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The Christianizing of Britain.

BY PHILIP VD. BROWNSON.

(Awarded the Prize in the Oratorical Contest held Monday,
June 20.)

The heroes that fell, covered with wounds, upon the battle-grounds of old, or the men that guided the nations in their wanderings through the wilderness of barbarism, left to posterity, along with the inestimable legacy of freedom, or the gift of a higher and nobler life, the solemn and sacred duty of gratitude. The sage who spent his existence laboring for the advancement of his fellow-man, and the prophet who first inspired his people, plunged in the darkness of ignorance, with grander and more spiritual ideals, merited, and, let us trust, will win the "thanks of countless millions yet to be." But of all civilizing influences, history tells us, the greatest is religion. We see this exemplified in the tale of Numa and his people's conquest of the world. Religion made ancient Rome the Queen City of the earth; the want of it dethroned her. He who brings religion to a country is that country's saviour, and the names of those who rescued our forefathers from barbarism should live throughout the length and breadth of this land, and be enshrined in the hearts of its people.

Far away, rocked to the rude song of the northern sea, lies the cradle of our mighty commonwealth. We all regard the British Isles as our motherland; and back to the Isle of Britain do we turn as the land from whence we have drawn our governmental forms, our social order, and our civilization. There is our "fathers' native soil," and with the "manners and the arts" "that moved a nation's soul" still clinging round us, can we but say that "we are one"! Therefore is it to the Christianizing and consequent civilizing of Britain (a theme that should be dear to every American), and to the life and character of two—its chief apostles—that I would direct your thoughts; the one a Roman missionary, the other an exile from Hibernia. For of all the illustrious men whose lives have been as

stars serenely burning to guide the nations on their march through the midnight gloom of barbarism to the pure light of civilization, those whose names we should lisp with deepest reverence and purest gratitude, are the sainted heroes of Canterbury and Iona.

The tide of Saxon invasion that rolled over Britain swept from the land every trace of the old Roman civilization. Nothing remained to mark the stay of the world-conquerors, save here a ruined villa lying in the woodland in unbroken silence, like a desecrated fane, and there a massive road or wall built by the legionaries. The very tribes that once owned the sway of the Imperial City were driven westward from forest to forest, and over stream and fen till they found safety, at last, in the impregnable fastnesses of Wales. Scarce a century had passed away since the White Horse first fought with the Dragon, and Britain had given place to England. Woden and Thor reigned as supreme as ever in the woods of Germania, and the people's love for the old Northern gods marked them as "the one purely German Nation that rose upon the wreck of Rome." But dark is the story of those times, and blood-stained are the pages of their annals. War raged upon the frontier of the devoted Briton, or worse, between Englishman and Englishman. Ambition and revenge were unpunished; bloodshed and plunder fostered lust and debauchery; and slavery, as it cannot but be, was a curse to the land. But out of their weakness came strength. For one day, as the tale of English emancipation from barbarism is told, the deacon Gregory, passing through the slave-market at Rome, musing on the sad lot of the captives, was taken with admiration of the beauty and Promethean bearing of some fair-haired, blue-eyed boys exposed for sale along with their darker brethren in misfortune. Drawing near, he asked them of what country they were; and they said, simply: "We are Angles." But Gregory replied: "*Non Angli, sed Angeli*—Not Angles but rather Angels." "Whence come you?" They answered him "from Deira"—"*Deira*" was the untranslatable word-play of the vivacious Roman,—"*Aye*, plucked from God's wrath, and called to Christ's mercy. And

what is the name of your king?" They told him; "Aella." Gregory seized upon the word as a good omen: "*Alleluia* shall be sung in Aella's land," he said, and went on his way, wondering how the angel faces should be brought to sing it. In a few years, the humble deacon became the great Pope. Then, mindful of the past, he sent the monk Augustine to labor for the glory of God and the salvation of souls in the land of the Anglo-Saxon. The mission was an Herculean one, and beset with difficulties. To the monk of Mt. Coelius it was like a journey to another world; but the exhortations and encouragements of Gregory, and the promptings of his own unselfish heart bore him safely over every obstacle.

