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## On the Intellectual Pedigree of our Poets.

BY D. A. L.

To the delight of a continent some poet tries his morning lay; and after years of joy and triumph it shall be revealed to him how from long silent lips, in a land beyond the sea, the self-same music fell. The field of poetry is large, and many are its laborers. Of the majority, imitation is the ruling trait. Nature has but one set of moulds, and unique and quaint as may be an author in his own circle, look up his intellectual pedigree and there mark you the ancestral quality astray in an altered world. Clothed in fitting verse and innocently published as our own is the beautiful thought, or sentiment, garnered from foreign fields and transplanted in our own garden to bloom under a new name and fill with fragrance another atmosphere. Alas, we know not when we are guilty! As Dr. Holmes beautifully expressed it: "A man cannot always tell whether his ideas are stolen or not. We take a thought that we love, and nurse it like a child in our bosom; and if it look prettier we flatter ourselves that it has the family countenance."

That inherent and inexplicable quality which distinguishes one human being from the herd by some grand originality, and which is generally called genius, is rare. In our own day it is almost an extinct type.

Diamonds are easily imitated, and often the imitation will vie in brilliancy with the real gem. So is it with genius. Few of our so-called geniuses are the true article; most are but clever revisers or talented artists. Genius is one of the greatest gifts of God to man—it is a golden link between the material world which we know of ourselves, and the spiritual world which we can only know by faith; but rather than a stepping-stone to things that are higher, it is often made the mantle to cover a multitude of sins. This is the fault of the world; no human being will it acknowledge a genius unless he commits enough peculiar sins to entitle him to the license of genius. Once let a

man be recognized as a man of genius, and the world is apt to regard him as something between a divinity and a fool. An idea passing through a man's mind acquires a certain form and color from the mind and becomes in a certain sense a new idea; but an idea that is born and nourished in a man's mind has the indescribable charm of an originality of a higher order; hence are we so desirous to hear something original from a human soul—something that it has not received from another. When such a one is found, he is surrounded, bound hand and foot; upon him is forced a "license," and after being properly branded, he is turned loose. Now, whatever he may do is ascribed to his genius and excused, the world declaring that,

"The light which led astray  
Was light from Heaven."

Here is Goethe, one of the greatest of earth's geniuses. Stripped of the glamour the admirers of his great gifts have thrown over him, and what was he? A modern imitator of the pre-Christian Greek, who knew no worship but that of beauty, and beauty in its lowest form, unallied with good: a Sybarite, whose god was himself. To his artistic culture he did not scruple to sacrifice manly honor. But the world would declare that this artistic experimentalist, hopelessly confusing right and wrong, was but exercising the prerogative of all men of genius "who learn in suffering"—generally the sufferings of others—"what they teach in song."

To be prophet, priest and king, was born the man of genius: into his nostrils was breathed a divine breath; but often by the popular plaudit is he enticed from the temple to the circe-sty, and when at last he is covered by the slime of earth, and communion holds with the world which knows nought of genius, of spirit, of life—knows nought but corruption and decay—he leaves as heritage to coming poets not so much his power to beautify as a contrary "license!" This the latter day poet seizes eagerly, and, as generation gives way to generation, the new-born receives this as almost his only heritage.

Is there, then, no inspiration? Yes; but inspira-

tion is not always originality: it may be handed down, and is, both natural and artificial inspiration, from decade to decade in the chronology of letters. Some of the most inspired poems in our language are the thoughts inherited from other poems, new garbed with grace divine.

The sun was ever known; but there are phases of its beauty yet undiscovered: Like the light of this sun is inspiration—like moving sunlight falling through panes of colored glass. Through the cathedral windows shines the moving light; the light is ever the same, it is not new, but the kaleidoscopic combinations of color thrown hourly along the aisles; these are ever new, ever changing.

It is doubtful whether the fibre of literature is as good to-day as it was fifty or a hundred years ago: more and more is the race prejudice developing into phrase turning; picturesqueness of style is more sought than the expression of thought. Poets are engaged in beautifying the domains of their inheritance rather than carving out for themselves new regions. This shows not the master-hand; in truth, the master-hand is not given to producing strength by minute touches: God said: *Let there be light*. Now are poets poor in thought, rich in expression. They change, modify, strengthen, beautify, but never create.

There is a realism among our writers of to-day which has a tendency to dilute style with numberless tricks of color. There is a profound striving for infinitesimal analysis and the ideas of their ancestors are subject to a myriad of mechanical twistings and turnings which might be called the talent of analytical phraseology. Beauty is not studied best in the dissecting-room. A clinical performance can never explain the love light in the human eye nor the thrill of human emotion.

Little of this age will pass to the next: the line of descent will be broken. As authors, we are producing nothing that will last; it is more the thing for us to twist phraseological garlands around watering-place flirtations and the fashionable follies of Americans abroad, or to hold under the public nose the malodorous incidents of slum-life tricked in the delusive colors of exquisite artifice. Our literature was never of so curious a texture. See with what care the stones of the authors' mosaic work are joined, and how their colors blend!

Our poets are distracted by the manifold influences they feel around them. They have treasured in their memory the sounds and symphonies of the greater musicians, and any one dwelling apart and disdaining such mocking-bird essays has forgotten to sing at all. There is attempted concealment of thought under the veneer of excessive refinement. There is a striving to be strikingly original which has ended in becoming spasmodically rough. The hopeless weariness of those who are struggling to reach a hopeless goal—the shadow of Pessimism hovering like some bird of evil omen over all modern poetry, in fact, over all modern thought, this alone we can trace to no literary heritage, to no taint in our poets' intellectual pedigree. No set of words apart from the thought conveyed can more than please. Language is ever

changing. Words never were, nor will be, of themselves, immortal. Our modern poetry, of trebly chiselled expression, which so delights the modern mind, will be hid in the labyrinth of time; when poets we now find unaccountably dull will live with their chain of admirers never broken. Why is this? It is only because the latter have broken through a race prejudice, have made for themselves no intellectual pedigree, have been original. In their own age these men have been often failures; in every other age, grand successes.

Now, there is Wordsworth, often dull and prosaic, but never other than original. Could anyone find much real pleasure in reading "The Excursion"? I think not. But that element there is in it which lifts him to a rank among the immortals, perhaps higher than that to which a more sensitive and delicate literary artist could attain. Here, on the contrary, is Tennyson. Tennyson I do not think has ever written anything grandly original. There is always in his poems a certain dainty prettiness of style, a subtle sensibility of all senses, and a lissom pictorial power. As a young artist, his faults were, it must be confessed, those of a youthful genius; they were the faults of excess. The gorgeousness of color is confusing, the artifice of diction "open and palpable." Though containing masterly touches of coloring, neither Madeline nor Eleanore were living portraits; there was an indistinctness of articulation in the outline which, joined to the intricately-woven cross-lights flooding the canvas, made defective the conception in living interest. There are isolated images of rare beauty in the "Ode to Memory;" but here the fancy plays with loose foam-wreaths rather than imagination straying "deep into the general heart." Tennyson has written some of the loveliest songs that ever lyrist sang: "The Splendor Falls," etc., "Tears, Idle Tears," and that exquisite melody "For Love is of the Valley;" but all these have their intellectual pedigree; there is no revelation, no spiritual insight, no veil heretofore drawn has been rent in twain; there are old thoughts, seen after appearing in dainty, neat fitting garments, fashioned by the popular modiste of our day. All are dark from the absent "light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream." Many of Tennyson's poems could be placed amidst the poems of Keats, and the whole would appear like a family reunion. The famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," by Tennyson, is in many ways a strong and thrilling piece; but was it in any way original? Decades ago—in 1627, I believe,—"The Battle of Agincourt" was obscurely published by Michael Drayton; is there not in metre, style, and treatment something suggesting imitation? Here is one stanza:

"They now to fight are gone,  
Armour on armour shone,  
Drumme no to drumme did grone,  
To hear was wonder:  
That with the cries they make,  
The very earth did shake,  
Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
Thunder to thunder."

"A song seraphically free from taint of personal-

ity" may be sweeter than one after the style of Byron, where self taints the whole, but is not always as original. Individuality is in the highest sense originality. The "Purgatorio" of Dante is certainly original in the highest sense; but it may be said, nevertheless, to be essentially an autobiographical poem of the man, Dante Alighieri. Grandly original as Dante was, he himself acknowledges an intellectual pedigree in Guincello and Doniello, now forgotten or known only by name. Although Byron was spoken of as one whose personality was marked, let it not be thought that his originality was as prominent. Truly, Byron's intellectual pedigree could hardly be traced, he was the child of many fathers. From every source he drew his thoughts and arrayed them in his own finé, but it must be confessed, rather soiled, linens. In "Don Juan" occurs his famous shipwreck,—noble language and rhymes, touches, vivid, beautiful, pathetic,—but any seaman would find in it strange incongruities. Byron liked the sea, but he was no sailor; so what did he do but pick odds and ends from a dozen marine catastrophes, throw in some rhetoric, and passed the whole off for a wonderful poem on the sea. Compare his sea poems for an instant with an original, a *real* sea poem—"The Ancient Mariner." Ah, here are images of over-mastering power; an awful mental experience on a lonely, haunted ocean—"water, water, everywhere," and the mariner's glittering eye, reflective of nothing in nature, for it had looked beyond the horizon that begirts the sea and had been familiar with "Death and his Mate." Wordsworth speaks somewhere of "trampling waves." Is all of Byron's sea poetry together a balance in poetic worth to that one original expression? In one of Byron's popular songs occurs the stanza:

"I saw thee weep, the big, bright tear  
Came o'er that eye of blue;  
And then methought it did appear,  
A violet dropping dew."

