favor of some other house of entertainment; Mr. Dunne and myself, however, suggest *mildly*—for Mr. Nash is a veteran traveller, and knows the Tyrol like one who is “a native here and to the manner born”—that every general rule has its exception. Then we point out that the other inns of the village are far from inviting in their appearance, while the “Post” has an air of neatness and comfort that bespeaks honest and even hospitable cheer. Our eloquence and the majority carry the hour, and mine host of the “Post” (bless the rhyme!) is forthwith sought out. Mr. Dunne and myself were correct; the “Post” this time is in every way satisfactory. So, after an excellent supper and a few Irish jigs, rattled off on a rattling old piano by Mr. Dunne, we go to bed.

Sleeping between two feather ticks is an art that requires long practice and a sound constitution before one becomes a perfect master of it; but as we have enjoyed the first and are the happy possessors of the second, the surplus offering of the goose does not prevent us from indulging in eight

good hours of "rosy dreams and slumbers light." We rise at six, and vainly endeavor to refresh ourselves with the pint of water that each of our Liliputian wash-basins contains. This is the curse of Continental inns—the diminutive basins. But although these awaken the wrath of the belated traveller, he must, nevertheless, admire the wonderful love of proportion the good people of the house display, the moment his eyes fall upon the towel. This is almost as large as a napkin and about as thick as a cigarette-paper.

At our meagre breakfast of bread and coffee (the usual one here, by the way), we ask at what hour the express arrives, and receive the cheerful information that it arrives at 11.20, but does not stop; the next stopping-place is Lind, eight miles distant! For a moment only are we disconcerted; eight miles make but a two-hours' walk; we are out for a foot-tour, anyway, and the morning is beautiful enough to tempt the lame to make a pedestrian trip. Our mind—for at present we have but one—is soon made up; the bill which the landlord brings before the house receives prompt attention; and, as the clock points to eight, we bid adieu to the "Post" and set out with easy gait for Lind. What can be more exhilarating than a morning walk in the cool, bracing air, with the sun gilding your path with his gentlest beams and the newly-mown hay wafting to your nostrils odors more fragrant than the perfumes of Arabia—because more homelike; with the birds pouring melody from tree and hedge, until the very air seems throbbing with the burden of their song, and the cattle lowing gratefully in the distant meadows; with the cocks crowing lustily from the cheerful farm-yards and the deep-mouthed hounds baying from the shepherds' huts far up the grassy hillsides. Ah! what can be more exhilarating, indeed?

But by the time we reach Lind, Mr. Dunne and myself think we have enough of it. The crowing of the cocks and the baying of the watch-dogs make very fine music in their way, but they do not suggest any remedy for the blisters with which our feet are tortured; nor does the smell of the newly-mown hay, with all its sweetness, tend in the least to straighten out our vertebræ. We endeavor, therefore, with all the power of logic we possess, to induce Mr. Nash to give up the contemplated foot-tour and make a direct trip to Salzburg; but in vain; that gentleman insists on carrying out the original plan, whatever befall, and makes, moreover, some very scathing remarks about our pedestrian ability.

"Knocked up after a twenty-mile tramp!" he sneers; "well! you ought to be ashamed to admit it!"

We *are* ashamed; but, goodness gracious! we can't see the fun of climbing two or three mountains in our present condition just for a glimpse of Königsee, let it be never so beautiful; especially as we have through tickets for Salzburg in our pockets. Still we are undecided what course to pursue, and before our minds are fully made up, the train dashes into the station.

"Don't mind me," Mr. Nash begins, the moment

we are seated comfortably in the *coupé*; "If you prefer to go straight to Salzburg, do so by all means. I shall probably meet you there, or in Munich, in a fortnight."

There is a tone of mingled sadness and reproach in Mr. Nash's voice that goes right to our hearts, and for a moment all the chivalry of our nature is aroused to such an extent that we feel we could walk to Munich itself if Mr. Nash but gave the command. However, we say not a word. The train speeds on, and after some minutes our friend speaks again: "The next station is Hallein, so you had better decide quickly what you intend to do."

I look appealingly to Dunne; he answers my look with a gaze equally helpless.

"Well, what is your intention?"—This from Mr. Nash, with his eyes fixed on me.

"Really," I reply, "for my own part, I prefer to go directly to Salzburg; but if you *and Mr. Dunne* wish to go to Königsee, I will sacrifice personal convenience to the general good." This in the most magnanimous tone imaginable.

"Dunne, what do *you* say?"—Impatiently from Nash.

"I—am—still—a—little—undecided." Slowly and deliberately from the person addressed.

"But" (Nash, losing all patience) "you must make up your mind *some* time, and

'If it were done, when 'tis, Dunne, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly,'

for here we are at Hallein."

"Then 'tis done, by Apollo!" cries my fellow-mutineer, "and Salzburg it is!"

I breathe a big sigh of relief, and the blisters on my feet fairly tingle with joy. We say „*Leb' wohl!*" to our friend Nash, and wish him the pleasantest of times until we meet again. The station-master gives two strokes in quick succession to a harsh-sounding bell, the locomotive gives a long, loud shriek, the train moves slowly forward, and Lind is left behind. Two hours later, Dunne and myself arrive at Salzburg.

A charming city, in very truth, is Salzburg, with its shady streets and well-kept parks; its pleasant hills—not bald and frowning, like the dark old Alps of Innsbruck, but green and bosky and pleasing to the eye—and with its tranquil river that flows so sweetly with its message to the Inn. As you enter the city a fine old fortress—or what lately was one—with a "pleasant seat" like the castle of Macbeth, attracts your gaze and causes a cry of admiration to escape you; and as you step from the train, you cannot fail to be struck with the neatness and prosperity of everything around. The city is well-built upon both sides of the Salzach, the largest tributary of the Inn, and many of the public buildings and private residences are admirable in their design. The streets are crooked and some of them narrow, but, in general, they are clean and well kept.

Salzburg rejoices in several fine churches, a cathedral, and a theological seminary; it formerly possessed a university, but this was closed at the beginning of the present century. To lovers of

music and musicians there is an attraction beyond all these, for it was here the great master, Mozart, first opened his baby eyes to the light of day, and the house of his birth is still visited by his admirers from every land. To Irishmen, also, the city holds out a special interest: beneath the high altar of the cathedral lie the bones of their apostolic countryman—the learned, the zealous, the glorious St. Virgilius:

“Virgilius, the gifted, in his glorious Salzburg tomb  
Is honored by the silent prayer and by the cannon’s boom.”

Varied and interesting is the history of this ancient city. It existed when Rome was still “Mistress of the World,” and was known to Cæsar’s conquering legions as *Fuvavia*. When—about 450 A. D.—Southern Europe was over-run by the Huns and barbarians of the North, *Fuvavia* was almost completely destroyed, and the army of martyrs was daily swelled by the hosts of faithful Christians who cheerfully laid down their lives for the Master’s sake. But the tempest of war and persecution subsided, and a new city, like the bird of the Eastern story, rose in youth and beauty from the ashes of the old. The unquenchable Faith flashed forth again in brighter splendor, and under her kindly influence the arts and sciences awoke from their lethargic sleep. *Fuvavia* was raised to the dignity of an Episcopal See, and Rupert of France, in 580 A. D., was created the first Bishop.

In the beginning of the eighth century, when the people were becoming lukewarm in their faith and losing that apostolic spirit which they had guarded so long and well, God sent his servant from the green “Isle of Saints” in the far-distant, north-western ocean, to bring them back again to a life of penitence and sanctity.

This servant of the Lord was Fhearghall (Virgil), and that he did his heroic work efficiently there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. His spirit still survives in the city where his holy ashes lie at rest, and the fervor of his faith is still visible in the children of his flock. That Salzburg was not free from the vicissitudes of war, even in modern times, may be gleaned from the fact that in 1805 it belonged to Austria; in 1810, to Bavaria; and in 1814, again to Austria. To Austria may she henceforth remain! The city at present is in a flourishing condition; the number of inhabitants cannot be less than 26,000; trade is brisk; and, better than all, in the hearts of the people contentment holds her court. The first and only Protestant church in Salzburg was erected in 1865; but the poor little waif doesn’t seem to prosper. Having seen the city and its lions to our hearts’ content, we set out for Munich.

The mountains of the Tyrol have been passed, and we are hurrying through the flat, level country of Bavaria. I am no stranger to Munich, and it is with feelings akin to those of a school-boy on his journey homeward for the holidays that I find myself being borne towards it once again. The same sensation is experienced by Dunne, for I have talked nothing but “The city of the Monks” to him ever since we left Salzburg.

It is nearly one o’clock, so we must soon be at our journey’s end. Yes, even now I recognize familiar land-marks and sniff a well-known fragrance in the breeze that pours in freshening draughts through the open windows of our carriage. Above yonder grove you can see the giant arm of “Bavaria” raised on high and holding in its massive hand the laurel wreath. Now the grove is passed, and the statue itself stands out in all its huge deformity. Behind it is the *Numeshalle*—the Temple of Fame. That church, whose peculiar towers are continually rising up before you, is the „*Liebfrauen Kirche*,” and if you look to the right you can see the beautiful Gothic structure recently erected in Haidhausen.

There is something delightful in entering the Bavarian capital that you do not meet with elsewhere. The railroad circles the city before you arrive at the station, and you seem, consequently, to sit before an ever-shifting panorama rather than to make a prosaic journey on the cars. There is an advantage as well as a charm in this; for the principal churches, squares, and public buildings become so impressed on the mind by the time your journey is over, that you do not feel like a stranger when you step to the platform, but rather like one who treads his native heath. So, at least, we feel as we make for the Bamberger Hof, on Neuhauser St., a place commendable for its neatness, cheapness, and convenient situation. After a refreshing bath we turn to the „*Franziskaner*” for dinner and a glass of that delicious liquid amber, which the vulgar rabble, in their benighted ignorance, call „*Bier*”; but it is *not* beer, it is ambrosia.

A walk about the city fills up the remainder of the afternoon. In the evening we would like to hear Wagner; but, unfortunately, the Court-Theatre will not be open for two weeks yet, and so we are fain to amuse ourselves as best we can at the hotel until the hour for bed arrives.

Next morning we visit the “Residence” and pass two hours in examining its many chambers of taste and beauty. In the ante-room, the first object that meets the eye is a large oil-painting of the unfortunate and much-abused Lewis—a king who, despite his faults, did a great deal to make Munich the city of art and music that it is. Thence we are led through Napoleon’s chamber; through the royal bed-chamber, whose elegant tapestry took forty persons ten years to manufacture; through the spacious and magnificent ball-room; through the “Gallery of Beauties”; and so on, until we are fatigued with the splendors of royalty.

“The Gallery of Beauties” consists of two moderate-sized rooms, adorned with portraits of women of modern times, who were remarkable for their personal charms. There is one English lady among them; one Greek—a daughter, I think, of Marco Bozarris,—and several princesses of various countries; but the majority are poor girls, the daughters of simple artisans and peasants. The sweetest face of all is that of an humble tailor’s daughter of the city. The royal collector, it must be admitted, displayed great impartiality in his selection of beautiful faces, if not very much common sense

The afternoon we devote to visiting the churches and the university. The name of the learned, but misguided Döllinger is still retained in the university catalogue, although he no longer occupies the professor's chair. The churches of Munich are numerous, but—with the exception of the new one in Haidhausen—they possess no architectural merit.

As I am not writing a book, however, it is useless to attempt to give an adequate idea of a week spent in this, the smallest and pleasantest of European capitals. For how can I, in this little sketch, give even a faint description of the Glyptothek, with its dozen rooms all peopled with inhabitants of living stone? Of the Old Penakothek, with its 1300 paintings? Of the New, filled as it is with the works of modern masters? How describe the museums, the parks, the "English Gardens," the splendid streets, the spacious squares, the statues, the city gates, the triumphal arches? How the beautiful suburbs of Haidhausen and Nymphenburg? Dear reader, I must confess I cannot; all these, as advertisers say, "to be appreciated must be seen."

But there is one place I must picture for you, and that is a „Bier-haus.“ To "do" Munich without visiting one of these famous establishments would be as irrational as to make a trip to Washington, and neglect to see the Capitol. For Munich, you will please remember, is not more noted for its love of Wagner than for its love of beer; nor are the wonders of the art-galleries more appreciated by the curious stranger—unless my powers of observation be greatly at fault—than the rich, dark, foamy, exhilarating production of the brewer.

Let us, therefore, drop in for a moment at the „Augustiner," for this is to Munich what the "Boar's Head" in ancient days was to Eastcheap. It stands on Neuhauser St., near the Bamberger Hof; yet the uninitiated might pass and repass it a dozen times an hour and never dream of its existence. We enter through a narrow hall, dark and gloomy and filled with tables, around which sit scores of soldiers, students, peasants, merchants, lawyers, in a word, mankind of every degree, enjoying their morning lunch of beer and sausage. From the hall we turn to the right and enter a room, some forty feet square, remarkable for its plentiful lack of cleanliness, and relieved of almost Plutonian darkness by a few sickly gas-jets that feebly glimmer here and there. The tables with which the room is filled, like those outside, are all occupied, and we vainly look for a vacant place. A pleasant voice, with the faintest suspicion of the German accent, addresses us: "Gentlemen, I would advise you not to go before you try it." The speaker is a large, well-dressed, genial-looking man, and the "It," without doubt, refers to the contents of a large stone mug which he holds in his dexter hand, and from whose sides a cool, creamy foam is slowly dripping. When we assure him that we haven't the slightest intention of leaving without "trying it," he kindly points out to us an unoccupied table which, on account of the great clouds of smoke that fill the place, we hitherto have failed to see. We thank the gentleman, and immediately take possession.

Now, a Munich beer-house is the most democratic place on earth; everyone stands here upon an equal footing; there are no waiters, so if you want anything you must help yourself. Leaving Dunne, therefore, on guard over the table, I go to the large tank where the mugs are kept, take out two, wash them, and fall into line with several others for the "bar" over which the beer is served. As the procession moves along, a young man, whose jaunty red cap and disfigured face prove him a member of a university duelling club, pushes forward and shoves in his mug before those of the dozen more patient mortals who have long preceded him. But his self-importance avails not here; the giant behind the bar throws him back his empty mug, and, in a voice of thunder, commands him to fall into line and await his turn like the others. With many a muttered imprecation the corps-student obeys; the by-standers titter their delight at his well-deserved rebuff, and the stream of humanity flows on as smoothly as before. In due time I receive my two liters, draped in foam like Cytherea at her birth, and hasten back to Dunne.

