

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 12, 1887.

No. 26.

Utah.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

The flash of a face all fair
Through the rolling vapor seen,
A young face, worn with the care
That vexes a slighted queen;

A figure whose arms are filled
With fruit of a thousand groves.
At whose feet, in vales untilled,
The lord of the brown deer roves.

Does the cloud, whose sable wing
Casts a shade across her form,
Bear the weeping mist of spring,
Or the blast of raging storm?

She has drank, in hot, salt sand,
Out of wells of bitterness.
Yet soon the beautiful land
May vanquish her long distress.

When the white Christ's healing word
Bids her rise up, free and whole,
And her wounded heart is stirred
By Love that redeems the soul.

Egypt and her Monuments.

Egypt, one of the most famous countries of antiquity, lies on the Mediterranean, on the north-east of Africa. We know that the deluge, which was occasioned by the universal corruption of the immediate descendants of our first parents, destroyed all mankind with the exception of the just Noe, his wife and three sons—Sem, Cham and Japhet, and their wives. Therefore it was from Noe and his posterity, that is from Sem, Cham, Japhet and their posterity, that the world was peopled a second time. It was by the descendants of Cham that Egypt, the most celebrated country of antiquity, was inhabited. Egypt was very fertile, and consequently well adapted to agricultural

pursuits. There can be no doubt that it was one of the most fertile countries in the world; for we read that the same soil would in one year produce three or four different crops of fruit, corn or vegetables.

This fertility was then produced, as it still is, by the annual overflow of the Nile, a large river which traverses the whole valley of Egypt from Nubia on the south to the shores of the Mediterranean on the north. This overflow is caused by heavy rains, which fall in upper Ethiopia, and which cause the rivers of that country to rise to an immense height and pour their swollen waters into the Nile, causing it to overflow its banks and inundate the lands on each side for several months, fertilizing them by the alluvium which it deposits on their surface. When the water has subsided it only requires four or five months to till the ground, sow the seed, and reap an abundant harvest. But this annual overflow of the Nile was always attended with more or less danger; for if it did not attain a height of nineteen or twenty feet, or if it rose higher than thirty-one or thirty-two feet, there was an equal danger of sterility and famine. To obviate this, various means were devised, all of which proved unsuccessful, until Moeris, one of the first kings of Egypt, conceived the idea of digging at a certain distance from the river a large basin or lake. This lake was then connected with the river by means of a canal. When the inundation was excessive, the superabundant waters were received into this lake, which, when the Nile had not attained the desired height, gave of its own abundance. This inundation takes place during the months of July and August.

What a grand sight is presented to the eye of one standing on the summit of a mountain during this time! He sees a vast inland sea, in which are several towns and villages, with causeways leading from place to place. In the distance he beholds woods and mountains terminating the most beautiful horizon which can be imagined. Often have we heard of the beauty and grandeur of a sunset on the ocean, but can we for a moment imagine that it would bear comparison to that witnessed in Egypt during this time of the year? If the sun

when sinking into the billowy main, when nothing is seen but sky and water, presents a beautiful appearance, how much more, nay, how infinitely more beautiful must it be to see it sink into a sea covered with towns and villages, hemmed in by woods and mountains, intersected with groves and fruit trees and the whole canopied with a clear, azure sky, save here and there a light scarlet-tinged cloud, not obscuring, but only adding lustre to this glorious Egyptian sunset! Such is Egypt when covered with the fertilizing waters of the Nile.

Let us now glance at her after the flood has subsided. It is January or February. What a different scene from the one just described meets the gaze! That vast inland sea has disappeared, and in its stead is seen one grand verdant meadow covered with flowers, flocks and herds. Husbandmen may now be seen busily engaged in tilling the soil preparatory to sowing the seed. Everything presents an animated appearance. The forests swarm with birds of gaudy plumage, whose merry warble is heard from morn till night, and which, wafted on by the balmy breeze, falls upon the ear of the weary, careworn traveller with that same soothing effect with which the melodious strains of David's harp fell upon the ear of the conscience-stricken Saul. The merry prattle and playful laugh of little children are heard, as with

Nimble feet, from bower to bower,
They run to pluck the fragrant flower.

Those months which are the dulllest and most dreary ones of our winter constitute the most delightful season of the year in Egypt. When in our country all is bleak and desolate, the ground covered with snow, the song of the birds hushed, and the trees stripped of their foliage,—all nature presenting a forlorn appearance,—all is bright and gay in Egypt, where nature, which seems to be lifeless in other countries, lives in all its grandeur. If this be true of Egypt at the present day—and we have every reason to believe so, since we possess the authority of grave historians for it—what must have been its splendor in olden times, when it possessed twenty thousand villages and cities, and was covered with monuments of every description!

Now a word about the monuments of Egypt. The most distinguished of these were the Obelisks, Pyramids, Labyrinth, the Mausoleum of Osymandias, and the city of Thebes.

The obelisks were quadrangular pyramids, hewn out of a single block of granite, and covered with hieroglyphic signs and symbols. They ranged in height from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet; they were transported to Rome under the emperors, where they still attract universal admiration and form one of the chief ornaments of the Eternal City.

Three of the pyramids of Egypt, on account of their enormous height, have been deemed worthy of being placed among the seven wonders of the world. The principal pyramid, which is situated near Cairo, is truly an architectural masterpiece. Its height is five hundred feet, and its base covers an area of thirteen acres. Herodotus says that the

building of this great pyramid occupied a hundred thousand workmen at the same time. Other historians, among whom are Pliny and Diodorus, say that as many as one hundred and twenty-five thousand men were engaged at the same time in its erection. It took thirty years to build it, and must have necessitated the expenditure of several millions of dollars, since we know that the cost of the vegetables alone which were furnished to the workmen was one million seven hundred thousand dollars.

The Labyrinth of Egypt was still more wonderful than the pyramids, and was undoubtedly one of the greatest works ever executed by man. It consisted of an edifice built of white marble and containing three thousand rooms, fifteen hundred above and the same number below, twelve of which were supported by white marble pillars and were so spacious and beautiful as to be called palaces. These three thousand rooms were placed in communication with one another by means of a number of winding passages, and so numerous were they that to avoid being lost in them it was absolutely necessary to be accompanied by a most skilful guide. No ruins now remain to mark the sight of this most wonderful edifice.

The next monument which claims our attention, not only because of the richness of the materials composing it, but also on account of the artistic skill so magnificently displayed in its erection, is the Mausoleum of Osymandias, so called from the name of the monarch during whose reign it was erected. This monument was encircled by a band of solid gold, whose breadth was nearly two feet, and in circumference about three hundred and ninety feet. Upon this band of gold were marked the rising and setting of the sun, moon and the constellations, which shows that the Egyptians were well acquainted with astronomy. They also had divided the year into twelve months, each consisting of thirty days; but as this did not quite complete the number of days in the solar year, at the end of every twelfth month they added five days more, thereby completing the year with the exception of a few hours. This grand monument was not destined to remain in Egypt, for Cambyses, King of Persia, having conquered the Egyptians, carried it away as a precious trophy.

The city of Thebes was also one of Egypt's grandest monuments. According to some ancient historians, its population was five millions. Modern historians, however, think that there is more or less exaggeration in this statement. But though there exists a difference of opinion among writers on this point, yet they all agree in ascribing to it that splendor, glory and riches of which the ancient historians speak; but had they never made mention of its splendor, the ruins of gigantic statues, columns, porticoes and obelisks which still mark its site, would suffice to give us the highest idea of its ancient glory. It was said to have a hundred gates, each of which would admit of the passage at the same time of two hundred chariots and ten thousand combatants.

The ancient monuments to be found in Egypt

were not erected at the same time, nor by the same princes; however, they sufficiently illustrate the splendor, glory and riches of the ancient Egyptian monarchy. Of the Egyptian kings I shall say nothing, with the exception of Sesostris, who was undoubtedly the greatest king that ever ruled that fair land, not only on account of the numerous conquests he made, having subdued the entire world in nine years, but also because of the immense wealth which he accumulated, and of the high degree of splendor and opulence to which he raised his kingdom. Before setting out upon the conquest of the world, he used all the means in his power to have tranquillity maintained in the kingdom during his absence. To facilitate the execution of this design, he divided his kingdom into thirty-six provinces, and entrusted their government to persons of undoubted uprightness and unquestionable fidelity. His preparation for war was simply immense. His army consisted of six hundred thousand infantry, twenty-four thousand cavalry, and twenty-seven thousand chariots armed for war. This army, with which he subdued Ethiopia, overran Asia and penetrated Eastern India further than did Alexander the Great at a later period, was officered by tried and trustworthy men. His fleet consisted of about four hundred vessels, and with it he conquered many maritime cities situated along the shores of the Arabian gulf and Indian Ocean.

But though Sesostris conquered the world, he did not endeavor to maintain his power in the conquered provinces, being satisfied with having once taken forcible possession of them, and with leaving in them some monument of his victory. The inscriptions left on these victorious monuments were sometimes very bombastic; for instance, the following inscription, which was found in several of the conquered countries: "Sesostris, king of kings and lord of lords, subdued this country by the power of his arms." He returned to his own country covered with glory, and was everywhere hailed as the conqueror. But this conqueror of kingdoms could not conquer himself; for, having become blind in his old age, and no longer possessing that patience and courage which had enabled him to subdue nations, he yielded to despondency and put an end to his existence by poison.

Such was the life of Egypt's greatest king, at first felicitous, but so painfully terminated. Let us now take a synoptical view of the government, laws, manners and religion of this famous people. Egypt was governed by kings from its very foundation. The population was divided into three classes, namely, priests, warriors and people. The two first were the most respected, though the latter class, consisting of husbandmen and mechanics, were also held in high esteem, on account of the great prosperity resulting from agricultural pursuits.

The chief duty of the king was to administer justice to his subjects. Thirty men, of unquestionable veracity and honesty, were selected from the chief cities of the kingdom and constituted judges in those cases which could not be easily brought

before the king. The chief judge wore around his neck, as an emblem of truth, a gold collar set with precious stones, and from which hung a figure without eyes. In passing sentence, the judge would with this figure touch the person in whose favor it had been passed. The criminal code of the Egyptians was plain, comprehensive and precise. Voluntary murder, perjury, and a refusal to help a person attacked by assassins was punishable with death. Those who slandered or calumniated another unjustly were punished as would have been the person slandered, if guilty. Manufacturers of false coins, as well as those who used false measures, had both hands cut off. No one was allowed to borrow money without first delivering up the dead body of his father as security, and if he did not redeem this body before dying he was deprived of the usual honors paid to the dead. After death, every Egyptian underwent a most solemn judgment. A public accuser was heard, who told what he knew of the deceased; if what he said was favorable to him, his body was immediately embalmed and returned to his family and relatives, who placed it in an erect posture in a niche previously prepared for it. But if, on the contrary, he was convicted of having been a wicked man, his memory was condemned, and he was buried without honor. The bodies thus embalmed constitute what is known as the Egyptian mummies, which are considered wonderful curiosities, and many of which are more than a thousand years old.

Though Egypt displayed great wisdom in political matters, civil laws, and the arts and sciences; though considered by other nations as the best school of learning and wisdom,—such geniuses as Homer, Pythagoras, Plato, Herodotus, and others, having gone there to improve themselves in the different branches of sciences; though Scripture itself testifies in behalf of her by saying that "Moses was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was powerful in his words and in his deeds"; though all this is true, still, as far as religion was concerned, there never was a nation so blind and superstitious as the Egyptian. Her religion is described in a few words by the satiric poet Juvenal, who ironically exclaims:

"O sanctas gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis numina!"

They not only adored the sun and moon, under the names of Osiris and Isis, but they also adored cats, dogs, birds, lizards, and such plants and vegetables as onions and leeks. Of all animal gods, the ox was considered the greatest. It not only received the greatest honors during life, temples being erected in its honor, etc., but its death was the signal for deep and universal mourning throughout the land. Its obsequies were performed with far greater pomp than were those of a king. The zeal which they displayed for the honor of their gods was truly admirable. To have even involuntarily killed a cat was a crime punishable with instantaneous death. Diodorus relates an incident which he himself witnessed while he was staying in Egypt. It happened that a Roman accidentally killed a cat, which being made known, the

infuriated populace ran to his house, and in spite of the remonstrances of the king; and the respect entertained for the Roman name, he was dragged into the street and torn in pieces.

