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Words in Season.

Welcome, good old Winter Solstice,
Come with all thy festal train;
The repose to which thou call'st is
Grateful to the wearied brain.

Greetings of "A merry Christmas,"
"Happy New-Year" now are heard:
Every continent and isthmus
With a deep delight is stirred.

City of the Austral Flexure,
Of St. Joseph's Vale the Queen,
Ne'er may aught occur to vex your
Equanimity serene!

May your waggin' tongues unceasing
Fame and constant fortune yield;
May your num'rous plows, increasing,
Have a share in every field!

May your standpipe never totter,
Falling from her lofty height;
May we never fail to spot her,
From our distant point of sight!

Blessings on thee, Mishawaka—
Fairest village in the land—
Like the rose upon its stalk! A
Blessing, too, on thee, Bertrand!

Thus in mutual admiration
Greet we, as the moments pass,
Those who like congratulation;
Those who don't, may go to grass.

BOYLE DOWELL.

General James Shields.

Few public men in the United States had a more eventful career than General James Shields, and Illinois especially has reason to honor his memory and to hold in grateful remembrance his faithful and distinguished services. Member of the Legislature, Auditor of State, Judge of the Supreme Court, he had, by force of character and native ability, attained these different positions of trust

and honor in Illinois; and when war with Mexico was declared he was holding the position of Commissioner of the General Land Office. The Congressional delegation from Illinois, headed by John Wentworth, called on President Polk and urged the appointment of Shields to a military position and rank comporting with his ability and the high offices he had filled. The request was granted on the spot, and Shields was commissioned Brigadier General, July 1, 1846. He led the Illinois troops in the march to the City of Mexico, and fought with signal gallantry throughout the war, being severely wounded at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec—indeed, in the first accounts of the former battle he was reported killed. His capacity, bravery, and soldierly skill won universal recognition in the army, and were declared in the general orders issued by General Scott, commander-in-chief. At the battle of Cherubusco, General Shields led the attack on the Mexican reserve under Santa Anna, his command embracing the Illinois and New England brigades and the celebrated "Palmetto" regiment from South Carolina. With these troops Shields completely routed the Mexican forces, and Santa Anna himself had a narrow escape from capture. In compliment to his conspicuous success and gallantry, General Shields was designated to head the conquering forces entering the City of Mexico. Many romantic incidents and episodes are related of the General's experiences during the war, each of them serving more strikingly to illustrate his chivalric character and sturdy bravery in action, his consideration for his men, and his magnanimity to the wounded enemy and to the prisoners in his hands.

At the close of the war he was breveted Major General, and was mustered out of service July 20, 1848. In the same year he was nominated Governor of Oregon Territory, but he declined the appointment. He was then elected United States Senator by the Legislature of Illinois, and served the full term—Dec. 3, 1849, to March 3, 1855. Defeated for re-election, in consequence of the feuds and divisions in his own party, Lyman Trumbull being chosen to succeed him, General Shields moved to Minnesota and there established

a colony of Irish settlers in and around Faribault. The result of this effort is best and most strikingly shown in the fact that the settlement thus formed is now one of the most prosperous farming communities in the State of Minnesota.

General Shields was elected to the United States Senate from Minnesota, which he represented from May 12, 1858, to March 3, 1859. He subsequently moved to California, and, not improbably, would have been called to represent that State also in the United States Senate; but as soon as hostilities broke out between the North and South he offered his services to President Lincoln, and was commissioned Brigadier General, Aug. 19, 1861. The general desire of the Irish-American soldiers in the army—a desire that was warmly seconded and voiced by General Meagher, Colonel Mulligan, and other Irish-American officers—was that Shields should be placed in command of an "Irish Division," which could easily have been formed; but the War Department received the suggestion coldly, and nothing was done to carry it into effect. General Shields was given a division in General Banks' army in the Shenandoah Valley early in 1862, and commanded at the battles of Port Republic and Winchester. In the latter he inflicted a severe repulse on Stonewall Jackson, after having been himself severely wounded in a skirmish on the previous day.

It is now well known and acknowledged that, as in the instance of other distinguished officers, the political principles held by General Shields, and his firm adherence to the Democratic party, formed a barrier to his advancement, and even to the according him fair recognition for services rendered.

Following the memorable campaign against General Stonewall Jackson, General Shields resigned his commission in the army and retired to a farm, which he had acquired in Carroll County, Missouri, where he lived a quiet and retired life till 1877, when he was elected a member of the General Assembly of Missouri. In the same year he was appointed Adjutant-General of the State, and afterward was elected United States Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Boggy. Thus General Shields had the remarkable distinction, unique in the history of the Senate, of having represented three states of the Union in the highest council of the nation. He did not long survive the close of his term of service. He died suddenly in Ottumwa, Iowa, following a lecture which he was called there to deliver.

General Shields was born in the town of Dunganon, County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1810, and in 1826 emigrated to the United States. He made his way to Illinois, settling in Kaskaskia (then the capital), where he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1832. During his term of service as member of the Legislature—1836–37—Shields was intrusted by a committee of Chicago citizens, led by John Wentworth, with the bill for the act of incorporation and the first charter of the city of Chicago. Largely through his active and zealous championship the measure was pushed through both houses of the Legislature, so that General

Shields may be said to have obtained the first charter for the city of Chicago.

While in the Senate from Illinois the bill donating a magnificent grant of land in aid of the projected Illinois Central Railroad was introduced and finally passed. The vast importance of this measure to the development and prosperity of the State was scarcely then adequately estimated, but subsequent results and existing conditions amply vindicated the policy and statesmanship of this great and splendid gift. Senator Douglas received at this time almost exclusive credit for this measure, but no small share was, in fact, justly due to General Shields, who successfully undertook to widen and enlarge the scope of the original grant, and also effected an important change and extension in the proposed line of road by which it was made to bisect the State from one end to the other, from Galena to Cairo.

It is a curious and interesting fact that General Shields was offered the command of the Pontifical Army at a time, during the reign of the late Pope Pius IX, when the security of the States of the Church, the temporal possession of the Holy See, was menaced. After deliberate consideration the tender was declined. This statement comes from General Shields himself.

The career, character and qualities of General Shields may well serve as a model and study for the public men of our time. Rising by regular gradation in public life, from the position of a member of the Illinois Legislature, in 1836–37, to the responsible post of Auditor of State, then Judge of the Supreme Court, afterward Commissioner of the General Land Office, which he resigned to take a General's rank and position in the army, and finally returning with honorable wounds and a glorious record from Mexico, a grateful State elected him to represent it in the United States Senate, the associate and compeer of Judge Douglas. These successive honors were not attained by mere accident, as sometimes happens in political life; neither were they won by influence or the favors of personal friends. General Shields worked his way upward unaided. He possessed ability, grit and sterling honesty. These were the qualities which won.

In whatever position General Shields was placed he made a record for himself as a faithful public servant, and he came out of every public office held by him, from first to last, with untarnished honors. Temptation could not move, bribery and corruption dare not approach. Great trusts and immense responsibilities were often in his hands—he was faithful under every condition. Through his long and checkered career he probably never possessed \$5,000 at any one time. He had modest tastes and simple habits. All that he possessed when he died was a small farm and the jewelled swords presented to him, one by the State of South Carolina after the Mexican war, the other by the city of New York. These are heirlooms for his children; but a more glorious heritage than all is the splendid record of his honorable career, his faithful services and stainless character as a public officer;

his bravery and capacity in the field; his wisdom and energy in council; his fidelity to duty on all occasions and in every circumstance.

Nor did General Shields forget his native land. On every fitting opportunity he was heard pleading her cause, and championing her right to self-government. Had the occasion presented itself when his sword would have availed in her service, joyously would he have drawn it against his country's hereditary foe. Once, indeed, at the close of the war, the leaders of the Fenian organization made overtures to him to take command of a force designed to operate against Canada; but General Shields was too experienced a soldier not to see the folly of such a suicidal raid without adequate arms or commissaries, to say naught of the criminality of an unjustifiable invasion. Of course, he promptly declined the offer; but, as he himself publicly declared, given the indispensable conditions in Ireland to justify a revolutionary movement, he would not hesitate to lead an armed force to join in the struggle for Ireland's freedom. It is known that, in advance of the organization of the Land League, General Shields had elaborated a plan to unite in a solid organization the American Irish, so as to aid in any home movement that might be set on foot for national enfranchisement or local self-government.

General Shields was a devoted Catholic, and, in his later years, devoutly attended to the religious duties of his faith. When suddenly stricken down in a convent in Ottumwa, where he was visiting his niece, to whom he was devotedly attached, he had still the opportunity in his last hours to receive the rites of his Church. His remains are interred at Carrollton, the home of his sorrowing widow and family.

No monument yet marks the spot, but a movement is likely to be soon set on foot to erect a suitable shaft over the grave of as pure a man and as brave a soldier as America has known. On that monument may be fittingly inscribed the legend—*Semper et ubique fidelis*.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN, LL. D., '76.

Modern Liberalism.

"Society, as it exists, must be dissolved, and in its place must be established the equality of all," is the fundamental principle of modern liberalism. At first appearance, this liberalism seems to favor the working class; but, following it in its consequences, we find that it makes the laborers mere tools in the hands of the rich. It reduces society to an amalgamation of individuals, strange to each other, all of whom are spurred on by the principle of competition. True, since all have been lowered to the same standpoint with regard to state and rights, all are enabled to enter into competition. But suppose energy, ingenuity and activity even in the highest degree, how can the individual establish a business if a certain capital is not at his disposal? What can be the scanty products of the

indigent compared with the quantity and quality of the products of the wealthy?