While we sip the cooling liquid, we have ample opportunity of studying the various characters around us. At the table on our left sits a jolly old German Falstaff, drinking his quart of beer, in lieu of burnt sack, and occasionally muttering to himself as if making some moral observation on the strange mutability of life. On his right are two gayly-dressed officers, eagerly discussing the probability of a war with France; opposite these, a pale, scholarly-looking man is reading the morning paper with an interest that never flags, save when he pauses for a refreshing draught; before us, a crowd of merry students make the walls of the old room ring with their rollicking songs and wild bursts of laughter; and a little to our right, a respectable-looking woman, with a weary, care-worn expression in her eyes, is taking dinner with her two pretty, well-dressed children. Humanity in all its phases is here, from the poor, ragged cripple, who crawls in and begs a few pfennigs for God's sake, to the booted and spurred commander who afterwards, perhaps, will be writing the pages of history with his sword. Then there are the eternal hawkers of small wares: Antolycus, with his gaudy case of "unconsidered trifles"; the dealer in stockings; the lonely old woman, whose hair is white with the frost of sixty winters, feebly crying "matches!" the "suspender-man"; the sellers of birds; and, more persistent than all, the little dark-eyed Italian "chestnut-boys," whose musical "*Castanæa, Signor?*" you find it impossible to resist. Such is the „Augustiner"—a strange medley of merriment, misery, smoke, sausage, darkness, dirt, fun, freedom, frolic;—everything, in fact, except drunkenness and its sister vices. The cases of drunkenness we have seen in the entire city have been very few, indeed.

We have been just a week in Munich, when the following mysterious communication reaches us, and causes us to fold up our tents and seek new adventures and other scenes:



## "VILLA AMERICANA, ACHENSEE, TYROL.

"BROTHERS IN EXILE:—The free-born children of 'Uncle Sam' have pitched their wig-wam on the shores of Achensee, and their camp-fire is reflected in its crystal waters. If you can tear yourselves away from Munich we extend to you a hearty invitation to come and share our pipe of peace and homely fare. We have spoken.

"Per order, JOHN MAHONEY,  
"Grand Sachem.

"P. S.—Terms: 3 florins a day, without extras.

"J. M., G. S."

On receipt of this we say „Auf Wiedersehen“ to Munich, and turn our course towards Achensee and the *Villa Americana*.

„Zwischen Felsen die voll Schnee  
Liegt der himmel-blauer See,“

sings Willöcker in his charming operette, „Das vermünſchte Schloß,“ and the popular voice declares the "lake of heavenly glow" referred to to be none other than the delightful lake of Achen. This lake, the largest in the Tyrol, and the adjacent valley, for miles around, belong to the Benedictine monastery of Ficht. It is a famous summer resort, and its many hotels are actually over-crowded from June until September with guests from all parts of Austria, Germany and England. For this reason the rapacious, liberal members of the Reichstag some years ago, thought of confiscating so valuable a piece of property for the Government; but the Abbot, catching wind of their intention, hastened to Vienna, and in a private audience with the Emperor had the beautiful spot secured to his monastery in a way that completely baffled the evil designs of his envious opponents. We reach the lake at five o'clock in the evening, just as the sun is gilding its azure waters with his parting rays. A boatman is soon discovered, and after a pleasant row of one and a half hour, we arrive at the villa of our friends. High above the villa the "stars and stripes," dallies with the wanton zephyrs with as much free-born grace and reckless *abandon* as if Mr. Keiley had never been refused admission to the Imperial Court. We hail the old flag with a hearty cheer; the cheer is answered by a perfect *salvo* from within, and in a moment we are shaking hands and interchanging greetings with a half dozen old companions with all the generous warmth that only students feel.

What is our delight to find the *Villa Americana* in charge of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Margreiter, the former proprietors of the "Golden Sun," in Fügen, at whose excellent inn we spent such a pleasant week one short year ago! This is, indeed, an unlooked-for treat. For not only do our host and hostess speak English fluently; not only does Mrs. M—— understand how to boil a leg of mutton and cook a roast of beef better than anyone else throughout the length and breadth of all Tyrol, but, besides, our genial friends from the sweet vale of Ziller are adepts in that wonderful art of *jodling*; and we know how enjoyable will be the pleasant summer evenings as we sit in the gloaming, and listen to the wildly beautiful strains of „Zillerthal du bist mein' Freud,“ and „Auf der Alm“—sighing and sobbing on the perfume-laden air.

A few days after our arrival at Achensee—Aug. 18—the fifty-sixth anniversary of the birth of his Majesty Francis Joseph is celebrated. In the evening the Demon of Fire seems to have descended upon the valley and made it his abode. Far up the mountain-sides, on what we considered inaccessible peaks, bonfires blaze in mighty splendor; around the lake—and it is five miles in length, from Scholastika to Fürstenhaus, from Fürstenhaus to Mayerhof—lies one vast coronal of flame, reduplicated with magnificent effect in the deep, dark waves below; across the lake from every point, at frequent intervals, sweep burning boats of every fanciful description; illuminated eagles, and other national symbols hover in the air; the sky is filled with shooting-stars, rockets, Roman candles, and all the wonders of the pyrotechnic world; every tree is ablaze with lanterns of various hues; there are "arches of fire, temples of fire, pyramids of fire," until the splendor of the day-god seems eclipsed. For three whole hours the magnificent display continues, and then night comes down with tenfold gloom.

Some days later, a most unfortunate occurrence took place. A young man, whom Fortune had not kindly treated, came to Achensee to end his life. He ordered a boat, and rowed himself far out to a distant part of the lake and then, standing at the stern of his boat, placed a revolver to his breast and fired. His intention was to fall backwards into the lake after he had shot himself, and let the empty boat, when it drifted to the shore, tell the story of his untimely end. But to the Throne of Mercy the earnest prayer of a fond old mother was at that moment speeding in behalf of her wayward child. Instead of falling backwards, he fell forward into the boat, and there he was found, soon after, by a passing tourist. He was brought to the hotel nearest our little villa, and a physician was sent for. The bullet had entered his left lung, and internal hemorrhage followed. When the physician arrived, the unfortunate young man would not permit him to approach for some time; and to every question asked him he only replied: "For God's sake, shoot me!"

To our inquiry, "Are you a Catholic?" he answered: "O, give us a rest! Get out of here! If you wish to help me, why don't you shoot me?"

But we persisted, and at length he confessed he was a Catholic.

"Will you not see a priest?" His answer to this was hardly polite.

Still we did not despair; we made arrangements with the landlord that two of our party should watch at his bedside until 3 o'clock in the morning and then be relieved by others from among us. That night, about 12 o'clock, I was awakened by confusion in the next room, and I heard Dunne, who occupied it, cry, in a startled, sleepy voice: "What? Is he contrite?" Then I heard Busch, a member of the first watch, answer: "Yes, he wants to confess; I am going to Achenkirche for Father Celestine."

Achenkirche was a good half-hour's walk distant; Busch made it that night in eleven minutes. When

the parish priest arrived, the young man made his confession, with every outward sign of contrition, and with a truly Christian spirit lamented his rash act. On the morrow, at his own request, he confessed again, and received Holy Communion. That night we were weaving his funeral-wreaths, and on the third day we walked behind his coffin as it was borne to the grave. But this, thank Heaven! was the only incident that threw a gloom over our little camp, and the rest of our days flew by "with joy like sunshine splendid." In Alpine climbing, fishing, boating and bathing, we found no end of healthful amusement. Mr. Nash, foot-sore and weary, turned up after a few weeks and spent the remaining holidays among us, and several others of our companions discovered our abode and took up their quarters among us for a week or more, as circumstances permitted. Rev. Dr. Brennan, an old Innsbruck "convictor," made us a pleasant call on his way to Greece, whither he was going to spend the winter, and remained with us three days—which his genial stories made the most delightful days of all. Mr. Gladstone, the "Grand Old Man," drove by our villa on his way to Tegernsee (but did not stop), and Prince Windischgrätz gave a chamois-hunt in our neighborhood for over a week. Altogether, there was no danger of suffering from *ennui* or monotony.

But the last day came—as it ever will in this world—when we were compelled to bid a sad farewell to Achensee and all its charms. For the last time we gathered round the festive board, and as our minds reverted to the many happy days together spent by the blue waters of Achen, we sang—with voices more earnest than musical, I fear—the following parting chorus, to the air of the old Negro melody, "Kitty Wells:"—

The chill October breezes blow,  
The guests have fled Retirement's halls,  
Upon the neighboring Alps the snow  
From darkening skies too early falls;  
Where all was gay dark shadows flit  
On murky wings, o'er hill and dell;  
No more her throne doth Summer sit,—  
Blue Lake of Achen, fare thee well!

How sweet the hours that Fortune gave,  
So free from care and sorrow's thrall,  
When by thy amethystine wave  
We watched thy waters rise and fall!  
But now those hours have passed away,  
And broken is the magic spell  
That made our life a holiday,—  
Blue Lake of Achen, fare thee well!

Perchance in future years, when Life  
Shall lose of youth the priceless rose;  
And we, grown weary of the strife,  
Shall seek that boon of age—repose,  
Our hearts shall turn to thee again  
Amid thy scenes for aye to dwell  
In heavenly peace, but, oh! till then,  
Blue Lake of Achen fare thee well!

That night we were once more in Innsbruck, and on the following morning we heard Mass in our own beautiful little chapel, in preparation for a new year of work; the brazen lecture-bell summoned us to labor as of yore; and as we picked up

our long-neglected note-books, we murmured, with the reformed Hal,

"If all the year were playing holidays  
To sport would be as tedious as to work."

R. J. M.

### Bethlehem.

Minuit sonne, et l'écho, prolongé dans les cieux;  
Répond sur l'univers un bruit mystérieux:  
La cité de David s'endort, mais le silence,  
Grand Dieu! va révéler ta gloire et ta puissance:

Le Verbe se fait chair! Son éclat radieux  
Est voilé dans le corps d'un enfant, mais les yeux  
Eclairés par la Foi, guidés par l'innocence,  
Découvrent de Jésus la divine naissance.

Anges de Béthléhem, chantez dans les hauteurs  
Le Fils de l'Eternel; et vous, simples pasteurs,  
Contemplez l'Homme-Dieu dans les bras de Marie.

Chrétiens, qui recevons la Sainte Eucharistie,  
Du Christ sur nos autels nous voyons les splendeurs,  
Car Il meurt sur la croix, mais Il vit dans nos cœurs.  
S. F.

### Christmas.

BY A. B. O'N.

Night in an oriental village, nearly nineteen hundred years ago. A winter's night, clear and cold. The chill wind sighs with moaning sighs through trees stripped bare; and moon and stars, drifting slowly across the cloudless vault of heaven, look calmly down on Bethlehem asleep. The noise and bustle of the day ceased long ago when the early shadows fell; the lights of the evening revellers have faded one by one, and now all is hushed and still. Noble patricians, humble plebeians, imperial census-takers and Judean populace, Cæsar's representatives and Cæsar's subjects, rich and poor, young and old,—all have laid aside the burdens of their duty or their pleasure, their joys or their cares, and, wrapt in tranquil slumber, await the morrow's dawn. Yet no; not all. On the pastoral slopes above the town, where the moonbeams play over picturesque groups of recumbent flocks, some lowly shepherds are holding their night-watch; and down below the hill, where runs the village street, in a habitation rudest of the rude, half cave, half stable, two humble strangers are still astir. A Galilean carpenter and a youthful maiden, soon to be a mother, they have sought in vain a lodging-place in Bethlehem; and, turned away from the doors of men, have found in the home of ungrudging beasts the partial shelter of a roof, less bleak and chill than the star-gemmed canopy of the wintry night.

What is there, either in the scene, or in the time, that we should recall them now? By what event have that straggling Eastern village and that cold December night been raised to such prominence

in the history of earth, been stamped so clear on the retina of the world, been writ so plain on the memory of humanity, that the destructive century-waves have rolled over them in vain, and that they live to-day, as truly and as vivid, as when the shepherds watched on the starlit slopes, and Augustus Cæsar ruled a world at peace? By what event? Ah! by one the most stupendous ever recorded in the book of Time, since Time himself, at the fiat of the Godhead, sprang forth from the womb of eternity; an event for which the four thousand years that had run their course since Adam walked in Eden's groves, were but an advent or a preparation; an event whose near approach has emptied Heaven's courts of their ministering angels, and has brought myriads of adoring spirits, Cherubim and Seraphim, Choirs and Dominations, hovering in expectant wonder and transcendent joy over Bethlehem's hill-tops and the stable-cave. For, lo! 'tis midnight. In the manger-cradle lies God Almighty; and from ten thousand thousand throats of angelic choristers, poised on unseen wings in the purple skies above, there issues the most jubilant song of triumph that ever flooded sinful earth with harmony celestial: *Gloria in altissimis Deo!*—"Glory to God in the highest!"

To Christians, clustering in spirit around the Crib of Bethlehem, the Church can find no better words in which to announce the primary fruit of the Messiah's coming than those which the shepherds heard and the angels sang. Glory to God! This is the principal purpose of the Birth of Him whose fragile limbs the night air chills; whose cry of pain rends Mary's heart; who, though "wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger," is yet the Prince of Peace, for ages awaited, to reconcile fallen humanity to its Lord Divine. God's glory is the ultimate end of all things. *Omnia propter semetipsum operatus est Dominus.* In the formation of the universe, God sought that glory; in the creation of man He had in view the same great purpose; but never, until the midnight skies were rent with the angelic welcome to the Infant Son of Mary, did there arise from earth to heaven an adequate glory and honor and praise. Material creatures bless and adore their Creator, not of themselves, but through the mediation of man, who, viewing them, rises by their contemplation to the knowledge of their Author, and who, as king of all nature offers their homage to the Divinity. Thus the most sublime objects of earth—the mighty ocean with its foam-capped billows, the towering mountains with their snow-clad summits, the boundless prairies, the rushing rivers, and the sombre forests; still more, the spacious firmament populous with planets to which earth is a dwarf, the myriad luminous spheres that wend their God-ruled course through the boundless realms of space,—all these are powerless to glorify their Maker. 'Tis only when the mind of man vivifies their material forms, when the human soul drinks in the reverential awe which their sublimity inspires, that they can voice the glory of their great Creator, even as 'tis only to the poet's ear that the stars are

"Forever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is Divine."