We can hardly imagine how such a polished and enlightened nation as Egypt was could ever have become the votary of such a ridiculous superstition. But this great nation, with all its splendor, riches, learning and glory, is now a thing of the past. These two words, "it was," tell all.

From what has been said of Egypt we can easily see what must be the inevitable fate of those nations of the present day who, though they do not worship cats and dogs as the Egyptians did, yet seem to ignore the very existence of a God, by worshipping their passions, and by refusing to hearken to the warning voice of God—to the Church established by Jesus Christ. They, too, must perish, and, like the Egyptians, be held forth to succeeding generations as a sad example of the utter impossibility of the existence of a nation whose foundation-stone is not God.

T. M. N.

Famous Irish Harpers.

The earliest reference I could find to the harp in Ireland is a description of the Teach Mid Chuarta, or Hall of Tara, written, according to Petrie, probably in the sixth century, alluding to a custom of the third, by which places were set apart in the hall for the cruitire or harper. The author of a poem in A. D. 594, on the death of Columba, mentions the harp as accompanying his song: and later still a harp was found represented on an old sculptured cross in Ullard church, County Kilkenny, which, from its style and worn condition, is apparently anterior to A. D. 330, the date assigned to the famous cross of Monasterboyce. It is observable that there are only seven strings in the Ullard harp, and that it has no fore-pillar, "the first specimen," says Ferguson (in Bunting's "Irish Music"), "of the harp without a fore-pillar that has hitherto been discovered out of Egypt:" adding that this circumstance justifies "the startling presumption that the harp originally came out of Egypt."

There is some evidence of the existence, in 1340, of a school of harpers under the direction of a renowned harper, named O'Carrol; and a decade later a harp was rudely but accurately engraved on the beautiful "Blachal Phodring," or reliquary of Ireland's apostle. Petrie says that thirty strings are visible in the engraving, which fact would go far to prove that that number was in use in Ireland before 1350. The same author also assigns to this period the origin of the harp referred to above, commonly, but erroneously, known as Brian Boru's harp, and preserved in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. The harp popularly known as the harp of Brian Boru, is not only the most ancient instrument of the kind known to exist in Ireland, but is, in all probability,

the oldest harp now remaining in Europe. Still, however, it is very far from being of the remote age to which it is popularly supposed to belong; and the legendary story on which this supposition is grounded, and which has been fabricated to raise its antiquity and increase its historical interest, is but a clumsy forgery, which will not bear for a moment the test of critical antiquarian examination. Petrie discovered that the arms on it are not those of the O'Brien, but those of the O'Neill sept; that from its size (thirty-two inches), and from other signs, it was evidently a Ceirnin, or religious harp, and that it belonged in all likelihood to one of two O'Neills in the fourteenth century, bishops, respectively, of Clogher and Derry. This remarkable harp is of exquisite workmanship. The upright pillar is of oak, the sounding board of yellow sawn, the extremity of the forearm is capped with silver, and the thirty string-holes are neatly ornamented with carved brass. The four sounding holes were once adorned with silver, removed, presumably, by the fingers of time or a thief; the foot piece, or rest, has also disappeared, and the parts to which it was joined show considerable signs of decay.

The Irish possessed four kinds of harps—the Clarseck, or common harp; the Ceirnin, or small religious harp; the Ciunard Cruit, or high headed harp, and the Crom Cruit, or down bending harp. The first was that used by the bards and harpers, and is the Irish harp, properly so-called; the second, more exclusively clerical, probably accompanied Druidical and, later, Christian hymns. The Ciunard Cruit and Crom Cruit, though styled harps, were more strictly of the violin and guitar types; indeed, they may be considered the parents of these instruments. The former had ten strings and was played so with a plectrum, or bow; the latter possessed six strings, two of which were touched with the thumb. Bunting adds two other harps to the four given by Walker and commonly referred to, the Craiftin's Cruit, a name derived from an Irish legendary hero, and the Lub, a poetical name of the harp. In the fifteenth century Robert Nugent, a Jesuit, made some useful improvements in the Irish harp, closing both the open space between the trunk and arm and right sound hole, and adding another row of strings, by which arrangement the treble could be played with the right hand, and the bass with the left, which was also a new departure, since Irish harpers, like their brethren of Wales, were accustomed to the opposite method. But those additions, ingenious though they undoubtedly were, found scant favor, the old form of the harp being preferred to that which such innovations gave it.

The influence exercised by Irish harpers at home and abroad is worthy of a passing notice. Each Irish chieftain kept a bard or harper in his castle, whose extemporaneous effusions, while his fingers swept the strings, spurred his lord on to valorous deeds, or filled him with a dread of retribution, as the occasion required. This influence apparently excited the jealous attention of the

Queen Elizabeth; for, in 1563, she caused an act of Parliament to be passed against the Irish bards and their entertainers.

Long before Ireland's national instrument hung mute on Tara's walls, its fame reached other lands. In 1100 the Welsh had their musical canon regulated by Irish harpers; besides, there are not wanting grounds for supposing that Cambria owes the harp to Erin. As in Wales; so in Scotland and England, the Irish harp and harpers were renowned. Neither country ever cultivated the harp to any extent; they were content to hear its strains.

Buchanan states that Ethodius, the twenty-fifth Scottish monarch, kept an Irish harper in his palace. Rory Dan O'Cahan, passing into Scotland, delighted the ears of her James and his court by his brilliant execution. Denis Hempson played before the Pretender in Edinburgh, and Echlin O'Kane, after exhibiting his skill in Italy, France and Spain, resided for years in Scotland prior to his death, and was well known chiefly about Blair, Athol and Dunkeld. In English, as in Scottish halls and leafy glens, have Irish bards discoursed sweet music to appreciative ears. "No harpe," wrote Bacon, "hath the sound so melting and so prolonged as the Irish harpe." In 1738 the death throes of the Irish harp began, for in the March of that year Turlough O'Carolan expired, whose genius had revived its ancient glories for half a century. Others followed him who shed a bright lustre upon it, but it was the afterglow of the sun that had set. Undisputed prince of Irish harpers, O'Carolan, unlike many, obtained a niche in the temple of fame, while his harp and his songs were entrancing his people. Posterity has ratified the verdict. Two only of his successors have approached him within anything like measurable distance—Denis Hempson and Arthur O'Neill. The latter achieved much fame, but was acknowledged to be inferior to the former in execution. Hempson attained the great age of 112 years; his harp is preserved in a baronet's family at Downhill.

Vigorous efforts were made at the close of the last century and beginning of this to rekindle the expiring flame of national interest in the harp but with little success.—*Temple Bar*.

Cross and Crown.

There is a cross of heavy weight
For every human life to bear;
There is a chaplet formed of thorns
For each and every brow to wear:
Oh! when the cross of pain and woe
Shall soon forever be laid down,
May we receive in recompense
A beautiful and fadeless crown!

A cross of toil and worldly grief,
A burden of suspense and care,
Has life imposed upon us all,

And each its heavy load must bear;
The clouds may lower overhead,
The bright stars fade before our eyes,
Yet faith shall point us out the path
Where sacrifice, where duty lies.

A crown awaits each faithful heart;
Each earnest self-denying soul,
That carries cheerfully the cross
To death's cold, unrelenting goal;
And when the veil shall roll away,
Disclosing Heaven's endless bliss,
The crown of love shall compensate
The cross of such a life as this.

—Anon.

An Incident of the Civil War.*

In the summer of 1862 the Confederate Fort Charles, on White River, was attacked on land by a force under the command of Colonel Fitch, of Indiana, and from the water by gunboats commanded by Commodore Davis. In the midst of the battle the boilers of one of the gunboats exploded, frightfully scalding Captain Keltz and some fifty others. The sufferers, in their agony, leaped into the river; and as they did so, a broadside from Fort Charles poured bullets and grape-shot into their parboiled flesh.

The battle ended with the capture of the Fort, and the wounded of both sides were taken to Mound City Hospital—a block of some twenty-four unfinished warehouses and store-rooms that had been converted into a vast hospital, in which, after some of the great battles in the Mississippi Valley, as many as two thousand patients were treated by a staff of medical officers, and nursed by twenty-eight Sisters,—Sister Josephine being one of them. Colonel Fry, commander of the Fort, supposed to be dangerously wounded, and Captain Keltz were of the number brought to Mound City after the surrender of Fort Charles.

The latter was a universal favorite of all the men and officers of the Western flotilla. His sad state—the scalded flesh falling from the bones, and pierced with bullets—excited them almost to frenzy. He was tenderly placed in a little cottage away from the main building; and Colonel Fry, with a few other sufferers, was put in a front room on the second story of the hospital, under the immediate care of Sister Josephine.

The next day the report spread like wild-fire

* This interesting and edifying sketch was one of the last contributions made to the *Ave Maria* by the late lamented MOTHER ANGELA, of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, notices of whose recent death appear elsewhere in this paper. With that unobtrusiveness and unselfishness which characterized her through her whole life, the writer studiously seeks to avoid all credit in the narrative, and veils her own identity under the titles of the "Sister in charge" and "the companion of Sister Josephine." But little more than a year has elapsed since the death occurred which called forth the article, and now the thought rises up in the mind that the prayer with which it concludes has been answered, and that all four are united in eternity.—[ED.]

through the hospital, and among the one hundred soldiers detailed to guard it, that Captain Kelty was dying. The wildest excitement prevailed; and in the frenzy of the moment, Colonel Fry was denounced as his murderer; it was declared that he had given the inhuman order to fire on the scalded men. Everyone firmly believed this. But it was not true. Colonel Fry was ignorant of the explosion when the order was given.

Sister Josephine, very pale, yet wonderfully composed, went to the Sister in charge of the hospital, to say that all the wounded had just been removed from the room under her care, except Colonel Fry. The soldiers detailed to guard the hospital, and the gunboat men, had built a rough scaffold in front of the two windows of the room, mounted it, with loaded guns, and loudly declared that they would stay there, and the instant they heard of Captain Kelty's death they would shoot Colonel Fry. "And," continued Sister Josephine, "the doctor made me leave the room, saying that my life was in danger. He took the key from the door and gave it to 'Dutch Johnny,' telling him that he had entire charge of the man within."

Now, Dutch Johnny was one of six brothers; five had been killed at Belmont; Johnny was so badly wounded and crippled in the same battle that he was useless for active service, so left to help in the hospital. But one idea possessed him: in revenge for his brothers' death he intended to kill five Confederates before he died.

In this fearful state of affairs, the Sister in charge went to the Surgeon General of the staff, begging him to see that no murder be committed. Dr. Franklin answered that he was powerless to control events, and that the captain of the company guarding the hospital was absent.

"Then," said the Sister, "I must call my twenty-seven Sisters from the sick; we will leave the hospital, and walk down to Cairo." (A distance of three miles.)

In vain did the doctor represent to her the sad state of all the patients she was leaving: she would not consent to remain in a house where murder would soon be committed, except on one condition: that the doctor would give her the key of Colonel Fry's room, and that the Sisters have the care and entire control of the patient.

"But," expostulated the doctor, "it will be at the risk of your lives; for if Captain Kelty dies—and I see no hope of his recovery—no power on earth can restrain those men from shooting Colonel Fry."

"Oh, doctor!" she answered, "I have too much faith in the natural chivalry of every soldier—be he from North or South of Mason and Dixon's line—to fear he would shoot a poor wounded man while a Sister stood near him!"

Seeing the Sisters would leave if this request was not granted, the doctor sent for Dutch Johnny, took the key from him and gave it to the Sister. The latter called for Sister Josephine, and both went in haste to the room of the wounded man.