It is impossible to contemplate the pioneer of true religion in a pagan land without feeling the moral sublimity of the picture. Augustine, with his tall figure and self-conscious dignity, confronting, beneath the broad-breasted oak, the king of Kentish men whose retainers leaned forward on their great spears and wondered at the translation of the monk's reply: "We are strangers from Rome." This is a tableau familiar and dear to everyone who speaks in the tongue of Shakspeare and of Milton, of Bryant and of Longfellow. Bearing aloft the silver Cross of Christ, and chanting their hymns and alleluias in joyful yet solemn voices, the train of priests moved on towards Canterbury. They passed the ruins of old Roman country-houses, their broken marbles and shattered columns lying on the green sward; they saw within the forest shade the great stone altars of the ancient Druids crumbling away, and louder rose their strain. Glorious was that day for old England. Her communication with the western world was re-established through the envoys of the Eternal City. She was soon to receive, in the unity of religious worship and in the supremacy of Canterbury, a model for political union, and to realize, through long and seemingly fruitless strivings, the dream of a single England. At the call of religion and peace, art, civilization and letters returned to the land, and the debt of gratitude which we owe to the Italian monk and to his patron Gregory, we can never repay.

Though the work of Augustine of Canterbury and his sons was great and lasting in its effects, yet for the civilizing of the greater part of Britain we must look to another hero and to a different quarter of the world. And now, turning, we see the Apostle of Caledonia sailing out of the West towards the surf-beaten Isle of Iona, leaving behind him the land which he loved with such passionate ardor. There is a charm hovering round his memory that we find not elsewhere in the story of those dark times. Sprung from a royal race, whose genealogy "loses itself in the night of ages," Columba might have sat upon a throne. Nature had endowed him with a voice so sweetly sonorous that it was thought his choicest gift, and she had bestowed upon him a wonderful mind and a heart that is characteristic of his countrymen. All the roads to fame lay open before him, but his pure and exalted spirit chose the silent path that leads to heights

invisible to mortal ken. And, losing himself, he found himself; for despising renown he has reaped more glory, even the glory of this world, than any of his ancestral kings whose disasters and triumphs passed long since, with their names, into oblivion. But he joined to many perfections some pardonable, nay almost lovable faults wherein we discern the overflowing energies of his soul rushing heedless, at times, past the boundaries of moderation. Roused by his passionate words, his people had in blood avenged an insult put upon him. Then was it that keen-toothed remorse preyed upon his soul, accusing him of the death of those who had fallen in the fight. As an exile from the country he loved, he went forth that his fault might be expiated by winning to Christ as many souls as had lost this life in his cause. In humility and sadness, accompanied by his faithful friends, did he commit his frail bark to the waves of the sea.

Lonely, in the midst of loneliness, is the Island of Iona, where Columba raised his monastery, and whence he was to carry the light of faith to those heathen Picts, "whose descendants, after filling the history of Scotland with their feats of arms, gave to the ill-starred Stuarts their most dauntless defenders, and to modern England her most glorious soldiers." For many a year did he journey to far-off tribes, crossing mountains and lakes, braving starvation and death; and "before he had ended his career, he had sown their forests, their defiles, their savage moors and scarcely inhabited islands, with churches and monasteries." Wilful and passionate in earlier days, in his exile all the rough edges of his disposition seemed rounded off, and he became all gentleness, all humility, all charity, loving his fellow-men with an exceeding love, and "even weeping over those who did not weep for themselves." By his hand was Aidan anointed and crowned; and thus first in western lands did a king bend his head to receive the consecration of religion. He it was that secured and upheld the rule of the Scottish king, and the descendants of Aidan owed to him their sway over the land of Scottish men.