Yet man himself, however virtuous he may be, however holy we may suppose him, cannot worthily glorify his Maker. His homage rises from a nature far too low to reach in its ascent the grandeur of infinity. Who will supply the deficiency? Who will give to the homage of man an initial force and velocity sufficient to carry it onward and upward to the Godhead? How shall finite man adequately worship his Infinite Creator? The problem was solved on that first Christmas night whose anniversary we are celebrating. The Son of God unites Himself to human nature. In that nature He abases and humiliates Himself before the Most High. At the same time, He forms a world of adorers whom He associates with Himself, whom He vivifies with His spirit. He becomes the head of a mysterious body, of which we Christians are the members; and thus the whole magnificent plan of God's glory in the creation is unfolded. Material creatures glorify through man, man glorifies through the Man-God, Jesus Christ; and Jesus Christ, as truly God as He is man, renders to His Father the infinite glory and homage and worship which alone is commensurate, and adequate, and just. "For all are yours, you are Christ's and Christ is God's." Such is the significance of the first portion of the jubilant anthem with which, in the superabundance of their joy, the midnight angels hailed the new-born Redeemer: *Gloria in altissimis Deo!*—"Glory to God in the highest!"

#### Christmas Amongst the Irish Peasantry.

'Tis Christmas Eve. "The Christmas light is burning bright in many a village pane," as poor Gerald Griffin sings. The air is keen and cold, and the heavens are bejewelled with stars. The earth is robed in the winding-sheet of the year—the "beautiful snow" that glistens lovely to-night by mountain, lake and *ath*. It is an eve of solemn prayer and praise amongst the people of that fair land of ours that gems the crest of the Atlantic wave, our well-loved *Erin gal machree*—a night of thanksgiving for mercies vouchsafed and blessings received—a solemn night, heralding the dawn of the glorious morrow.

'Tis the awful midnight hour; bells are ringing from every steeple, proclaiming the anniversary of Love; the peasant's heart throbs responsive to the invitation to prayer; with the eye of faith he sees the angels bending from their pearly thrones, sweeping their golden harps; he hears *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis* echoed from sphere to sphere, and Jesus is again born in his heart, as He was born, eighteen hundred and eighty-six years ago, in Bethlehem of Judah.

"Domestic and religious rite  
Gave honor to that holy night;  
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;  
On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung;



That only night in all the year  
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear."\*

And so it is in holy Ireland at present, thank God! The Irish Catholic peasantry never fails to approach the Sacraments at this holy time, especially the old people of the fading generation, who are possessed of the simplest and most earnest piety, and who are full of the traditions of constancy and devotion born in stormy times, when the stranger warred unceasingly against the faith and language of the Gael. Heaven be praised! although we, Irish, are the children of the Dispersion, scattered from the Indies to either pole, we are still found

Climbing the hills, cutting down the expectant prairie,  
In the Name of God and the glorious Virgin Mary,

and unfurling the Banner of the Cross from where we meet, "deep in Canadian woods," to that far-off Southern land where the starry Symbol of Redemption nightly gleams above the troubled wave. We have borne the Faith unto all lands, and the chastity and fealty of the maidens and mothers of our race are known and prized all the world over; for, God be praised! in exile as at home they are as pure as the breezes that dance on the hills of our own loved island of sorrow.

The Irish peasant is generous and social to a fault, and with his enthusiastic love for the Faith of his fathers—that Faith still living in spite of "famine, fire and sword"—he considers it his bounden duty to greet old Father Christmas after a right royal fashion.

"Christmas comes but once a year,  
And when it comes, it's welcome here."

So sing the children—the to-morrow of society—in our land; and so, at this time, the old people, with Shakspeare

"Eat and drink and make good cheer,  
And praise Heaven for the merry year."

The feast of reason and the flow of soul are maintained after the simple, primitive fashion of a noble-souled, generous people during the twelve days—commencing with Christmas eve and ending with the Epiphany, which is termed by the Irish "Little Christmas Day."

"The fire, with well dried logs supplied,  
Goes roaring up the chimney wide";

and although

"The huge hall table's oaken face"

may not grace the home of the peasant, still

He mocks to-night the moaning gale,  
With Christmas banners flying o'er him!

During this holy season,

"When heart to heart kind wishes sends,  
And soul with soul more closely blends,  
And friends draw nearer unto friends.  
Around the social fires,"

old feuds are forgotten, old animosities exist no more; and happy, indeed, is the old ancestral home that can gather under its genial shelter at this time of "peace on earth and good will to men" any absent

member of the family who may have been heretofore, mayhap, far away beyond the world of waves. Christmas gifts, of course, are now freely exchanged: Charity, fairest child of God's love, walks abroad in a thousand guises; the rich freely dispense donations of clothing, food and money amongst their less favored brethren;

"Whilst all will strive on thought to raise,  
In silent gratitude and praise,  
For many, many happy days,  
That on their memory rise."

We will not go on to describe Christmas amongst the Irish "upper ten"; the same round of gaiety, festivity and dissipation, betimes, inseparable from so-called modern civilization, swings its "giddy whirl" by the Liffey and the Shannon, as by the Hudson and Missouri. Let us rather remain with the thoughts which suggest themselves as we reflect upon that faith—simple and childlike, yet firm and fixed—that noble, generous and exalted character of a poor and oppressed nation rising superior to distress, and, even amidst the gloomy and darksome period of persecution, giving a tone of gladness to this festival, and, with all their suffering, realizing fully and rejoicing in the comforting hope which is held out to them. And now, that the bright star, heralding the dawn of their deliverance already shines brilliantly upon the horizon for them as a nation, let us hope, too, that it may be speedily followed by the glorious sunburst of Home Rule, culminating in the full noon-day splendor of national freedom. In a word, let us wish them, gentle reader, a Right Merry Christmas, and A Happy New Year—and many of them!

T. C.

#### Decembris Feriæ.

Vix annus moriens cœpit contingere finem,  
Anxia quum juvenum pectora cura movet.  
Jam frustra niveo albescit velamine terra:  
Nunc curru rapido non volitare juvat.  
Jam frustra lacus glacie frenantur acuta:  
Membra rigent, hæret cor, titubantque pedes.  
Nec nobis bellum simulantibus ulla voluptas  
Percipitur, nec enim musica blanda placet.  
Quin studio gravidæ mentes languere videntur:  
Torpuit ars Logicæ, Grammaticæque silet.  
Corpora gymnasium, aut animas pia verba magistri  
Ad vitam nequeunt jam revocare novam.  
Ire domum trepidant juvenes, lateque per ora,  
Per campos resonat vox "Domus, alma domus!"  
Interea rectum colimus, veramque docemur  
Virtutem, qua nil dulcius esse potest.  
En adstant patriæ tellus faciesque parentis,  
Vel ridens teneræ matris imago nitet.  
Junior apparet frater, vultusque sororis  
Grandiculæ, atque animo forsan amicus adest.  
Quæ puero ante oculos simul obversantur, et ardet  
Ædibus in patriis ipse videre suos.  
I, puer, I, paucosque dies requiesce beatus:  
Sis matris cura dignus, amore patris.  
Te semper Christum Infantem portare memento,  
Et Nostræ Dominæ fidus alumnus eris.

PRIMA LATINA.

\* *Marmion*. Introd. to Cant., vi.

## The Wood-Gatherers.—A Christmas Story.

*(From the German.)*

You might see them any hour of the day in the woods just outside the town, the ragged little creatures, with their baskets and bags, gathering dead branches. Often, too, you might see them suddenly separate in all directions, after a short, whispered consultation and a cautious glance around to see if any of the watchmen were near, while one of the more daring of their number would climb a tree, and with a few well-meant kicks and tugs assist some of the larger branches in their effort to reach the ground. Sometimes things were in a very bad way with the peace and harmony of this little gang. They were naturally of a fighting turn, and their pugnacity would crop out with an alarming rankness whenever the division of the booty was in order. There was that greedy young Stumpf, especially, who seemed honestly to think that it was no more than right and proper that the rest should work for his special benefit when out on their marauds, and who was in the habit of very composedly claiming all the wood stolen. But as he had no less than a dozen pair of clenched fists to encounter, he never succeeded in enforcing his claims, and one day determined to change his tactics and to begin to shift for himself: "I'm a-goin' on my own hook after this," he informed his comrades; "when I do the schemin', I want the benefit. Wasn't I the one who told ye yesterday to jump on them branches till the tips'd break off? All them tips ought to have been mine; and I had to fight for the one I got. Ye're a nice lot, ye are!" And with this indignant outburst the injured youth trudged off, followed by his two little sisters. His ex-associates guyed and jeered him mercilessly, little divining that with him departed the presiding genius of their pursuit. But Stumpf said nothing, and quietly went his lonely ways in search of new fields of conquests.

It was midwinter, the merry Christmas just gone; Stumpf was pulling a small rickety sleigh after him. He was shaking with the cold, and his blue finger tips were tingling in his pockets; but he wore an undaunted look, and nothing escaped his eagle eye. Presently he heard the smaller of the girls weeping and sniveling behind him. He halted, to let her catch up, and then tenderly lifted her on the sleigh. Both girls maintained a very reverential bearing towards their brother, and no wonder—he was the only one to take care of them. Their mother was sick a-bed, and their father had to toil away in a factory from early till late in his endeavors to make both ends meet. Everything, consequently, hinged on the "big brother." In summer it was not so bad; wood-gathering was a pleasure then. The little one was deposited on the green grass outside the woods, and given a crust and some flowers to pass away the time. The other one had to come along to work—no more flowers for her, but an occasional box on the ears

instead. In winter Stumpf would muffle the baby with all the old rags he could find, and no matter how torn her dress, or how desperate a collection of holes her knitted shawl was, he fondly imagined that he had every reason to feel proud of his little pet. And, indeed, it *did* happen that passers-by paused before the pale little creature and slipped some trifle in her poor, frozen hands, especially on one occasion when it was snowing hard, and the child, all covered with flakes, was so very earnestly gazing into creation with her big black eyes.

Well, as said before, Stumpf was paddling his own canoe now, and no little trouble did it cause him. He couldn't depend on the little one at all, and the other one was not particularly reliable either; in fact, he had lived to see her on two separate occasions deeply absorbed in the contemplation of a rag-baby, instead of attending to the work he had given her. And this everlasting stooping for bits of wood was getting monotonous, too, and he began to loathe it. There was no money, and no excitement in it. His soul yearned for some adventurous, hazardous deeds,—deeds upon which would depend sweet liberty.

The children had come as far as the small villas in the extreme suburbs, when Stumpf suddenly spied a number of boards leaning against the gate of one of the backyards. "Hm!" he calculated, "three of those boards are as good as two trips; and what'll rich people do with such boards anyhow? It'll be dark pretty soon, too." He turned to the larger girl: "I tell you be careful now"—and she got a sounding box on the ear by way of encouragement.

Dusk set in, no lights in the house as yet. Stumpf noiselessly climbed over the gate, took one of the boards and handed it to his accomplices. He was just lifting the second one, when he heard a ferocious barking in the house, and he barely had time to jump the fence before two boys, followed by a huge St. Bernard, came running down the steps. "You'll get it! You were trying to break in! You are a thief!" one of them shouted.

Stumpf glared at him savagely: "I was only trying to get that wood. That ain't stealing. Oh, if I only were alone, I'd fix you, in spite of that dog of yours;" and he accompanied his words with a fearless kick at the animal.

"Oho! you're getting saucy to boot," retorted the larger of the boys; "and you're only a common thief, and if we'll tell on you, you'll be put in jail, do you know that?"

Stumpf shrugged his shoulders: "I wouldn't be stealing wood either if I were rich; it's no art then."

"Why, are you really so poor?" asked the younger lad.

"If I didn't bring wood, we'd have to freeze, that's all."

"Well, but haven't you a mother to take care of you?"

"Mother is sick, and I must look out for her."

"But you have a Christmas tree, haven't you?"

"Just as good as you," answered Stumpf.

A pause ensued.

"But can a fellow believe you, too?" asked the boy; "You thieves can lie like anything; everybody knows that."

Stumpf doubled his fists: "Wait till I catch you alone with your dog, and I'll get square with you."

The boys exchanged a few whispered words, and the dog stationed himself close to Stumpf as if to watch him. Then the smaller boy hurried into the house, while the other one remained, folding his arms and gloating over the motionless bundle of rags whose fate was in his hands. Stumpf let not one word for mercy escape his lips, and the boy said: "Yes, if looks could devour a man, we would be swallowed long ago, eh, Dick? Don't you stir, he has teeth like a knife."

At length his brother returned, his face beaming with joy. "I should bring them all in, mamma said," he cried.

"Now you're in for it, you thief!" the larger boy sneered; "hurry up, Dick! this way, follow them up close!"

Stumpf could scarcely advance a step, so closely was his frightened little sister clinging to him. She was sobbing faintly, he was fairly gnashing his teeth in his impotent rage; the dog in the rear was snarling and growling ominously, and thus they entered the illumined hall. From there they were pushed and urged ahead, till suddenly a door opened ahead of them, and they, before they could realize what had happened, were standing in front of a huge, glittering Christmas tree. They were speechless with fright, and gazed amazed at such undreamed of splendor. No jubilant "oh!" no shout of joy burst from their lips; the sight was too much for them, they could not comprehend it. The mother of the two boys had allowed herself to be moved by the prayers of her youngest, and, instead of being punished for their transgression, they were to be surprised with the Christmas tree.

"Why don't you come nearer? You may look at everything, and you'll get some cake, too," the little boy cried, disappointed at the conduct of the children. And his big brother added, majestically and condescendingly: "We'll not do anything to you this time."

"Ome to mamma! 'ome to mamma!" the little girl cried, pulling her brother by the sleeve.

Stumpf was timidly looking up to the lady standing in the door and having her eyes riveted on the children who formed so dismal a contrast to the splendor of the surroundings. Presently she approached, her dress rustling with every step, and, laying the tips of her fingers on Stumpf's arm, she said, softly: "My child, do you know that it is a sin to steal?"