As they turned the key and opened the door, a fearful scene was before them. Colonel Fry lay

in a cot; his arms, both broken, were strapped up with cords fastened to the ceiling; one broken leg was strapped to the bed; only his head seemed free. As he turned it, and glared fiercely, as he thought, upon another foe, he seemed like some wild animal at bay and goaded to madness. Before Sister Josephine had been forced to leave the room, she had closed the windows, and lowered the blinds; but her successor, Dutch Johnny, had changed all this: he had rolled up the blinds, and thrown up the lower sashes. And there on the raised platform, not fifty feet from him, Colonel Fry could see the faces and hear the voices of the soldiers and gunboat men, shouting every few minutes for him to be ready to die, for they would shoot him as soon as they heard of Captain Kelty's death.

Very quietly and gently did Sister Josephine speak to the wounded man, moistening his parched lips with a cooling drink, giving what relief she could to his poor tortured body, and assuring him that she and the other Sister would not leave him: so he need not fear that the soldiers would fire while they remained.

When these men saw the Sisters in the room, they begged them to leave—even threatened—but to no purpose: brave, noble Sister Josephine and her companion stood at their post all through that long afternoon and far into the night; and they prayed, perhaps more earnestly than they ever prayed before, that Captain Kelty would not die; for, in spite of all their assuring words to Colonel Fry, they did not feel so very certain that their lives would be safe among frenzied men, bent on taking revenge into their own hands.

In the mean time it became known that Captain Kelty was a Catholic—a convert—though for many years he had neglected his religious duties. A messenger was sent to Cairo to bring Father Welsh to the dying man. When he came, Captain Kelty was in delirium, and the Father could give him only Extreme Unction. Soon after, about nine o'clock, he sank into a quiet sleep. He awoke, perfectly conscious, near midnight, made his confession, received Holy Communion, and took some nourishment. The doctor said all danger was over, and a messenger ran in breathless haste to spread the glad tidings. The excited soldiers fired a few blank cartridges as a parting salvo, jumped from the scaffold, and were seen no more. The rest of the night good Sister Josephine took care of her patient, undisturbed by any serious fear that both might be sent into eternity before morning.

When the naval officers, who the night before had looked, as they feared, their last look on the living face of Captain Kelty, went up the next day from Cairo and found him out of danger, they laughed and cried with joy. In a whisper Captain Kelty asked them to be silent a moment and listen to him. In a voice trembling with weakness he said:

"While I thank these good doctors for all they have done, I must testify—and they will bear me out in what I say—it was not their skill, nor any

earthly power, that brought me back from the brink of the grave, but the saving and life-giving Sacraments of the Catholic Church."

Colonel Fry and Captain Kelty had long known each other. Both were naval officers, until at the beginning of the war Captain Fry left the service, and was made Col. Fry in the Confederate army.

As soon as Captain Kelty was well enough to learn what had passed, he declared Colonel Fry was guiltless of the barbarity of which he had been accused. And Sister Josephine was made the bearer to her patient of all the delicacies sent to Captain Kelty, and which he insisted on sharing with Colonel Fry.

As soon as Captain Kelty could travel, he was taken to his home in Baltimore. For his bravery he was made Commodore, and placed in command at Norfolk; but he was maimed for life: his right hand and arm, all shrivelled and wasted, hung lifeless by his side. When able to take such a journey alone, he went all the way back to Cairo, to see again and thank those Sisters, who, he said, under God, had saved his life in a double sense. He remained until his death a most fervent Catholic.

Colonel Fry, after many months of suffering, also recovered; he was paroled, and returned to his home in New Orleans. There he became a Catholic, often declaring that good Sister Josephine's bravery and devotedness during that day and night of torture and agony, followed by months of suffering, were eloquent sermons that he could not resist.

A few years after the close of the war, he was one of the leaders of that rash band of adventurers who invaded Cuba. His fate is well known: with those under his command, he was captured and executed. But it is not so well known that he profited by the days spent in prison, in instructing those with him; and many were converted to the holy faith that first came to him through Sister Josephine.

Twenty-three years to the very month passed away, when, quietly and calmly, as in the discharge of hospital duties, this good Sister, strengthened by the Sacraments of the Church, literally fell asleep in Our Lord, a few days after the close of the annual retreat, at which she had assisted. The funeral services, advanced, on account of the weather, took place in the cool of the summer evening. Scarce ever was a procession more affecting: the Sisters—more than three hundred in number—all bearing lighted tapers, the Rev. Chaplains, and the venerable Father Sorin, Superior-General, C. S. C., followed the remains of Sister Josephine through the beautiful grounds of St. Mary's to the cemetery. The moon shone as brightly on her lifeless body as it had shone years ago through the open window on her brave, gentle form, when she saved from death or insanity the wounded prisoner.

Of the four persons most interested in that night of agony and torture in the vast military hospital on the banks of the Ohio, but one now remains—Sister Josephine's companion. May the three gone to eternity remember her before God!

(From the "South Bend Tribune.")

Mother Mary of St. Angela.

Just as the chimes of Notre Dame pealed the hour of eleven yesterday forenoon, the spirit of the beloved MOTHER ANGELA took its flight. Her death was so quiet, so peaceful, so like the calm, sunshiny April day, that had dropped into the March calendar, that those who watched beside her bed scarce knew that she had gone. There was no struggle with the dread angel of death. She seemed to have welcomed it as one who is tired in body and weary in mind welcomes sleep. So happy was the expression on the beloved features that as those who loved her most looked upon her face they could only think she was sleeping, while her brain was busy with pleasant dreams.

MOTHER ANGELA had been in poor health for several weeks. Indeed, she had been in the infirmary, more or less, ever since the holiday weeks. Her condition at no time was considered dangerous, and she herself treated it lightly. It is true, it was the same trouble of the digestive organs that came so near costing her her life in 1876, when she hovered between life and death for days, and which, four years later, left her in an enfeebled condition from which she was a long time convalescing. This time the attack did not seem so severe. Yesterday, her nephew, Prof. John G. Ewing, of Notre Dame University, visited her at St. Mary's and found her resting quietly, and her manner cheerful. He chatted with his sister a few moments, and left to return to Notre Dame. A few moments afterwards he heard the bells of the Chapel of Loreto tolling, and was shocked by a summons to come quickly to St. Mary's. The bells were tolling for her death. When it became known that the loved Mother was gone, the deepest sorrow prevailed among the Sisters and pupils at the Academy. Very Rev. Father Sorin, whose coadjutor in the cause of Religion and Education MOTHER ANGELA had been for thirty-one long years, was greatly affected. The grief of MOTHER ANGELA's venerable mother—Mrs. M. M. Phelan, now in her 83d year—was heart-rending, and greatly affected all who saw her mourning the loss of her favorite daughter. Here in the city, as her death became known, the sorrow was genuine, and as the news of her death flashes over the United States there will be thousands to mourn her loss; for no woman in all this land was so widely known or more universally beloved and respected than MOTHER ANGELA.

MOTHER ANGELA was of distinguished lineage. Perhaps no lady in the land could count among her relatives so many distinguished statesmen, warriors, clergymen, politicians, and lawyers as she. The Ewings, the Shermans, the Blaines, the Gillespies, are all families whose members have occupied the most prominent positions in the country. Her godfather, the elder Thomas Ewing, was one of the most eminent Whig statesmen in this country, and Secretary of State under President Harrison. James G. Blaine, her first cousin, was member of Congress, United States Senator, Secretary of State

under President Garfield, and the Republican candidate for President in 1884. Gen. W. T. Sherman, another relative, who, like her, was raised and educated by the elder Thomas Ewing, made a record as warrior that is second to Gen. Grant. Her brother-in-law, Phil. B. Ewing, is one of the most eminent jurists in Ohio. "Young Tom" Ewing was a well-known general in the Union Army, and one of the most prominent politicians in Ohio. Her only brother, Rev. N. H. Gillespie, was the first graduate of Notre Dame University. Afterwards he became its Vice-President, was President of St. Mary's College in Chicago, was sent on an important religious mission to France, and on his return was for several years editor of the *Ave Maria*—the largest circulated Catholic magazine in America.

With such a distinguished relationship, it is but little wonder that MOTHER ANGELA should have felt the promptings of something more than the usual routine of a woman's life. She was born Feb. 21, 1824, in West Brownsville, Pa., in a large stone house on the bank of the river and directly opposite Brownsville proper. Her father was John P. Gillespie, and her mother Mary N. Myers. Her own was Eliza Maria Gillespie. The house in which she was born was a large, double structure, and in the other half of it lived her uncle and aunt, the parents of James G. Blaine, who was born there six years later. Mr. Blaine's mother and MOTHER ANGELA's father were brother and sister, and the two children were raised together until the one was twelve and the other six years old, and the attachment formed in childhood was of the most affectionate character and lasted through life. When twelve years old, her father died, and she was adopted* by her relative, Hon. Thomas Ewing, then a member of Congress from Ohio, and father of Mrs. Gen. W. T. Sherman, of Mrs. Col. Steele, of this city, of Judge Phil. B. Ewing and Gen. Thos. Ewing. He had already adopted Gen. Sherman, and sent him to West Point, while his elder daughter and Miss Gillespie were sent to the Convent of the Visitation at Georgetown, D. C., to be educated. Mr. Ewing was at that time almost as prominent a figure in the Whig party as Henry Clay, and most of his time was passed in Washington. About the time the two young ladies graduated he was Secretary of State under President Harrison, and the brilliant society of Washington had not two more prominent members than these two young ladies. Miss Gillespie's beauty, accomplishments, wit and learning made her a central attraction in Washington society. She had the same personal magnetism that distinguishes her relative, Mr. Blaine, and she retained it through life. Whether as a society lady in Washington and elsewhere, or as a nun in the holy habit of her Order, all who met her were charmed by her manners and her conversation.

It was but natural to suppose that one brought

up as Miss Gillespie had been—admired, courted and flattered, and herself so full of life and vivacity, would have been so enwrapped in the life she was leading as to quit it with regret. It was a surprise to all, except her most intimate friends, when Miss Gillespie, at the age of twenty-seven, foreswore the world, laid aside her rich dresses, jewelry, bade farewell to her fashionable friends, and, following the bent of judgment, donned the habit of a nun and became SR. MARY OF ST. ANGELA. She had always been a devout Catholic, but she believed that something more was needed of her, and so she came West to where Very Rev. Father Sorin, a distinguished young priest, had founded the University of Notre Dame, close to our then struggling village. Father Sorin found in her a worthy coadjutor, filled with the same ambition which he had, to educate the people. The Sisters' school at Bertrand was moved up to a picturesque site on the banks of the St. Joseph, and within a mile of the University. Under the administration of MOTHER ANGELA the Academy prospered beyond all precedence in the history of female educational institutions, and her ambition in the good cause led her to establish others in different parts of the country, until at her death more than a score of these could be counted, those at Salt Lake City, Utah, Austin, Texas, and several others, being the most noted in the country. Her grand work in the cause of education excited the admiration of even those who differed with her in religion. Each year her academies were sending out hundreds and hundreds of highly educated young ladies—educated not only in the arts and sciences but in domestic economy, and fitted for the duties of wives and mothers.

When the war of the rebellion broke out another and a grand phase of this noble woman was manifested. Leaving St. Mary's in charge of competent aids, she organized an immense corps of Sisters and hurried to the front to care for the sick and wounded soldiers. In every army and on every battle-field she and her Sisters were found. She established field hospitals, as well as several permanent hospitals. Her influence at Washington was all-powerful. Where generals failed to secure needed aid for sick and wounded soldiers, MOTHER ANGELA would make flying trips to Washington and the aid was forthcoming. In these dark years of the war she lived a half-score years of her life and crowded more than that much work into the four years. Its close left her much enervated. It aged her, and she never fully recovered her bodily strength.

A few years after the war, the Sisters' Order of the Holy Cross in the United States was separated from the Order in the Old World, and she was made Mother Superior. She filled this position two terms, but her failing health admonished her that her vigorous days were over, and the mantle fell on the shoulders of Mother Augusta, her almost life-long friend. MOTHER ANGELA then became Mistress of Novices at St. Mary's, and prepared to pass the remainder of her years in peace with her venerable mother and many warm and dear friends

* This is a mistake. Miss Gillespie was not adopted by Hon. Thomas Ewing. Her home was always with her mother, till her entrance into religion, in 1853—ED. SCHOL.

near her—a peace and rest she had well earned by doing the work of at least five women in the cause of education, religion and humanity. Well has she earned her reward—

“To rest forever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life.”