This liberalism, as is evident, is the corner-stone of socialism. For, as the dominion of the capitalists increases, the impoverishment of the working class grows in proportion. And if we consider how fatally the materialistic view of life of the capitalists acts upon the laborers, we cannot be astonished that a frightful reaction takes place among the latter, and that the waves of the labor-agitation mount higher and higher, and threaten to submerge both capital and capitalists. Deprived of the consolations of religion, which liberalism has rooted out of the hearts of the workmen, they now look with eager eyes on the immense amount of riches, and resolutely oppose the capitalists, and try to break their oppressive power, in order to procure for themselves a more human-like existence.

Unfortunately, the labor movement has taken a wrong direction. It endeavors to rid itself of one enemy to fall into the claws of another, not less destructive. Not resting upon anything supernatural, it descends to the level of materialism. They know of no way of escaping the oppression of the capitalists, except a still stronger opposition, and the radical destruction of capital.

This menacing position of the laborers inspired liberalists to throw some new systems in the midst of society. But what avails their individual or social self-assistance? Of what good are their productive associations? Is it not exactly the fact of not being capable of helping himself which is the great cause of the misery of the laborer? Still, the social self-assistance might be of some value; but when we see these associations fall again under the control of liberalism, without any moral principle, resting only on a foundation of money, what can we expect but that liberalism, under a new and specious cover, binds the laborer as much as it did before, because his condition is not changed, and he will be again absolutely used as a mere instrument. On the other hand, the productive associations of Lasalle, inasmuch as they mean assistance from the State according to his idea, are against all justice and right. Who, in fact, gave to the State the right to take away property from one to give it to somebody else? Hence it is useless for the workman to look for any succour from these liberal systems; for as long as these associations are in any way based on liberalism, they are under the heavy rule of materialism, of which egotism is the eldest daughter.

To work, as all are aware, is something hard to human nature. It is only the hope of some gain that can arouse man from this indolence. For the peaceful enjoyment of his industry he will work all his lifetime. Industry will brave the dangers of the sea, and bring forth to strange shores the germs of riches and wealth. But man will not work if he has not the certainty that he will possess what he has earned in the sweat of his brow; he will never consent to spend his strength for a stranger. This instinct is engraven in human nature, and it has manifested itself among the ancients as well as in later days.

Now, liberalism has brought the laborer into misery by the practical application of its theories. Remove the cause, and the consequences will be nought. Give back religion to the workmen, and they will find some relief for their grievances. The Catholic religion has already proved itself to be the only life-giving source in this kind of sickness, by radically changing from an unnatural state the pagan world, and by re-establishing it in its natural order. No theories can avail anything if this Christian spirit be absent. Material liberalism lacks all qualities to infuse into the laborer's heart love for work. But in a Christian association, even if hardships were not wanting; their rigor is not so much felt, because the laborer knows that there are some compassionating hearts, and because he expects an eternal reward for the faithful accomplishment of his duties.

J. B. S.

Passions.

Passions are violent motions of the sensible appetite, transformed into habits, by which the soul is attracted towards, or removed from, certain objects. They are natural, and can never be destroyed; neither can they easily be kept in subjection. Passions are not bad in themselves; on the contrary, when governed by reason, they become a powerful help to us, their morality depending more or less on their object and the intention of the agent. The duty of man is to labor with all his might, in order to maintain in the soul the supremacy of the will.

The advancement of nations in civilization has met with a corresponding unsettled state of passions; inasmuch as the many examples presented, and the multiplication of means by which mind and mind may have mutual intercourse, give us knowledge without experience, and, as a result, we are undeceived before we have enjoyed: there still remain desires, but no pleasure. Our imagination is rich, abundant, and dreaming of wonders, but our existence is poor and destitute of charms. With a heart full of longings, we dwell in an empty world. It is inconceivable what a shadow this state of the soul casts over life. The heart turns in a hundred different directions seeking to employ energies the possession of which seems to be without purpose.

The ancients, as far as we know, were, as nations, but little troubled by this secret inquietude, this irritation of the stifled passions fermenting everywhere. Political affairs, the sports of the Gymnasium and of the Campus Martius, the business of the forum and of the popular assemblies engaged all their time, and left no room for this tedium of the heart. The Greeks and Romans, looking scarcely any further than the present life, and having no conception of pleasures more perfect than those which this world affords, were not disposed, like people of modern Christian nations, who yield to the sweet influence of religion and find pleasure in meditation and prayer.

Formed for the relief of our afflictions and our wants, the Christian religion incessantly exhibits

to our view the twofold picture of terrestrial griefs and heavenly joys, and thus creates in the heart a source of present evils and distant hopes, whence spring inexhaustible yearnings and aspirations. The Christian always looks upon himself as a pilgrim travelling here below through a vale of tears and finding no repose till he reaches the tomb. The world is not the object of his desires, for he knows that the days of man are few, and that this object would speedily escape from his grasp. The persecutions which the first believers underwent had the effect of strengthening in them this disgust of the things of this life. The invasion of the barbarians raised this feeling to the highest pitch, and the human mind received from it an impression of melancholy, and, perhaps, even a slight tincture of misanthropy, which has never been thoroughly removed. On all sides arose convents, whither retired the unfortunate, smarting under the disappointments of the world, or souls who chose rather to remain strangers to certain sentiments of life than to run the risk of finding themselves cruelly deceived. But, nowadays, when these ardent souls have no monastery to enter, or have not the virtue that would lead them to take such a step, they feel like strangers among men. Disgusted with the age, distrusting religion, they remain in the world without mingling in its pursuits; and then we behold that culpable sadness which springs up in the midst of the passions when these turn themselves from their legitimate object.

But let us consider passions more in particular. Pride is so completely the root of evil that it is intermingled with all the other infirmities of nature. It is revealed in the smile of envy; it bursts forth in the debaucheries of the libertine; it counts the gold of avarice; it sparkles in the eyes of anger; it is the companion of effeminacy. Pride occasioned the fall of Adam, and armed Cain against his innocent brother; it was pride that erected Babel and overthrew Babylon. Through pride Athens became involved in the common ruin of Greece; pride destroyed the throne of Cyrus, it divided the empire of Alexander and crushed Rome itself.

Hope is a feeling of expectation to obtain some good by overcoming difficulties. It is a passion possessing an energy which produces that thirst which is never appeased in this life. The Christian, whose life is a continual warfare, is supported and encouraged by religion, like those vanquished generals whom the Roman Senate received in triumph, for this reason alone, that they had not despaired of the final safety of the commonwealth. But if the ancients ascribed something marvellous to the man who never despaired, what would they have thought of the Christian, who speaks not of entertaining hope, but of relying upon it?

Religion, aiming at the reformation of the human heart, and wishing to make its affections and feelings subservient to virtue, has invented a new passion. In order to express it, she has not employed the word "love," which is too common, or the word "friendship," which ceases at the tomb, or the word "pity," which is too much akin to pride, but

she has formed the term "charity," which embraces all three, and which, at the same time, is allied to something celestial. By means of this she purifies our inclinations and directs them towards the Creator; by this she inculcates that admirable truth that men ought to love each other in God, who will thus spiritualize their love, divesting it of all earthly alloy, and leaving it in its immortal purity.

Desire of happiness in man is also a passion. Were there no other proofs of the existence of God than the wonders of nature, these evidences are so strong that they would convince any sincere inquirer after truth. But if they who deny Providence are, for that very reason, unable to account for the wonders of the creation, they are still more puzzled when they undertake to answer the objections of their own hearts. By renouncing the supreme Being, they are obliged to renounce a future state. Their soul, nevertheless, disturbs them; it appears, as it were, every moment before them, and compels them, in spite of their sophistry, to acknowledge its existence and its immortality. Let them inform us, in the first place, if the soul is annihilated at the moment of death, whence proceeds the desire of happiness which continually haunts us. All our passions here below may easily be gratified; love, ambition, anger have their full measure of enjoyment; the desire of happiness is the only one that cannot be satisfied, and that fails even of an object, as we do not know what that felicity is which we long for. It must be admitted that if everything is matter, nature has made a strange mistake in creating a desire without any object. Certain it is that the soul is constantly craving. No sooner has it attained the object for which it yearned, than a new wish is formed, and the whole universe cannot satisfy it. Infinity is the only field adapted to its nature; it delights to lose itself in numbers, to conceive the greatest as well as the smallest dimensions, and to multiply without end. Filled, at length, but not satisfied with all that it has devoured, it seeks the bosom of God, in whom centre all ideas of infinity, whether in perfection, duration or space. But it seeks the bosom of God only because He is a Being full of mystery, "a hidden God." If it had in its present state a clear apprehension of the Divine nature, it would undervalue it as it does all other objects that its intellect is capable of grasping; for if it could fully comprehend the eternal principle, it would be either superior or equal to this principle. It is not in divine as it is in human things; a man may understand the power of a king without being a king; but he cannot understand the Divinity without being God.