In 1870 Carlyle published "Specimens of Arabian Poetry," and in it occurs this beautiful translation:

"When I beheld thy blue eyes shine  
Through the bright drops that pity drew,  
I saw beneath those tears of thine  
A blue-eyed violet bathed in dew."

I think Carlyle's translation is the best.

Tom Moore stole from all his ancestors. "Father Prout," in a masterly article of the "Rogueries of Tom Moore," makes it rather doubtful if there was anything at all for which he was not indebted to his fathers.

Sometimes in poets we notice a common ancestor; sometimes some one sentiment is adopted by two or three different persons. Comiré, a Latin poet, sang of the butterfly:

"Florem putares nare per liquidum æthera."

This, some one—I forget who—has almost literally translated,

"It flies, it swims,  
A flower in liquid air."

Bryant thinks this is rather nice; and in his poem "After a Tempest," adapts it thus:

"And darted up and down the butterfly  
That seemed a living blossom in the air."

This seemed to Owen Meredith a delicate conception; so, just to show his appreciation of it, he says, in "The Wanderer":

"See how those floating flowers, the butterflies,  
Hover the garden through and take no root."

What a delightful glow there must be in an original discovery! How the pulse of genius must quicken and spirit spread and grow great when on the borderland of truth unrevealed! I imagine a new thought is almost a new life. What must be the joy to nourish, to protect, to cherish it; to watch it day by day and feel it grow beautiful and strong; to think on its hidden power, and to feel within that birth has been given to an *immortelle*. Or even if not so great a power, if only a thought whose existence might be known, but whose position and limits were yet undetermined: if not a new world, to discover a new continent in an old world! Oh this could be to feel the nameless thrill that fills some

"——— watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken,  
Or like stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes,  
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise  
Silent—upon a peak in Darien."

Every new thought is immortal, for it is born of that within man which is itself immortal. Man was not born a copyist. Childhood is often more original than manhood. There is in every created being the germs of unrevealed thought, if not weighed down and hidden by a heavy load of years. Almost every child is at heart a poet. The orphan thought of Wordsworth, of which this is a mere reflection, was extended by him into lines whose rare beauty is without parallel. Fresh, pure, original, there is more real poetry in them than in all the millions of lines written during the last ten decades:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The soul that rises with us—our life's star—  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar,  
Not in entire forgetfulness  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,  
From God who is our home."

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy;  
Shades of the prison house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy,  
But he beholds the light and whence it flows—  
He sees it in his joy.  
The youth who daily further from the East  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the visions splendid  
Is on his way attended;  
At length the man perceives it die away  
And fade into the common light of day."

AMONG the many desires that sway the hearts and actuate the lives of men there is none more universal than the desire of a good name. While some are anxious for wealth and some for fame, while some crave knowledge and others affection, all unite in hoping that among their various possessions that of a good name may be prominent.

Sir Walter Scott.

Simple worth and good manners appear to have been distinguishing features in the lives of Scott's parents. His father, however, had achieved some local reputation as a writer, and in an official position ranked next to the barristers. The fact of his parents being remotely connected with respectable families who were conspicuous for the part taken by them in the rude and warlike times of the Scottish Border; contributed not a little to the feelings of national pride that were in after-life quite prominent in our subject's writings.

A fever in infancy, afterward attended with an effect fatal to the proper use of his right limb, caused young Scott to be sent to the country residence of his paternal grandfather, where free exercise in the open air might restore his shattered health. The spot was romantic, and possessed all that was needed to arouse him from the reverie of youth to realize the value of his knowledge of rural life, character, tradition and anecdotes.

At an early age he became deeply interested in the recital of the "old-riding times" of Border history, and recollections connected with the war of 1745. The condition of his health, which was never one of the best, was alone sufficient to account for his application at school, though his knowledge of general events, and a sense of the beauties of Latin authors attracted from his instructors a degree of attention far greater than is usually accorded the average student. After completing the high-school course at Edinburgh, where, notwithstanding his apparent want of application, he acquired a knowledge of several European languages, he devoted his leisure hours to general reading, history, poetry, travels, and especially prose fiction—his ideal in literary accomplishments. He was sure to retain in his memory any line or passage of poetry which particularly met his fancy. These acquirements did not meet the pride and gratification of his parents who, though astonished by his insatiable thirst for reading, and admiring his retentive memory, considered it of little practical benefit. This fact appears to have occasioned a period of carelessness in his reading course, for he often afterward regretted the indifference he paid to regular mental discipline.

In his fifteenth year Scott was apprenticed to his father, who desired the son to be his successor in business; and with the youth's passionate affection for his parents, a ready compliance with their wishes soon found him closely applied at the office desk; and while in this capacity, he frequently performed more than the required task, that with the results he might purchase some book to which his tastes had taken a fancy. In a short time his limited quarters were filled with literary treasures and various curiosities of an antiquarian nature, such as are only found in the possession of a genius. While advancing into manhood he continued his irregular system of reading, with attendance at a literary society, to which he devoted all the time he could spare consistently with his clerical labors,

and his genial good humor, made him a general favorite among his companions. He had as yet shown none of the qualities of a poet or novelist; and his intimacy with frequenters of public taverns, and his spirit of indifference naturally led his acquaintances to expect nothing extraordinary from him in maturer years.

At the close of his apprenticeship he chose the legal profession and, while lingering out the first few years of preparation; he studied the German language with remarkable success. During a number of rambles into the pastoral district of Liddesdale, Scott wrote tales of the times and copies of the ballads in which appeared the adventures of a few notable personages of that section, forming in part that which afterward became the minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Other excursions of a similar nature contributed in a great measure to his advancement to a literary life. His inordinate desire to be successful in business and social qualities, characteristic of the time, were the principal causes of his apparent self-importance. Hearing a translation of "Lenore" roused him to attempt a version which was soon after published, though it excited but little attention.

An incident occurred in 1794, while in Edinburgh in company of young men, where his activity for the Tory cause and their political sentiments culminated in a riot. Scott was bound over to keep the peace and await the result of three broken heads. Love also appears at this period to exert its influence over the susceptible heart of Scott; though unsuccessful in his first choice—due, perhaps, to the honest diffidence of his less pretentious rival—he soon afterward met Charlotte Carpenter, an English lady, with whom a short acquaintance resulted in marriage.

In 1799, while sheriff of Selkirkshire, he is found translating Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen," only to meet an unappreciative public. The first praise he received was on the appearance of a number of ballads, entitled "Tales of Wonder." During a visit to a friend who managed a newspaper at Kelso the design was formed to collect his ballads for publication, now so numerous as to be contained only in three octavo volumes. This venture met a favorable reception in 1802, and marked his first great literary success. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was published in 1805, and at once secured him a place in the front rank of original poets; while "Marmion," in 1808, established his reputation, receiving 1000 guineas in advance for the latter.

Political differences soon led to a separation from his publishers, when he took an interest in the *Quarterly*, and it was from this house that the "Lady of the Lake" was issued in 1810, attracting even greater attention than his previous efforts. An unsuccessful business venture occasioned an outlay of about £9000; and, becoming deeply involved in financial obligations, he resigned the laureateship to Robert Southey in the very midst of his embarrassment. In 1805 he had commenced a prose fiction entitled "Waverly; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since"; but the discouraging opinions of his friends

caused him to lay the manuscript aside, and not until 1814 did he think of completing the story. Its merits were duly appreciated by the public on its first appearance. During the same year he produced the tale of "Guy Mannering" and the poem "Lord of the Isles"; the latter meeting with such a cool reception materially calmed his poetical ardor. "The Antiquary" appeared in 1816, and from this time until 1825 appeared "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Monastery," "Ivanhoe," "The Pirate," "St. Ronan's Well," "Kenilworth" and "Red Gauntlet" with a rapidity as wonderful as their merits were great. We cannot doubt that their pecuniary results were something unheard of for a man of letters, and perhaps never equalled; for we find an Edinburgh theatrical manager realizing £3000 for a drama formed from "Rob Roy."

Scott was made a baronet in 1820, an honor entirely unsolicited. His successes at last fired his vanity to a great extent, and led him to think himself comfortably provided for in the future; but no peace indicated a more ominous storm than the one about to fall upon him. Accepting money for works as yet unwritten, and advancing the same on poor securities at a time of unusual scarcity of money, occasioned by an extraordinary mania for speculation, and going far beyond what prudence dictated in his business dealings, soon involved him in obligations exceeding his fortune and left him a ruined man. That he was thoughtful and kind-hearted, even in the midst of his difficulties, we may judge from an entry in his diary in December, 1825:

"Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many; and to hope that some will forgive my transient wealth, on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor."

Of Scott's position as a novelist, there can be no doubt that he stands pre-eminently at the head of English novelists. The poetry is conspicuous for fancy, brilliancy and mingled fire, and historical in nature, though not in strict conformity with the speech and ideas of the time he describes, but polished in a modern style. His characters are agreeable, and, though somewhat common, are void of anything coarse, boisterous and sensual. Wonderfully imaginative, and a close observer, his vivid portraits greatly contributed to his success. Indifference to re-reading his manuscript left his productions strong and emphatic, his descriptions unlimited; however, the depiction of his characters is done with taste and tenderness, for he would rather tolerate a fault in his critical reviews than willingly unmask it.