Books and Periodicals.

HENRY GEORGE AND HIS LAND THEORIES. By Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1887.

The publishers merit the thanks of the public for issuing in neat, compact pamphlet form Dr. Brann's excellent treatise on the “land question” which appeared in the *Catholic World* for March. We hope this new, cheap form will procure for the article an extended circulation among the people of the country, and thus spread the light of truth upon the evils of a too popular and dangerous phase of socialism.

FOR THE OLD LAND. By the Late Charles Kickham. New York: Ford's National Library, 17 Barclay St. 1887.

SALLY CAVANAGH, or, The Untenanted Graves. By the Late Charles Kickham—with poems and sketch of his life. Same publishers.

These volumes form respectively Nos. 5 and 6 of Ford's National Library, a series of cheap publications at 25 cents each. The stories mentioned are the most popular of the lamented Irish patriot, poet and novelist. In the world of literature Kickham holds a prominent place, though his completed novels are confined to three, two of which are those mentioned above. In the portrayal of his characters, he reveals a spirit of Irish nationality and a knowledge of the true character of the Irish people, and places his pen-pictures in striking contrast with the caricatures drawn by other writers.

PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS, With Reflections for Every Day in the Year. Edited by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D. New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1887. Price, \$2.00.

This new edition of the “Lives of the Saints” will commend itself to every Christian reader, on account both of its intrinsic and extrinsic value. It is compiled from the larger work of Butler, as well as from other approved sources, and it presents in a concise form, such as to attract and retain the attention, the lives of the great servants of God upon earth whose career affords examples for imitation in every rank and condition of life. Additional value is imparted to the work by the insertion of the lives of the American saints—recently placed on the Calendar for the United States by special petition of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore—and also the lives of the saints canonized in 1881 by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. The enterprising publishers deserve great credit for making it one of the most attractive works issued for such a low price. It is embellished with nearly 400 illustrations, including a beautiful frontispiece of the Holy Family; a full-page picture of St. Patrick, made expressly for this work, and two other

full-page engravings, making an illustration for almost every life. The volume is 8vo in size, 538 pages, elegantly bound in rich ink and gold side.

—*The Art Amateur* for March adds to the brilliant reputation of the magazine for artistic colored studies by giving a beautiful plate of “Blue Titmice” flitting gayly through the air or perched on blossoming cherry boughs. Other notable features are an admirable double-page design of Chinese primroses; a charming female head with ivy wreath, by Ellen Welby; china painting designs for a panel (female figure), a lamp vase (pitcher plant) and a fruit plate (pears); a design of daisies for a glove box in repoussé brass; several designs for altar frontals and secular needlework, including a striking *portière*; attractive motives for fan and lamp shade decoration; a page of outline figure sketches by Edith Scannell, and a page of monograms in N. Among the practical topics treated are flower painting, portraiture in oils, china painting, and needlework, and there is a particularly valuable article on the construction and arrangement of “The Provincial Art Gallery.” Excellent illustrated notices are given of the A. T. Stewart collection, to be sold in March, and the Robert Graves collection, sold in February. The Water Color and Etching Exhibitions are reviewed, and there is a great variety of interesting and instructive miscellaneous art reading.

—Mr. Appleton Morgan opens the March number of *The Popular Science Monthly* with a discussion of the question, “Are Railroads Public Enemies?” which is of timely interest in connection with the passage of the Interstate Commerce Bill; as it touches upon several of the points which are covered by that measure. “A Mount Washington Sandwort,” by Grant Allen, presents the thoughts suggested by a little Arctic plant which the writer picked near the top of “Jacob's Ladder,” on the Mount Washington Railway, leading him to a consideration of the extent and meaning of the glacial action that planted it there, so far away from the rest of its species. Professor Lucy M. Hall, of Vassar College, in “Higher Education of Women and the Family,” publishes facts that have come within her own observation, which seem to contradict the objections that have been made, on physiological grounds, to subjecting women to collegiate training and discipline. Persons who desire to begin the study of natural history will learn much and find their introduction to the practical work of the science greatly facilitated by reading Mr. J. S. Kingsley's “How a Naturalist is Trained.” Mr. Frederic G. Mather contributes an illustrated article of curious interest on “Celebrated Clocks,” describing several of very ingenious construction. The present number of the *Monthly* as is fitting, takes the shape, to a considerable extent, of a memorial number to Professor E. L. Youmans, its late senior editor, who died on the 18th of January last. A steel-plate portrait of Professor Youmans, presenting a vivid likeness, is accompanied by a sketch of his life by his sister, who was his companion and assistant in his earlier studies.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 12, 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.

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

—Correspondents and exchanges will please take notice that our address is "Notre Dame, Ind." Annoyance will be spared the genial Postmasters, and delays, perhaps loss, avoided by the omission of the superfluous "South Bend" in addressing all mail matter intended for Notre Dame.

—We may learn much from the errors of men placed in situations similar to those in which we now stand; so, also, knowing the faults we have committed, we may acquire many useful cautions against them, which, if we will but remember, will prevent our being again guilty of the same vices. This is in the nature of Providence, which evidently intended that man should be guided chiefly by experience. It is by observing what we see transpiring about us, or from what we suffer in our own person, that we are enabled to form maxims for the conduct of life. The more thoroughly, then, we attend to our principles, and the more maxims we form, the better qualified shall we become to attain moral perfection.

As regards our understanding, it is of great importance to note the errors into which we may have fallen, either by its natural defects or by negligence; for, errors like these are common to men of

the highest genius and most profound erudition as well as to the weak and illiterate. But strong minds may at length acquire an habitual accuracy if they do but observe their faults and trace them to their causes. Men of feeble minds cannot, by knowing their faults, raise themselves to the rank of genius; but by this knowledge they may improve their understanding and so learn their own powers as seldom to attempt that which is beyond their strength. This will enable them to become useful members of society; and though they may never dazzle by their abilities, they will be spared the ridicule which is the lot of the vain.

The Congregation of the Holy Cross in Austin, Texas.*

Austin well deserves the *soubriquet* of the "Hill City of the South," given it by local scribes. Rome boasted her seven hills: Austin has thrice that number, and some of them pretty steep hills, too. The sharply undulating grades recall to mind the extensive underpinning in Washington some years ago, under the Shephard *régime*, when two-story houses became four-story houses, and three-story houses stretched to five stories by adding to the bottom instead of the top, somewhat after Jasper Plowman's method of building a chimney, "holding up one brick and putting another under it." There are many fine public buildings, chief among them the grand new Capitol, now in course of erection, the Court House, St. Mary's Academy for young ladies, St. Mary's Church and the Driskill Hotel—the latter just opened, and said to be one of the finest hotels in the South. In the suburbs are the State University, the Tillotson Collegiate Institute (for colored people), St. Edward's College, the Institute for the Blind, Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, etc.

The only Catholic place of worship in Austin at present is St. Mary's Church, or, to give it its full title, "St. Mary's of the Immaculate Conception." It is pure Gothic in style, built of stone, and the finest church edifice in the city. Like most of the prominent buildings here, the position it occupies is high and conspicuous, near the Capitol, the Court House and the Land Office. The building is about 150 x 60, and eighty-five feet to the ridge of the roof. The two steeples, not yet completed, will be respectively 175 and 100 feet high. The building will seat 1,000 persons. The interior is lighted by twenty-four large windows of plain

* An extract from a long and interesting article which appeared in the *Catholic Review*, March 12. The paper is well worth perusal in its entirety, but our limited space will permit us to insert only what is of more than ordinary interest to all at Notre Dame. The names mentioned, as well as the one "who was Vice-President of one of our Catholic universities," are well known here, and anything that concerns them is sure to possess a particular interest. We think we do not mistake in saying that the writer is one who did long, honorable and efficient service on the SCHOLASTIC Staff, and we hope the delights of the balmy southern clime will not cause him to forget the old college paper.

stained-glass—twelve on each side—besides which there are over the sanctuary and side-altars five stained-glass windows of the highest artistic design and coloring, from the celebrated manufactory of the Carmelite nuns at Le Mans, France, and a very large rose window in the front of the building. . . .

The new St. Mary's Church was begun in 1874, by the Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., and finished by the present Rector, the Rev. Peter Lauth, C. S. C., who had it ready for occupancy on the 23d of April, 1883. The Catholics of Austin can, and do, take a just pride in their splendid church, and there can be no doubt that they will second their worthy pastor's efforts to finish the work at an early day.

Next to the church, and of similar material, stone, is a large, two-story building for the use of the male parish schools. These are in charge of Brothers of the Holy Cross, from Notre Dame, Indiana. There are 120 pupils. The semi-annual examination, which I had the pleasure of attending a few days ago, spoke well for the zeal and efficiency of the teachers. The girls of the parish are taught by Sisters of the Holy Cross from St. Mary's Academy, near by.

The Catholic population of Austin is at present about 1,000 souls. Out of this number the Rev. Father Lauth has organized several associations, to accommodate the requirements of his parishioners. These are: the Living Rosary Sodality, with 150 members; the Catholic Knights of America, 37 members; the Children of Mary, for young ladies, 75 members; the St. Joseph's Sodality for young men, 40 members; and the Parochial Library Association, which might serve as a model for parishes that sorely need something of the kind.

St. Mary's Academy and grounds occupy an entire square on the choicest and most commanding site in the city, the one formerly selected for the residence of the President of the Republic of Texas. The building, 130 x 60, is four stories high, massive and imposing, and of a pleasing architectural design. The building material is a white limestone that contrasts finely with the surroundings and makes the Academy the most conspicuous landmark in the city until the neighboring State-house is completed. The Academy building, independent of the ground (valued at \$15,000), costs \$60,000. There are 220 pupils in attendance, 75 of whom are boarders.

The old St. Mary's Church, in which Rev. Father Lauth and his assistant celebrated Mass until the completion of the new one, is still standing at the corner of Ash and Brazos streets. It was built in 1853—a primitive age for the Austin of to-day—and is a very primitive-looking structure, indeed. It is of stone, 43 x 25, with 12 feet of a recess for the altar. A large black cross in the organ-loft bears testimony of a mission given in 1859. The building is now used as an assembly room by the Parochial Library Association and the Catholic Knights of America. . . .

I said the Catholic visitor would be pleased with what we have seen in Austin. But this is not all. While the Legislature has been lavish in the en-

dowment of public schools and a State university—the latter alone has been given 40 acres in the city for its site, and 50 leagues of State land elsewhere for its support—the interests of Catholic higher education have not been overlooked. St. Mary's Academy is without a rival, and has won the admiration of non-Catholics as well as Catholics for the soundness of its mental and moral training. For Catholic young men a beginning at least has been made. Beyond the Colorado, directly opposite the State Capitol and about three miles south of the city, beautifully located in a live-oak grove on an elevated plateau overlooking Austin and the Valley of the Colorado, is

ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE,

an offshoot of the University of Notre Dame, Ind. and conducted upon the same general principles. Founded in 1881, and chartered by the State Legislature in 1885 with power to confer the usual degrees, St. Edward's has had to overcome the usual difficulties, to literally fight for its life, while competing with the richly-endowed institutions that surround it. The young college has so far held its own, and under the able management of the Rev. P. Hurth, C. S. C., it promises to do a great deal more in the not very distant future. Its course of instruction embraces all the branches of a thorough classical and commercial course, with modern languages, music, phonography and telegraphy as optional studies. The faculty at present consists of only six persons, but the President is a host in himself, both as a manager and teacher, and has won the esteem of all with whom he has come in contact, no matter what might be their religious belief.

The site of the college was admirably chosen. Both in regard to beauty and health it is one of the best in the South. Austin and San Antonio are already becoming famous as health resorts for pulmonary trouble, hay fever, and the humid form of asthma, and the table-land on which St. Edward's is located is the highest and airiest in the populous districts of Texas. It is about 400 feet above the level of the Colorado, nearly as high as Mount Bonnell, the highest point in this section of the country. With such a location, surrounded by spacious grounds, fruit orchards, etc., the future of the college should be reasonably sure. The "Northers" have full sweep here, it is true, but the best medical authorities claim that these, although unpleasant, are a God-send to the country, as they still further purify the atmosphere. The "Northers" last but a day or two at a time. Strictly speaking, there is no winter at Austin. An occasional Northern wave along the Rocky Mountain range brings a touch of frost during the month of January, but during the greater part of that month the air is as warm and balmy as it is in New York in May and June. . . .