There is, again, patriotism, or the love of our native country. The instinct with which man is pre-eminently endowed, that which is of all the most beautiful and the most moral, is the love of country. If this law were not maintained by a never-ceasing miracle of which, however, as of many others, we lose sight, all mankind would crowd together into the temperate zones, leaving the rest of the earth a desert. We may easily con-

ceive what great evils would result from this collection of the human family on one part of the globe. To prevent these calamities, Providence has, as it were, fixed the feet of each individual to his native soil by an invincible magnet, so that neither the ices of Greenland nor the burning sands of Africa are destitute of inhabitants. We may remark still further that the more sterile the soil, the more rude the climate of a country, or, what amounts to the same thing, the greater the injustice and the more severe the persecution a people have suffered there, the more strongly are they attached to their country. Strange and sublime truth! that misery should become a bond of attachment, and that those who have lost but a cottage should most feelingly regret the paternal habitation. The reason of this phenomenon is, that the profusion of a too fertile soil destroys, by its production of wealth, the simplicity of the natural ties arising from want: when we cease to love our parents and relations, because they are no longer necessary to us, we actually cease also to love our country. Everything tends to confirm this truth. A savage is more powerfully attached to his hut than a prince to his palace; and the mountaineer is more delighted with his native rocks than the inhabitants of the plain with their golden cornfields.

After all, we may sum up everything that can be said of the varied emotions that spring up within the human breast in these few words: Fair is our native land, sweet is the home of our childhood, attractive beyond measure is the power of human love; but my fatherland, my true home, lies beyond the grave; there the beauteous stream of happiness flows through a blessed land where passion is unknown, where all is peace and joy.

J. K.

Scientific Notes.

—An artificial stone of excellent quality, and adapted to various constructive purposes, is now made by mixing in certain proportions Portland cement, powdered granite, blast furnace slag, and water containing silicate of soda. The composition may be colored to suit the taste.

—In order to render paper as tough as wood or leather, a plan has been devised which, it is said, effectually accomplishes that purpose, namely, by combining chloride of zinc with the pulp in the course of manufacture. It has been found that the greater the degree of concentration of the zinc solution, the greater will be the toughness of the paper, and that it is thus serviceable for making boxes, combs, etc.

—An inventor at Shanghai, China, has contrived an electric sword which, when the point touches the party attacked, sends a powerful shock through him, and, if not immediately killing, will at least put him *hors de combat*. The sword is an ordinary military sabre; but along its whole length is let in a fine platinum wire, which ends at the point of the weapon. A small but very powerful storage bat-

tery is carried strapped about the waist much the same as a cartridge box. Insulated wires connect the battery with the sword, and, by pressing the button, the holder can complete the circuit at pleasure.

—Electrical heating stoves are being introduced in France, a peculiar feature of their construction being that the wires are let through apertures formed in plates of refractory clay and plumbago. These plates are not enclosed, but are left exposed, so that the air can circulate very freely through the apertures, where it comes in contact with the red-hot wires. Wire bobbins are inserted in the apertures, each bobbin forming part of the electric circuit, and all being connected for quantity; the bobbins are heated by the passage of the current, and serve to heat the air as it passes to and fro over them.

—By a new process of toughening wood, it is claimed that the effect produced upon white wood is such that a cold chisel is required in order to split it—this result being accomplished by a special method of steaming the timber and submitting it to end pressure. By this means the cells and fibres are compressed into one compact mass, and some of the timber, commonly considered unfit for use in such work as carriage building, for example, can be made valuable by this means as a substitute for ash, hickory, etc. This method is applicable, of course, only to wood in comparatively small quantities or sizes.

—A useful discovery is announced whereby the faded ink on old parchments may be so restored as to render the writing perfectly legible. The process consists in moistening the paper with water, and passing over the lines of writing a brush, which has been wet in a solution of sulphide of ammonia. The writing will immediately appear quite dark in color, and this color, in the case of parchment, it will preserve. On paper, however, the color gradually fades again, though it may be restored at pleasure by the application of the sulphide. The explanation of the chemical action of this substance is very simple; the iron which enters into the composition of the ink is transformed by reaction into the black sulphide.

—One of the most ingenious mechanical devices recently introduced is a saw without teeth, which will cut a steel rail in two minutes. The saw in question is run by an eighty-horse-power engine,—more power than is required to run all the other machinery in the shops,—is thirty-eight inches in diameter, and three-eighths of an inch thick at the edge. The disk is made of Bessemer steel, and runs at a very high rate of speed. While in operation, a band of fire encircles the saw, the many sparks flying from the revolving disk resembling a display of pyrotechnics. To keep the saw cool and prevent it from cracking, a tank of water is placed above the machine, from which a small stream runs down and drops on the saw while in motion.

—Among the prizes of the Paris Academy of Sciences the present year is one of \$500 for the most important improvement of steam engines, or

any other invention contributing most to the progress of steam navigation; a gold medal for the most interesting observation on work most conducive to the progress of astronomy \$2,000 for the best work on the theory of Jupiter's satellites, discussing the observations and deducting the constants contained in it, especially that which furnishes a direct determination of the velocity of light; \$600 for any important improvement in the theory of the application of electricity to the transmission of force; \$1,000 for the work most conducive to the progress of organic chemistry; also on the influence exercised on earthquakes by the geological constitution of a country, by the action of water, or of any other physical causes.

—How many people are aware that the Father of the science of geology was not only a Catholic, but a Catholic Bishop? The Geological Congress at Bologna, some twenty years ago, brought prominently forward the name of the Danish anatomist, Niel Stensen, otherwise known by the Italianized name of Steno, as the founder of geological science. On November 26, last, the Catholics of Copenhagen celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of this remarkable man by a splendid festival, in which many non-Catholic persons of distinction, including Professors of the University, took part side by side with the Prefect-Apostolic, Mgr. von Euch. Sir Charles Lyell, in the first volume of his *Elements of Geology* gives a detailed account of Steno or Stensen's works and theories, but no reference to his anxious and checkered career. Born a Lutheran, Niel Stensen, at the age of twenty-four, had made of the first importance the study of anatomy, when, being professor of that science at Padua, he turned his attention to the crust of the earth, and by his writings on it created a new science. The story of his conversion to Catholicism is interesting. He was marked all through life by one devouring passion—the love of truth. Descartes and Spinoza—the latter his personal friend—gradually led him by their writings to doubt, and doubt led him to investigation. From anatomy he passed to mathematics, and then to geology. His passionate love of truth carried him even further. In 1665, the sight of the Corpus Christi procession at Leghorn, and the faith and devotion of the people in the streets, first turned his investigation towards religion, and a period of five or six years' study succeeded. It ended in his conversion in Rome and ordination as priest. Not only that, but he was consecrated a bishop, and sent as missionary bishop to Northern Europe. He went on foot all the way from Rome to Hanover, but was very soon expelled from that place. Next we find him in Hamburg, as Vicar-Apostolic of the North German and Scandinavian missions. This period of his life was one of great suffering and want. All that he possessed he gave to the poor; even his pastoral crozier and his splendid episcopal ring were sold to relieve the necessitous. Somewhat later the Pope sent him to work at Schwerin—a no less hard and solitary post. And here, at the age of only forty-eight, worn out with work and suffering, Bishop Steno died, in 1686.

The nearest priest lived in Lübeck, and arrived too late. So ended this remarkable, eventful life. Certainly the name of Niel Stensen, anatomist and geologist, missionary and bishop, deserves to be held in veneration by all Catholics.—*London Tablet*.

College Gossip.

—The Berlin University has an attendance of 537 students, including 149 Americans. This is the highest number in the history of the institution.

—At many of our prominent colleges it is the custom of each class to give the college library a class album containing the picture of every member of the class.

—The will of Mrs. Caroline A. Wood, widow of the founder of the Memorial Church, in Cambridge, bequeaths \$50,000 to Wellesly College, and \$25,000 to Bates.

—Harvard University received another bequest of \$400,000 from the will of the late John O. A. Williams. It is to be used in educating needy and meritorious students, and enlarging the library.

—The history of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, which played such an important part in the Catholic history of the United States, is shortly to appear. The college is in a flourishing condition. It has a larger number of pupils now than for years back.

—A curious proof of the fact that the modern Parsis of Bombay are anxious to avail themselves to the full of the results of European scholarships, as expended on the history of their own history, religion and sacred writings is, that not only is one of their learned priests engaged in translating into Gujarati—the language they now use—the French version of the *Avesta*, the sacred code of Zoroastrianism, but that another *dastur*, or priest, Firoz Jamaspji by name, has just completed a translation into English of the study on "Mazdean Philosophy During the Sassonid Epoch," published in French by the Rev. Dr. Casartelli, of St. Bede's College, Manchester, in 1884. The translator purposes publishing his version at Bombay.

—One of the college papers has compiled a list and history of college cheers. According to it, the original shouts of the colleges, were a repetition of the name of the college. This gave an advantage to the colleges that had sonorous names, and as the constant aim of cheering is to make more noise than the other cheerers, new yells were evolved by a process of evolution. These came into existence a quarter of a century ago, when Yale and Harvard had their boat-races on Lake Quinsigamond, when the 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! thrice repeated was first heard. Harvard sounded the 'Rahs full, and added "Harvard," pronounced so that the "ar" and a clipped "d" were all that were heard. "Yale was added to the New Haven college's 'Rahs with a long howl on the "a."