That he is less popular than Dickens—which is much to be doubted—or that his style is inferior to Thackeray in nowise detracts from his credit; but, in comparison with his richly conceived and effective choice of characters, wonderful power of description, and, above all, the noble moral purposes accompanying his novels, the name of Scott will ever rank as second to none among English novelists.

W. N.

### Christus Consolator.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Repeating "Dead!" she moans and starts anew;  
In hope she hears his footstep on the floor;  
They say he's dead; but surely at the door  
There was a voice like his, a voice that flew  
All music to her heart. Ah! yes, 'tis true,  
The voice she loves is silent evermore,  
And questions, gloomy doubts, her soul overpour;  
"Lost, lost, or saved? O, God, if I but knew!"

Take this, O grieving mother, to thy heart,  
And let it calm thee, for our Christ is sweet,  
He knows the mother heart; remember this:  
The son of no good mother will He part  
From her forever; for it is not meet  
A mother from her child should rest in bliss.

—N. Y. Sun.

### The Cathedral of Antwerp.

In the commencement of the sixteenth century Antwerp became the chief emporium of commerce in Northern Europe. During the reign of the Emperor Charles V it reached the summit of its prosperity, rivalling in maritime importance the cities of Leghorn, Genoa, and Venice, in the days of their greatest wealth and magnificence. Five hundred vessels daily entered the Scheldt, and over two thousand were anchored before the town. The ships of the Netherlands at that period covered the ocean. The wealth of India, the merchandise of Arabia, Persia and Egypt, together with the treasures of the Spanish possessions in the American Continent, were by them conveyed into the ports of Europe, while the manufactures of Flanders were introduced into the countries along the shores of the Mediterranean.

In the reign of Philip II, the disturbances that followed upon the propagation of the Lutheran opinions, and the subsequent revolt of the United Provinces from the Spanish crown, inflicted irreparable loss on the commercial prosperity of Antwerp. The manufactures were interrupted, trade crippled, and its maritime importance gradually diminished.

At the present day Antwerp is the principal seaport of Belgium, and there still exist many vestiges of its former grandeur. Foremost among these must be ranked the superb cathedral, one of the most magnificent Gothic edifices in the world. In the eleventh century there existed here only an humble church, which was enlarged by the piety of the renowned Godfrey of Bouillon. The present structure was commenced in the thirteenth century, and it soon rivalled in grandeur and extent the most celebrated cathedrals on the Continent.

In 1566 the Lutheran reformers had penetrated into the Netherlands. They succeeded in making several proselytes, but were prevented by the au-



thorities to establish any fixed places of worship. Vexed by this opposition, and roused by the frantic exhortations of their fanatical preachers, they sought to revenge their disappointment by breaking open the doors of the churches in several of the towns of Flanders, and destroying the sacred sculptures and paintings, overturning the altars, and committing many wanton acts of violence and plunder. The sudden terror inspired by these first excesses, and the secret protection afforded to their party by some of the Netherland nobility entrusted with authority by the government, emboldened the Reformers. They collected in great numbers in the town of Antwerp, and, by appealing to the passions of the vulgar, sought to enlist the sympathies of the populace in their cause. An occasion soon presented itself for a display of their force. The festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin was approaching; and on that day great numbers of the people from the surrounding districts flocked into Antwerp, where that solemnity was observed with great pomp at the cathedral. Having arranged their plans in secret, the Reformers mustered in great strength towards evening, in the market-place, in the neighborhood of the church. They were surrounded with a fierce and disorderly rabble, armed with all kinds of weapons, pikes, hatchets, hammers, etc. The Catholics, seeing the threatening aspect of affairs, had refrained from carrying in procession the image of Our Blessed Lady, as usual, outside the church, and closed all the doors of the sacred building.

Towards nightfall it became known that the Prince of Orange had left the town for Brussels. Emboldened by his absence, the Reformers resolved to commence their work. At a given signal—the intoning of a psalm—the mob rushed forward, burst in the doors of the cathedral, and with cry of *Es leben die Geusen!* poured into the sacred edifice. The first object which encountered the storm of their fury was the beautiful image of Our Lady. Having broken off the head of the statue, they pierced it with knives and daggers, and trampled it under foot. Next they advanced upon the high altar, and, attaching cords to a life-size figure of Our Lord crucified between two thieves, dragged it to the ground, and broke it into fragments. The tabernacle was burst open, and the consecrated Hosts trampled upon the ground. The work of destruction proceeded; even the tombs were broken open and the remains of the dead scattered about the pavement of the church. The rich paintings and sculptures which adorned the cathedral, and the magnificent organ, prized as a masterpiece of art, were entirely demolished. Thus, in the space of a few hours, by a frenzied and sacrilegious mob, the most beautiful temple in Europe was plundered of its costly ornaments and sacred treasures—the accumulation of centuries.

The spire of the Antwerp Cathedral is remarkable for the exquisite beauty and perfection of its decoration. It is divided into several stages, and is classed among the masterpieces of architecture. Napoleon I compared the artistic and delicate tracery of the sculpture with which it is ornamented

to the fineness of Malines lace. It is nearly 400 feet in height, and is ascended by a flight of six hundred and twenty-two steps. From its summit, on a clear day, the view extends over a vast expanse of country. Ghent, Malines and Brussels are distinctly visible; and in the horizon may be perceived the steamers entering the mouth of the Scheldt.

The cathedral is 480 feet in length, and is divided into seven parallel aisles, ornamented with one hundred and twenty-six pillars. It is rich in works of art; several of the paintings are renowned as the masterpieces of Rubens and Vandyke. The principal among those are the Descent from the Cross, the Exaltation of the Cross, and the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, which are considered the most celebrated works of Rubens. These masterpieces were transported to Paris during the reign of Napoleon; but were restored in 1816, under the government of the Bourbons. In the town there is a magnificent chime of ninety-nine bells, which are played by machinery. The great bell, named after Charles V, requires sixteen men to ring it. M.

#### The Yeast Plant.

The *saccharomyces cerevisia*, or yeast plants, are minute monocellular plants found living in all saccharine or sugary fluids. They consist of separate cells of a rounded or oval form, with smooth and thin walls, containing protoplasm which can readily be recognized as such by its numerous circulating granules and the vacuoles enclosed. In a solution capable of fermentation the cells vary in size from the two-thousandth to the seven-thousandth part of an inch in diameter. They multiply rapidly, not by the ordinary mode of constriction, but by a kind of fissior, called budding. At some point of the yeast cell a small projection makes its appearance and increases to the size of the mother cell; the very narrow point of union then gives way, and the two cells lead independent lives. This is not always the case. It frequently occurs that the young cell adheres to the parent and repeats the same reproductive process; thus the first and original cell is grandmother of the last formed, and lives attached to it by the middle generation.

Rees discovered that when yeast cells are grown on the moist cut surface of a vegetable, they attain a larger size and the protoplasm within them breaks up into either two or four rounded portions (*endogenous gonidia*), which form cell walls of their own and are released from the general cell membrane, showing another form of multiplication, modified by circumstances. Yeast plants are not flat bodies, as they appear to be, but are globular; this may be proven by the application of oblique light. A very general accompaniment of yeast fermentation is the phenomenon of putrifaction, and yeast solutions nearly always contain the white shining little germs of decomposition—the *bacterium termo*.

By placing a drop of magenta in contact with one side of the cover glass and drawing it under to the solution containing yeast, by means of blotting paper on the opposite side, the cells are stained a reddish color, the granules assume a deeper shade, and the vacuoles are unchanged, although they generally appear pinkish, owing to the layer of protoplasm between them and the cell wall. If iodine be used to stain, the protoplasm takes a yellowish hue, but the other parts of the cell remain unstained. The absence of blue coloration with iodine denotes an absence of starch. The nucleus may be rendered prominent by using methylic green.

A question may arise as to whether these minute living organisms are animals or plants. That they are plants may be proven easily by the fact that they are surrounded by a continuous coat or membrane; that they have the power of constructing protoplasm out of such a compound as Ammonium tartrate, and these are only characteristics of the vegetable cell. The yeast cell contains neither starch nor chlorophyll. They absorb oxygen and eliminate carbonic acid gas from sugars, thus differing from green plants. That the yeast plants do not require solar light for their development is proven by placing in two vessels an equally strong solution of yeast, and placing one in the sunlight and one in a darkened apartment; if they be observed at the end of a few days an equal development will be apparent in each. The chemical constituents of yeast are: carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur, phosphorus, calcium, magnesium and potassium—the last four in very small quantities. Fermentation is not caused by the dead but by the living yeast fungi.

A copy of the process of beer fermentation may be of interest, and typifies all other liquor fermentations. The barley, which constitutes its essential principle, does not contain sugar; but when it has germinated it contains a substance called diastase, under the influence of which the starch of barley can be converted into glucose. The barley, moistened to make it swell and germinate, is spread thinly over hurdles at a temperature of about 59°; this operation is called malting. March beer is held to be the best, because the malting is most thoroughly effected in the warm and moist spring months.