But what especially touches us in the story of Columba is his sympathy with the needs and wants of the lowly. From far and near they came to him. His affection for his own people was marvellous, and touching are the tales that are told and the songs that give us, in living words, his love for the land and the race that gave him birth. Thus, valiantly he labored for the good of his kind, and thus laboring, did his hour come. Blessing his adopted land and people and his beloved Iona, and comforting and cheering his faithful sons gathered around him in sorrow, he passed away. His face lay in death serene and beautiful "like that of one who in sleep had seen a vision."

Such were the men who laid deep and lasting the foundations of Christianity in Britain, and well and truly did their disciples carry out their work. From Iona over all northern and central Britain do we find the sons of Columba passing, sowing the seed of Christ's word and building up the material civilization of the land—Aidan, of gentle memory; Cuthbert, the glory of northern England,

and many another sped on the work. The enthusiasm and the daring of the Celtic saints of Iona and of Lindisfarne have given us many a legend telling how they "snatched from God's wrath and called to Christ's mercy" the men of northern Britain. In song and story have their deeds been told; and needless is it for me to recount how, over England, they carried the faith, and how even beyond the sea in Frank and Saxon lands the name and fame of Iona was borne by her sons. By the disciple of Augustine, Wilfrid, of York, was the Church of England and Scotland organized, and the warring tribes of the land felt the influence of unity binding them, if not otherwise, in the union of religion and worship.

From the labors and work of the churchmen came the inspirations and the strivings that built up the modern kingdoms of England and Scotland. By the glowing zeal of Columba and his sons, and by the exact and strict organization of Augustine and his followers, had Christianity been established in the Isle of Britain. Thus to these men of old—Columba and Augustine—are we indebted here to-day. They called our fathers to the faith of Christ, and rescued them from barbarism to civilization. Bearing the saving truths of religion, they came; and when by their words and deeds, and the labor of their children, they had implanted the faith of Christ, they laid also the foundations of government and social order. They gave to unskilled savages examples of industrial thrift and economy, and under their benign sway grew up the merchant guilds of the town, and under the shadow of their roof flourished the sturdy yeomanry that made the Isle of Britain great and respected in every land. They fostered learning and science, and schools of learning were opened to the people. And from the lowly schools, fathered and guided by them, arose St. Andrew's, Cambridge and Oxford. They secured and upheld government, and settled rule and imposed law and respect for rule upon the people. They gathered together, defended and maintained the liberties of the individual man. In later days it was their spirit that animated Becket and Langton in their contests with kingly tyranny. It was their spirit that guided and inspired the Scottish clergy in their support of Bruce and Wallace when they struggled for their country's freedom. They it was that gave that love for order and good rule that always has, and ever will, characterize the races of the British Isles, and the lands to whose peoples they have given birth.

The American Citizen.

BY SAMUEL T. MURDOCK.

(Delivered at the Oratorical Contest, Monday, June 20.)

In ancient days when Rome was the glory of the world, to be called a friend and ally of that mighty nation was an honor coveted by many and accorded to few; but to bear the title of a Roman citizen was a prerogative prized beyond measure. The traditions of the greatness and nobility of his

ancestors; the history of their conquests and triumphs, and of how a few storm-tossed fugitives from a distant land laid the firm foundation of that mighty Rome that afterwards from her seven hills dictated laws to the savage Briton in his island home, to the warlike Gaul and hardy German in the North, and to every people and country, even to Russia in the East and Egypt in the South,—all these, were the common heritage of every being privileged to call himself a citizen of Rome.

The Greek, also, was proud to be of a nation whose history told of Thermopylæ, and Marathon, and Salamis, and to be the descendant of such warriors, sages and statesmen as adorned her legends. And we, too, both the natural and adopted children of this modern Republic, can look back with pride to as humble a beginning, as rapid a progress, and as glorious a record of heroic deeds and unselfish patriotism as any nation or people, ancient or modern. A record of valor and moderation in war, justice and equity in peace; a catalogue of patriots and statesmen whose records have never been surpassed; a history of over a century unsullied by one act of tyranny or injustice, have been transmitted as a national heritage to the citizens of America. To treat concerning the character of the American citizen, we have but to consider the different epochs of his national history, for in these that character is reflected.