The priests, so far as I have seen, are zealous and learned, and it is not uncommon for a missionary to preach in English, Spanish and German at one or several of his stations. Not long ago a priest of my acquaintance, well-known in literary circles,

and formerly Vice-President of one of our Catholic universities, having preached in German and English at the same place, was complimented by a German lady of culture as a good preacher in the mother tongue, but she said Father John was much more eloquent in English than in German. The priest is, I believe, a native of the Emerald Isle, and he preaches and hears confessions in Spanish also when the occasion requires it. I cite his case as one from among many that have come to my knowledge in Texas.

B. S.

Personal.

—Thos. F. Callaghan (Law), '85, has already secured an excellent practice in Cleveland.

—M. O. Burns (Law), '86, has been appointed deputy clerk of the court of Common Pleas, Dayton, O.

—Wm. F. Koudelka (Law), '86, is meeting with pronounced and gratifying success in the practice of his profession in Cleveland.

—Rev. T. L. Vagnier, C. S. C., '60, Rector of St. Michael's Church, Leo, Ind., was among the welcome visitors during the week.

—Prof. Hoynes' tariff articles are attracting much attention, and arrangements have been perfected to place them in the hands of every workingman in this congressional district.—*Ft. Wayne Gazette*.

—Charles E. Cavanagh, an old student of Notre Dame, now an enterprising citizen of Philadelphia, sends kind regards to old friends. He is engaged in a successful business, and entertains a warm affection for *Alma Mater*.

—Daniel Waldron, of '54, is a leading physician at Campbell, Florida. A letter recently received from him expresses his kind remembrances of *Alma Mater*, and greetings to its venerable President of olden times and the Fathers still among the living.

—Mr. Denis Sheedy, of Denver, Col., paid a pleasant visit to the College yesterday (Friday). He expressed himself most agreeably surprised with the beauty and magnitude of all he saw. He entered his ward—Master A. Daniels—as a student in the University.

—John H. Conlon (Law), '86, was elected in November last to the position of Justice of the Peace in Ashtabula, O., and last Tuesday he was appointed Police Justice by the Mayor and Common Council of the same place. His annual income from the two offices ought to be from \$1,500 to \$2,000. Mr. Conlon's success is evidently assured.

—Robert Pinkerton (Com'l), '65, of New York, accompanied by his sister, paid a pleasant, though brief visit to Notre Dame on Wednesday last. He was agreeably surprised to see the wonderful growth and development of the University since his departure, more than twenty years ago, and regretted that he could not make a longer stay. Mr. Pinkerton met a number of old friends, all of whom

were pleased to greet him, and hope that he will again visit the old place soon, when time will permit of a more extended visit.

—Very Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D. D., '52, of Stratford, Ont., passed a few days at the College during the week. Dr. Kilroy was associated for many years with the early history of Notre Dame, both as student and professor, and all the old feelings of affection for *Alma Mater* and interest in her progress remain as warm and lively as ever. Though Notre Dame has grown and changed exteriorly since those early days, yet the heart remains the same, and he is always assured of a cordial welcome and greeting as often as he is able to leave for a time the cares of his large Canadian congregation, and visit amongst us.

—Among the visitors during the week were: Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Ewing, Miss Mary Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio; Mrs. John Blaine, New York; Mrs. P. Coghlin, Toledo, Ohio; Dr. B. W. Sweetland, Buffalo, N. Y.; A. Beal, Laporte, Ind.; Mrs. M. J. Cooney and daughter, Mrs. B. F. Wade and daughter, Toledo, Ohio; Emmons Blaine, Walker Blaine, F. H. Kidder, Mrs. J. Conners, Chicago, Ill.; J. W. Kimmel, Waynesburg, Ohio; Mrs. Joseph Rosenhopt, La Salle, Ill.; B. R. Sherman, White Sulphur Springs, Montana; Mrs. A. Buer, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. L. D. Silver, Miss Edith Silver, Denver, Col.; Miss Maggie Kiely, Lamartine, O.

—We are gratified to learn that Mr. Wm. Hoynes has been called to the high position of Professor of Law in the University of Notre Dame, one of the oldest and most prosperous institutions of learning in the United States. Twenty years ago Will Hoynes was a mere boy, engaged in a printing office in learning the trade of printer, and he has fought his way up alone and unaided. He was managing editor of a prominent newspaper in Chicago when the writer was proof-reader on the same, and our acquaintance soon ripened into intimate friendship. We congratulate Mr. Hoynes on his success, and the University on securing the services of a scholarly, honorable gentleman.—*Monroe (La.) Bulletin*.

Local Items.

—The target survived.

—Navigation has opened.

—"Beware of the ides of March."

—Next Thursday is St. Patrick's Day.

—The robins and blue birds have returned.

—The first jolly pipe of the robin has been heard.

—The croaking of the festive frog was heard on Wednesday.

—It is expected that the Band will be heard at its best on St. Patrick's Day.

—Charley has not yet recovered from his surprise at hitting the bull's eye last Thursday.

—The new Interstate Commerce Bill possesses a peculiar interest for parties in this vicinity.

—The lower lake was free from ice on Wednesday; the upper lake cleared yesterday afternoon.

—The bald-headed eagle, Southron Volunteer, still holds court in one of the halls of the College of Science.

—As the tulips are now commencing to grow in St. Edward's Park, care should be taken not to walk on the flower beds.

—The Columbians are actively engaged in the work of preparation for their entertainment on the afternoon of next Thursday.

—All the diamonds were occupied last Monday afternoon by our local baseballists. Good practice games were played all around.

—The most cutting, the most poisonous, the most deadly instrument that can be imagined is—the tongue of an uncharitable person.

—The two last "rec" days have been startling exceptions to the ordinary run of "rec" days for the past season—they were fine days.

—The rate of speed at which that rabbit scooted across the field, when he saw that it was B. M. who had the gun, was simply marvellous.

—The librarian of the Lemonnier Library lately purchased a number of valuable books in Chicago. The volumes will be ready for delivery to readers early next week.

—The "era of mud" causes one to have a proper appreciation of cement walks. By the way, it would be well if such walks were laid around the western wing of the main building.

—The Minims express their acknowledgments to Mrs. J. Mooney, Chicago; Mrs. T. Nester, Marquette, Mich., and Mrs. A. Doss, Kansas City, Mo., for kind favors extended in the furnishing of their reading-rooms.

—Rev. Dr. E. B. Kilroy, of Stratford, Ont., Notre Dame's second graduate in course, was a welcome visitor to the College during the week. He has the thanks of the "boys" for the extra "rec" on Monday afternoon.

—The test of one's behavior by its consequences has similarity with the test of a mushroom by its effects—if the latter kills, it was a toadstool, and if the former turns out a "Jonah" *par excellence*, it was a bit of asinine stupidity.

—There will be a grand rally of the Temperance Societies to-morrow (Sunday) evening in Washington Hall. Among the speakers on the occasion will be the Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., well known as a lecturer in the cause.

—There is one thing concerning which there is not the shadow of a doubt—that a B. B. banquet would receive the profound approval of the Seniors generally, and that it would "lop off a limb" of the monotony of these muddy Spring days.

—Instead of going on an excursion, as in former years, the "Circle" formed a theatre party last Saturday, and took in Barrett in South Bend. Everything on this occasion was *à la bonne heure*, excepting one break, and that was the crystallization of concentrated silliness.

—At the sixteenth regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society, held Tuesday evening, March 8, Masters G. Lane, D. Stephens and J. Wilbanks were elected to membership. Essays were read by Masters J. McIntosh, E. Berry, I. Bunker, J. Casey and F. Cobbs.

—*The Scholastic Annual* for 1887, by Prof. J. A. Lyons, of the University of Notre Dame, Ind., has made its 12th appearance, and it is much to say of this latest *Annual* that it is an improvement on its predecessors—so good and clever has this *Annual* been from the outset.—*Boston Pilot*.

—The crypt of the church is now being plastered, and the numerous chapels it contains will soon be ready for the celebration of the Divine Sacrifice. Owing to the skilful direction of our local architect, Brother Charles, whose good taste is shown in every arch and niche, the crypt will be one of the most interesting places to visitors.

—The twentieth regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Wednesday evening, March 9. Master Falter read a well-written criticism on the exercises of the previous meeting. An interesting debate then followed, which was participated in by Masters F. Long, T. Goeble, M. O'Kane, M. Falter, W. McPhee, and W. Clifford.

—Notre Dame University is having a greater degree of prosperity now than ever before, under the efficient management of its genial and popular President, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., assisted by an able corps of experienced educators. The number of students exceeds 400, and every facility is afforded for obtaining a first-class education. No institution takes better care of the health and morals of its pupils, or more pains to develop self-respect and a well-rounded manhood, while the expense is very moderate. The immense buildings cover acres of grounds, and the surroundings are picturesque and beautiful.—*LaPorte Herald-Chronicle*.

—The Director of the Historical Department returns thanks for the following gifts: to Mr. E. Forrester, for Vol. III of "The United States Catholic Intelligencer," published in Boston, 1831-32; to Rev. Father Lang, for a collection of pamphlets; to Master Elmer Berry, for two antique Indian water jugs, made of wicker work, and a pair of child's moccasins; to Mrs. Johns, for stone tomahawk and other Indian implements; to the Editor of the *Ave Maria* for "Home Rule, or the Irish Land Question," by C. Higgins, "The Religious Houses of the United Kingdom," containing a short history of every Order and House, The Catholic Year Book, a Handy History of the Catholic Church in Great Britain, in the year 1886, edited by John Old Castle; to Mr. Joseph Long for gun and bayonet captured at the time of the Fenian Raid; to T. M. Mason, for pistol used during the war of 1812, and bullets found on Southern battle fields; to Mrs. T. O'Neill, for portraits of the Presidents of the United States; to Mr. C. Marsh, for several commissions issued to United States soldiers, and a "Life of General Robert E. Lee."

—Most of the law students now attend three classes a day. The first working hour in the day is given to taking notes on equity jurisprudence; the first in the afternoon, to an examination or quizzing upon subjects already treated in the lectures; and the second, to taking notes on criminal law. At present the lectures deal with equity jurisprudence and criminal law.

—Accessions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.:—Mitre of silver cloth embroidered with pure gold, used by Rt. Rev. Bishop Bazin, presented by Sister Edmond. Stole of white satin, interwoven with arabesques in gold, used for forty years by the great Patriarch of the far Northwest, Most Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet, Archbishop of Oregon, presented by Rev. Father Blanchet. Four German manuscripts in the handwriting of Bishop Baraga, from G. Nester. Document written by Bishop Fitzpatrick, from Mrs. Mary Dwight. Autograph of Bishop Smyth, from John Guthrie. Jewelled gold cloth mitre and crozier used by the first Archbishop of San Francisco, presented by Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan. Pastoral letter of Bishop Loras, from O. Lane. Gold embroidered red silk sandals used by Bishop Flaget, presented by M. Helena. Thirty-nine letters written to Bishop Timon, presented by Rev. Father Leonard. Interesting historical letter written to Archbishop Carroll, in 1809, by the Superior of Stonyhurst College, from a friend. Two photographs of Bishop Quinlan, from C. Brown. *Carte visite* of Bishop Portier; two photographs of Bishop Bacon, from G. Rhodius. Autograph letters of Archbishop Spalding, Archbishop Blanc and Archbishop Perché, from S. Charles. Jewelled casket containing souvenir of Archbishop Ryan, presented by Bro. Hillary, O. S. F. Portrait of the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connell, from his sister-in-law, Mrs. J. O'Connell. Portrait of Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan, presented by Rev. Father Lauth.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Archambeault, Ashton, Aubrey, Beckwith, J. Burke, Becerra, P. Burke, Baca, Barnes, Bush, Barrett, Burns, Brown, Colina, Craig, W. Crowley, Cusack, W. Cartier, G. Cartier, C. Combe, Coady, Cooper, Craft, Cassidy, Dwyer, W. Dorsey, S. Dorsey, Dore, Dreever, Dempsey, Eyanson, Finckh, Ford, Fry,* Gallardo, Gordon, Gibbs, Griffin, Houck, Hiner, Hummer, Hagerty, Judie, Jordan, Jeffis, Kelly, Kreutzer, Kleiber, Kingsworth, Kramer, Kendall, Langan, Lyons, Leonard, Luther, McKeon, J. McDermott, T. McDermott, McErlain, Martineau, McAlister, McGinnis, Mulkern, V. Morrison, McNamara, J. Meagher, L. Meagher, Myers, McNally, Neill, Nelson, Andrew Nicholl, Alfred Nicholl, O'Rourke, O'Regan, O'Connell, O'Kane, L. O'Malley, J. O'Malley, O'Donnell, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, E. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, Paschel, E. Ryan, Rheinberger, Rothert, Rodriguez, Raynor, Regan, Rochford, A. Rudd, Suing, O. Sullivan, Stubbs, Shannon, Smith, Strasser, Triplett, Velasco, Woodman, Woodbridge, Wilson, M. White, Weber, A. Williams, Wagoner, W. Williams, W. White.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Austin, Adams, Anderson, R. Bronson, H. Bronson, Blessington, Badger, Bunker, Bull, W.