"Yes," answered Stumpf, scarcely daring to breathe.

"And will you promise never to do it again?" she continued.

He looked at her, earnestly and sadly, and said: "And my mother, and this," he pulled the little one closer to him, "she is so cold, and God lets the wood grow by itself, and I never stole anything else."

He had lost all his boldness amidst his changed

surrounding, and was almost crying by this time.

"Where do you live, my boy?" the lady asked, after a pause.

He named the street and number, and she, in the meanwhile, filled the aprons of the children with cakes and candies.

"And don't you like the tree at all, little girls?" she asked.

The larger one remained silent; but the little one very decidedly shook her head: "'ed apples on my t'ee," she explained, and for the second time pulled her brother's sleeve.

"Go, then," the lady answered, smiling half sadly, "I shall see to it that you will have to steal no longer; go, my boy, I see you can hardly wait to get outside anyhow."

After the children had gone, the smaller of the boys asked, with a look of deep disappointment: "Why, what was the matter, mamma? why were they not pleased with the tree?"

"Ah! child," the mother answered, "happiness must be learned, too; and we'll teach them so that by Christmas next they'll understand it, will we not?"

BEC.

#### College Gossip.

—The Feast of St. Cecilia was fittingly celebrated at the College of St. Laurent, Montreal, Canada. On the eve, a musical and dramatic entertainment was given, in which the two principal societies—St. Patrick's Literary and St. John Baptist's—took part. The former presented an English play, and the latter a French one. On the morning of the Feast a High Mass was celebrated. The music rendered by the St. Cecilia choir was beautiful. The choir is under the able direction of the Rev. S. Arsenault, C. S. C. A banquet was given in the afternoon.—*Boston Pilot*.

—CELEBRATION AT THE BROTHERS OF THE HOLY CROSS' SCHOOL, ALTON, ILL. *Editor of the "Notre Dame Scholastic":*—The Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady was a joyful day for the boys of Bro. Felix's Class, when a beautiful statue of the Immaculate Conception, with an appropriate altar, was blessed in their class-room. At 1.30 p. m., the Rector of the Cathedral, Rev. C. J. Zwiesler appeared before the scholars, who had been assembled, awaiting his coming, and, having put on his surplice and stole, made a short exhortation on the beauty of the Festival, and reminded them of the spiritual benefits to be derived from having constantly before them a statue of Our Lady which would lead them to think of, and commend themselves to her who is the "Seat of Wisdom." After the exhortation, the Rev. Father proceeded to bless the statue.

Now the pupils have a statue and an altar of which they feel proud. The expenses were not short of \$25 of which the children contributed the most. Some of the young ladies of the parish donated flowers and vases. The writer of these lines also assisted, somewhat, in erecting the altar, and it forcibly reminded him of "lang syne."

R.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, December 20, 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 who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

## THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their general good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

## Our Staff.

B. T. BECKER, '86, D. A. LATSHAW, '87,  
P. VD. BROWNSON, '88.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all the readers of the SCHOLASTIC!

—The *American Catholic Researches*, heretofore published and edited by Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D., has been transferred to Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin, Editor of the *I. C. B. U. Journal*, by whom it will hereafter be edited and published. We could not wish better for the *Researches* than, as a change was to be made, to have it entrusted to such competent direction.

—All, alas! are not merry at Christmastide. There are many, perhaps within a stone's throw of us, whose hearts are plunged in grief and sorrow, to whom the glad message of the season appears a mockery, mayhap even a signal for fresh woe. It is not pleasant to dwell on such things; but such a survey may bring to many of us the determination and execution of some slight deed of sweet charity, which otherwise we might have left unthought of and undone.

—We tender our respectful apologies to the gifted writer of the article on "Industry, the Guardian of Innocence" in St. Mary's Department of the SCHOLASTIC, and express our regret at the distorted form in which it appeared in our last issue. Through an accidental transposition of lines after the pages were "made up"—and not discovered until the "forms" had been printed—whole paragraphs

were made to appear without meaning. In simple justice to the writer, we reprint the excellent article in this number.

—The patronal festival of Rev. President Walsh—the feast of St. Thomas, which falls on to-morrow, the 21st inst.—was observed by anticipation, owing to the early departure of the students for the holidays. The St. Cecilia Philomathean Association of the University gave a pleasing entertainment on Saturday evening, a report of which will be found elsewhere in this paper. Yesterday a banquet was served in the Senior dining hall, when speeches were made by a number of invited guests. The speakers were introduced by Mr. C. P. Neill, '87, and their words showed their friendship and esteem for Notre Dame and its worthy President. Other details in connection with the celebration of the day will be found reported in our local columns. We, of the SCHOLASTIC, also extend our greetings to our Rev. President, and express the sincere hope that he may enjoy many years of health and usefulness to continue the wise and able Presidency, which has already been crowned with such success, as to realize the proud position which Notre Dame now holds as one of the foremost educational institutions of the land.

—We are pleased to announce that a number of handsome prizes have been offered by friends of the University to the most successful workers in Science Hall. Among these is a medal, donated by Col. W. P. Rend, of Chicago, for Practical Mechanics, to be contested for by the students in the Department of Mechanical Engineering. Judging from the way in which our young mechanics have gone to work, and the large number in the class, the competition for this medal will be particularly lively.

In addition to the above prize, a generous friend in Denver, who wishes to be unknown, has given a purse of \$125.00, to be used for medals for the next five years at the rate of \$25.00 per annum, for "the most deserving workers in Science Hall." The conditions on which these medals will be given will be announced in due season. All students, we understand, who attend class in Science Hall, will have an opportunity to compete for the prizes named. Progress and proficiency, as far as may be, will be expected, and work of an original character will be given the preference.

Now, let our young scientists go to work, and show us what they can do. We shall be glad to give an account of their efforts in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC, and trust that the reports and communications from the various laboratories of Science Hall will be numerous and frequent, and that the students of the various Scientific Classes will prove themselves deserving of the encouragement of the generous patrons just mentioned.

—We have been requested by the authorities of

the College to again call the attention of the students to the fact that classes will recommence on the third day of January next, and also to urge upon them the propriety of their prompt return, to begin in time their regular attendance at all the College exercises. We know that after a week's enjoyment at home it is very difficult to take up the regular routine of studies which has been interrupted. The relaxation from the work of the class-room has not always the effect of quickening students on their return from home. On the contrary, the result is generally the opposite of what parents and guardians expected, and it frequently happens that it takes a number of days after his return for a young man to fall back into his usual habits of hard and earnest study. It is absolutely necessary for everybody, then, to be back in time for the beginning of classes if they do not desire to lose too much time.

We have heard it said by professors of experience that they would, by far, prefer to have no class at all than to have several members absent. They hold that it is a greater detriment to all under instruction to have a number of the students absent than it is to have none at all attend. The reason for this is quite apparent to anyone who considers the matter with any degree of thought. There is not a single class in which some general questions of the utmost importance to the student are not explained, and it may be that a thorough knowledge of the principles then explained (and such sometimes as can be acquired in class only, and from the teacher) is absolutely necessary in order that the pupil understand what may come up for consideration in the future. If the student loses one or more classes by remaining away, he may miss those explanations on which his studies for the year depend. How is he to make up for this lost time?—by himself? He may, possibly, do so; but the probabilities are that he will not. It cannot be expected that he by himself will be able to comprehend those very things which he goes to college to learn. Nor can it be presumed that the teacher will repeat the explanations already known to the remainder of the class for his especial benefit. The teacher's time belongs by right to all the students under his charge, and it is not fair that he should sacrifice the time he is bound to give to all by devoting it to special instruction for one.

It is to be hoped, then, that everybody, seeing the necessity for a prompt return, will not delay in putting in an appearance after the holidays have passed, and we trust that there will be no delay or inconvenience caused, either to students or professors, when the classes shall have recommenced. Parents and guardians who are anxious that those over whom they have charge should advance in their studies, ought, then, to endeavor to have their sons or wards return in time for the regular opening of class. It will be not only a benefit to the College, which they have honored by entrusting it with the education of their sons, but will also be a great benefit to these very sons, who will thus be enabled to pursue their studies with greater ease and success.

#### The \$50 Prize Temperance Essay.

The following letter, which has recently been received, will, undoubtedly, be of interest to the members of our local Temperance Societies:

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 13, 1886.

"REV. T. E. WALSH, C. S. C.,

*"President of the University of Notre Dame.*

"REV. SIR:—At the monthly meeting of the Philadelphia Archdiocesan Union, held in Cathedral Hall, on December 12, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"RESOLVED: That this Union donate to the University of Notre Dame, the sum of fifty dollars as a *cash prize* to be awarded to the student of Notre Dame University who writes the best essay upon 'Total Abstinence from Intoxicating Drinks.' The conditions of competition, judgment, etc., to be regulated by the University authorities exclusively.

"Respectfully yours,

"PHILIP A. NOLAN,

*"Corresponding Secretary C. T. A. U. of Philadelphia.*

"P. S.—Our Treasurer, Mr. J. A. Smith, will forward the money."

We have no doubt that this generous proposition of the banner Temperance organization of the land will be received in the spirit in which it is made. It will be appreciated as another proof of the kindly feeling which the National Union in general, and the Philadelphia Union in particular, have always entertained for the College T. A. Societies. It cannot fail to stimulate our Cadets to renewed exertions in the noble work in which they are engaged, by showing them that their proceedings are watched with interest by outside friends, and that from them good example and good service in the cause, now and in after years, are expected. And, from what we know of the boys, we can confidently predict that the expectations of their friends will not be disappointed. We sincerely trust that the papers submitted to the decision of the Faculty will be not only creditable to the writers, but also of a character to do good work for the Temperance Cause.

#### The Musical Soiree.

One of the most pleasant events of the year was the entertainment given on Thursday afternoon by the Philharmonic Orchestra and St. Cecilia Quartette Club, both musical organizations of the University. The programme, which will be found printed in our local columns, was, with the exception of a few slight defects in the vocal numbers, carried out in such excellent style as to give perfect satisfaction to all present; while, at the same time, showing the capabilities of our home talent in the musical line, and the good results of careful training and direction.

Three numbers were assigned to the Orchestra, and in each of these, it displayed to advantage its excellent organization and the skill which it has acquired in correctly interpreting difficult music. Close attention to detail, combined with the musical appreciation of the players and the able direction of their leader, imparted to the rendition of the mor-



*ceaux* mentioned in the programme such a judicious distribution of light and shade and artistic coloring as to afford a rare and very enjoyable treat to the most ardent lover of music in the audience. We cannot be understood as saying that our Orchestra is *perfect*. The playing is not without its defects, especially in one or more of the wind instruments; but such defects we do not presume to more than allude to, knowing that the skilful leader will correct them in time. Besides, though these blemishes exist, yet they are not so great and glaring as to mar the excellence of the whole, so that we may be justified in saying that we have now a University Orchestra of which we may well be proud.

The vocal numbers of the evening were two tenor solos, a bass solo and a Quartette selection, which were fairly rendered and imparted a pleasing variety to the entertainment. Mr. F. Jewett sang Cherubini's beautiful "Ave Maria"—a piece well adapted to display the powers of his excellent tenor voice. If we except a slight hesitancy, once or twice, on the part of the singer, the selection was rendered in good style, and showed that but little practice, or cultivation, is needed to make a naturally good voice one of artistic excellence. Mr. H. McFarland sang Gounod's "Tell me, Beautiful Maiden," and showed that he also is the fortunate possessor of a very fine tenor voice. His rendition, as regards the singing of the selection, was all that could be desired, and was most enthusiastically received by the audience.

Mr. Geo. F. O'Kane sang "The Hermit," by Mora, a fine selection for such a powerful and deep bass voice as Mr. O'Kane possesses. The piece was well rendered and merited an *encore* from the delighted audience. A Quartette of even voices—Messrs. Jewett, McFarland, Hull, McDermott, Paschel and O'Kane—sang "A Legend of the Rhine" by Smart. The piece, on the whole, was well rendered, though we must say that it was given in better style at the public rehearsal a few days ago, a little nervousness, perhaps, causing defects on the present occasion. In general, the vocal performances of the evening were complimentary to the talent existing among the students, as well as to the painstaking instruction and drill imparted by Prof. Kindig.

One of the most delightful numbers on the programme was the piano solo by Master B. Tivnen. His selection was Thalberg's "La Straniera, Fantasia Brillante, op. 9," which was rendered in really excellent style. Though we cannot commend his choice of piano—there were two pianos on the stage—yet the brilliant execution, the facility with which runs, difficult variations, and the various movements of the piece were given, made the audience almost insensible to tone defects of the instrument, and, despite the length of the selection, enchained their attention from beginning to end.

But the *pièce-de-resistance* was the concluding number—a violin solo by Prof. Kindig, who performed, in a masterly manner, a brilliant "Fantasie de Concerte" on selections from the opera of "Faust." We cannot presume to speak of this number. All who have had the pleasure of

hearing Prof. Kindig know that he is a master of the violin, and that his favorite selections are the most difficult of classical music—especially those that, while satisfying the love of harmonious sound which the cultivated soul must possess, are best calculated to show how that innate love, or feeling, may be raised to the highest plane of enjoyment by the perfect development of the wonderful resources which lie hid in a small musical instrument. Master R. Oxnard, in the rendition of his difficult piano accompaniment, was all that could be desired.

The *soirée* was very successful, and, as Rev. President Walsh said, in his closing remarks, it revealed the great progress made in the musical department of the University. The repetitions of these *soirées* from time to time will, we have reason now to expect, be among the most enjoyable features of the rest of the scholastic year.

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#### The St. Cecilians.

On Saturday afternoon, the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association gave its twentieth annual winter entertainment. The exercises were made complimentary to Rev. President Walsh, whose patronal festival, falling within the Christmas vacation, it was thus designed to honor by anticipation. A large audience of students, members of the Faculty, and friends from near and far, assembled in Washington Hall at four o'clock, when the exercises were begun according to the programme which is given entire in our local columns.