Three centuries ago, the bigotry, prejudice and tyranny of the Old World drove hundreds to seek the boon of freedom in this unknown western wilderness. People from every country and civilization of Europe flocked to this land, and in its solitude and shade, by years of toil and sacrifice, reared homes for themselves and their posterity. By their own unaided efforts they won prosperity for themselves in the land of their adoption, and established a commerce with Europe. The spirit of liberty grew, and when England sought to levy an unjust tax upon them, they rose up in arms against her authority, and for eight long years a devoted band of heroes withstood the power of the mightiest nation of Europe. In the end justice triumphed, and those who entered that conflict as British colonists emerged as a free people. Every people of Europe was represented in the colonial army. They entered the struggle as French, Irish, German or Pole; they were different in language, memories and traditions; but, banded together by a common cause, they triumphed and came forth from the conflict blended together and fused into one greater than any—the American citizen.

It is at this period that his characteristics stand forth in their true light. Here we see the circumstances that combined to form the American character, and we can look back with pride to the men the time brought forth. How the heart thrills at the memory of the noble response those heroes made to the call to fight the battle of freedom. Scarcely had the sound of the British guns at Lexington, ceased to echo through the old New England hills before the colonists pressed forward, eager to do battle for their country.

The character of the first citizens of this Republic had been formed in a harsh school. Distrusted and neglected by their mother country, they learnt the lesson of self-reliance. Always accustomed to danger, they became bold in its face and dared to stand up for the right at any cost. Dangers that threatened all, and the necessity of mutual protection, had made them ever prompt to heed the call for aid, and ever ready to own the existence of their common interest. The conflict of '76 brought out these characteristics yet more forcibly. During these eight years the colonial character passed through a furnace from which it emerged with its virtues enhanced and failings modified.

When the cloud of war had passed away, the sun of peace shone down, not on the rebellious American colonies of Great Britain, but upon the free United States of America. Such a task as now confronted the fathers of this Republic has scarcely had its parallel in history. Emerging from a long war that had well-nigh spent all resources, both in men and money, they found themselves face to face with a gigantic problem. They were called upon to bind together the loosely cemented colonies, and to form out of the political chaos a government for a country that now belonged only to its inhabitants. They had not been taught the art of government by their own experience; but reading the lessons of history aright, they realized that all just powers of government must be derived from God through the governed. The American people had been well tried, and the founders of this nation did not hesitate to entrust its government into their hands. And well has time justified the wisdom of their choice, and borne testimony to the ability of the American citizen to solve the problem of self-government.

As immigrants, attracted by the rich natural resources of our country and by her form of government, began to flock to our shores, the necessity for an increase of territory became apparent. But the desire of conquest has ever been foreign to the American character. Gradually they purchased all the vast unknown wilderness extending beyond the Mississippi to the Pacific. Then the army of occupation set out from the East to subdue and hold this territory. Upon their shoulders they bore, not the soldier's musket, but the settler's axe; their wagon trains carried, not the munitions of war, but the peaceful implements of agriculture. Placing wife and family in the great, white-topped wagon, the hardy American settler went forth to subdue the forest and make the earth pay tribute to his labor. The wilderness retreated before his advance; civilization followed in the wake, and his energy and perseverance soon made progress and prosperity visible everywhere throughout the land.

At the foundation of our Republic the cause of slavery had for years existed in the colonies and was, of necessity, tolerated in the new government for a time. After three generations had passed away, the spirit of justice moved over the land, and the American Government rose up to strike the fetters from every being upon her soil. That a strong minority of her people, reared in the belief