Boland, H. Boland, Baca, Burns, Bruce, Braunich, Bunts, Carney, Cavanagh, Clifford, Cobbs, Cooney, Coad, L. Chute, F. Chute, Curtis, Decker, Devine, Dempsey, E. Darragh, T. Darragh, Dunford, Ewing, Fitzharris, Falter, Flood, Fisher, Flynn, Freeman, Galarneau, Goebel, Glenn, Gurtin, Hart, Hoffman, Houlihan, A. Hake, T. Hake, Hannin, Hayes, Hampton, H. Higgins, Handly, Heineman, Howard, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, Joyce, Jacobs, Julian, Johns, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, Kern, Katin, Kellner, Kutsche, Keating, Kinsella, King, Landenwich, Long, Lane, McKenzie, McCart, Mathewson, Mallay, McKendry, Monarch, Macatee, Meehan, Mitchell, McGurk, McGuire, McNulty, McCambridge, McCabe, Nations, Ormond, O'Brien, Oxnard, M. O'Kane, O'Shea, O'Hearn, Pfau, C. Paquette, L. Paquette, Preston, Quealey, Roper, Reynolds, Rosenthal, Rea, Sweet, J. Stephens, B. Stephens, Steele, F. Smith, M. Smith, Schloss, Sullivan, Taliaferro, Tarrant, Tivnen, Vhay, Warner, H. White, L. White, Welch, Weldon, Wageman, Wilkin, Weimer.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Boyd, Bloomhuff, Blumenthal, Boettcher, Black, A. Backrack, H. Backrack, S. Backrack, Clendenin, Cohn, Crotty, W. Connor, C. Connor, Cooke, J. Conners, E. Conners, Doss, Davidson, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, Dahler, Foote, T. Falvey, E. Falvey, G. Franche, C. Franche, Gale, Grant, Garber, Griffin, Graham, Goldmann, Garrabant, H. Huiskamp, J. Huiskamp, Haney, Hillas, Jewett, Kutsche, Keefe, Koester, Kane, Klaner, Kerwin, Kraber, Kinsella, Löwenstein, Lane, Lewin, McIntosh, McDonnell, Martin, C. Mooney, H. Mooney, Mahon, L. Mayer, Munro, G. Mayer, McPhee, Mason, A. Morgenweck, Mainzer, Nester, O'Mara, O'Neill, O'Donnell, Paul, Priestly, Quill, Riordan, Rowsey, Savage, Sweet, Stone, Silver, A. Sullivan, J. Sullivan, F. Sullivan, F. Toolen, F. Toolen, Tompkins, Triplett, Taft, W. Williamson, Weckler, Witkowsky.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Class Honors.

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

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

J. Kleiber, C. Neill, C. Rheinberger, J. Wagoner, C. Stubbs, A. Larkin, G. Craig, P. Brownson, J. Gallardo, P. Burke, J. Cusack, A. Finch, G. Houck, C. Hagerty, F. Baca, W. Cartier, C. Combe, M. Mulkern, G. Crilly, S. Craft, A. Cooper, V. Morrison, W. O'Connell, D. Lat-haw, J. Meagher, E. Dwyer, S. Dorsey, J. McDermott, E. Adelsperger, M. Falter, E. Ewing, T. Goebel, L. Chute, C. West, W. Henry, W. McPhee, J. Fisher, G. Myers, W. Morrison, F. Long.

List of Excellence.

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

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—E. Dwyer; Logic—C. Rheinberger; Latin—J. Wagoner, P. Brownson, E. Ewing, T. Goebel, C. Neill; Civil Engineering—H. Rothert; Calculus—C. Hagerty; Surveying—V. Morrison, C. Neill, C. Hagerty; Trigonometry—F. Long, J. Cusack; Geometry—M. Falter, C. Eyanson, M. Dore, E. Adelsperger; Algebra—W. McPhee, C. Neill; Criticism—C. Neill; American Literature—M. Falter; Composition—W. Clifford, F. Kreutzer, O. Sullivan; Ancient History—C. West; Geology—M. Mulkern, C. Hagerty; Botany—T. Goebel; Mechanics—H. Rothert; Zoology—M. Falter; Greek—J. Wagoner, J. Kleiber, P. Brownson, C. Stubbs, J. Burns; Penmanship—M. Clifford.

[NOTE.—Reports from other classes were not returned in time for publication.]

Saint Mary's Academy.

Mother Angela.

AT REST—MARCH 4, 1887.

Spouse of the Cross! in holy Passiontide,
Thro' Death's bright portals to thy Bridegroom led,—
On that sweet day the Cross once sanctified,
The Crucified prepared thy nuptial-bed.

Eternal light and peace be thine therein.
By name and nature to the Angels kin!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

—MOTHER ANGELA is dead, but not forgotten; generations and generations will remember the precious soul all over the land. But in her beloved Congregation of the Holy Cross, and especially here at St. Mary's, she will live forever. To-day, just one week after her parting with us for a better life, for a just reward of her heroic labors, everything moves, as though she were still directing all; everyone following, with increased love, the admirable order she had established for the benefit of all. Not a single inmate of St. Mary's would wilfully transgress a rule, or hold indifferently a recommendation, personal or general, coming from such a venerated and loved authority. The discipline she has established in every department never appeared more beautiful and more harmonious; indeed, it never was carried out with greater love. She is gone, but she is present to our minds and hearts everywhere; not only when we look at the beautiful buildings of St. Mary's Academy, which she planned and sketched herself, but in every direction we turn our eyes; for we find everywhere the work of her genius, the endless proof of her love for her Congregation and for all the dear young souls—as she called them—Divine Providence would bring to her motherly care. She is gone, but she shows herself to each and to all with every step, every move and every thought.

—On Thursday, at 1 o'clock a. m., the pure soul of SISTER MARY OF ST. LIOBA (Miss Mary Fleming) passed away from earth. Deceased was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1850. In 1873 she left her native land and came to St. Mary's to consecrate her life to the service of God in religion. She received her education from the Presentation nuns of her native city, and brought with her from over the ocean fine artistic powers and culture, which she had employed from her first arrival in this country, up to the opening of October last, with the most ardent zeal for the advantage of the Art Department at St. Mary's. Her labors have been ceaseless and untiring; but with too great confidence in her powers of endurance, she overtaxed her strength, till last summer, consumption claimed her as a victim, and the dear artist who painted, with so much love, the beautiful Stations of the Way of the Cross for the new church will never

see them in their destined place. The warmest condolence is tendered to her widowed mother, to her brother and sister in Ireland, and also to her beloved sister in the community:

Mother Mary of St. Angela.

On the morning of Friday, March 4, at about eleven o'clock, the startling intelligence, "MOTHER ANGELA is dead," was whispered from bloodless lips through the halls of the Academy, and hearts stood still in their pain and anguish, unwilling to accept the unlooked-for and bitter tidings. It was, however, too true; and from the class-room windows the sad spectacle was to be seen of the venerable mother of the deceased—Mrs. M. M. Phelan—tenderly carried, so to speak, towards the Sisters' Infirmary; and swift messages constantly reiterating the fact, in a few moments proved that no one could question the unwelcomed certainty.

In his circular letter Father General says:

"MOTHER ANGELA, it is true, was ill for more than a month; but we were all confidently looking for her prompt and full recovery. Her death this forenoon was a shock to all, and especially to myself, who had visited her scarcely an hour and a half before she breathed her last. I coincide with the Doctor in assigning this melancholy event to heart disease, brought on, probably, by the death of Sister M. Lioba, whom she loved so tenderly, and whose funeral procession passed under her windows four hours before."

Every student of history and biography is well aware that God, in His infinite designs, never decrees a work for the amelioration or advantage of the human race without fitting to that work persons and conditions to worthily carry it forward. That MOTHER MARY OF ST. ANGELA was evidently chosen by God to execute a most important and enduring enterprise for the education of youth and the salvation of souls, no one acquainted with her history, or that of her community, will pretend to deny. No one who has been in the least degree familiar with the foundation and the vicissitudes, with the struggles and the triumphs of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in America can doubt the nature of her mission.

Once more, permit us to quote from the above-named circular, written by one who, better than anyone living, knows the extent of her labors, the depths of her sacrifices, and her real merits:

..... If anyone among our best deceased members ever was entitled to our most fervent prayers, our dear MOTHER ANGELA most evidently stands among the first. St. Mary's is her work, above all, with God's blessing; and the same may apply to all its dependencies. But while we enjoy the admirable and tangible benefits of her unceasing devotedness, let us all prove our appreciation of the same, and try to imitate such a noble example of self-sacrifice for God's glory and the love of the Congregation."

Eliza Maria Gillespie was the eldest daughter of John P. and Mary Myers Gillespie, and was born Feb. 21, 1824, in Brownsville, Pennsylvania. Her parents were remarkable for their deep piety and lively faith which were inherited in their fullest extent by their children. Mr. Gillespie died when the three children—Eliza Maria, Mary (now Mrs. P. B. Ewing), and Neal Henry (the late Rev. Father Gillespie, C. S. C., of Notre Dame)—

were quite young, and with their mother the family removed to Lancaster, Ohio. Soon after, the subject of our little sketch was placed at school with the Dominican Sisters at Somerset, Perry Co., Ohio, and some years after she was sent to Georgetown Convent where, with the Visitandines, the young Miss Gillespie became a great favorite; on account of her talents and brilliant qualities. In time she finished her studies, bearing off the highest honors in the gift of that Institution.

Tenderness for the sick and the afflicted seemed to be an inborn trait with the little Eliza Maria, and as years advanced, it developed in a marked degree. When the news of the famine in Ireland reached her ears, she resorted to many expedients, which to a less feeling heart would have never suggested themselves; but she succeeded in collecting no mean sum of money to forward to the sufferers, through the agency of her needle and her pen—that is to say, by tapestry work, and by a magazine story—the joint work of our young philanthropist and Miss Ellen Ewing, now the wife of General Sherman.

When, in 1849, the Asiatic cholera broke out everywhere in the United States, bearing terror and dread to every heart, far from shrinking at its approach, Miss Gillespie did not hesitate to attend and nurse the sick and dying who had been deserted out of fear of the fatal disease. We see how early the beautiful germs of Christian charity, which were in future years to expand, to blossom and bear fruit, gave evidence of their vigorous existence. Later on, we shall not be surprised to find the intrepidity, steadfastness, and unwavering confidence in God which were necessary to the accomplishment of the sublime work assigned to her.