The entertainment opened with the "Introductory Overture" by the University Orchestra, played in their own excellent style. Mr. B. T. Becker, then, in behalf of the students of the Senior department, read an address to Rev. President Walsh, which was full of feeling, and indicative of the respect and esteem entertained by the student body towards their worthy President to whose guidance they have been entrusted during their college life. We regret that the hurry incidental to preparing this form for the press prevents us from publishing the address, which was both well written and well delivered. Master B. Tivnen then executed, in a meritorious manner, a brilliant piano selection—Gounod's "Faust-Valses." Master J. McIntosh, representing the Minim department, read a beautiful poetic address. Then Master E. Daragh, in behalf of the St. Cecilians, and the Juniors in general, formally dedicated the exercises to Rev. President Walsh, in the following address:

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

The St. Cecilians cordially welcome you to their twenty-ninth annual entertainment. Twenty-nine years ago the first of these yearly entertainments was given. Almost the span of a life-time has since passed; but, nevertheless, this association, through its membership, is as young, active, vigorous and hopeful as ever it was. It is difficult to realize that almost the third of a century has elapsed since it was organized; but such is the fact; and what could more sadly remind us of it than the paucity of old-time members here to-night! But few, indeed, are with us who can describe from actual observation the Notre Dame of twenty-

nine years ago; or tell us the number of students then within its walls, and how many of them were St. Cecilians; or for what pursuits they respectively studied, and what success in after years attended them in the professions and vocations they entered. As to the mortuary list, we need not inquire. We know that, in common with all mortals, they have paid their share of the debt of nature—that many have gone hence to their reward. But, notwithstanding that sad reflection the unbroken continuity of our association and its excellent record make it pleasant to think of its past.

If we may judge by the record of the St. Cecilians—and there is certainly no better criterion—we can safely claim that from the very first they have been distinguished by self-respect, dignity of character, common amity, and honorable aspiration, not to mention an enthusiastic ambition to be best in purpose and first in action. They have been steadfastly true to this record, and therein is the secret of the great success that has constantly attended their work.

Prior to the War this association was organized, and St. Cecilians did their full share to exemplify the patriotism which guarded and preserved the integrity of the Union. On many a field of carnage their blood flowed freely in defense of the Republic. And when the War was rolled back to the sea, and the flames of battle for the last time flashed in the faces of contending hosts; our surviving brothers, crowned with the laurels of victory and the glory of heroic services, returned to their homes and resumed the peaceful avocations of life, thus illustrating their patriotism, habits of industry and good citizenship, as well as the safety and strength of the Nation in its citizen soldiery. And ever since our brother St. Cecilians have acquitted themselves with credit and honor. In the pulpit, in the forum, in the halls of legislation, and in the marts of trade, they have been zealous and able, efficient and faithful, trusted and honored. . . .

But there is one to whom the St. Cecilians, and all the students, and all connected with the University, owe much. They owe him gratitude and appreciation, fidelity and obedience. Courageous in the assertion of right, firm in the execution of duty, clear in seeing and prompt in pursuing the wiser course, intuitively correct in reading men and recognizing motives, and impatient only to condemn wrongs, shams and impostures, he is one whose favor, friendship and confidence all St. Cecilians esteem it an honor to share. *Semper fidelis*—ever faithful, and ever the same—his example, they hope, is not lost upon them; for they recognize the primary element of gentlemanly character in a kindly manner and even temper. To him they beg leave to dedicate this entertainment, and they do so with warm expression of regard and gratitude for his many acts of kindness to them, for the wisdom with which he has directed their work, for the good derived from his example and labors in forming their character, shaping the course of their lives, and anchoring them to fidelity and honor in all things. With the education and morality, industry and capacity, that he seeks to build up, cultivate and develop in all of us, it will certainly be our own fault if we fail in coping with the difficulties that beset the way to success in the material world, or forfeit claim to the crowning reward of well-spent, useful and honorable lives. To him, therefore—to the Rev. Father Walsh, President of the University—the St. Cecilians sincerely and respectfully dedicate their twenty-ninth annual entertainment.

Master W. Clifford then delivered the prologue of the play, and Master S. Nussbaum made a complimentary speech to Rev. President Walsh. After this, a very pleasing *divertissement* was afforded by Mrs. Geo. Mayer, of Chicago, who kindly responded to an invitation and favored the audience with one of her rich vocal selections.

Next came the great event of the evening, the drama of

#### "THE FATHER'S CURSE."

The plot of this play is laid in Spain, during the Mahometan wars. Don Alonzo, son of Don Vasco de Gomez, a princely nobleman, is per-

suaded by ambition and the evil counsel of his confidant, Don Lopez, to abandon his father, his country, and his God, and becomes a prince among the Mahometans. In the progress of the war, his father falls into the hands of Tarik, the Mahometan commander. By the command of Tarik, Don Alonzo endeavors to win his father to the faith of the Prophet to save him from a sure death. Don Vasco repels him and pronounces upon him a malediction, under which he withers and loses his reason. Don Vasco escapes from the Turks, and, returning to the Christian camp, he finds the demented, wandering Alonzo. Under his father's care, the renegade returns to reason, and, wounded in a battle against the Mahometans, he dies repentant.

The play calls for a number of prominent characters, and abounds in thrilling situations so as to make it well adapted to display the resources of voice and action of those who take the leading parts. That there is no lack of talent and ability among the Cecilians of this year, was abundantly proven by the manner in which the drama was presented. Each one had his lines well committed, and—especially among the leading characters—displayed a good conception of his *rôle*. E. Darragh as "Don Vasco de Gomez," enacted the character of a real old Spanish nobleman, true to his country and his God, who could, when the duties of religion and honor demanded, do violence to a deep parental affection and curse a traitor and renegade son. Faithful in his portrayal throughout, he was especially effective in the great scene in which the father curses his perfidious son, wherein a really thrilling effect was produced by the intensely dramatic voice and action. Master Darragh bids fair, with the careful training which he receives, to become a speaker of no ordinary ability. W. McPhee took the *rôle* of "Don Alonzo, the son of Gomez," and, despite the drawback of a rather high voice, succeeded in giving a faithful interpretation of his character. The trying scenes which call for the impersonation of the insane Alonzo were fairly given. F. Long, as "Lopez," was true to his character as the designing villain and intriguing confidant of Alonzo. W. Henry, as "Pedrillo," varied the scenes by the fun and merriment which his *rôle* called for. Among the other characters which were well portrayed, our limited space will permit us only to mention T. Goebel, as "Ibrahim"; H. Austin, as "Tarik"; P. Wagoner, as "Abdallah"; W. McKenzie, as "Fabricio"; C. Stubbs, as "Pedro"; F. Fishel, as "Juanino," and L. Preston as "Sancho."

The play was well "mounted," every attention having being paid to the details of scenery and costume, many of which were new and costly. On the whole, the representation was one that reflected great credit upon the St. Cecilians and their worthy director, Prof. J. A. Lyons.

On the conclusion, Rev. President Walsh arose, and, in well-chosen words, expressed his thanks for the compliments paid him, giving due praise to those who took part in the exhibition, and speaking words of earnest, practical advice to the students.

## Books and Periodicals.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION FROM A PARENTAL AND NON-SECTARIAN STAND-POINT. By Hon. Zach. Montgomery, Ass't U. S. Attorney-General. Washington: Gibbons Bros. 1886.

This is a book that should be read by every intelligent citizen in the United States. It contains, in a condensed form, Mr. Montgomery's views on the great subject of Education, so often defended upon the public platform and elaborated and widely circulated through that sterling magazine "The Family's Defender," edited and published by Mr. Montgomery himself. The immediate occasion for the publication of the work has been the well-known attack made upon the author during the 49th session of Congress when, on account of his views on the School Question, a stubborn but fruitless effort was made to prevent his confirmation as Assistant Attorney-General. This caused a general idea to know precisely what those "views" were, and they are given in this book.

It would take us too long to give, even imperfectly, a synopsis of the arguments presented against the present public system of education which obtains in this country,—its fundamental, erroneous principle based upon the destruction of the parental right; its baneful effects upon the morality of the nation,—or to show, with the author, the clear superiority of parental schools, and the terrible necessity—as defined by appalling statistics of crime—of doing away with the public school system. We may, however, present the author's "platform of educational principles" which must commend itself to every thinking mind as a powerful antidote to the moral poison which the system diffuses through the different *strata* of society:

I.—Parents are bound, by the law of nature (each according to his ability), to properly feed, clothe, and educate their own children; and unwilling parents should be compelled, by appropriate legislation, to discharge these duties.

II.—It is a public duty to assist, at public expense, in furnishing the necessary means wherewith to properly feed, clothe, and educate children whose parents are unable to so feed, clothe, and educate them.

III.—No citizen of this State should ever be taxed for the feeding, clothing, or educating of children—not his own—whose parents are amply able to feed, clothe, and educate them.

IV.—All such parents as are neither mentally nor morally unfit to have the custody of children are entitled, and in duty bound, to select, for the education of their own children, schools wherein they believe that neither the teachers, the associations, nor the kind of instruction given, will seriously endanger either their health, their lives, or their morals, but will best promote their temporal and eternal welfare.

V.—Neither the State, nor any municipal or other government organized under its authority, should ever force upon the child of any parent—not legally adjudged mentally or morally unfit to discharge the duties of the parental office—any particular teacher, book, or system of religious or non-religious instruction against the conscientious objections of such parent.

VI.—Tuition, when at public expense, should embrace a good common English and business education, added to such a thorough training in one or more of the mechanic arts, or the manufacturing, domestic, or productive industries, as will best prepare youth for the practical business of self-support; but should not extend to the merely ornamental or more abstruse arts or sciences, except in a limited class

of cases (to be provided for by law) as a reward for exalted merit, when coupled with a high order of talent and a special aptitude for such arts or sciences.

VII.—The whole business of educating and training the young should, like other professions, be open to private enterprise and free competition: *Provided*, That the State should establish and maintain such necessary educational institutions as private enterprise shall fail to establish and maintain: and every parent or guardian entitled to have his or her child, or ward, educated at public expense should select for such purpose his own school; and the teacher or principal of such school should be paid periodically for teaching such pupil a compensation, the maximum of which shall be fixed by law, which compensation should be proportionate to the progress made by the pupil during such period of tuition in the legally appointed secular branches. Said progress to be ascertained by examiners duly selected or appointed in such manner as may be provided by law; but no religious tuition which may be given in any such school should be at public expense or subject to the supervision of said examiners.

The concluding chapter of the work is devoted to a consideration of the theory of Henry George, who has lately been brought into undue prominence through labor troubles and socialistic agitations. Mr. Montgomery shows that George's "premises are false and illogical, but in perfect harmony with the principles of the present public school system."

—Professor W. G. Sumner has made a careful study of the question of "What makes the rich richer and the poor poorer?" and will communicate the answer to it which he has reached, through the January number of *The Popular Science Monthly*. His paper on this subject will be the first article in that issue.

—We have received from Prof. J. Singenberger, St. Francis, Wisconsin, a collection of beautiful and appropriate music for the Christmas season. The collection—published in book-form, and sold at 25 cents a copy—embraces (1) "Adeste Fideles," by F. Kœnen; (2) Offertory—"Latentur Cœli," by Fr. Witt; (3) Resp. "Hodie Nobis Cœlorum Rex," by G. F. Anerio; (4) Resp. "Verbum Caro Factum Est" by G. F. Anerio. The music is in the style of what is known as "Cecilian music," simple and melodious, and arranged for four voices—Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass.

—The Columbia Bicycle Calendar for '87, just issued by the Pope Manufacturing Co., of Boston, is an artistic and elegant work in chromo-lithography and the letter-press. Each day of the year appears upon a separate slip with a quotation pertaining to 'cycling from leading publications and prominent personages. The calendar is mounted upon a back of heavy board, upon which is exquisitely executed, in oil color effect, an allegorical scene, representing the earth resting among the clouds, with Thomas Stevens, in heroic size, mounted upon his Columbia bicycle, circumbicycling the globe. The atmospheric lights and shades of sunlight and moonshine are charmingly vivid, yet artistically toned and softened. A smaller portion of the board is devoted to a picture of a mounted lady tricycler speeding over a pleasant country road. As a work of convenient art, the Columbia Calendar is worthy of a place in office, library or parlor.

—Miss E. L. Dorsey's "Midshipman Bob" has already had a great success in the *Ave Maria* among the young folk. It is reprinted by Joseph A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind. "Midshipman Bob," in appearance, is one of the prettiest Catholic books we have seen this year. It is printed on fine paper, and is bound strongly and tastefully. The story itself is fresher, freer, and more redolent of the true flavor of the sea than anything "Oliver Optic" ever wrote. It is one of the books for Catholic boys that we have been looking for. "Midshipman Bob" is the story of an honest, pure-hearted lad, staunch in the practice of his Faith, and a thorough boy. It is out in time for Christmas, and we wish that every boy who likes a good book may have it among his gifts. Mr. Lyons has printed one of the best novels of the year—"A Child of Mary." He now offers the best book for boys—"Midshipman Bob."—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

—We have received the report of "The Proceedings of the Twelfth Annual Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, held at Philadelphia, May 19 and 20, 1886." The "report" contains the speeches and addresses made at the Convention, the essays on various timely and interesting topics read by members, together with the Constitution of the Union. We are pleased to learn that the organization is in a very flourishing condition and bids fair to continue and extend still further its sphere of usefulness. The "Union" at present is formed of 69 societies, with a total membership of 8666—an increase of 7 societies and a membership of 2036 over the previous year. The essays read before the Convention have a general interest and instructiveness, treating of such questions as: "Catholic Young Men and Secular Organizations"; "The Saloon Considered as a Danger for Young Men"; "Why and How our Young Men Should Interest Themselves in National and Local Questions"; "Suggestions for the Use of our Libraries," etc.

#### Personal.

—R. T. O'Connor, of '84, was the successful candidate for Clerk of the District Court, at the last election in St. Paul, Minn.

—Dr. James I. Vance, of Racine College, Wisconsin, paid a flying visit to Notre Dame on Friday, and expressed his surprise and admiration at all he saw.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Corbett, of Denver, Colo., were welcome visitors to the College on Thursday last, and entered their son Willie in the Minim department.

—Mr. George Nester lately paid a flying visit to Notre Dame. On Monday evening, the members of the Crescent Club Orchestra gave a six o'clock dinner, to which he was invited to meet a select party of friends.

—Among the visitors during the week were: Mr. E. C. Grever, Cincinnati, O.; Mr. and Mrs.