Princeton's cheer was developed soon after, as Princeton came into athletic relations with the other colleges. They took the three 'Rahs for a basis, and added the skyrocket siz-boom-ah, which they hold on to as long as the nine 'Rahs of their opponents hold out, and then yell "Princeton" as a calliope climax. Dartmouth has one of the most novel cheers of all. Some Indian must have invented it, and stout college lungs give it the right afflatus. It is Wah-hoo-wah! Diddy, diddy, Dartmouth! Wah-hoo-wah! It is very picturesque, and only a sophomore can Wah-hoo to the best advantage. The hoo is like a human owl's hoot.

Everybody has heard Columbia's Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a! The name spells out rythmically. John Hopkins University, at Baltimore, has taken the ground plan of the cheer and built on it, adding J-o-h-n H-o-p-k-i-n-s, instead of C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a. Stevens Institute at Hoboken and Union College at Schenectady, have similar cheers.

Rutgers has a cheer almost as original as Dartmouth's. It is 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Bow-wow-wow! Rutgers! Williams has an entrancing and resonant 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Will-yams! yams! yams! Pennsylvania University has a wild Philadelphia cheer without any special charm. It is the three 'Rahs and Penn-syl-va-ni-ah. The College of the City of New York cheer better. They say 'Rah three times and C! C! N! Y!

Cornell has a cheer that, once heard, cannot be forgotten. It is like the rhyme of the *passenjaire*. It is given with proper emphasis only in times of excitement. Here it is; Cornell! Cornell! Cor-cor-cor-nell! I yell like —! Cornell!—*N. Y. Sun*.

GREEK ACCENTS.

Air:—Tit Willow.

I.

A School boy I saw in a fit of despair,
Sighing, "Accents, Greek accents, Greek accents!"
As he seized the *penultimate* lock of his hair,
Oh, accents, Greek accents, Greek accents!
His brow was as *grave* as a cemetery,
He had a wild *circumflex* look in his eye,
Whilst in *acute accents* of grief he did cry
"Oh, accents, Greek accents, Greek accents!"

II.

Before him lay open a theme-book o'erspread
With accents, Greek accents, Greek accents:
But most of these little marks figured in red
As accents, Greek accents, Greek accents.
"I am greatly *inclined*," so he said, with a groan,
"To leave these nonsensical accents alone;
"I'm in want of a *tonic*, the *quantity's* known
"Oh, accents, Greek accents, Greek accents!"

III.

In the course of the day he was laid in the tomb,
Sighing, "Accents, Greek accents, Greek accents!"
"Death by *accident*," doctors pronounced, was his doom:
Oh, accents, Greek accents, Greek accents!
His *ending* was due to a memory *weak*
There was much in his *case* that was sadly *oblique*.
Though his lot was *Elysian* * his manes still shriek,
"Oh, accents, Greek accents, Greek accents!"

—*Stonyhurst Magazine*.

* Elision?—ED. S. M.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, January 8, 1887.

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.

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OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

The Monument to Bishop Brute.

[The following letter has been handed to us for publication. It sets forth, clearly, the design and motive of the monument which, as mentioned in our columns, last week, it is proposed to erect to the memory of the great Catholic missionaries, whose names merit an imperishable remembrance, by reason of their meritorious labors for the cause of religion in and around Notre Dame. ED. SCHOL.]

PROF. J. F. EDWARDS, A. M., LL. B.

DEAR FRIEND:—As you are, no doubt, aware, the SCHOLASTIC of last Monday contained the announcement of my resolution to delay no longer the erection of the monument I have been contemplating for many years, to perpetuate the illustrious memories of the four first great missionaries of our State, whose feet trod and sanctified our grounds, and whose uncommon virtues are so well remembered by the few still living who saw them, conversed with them, and will never forget the impression their merits made upon them. To delay, well-nigh half a century, the performance of such a duty has been a continual reproach to my best feelings of honor and justice. My only apology—which, I know, a man of energy would never have considered a justification—has been the continual and mortifying consciousness of my debts, the weight of which has often made me miserable. Even now, I feel I am not free from the same grievance of mind and heart; but years accumulating tell me that such a just act can no longer be deferred. The monument, as announced, shall be erected in front of the College, to the memory of Right Rev. Bishop Bruté, the first Bishop appointed in this State, who confirmed here 200 Indians in a log cabin; and Rev. Fathers Badin, de Seille and Petit, my predecessors at Notre Dame.

This precious monument, under the immediate direction of our great artist, Signor L. Gregori, can scarcely fail to meet our expectations, and to prove a special honor to the country, as well as to Christianity. I question if there is another spot in the West of America where four such illustrious men of God have, within twelve years, successively devoted themselves to the salvation of souls and the civilization of the country.

Bishop Bruté came to this New World, with a reputation for science surpassed only by his well-known sanctity. From the great *Ecole de Médecine* in Paris, where he graduated among 1100 students and 120 competitors of his own class, he carried off, with universal applause, the first premium. He renounced the most brilliant future to become a poor missionary in the United States. But to his last days in Vincennes he was consulted, from all parts of Europe, by the first medical men of the age. He had died two years before I came; but I knew him in France, and, under God, I owe him my vocation. I feel perfectly confident that the entire Episcopacy through the land will appreciate our efforts towards honoring one of the first glories of the Church on the Continent.

The next after him is the proto-priest, or first priest ordained in the United States. Father Badin, who came from France nearly one hundred years ago, is a household name from Baltimore to the Mississippi. To him we owe the 524 acres on which we opened our mission in 1842. No missionary here ever worked in a wider field.

Father de Seille succeeded him in 1832, and died here five years later, in the log cabin built by his predecessor. His admirable death alone would suffice to immortalize his memory. When parting with his dear Indians at Pokegan, he said they would see him no more, for he had a great journey to undertake. The next day after his arrival at his home he took to his bed, sent a messenger for a priest to Logansport, and another to Chicago. In Logansport the priest had gone on a sick-call at a distance; and the one in Chicago was himself quite ill. Seeing no hope from human agency, our dying missionary turned towards his two assisting friends and begged of them to carry him to his altar; with a trembling hand he opened the tabernacle, and most humbly and piously communicated himself. After fifteen minutes of thanksgiving on his knees, the two friends begged to carry him back to his bed, where they had scarcely laid him when, turning to them, he said: "God bless you for your great kindness," and expired like a saint. Can we ever allow such a memory to be obliterated?

Father Petit's career was shorter, but, if anything, even more remarkable. He was ordained by Bishop Bruté to replace Father de Seille. The day following he wrote to his mother in Rennes—where he had been a promising member of the bar—a letter which created all over Europe a sensation such as no letter from foreign missions had, in the memory of anyone, ever produced. It opened in these words:

"DEAR MOTHER:—The hand of your Benjamin, which pens you these lines, held this morning, for the first time,

the Sacred Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. To-morrow the same again, and every day to the last; thus from Mass to Mass, up to Heaven! Mother dear, did I not often tell you how lucky I was born! Oh, mother! Behold, I am a power that God Himself acknowledges!"

Scarcely two years later, he died a victim of his charity, in the House of the Jesuit Fathers in St. Louis, on his return from the Indians, whom he had accompanied beyond the Mississippi. His precious remains lie here at Notre Dame close to the remains of Father de Seille.

Once more, I say, such memories cannot be permitted to pass into oblivion. For more than two years past a sketch of these four edifying lives is preparing for publication. It will doubtless be read widely with much interest and edification. To such noble souls, so completely devoted to the wants of their age, the country owes no ordinary debt of gratitude. As for us here, we simply love to assign to their example and intercession in heaven the best part of our successes at Notre Dame.

Were it not for my daily-increasing duties and my approaching visit to Europe, I would not, by any means, yield to anyone else the honor of presiding at the erection of this befitting monument. But, seeing, with everybody here, your wonderful success in your great undertaking of the Bishops' Memorial Hall, I could intrust to no better hands the new monument in which so many generous hearts will feel interested. May Heaven bless your efforts in carrying out, to the entire satisfaction of all, this crowning work of your grand design!

Your devoted well-wisher,

E. SORIN, C. S. C.

NOTRE DAME, CHRISTMAS EVE, 1886.

Should We? Indeed!

Hesper, Venus, were we native to that splendor, or in Mars, We should see the globe we groan in fairest of their evening stars.

—Locksley Hall, *Sixty Years After*.

The globe we groan in was never designed to be a first-class reflector. Her vast oceans let the sunbeams through them to unknown depths, and but few of them ever get back. Her wealth of tropical vegetation absorbs all rays but the green. Bright spots she has, no doubt. The Alps form a brilliant star, radiating from Switzerland into Italy, Austria, and France. The Himalayan region of Asia must appear more splendid still, with its breadths of elevated table-land covered with snow. And the effect of a sudden snow-fall, changing a continent in a moment from black to white, must be a remarkable phenomenon to those who can see it from without. But the prevailing tint of earth-light is blue, ghastly, lurid, such as we see it on the moon when she is three or four days old—such as we see it during an eclipse of the sun, where the atmosphere, under the moon's shadow, is filled with reflected light from unshadowed parts of the earth.

Nevertheless, as seen from Venus, the Earth, with her attendant Moon, would be the most conspicuous and interesting, if not the "fairest" object

in the nocturnal sky. If Tennyson had stopped at Venus, we would never have kicked. It's that "or in Mars" that hurts. Tennyson hadn't been talking of Mars previously—hadn't been thinking of him, until—aye, there's the villainy!—he wanted a rhyme for "stars." And then he leant his elbow on the table and his chin on his hand, pursed up his lips, cocked one eye up at the ceiling, and mentally ejaculated: "Bars—cars—dars—fars—gars—hars—jars—kars—lars—Mars—eh! Mars? yes, that might do. Let's see:—it's the planet next beyond the earth, and they probably have as good a view of us as we have of Venus. Down it goes, anyhow. Blawst it, what's the difference? Who'll ever take the trouble to find out?"