When the sprout attains a length  $\frac{2}{3}$ , that of the grain, germination is arrested by drying; and when the grain is powdered we have what is called malt. This malt is then steeped in water at 140°, and by the action of the diastase the starch becomes glucose. This sugary fluid or wort is boiled with hops, which process preserves it, and imparts a bitter and aromatic taste. This infusion of malt and hops is cooled and concentrated and fermented by the addition of beer-yeast, the product of previous processes.

T. FLOOD.

TRUE nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased, but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.

### College Gossip.

—It is all very well to talk about mind-reading, but the thing that should be encouraged is book reading.

—Professor:—"During that stormy period the fate of Germany hung upon a slender thread, and this slender thread was Charles the Fat!"

—The accumulated endowment fund for the new Catholic University is now about \$750,000, a sum ample to begin operations. The erection of some of the buildings will be commenced during the summer.

—A press report states that Rt. Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, Ill., has been presented with a purse of nearly \$1,000 by Mrs. Lydia Bradley, and will establish an institute of technology to cost \$25,000. The ground has already been laid out.

—Prof. Asa Gray, who is in Vienna on a visit, is being made much of by his fellow-scientists. On dropping into the university to attend a lecture the other day, he was introduced to the students in terms most trying to his modesty. The students received him with a chorus of cheers, which were renewed when he left the lecture-hall.

—Once to every college student,  
Comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife with Greek and Latin,  
If he walk or if he ride.  
Truth forever wed to study;  
Wrong forever wed to play.  
"Ponies" carry for the moment;  
But upon that final day,  
When there comes a test of knowledge,  
Ah! the ponies, where are they?—*Ex.*

—A Pittsburgh merchant as an advertisement offered a prize of \$20 to the first person solving the following problem: "Take these figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, add them together and make 100 without using any figure twice." There were a great many answers, but the only correct one received was sent by a young lady, and was as follows:

$$\begin{array}{r} 59\frac{1}{2} \\ 40\frac{38}{76} \\ \hline 100 \end{array}$$

—A German professor, was one day discoursing upon the beauties of the German word „Auf Wiedersehen," saying that the English had no word corresponding to it in sentiment and feeling. "Oh! yes, we have, Professor," spoke out cheerfully one of the pupils, with a sparkle of mischief in her eyes. "Ach, what is the word?" he asked. "See you later," was the information. "See you later," repeated the professor, with an air of having received a philological truth. "Yes; that is a good phrase. It is idiomatic. It is very expressive." Several days later the professor was invited to a dinner of distinguished guests. As he was parting with his host, who was a man of much dignity and ceremony, he almost electrified the company by exclaiming, in a tone of deep feeling: "See you later! See you later!" The lesson of his mischievous pupil was evidently well learned.—*Boston Journal.*

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, June 11, 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.

—Hon. William O'Brien, M. P., Editor of *United Ireland*, has left our shores with the best wishes of a vast majority of the people of North America. He came with an honest, single-minded purpose in view—to present before the people of this country a most forcible illustration of the evils of alien landlordism in Ireland, by impeaching the nominal head of the Canadian Confederation with the responsibility for actual cruelties of which the world at large must be cognizant. How well he succeeded in his mission, the press has made known; and he is thankful to the Toronto and Kingston mobs that sought to encompass his death, for the greater publicity they have given to his mission, and for the deeper impression which has been thereby made upon all lovers of liberty and justice throughout the world. His action in refusing to identify himself with the politico-George movement in New York was a most evident proof of the sincerity and uprightness of his motives. His mission proved how thoroughly he sympathized with the poor and laboring classes; but never, for a moment, could he identify himself with anarchists, or socialists, or, at best, mere theorists whose

day-dreams are utterly at variance with the nature and experience of the human family.

—We are drawing near to the close of one of the most successful years in the annals of our *Alma Mater*, and everything betokens that the end will form a fitting crown to the whole. How well '86-'87 has fulfilled the expectations which the onward march and prosperity of Notre Dame have led to be entertained of it, is shown in the words of praise and satisfaction with which the authorities speak of the deportment and application of the students; in the means of improvement, physical and intellectual, that have been introduced and profited by, and in the unusually increased number in attendance, which is certainly an expression of general satisfaction at the advantages which our *Alma Mater* offers from an educational point of view.

And that the close may be worthy of such a good work, the Commencement exercises will be made unusually interesting and entertaining. The programme has not as yet been arranged in all its details, but from an outline an idea may be formed of its general excellence. There will be the Oratorical Contest, in which five competitors will appear who are so closely matched in the requirements for success as to make this feature one of exceeding interest. Apart from the regular musical and literary exercises by the students, there will be the Oration of the Day, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour; the Alumni Oration, by Rev. T. O'Sullivan; the Alumni Poem, by W. T. Johnston; the Valedictory, etc. Field and aquatic sports will, of course, occupy their share in the proceedings of these days of which we hope next week to speak more in detail.

## Vocation.

BY A. B. O'N., C. S. C.

If there is one subject which, more than another, deserves the serious consideration of all college students, and more especially of those students whose college career is nearing its completion, the title of this essay is assuredly that one. We are repeatedly told that the one necessary work which we have to do in this world is to save our souls. To accomplish this duty, it is essential that we do God's will. Now, to discover what God's will is, as regards the main features of our lives, is to discover our vocation.

Heaven is frequently likened to a port towards which, across the ocean of life, each one of us should ever steer. All our crafts, however, are not of the same kind; no two, perhaps, are of exactly the same build. Just as the Atlantic may be crossed in an ocean-steamer, a full-rigged ship, a barque, a brigantine, a schooner, or a yacht; so may we steer towards heaven, and reach it, too, whether we sail in one or another of half a hundred different kinds of vessels, provided, only, that we understand, and are fitted for, the particular craft in which we make the



voyage. If we mistake our proper vessel, choosing the ship when we are adapted to the schooner, or to the steamer when we are fitted for the yacht, it is quite certain that our voyage will prove an unpleasant and a laborious one, and it is not at all certain that we shall ever reach our desired port. Thousands have suffered shipwreck on the ocean of life, have gone down to the terrible depths of perdition, simply because they set out on their voyage in the wrong vessel.

To drop the figure, there is some particular calling in life for which each man is especially destined; some business or profession for which his talents, tastes, and inclinations render him suited; some place or position in the world which, in the designs of Providence, he, and he only, should fill. That profession, business, or calling is one's vocation; and to discover what particular calling it is, forms one of the most important duties of a young man's career as a student. The reason is simple: For every single difficulty in the way of salvation that will meet and annoy a man who has chosen the state in life for which God destined him, there will be a hundred greater difficulties in the path of him who has chosen any other calling than his own.

Even apart from eternal interests entirely, taking into consideration only honorable worldly success, it is certain that a young man's most important duty is to make a wise choice of a profession. "No man," says a philosopher, "ever made an ill-figure who understood his own talents, or a good one who mistook them." "Be what nature (or God) intended you for," says another, "and you will succeed: be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing." It is precisely because so many *are* something else than what they were intended for that so many lives are miserable failures. It is because so many, with abilities to govern a little yacht, seize the helm of some stately bark, or *vice versa*, that their voyage is a trial, and its issue a problem. "If you choose," says a graphic writer, "to represent the various parts in life by holes in a table of different shapes,—some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong,—and the persons acting those parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, while the square person has squeezed himself into the round hole." All this is not less applicable to eternal than to temporal success. As Divine Providence has given to men different qualities of mind and body, He has also established different states of life, different professions suited to these various dispositions. He has, moreover, from all eternity, prepared graces suited to each state and to each man, in order to conduct him to salvation. Hence all states are not adapted to every man, nor every state to all men. Hence, too, we can count upon receiving the fulness of God's special and extraordinary graces only when we are in our proper calling. "Every one," says St. Paul, "hath his proper gift from God, one after this manner, and another after that," meaning that every one has a grace for one vocation, and not for another. St. Gregory of Nazianzen tells

us that the choice of a state is the only foundation on which we can raise the edifice of a good or bad life.

It is especially important that a proper choice be made at the outset, because, ordinarily, the choice cannot be remade. "A young man according to his way, when he is old, he will not depart from it." If, for instance, a youth enters commercial life, he will likely continue in it for some years, until he becomes almost unfitted for anything else. If he marries, death alone can free him from the bond. If he enter the ecclesiastical or religious state, there is no going back; he must remain there all his life. And there is one truth which young men would do well to let sink into their inmost hearts: the man who is making the voyage of life in the wrong vessel, who has squeezed himself into the round hole while he is shaped for the square one, who has chosen any other calling in life than that for which God designed him,—that man is not, has never been, and cannot ever be contented and happy. Why? because he is a fish out of water, a bone out of its socket, an eagle in a cage. In the orchestra of life the Divine Leader has made a proper distribution of the parts, and if there is so much grating discord, instead of full, sweet melody, it is because the players have mixed the music; the bass violinist is playing tenor, and the first cornetist is playing bass. "There are hundreds of half-starved lawyers, doctors and preachers dragging out a miserable existence in our large cities whom God never fashioned for anything else than happy, intelligent farmers, or country store-keepers; and there are just as many discontented young men on the farm or behind the counter who should be in their places,—themselves and the world being better for the change! There are scores behind the anvil whose intelligence would grace the senate-chamber; and fully as many nonentities in our legislative halls whose natural capacities scarcely qualify them to become efficient boot-blacks. They are dissatisfied and unhappy. For what reason? They are playing life's music off somebody else's sheet; and the result must ever be—discord, not harmony. Thus, on our choosing our proper calling depend, in a great measure, not only our eternal, but even our temporal prosperity and happiness. In a word, choose any other calling than your own, and you take ninety-nine chances of failure against one of success.