John S. Orr, Michigan City, Ind.; Mr. Henry Weixel, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Ryan, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Hannah Joyce, Taunton, Mass.; Miss Addie Ford, Mazeppa, Minn.

—Rev. Michael Lauth, C. S. C., '76, made us a pleasant call last Tuesday. He has just returned from a six months' charge of a Polish congregation in Pittsburgh, to resume his duties as assistant Rector of St. Hedwige's Church in South Bend. His many friends at Notre Dame were pleased to greet him, and to find him in the enjoyment of health and strength.

—When in Philadelphia last week, Professor Edwards had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Father Elcock, Rector of the Cathedral, Rev. Father Hannigan, of St. Paul's Church, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Nolan, and Mr. Griffin, all of whom wished to be remembered to the many friends they made here at the time of the C. T. A. U. Convention. The young men of the St. Michael's Pioneer Corps had made arrangements for a reception, but the short stay in the city prevented them from carrying out their plans. In company with Mr. Griffin and Mr. Reuss, a visit was paid to the room of the A. C. H. Society, where many improvements were found since a visit a year ago last summer. Both these gentlemen and their *confrères* are doing excellent work in the cause of Catholic History. We hope before long that the people of every large city in the Union will be as actively engaged in a similar work as the citizens of Philadelphia are at present.

#### Local Items.

—A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—Cold again.

—Now for '87!

—The Cecilians did nobly.

—Competitions this week in —

—Classes will be resumed on Monday, January 3.

—Old Time has the grave for '86 nearly dug.

—Society chatter is *on dit* for the next few weeks.

—The costumes of the Turks especially were gorgeous.

—How hilarious is life with the thermometer 5° below zero!

—One of our scientists is trying to invent a new method of breathing.

—"Eli Perkins" is booked for N. D., February 11, '87. "Get here, Eli!"

—The musical *soirée* was a success. Let us have many of them next year.

—The broom brigade are very serviceable as ice-cleaners—so the skaters think.

—Happiness that does not make us forget other people's misery is happiness indeed.

—Prussian blue and old gold are the N. D. colors. Every student should wear them.

—Let each one remember the SCHOLASTIC at Christmas by procuring a new subscriber.

—Patronize home industry. Learn a lesson from the superiority of the home-made uniforms over the Chicago make.

—Messrs. O'Kane, A. McFarland and Jewett proved themselves, on Thursday afternoon, as able soloists as any college can boast of.

—The L. S. & M. S. R.R. will run a special train from South Bend on Wednesday, at 7.30 a. m., for the accommodation of students going West.

—In addition to those mentioned last week, Messrs. H. Rothert and J. McDermott received perfect bulletins for the month of November.

—The programmes for the St. Cecilia entertainment were models of neatness and elegance. They attracted the attention of everyone in the audience.

—The greatest mental effort that our dude makes, these cold days, is when he has to determine whether to put on his woolen mits or his fur gloves.

—Master H. Austin as "Tarik," in the drama presented by the St. Cecilians on Saturday evening, was a surprise to his many friends. He enacted the sublime old Turkish chieftain to perfection.

—It is darkly hinted that our hunters went to the Bend before they showed up at the University, and then winked at a game dealer and said: "Mum's the word."

—The Mechanical Department of Science Hall is indebted to Mr. J. Rumely, of Laporte, Ind., for the castings of a handsome pattern-maker's lathe. Our young mechanics are actively at work on the construction of the lathe, and will have it ready in a few weeks.

—NOTICE.—There are some few in the immediate vicinity who have a good habit of returning their copies of the SCHOLASTIC to the Office. But they should bear in mind that we have no use for mutilated copies—*i. e.*, copies with pages torn out, or from which choice clippings have been made, etc. *Verbum sap.*

—The addresses to Rev. President Walsh, read at the St. Cecilia entertainment on Saturday evening, were very richly and tastefully decorated. The covers showed a variety of well-conceived and artistically executed designs, indicative of the sentiments expressed, and wishes appropriate to the joyous Christmas season.

—In the University Moot-court, held last Wednesday evening, the case of the South Bend Gas-Light Co. *vs.* the city of South Bend, was called before Judge Hoynes. The action was one for an injunction. Mr. F. Claffey was the counsel for the complainant and Mr. B. T. Becker appeared for the defendant. The latter won the case.

—The thanks of the Junior department are returned to Mr. Geo. Mason, of the Excelsior Iron Works, Chicago, who renews the great "Mason Medal" for this year. The contest for this medal promises to be unusually lively. If the winner deserves success in after-life as well as he will have to deserve it in this case, there is not much doubt that he will obtain a fair share of it.

—Rev. President Walsh, accompanied by Rev. Father Zahm and Rev. M. J. Regan, visited the Minims' reading-room Tuesday evening. While looking over the note-book, Rev. Father Walsh expressed surprise and admiration at seeing that each Minim had received No. 1 for the four last consecutive weeks—an event never before equalled in the annals of the Minim department. He then addressed them in kind words of encouragement for the future.

—A handsome life-size photograph of Rev. Father Hannigan—the great friend of the Philadelphia boys—and a lithograph of Rev. Father Elcock, Rector of the Philadelphia Cathedral, both apostles of the Total Abstinence movement in the East, have been placed in our C. T. A. U. society rooms, where they attract the attention of all who became acquainted with these gentlemen last summer.

—The 8th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on Dec. 13, in St. Edward's Hall, at which papers, bearing the marks of diligence and application, were read by the following members: Masters Mahon, A. Williamson, Jewett, Sullivan, W. Williamson, Boyd, Crotty, Munro; and impromptu speeches were made, on different subjects, by Masters McIntosh, Mooney, Martin, Nester, Toolen, Graham, Koester, O'Mara, McDonnell. The speeches of J. McIntosh and R. Graham deserve special notice.

—In one of Very Rev. Father General's visits to St. Edward's Hall through the week he noticed the number of little birds that flocked round the front steps. The Very Rev. Father, with the goodness and generosity so characteristic of his great heart, said to the Minims: "Give the poor little birds something to eat here every day." The Minims, to whom it is always a delight to carry out the least wishes of their beloved Father, have, since he gave the order, been placing a basket of crumbs every day at the front steps for Very Rev. Father General's little birds. Jamie O'Neill has charge of feeding them for the present.

—Yesterday (Sunday) morning Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. President Walsh, assisted by Rev. Fathers Zahm and Morrissey as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. N. Stoffel. During the Offertory, a beautiful *Salve Regina* was sung by Mrs. Geo. Mayers, of Chicago, who is on a visit to her son in the Minim department. In the afternoon, at one o'clock, the members of the Faculty waited upon Rev. President Walsh in the grand parlor of the University, and through their representative, Prof. J. G. Ewing, expressed their felicitations upon the recurrence of his patronal festival. Father Walsh responded in fitting terms.

—Upon the invitation of Frank McErlain, Bro. Marcellinus and several of the "Grads" spent Thursday hunting eight miles north. The report that no game is left in the stake, is without foundation, as is also the one that thirteen pheasants and nine rabbits committed suicide upon learning that Brother Marcellinus was on the grounds.



They were the lawful product of a good day's sport, as were also several squirrels, a young fox, and two blue-jays. Unfortunately, there were no bears killed. Thanks, and many, too, are due to Mac for his generous furnishing of horses, sleigh, a rattling good dinner, and everything that hunter comfort wanted.

—Profs. Gregori and Edwards, while the guests of Archbishop Ryan in Philadelphia, were invited to accompany His Grace to St. Charles' Seminary at Oberbrook—one of the finest and most substantial educational edifices in the United States. They speak in the highest terms of that celebrated institution, and the cordial reception with which they were greeted by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Corcoran and Father Schulte. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons also received them most graciously when they visited Baltimore, and he promised to come to Notre Dame, after his return from Rome, to sit for a full-length portrait to be painted by Professor Gregori. Signor Gregori, while in Philadelphia, had sittings from Archbishop Ryan for a life-size portrait. He has also received an order to paint a picture of St. Francis Xavier for the Bishop Kenrick Memorial Altar in the cathedral of that city.

—At the request of Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., Professor Gregori is preparing plans for a grand monument to be erected by the University of Notre Dame to the memory of Rt. Rev. Bishop Bruté—the first bishop appointed in this State—and Rev. Fathers Badin, de Seille, and Petit, early missionaries in the Northern part of Indiana. The monument will consist of several steps and a triangular pedestal bearing a full-length statue of Bishop Bruté with beretta in hand, saluting those who approach the main portals of the University. At each corner of the pedestal, sitting on the steps leading to it, will be placed full-length figures of the three saintly missionaries mentioned above. From the drawings we have already seen, we can say the monument will be a grand work of art, and a historical memorial of religion. Professor Gregori who, besides being a great painter, is also a sculptor of rare ability, will himself model the statues.

—The Director of the Historical Department returns thanks to Rev. George Houck, of Cleveland, for a contribution of \$2.00. To T. Mathers, of Baltimore, for a picture of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg. To T. English, of Brooklyn, for Historical Sketch of the Church in Delaware; Historical Sketch of the Church in New Jersey; Abbé Bourgade's History of the Arizona Mission; sketch of Rev. Nicholas Dominic Young, O. P. The Great Controversy in St. Louis—a scrap book filled with articles relating to the discussion that took place between Catholic and Protestant writers in the St. Louis dailies—presented by a friend. Janssens' History of the German people during the Middle Ages, 5 vols., 2 supplements; Life of Sir Thomas More; Order of St. Dominic, by Lacordaire; Coffin's Four Years of Fighting from Bull Run to the Fall of Richmond; Frederick the Great; McCauley; The Truth about John Wy-cliff; Life of Thomas Hendricks; Personal Mem-

oirs of U. S. Grant, 2 vols., presented by the Library Association. Fourteen copper coins and three silver coins, presented by J. Mooney. Autograph Poem of Father Abram Ryan, presented by the Carmelites of New Orleans. Autograph of Abraham Lincoln, presented by J. Morse. Seven medals, presented by W. Greene, of Cleveland. Ten Years in Washington, presented by Rev. L. J. L'Etourneau.

—The Twenty-Ninth Annual Christmas Exercises of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society of the University of Notre Dame, complimentary to Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, were given on Saturday evening, December 18, at 4 o'clock. The following was the

## PROGRAMME:

Music..... Orchestra  
Address..... Minim Dep't  
J. McIntosh.

Address..... St. Cecilia Society  
E. J. Darragh.

Music—Piano..... B. Tivnin  
Address..... Senior Dep't  
B. T. Becker.

Prologue of the Play..... W. Clifford  
Complimentary Prologue..... S. Nussbaum  
Music—"Les Manteaux Noirs."—Bucalossi..... Orchestra

## "THE FATHER'S CURSE."

A Drama in Three Acts, Translated from the French and Arranged for the Occasion.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

Don Vasco De Gomez (a Spanish Nobleman).....	E. J. Darragh
Don Alonzo (Son of Don Vasco).....	W. McPhee
Don Lopez (Confident of Alonzo).....	F. Long
Tarik (Lieutenant to the Caliph).....	W. Austin
Pedro (a Peasant).....	C. J. Stubbs
Pedrillo (Son of Pedro).....	W. Henry
Fabricio (Son of Pedro).....	W. McKenzie
Ibrahim (a Rich Mahometan).....	T. Goebel
Juanino (Slave of Ibrahim).....	J. Fisher
Mendoza (a Spanish Officer).....	E. Berry
Marietto	H. P. Vhay
Basilio	C. H. Spencer
Sancho	L. Preston
Virginio	C. Cavanaugh
Leandro	G. Meehan
Abdallah (a Mahometan Officer).....	P. Wagoner
Jirmibeehlich (a Turkish Slave).....	L. Chute
Melgig	E. Adelsperger
Tchad	W. McKendry
Abdul	M. Luther
Gensaro	W. Welch
Virgilio	M. Falter
Madrido	E. Ewing
Don Columbo	M. Reynolds
Don Stacio	A. Morrison
Don Philippo	W. Clifford
Don Tomazo	J. Hayes
Tabriz	A. McGurk
Kelat	S. Nussbaum
Frebizonde	R. Oxnard
Don Miguel	J. McGurk
Le Begas	W. White
Soldiers, Lackeys, etc.	

## TABLEAU.

Epilogue..... E. J. Darragh

—Very Rev. Father General, on Thursday last, visited the Minims and gave some handsome Xmas cards, bearing his autograph, to the boys who took part in "New Arts," and to some other Minims who were voted "the best boys" by their companions. The Minims return their sincere thanks

for the gracious visit and precious souvenirs, doubly prized on account of the autograph of the venerable donor.

—An excellent "Musical Recital" was given in Washington Hall, last Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, displaying to advantage our local talent. Those who took part in the entertainment were classified as follows: PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA:—Profs. J. B. Kindig and Damis Paul, 1st violin; M. Falter and Geo. Myers, 2d violin; Bro. Basil, C. S. C., viola; Bro. Leopold, C. S. C., basso; L. Williams, flute; Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., clarinet; T. H. Pender and H. Huiskamp, cornets. ST. CECILIA QUARTETTE CLUB:—W. Devine and W. McPhee, soprano; C. J. Senn and M. E. O'Kane, alto; F. Jewett, 1st tenor; A. McFarland and H. Hull, 2d tenor; T. G. McDermott and P. Paschel, baritone; Geo. F. O'Kane, basso profundo. SOLOISTS:—Prof. J. B. Kindig, violin; F. Jewett, tenor; Geo. F. O'Kane, basso; B. Tivnen, piano; F. H. Pender, cornet; R. Oxnard, accompanist.

The exercises were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

PART FIRST.

- (1) { "Longing for Home" ..... *Lauge*  
"Good-Night, Farewell!" ..... *Kucken*  
Orchestra
- (2) "Ave Maria" ..... *Cherubini*  
Tenor Solo, with Clarinet Obligato.
- (3) "La Straniera, Fantasia Brillante" (Op. G.)... *Thalberg*  
Piano Solo.
- (4) "A Legend of the Rhine" ..... *Smart*  
Male Quartette.

PART SECOND.

- (1) Grand Selection—"Les Manteaux Noires"... *Bucalasse*  
Orchestra.
- (2) "The Hermit" ..... *Mora*  
Bass Solo.
- (3) "Tell me, Beautiful Maiden" !..... *Gounod*  
Tenor solo.
- (4) Bridal Chorus From Lohengrin..... *Wagner*  
Orchestra.
- (5) Faust—"Fantasie de Concert" (Op. 47)..... *D. Alard*  
Violin solo.