that slavery was right, should resist was not strange. But the mass of our people determined that it must cease. To them it was an abomination. Justice dictated their cause, and, heeding not the voice of policy, they resolved to free the slave cost what it might. For four years the conflict raged with unrelenting fury. Fighting for the right, as they knew the right, neither side considered cost; they debated no measure of compromise, and that great civil conflict ceased only when all physical resources had been exhausted by the beaten. Bitter, indeed, had been that strife; brother had fought against brother; father against son; mothers had offered up their children for their country's cause as nobly as they had done a century before; and when the war had ceased, the conquered had returned to desolate homes and wasted fields, and found misery and want where they had left happiness and plenty. But yet when the hand of Grant met that of Lee at Appomattox all was forgiven and forgotten; they were again children of the same household, citizens of the same Republic that was then as always "one and inseparable." The conquered carried to their homes no remnant of hatred, and they scorned to transmit to their descendants one ignoble prejudice born of the war. And amongst the victors no note of vain-glory was heard in their song of triumph. They rejoiced that the Union was saved, and its curse destroyed; but they were too generous to exult in the defeat of their brothers. After the return of peace, no time was wasted in idle boasts or regrets.

The traditional vigor and enterprise of the American character was again made manifest. The soldier, returning home, resumed his work where he had left off four years before; the war-horse was harnessed to the plow, and all strove to erase the Mason and Dixon line, and bring back prosperity to every portion of the country. Northern capital was cheerfully loaned to rebuild what the storm had swept away. Not one generation has passed since the great war, yet throughout the country there is scarcely a sign of the destruction so recently wrought, and everywhere we find the northern and southern people joined together in business and social life.

In 1776 the civilized world looked with pity upon the British colonies that declared their independence, and took up arms against the power of England. When, eight years later, they had achieved their independence, and stood forth as the American Republic, the sages of Europe allowed fifty years as the term of its existence. Over a century has passed since then, and to-day that Republic shows a more rapid progress in material wealth than any other modern nation. Its territory stretches through the heart of this continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and over fifty million free men claim protection under its flag. Its citizens have demonstrated their ability to perpetuate their form of government which grants personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights to all. Our widespread Republic is the handiwork of the American citizen, and will stand as a lasting monument to bear testimony to the strength and great-

ness of his character. And on the pages of its history he has written, in letters of gold, tales of his heroism, patriotism, generosity, justice, enterprise and true nobility of character. The enterprise and progress of the American citizen have become proverbial. His own energy supplies every deficiency, and surmounts every obstacle. He is proud of his nation and those who have made it great; proud of the lesson of self-government that he has taught the world; proud of the traditions and deeds of his ancestors; and he looks with pride upon the freeborn children of this nation, into whose hands he will entrust this government, and to whom he will bequeath, as the noblest of heritages, the title of an American citizen.

Valedictory.

BY JOHN J. KLEIBER, '87.

There are in the lives of all of us certain events that mark and determine the epochs of our career. To the Class of '87 to-day brings such an event. It is to us the beginning of a new life, filled with the hopes and fears, the desires and wishes, which are the lot of every man entering on his life's labor.

We go out from Notre Dame after having passed a few years in preparation for our struggle in life. How well we have applied ourselves and how profitable our studies have been to us, only time and experience can prove. In the world, which we are about to enter, we shall be put fully to the test, and advantage will be taken of any weakness shown on our part by those with whom we come in contact. We may not have done all in our power to promote our improvement during our college life; we may have neglected some particulars which would have been of value to us in after life; but regrets are vain, and we should always look to the present and future rather than to the past. We should remember that the broad vista of the future lies before us, with all its opportunities and advantages. And it only depends upon ourselves whether we shall be successful, or miserable failures. To each one of us is given enough moral and intellectual power to aim at what will benefit him most. It requires but perseverance and industry on our part, the two great factors, to deserve at least moderate, if not brilliant success, even if we do not gain either. With the training we have received here at Notre Dame, with the advantage of not only precept, but example, given us by our superiors, we need fear no failure, no disappointment.

It is to the kind guidance and useful instruction of our Professors that we owe whatever of value we have acquired, and whatever may be useful to us hereafter. It is to these men, laboring in the grand and noble work of religion and education, that we owe the most heartfelt gratitude. We should remember that that two-fold work has given, not only to our own nation, but to all countries, the

greatest laborers in the development of religious and political civilization. The great universities of Europe have sent out thousands of zealous men, whose Herculean efforts in that regard have never been equalled.