Now arises the very natural question: How is one to find out his proper state in life? To the Catholic student, the answer may be given in one word: Pray. Ask God to make known to you the business in life that it is His will you should adopt. Can anything be more natural than that such a prayer should be heard? God desires your salvation. He knows that if you choose ill, you expose your salvation to terrible risks. He knows for what calling He has destined you; then why should He not answer? Has He not said: *Seek and you shall find?* and can it be possible that in an affair of such moment we should seek and *not* find? No, no! God's promises are fulfilled; they cannot be broken. Hence, if one really desires to

know his true vocation, let him pray fervently and perseveringly. His prayer will infallibly be granted. If the young man does his part towards determining this important matter, God will do the rest, even if He has to inspire the young man's director or confessor.

It may be well to add that this matter of vocation is not necessarily connected, as some youths would appear to think, with the ecclesiastical or religious life. It is no more a question of a student's becoming a priest or a religious, than it is of his becoming a farmer or a blacksmith. It is purely and simply a question of making no mistake as to the following of God's will. It is a question of sparing oneself the innumerable heart-burnings, the unavailing regrets, the dissatisfied longings and the enduring misery that oppress those who have taken any other road in life than that which they should have chosen. Let students, then, and especially those who have but a short time in which to make their decision, reflect upon this matter seriously and often. Let them seek the supernatural light that will guide them to the proper goal. No need to fear that the discovery of God's designs upon them will cause them grief or sorrow. Ah! did they but know the ineffable sweetness and the joyous peace that comes to those who in obedience to God's will take up the yoke of even earth's hardest lot, the young would deem them rich above all worldly wealth. "They have found the pearl beyond all price." So may each one, if he so wills, find that pearl of God's will; and, finding it, his heart shall chant an anthem of thanksgiving, gladder far than the summer-birds' carols; for he shall have taken the first and longest step towards salvation; he shall have discovered the one vessel in which he may embark with the confidence that he can steer her straight and surely over life's expansive sea, and beach her, in the exultation of duty done, on the "other and the farther shore."

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### Know Thyself.

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Never, perhaps, before was it more necessary for men to weigh well the meaning of that ancient maxim, "Know Thyself," than at the present day. We live in an age in which, unfortunately, it seems to be entirely forgotten or ignored; when men, instead of studying well their own character and seeing what they themselves really are, pry into that of others and constantly try to find out their many little failings, in order that they may have something to hold up before their eyes as a reproach, and which may injure and lower them as much as possible in the eyes of others. In fact, nowadays it would seem that men make it their first duty to know others rather than know themselves. They imagine that a knowledge of oneself is something easy, and scarcely worthy of attention—something that will come natural to them, without any effort on their part, and something which they think that they know but too well already. That

such persons labor under a very false impression can readily be seen by all true thinking men.

Now, perhaps, there is nothing more difficult to be obtained than a true knowledge of oneself, and hence it should be the first aim of each and every member of society to acquire this knowledge,—a knowledge that will render him worthy of admiration in the eyes of others, and enable him to avoid many little snares into which he is otherwise liable to fall.

To Thales, the great philosopher of old, who seems to have been the first that bore the name of sage, nothing appeared to be more difficult than a true knowledge of oneself. This consideration led him to that excellent precept which was afterwards engraved on a plate of gold in the temple of Apollo, and which Juvenal attributed to the god himself: "Know Thyself."

Every-day experience teaches the pertinence of this maxim, and if everyone would first try to find out what he himself really is, and not trouble himself so much about others,—if he would try to find out his own many defects and correct them, society to-day would not be as it is. All must admit that a knowledge of oneself is the first thing incumbent upon us, and hence should be the first aim of everyone. But far from being the first duty that men of our day turn their attention to, it seems to be entirely the last. We meet constantly with men who seem to have no knowledge whatever of themselves, but who pretend to know all about others; who seem to mind every other one's business but their own. How often in these days do we not meet with men who pretend to know everything! Talk to them about any subject whatever, and they will tell you that they know all about it. Speak to them about the sciences, and they will tell you that they are quite at home. Speak to them of mathematics, from the lowest to the highest, and they will try to convince you that they are fully conversant with everything in this line. In fact, you cannot mention a subject which they do not know, and in which they will pretend to be well versed. Now, such persons are just exactly the ones that have the most scanty knowledge of any of the things which they would have others believe that they know thoroughly. They may not know the first principles of the subjects they speak about, and yet they are never done talking about them, trying to make others believe that they are geniuses, whereas they are shallow egotists. They possess not that knowledge of themselves which they really should, and which they may very easily obtain if they will only give it half the attention they give to other things which should concern them very little, if at all. Such persons forget that their first duty is to know themselves; that self-knowledge enables a person to know his proper place in the world and in society; and, having this knowledge, and living in accordance with it, he will, with middling talents, raise himself very high in the estimation of others.

What, for instance, is more disgusting than to hear people constantly blowing the trumpet of their own fame, imposing upon the good nature of

others by trying to make them believe that they are this, that, and the other, when in all likelihood they are only venting some of the gassy air with which their self-conceit has filled and puffed them up! It may be a relief and pleasure to such people to get rid of so much of their puffy material, but they should also be aware that they should not seek this relief, this pleasure, at the expense of others, on whom courtesy imposes a forbearance that is still painful. Had these young gentlemen the gift of self-knowledge even in a slight degree, they would see the folly of such an action, and in avoiding it they would not only increase in others the estimation of what they do know, but also sometimes obtain by it credit for things they do not know, or only in a slight degree; this, besides the making their company more agreeable to their associates, and keeping them out of false and ridiculous positions. Such persons should especially lay to heart and consider well the maxim, "Know Thyself." If all would weigh well the importance of this maxim there would not be so many disputes and difficulties, and people would be only too glad to have something good to say of others whenever an occasion presented. They would not be trying to find out the many little defects of their neighbors, for they would then be aware that they have defects of their own which require their attention. They would see in themselves but little worthy of praise, and would be ever ready to give expression to the admiration inspired by the virtues and good qualities of others.

Everyone, then, should make it his first duty to know himself, and never mind others; and by eradicating the really slight—but disgusting—defects that mar his otherwise excellent qualities he will be benefiting himself and others.

"Let each man learn to know himself;  
To gain that knowledge let him labor;  
Improve those failings in himself  
Which he so oft sees in his neighbor."

B.

#### Personal.

—James Caren, '76, has been re-elected to the office of City Solicitor of Columbus.

—E. J. Riley (Com'l), '81, is engaged with his father in a very successful business at London, Ohio.

—Martin Murphy and Edward Bailey, both of '81, occupy responsible positions in railroad offices at Columbus.

—Charles Smith (Com'l), '80, occupies a responsible position in the First National Bank of Circleville, Ohio.

—Edward Jackson (Prep.), '86, recently of New Lexington, Ohio, has transferred his residence to Kansas City, where he will engage in a new and very promising business enterprise.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week were the Rev. J. A. Coughlin, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Amboy, Ill., and the Rev. F. S.

Henneberry, Rector of St. Pius' Church, Chicago, Ill.

—D. C. Saviers, '85, is in the law office of Converse, Booth & Keating, the leading lawyers of Columbus, O. He writes that he and a number of old boys will be present at Commencement. They will receive a hearty welcome.

—The remains of Mrs. Catherine Dunbar, who died recently in Paris, France, arrived in this city (Milwaukee) Tuesday night in charge of Prof. J. F. Edwards, of Notre Dame University. Wednesday morning a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Gall's Church, after which the remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery.—*Catholic Citizen*.

—Rev. Denis A. Tighe, '76, the zealous and popular pastor of Holy Angels' Church, Chicago, engaged the Fathers of the Holy Cross to give a mission, which opened Sunday, May 22, and closed on Sunday, May 29, the Feast of Pentecost. The people attended the mission with truly edifying regularity, and showed a deep interest from the first day till the end. Very Rev. Provincial Corby, C. S. C., gave a lecture on the evening of the closing Sunday, and although the weather was most stormy, still the church was filled to its utmost capacity. Rev. Father Tighe bids fair to be a rival in zeal and efficiency to an old-time friend of Notre Dame—his venerable uncle, Rev. E. Hannin, of Toledo, Ohio—who also had a splendid retreat given his 300 First Communion children, and a *triduum* to his entire congregation during the early part of the same month of May by Fathers of the Holy Cross. Such men and priests as Fathers Hannin and Tighe do credit to the Church. They neglect nothing that will contribute to the welfare of those entrusted to their care. Hence schools, Temperance societies and various sodalities are established, and prosper. Under them a most flourishing condition of affairs, temporal and spiritual, is shown in the congregations over which they so ably preside.