—Accessions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall: Bronze medal showing profile portrait of Most Rev. Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, bust of Archbishop Wood, presented by Mr. W. Power, of Philadelphia. *De Imitatione Christi*—given to Mgr. Corcoran, when a young man by Rt. Rev. Bishop England—presented by Mgr. Corcoran. Two manuscripts of Bishop Flaget, presented by Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding. Lock of Bishop Loras' hair, presented by Mother Clarke. Letter written by Bishop Bruté; letter written to Bishop Gartland by his sister, a religious at Emmitsburg, when he received his First Communion, presented by Mrs. Robbins, of Philadelphia. Lithograph of Archbishop Wood, presented by Dr. Hortsman, of Philadelphia. Panel full-length standing photograph of Cardinal Gibbons, half length sitting photograph of Cardinal Gibbons 22 x 27, another photograph sitting position 18 x 22, presented by J. Loomis, of Baltimore. Letter written by Bishop Barry, presented by M. Malone, of Dublin. *Lettre Pastorale de Mgr. Martiné, Evêque de Natchitoches*, 1875, presented by L. Choteau, of New

Orleans. Portrait and Life of Mgr. De Laubervière, fifth Bishop of Quebec, presented by G. Mooney, of Montreal. Life and portrait of Bishop Ullathorne presented by J. Casserly. Photograph and autograph of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Corcoran, presented by a Friend. Five pastoral letters and lectures by Bishop McQuaid, presented by Mrs. M. Coleman, of Troy. Four pastoral letters of Most Rev. Archbishop Perché, presented by C. Collet, of New Orleans. Box of newspaper clippings relating to American Bishops, presented by Miss C. O'Meara, of Brooklyn. Twenty-one sketches in water color, etc., of pictures painted for the Dubuque Cathedral, presented by L. Gregori. Eighteen letters written by Bishops presented by Rev. J. Foley.

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.

Messrs. Archambeault, M. Akin, Ashton, Aubrey, Berra, Bingham, Brownson, Burke, C. Bowles, Baca, Barnes, Bush, Barrett, Colina, Craig, W. Cartier, G. Cartier, C. Combe, F. Combe, Coady, Cooper, Craft, Cassidy, Devlin, W. Dorsey, S. Dorsey, Dore, Dillon, Dreever, Dwyer, Dierdorff, Eyanson, Eisenhauer, Egan, Ensor, Finck, Ford, Fehr, Fry, Grever, Gallardo, Galarneau, Gordon, Gibbs, Griffin, Houck, Hinchman, Hiner, Hummer, C. Hagerty, Hull, Howard, Judie, Jeffs, Kleiber, Kendall, Kreutzer, J. Kelly, Ley, J. Langan, Lyons, Lais, Leonard, Larkin, Latshaw, H. Langan, H. Long, T. McDermott, G. Morrison, Marx, McErlain, McAlister, J. McDermott, McKlveen, J. Murphy, McGinnis, Mallay, Mulkern, V. Morrison, McNamara, J. Meagher, L. Meagher, Myers, Noonan, Newell, Neill, Neff, Newton, Nelson, O'Connor, O'Rourke, O'Regan, O'Donnell, O'Connell, O'Kane, L. O'Malley, J. O'Malley, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, E. Prudhomme, Paschel, Prichard, Ryan, Rothert, Raynor, Regan, Rochford, Ruger, Statmann, Suing, O. Sullivan, Shields, Stubbs, Shannon, Smith, Strasser, Triplett, Valasco, White, A. Williams, Wagoner, W. Williams, Zeitler, Zaehnlé,

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Adams, Anderson, R. Bronson, H. Bronson, Blessington, Badger, Bell, Bull, W. Boland, Baca, H. Boland, Burns, Bacigalupo, E. Campbell, J. Clarke, B. Clarke, Carney, Cavanagh, Clifford, Cobbs, Cooney, Berry, L. Chute, F. Chute, Duffield, Decker, Devine, J. Doss, E. Doss, Draper, Dempsey, Darragh, Dunford, Ewing, Fitzharris, Falter, J. Flynn, Flood, Fisher, F. Flynn, Goebel, Houston, Hoffman, J. Henry, Houlihan, T. Hake, A. Hake, Hayes, Hampton, Hoyer, Hustis, Inks, Jacobs, Julian, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, Kern, Kutsche, Keating, Landenwich, Long, Lesh, Lane, McKendry, Mitchell, Monarch, McKenzie, McCart, Mathewson, McMahon, J. McCormick, Mallay, McGurk, Mulburger, Moncada, Morrison, Meehan, McIntosh, McPhee, Nations, Noud, Nussbaum, Ormond, Oxnard, O'Brien, O'Connor, M. O'Kane, Pfau, L. Paquette, C. Paquette, Preston, Power, Redlich, Ramsey, Reynolds, Sweet, J. Stephens, B. Stephens, N. Smith, F. Smith, L. Smith, M. Smith, Spencer, Steele, Senn, Tarrant, Tionen, Vhay, Warner, Wilbanks, L. West, Walker, Welch, Walsh, White.\*

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Boyd, Bloomhuff, Blumenthal, Boettcher, Black, A. Backrack, H. Backrack, S. Backrack, Clendenin, Cohn, Crotty, W. Connor, C. Connor, Cooke, J. Connors, E. Connors, Doss, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, Dahler, Foote, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, G. Franche, C. Franche, Gale, Grant, Garber, Griffin, Graham, H. Huiskamp, J. Huiskamp, Haney, Hillas, Jewett, Kutsche, Koester, Keefe, Kain, Klaner, Kraber, Kerwin, Löwenstein, Lane, Lewin, McIntosh, McDonnell,

Martin, C. Mooney, Mahon, H. Mooney, Munro, A. Mayer, G. Mayer, McPhee, Mason, A. Morgenweck, A. Morgenweck, F. Mainzer, A. Nester, O'Mara, O'Neill, Prior, Paul, Priestly, Quill, Riordan, Rowsey, Rogers, Savage, Sweet, Smith, Stone, Steele, Sullivan, F. Toolen, F. Toolen, Tompkins, Tillenburg, Triplett, Taft, A. Williamson, W. Williamson, Witkowsky, Weckler.

\* Omitted by mistake for the past two weeks.

### 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.]

#### COMMERCIAL COURSE.

D. McKendry, I. Bunker, E. Blessington, W. Konzen, F. Konzen, C. Senn, W. Austin, S. Nussbaum, W. Clifford, W. O'Brien, J. Hayes, H. Mulburger, D. Tewksbury, E. Hannin, D. Cartier, G. Cooke, M. Akin, F. Becerra, M. Dore, C. Eyanson, F. Hinchman, F. Kreutzer, V. Padilla, O. Sullivan, W. Moffat, J. Judie, D. O'Connor, J. Rudd, E. Coady, T. Jordan, F. Smith, E. Burns, C. Nancolas.

### List of Excellence.

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

#### COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-Keeping—J. Hayes, F. Kreutzer, F. Jordan, D. O'Connor, I. Bunker, W. Clifford; Grammar—J. Hayes, W. Clifford, E. Higgins, T. Jordan, T. O'Regan, M. Dore, Akin; United States History—F. Kreutzer, N. Julian, J. Hayes, F. Cobbs, J. Keating, J. Flynn; Geography—E. Byrne, A. Joyce, W. Clifford, J. Keating, J. Flynn, F. Campbell, J. McIntosh, P. Sweet; Arithmetic—M. Akin, O. Sullivan, W. Konzen, J. McGurk, I. Bunker, W. Clifford; Reading—S. Hummer, H. Boland, L. Monarch, F. Cobbs, W. Power, J. Bull, J. McNulty, B. O'Kane, A. Cleveland, P. Sweet, J. Doss, F. Lane, B. Tionen; Orthography—V. Padilla, J. Hayes, H. Houston, L. Smith, C. Paquette, W. O'Brien, B. O'Kane, I. Bunker, W. Macatee, J. Doss; Penmanship—F. Rodriguez, W. Sullivan, D. Stephens, J. Baca, L. Baciagalupo, A. Redlich, H. Boland, J. Moncada, T. Noud, J. Dunford, H. Walker, J. Doss; Catechism—T. Regan.

### The Vandalia Line.

We are reminded most forcibly, because the source of our reminder is so closely connected with certain pleasurable personal memories, that the holidays are once more almost upon us. It has been said, and truthfully so, that "the anticipation is often more pleasant than the event;" we think, however, and believe it to be generally so conceded, that the holidays form an exception to that saying. Who is it that does not enjoy the Christmas holidays? It is not the poor, and most certainly not the rich. All have some joys, while all, for some unknown reason, seem to forget for the time being what sorrows they may have. It is indeed, and in truth, a festive season.

Our reminder is a fitly-worded bill, the Official Proclamation of the Vandalia Line, to which we would call the attention of all our friends. The Vandalia officials evidently realize that we, the people, appreciate a liberal policy, and so continue the pursuit of the one adopted on our appreciatory call. The bill referred to declares that friends should visit friends. We all know from past experience how much we enjoy visiting our friends, or having a visit from them, during holiday week, so we can appreciate fully the declaration mentioned. The rate offered is one fare and a third between all stations. Tickets are to be on sale and good going on December 24 and 25, and on December 31 and January 1, all good to return including January 3, 1887, allowing the liberal limit of eleven days.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—By acclamation, Miss Ola Boyer was awarded the Roman mosaic cross, as clearly the most deserving of the Juniors. The Catholic pupils were on retreat, and did not draw.

—Among the welcome visitors to the Academy were: Mrs. L. Lowell, Elkhart, Ind.; Misses J. and E. Eomell, Machinee, Ill.; Mr. J. I. Hart, Greenwich, N. Y.; Mr. A. G. Hull, Binghamton, N. Y.

—The following additions have been made to the Library: "Crowned With Stars," by Eleanor C. Donnelly; "The Household Library of Catholic Poets," "Through the Year With Poets," "April and May."

—Of the Juniors, those distinguished for careful attention to the calisthenic exercises, and improvement in personal bearing are the Misses L. Griffith, Hinz, McDonnell, Schmauss, Bruus, Beaubien, T. Balch, Hake, Lindsey, Boyer, Mason, Stapleton, Kendall, Hull, Rogers, Campbell, E. Dempsey, and Heyman.

—An entertainment, complimentary to Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General, C. S. C., was given on Monday, at 4 o'clock p. m. The following is the

#### PROGRAMME:

Scherzo.....*Adolf Jensen*  
Misses Guise, Snowhook.  
Chorus—"Gallant and Gayly".....*Horsley*  
Vocal Class.

#### "NEW ARTS."

A Drama in three Acts, written for the benefit of Academics of Holy Cross, by Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross.

#### *Dramatis Personæ.*

Madame Affable.....C. Griffith  
Miss Eastlake.....G. Wolvin  
Miss Holmes.....A. Donnelly  
Mrs. Fairbanks.....L. Williams  
Miss Rosecommon.....M. Dillon  
" McPherson.....H. Clendenien  
" Faraday.....M. Rend  
" Clark.....L. Trask  
" Everet.....W. Blakeslee  
" Carson.....E. Allnoch  
" Copeland.....M. Clifford  
" May.....G. Stadler  
" Carloman.....H. Rose  
" Grundy.....R. Smith  
" Fish.....G. Wynn  
" Toby.....L. Pierson  
" Dilema.....Miss Swegman

#### Ladies of the Reception:

Misses Fuller, Horn, Kearsy, Kearney, McHale, Scully, St. Clair, Shephard.

Prologue.....Miss M. Fuller  
Aria—from the Huguenots.....*Meyerbeer*

Miss Rose Henrichs.

#### ACT 1ST.

Song—"The Day is Done".....*Balfe*  
Miss Virginia Henrichs.

#### ACT 2D.

GRAND RECEPTION.

Florence.....*Liebling*  
 Miss E. Horn.  
 "The Harp that once Through Tara's Halls".....*Moore*  
 Misses English, Guise, Gavan, Moran.  
 Harp.....Miss Dillon

## ACT 3D.

TABLEAU.—Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception.  
 Music.....Miss Guise  
 Retiring March.....Misses Wolvin, Snowhook

On Tuesday morning, Very Rev. Father General gave to each of the thirty-two young ladies who assisted in the performance of "New Arts" (including the Misses L. Meehan and R. Burke, who posed in the tableau) a *souvenir* of the event, and of his great admiration of their excellent rendering of the drama.

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### The Goatherd's Song.\*

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BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

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Here I lie on the top of the hill,  
 Right glad am I that the wind is still;  
 I've never a stocking and never a shoe,  
 But the grass is green and the sky is blue,  
 And clear through my dear little horn I blow,  
 "Holi-o-ho! holi-o-ho!"

There are violets plenty, and daises sweet,  
 Down in the grass at my bare, brown feet,  
 And my goats are close to my side all day,  
 White, and dapple, and brown, and gray.  
 They shake *their* horns while my horn I blow,  
 "Holi-o-ho! holi-o-ho!"

Over my head was a rose-red cloud,  
 When the birds went by in a noisy crowd;  
 One of them dropped a plume where I sat,  
 I've fastened it here in the band of my hat.  
 Once it was high, but now it is low,  
 "Holi-o-ho! holi-o-ho!"

Listen, my goats,—ah! well, ah! well,—  
 Did you hear that sound? 'Tis the vesper-bell  
 "Praise God!" 'tis saying, "Praise God!" again,  
 Answer with me, my goats, "Amen!"  
 I see the spire of the church below.  
 "Holi-o-ho! holi-o-ho!"

\* From "*Little Compliments of the Season*." Benziger Bros. N. Y.

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### Ireland.

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About three hundred years after the deluge, the descendants of Japhet found their way to the extreme boundaries of the then known world, and settled on the "Wooded Isle"—the name of ancient Ireland. Owing to the fratricide of their leader, Partholan, a curse fell upon the people, and the race became extinct. Later on, the Nemedh led his tribes from the Black Sea across the Baltic to this distant ocean country; but he and his posterity were constantly at war with the sea-kings from Africa, the descendants of Ham, by whom they were finally exterminated.