Lord Tennyson! Lord Tennyson! If you think the glamour of your title or the prestige of your early fame will screen you while you attempt to ram down the throat of an intelligent and discerning public a machine-rhyme such as that—a machine-rhyme, my Lord, of the deepest, darkest, most atrocious dye—and *you know it!* If you think—I was about to say, my Lord—if you think you can do this with impunity, you know not with whom you have to deal.

When the Earth is at her greatest brilliancy as viewed from Mars she presents nearly the same phase as Venus does to us at the time of *her* greatest brilliancy. But she is twice as far off, and, being but little larger, covers only one-quarter as much angular space. Now she only gets half as much sunlight to reflect, and it is probable that she is not half as good a reflector, for Venus is as exceptionally good in that respect as the Earth is exceptionally bad. But putting her at half as good, then Mars would get one-sixteenth part as much light from the Earth as the Earth does from Venus.

On the other hand, Jupiter, as seen "in opposition" from Mars, would be brighter than we ever see him in the ratio of 17 to 13. Saturn, too, would be somewhat brighter, and when his ring would be in its broadest phase, might afford Mars at least as much light as the Earth does. And the numerous fixed stars which shine with greater brilliancy than Saturn: Sirius and Procyon, Arcturus, Capella and Vega, not to mention those whose splendor is known to us Northerners by reputation only—such as Canopus, Alpha Crucis and the feet of the Centaur—would effectually defeat the Earth's claim to the title of "fairest of the evening stars."

A copy of this number of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC will be sent to Lord Tennyson, and will, it is hoped, not be the only monitor who will arouse him to feelings of compunction and dismay. The writer of the present article knows how to make machine poetry himself, and can estimate at their true value the intellectual processes by which facility in its composition is attained; and he is not going to allow a poet whose talents have earned him a coronet and a competency to descend to that level unrebuked. Take care, then, in future, Alfred,—we have our eye on you!

BOYLE DOWELL.

P. S.—Perhaps it would be only common kindness to suggest an emendation. There is no ne-

cessity for the ejaculatory "Hesper, Venus," with which the line commences, as Venus has been the theme of several preceding stanzas. So this would do:

Were we native to that splendor, I will bet you the cigars,
We should see the globe we groan in fairest of the evening stars.

The charming little colloquialism would be quite a relief to the stilted character of the rest of the poem. Lord Tennyson, of course, can accept this emendation or reject it, as he sees fit. No charge will be made in either case. But the bet is a perfectly safe one, and we would take the risk ourselves.

B. D.

Practical Philosophy.

BY A PHILOSOPHICAL STUDENT OF NOTRE DAME.

Everyone must acknowledge that an umbrella, besides being a piece of portable property, is an absolute necessity of life in our uncertain and variable climate; and so, when I discovered some ominous rents in that four-dollar silk "Our Own Make," which has been my joy and pride ever since I emerged from the state of minimage (I never saw this word before, and can't find it in the dictionary; it looks queer, and, perhaps, I'd better say "minimhood"), my first impulse naturally was to get another. Now, to the mind of the ordinary student of Notre Dame, classical, scientific, commercial or legal, the natural proceeding would have seemed to be, to go to any of the well-equipped clothing-stores in South Bend, select the article which suited one's fancy, shell out the shekels, and return in triumph to the College, with the inspiring sense of duty accomplished and obligations to society not left unfulfilled. But not so to me: before taking a step of such an important nature—a step which, in fact, would mark an epoch in my existence—I had to arrange my ideas, and clear my mind of prejudice. The former process was rendered the more necessary, owing to an event which happened just about the time that the thought of getting a new umbrella suggested itself to me. My brain-pan, in common with the brain-pan of every student who had a heart that could be touched by the calamities of others, had received a severe shock. It was the morning after that sleepless November night of terror and agony, when, through the dimly-lighted basement of the Science Hall, rang that bitter, unbroken wail which told how Herr Baum's rabbits and guinea-pigs had been massacred in their boxes; my very heart-strings had been torn out by the news of this blood-curdling murder, and my ideas needed a thorough overhauling. Besides, don't you know, I am a member of the Class of Moral Philosophy, and I had often thought of putting to some practical use the stores of philosophical learning which I had been acquiring in that class. "How can I tell," said I to myself, "that the store-keeper may not be a philosopher, and, perhaps, ask me to define an umbrella, and

then, through my inability to cope with him in the art of dialectic, I may be compelled to go away with a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs or a neck-wrapper? No: I will set about the matter methodically, and, first of all, arrive at the true knowledge of what an umbrella is."

Now there are, I think we may safely say, three umbrellas: the ideal umbrella in heaven, phenomenal umbrellas on earth, and, thirdly, painted pictures of the latter. The last class would clearly be of no use to me, and the first I am not likely to obtain; so, by the exhaustive process, I must direct my attention to the second class; but even of phenomenal umbrellas one can get no real knowledge without grasping the ideal to a certain extent; for, of course, umbrellas are umbrellas only so far as they participate in the essential attributes of the typical umbrella. Now, there is a method given by both Plato and Aristotle which is called *συλλογισμὸς*, or *collection* (it must have been invented by some god), which enables you, by comparing a number of individual phenomena, to work up to the original, and then, as far as I remember, you work down again by some back way. Now, it hardly requires a practical syllogism to suggest that if a student of Notre Dame requires a "collection" of umbrellas, the best, in fact, the only, place to go for it is the trunk-room. But I had scarcely got out of the door, with my collection under my arm, when Bro. Bernard's rat-terrier, suspecting, with his usual keen sense of discrimination, that there was something wrong, gave a loud yelp, and made a dive at me, as if intending to take a piece out of my leg. This unfortunate occurrence attracted the attention of one of the Prefects, who hastily came up, and, seizing the "phenomena," began to make some disparaging remarks as to my knowledge of the Seventh Commandment. I explained, or tried to explain, my intention, but it was no use, and I was obliged to depart without having effected my object. I felt like expressing my sense of injustice by indulging in personal abuse, but I didn't, as a syllogism was stealing into my mind, like footsteps upon wool, relative to the inadvisability of using bad language to a Prefect—and a Prefect who happened to be a pretty good advertisement for muscular Christianity.

But evidently, in this money-grubbing age, the method of collection breaks down, and I was almost in despair, when, suddenly, a light seemed to break in upon me, and, ejaculating the one word "dichotomy!" I rushed upstairs to the study-hall. For the benefit of those much-to-be-compassionated students who have not had the privilege of attending the Class of Moral Philosophy, I may state that the word *dichotomy* (don't be frightened at the look of it; it's not half so bad as a young and well-developed rat-terrier) means simply *division into two classes*, and that the method of dichotomy is this: You select some sufficiently large class or *hen* (Greek *ἕν*, meaning *one* or *unit*) which contains the thing you want to define, and then divide it into two sub-classes, one of which shall include, and the other exclude, the thing in question, and then subdivide the sub-class, and so on, till you get to the

definition required,—in fact, first catch your “hen,” and then dichotomize her. Now, after mature deliberation, I fixed on everything that exists, as a good all-around “hen” to begin with, and was just going triumphantly to divide it into umbrellas and non-umbrellas, when an awful thought struck me,—I had been guilty of the soul-destroying sin of jumping at once from the one to the many, and I know where people will go who do that sort of thing. I stopped and trembled. No, we must start again, and why not divide everything into manufactured and unmanufactured things. Umbrellas (omitting skiapods, as they say in Arithmetic,) evidently belong to the first class. Good! Again, manufactured things may be divided into useful and ornamental; umbrella (generally speaking) belongs to the first class again. Once more, things useful may be divided into useful for offence and useful for defence; here I am puzzled; but, after some hesitation, I chose the second division for a change (before this the things always came under the first); then, defence may be sub-divided into defence against the weather, and defence against other animals (fine Græcism; critical papers, “please copy”). We’re getting on, by Jove! but our definition would still include such things as Adam’s original costume, and the College post-office during a heavy hail-storm; so, suppose we divide defences against the weather into those which are used to walk with and those which are not. At last we’ve come to the definition of our word.

I went out of the study-hall and got permission from the Rev. Prefect of Discipline to go down to “The Bend,” to make a purchase of an umbrella. I went down, and into the first clothing-store (Livingston’s). “Good-morning; Oh, if you please, I want a manufactured thing; said thing to be useful, said use to be for defence, said defence to be against the weather, and said thing is to be used to walk with.” But no: the result showed the man was no philosopher. He looked hard at me for a moment, and said: “You’re from the College, aren’t you? Well we don’t usually keep those sort of things, but I believe we have got some of them, too,” reached down a box, and produced—a pair of rubber shoes.

I left that store, and on my way back to the College made a new dichotomy of everything into philosophy and common-sense, and determined to restrict the former, for the future, to examination purposes.

THUCIFER N. THICKSIDES.

Books and Periodicals.

THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL for the year of Our Lord 1887. By J. A. Lyons: Notre Dame, Ind. Price, 25 cents.