—We have learned with deep regret the sad news of the death of Gen. Robert C. Newton, who departed this life on the 2d inst., at his residence at Little Rock, Ark. The deceased was the father of Master Robert Newton, of the Junior department of the University, to whom and the afflicted family, the Professors and students extend their heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of trial. Gen. Newton was held in high esteem among his fellow-citizens, as will be seen from the following notice taken from the *Arkansas Democrat*:

"In the death of Gen. R. C. Newton, Little Rock loses one of her best citizens, and the Democracy of the State one of its most zealous and patriotic supporters. Gen. Newton was a man in whose bosom the highest and brightest principles of honor sat enthroned. Nature made him a nobleman, and he had a kind word and a cordial, warm, animated hand-shake for all he met; and now that the grave is about to close over his mortal remains there is not a citizen in the State but will express the most sincere regret that the Great Reaper should so soon cast in his sickle and cut down this brave, but generous and kind man. Though dying almost in the zenith of manhood, Gen. Newton was

one of the old landmarks of the State, and as long as the history of the State of Arkansas is in print, so long will his name and his noble character be perpetuated. Endowed by nature with an intellect of great superiority, gifted with a quickness of perception and correctness of thought that so aptly adapt one to the legal profession, Gen. Newton was long considered one of the leading lawyers of the State."

Gen. Newton had the happiness of being received into the Church during his illness, and in his last hours he was fortified and prepared to meet his Creator by the holy and consoling rights of religion. May he rest in peace!

#### June Examinations.

##### EXAMINATION BOARDS.

*Under the General Supervision of* REV. PRESIDENT WALSH.

CLASSICAL BOARD—Rev. N. J. Stoffel, presiding; Rev. S. Fitte; Prof. J. F. Edwards; Prof. Wm. Hoynes; Prof. J. G. Ewing, Secretary; Prof. J. Fearnley.

SCIENTIFIC BOARD—Rev. J. A. Zahm, presiding; Rev. A. M. Kirsch; Rev. J. Scheier; Prof. A. J. Stace; Prof. A. Zahm, Secretary.

COMMERCIAL BOARD—Rev. A. Morrissey, presiding; Bro. Marcellinus; Bro. Philip Neri, Secretary; Prof. J. A. Lyons; Prof. M. J. McCue.

SENIOR PREPARATORY—Rev. J. O'Hanlon, presiding; Rev. J. Coleman, Secretary; Rev. J. Thilman; Bro. Emmanuel; Bro. Maurus; Prof. N. H. Ewing; Mr. Claffey; Mr. O'Dea.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY—Rev. M. J. Regan, presiding; Rev. P. Linnerborn; Bro. Leander, Secretary; Bro. Alexander; Bro. Marcellus; Bro. Paul; Bro. Cajetan.

#### Local Items.

—Examinations.

—A little warm? Yes.

—My kingdom for a fan!

—Who swept the boat-house?

—One week more. Make the best of it.

—The Sacristan is waiting for the new chapels.

—Examinations first, then Commencement week.

—The pun-jobber from Wayback needs a vacation.

—"Enough is a feast"—especially in the line of sunshine.

—The time is over-ripe for the "Grads" to break in their "ponies."

—What class will be the first to have a composite photograph taken?

—Shall we have a play at Commencement? It wouldn't be a bad idea.

—For a crew *in articulo mortis* the *Evangeline* is not doing so bad, after all.

—Will the coxswain take into awful consideration the fact that a barge is no amphibian.

—The indications are that the referee will have quite a delicate task in deciding the regatta.

—The members of the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary were photographed in surplice and cassock on Thursday last.

—Will there be any new designs for the Society badges this year? We shall be pleased to note any improvements made.

—The excellent condition in which St. Edward's Park is kept shows that the new gardener is "the right man in the right place."

—Our friend John reads the reports of the League baseball games and says: "It's all hippodrome business." What does he mean?

—See advertisement for extra sizes of cuffs, and bear in mind the fact that preparation for the impending examinations is imperative.

—The "Grads" are preparing for Monday next. They are entitled to two days, and all by themselves. Success to them; they deserve it.

—To-morrow (Sunday), High Mass will be sung at 8 o'clock, and will be followed by the solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

—Messrs. J. O. Burns and C. Regan represented the University C. T. A. U. at the State Convention which met at Brazil, Ind., on the 8th inst.

—QUERY:—Can it be said that the views of a society are embodied in a paper the contents of which are unknown to a great majority of the members?

—Great preparations have been made for the solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament to-morrow (Sunday), and it is earnestly hoped that rain will not interfere.

—The grounds around the Novitiate have been greatly beautified. No more pleasing landscape view can be presented than that beheld by one who passes around St. Joseph's Lake.

—The complaint that some vandal has been "faking" buttons off the military coats reaches us simultaneously with the information that these buttons make very neat and popular scarf pins.

—The well-known and generous firm, Adler Bros., of South Bend, has again remembered the Senior Baseball Association by donating a grand gold medal, to be awarded to the victorious Captain on Commencement Day.

—So earnest are the crews in their practice, that not unfrequently they devote the wee sma' hours o' the morn to it. The regatta on Commencement Day promises to be one of the most exciting and closely contested races ever seen here.

—The unabridged dictionaries, etc., flung at the *burro* on the occasion of his serenade last week, we are pained to observe, have discouraged the outgoings of his native genius, and he now looks as sad and melancholy as an unappreciated prima-donna.

—Great quantities of brick and stone have been hauled during the week for the contemplated extension to St. Edward's Hall. The increase in the younger portion of our College community must needs be met by corresponding facilities for their accommodation.

—The one hundred and one (101) princes were photographed on Thursday, in St. Edward's Park, with the magnificent Parisian statue of the glorious Confessor on the splendid floral mound as a background. Very Rev. Father General, Rev. President Walsh, and others of the Rev. Fathers, honored the princes by sitting with them.

—A novel way of backing a horse to a certain given point was shown on Wednesday last. It was done on the principle of the spiral spring, starting from the outmost circumference. P. S.—Our friend John, who described the affair, says it is proper to state that the horse manifested an undue disinclination to any opposition to his go-aheaditiveness.

—The portrait of Count Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, which forms the frontispiece of the June *Century*, presents the head and features of a remarkable man. But the accompanying description of a visit paid to him conveys to our mind the thought that the Count is simply a modern Diogenes, who needs only to meet with a modern Plato to put the proper *quietus* upon him.

—Thursday last was the Festival of Corpus Christi. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., assisted by Rev. M. J. Regan as deacon and Rev. J. D. Coleman as subdeacon. The grand procession of the Blessed Sacrament—which at Notre Dame is carried out with great perfection—will, in accordance with the transfer of the solemnity, take place to-morrow (Sunday) morning.

—In the first competitive drill for the military medal in Company "A," H. L. G., Private Geo. W. Myers came out first, and in the second, Private Geo. A. Houck secured first place. In Company "B" only one competitive drill has been held, and in that, Private Louis P. Chute carried away the honors. In case no one secures two out of the three drills, the three successful ones in each Company will compete together in order to decide to whom the medals shall be awarded. The non-commissioned officers are not allowed to enter these contests.

—The "University Reds" and "University Blues" played a hard fought and close game of six innings last Thursday. Owing to Cooper's masterly handling of the ball, the "Blues" were unable to make a run, and sized up his delivery for only two clean hits. In the last half of the sixth inning, O'Regan led with a beautiful double to right field, but was put out in attempting to make third. Captain Nester thereupon ordered his men from the field, and Umpire Craig gave the game to the "Reds" by a score of 9 to 0. The "Reds" played an almost perfect fielding game, having but one error. The following is the score by innings up to the time the game was stopped:

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

Struck out: by Cooper, O'Regan, Combe (2); Nester, Duffin, Weber, Dorsey, Paschel, Orr (2); by Duffin, Myers, Cusack, Cartier, Porter. Base on balls: Luhn, Cooper, Porter, Nester, Duffin. Two base hits: O'Regan. Scorers: J. I. Kleiber, and D. A. Latshaw. Umpire: G. H. Craig.

—The Minim first nine played the third of the series of games for the championship on Thursday last. The game excited much interest from the fact that the "Blues" had won the two preceding games, and the third might prove the decisive one. The "Reds" were victors—Mooney, Crotty, Connors, Martin and Graham specially distinguishing themselves by good playing. Game was called after the 7th inning on account of rain. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
BLUES:—	3	1	1	0	3	3	2=13
REDS:—	0	0	4	2	11	2	*=19

—In a notice of "The Proscribed Heir"—the drama recently published by Prof. Lyons—the *Fordham College Monthly* says:

"Mr. Lyons deserves great credit for his adaptation of this exceedingly amusing and interesting drama. His successful adaptation of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* has already made him known in dramatic circles. The present work will prove of great service to those who have charge of college theatricals."

—We were pleased to meet on Thursday, Rev. Wm. Kroeger and Mr. M. C. Proctor, '72, of Elkhart, Ind. The St. Joseph Valley Mutual Life Insurance Co., of which they are respectively Director and Secretary, is an association which commends itself to all who are desirous of honest treatment in the matter of Life Insurance. An extended notice of this company, which is comparatively new to the public, will appear in a future number of the SCHOLASTIC.

—Signor Gregori has begun work on the series of paintings which will adorn the interior of the extension to the church. The ceiling over what will be the large sanctuary, in the centre of which the grand altar will be placed, is already completed with figures corresponding in design and finish to those which beautify the ceiling of the present sanctuary. Signor Gregori is now engaged on studies for the grand mural paintings for the apsidal chapels. All who have seen the interior of the nave of the church may form an idea of the grandeur of the extension,—which is complementary to the original plan—when it is said that the new series of paintings will surpass the old in the choice of sacred subjects, which will be made on a larger scale, and admit of a greater display of artistic skill and execution.