The year eighteen hundred and fifty-three marked the date of her entrance into the Congregation of Holy Cross, and thenceforward she was known by the name now so familiar to the religious and educational world—"MOTHER ANGELA." Directly after her reception of the holy habit, which was on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, 1853, she sailed for Europe, made her Novitiate in France, and on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the same year took the vows of Religious Profession at the hands of Very Rev. Father Moreau, the Founder of the Congregation of Holy Cross. In January, 1855, she returned to America and was made Superior of the Academy of St. Mary's, Bertrand, Michigan. This school, which had been doing good service for eight years, now took a decided step in advance. In the following summer, the Sisters were transferred from Bertrand to the present site of St. Mary's, and the Academy was chartered; the foundation of the present Conservatory of Music was laid, the Art Department was fairly started; in fact, the future of St. Mary's was established on a firm foundation, and all chiefly owing to the liberal, intelligent and indefatigable exertions, to the executive ability, to the quick comprehension and tact to make the best use of circumstances, and last, though not least of all, to the deep and lively faith of the departed religious. Foundations soon were established by her in vari-

ous parts of the Union, so that there is no exaggeration in saying at the present time that her influence is felt from ocean to ocean, from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, in the schools which have been established by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and through the method of education adopted and perfected under her wise superintendence. The best minds of the day recognized the fact that MOTHER ANGELA's enterprise was in the right direction, and they reposed the greatest confidence in her judgment and opinions.

The public is already familiar with the history of MOTHER ANGELA's heroic conduct during the late civil war, when she took her band of devoted Sisters into the midst of the carnage and desolation of the border States when the fierce contest was at its height—not to well-furnished and handsomely located hospitals, but more than once to ill-provided buildings, where, in order to prepare food for the sick, the Sisters were obliged to rise early and cook their gruel for fourteen hundred patients before the "roll call," summoning to battle those among the convalescent who were able to bear arms. A volume could be filled with the most interesting details of those years. The toils, the suspense, the incredible privations were warmly welcome to those generous hearts, not alone for the physical succor rendered to the poor soldiers, but because of their better reward, the salvation of unnumbered souls who received the grace of baptism at the dying hour from the Sisters in attendance. The story of the remaining years is told in the progress and renown of St. Mary's Academy and the development of the religious community.

In Memoriam.

Lovingly inscribed to MRS. M. M. PIELAN as an humble tribute from the Community, which, with her, has sustained an irreparable loss.

I.

What could a Christian mother find,
In memory's fadeless garland twined,
More beautiful to crown and bless
Her deep maternal tenderness
Than the high record, sealed to-day,
Where change and blight cannot betray
The record to God's Heart so dear,
Of thy loved daughter's grand career?

II.

God gave thy child. Thy love so broad
Returned the priceless gift to God.
He who in love was ne'er outdone,
What favors to thy *treasured one*
Hath He in full reward not given
For years on earth, and now in Heaven?
A conqueror in celestial strife,
What could be nobler than her life?

III.

Not like the fragile flower that dies
With one sweet offering to the skies;
Not like the crystal drop of dew
A moment glassing heaven's own blue
Was Mother Angela's surrender

Of youth's high hopes, in all their splendor.
Nay! her oblation was *lifelong*;
Enduring, steadfast, firm and strong.

IV.

Faith spread her heavenly claims to view;
The harvest white, the laborers few;
Souls born for Heaven, yet with no guide
To lead them to the Crucified.
Her ardent heart, her fearless hand
Could not delay. 'Twas God's command—
That view before her—'Twas His call
To her to follow—to leave all.

V.

And joyously did she respond,
This life she saw—she saw beyond;
She felt the value of each soul
Which God might trust to her control;
Each, in her charge, was given to save;
And for their rescue, who more brave?
The number that she would include—
Its measure was infinitude.

VI.

What could a Christian mother ask
More blissful than thine earthly task?
Scarce thirteen years have passed, since thou
Didst press another pallid brow,
That of thy loved, thine only son,
Who-e earthly course that day was run.
With sacred stole crossed on his breast,
Father Gillespie went to rest.

VII.

Ah! in the arms of Holy Cross,
Shall time's brief partings be named loss?
Shall they who win Faith's fairest crown,
Hope's guerdon, Charity's renown
Be coveted celestial cheer,
Because they leave the earth so drear?
Not so! A few more years at best,
And with the loved we too shall rest.

ST. MARY'S, March 9, 1887.

The Funeral.

On Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, the sad hour had arrived when the mortal remains of MOTHER ANGELA, the beloved Superior, who for thirty-four years, almost without intermission, had impelled, guided and controlled the life of St. Mary's, was to be borne forth forever from its halls, and to be laid to rest in its consecrated grounds.

The relatives of the deceased religious who were present were, her aged mother, Mrs. M. M. Phelan; her sister, Mrs. P. B. Ewing; Hon. P. B. Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio; Sr. Mary Agnes, Miss Mary R. Ewing, Miss Philomene Ewing, Mr. Jno. G. Ewing, Mr. N. H. Ewing, Mr. Edward S. Ewing, Mrs. Col. Steele, Miss Marie Steele, Miss Florence Steele, Mr. Charles Steele, Master Sherman Steele, Mrs. John Blaine, Miss Louise Blaine, Miss Ella Blaine, Mr. Walker Blaine, Mr. Emmons Blaine. Among the numerous friends in attendance at the funeral were: Justice Daniel Scully, Col. W. P. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. P. Cavanagh, Mr. and Mrs.

Alexander Sullivan, Miss Angela Dillon, Miss Eddy, Chicago; Mr. Jacob Wile, Mr. F. Wile, Mr. George Beale, Laporte, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Tong, Mr. and Mrs. Stanfield, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. H. Stanfield; Mr. Dunn, Mr. Baker, Dr. Cassidy, Dr. Calvert; Mrs. Lintner, Mrs. Birdsell, South Bend, Ind.; Miss C. Gavan, Lafayette, Ind.; Mr. Shephard, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Atkinson, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Coughlin, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. L. Gregori, Miss F. Gregori, Prof. James Edwards, Prof. W. Hoynes, Notre Dame, Ind.

Solemn *Requiem* Mass was sung by the Rev. Father L'Etourneau, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Spillard and Zahm as deacon and subdeacon, Rev. Father Regan acting Master of Ceremonies. There were present in the sanctuary: Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, D. D., Very Rev. Father General Sorin, Very Rev. Father Granger, Very Rev. Father Kilroy, D. D., Very Rev. Father Corby, Rev. Fathers Walsh, O'Connell, Hudson, Shortis, and Saulnier.

Never did the plaintive sound of the solemn Gregorian chant appeal more thrillingly to the heart than when, in tones tremulous with grief, it floated on the air with its sacred utterances and mingled with the sobs of the mourners, lingering lovingly around the bier of her who had ever deeply prized its celestial grandeur, and who had so warmly advocated its holy claims.

When the Mass was ended, Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour ascended the altar and delivered an eloquent and touching

SERMON.

We greatly regret we cannot reproduce the words of the eminent prelate as they fell from his lips, but the following imperfect summary may, perhaps, serve to give some idea of the instructive discourse and tribute to the departed:

When we look into the mysteries of life and seek to examine the ways of God in His wonderful and inscrutable designs, we find everything resolved and rounded into a wonderful harmony, not only in the physical, but also in the moral order. Everything indicates purpose, not only in its general arrangement, but also in the details of individual life. In the creation there is found general harmony—everything properly fitting in, and working out its end and destiny. In the moral law there is found unity in the general directions of God—a balancing of powers, arranging and adjusting the different claims and duties of life. In the segregation of individuals, there is found a fitness and adaptation in the selections that are made; each fitted, not only by nature, but aided and directed by God's over-shadowing hand. Thus, we have some placed in high and responsible positions; we find some entrusted with hidden responsibilities; yet each one in his place; each one, in the designs of God, filling up, like the tints, the light and shades in a painting, and harmonizing the general whole. Whether it be the desert flower that buds and blooms unseen by any but the eye of God, or whether it be the more gorgeous blossom placed upon the pedestal for the admiring gaze of men,

it is still the same in the general, harmonious workings. Men are selected for important positions, with the responsibility of guiding and directing. Women are selected in their sphere for like responsibilities; each one in God's providence; each one in God's ways. . . . In the Christian dispensation there are high and exacting demands. It is not a small thing to be a Christian; it is not a small thing to take the Law of God in your hands and to guide your lives and actions by its light! Those ten great fundamental Commandments—that say to each one “serve God, serve your neighbor, serve yourself!”—as subdivided in their different heads, are by no means light or transient obligations. It is a difficult thing for men to be true to themselves. It is an equally difficult thing to be true to their fellow-men; how far more difficult to be true to their obligations to God!

Consider what life is; consider the end of man: “I am created for one single object—to serve God, and Him alone.” All else is subordinate to this: selfishness, human ambitions, thirst for power, must yield and bend to this single aim—“I am for God.” It is *much, indeed*, and great to ask, yet God did not ask, nor does He exact this without a right. When we consider what we are, whence we came, and for what we are destined, we shall easily see why God makes this demand. Yesterday, I was not; but, by the power of God, I am to-day; not an irrational creature; not one deprived of exalted capabilities, on the contrary, one gifted with the highest powers—with intelligence, with the knowledge of God, with noble aspirations from on high. Powers as they came from the hand of God with His directive word: *Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.* See what the natural life of man is, and then see what it is to be a Christian, a follower of Jesus Christ: *If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me.* These are His words, apparently a very hard, austere command. If you will come, there is offered nothing but the cross. If you look at life as it is, with all its turmoils, its anxieties, its heart-sores and heart-burnings, is it not a universal cross? *If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross.* Here is the alternative. Were there nothing in the Christian life beyond what is presented to us in its outward forms, there would be in it very little to attract men to its service. . . .

And mark what it is in the life of the Religious. “I vow Poverty, Chastity, Obedience.” These are the words that convey the significance of the religious life; and the other, not uttered, yet comprehended and accepted, thought—I give all there is of mind and body, soul and powers, intelligence, my entire being to God. I separate myself from all right of possession; I bid adieu to friends, relations, associations, and all my past, no matter how dear, and bright, and fair it may have been. I bid adieu to all that human love craves and enjoys; I separate myself from all; I go alone, as it were, into a foreign land, trusting solely to the call of God. I consecrate all the powers of my body to God and separate myself from the comforts and luxuries of life. It

is no small thing for us to give up its pleasures, but I devote myself solely, entirely, unstintingly, with no holding back. That is much; but if men stop at that, they do not by any means reach the limit, the extent of what God counsels. In the religious life one gives up all the powers of being, all the enjoyments of life, and consecrates to God all that is known as human. . . . But there is still more than that. I vow Obedience—blind, unlimited obedience—and place myself like a machine in the hands of another. I have no further will, no further direction, no further control of myself, but I place myself unreservedly, entirely, wholly, at the disposal of another. That will be thought a great deal. It is, indeed, much; but yet were there not something more, even that would be a very limited sacrifice to God. We can easily give up our wealth, our body, our will. Men do these things daily for but very inferior objects. The soldier gives without stint; he works for nothing; he gives without reserve all that he has, even his will, placing it in the hands of his commander. But something more marks and consecrates the sacrifice of the religious. In her case, a holy cause sanctifies the offering of self. *The religious gives all for God*, holding back nothing; giving without limit, without stint, without alloy. The religious soul sees only God, lives only for Him. It is this motive that ennobles and sanctifies the religious life, and without it, it is mere dross. No matter how fair and glittering the outside may appear; no matter how many beautiful things are attempted or accomplished, when there is merely a human motive, there is no merit in the sight of God. There must be a supernatural motive—something nobler than human ambition; something greater than merely serving our fellow-men in the daily routine of a religious life. We must live in an atmosphere which to the world seems ideal, and of which man can see only the material results. Unless there be something beyond and above this, there is nothing to ennoble the religious life or make it what it should be. It is the thought of God alone which must form the groundwork of our actions. . . .