This is the twelfth year of this interesting publication, and the present number is fully equal to any of its predecessors which have attracted such favorable notice. The articles are, for the most part, choice gleanings from the many entertaining contributions to the SCHOLASTIC during the past year,

and will be perused with renewed pleasure by our readers. There are, also, several articles especially prepared for this number of the *Annual*—notably, a beautiful poem on Notre Dame and an interesting sketch by Maurice F. Egan, together with a comprehensive and instructive discussion of the “Tariff Question” by Prof. Wm. Hoynes, of the University. In addition will be found all the usual information, astronomical and otherwise, that goes to make up a useful year-book.

—Those who are devoted to floriculture will find a rich treat in the perusal of *Vick’s Floral Guide* for the year 1887. Each succeeding year brings great improvement in this popular annual, and the present edition is far in advance of previous issues in beauty of exterior, number and elegance of floral and vegetable illustrations and the large variety of subjects, thoroughly and practically treated. Published by James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y.

—From D. T. Ames, 205 Broadway, New York, we have received “Ames’ Copy Slips for Self-Instruction in Writing.” These copies (32 in number) were first executed with pen and ink and afterwards photo-engraved. They are not only useful as studies to any one striving to become a good penman, but they exhibit great art or perfection not unattainable by persons of ordinary intelligence. Besides practical movement exercises and well-graded copies for acquiring a business hand, several numbers are given to displayed writing, engrossing, and box-marking. The instructions are concise, and based on experience and sound sense. The slips are movable and are given as a premium to subscribers to the *Penman’s Art Journal*.

—The Colored Plate in the New Year’s Number of *The Art Amateur*, “Marguerites,” is a charming rendering, by Edith Scannell, of the always popular theme,—a lovely child with daisies. The number also gives a beautiful decorative head, by Ellen Welby; a pleasing design of children dancing, for a piano front; one of holly for wood-carving, two for chasuble ornamentation, six for doilies, and two for china painting (black alder-berries and leaves for a jar and chrysanthemums for a panel), besides a large decorative study of ivy, and a page of monograms. There is a useful article on landscape painting; the series on fruit painting in oils is continued, and a new series on portrait painting in the same medium is begun, together with one on china painting. Another new feature is “Talks With Artists.” The exhibitions of the National Academy and the American Art Association receive due notice, and there is an interesting illustrated account of Paul Baudry, the eminent French decorative artist. The suggestive articles on the simple decoration of unadorned city apartments are continued, and the needlework department is richly filled, church vestments receiving particular attention. It is quite evident from this January number that *The Art Amateur* for 1887 will be more than ever indispensable to all practical art lovers and art students. Price, 35 cents, \$4 a year. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

James A. McMaster.

The close of the year marked the close of the earthly life of one who, for almost a half century, had been the most conspicuous figure in the ranks of Catholic journalists in the United States. On the morning of the 29th ult., JAMES A. McMMASTER, the veteran editor of the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*, died at St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y. The intelligence of his demise was received with expressions of regret, and evoked an universal tribute of praise to his memory from the press of the country and from men of high ecclesiastical and civil dignity. The following sketch of his career is taken from the press reports:

"James A. McMaster was born in Duaneburg, N. Y., April 1, 1820. He came of Scotch ancestry, and his family removed to New York by way of Vermont. His father, the Rev. Gilbert McMaster, was a rigid Presbyterian clergyman. There being meagre opportunities for his early education elsewhere, it was conducted at home, his father acting as his instructor. As the elder McMaster was a devoted student of the classics, the younger was reading Latin and Greek when his playmates were conversant with words of no more than two syllables in their own speech. In his seventeenth year he entered the Sophomore Class of Union College. On leaving college, in his twentieth year, he began the study of the law, but did not long retain his interest in it. He turned to theology and began to prepare himself at the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary in New York for the ministry. But soon after, with Arthur Carey and Clarence Walworth, he became a convert to Catholicity. All these journeyed to Troid, in Belgium, where they entered the Redemptorist novitiate. McMaster remained there only about a year. His desire for discipline and study could not overcome the disputatiousness of his race and blood. The life of a religious was not his vocation. Prompted by his own inclination, as well as by the advice of superiors, he left the Redemptorist novitiate and returned to New York.

"Religious bigotry was then prevalent. Native Americanism was rampant. Broken heads were not uncommon at church doors, and the figure of a convert to the Catholic Church was peculiarly inviting to attack. This was a condition of affairs that stirred all the faculties of McMaster. He went into the fray eagerly, and soon showed extraordinary polemical skill in articles written by him for the *Freeman's Journal*. These attracted the attention of Archbishop Hughes, who was glad to find and encourage a layman so able and so earnest in the maintenance of the truths and principles of the Church against all assailants. So, in 1846, McMaster succeeded to the editorship of the *Freeman's Journal*, and became the valued assistant of the Archbishop, in his sturdy battling for the rights of Catholics in a free land; especially lending him the strongest aid in the public school question, supporting the principle that Catholics should not be taxed for the maintenance of places of in-

struction to which they could not, conscientiously, send their children. Like the Archbishop, he was aggressive. He had bold things to say and he said them without fear. He shrank from no adversary. He became the target of every opponent of the Church, but he returned every shot they fired at him.

"In politics, McMaster was a State Rights Democrat. The Wilmot proviso was not to his liking. He thought that slaveholders' rights of property should be coextensive with the Union. For weak Buchanan he had a hearty contempt. Stephen A. Douglas was his hero. For his attack on the Government during the war, by President Lincoln's order, he was put into Fort Lafayette and kept there for about eleven months, during which the *Freeman's Journal* was not published.

"Mr. McMaster was a commanding figure on the street as well as in religious journalism. He was more than six feet in height, with a big but spare frame, and until within two or three years he walked as firmly and as erect as an athlete. He had no fear of any man, and was as willing to dispute in a crowd on matters on which he had convictions as by the medium of his pen. He was social, preached an exalted rule of life, and he tried to follow it.

"In 1855 Mr. McMaster married a West Virginia lady, by whom he had four children. She died in 1872, and he was always too true to her memory to marry again. Two of his three daughters are inmates of a Carmelite Convent in Baltimore. His oldest daughter is a member of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, whose house is at Sharon, Penn."

To express the thought of his devoted and able associate in the conduct of the pioneer journal of Catholicity in America, we say that he, who so often in his life-time had asked prayers for others, should now receive the full meed of the charitable prayers of souls devoted to the faith which he did so much to uphold. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

- Are we all here?
- Happy New Year!
- Better late than never!
- Now prepare for the ex's.
- Recent heavy falls of snow have spoiled the skating. Cannot the lake be flooded?
- During the week we have had the coldest weather of the season. On Monday morning the thermometer registered 25° below zero.
- Ice-dealers from our neighboring city have commenced to cut the ice on the upper lake. The ice is about 13 inches thick, and of very fine quality.
- The "Malediction" is, probably, the best of the plays published by Prof. Lyons. It was produced on the festival of St. Thomas, in a manner that would do credit to professionals.
- The presbytery rejoices in the possession of a

canary bird that rivals the nightingale in the brilliancy of its notes. Its soft, melodious tones and trills are as peculiar as they are charming.

—Our esteemed contemporary, the *South Bend Tribune*, begins the new year with a new dress of type, which enhances its tasteful appearance and gives evidence of the success attending the work of its able and enterprising management.

—The closing of the year, on Friday evening, was marked by "Christmas tree" festivities in the reading-rooms of the three departments. We regret that, in the absence of our local editor, no kind friend was present to report the proceedings.

—After considerable expenditure of money, labor and time, Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, has collected in a large album 20 x 30, pictures of all the old Franciscan Missions of California. This magnificent, historical collection, His Grace has presented to his *Alma Mater*, the University of Notre Dame, for the Bishops' Memorial Hall. The Director of the Historical Department is also indebted to His Grace for a richly bound and illustrated copy of Gleeson's History of the Catholic Church in California, and a portrait of Father Junipero Serra, O. S. F., founder of the old Missions.

—The ceremonies of the Christmas Festival were carried out in the church at Notre Dame with all the solemnity and imposing display befitting the great day. At midnight, solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Granger, assisted by Rev. Fathers Spillard and Stoffel as deacon and subdeacon. At this Mass, through special privilege granted to Notre Dame, the members of the Community and the Catholic students received Holy Communion. At ten o'clock, solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. President Walsh, assisted by Rev. Fathers Spillard and Robinson as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. A. M. Kirsch. The only defect was in the musical portion of the services, our choir being still unprepared with their new Mass.

—The venerable Father Founder was, as usual, the recipient of countless congratulatory epistles and messages on New Year's Day. One of the letters, shown to us, from an esteemed friend, contained a sentiment which struck us as expressing, so thoroughly and tersely, the thought and feelings of all at Notre Dame, as to merit its publication. The writer says:

"... In truth, each New Year should be happier than the last, for you are like a husbandman who beholds the fruit of his labors. While, at the same time, you know your own harvest time is not so very far off as to make you tired of toil. But we, who know not *how* the world could go on without you to our satisfaction, are always praying that you may live *many* years longer and find each year happier; so that, while you are consoled amid many cares by thinking the evening is near, we are turning the sun back by our prayers!"

—We learn from the press of South Bend that Prof. L. G. Tong, '62, cashier of the St. Joseph's County Savings Bank, received on New Year's Day a check for \$100 from Very Rev. Father Superior-General Sorin—a gift to be distributed for the benefit of the poor of the city. The

amount was enclosed in the following characteristic letter:

"NOTRE DAME, New Year's Day, 1887.