—Accessions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.:—Jewelled casket containing a lock of hair clipped, after death, from the head of His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, presented by Mr. M. Walsh. Manuscript of the address by Monsignore Roncetti, Delegate Apostolic, on the occasion of the presentation of the *beretta rosa* to Cardinal McCloskey; manuscript of a discourse delivered by Cardinal McCloskey; autograph letter of Rt. Rev. Bishop Conroy, Apostolic Delegate to Canada; autograph letter of Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin; two recent photographs of Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, received from Mr. P. V. Hickey. Curious old silver crosier, of Swiss workmanship, given to Bishop Henni by friends in Switzerland,



presented by Rev. Father Keogh. Full-length photograph of Bishop Rosecrans; photograph of Power's bust of Archbishop Hughes; steel engraving of Dr. Silliman Ives, who was Protestant Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina before his conversion to Catholicity; purple velvet beretta, worn in the privacy of his home, by Dr. Ives, while yet a High Church Episcopalian; "History of the Church" by Rev. Constantine Pise, 4 vols., received from Rev. Arthur Donnelly, V. G. Green silk cincture used by Archbishop Henni; ancient Swiss sanctuary bell of curious form and workmanship brought to this country by Bishop Henni; antique brass thurible and ancient lamp of copper and silver owned by Bishop Henni, presented by Bro. Florian. Cabinet photographs of Bishop Tuigg and Bishop Wadhams; full-length likeness of Bishop Persico; late photograph of Archbishop Corrigan; album filled with card photographs of American Bishops, presented by Mr. Edgerly, of New York. Mitre used by Bishop Smyth, presented by Sister M. Gertrude.

—GOLDEN JUBILEE.—On Sunday last, Rev. John Ford, the venerable chaplain of St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, had the happiness and privilege of celebrating his "golden jubilee," or the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the sacred Priesthood. At half-past ten in the morning, solemn High Mass was sung in St. Joseph's Church by Rev. Father Ford, assisted by Rev. N. J. Stoffel, of Notre Dame, as deacon, and Rev. M. Lauth, acting Rector, as subdeacon. Despite the advanced age of the celebrant, his voice was strong and clear, and betrayed no fatigue after the long ceremonies of the Holy Sacrifice. An appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. D. E. Hudson, of Notre Dame. After Mass an elegant repast was served in the rectory, where Rev. Father Ford received his numerous friends of the clergy assembled to congratulate him upon the happy event. The successful issue of the many little details in connection with the celebration is due to the active services of Rev. Father Stoffel, of Notre Dame.

Father Ford has been long and familiarly known to all at Notre Dame, having made his home here for upwards of twenty years, with the exception of intervals when engaged in missionary work. He is now in the 75th year of his age, and was ordained at Maynooth, Ireland, June 5, 1837. After six years spent in professorial duties at Maynooth, he passed some time in the Irish missions and came to America in 1844. During the years that followed, up to the time of his coming to Notre Dame, in 1865, he was for a long time pastor of the church at Cape May, N. J., then at Loreto, Penn., and fulfilled other charges which we have not learned. Since his arrival here, he was, for a year or more, Rector of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, and afterwards, at different times, took charge of missionary churches in Iowa and Missouri. The record of his life, were it fitly portrayed, would show the evidences of a long, active, and useful service in the vineyard of the Lord which well deserves the golden crown with which it has been adorned before the world. *Ad multos annos!*

## Roll of Honor.

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

### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Arado, M. Akin, W. Akin, Ashton, W. Aubrey, Beckwith, J. Burke, Britt, Bingham, P. Burke, Barnes, C. Bush, Barrett, Bernhart, Beaupre, Burns, Brown, Colina, Craig, J. Crowley, Cusack, G. Cartier, C. Combe, Coady, Crilly, Craft, Dwyer, W. Dorsey, S. Dorsey, Dore, Dillon, Dreever, Eyanson, Finckh, Ford, Fehr, Gallardo, Gordon, Gallarneau, Gibbs, Griffin, Houck, Hiner, Hummer, Haggerty, Judie, Jeffs, Kelly, Kreutzer, Kleiber, Kingsnorth, Kramer, Lally, Langan, Lyons, McManus, McKeon, J. McDermott, T. McDermott, Mulkern, V. Morrison, McNamara, J. Meagher, Myers, McNally, Noonan, Neill, Andrew Nicholl, Alfred Nicholl, O'Rourke, O'Regan, O'Connell, O'Kane, J. O'Malley, Orr, O'Donnell, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, E. Prudhomme, Paschel, Prichard, Rheinberger, Rothert, Rodriguez, Regan, Rochford, Ryan, Suing, W. Sullivan, O. Sullivan, Stubbs, Triplett, M. White, W. White, Jno. Weber, Wagoner.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Austin, Adams, Anderson, H. Bronson, R. Bronson, Blessington, Badger, Bull, W. Boland, H. Boland, Burns, Berry, Bruce, S. Campbell, E. Campbell, J. Clarke, B. Clarke, Carney, Cavanagh, Clifford, Cooney, Coad, L. Chute, F. Chute, Curtis, G. Cooke, Coman, Duffield, Daniels, Devine, J. Doss, Draper, Dempsey, Dunford, Darragh, Ewing, Fitzharris, Falter, Flood, Fisher, Flynn, Freeman, Galarneau, Goebel, Glenn, Girten, Gray, Hoffman, Houlihan, Hart, T. Hake, A. Hake, Henry, Hannin, Hayes, Hampton, E. Higgins, Handly, Howard, Inks, C. Inderrieden, Joyce, Jacobs, Jewett, Johns, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, Kern, Kutsche, Keating, Kinsella, King, Landenwich, Long, Lane, McKendry, Monarch, McKenzie, McCart, Mathewson, W. McCormick, McGurk, McIntosh, Macatee, McPhee, McGuire, Morrison, Meehan, Mitchell, Mulberger, McDonald, McCambridge, McCabe, Nations, Noud, Nussbaum, O'Connor, Ormond, O'Brien, M. O'Kane, B. O'Kane, O'Shea, O'Hearn, Pfau, L. Paquette, C. Paquette, Preston, Ramsey, Reynolds, Sweet, Steele, J. Stephens, B. Stephens, F. Smith, M. Smith, Schloss, Taliaferro, Tarrant, Tedeus, Vhay, L. White, H. White, Walker, Welch, Walsh, Weldon, Wade, Wageman, Wilkin, Weimer, Wile, Wood.

### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters W. Ackermann, Boettcher, Bloomhuff, Boyd, Black, A. Backrack, H. Backrack, R. Clendenin, Crotty, Cooke, J. Conners, E. Conners, C. Connor, W. Connor, L. Doss, Dahler, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, G. Franche, C. Franche, Foote, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, Graham, Gale, Griffin, Grant, Goldmann, Garber, H. Huiskamp, Hagus, Hillas, Jewett, Koester, Keefe, Kane, Klaner, Kerwin, Kraber, Kinsella, Löwenstein, Lane, M. Lewin, C. Mooney, H. Mooney, Martin, A. Mayer, L. Mayer, G. Mayer, Munro, Mäinzer, Mason, Morgenweck, Mahon, McPhee, McGuire, McIntosh, McDonnell, Nester, O'Mara, O'Donnell, Priestly, Paul, Quill, Quinlan, Rioridan, Rowsey, Rogers, Smith, A. Sullivan, F. Sullivan, L. Stone, Savage, F. Toolen, F. Toolen, Tompkins, Triplett, Taft, A. Williamson, W. Williamson, Walsh, Weckler, Ziemann, O'Neill, Pierce.

### BITTER WORDS.

A sneer—a shrug—a whisper low—  
They are poisoned shafts from an ambushed bow,  
Shot by the coward, the fool, the knave,  
They pierce the mail of the great and brave;  
Vain is the buckler of wisdom or pride  
To turn the pitiless point aside;  
The lip may curl with a careless smile,  
But the heart dips blood—dips blood the while.  
Ah, me! what hearts have been broken,  
What rivers of blood have been stirred,  
By a word in malice spoken,  
By only a bitter word.

—Ex.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The new church will soon be provided with the grand windows, which have arrived, and which will form a delightful artistic exhibition in themselves.

—The instruction to the Children of Mary in the Chapel of Loreto on Monday morning was on the duties of a child of Mary to her family on her return home from school.

—The devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart, to which the month of June is consecrated, are performed every evening with great fervor by the members of the various Societies.

—The "Criticisms" of the Graduating Class were read on Sunday in the presence of Very Rev. Father General Sorin, Rev. President Walsh and Rev. Father Fitte, of the University.

—Very close application to study is the order of the day. Examinations are already the main topic of conversation, and how to make the best use of every moment is the chief aim of the pupils.

—Miss Mary Kaul, the amiable sister of Brother Leopold, of the Music Department of Notre Dame, left St. Mary's for her home in Pennsylvania on Monday evening. May joy and success attend her!

—The examination in Christian Doctrine in the Graduating Class showed great proficiency on the part of the young ladies. Nothing could be more prompt and satisfactory than the replies, even to very difficult questions. The Misses Dillon and Scully distinguished themselves in a particular manner, an honor which is far above that of superiority in any other branch.