Is it too much to say that she around whose bier we are gathered to-day is a fair and generous example of what I have outlined so very imperfectly and so succinctly? Fair in her talents and her ambitions with what the world values most, she buries herself—where? In the silence of the religious life, in a corner, in an unseen position! When she came here, some thirty-seven years ago, there was to be found little of that which to-day might, perhaps, attract one seeking the religious life. She came here to labor, to struggle, to wrestle with hardships, to concentrate her exceptional talents and energies upon the one grand object of her life. She came in all fervor, animated solely with zeal for religion—devotion to her cause. And thirty-seven years of unfailing generosity tell the tale of her life. It is difficult to comprehend what has been done in those thirty-seven years. It is not easy to realize what a devotion, an ambition for God such as hers might do. Unseen, unnoticed, unobtrusive the generosity; unfailing, un-

flagging the devotion with which God has been served, and man has been blessed—such is the life of her who lies before us. We see the results of her labors, not merely in the material building she has erected—for that, in itself, is little—but in the moral seed that has been deeply planted here; that has been the salvation of many who have already gone to their reward. And amongst those who are living, how many there are whom she has moulded, attracted, inspired with high and religious ambitions! whom she has directed in the paths of life! How many through her influence have been brought back to God and made generous once more! She has lifted up the weak, and made stronger those who were strong; soothed the wounded, directed all to nobler and higher aims. It would be difficult to find a heart so entirely throbbing for God as hers; a foot so restless and untiring in doing good as hers; a brain so busy in devising works for the welfare of religion and her fellow-men. It is difficult for those who have not known her to realize the extent of her labors. It is not every person who can comprehend the depth of MOTHER ANGELA's devotion to the cause of God. Many have seen it, but few have understood it. . . . For many a long, long day this community will feel the gap that is made to-day by the loss of the one who lies in that narrow, little coffin The kind Father General, in the days that are coming, will find how much he has lost in the generous, assisting hand now cold in death And you, young friends, will feel the loss of a tender and directing parent. . . . It is for us all to pray that God may bless her, as I am convinced He has.

The sobs of the mourning listeners hid much of the beauty and pathos of the concluding words of the speaker, who was himself deeply moved; but it all told how feelingly the hearts of all present echoed his expressions, and how fervently every lip uttered the prayer that the soul of the dear departed might find light and rest and peace.

The star-like lights held in the hands of the Religious, the downcast eyes, the earnest, prayerful faces, each bore its own significance, and all revealed a history beyond the power of words to picture. The final absolution was pronounced by the Rt. Rev. Bishop; and when the holy rites of the Church were over, and the procession, headed by the cross, passed down to the sequestered cemetery, one could hardly help envying the happy lot of her who had gone to repose in the midst of scenes, which she had lived but to spiritualize and exalt in the midst of a land where materialism and sordid aims were paramount. We could but apply the words of Father Faber to her:

"Holy one! Thy good deeds shine,
Above peer or palatine,
Gleaming through the crowded past
With a radiance, calm and chaste,
Like a steady, pensive star,
By itself, and brighter far
Than the sparkling ruddy ring
Round the name of some great king."

And there we left her, not to forgetfulness, but to rekindle her memory, and to cherish her bright example as St. Mary's holiest prize.

Messages and Letters of Condolence.

MOTHER M. AUGUSTA, Superior of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, desires to return her thanks to the many kind friends who have expressed their loving sympathy in this affliction which has befallen the community. Letters and messages of condolence were received from Rt. Rev. Mgr. Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Straniero, Rome, Italy; Rev. E. Hannin, Toledo, Ohio; Rev. A. Granger, Notre Dame, Ind.; Mrs. Gen. W. T. Sherman, New York; Hon. James G. Blaine, Augusta, Maine; Rev. D. A. Clarke, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, Chicago; Mother Annunciata, Ogden, Utah; Mother Charles, Salt Lake City, Utah; Miss Eliza Allen Starr, Chicago; Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, Atlantic City, N. J.; Mrs. Rose Devoto Coffman, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. W. G. Colerick, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. Barth, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Stace, Marshall, Mich.; Misses J. and R. Carroll, Washington, D. C., and others. We give space to the following:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, March 4, 1887.

VERY REV. E. SORIN.

DEAR FRIEND:—I can hardly tell you my deep sorrow at the death of dear MOTHER ANGELA, not only as a personal loss, but as a loss to her community. I also recognize your personal loss in her death, associated as you have been so long in the great work you have conjointly created. Not soon again will the world be blessed with so much that is noble as the words "Mother Angela" contained. Nor is my loss the least in her death. I deeply regret I did not see her ere she died.

In deepest sorrow, I am dear friend, your brother in *Xto*.

✠ R. GILMOUR,
Bp. of Cleveland.

[Cablegram from Mgr. Straniero.]

ROME, March 6, 1887.

PROF. J. F. EDWARDS:

I lament the death of the great Mother Angela, and I will pray for the repose of her soul.

GERMANO STRANIERO.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, March 4, 1887.

JOHN G. EWING:

Your message is a sad one to me. Communicate my deepest sympathy to Aunt Mary and to your Mother.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 5, 1887.

MRS. M. M. PHELAN:

Alexander and Mrs. Sullivan offer you their heart-felt sympathy. Words can convey to you no consolation, nor express their grief.

MRS. ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

NEW YORK, March 4, 1887.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I am deeply pained by the sad news, which came to me first in a dispatch from dear John. It was so sudden that I am shocked, although I have known of her indisposition for some time past. The last news I had of her was that she was better. . . . A true heart lies cold in her dead body. Truly might Miss Starr say: "if you ever find Mother Angela's equal, let me know." Only a poet could write fittingly and worthily of her noble and exalted qualities, her lofty spirit, her loving heart and her life of labor for her God, in whose bosom she is now at rest. Since we were little girls together, I have loved and honored her in my heart of hearts; but her love and constancy and goodness

were like the sunshine and the air—we never appreciated them at their true worth. We have not lost them. As I have just written — his dear godmother will never forget him in heaven. Present my respects and condolences to Father General, who must be grieved.

ELLEN EWING SHERMAN.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, CHICAGO, March 4, 1887.

MY DEAR —:—Your telegram is just received. How can I believe my own eyes? how credit even *your* words? I am dumb with sorrow, and helpless with sickness. To think I cannot go to her even in death; that I cannot kiss her pale cheeks, or press her hands, which I cannot believe *cold* even in death! My heart is torn with the thought of it. Dear Mrs. Pheian, your own dear Mother,—all of you,—and oh! so many, many of her friends, everywhere, besides her sisters and daughters in religion—to mourn her early departure, for her life was still fruitful, still abounding in good works, in generous deeds, in great plans for God's glory. A light has gone out of my own life, never to be re-kindled, and an inspiration, which lay in her alone. When I recall, even in this moment of anguish, all she has done in her day and generation, it seems as if I must bear testimony to it in some way; for her life has been too extraordinary to be summed up in a sentence of praise. As I have said, I am helpless with illness, for I have been *very* ill, and have not thought of leaving the house. But I may be able to send some one to take my place, *represent* me at the side of this honored and beloved friend at her burial. You will, there telegraph to me the day and hour of this sad, sad burial so that I may not fail to do what must satisfy me, since it is all I can do.

Your grateful friend,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

MARSHALL, MICH., March 6, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. PHELAN:

How shall I write to you? What can I say? You are so much higher in spiritual life than I can pretend to be that to say the ordinary common-places to you would be but a mockery. I am weeping with you, and with good cause; if you have lost a noble daughter—one whose name has been heard from North to South, from East to West—I, too, have lost a deeply treasured friend—one whose loss can never be replaced while we remain here below. But *here*, we will not remain *in our hearts*; our treasure is where her treasure is who is gone on before; as she lived to work for God in love divine, that divine love still actuates her, and she still loves "the work of God on earth!" Though our tears fall, in our own despite, we will not grieve in the spirit, rather will we ourselves look soon to leave the Church militant for the Church triumphant. May God shower on you His choicest consolations!

Yours, with fondest love and sympathy,

MARY ANN STACE.

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY, March 6, 1887.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER GENERAL:

Here, in our little sea-side cottage, the sad and startling news of good Mother Angela's death has reached me. I cannot refrain from sending you a few lines expressive of my sympathy with all the dear friends bemoaning her loss at St. Mary's, and especially of my condolence with *you* on the death of your beloved spiritual daughter. She seems near and dear to me, as well, although I never had the honor or happiness of a personal acquaintance with her. The taking off of so holy and gifted a religious must be a sad bereavement to your excellent community. Just before Xmas she sent me a cordial invitation to visit St. Mary's,—and *now*, to think that the friendly hand that penned the invitation, the warm, loving heart that prompted it, are alike cold and still in death! Blessed be God! that the thought of the everlasting reward prepared by Him for the faithful soul which leaves all to follow Him in the way of the Cross—is *now* so fraught with consolation and joyful hope to those who knew and loved dear Mother Angela! May it fill *your* sorrowing heart; dear Father General, full to overflowing with heavenly peace and comfort! Re-

member me warmly and sympathetically to all the beloved mourners at St. Mary's, and, begging a share in your good prayers, believe me faithfully,
Your child in Xt.,

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allnoch, Brady, Blaine, Blair, Barry, Bub, Bates, Brophy, Blacklock, Beschamang, Birdsell, Clendenen, Clifford, E. Coll, Coglein, E. Claggett, B. Claggett, Dillon, A. Duffield, M. Duffield, C. Dempsey, E. Dempsey, H. Dempsey, Dart, Desenberg, E. Dunkin, M. Dunkin, Egan, Ewing, Fuller, Foin, Faxon, Flannery, Fravel, Fitzpatrick, Griffith, Guise, Gavan, Griffin, Horn, Hummer, Heckard, Hertzog, Harlem, Henke, M. Hutchinson, L. Hutchinson, Hawkins, Johnson, Kearsey, Kearney, Kearns, Kingsbury, Kennedy, McHale, Miner, L. Meehan, M. Meehan, Morse, Murphy, M. McNamara, C. McNamara, M. McCormick, Marsh, Moore, McCarthy, Moran, O'Connor, Negley, Neff, Patrick, Pierson, Proby, G. Regan, Riedinger, Rend, Rose, E. Regan, Scully, St. Clair, Shephard, Snowhook, Stadtler, Shields, Sterns, R. Smith, M. Smith, Stafford, Stocksdales, Sullivan, Sweet, Trask, Triplett, Thompson, Tomlins, Van Horn, Wolvin, Wynn, Wehr, Wimmer, Weishart, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Balch, T. Balch, Blaine, Boyer, Bridgeman, Burdick, Cook, M. Coll, Crane, E. Dempsey, J. Fisher, K. Fisher, Geer, Hake, Hinz, Hughes, Hunting, Heyman, M. Kennedy, Kendall, Knauer, Koester, Leonard, Lindsey, Mason, McDonnell, McEwen, G. Meehan, Morse, Mercer, E. Nester, Prudhomme, Quill, Quinn, Rhodes, Rogers, Stapleton, Stiefel, Wiesenbach.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses I. Becker, M. Becker, Caddagan, B. McCormick, O'Mara, Pugsley, Quealey, Wallace.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ADVANCED COURSE—Miss Ewing.

1ST CLASS—Misses Fuller, Foin.

2D CLASS, WORKING IN CRAYON—Misses Brophy, Birdsell, Clendenen.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

3D CLASS—Misses Mason, Zahm, Hull, Sweet, Tomlin, N. Morse.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Misses Stadtler, Pierson, Schmauss, Beaubien, E. Coll, Koester, Triplett, Campeau.

PAINTING ON CHINA.

Misses Williams, A. Duffield.

OIL-PAINTING.

Misses Ewing, Egan, Foin, Fuller, Kingsbury, Rose, Kearney, McHale, Scully, N. Meehan, Shields, Stafford, Neff, Kennedy, Wehr, E. Nester, Bub, Henke, Steele.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses R. Smith, L. Meehan, Gavan, Moore, Marsh, M. McCormick, Wimmer, Coglein, Thompson, O'Connor, Nagley.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Cook, S. Dempsey, Fritz, Hake, Hunting, Koester, M. Kennedy, McDonnell, Mason, Bruus, Stapleton, Quill, T. Balch, Crane, Rodgers, Hughes, Clove, M. Coll, G. Garrity, Fisher, G. Meehan, Bridgeman, Stiefel, I. Becker, Blaine, Qualey, Wallace, O'Mara, Pugsley, Caddagan, B. McCormick, Kendall, Rhodes.