"HONORED AND DEAR FRIEND:—You remember, I am sure, how, long ago, I made peace between you and good old Brother Benoit. 'I am going home,' you said; 'I did not deserve that punishment—detention.' I reasoned with you. Noble souls are always willing to listen to sound arguments. 'I am going,' you said. 'Where?' said I. 'To detention,' you replied. How warmly I shook hands with you! Scarcely had you reached your desk in the study-hall when Bro Benoit walked in and took you to the recreation grounds where the threatened split was changed into a life-long mutual friendship. God alone knows the unspeakable and joyful results of the above reconciliation. 'Peace to men of good will!' I love to listen to this heavenly breathing.

"To show my appreciation of its blessings, I enclose you a little New Year's gift to be distributed by yourself in barrels of flour (after consulting our four reverend pastors) among the numerous poor Catholic families, deserving of public sympathy, especially by their peaceful, sober and pious habits and devotedness to duty. I wish my little gift were ten times larger, and that a much greater number of sufferers than the city contains might find in it at least a temporary relief. But the principle I advocate, and which God alone could establish on earth, will prove to all who accept it a more precious boon than any pecuniary assistance.

"Your friend,

"E. SORIN."

—Accessions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall: A magnificent, full-length, standing position, life-size portrait in oil by Gregori, of Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis, handsomely framed in gold, and valued at one thousand dollars. Life-size bust portrait, by Machen, of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Rézé, first Bishop of Detroit, presented by George Rhodius, of Indianapolis. Life of Bishop Flaget, by M. J. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville, presented by Father Alerding. Old seal of the diocese of Detroit; seal used by Bishop Lefebvre, presented by Right Rev. Bishop Borgess. Two documents written and signed by Bishop Fenwick, of Cincinnati; manuscript pastoral of Bishop Flaget; letter of Bishop Kenrick, Coadjutor of Philadelphia; letter by Mgr. Baraga, Bishop of Sault Ste.-Marie, presented by Rev. Father Dempsey. Two manuscripts of Bishop Bruté, presented by Rev. Father Kenrick. Two documents by Bishop Flaget, one by Bishop Chabrat—one by Bishop Bruté—presented by Rev. Father Jenkins. Manuscript sermon on "The Lord's Day" by Archbishop Carroll; letter by Bishop Carroll, presented by Miss Brent. Crosier used by the first Bishop of La Crosse; Archbishop Henni's episcopal ring, with an emerald surrounded by twelve diamonds, presented by Right Rev. Bishop Flasch. Sick-call burse used by Archbishop Bayley when a priest; Bible used by Mother Seton, foundress of the Sisters of Charity, with many marginal notes in her own handwriting (this bible was afterwards owned by Bishop Bruté, whose signature is on the title-page); letters written to Mother Seton by Archbishop Carroll, Bishop Cheverus and Bishop Dubourg; several valuable documents and relics; "Regulations of the Diocese of Newark"—given to Mgr. Seton by his uncle, Bishop Bayley—presented by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Seton, to whom the Director of the Historical Department is greatly indebted for many favors.

—We cannot speak too highly of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, which is one of our most regular and interesting exchanges. It is published weekly. Its literary department is full of matter of the highest degree of excellence, and the editorial and local columns are filled with sound, readable matter, instead of the gushy nonsense which characterize so many college papers. Any editorial board can take the SCHOLASTIC for a model with profit.—*The Northwestern*.

—One of the most prolific publishers in the country is Prof. Joseph A. Lyons, A. M., of Notre Dame University. He has some work constantly in press. His most successful work, perhaps, was "Midshipman Bob," which first appeared in the columns of the *Ave Maria*. It is one of the best stories for young people—and, for that matter, for old—ever written, and the edition was soon exhausted. We hear that another will be issued shortly. Already this year Prof. Lyons has sent from the press, besides his *Scholastic Annual*, a special limited edition of a drama in three acts, arranged by him, and called "The Proscribed Heir." This is one of several dramas arranged by Prof. Lyons, and all of them have had a large sale.—*South Bend Tribune*.

—It has become one of the pleasant events in the Christmas-time experience of the editors and staff of the newspapers of this locality, as well as many others of the friends of the very highly esteemed and Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General, and the worthy founder of grand old Notre Dame,—that has risen from a struggling infancy in the wilderness of many years ago to the sturdy giant of to-day under his fostering care,—to receive from the good Father a large basket laden with a mammoth Christmas cake and various kinds of choice fruits. These come to the sanctum as regularly as Christmas, always accompanied with the blessings and good wishes of the venerable donor. We cannot refrain from reproducing a part of his very cordial and well-worded Christmas greeting. It says, among other things:

"What a treasure for a growing city is a daily messenger of peace! Under such beautiful and irresistible influence, no rioter or disturber will ever be listened to. Capital and Labor will soon see that peace and harmony must, above all, secure their mutual interests, the very life of both. Strikes and riots never brought but regrets and losses; they threaten ruin to all. The sincere devotedness of the employe will enable the employer to extend his undertakings for the benefit of his faithful workmen."

To the good Father Sorin we wish very many more of as merry Christmas days as he could wish for. May this merry season come many succeeding years with a Happy New Year accompaniment to the founder of Notre Dame!—*South Bend Times*.

—The venerable, the Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Order of the Holy Cross and founder of Notre Dame, takes more pleasure in Christmas giving than in Christmas receiving, and the beauty of his gifts is that they are always accompanied by the good wishes of one of the most generous of men, and the good advice of one of

the most eminent of ecclesiastics. To-day the *Tribune* was the recipient of a magnificent frosted cake of generous dimensions, garnished by a wealth of tropical fruits, and accompanied by a letter so characteristic of the great Founder of Notre Dame, that we take pleasure in reproducing it in full. He says:

"Most sincere and cordial greetings, with the best wishes of the season, from an old editor, a life-long admirer of the press—provided it proves a messenger of the peace now echoing afresh from the skies, above the grotto of Bethlehem! *Pax hominibus bonae voluntatis*. To the last human breath of Him who alone can give peace, and even after His Resurrection, the same Divine greeting: *Pax vobis!* Personally, I feel more than pleased with your kind regards toward us; and in return for the same, which I duly and deeply appreciate, I accompany this little cake, with what I consider my best possible wish of the season, for your own happiness and the blessings of your numerous readers: *Beati pacifici, quoniam ipsi possidebunt terram!* Look at the meaning, for it has one for the journalist. What a treasure for a growing city is a daily messenger of peace! Under such beautiful and irresistible influence no rioter or disturber will ever be listened to. Capital and labor will soon see that peace and harmony must, above all, secure their mutual interests, the very life of both. Strikes and riots never brought but regrets and losses; they threaten ruin to all. The sincere devotedness of the employe will enable the employer to extend his undertakings for the benefit of his faithful workmen."

What excellent advice! and, coming, as it does, on the very verge of a new year, why not, as fellow-citizens and as a community, accept and act upon it to the best of our abilities? Let us try, at any rate.—*Tribune*.

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. W. Akin, M. Akin, Becerra, Barnes, Dwyer, A. Ensor, Finckh, Ford, Griffin, Houck, Hummer, Kleiber, Kendall, Leonard, T. McDermott, Martineau, McAlister, J. McDermott, Mallay, Mulkern, Neill, L. O'Malley, P. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, E. Prudhomme, Paschel, Rothert, Rodriguez, Regan, Suing, Shields, Stubbs, Strasser, Triplett, Velasco, Wagoner.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Anderson, Blessington, Bodley, Baca, Burns, Black, Burr, S. Campbell, E. Campbell, B. Clarke, Cleveland, Cobbs, Casey, Draper, Ewing, Fitzharris, Falter, J. Flynn, Fisher, Garber, Hoffman, Houlihan, Joyce, Jacobs, Julian, Katz, Mitchell, W. McCormick, J. McCormick, Morgan, Hindman, Macatee, Moncada, McIntosh, Nations, Nussbaum, Ormond, O'Brien, O'Shea, L. Paquette, C. Paquette, Qualey, Roper, Ramsey, Sweet, J. Stephens, F. Smith, Stanton, Steele, Taliaferro, Vhay, Warner, Wilbanks, Wagoner, W. Walsh, Weldon, White, Hanly, Rosenthal.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bloomhuff, Boettcher, Black, A. Backrack, H. Backrack, S. Backrack, Clendenin, Cohn, F. Crotty, W. Connor, C. Connor, Corbett, J. Conner, E. Conner, Doss, Dahler, Foote, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, G. Franche, C. Franche, Gale, Grant, Garber, Haney, Hillas, Koester, Keefe, Kraber, Kerwin, Löwenstein, Lane, M. Lewin, McIntosh, W. McDonnell, Martin, L. Mayer, Mahon, Munro, A. Mayer, Mason, A. Morgenweck, F. Mainzer, Nester, O'Mara, O'Neill, Paul, Priestly, Quill, Rogers, Savage, Sweet, Smith, Stone, Sullivan, F. Toolen, F. Toolen, Tompkins, Tillenburg, Triplett, Taft, W. Williamson, Weckler.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—A valuable gift of Schumann's musical works in four volumes, beautifully bound, was received from Lyon & Healy, music publishers of Chicago, by the Directress of the Musical Department.

—Eva Quealy, of the Minim department, on her return from her home in Logansport, where she passed the holidays, presented to the study-hall and dormitory a handsome holy water font and some flower vases.