—By a recent letter we are informed of the death, at an advanced age, of Mrs. Mary E. Patterson, widow of Dr. Wm. Patterson, of Emmittsburgh, Md., who died suddenly in Philadelphia on the 25th of May. The deceased—a most beautiful and exemplary character—belonged to the family of Elders, so widely known in the early Catholic history of Maryland. She was nearly related to the late Sister Mary of St. Cecilia and the late Rev. Father Edward Lily. May she rest in peace!

—Visitors to the Academy during the past week were: Mr. J. Proby, Mr. F. D. Farber, Mrs. J. Brown, Mrs. W. Dunlap, Chicago; Mrs. M. J. McCormick, Montana; Mrs. M. J. Robberts, Miss M. Robberts and Miss A. Robberts, Santa Rosa, Col.; Mrs. H. Gray, Miss L. Gillespie, Miss H. Gephart, Miss K. Gray, Niles, Mich.; Mr. W. Welper, Mrs. S. A. Howell, Albion, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Hamilton, Mrs. S. Smith, Mrs. S. A. Howe, Mrs. G. Howe, Mrs. M. M. Church, Mrs. J. G. D'Vinney, Mrs. M. J. Chittenson, Mrs. S. L. Estes, Mr. E. A. Howell, Mrs. L. Redden, Buchanan, Mich.

—The examination in Christian Doctrine and Catechism was held on Sunday, at 2 o'clock p. m. The examiners were as follows: Christian Doctrine in the Graduating Class, Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General, C. S. C.; Christian Doctrine in

the First and Second Senior Classes, Rev. Father Spillard, of the University; Catechism in the Third Senior Class, Rev. Father Morrissey, of the University, and Rev. Father Saulnier, of St. Mary's; Catechism in the First and Second Preparatory, and in the Junior Classes, Rev. Father Zahm, of the University. The most perfect satisfaction was given on the part of the pupils in each class.

—On the occasion of the closing of the May devotions, a gift which was forwarded by the beloved Secretary of the Society of Children of Mary—Miss Angela Donnelly, of Michigan City, who was obliged for a time to suspend her Academic course—rested at the foot of Our Lady's statue. It was a mat of Marechal Niel roses, with the letters *R. I. P.* in pansies, sent in loving memory of the young lady's namesake, dear Mother Angela, on the festival of both. There was something intensely pathetic in the downcast eyes of the figure of the Immaculate Conception which seemed to gaze tenderly on the gift; and the outstretched hands seemed to accept the offering, there in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, and the devoted children who had met to pay their tribute of love alike to her whose feast they had often so elaborately celebrated in days of yore—our dear departed Mother Angela—and to the Blessed Virgin, "Our glorious Queen of May."

—On Tuesday evening, May 31, the beautiful ceremony of crowning Our Lady's statue was performed by Miss Mary Frances Murphy, President of the Society of Children of Mary, just after the eloquent sermon by Rev. President Walsh, of the University, who blessed the floral crown, and presented it to the young lady. The beautiful hymn, "Tis the Month of Our Mother" was sung, immediately followed by the "Coronation Hymn" and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. A very handsome new banner of white silk, most artistically adorned, graced the background of the spot where the statue was placed. The work is admirable. The flowers chosen for the garland which encloses the figure of the Blessed Virgin like a frame, are the choicest and the most delicate, all of pure white, exquisitely thrown into relief by the green leaves. The figure of the Blessed Virgin is from "Carl Müller," and was executed by Miss Lizzie Foin. The motto which curtains the upper part of the banner is appropriately painted in silver, the surroundings as pure as the words, *Macula non est in te*; the silver fringe beneath the crest, just surmounting the rays of silver which seem to emanate from the heavenly countenance of Our Lady. Beneath her feet is the figure of the dragon—the type of sin,—and under the picture are rich sprays of white lilies. Above the head of the Blessed Virgin is a finely-executed figure of the Dove—the symbol of the Holy Paraclete. The entire banner, fringed with silver, is a worthy offering from St. Luke's studio. A very beautiful banner for the Society of Children of the Holy Angels will be ready for the procession of Corpus Christi. It is also of white silk, but the predominating colors are pink and gold. The in-

scription, in letters of gold, is—"Holy Guardian Angels, pray for us." The figures are of the "Guardian Angel and the Child."

### Teacher and Pupil.

From a translation of "Giorgio Vasari's" life of Michael Angelo, by Mrs. J. Foster, we read an incident quite to our present purpose: "While Michael Angelo was concluding the tomb of Julius II, he permitted a stone-cutter to execute a terminal figure, which he desired to put up in San Pietro in Vincola, directing him, meanwhile, by telling him daily: 'cut away here; level there; chisel this; polish that,' until the stone-cutter had made a figure before he was aware of it; but when he saw what was done, he stood lost in admiration of his work. 'What do you think of it?' inquired Michael Angelo.

"'I think it is very beautiful,' returned the other, 'and am much obliged to you.'

"'And for what?' demanded the artist.

"'For having been the means of making known to me a talent which I did not think I possessed.'"

The relative dispositions of teacher and pupil, director and directed, are here well represented. The guide, interested—*intelligently occupied* with the real improvement of the learner; the pupil, industrious, docile, obedient; the work to be produced by the learner clearly mapped out in the mind of the teacher, who is never for one moment indifferent to the progress of his charge; the pupil, full of confidence and security, never for one moment allowed to distrust the good will of the teacher.

Nominal pupils and nominal teachers are to be found in every quarter of the globe; but Michael Angelos and sincerely grateful pupils, who from their hearts are ready to declare to their mentor "I am much obliged to you, for you have been the means of making known to me a talent which I did not think I possessed," are very rare.

The vandalism which has followed in the wake of modern infidelity, and which despises grace, and trusts in nature, has, in various ways, detracted from the dignity which in the light of faith attaches to the noble vocation of the teacher. The pupil looks upon him in too many instances as he would upon a merchant who furnishes the goods for which the money is paid, and with whom, when the payment is made all further relation ends. The Christian view is as far above this as can be imagined. Parent and child are the models of the affection which should exist between them. An incalculable benefit is conferred by the true teacher. A debt beyond computation is assumed by the pupil. One who in any way detracts from the cordial recognition of the benefit and of the indebtedness inflicts a cruel injury upon both.

Had Michael Angelo's pupil, when he discovered the success achieved under the direction of the master, instead of humbly acknowledging the fact, set to work to prove that the master had only given

him hints which he might very well have dispensed with, had he tried to prove that he owed him *very little indeed*, we should be constrained to say that the stone-cutter was an ingrate.

The cordial confidence which is the safeguard of the domestic circle,—that confidence which brings the child to the mother's side every evening to rehearse the events of the day, and to accept the censorship of her loving heart upon each act,—is the disposition which should belong to the important relation of which we speak. This confidence once broken, the advantage to be imparted in the one case and received in the other, is greatly abridged, if not completely destroyed.

We can from this infer why so great stress is laid upon the cultivation of social amenities in our best schools. No one studies well when the heart is agitated with thoughts of anger, jealousy, envy or indignation. The feeling that partiality is shown is far from a stimulant to the best efforts. Unhappy, indeed, is the position of one who does not strive to quell the ingress of these humiliating emotions, or who is so unhappy as to provoke them.

To be grateful for favors, however small they may appear, to excuse thoughtlessness and even rudeness in others, are traits that shield the heart from many discouragements. To rise above human motives in study is the only security of doing really well. To remember the fact that not for time alone, but for eternity, education is made the first object of the young, will lift the soul above petty considerations, and reconcile the mind to much that would otherwise annoy and perplex.

To follow the example of St. Thomas Aquinas in the method of learning is the most sure means of approaching to the same results. The volume from which he acquired his wonderful erudition was the crucifix. Prayer is the key to unlock the door to the treasures of intelligence.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses Allnoch, Brady, L. Blaine, Blair, Barry, Bub, Burke, Blacklock, Beschameng, Birdsall, Clendenen, Clifford, E. Coll, Coglein, Claggett, Dillon, H. Dempsey, Dart, Desenberg, M. Dunkin, Egan, Fuller, Faxon, Flannery, Fravel, Fitzpatrick, Guise, Gordon, Griffin, Horn, Hummer, Heckard, Hertzog, Harlem, Henke, L. Hutchinson, M. Hutchinson, Kearsey, Kearney, Kearns, A. Kennedy, M. F. Murphy, McHale, L. Meehan, M. Meehan, Morse, M. Murphy, M. McNamara, C. McNamara, M. McCormick, Marsh, Moore, McCarthy, Moran, O'Conner, Negley, Neff, Patrick, Pierson, Proby, C. Quealy, G. Regan, Riedinger, Rend, Rose, E. Regan, Reed, Robinson, Scully, St. Clair, Shephard, Snowhook, Stadler, Shields, Sterns, R. Smith, M. Smith, Stocksdale, Sullivan, Sweet, Trask, Thompson, Tomlins, Wolvin, Wynn, Wehr, Wimmer, Weishart, Wright, Zahm.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses T. Balch, Blaine, Boyer, Bragdon, Bridgeman, M. Coll, Clore, Crane, E. Dempsey, L. Griffith, Geer, Hinz, Hughes, Hull, Heyman, M. Kennedy, Knauer, Koester, Leonard, Lindsey, Mason, N. Morse, Mercer, Nester, Prudhomme, Quill, Rogers, Stapleton, Steele, Stiefel, Wiesenbach.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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