These invaders were followed by the Belgæ, who in turn gave way before fresh forces from Greece, claiming Nemedh as their ancestor. Then from Spain entered another and permanent ele-

ment into the population of this wonderful island—the Milesians—under the command of the several sons of their progenitor, Milesius. One of these, Amergin, a druid, poet, priest and prophet, was defrauded of the portion which, in the division of the land, should have fallen to him. In the "Sweet Vale of Avoca," where "the bright waters meet," this persecuted son of song found his death by drowning.

Though in the reign of Domitian an invasion of Ireland was projected, it was never carried into execution; for, in the words of the historian, "The Roman eagles never crossed the Irish Sea."

The Irish honored water as a beneficent god, while fire was propitiated as an evil element. Their priests were called *Magi*, and, according to Darras, are not to be confounded with the druids. Although the glory of Ireland's conversion to Christianity is justly ascribed to St. Patrick, yet, several years earlier, Palladius began his work as a missionary, having been consecrated first Bishop of Ireland by Pope Celestin I, in 431; however, "not to Palladius, but to Patrick did God give the Irish." Like magic, monasteries and schools of learning sprang up throughout the land, and Ireland became the nursery of sanctity and learning. The facilities for gaining knowledge afforded at such universities as Lismore, Armagh, and Bangor, drew Alfred the Great, and other princes and nobles, to this "Sweet Isle of the Ocean"; besides this, Ireland sent her missionaries into all Europe, thus exerting a mighty influence upon the intellectual and moral character of the entire Continent.

Ireland did not escape the inroads of the rapacious Dane—that scourge of the seas and the coasts! Dublin, Wexford, Cork, Limerick and Waterford, were peopled by these invaders. After many undecided engagements, the Danish power was broken by the valiant Brian Boru, at Dublin Bay—"the eye of Ireland"—on Good Friday, 1013. This fearful encounter is known in history as the "Battle of Clontarf." Brian, although not of the royal line from which the *Ard-Righ*, or high-king, was chosen, had deposed Malachy II, and usurped the kingly authority. This led to much disorder. Brian left no heir, and ever after when an *Ard-Righ* was chosen, disputes arose which threw the entire Island into turmoil.

The troubles between Dermot and O'Rourke, interested Henry II of England in Irish affairs. Under hypocritical pretenses, this wily sovereign is said to have obtained a permission from Adrian IV to subject Ireland; although in later times the authenticity of the Bull granting this has been questioned. From this time, English rulers have made Ireland subservient to their increasing and tyrannical oppression. Princely estates have been confiscated and made over to English landlords; the Catholic religion was interdicted; education was denied those who still adhered to the practice of their treasured Faith, the heirloom of St. Patrick. Thus, the very foundation of Irish national prosperity was uprooted.

Their repeated revolts, the eloquence of Daniel O'Connell, and the prayers of her children gave

to Ireland the Emancipation Act of 1829, which led to the hope that the flood-tide of oppression had reached its highwater mark. The famines of 1846-'47, and those of later years, with whose terrors the present generation is familiar, and a knowledge of the wrongs inflicted on the Irish have aroused the unmeasured sympathies of the entire world.

The late Parnell movement has demonstrated how warmly all upright hearts respond to the claims of the Irish cause. No better seal could be placed on this our humble but heartfelt tribute to Ireland, than an expression of our unbounded admiration for the Ex-Premier Gladstone, the English champion of home rule.

ESTELLE HORN (Class '87).

#### Industry, the Guardian of Innocence.

The normal state of the human mind is one of activity. This activity must be employed in a useful manner, or mischief will be sure to result. Mental sluggishness is but another name for partial or total imbecility; but great as is the misfortune of obtuseness, it is not to be compared with the odium attached to misapplied activity of mind.

St. Louis, King of France, said of Frederick II, his unworthy contemporary, that "he had made war on God with the superior powers which God Himself had bestowed;" and in this remark we see the evil of misapplying our abilities. It is a virtual robbery of our Divine Benefactor; for God gave us our powers that we might use them; and though He also imparted the liberty so badly employed by Frederick II, the unhappy Emperor of Germany, yet He has revealed to us His will respecting the way in which we should employ this crowning prize of all His holy gifts.

The most careless observer can see that even superior mental powers, if not exercised in a proper direction, lose their real worth: the character is debased, and the conscience becomes seared, or blunted. The very activity which is diverted aggravates the evil, and free scope is given to the many sins that naturally follow in the wake of idleness.

The dangers of physical and intellectual culture at the expense of the education of the heart are here implied. There is nothing at the present time that so justly alarms society. In leaving God out of the curriculum of study at school, the pretended educator has given to his system the death blow. No wise parent or guardian will trust his sacred charge to those who despise the doctrine of a future life, with its claims upon the present; with its promised rewards and its threatened punishments; with its commandments and restrictions. One who believes in living for no higher object than to gratify his senses is a dangerous teacher. How different the sphere of social unselfishness which Christianity opens! We do not live for our own satisfaction, or for a life to end when the pulsa-

tions of the heart shall cease, but rather to do God's will by fitting ourselves for an existence of far more importance than our poor physical life.

The soul—with its integrant part, the intellect—has been given to man to elevate him above the lower orders of creation. God has made him *after His own image and likeness*; and, for the express purpose of their being improved, He has also imparted those sublime gifts, the three powers of the soul—Memory, Will and Understanding. If we bury or abuse our talents, we are not worthy of the reward which He has promised to the faithful.

How grand, in this light, appears the advantage of a fully-employed existence! What a happiness we discover in the occupation of our scholastic career! How secure is the being from the infatuations, the errors, the follies which ensnare the steps of the idler! Every hour, every moment is appropriated to some important duty, and the approach of dangerous allurements is forestalled. The tempter comes, but finds no room for entrance. A solid lesson; absorbing study; a useful recapitulation; close, careful practice of music, art, or other accomplishment; a delightful and well-earned respite from toil, these make up the sum of the day, and at night the good angel bends over a healthful, happy heart, pillowed in the innocence of conscious duty done. The ardent, loving prayer has opened the pearl white gates of tranquil repose, and God smiles on the slumbers of His obedient, devoted child.

Would that this were the picture of every youthful soul the wide world over! How the record of sin and misery would be abridged! how many anxious hearts would be alleviated! how near like Paradise regained would earth become! As in the close application at school, so in the industry of home, happiness is secured. Where sloth has found a passage to the hearth-stone, affection and all her beautiful companions seem driven away. This is why wealth is so frequently a curse, rather than a blessing. So weak is human nature that, as a rule, where necessity does not require labor, idleness is instinctively embraced, and this as a right, until time becomes a burden. *Ennui* is the just and natural retribution. The affluence so eagerly coveted brings in the end nothing but weariness and disgust.

In punishment of the sins of our first parents the obligation to labor has been made a divine decree. Who would have the hardihood to knowingly resist such an obligation? They who boast their independence of the necessity to labor publish their own ignorance, their own disgrace. They claim exemption to which the greatest monarch that ever lived could show no just title. Exercise is a law of growth; therefore, the idle are deprived of the perfect development of their faculties. Stultified by inaction, their moral being becomes like stagnant waters. Their influence is like the poisonous atmosphere surrounding a lifeless pool. Listless, indifferent and selfish, in them the beautiful virtues exist no more; they live useless lives, and go down

"To the vile dust from whence they sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored and unsung."



To be innocent is to be happy: for, *Blessed are the pure in heart!* Pride is incompatible with this innocence; and industry is the strongest fortress against pride. Constantly does it bring to mind the knowledge of our fallen state; of our duty to comfort and assist others as far as lies in our power; reminding us, without ceasing, of the equality of all who have been created to the image and likeness of God and redeemed by His Incarnation and Death on the Cross. Industry excludes all vain self-satisfaction, and causes us to look tenderly upon the poor and oppressed, the helpless and the sorrowful. The warm heart and the ready hand are never wanting to the industrious.

Each and every one of us has been entrusted with some service to our neighbor which, if faithfully attended to, will not only secure to us the gratitude of others, but the love of God—the greatest treasure that man can possess. Unfortunately, however, many are remiss in these services, valuing their non-performance lightly. Ah! could they, like St. Teresa, be afforded a vision of the retribution accorded to vanity and waste of time, they would shudder at the punishment they are calling down upon themselves. It was the same saint, if we remember rightly, who, after her death, revealed to some holy person that, great as is the joy of heaven, she would forego that happiness for the time could she be permitted to come back to earth and secure the merit that might be gained during the recital of a single "Hail Mary."

Novel-reading is certainly among the most dangerous agents of the spirit of idleness. Industry has no greater foe in society, particularly among young ladies. It injures the mental faculties, lures the hands from useful labor, and leads the heart from God and Heaven. It has been the destroyer of many a bright mind; it has marred the fidelity of many a loving heart; and, alas! has tarnished the innocence of many a pure soul. An unformed mind, addicted to trifling literature, is paving the road of intellectual culture with many a "tangled thorn and thistle." Happy are they who from childhood have been taught to shun novel-reading, and who have conscientiously heeded the lesson!

"Life is short, and time is fleeting," and the summit of knowledge cannot be reached by a single effort. Slowly, cautiously, industriously, must we mount the ladder of improvement, until we gain the highest round, or until we stand far up among the best.

MARY CRESSY FULLER (Class '87).

### Roll of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses Allnoch, Brady, Blair, Bates, Brophy, Burke, Blacklock, Beschameng, Blakeslee, Clendenen, Clifford, Curtis, E. Coll, Coglein, Dillon, Donnelly, A. Duffield, C. Dempsey, E. Dempsey, Dart, Dezenberg, E. Dunkin, M. Dunkin, Egan, Ewing, English, Fuller, Foin, Flannery, Griffith, Guise, Gordon, Gavan, Griffin, B. Garrity, Horn, Hummer, Heckard, Hertzog, Harlem, V. Henrichs, Hodges, Henke, L. Hutchinson, M. Hutchinson, Kearsey, Kearney, Kearns, Kingsbury, Kennedy, Larkin,

Lingle, McHale, Miner, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, Morse, M. McNamara, McCormick, Marsh, Moore, McCarthy, Moran, Negley, Patrick, Pierson, Proby, Riedinger, Rend, E. Regan, Scully, St. Clair, Shephard, Snowhook, Stadler, Shields, Sterns, R. Smith, M. Smith, Sherman, Simpson, Swegman, Stafford, Steele, Stocksdale, Trask, Triplett, Thompson, Van Horn, Williams, Wolvin, G. Wynn, F. Wynn, Wehr, Wimmer, Zahm.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses E. Balch, T. Balch, Beaubien, Boyer, Bragdon, Bruus, Campeau, Campbell, Crane, Dempsey, Fritz, Griffith, Hake, Heyman, Hintz, Huntting, Kennedy, Kendall, Knauer, Koester, Leonard, Lindsey, Mason, Donnell, McEwen, Morse, Prudhomme, Rogers, Steele, Stapleton.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses M. Becker, I. Becker, Caddagan, McCormic, A. Dinnin, O'Mara, Qualey. *2d Tablet*—Misses Pugsley, Wallace.

### CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

#### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ADVANCED COURSE—Miss Ada Shephard.

1ST CLASS—Miss Estelle Horn.

2D CLASS—Misses Guise, Van Horn.

2D DIV.—Misses Fuller, Rend, Riedinger, Snowhook, Wolvin.

3D CLASS—Misses Dillon, C. Griffith, Kearney, St. Clair.

2D DIV.—Misses Brady, Egan, Gavan, G. Regan, Shields.

4TH CLASS—Misses Barry, H. Coll, Donnelly, A. Duffield, English, Flannery, Foin, Wimmer.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Duffield, R. Henrichs, V. Henrichs, Koester, McCarthy, Moran, Stadler, Swegman.

5TH CLASS—Misses Clendenen, Clifford, C. Dempsey, N. Dempsey, Gordon, Grist, Hinz, E. Hutchinson, Kearsey, M. Murphy, M. Smith, H. Stumer.

2D DIV.—Misses Allnoch, Bragdon, Bub, Burke, Carmien, Coglein, Faxon, Henke, Hughes, Kearns, A. Kennedy, McEwen, N. Morse, H. Nester, Proby, R. Smith, Stafford, Stapleton, F. Steele, Wehr.

6TH CLASS—Misses Bates, Beaubien, Blacklock, Caddagan, S. Dempsey, Dezenberg, Harlem, Heckard, Hertzog, Hull, Hummer, Kendall, Knauer, McDonnell, Marsh, Mason, L. Meehan, H. Meehan, E. Nester, Patrick, Pierson, Qualey, M. Steele, Stocksdale, F. Wynn, G. Wynn.

2D DIV.—Misses T. Balch, E. Balch, Dart, Griffin, Hake, M. Hutchinson, Heyman, M. Kennedy, C. McNamara, M. McNamara, Prudhomme, Rhodes, Triplett, Zahm.

7TH CLASS—Misses E. Blaine, Blair, Blakeslee, Boyer, M. Coll, M. Dunkin, N. Dunkin, Fritz, Huntting, Leonard, M. McCormic, C. Negley, Pugsley, E. Regan, Simpson.

8TH CLASS—Misses Campbell, Lindsey, O'Mara, Wallace.

9TH CLASS—Misses G. Garrity, B. McCormic.

#### HARP.

1ST CLASS—Misses Dillon, Shephard.

6TH CLASS—Misses R. Henrichs, V. Henrichs, H. Nester, E. Nester.

#### VIOLIN.

Miss Koester.

#### GUITAR.

3D CLASS—Miss Egan.

5TH CLASS—Miss L. Griffith.

6TH CLASS—Miss B. Garrity.

#### ORGAN.

Miss R. Henrichs.

#### VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses R. Henrichs, V. Henrichs.

2D CLASS—Miss Guise.

2D DIV.—Misses L. St. Clair, L. Foin, A. English, K. Gavan.

3D CLASS—Miss C. Moran.

2D DIV.—Misses F. Wynn, C. Brophy, R. Smith.

4TH CLASS—Misses L. Bragdon, M. Barry, E. Heyman, A. Miner, M. McNamara, E. Allnoch.

5TH CLASS—Misses Swegman, L. Meehan, E. McCarthy, I. Bub, A. Gordon, F. Steele, C. Triplett, F. Hertzog, H. Stumer, F. Carmien, A. McDonald, M. Wimmer.