—On the 2d inst., Very Rev. Father General sent to the ladies of St. Ann's Hall, the Graduates and the "Princesses" a delectable holiday feast, for which they beg him to accept their grateful acknowledgments.

—A beautiful colored lithograph portrait of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII, elegantly framed, was presented to the Prefect of Studies on Christmas eve by Mrs. Atkinson. It now graces the eastern wall of the vocal music room.

—The Christmas tree which grew in the Juniors' recreation hall, was stripped of its precious fruit burden, this being dispensed to the favored of Santa Claus, in presence of Very Rev. Father General, Rev. Fathers Shortis and Saulnier. The pleasant little ceremony opened with a New Year's greeting to Very Rev. Father General, read by Miss Wolvin. Souvenirs of the day were then presented to the other dignitaries present, and Miss Laura Griffith, accompanied by the numerous deputies of Santa Claus, made the introductory address, and gave a short inventory of the principal gifts. The presents were, many of them, very beautiful, and when the tree was completely shorn of its treasures, the merry audience dispersed, with every indication that New Year's day had proved a very happy one.

—Among the holiday visitors were: Mr. W. Miller, Mr. H. B. Miller, Mr. A. Coquillard, Mr. G. Hoben, Mr. W. J. Urquhart, South Bend; Mr. T. Hutchinson, Mr. J. Brown, Mr. J. Etheoan, Mr. S. Breen, Mr. J. White, Mr. and Mrs. M. Ryan, Mr. M. A. Schull, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Murphy, Mr. A. L. Burke, Niles, Mich.; Mr. W. Moran, Mrs. M. J. Rudd, New York City; Mr. C. M. Bridgman, Mrs. J. Brown, Mr. George Nester, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. D. J. Priestly, Des Moines, Iowa; Miss N. Dempsey, Manistee, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. T. Cohn, Mr. J. Cohn, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss H. Joyce, Taunton, Mass.; Mr. D. W. Beiger, San Juan, Col.; Mrs. R. L. Rhodes, Denver, Col.; Mr. M. E. Kieley, Coldwater, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Frankfort, Mich.; Mrs. Griffith, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. T. M. O'Connor, Refugio, Texas; Mr. W. Nagle, Miss J. Moore, Mrs. J. C. Lindecker, Toledo, Ohio; Miss A. G. Hull, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mr. F. H.

Rogers, Hancock, Mich.; Miss M. Farrell, Adrian, Mich.; Mr. D. T. O'Connor, Mrs. M. O'Connor, Lima, Ohio.

—The Christmas season at St. Mary's brought a full measure of holiday enjoyment, the most significant and impressive being the customary Mass of midnight. There is something deeply appropriate and solemn in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice at the very hour when the anniversary of our Divine Saviour's Birth is commemorated. Nothing could more aptly call to mind the angelic harmonies and supernatural illumination above the stable of Bethlehem than the sublime melodies of the ceremonials, and the brilliant lights beaming through all the holy place; while the awful moment of Consecration brings the ineffable Mystery most palpably to every believing heart.

It is a touching and universal custom to erect at this time of the year in our churches a representation of the cave of Bethlehem, where the Child Redeemer was born, and the accessories which the Gospel and tradition have handed down are, as far as possible, simulated. As usual, this is beautifully represented in the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception at St. Mary's. "The Crib," as it is called, remains in the church until the 25th or 26th of January. The celebrant of the Solemn High Mass at midnight this year was Very Rev. Father General Sorin, assisted by Rev. Fathers Shortis and Saulnier as deacon and subdeacon. The same ministers officiated at the second Solemn High Mass which was sung at eight o'clock. The music at both Masses was of a high order, admirably reflecting the spirit of the occasion.

—The festival of St. John the Evangelist, a patron of Father General's, is always observed at St. Mary's. The day was so severely cold that the Very Rev. Superior did not make his accustomed visit; but the following address, which was to have been read by Miss Mary Dillon, was sent to him at Notre Dame:

I.

Nestled like a dew-drop, gleaming
In the rich heart of a rose,
This, your Winter feast-day beaming,
Fresh joy on sweet Christmas throws.

II.

Like a lily in a crystal—
Pure white crystal vase, so fair—
St. John's memory brings a festal
Fragrance to the radiant air.

III.

But we know that Herod's malice,
Ere long, will dispel the light.
This recalls the Cross, the Chalice,
And the gloom of Calvary's night.

IV.

Then, St. John, and the grand vision
Of the first bright Easter day,
Brings another glad transition,
With the dark cloud swept away,

V.

Till, at last, we find presented
Mary, crowned with stars above:
The Immaculate Conception,
Seen by St. John, "Saint of Love."

VI.

With this thought, we pay warm wishes
For your happy feast, and pray
That we oft again may greet you
On St. John's delightful day.

The Old Year and the New.

The last bright rays of the setting sun lingering above the horizon, and nature, with her wintry beauty, would fain, as it were, protract each reluctant moment of the declining day, the last eventful day of the receding year. The weird gloom of twilight is followed by the darkness of night. But the social world and the world of fashion are insensible to the gloom. Electric and gas lights flash defiant and beam on the beauty and merriment, the feasting and pageantry of pleasure-loving multitudes. Thoughtless and cold of heart as the eddying snow-wreaths woven by the fitful wind and piled in fantastic drifts at the roadside, they glide along, careless of the future.

But midnight "pauses in the heavens." The clamor of numberless bells proclaim to the world the departure of the Old Year and the opening of the New—fit symbols of life and death, of hope and despair. At such a moment the hearts of even the most frivolous are thrilled with emotions of awe. The festivities are, for a breath, suspended, and each reveller is, for the time, impressed with the thought of all that the old year has buried beneath its cold waves. Expectations that one year ago were as brilliant as joy and health, friends and fortune could make them, have faded away forever. Forms that were full of life and strength are seen no more among us. Beauty and grace, talent and accomplishments that were then our delight no longer challenge our admiration. "They have sought the grave to sleep forever." Like the flowers clasped in the cold hands of our dear departed friends, they lie entombed on the bosom of eighteen hundred and eighty-six. A moment of serious thought, and the tide of merriment flows onward, unrestrained. Mournful memories are driven away, there is no room for them now. A louder voice calls. It is that of present enjoyment.

How different, at this impressive hour, are the reflections of one whose soul responds to the inspirations of divine grace! The Old Year bears with it nothing but fondly-treasured memories, worthy to live when "time and death shall disappear." Retrospection is but the grave of error and the cradle of amendment; hilarity is not welcome. The tranquil heart knows a fountain of more exquisite joy: It is that of subdued contentment and humble cheerfulness.

The glad New Year is not to him, as to the slave of the world, another term in which to give free rein to inclination. Quite the reverse. All around he beholds opening out everywhere before him new fields of usefulness. He is not as a straw, wafted on the tide of time and left at the mercy of wind and wave, indifferent to all things, and of no worth in the vast creation. Far from it! He re-

alizes his sublime position in the universe. Time is not given to fritter away. To him it is the straight and narrow, but heavenly road that leads to eternal life. But one moment of folly is enough to decoy his steps from the sapphire way. Aware of this, he loses not his circumspection for one instant. An immortal, responsible being, he goes freely, yet vigilantly forward. He knows the power entrusted to his keeping, and accepts it as a sacred deposit. While living nobly himself, he must, as an imperative duty, incite his companions to emulate his own lofty strength of purpose, to fight bravely life's close battle. It is not his misfortune to undervalue the influence he is able to exert. He is fully aware of how much may depend on a word, or even a slight action which to the careless observer may appear quite insignificant.

Not so with the devotee of pleasure. Diversion, and not edification, is the object of his mental efforts. To judge from his conduct, the pagan deities of reckless revelry and lawless mirth are the objects of his adoration, and not Him whom Lentulus described to the Roman Senate, as "a Man for His singular beauty surpassing the children of men;" and of whom he further says, "Many have seen Him weep, none remember that He ever laughed." *He*, "who surpasses in beauty the children of Men," is the same whom the Christian beholds as a little Babe on a sheaf of straw in the manger of Bethlehem. There is so much of abjection in this lowly cave that the pleasure-seeker is repelled. Self-blinded, even the serious reminders of this momentous period are to him without interest. He will not recognize the relation between time and eternity; nor will he heed the touching lesson taught to the "meek and humble of heart" by the festival of the Circumcision, when the Holy Name of Jesus was given to the Divine Infant Redeemer of the human race. Who, but those subject to His sceptre, can sincerely interchange wishes for a happy New Year?

MARY T. DILLON (*Class '87*).

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Brady, Bates, Brophy, Blacklock, E. Coll, Dillon, A. Duffield, M. Duffield, Egan, Ewing, G. Griffith, Guise, Horn, Heckard, Hertzog, Johnson, Kearns, Murphy, M. McNamara, McCormick, Marsh, McCarthy, Moran, Nester, Negley, G. Regan, Riedinger, Snowhook, Shields, R. Smith, M. Smith, Stocksdales, Triplett, Thompson, Van Horn, Wolvin, Wimmer, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Balch, T. Balch, O. Boyer, Bridgman, Campbell, L. Griffith, Hunting, Hughes, Leonard, Lindsey, McDonnell, Prudhomme, Stapleton.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Becker, I. Becker, McCormick, A. Dinnin, O'Mara, H. Pugsley.