America, too, has had her great educators; for she can recall with pride the names of Spalding, Hughes, McCloskey and Gibbons. And even our own Notre Dame, though less than half a century has passed since the dawn of life broke for her, numbers among her Alumni not a few leaders in the Church and Solons of the Nation. From the hour when our venerable Founder first planted the sacred Sign of Redemption up to the present day, she has steadily advanced in prosperity, until she has reached the front rank of American colleges, and justly won the proud title of "Queen of the West." Notre Dame has, during the time we have spent under her roof, done all in her power to instil into our minds and hearts the divine truths of religion, which, like the mariner's beacon, will guide us to the haven of our eternal happiness. She has afforded us the means of intellectual advancement by her learned corps of teachers and by her volumes of precious lore. She has encouraged us in our efforts, guided us in the path of learning, and rewarded our labors with a generosity for which she is unrivalled.

In the dark morn of adversity and trouble, as well as in the noontide of prosperity and happiness, her gentle words and kindly actions made strong our confidence and urged us on to fresh endeavors. We, whose college days are ended, should pause and think of what we owe her, and in what manner we can best give evidence of the love and affection we feel for her. There is for every man a path in life which he must follow, if he would gain the end for which he was created. The faculties of man are so arranged as to enable him to do this appointed task. By practising honesty and virtue we shall gain the approval of God and man; and, what is better, the sense of a clear conscience. Thus it is that we can, in some way, pay back the debt of gratitude we owe to *Alma Mater*; for her greatest pleasure lies in the virtues, happiness and hard-won successes of her former sons. She loves to hear the stories of their struggles and difficulties, especially when they have come from out the strife untainted and unscathed, and shown to be true sons of Notre Dame.

May this be our lot! may we always remember that our names are enrolled with those of her elder sons, who have gone before us,—men who have made for themselves a name in the great world. Though we may not rise as high as some of them in the outer world, yet by our private life and daily actions we may deserve to be named among the favorite sons of Notre Dame. We should not forget that it is justly expected of us to preserve the fair renown of our College, and neither by word nor act to say or do aught that might tarnish that renown. We are looked upon as her representatives in the world without. Such we are, and as such we should act, so that the very mention of Notre Dame be synonymous with all that is good, beau-

tiful and true. We owe example to those we leave behind us, that they may know how to follow in our footsteps so as to reflect credit, equally well, on our common Mother and Patroness.

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL:—You, to whose heaven-inspired deeds we owe so much, are now enjoying, in the evening of your well-spent life, a much-deserved repose. May you abide with your people yet for many years, until your spirit takes its flight to that eternal reward for which it has so long and earnestly striven!

REV. FATHER WALSH:—Under your personal guidance and tender solicitude we have passed through our College course. We have always found in you a kind and just Father, ever ready, ever prompt, to aid us in our difficulties, and encourage us in our undertakings. May you be blessed in all your deeds and works, and may this great University ever remain a monument to your devotedness and zeal!

KIND PROFESSORS:—To you also we are more than deeply indebted for many a favor and many a kindness received at your hands. You have striven, with indefatigable energy and industry, to train us in the right way. We assure you that your seed will not fail to bring forth fruit. Wherever we may be, we shall always hold in happiest recollection our old Faculty at Notre Dame.

FELLOW-STUDENTS:—After remaining for a few years among you, we leave you here to finish out your preparation for the world we are about to enter. We wish for you that success which can only be won by perseverance. If at times the way be hard, and obstacles arise, think of the greater ones that you will have to meet in after life, and you will conquer them.

'Tis most hard, O Mother, to part from thee. But the inevitable hour has come, and we must go forth from under thy protecting care. O thou whose bright beams have shone for us in the past, continue to watch over our welfare, even to the time when we may meet again. O Mother of purity and love, thy sons of '87 bid thee a last adieu.

And now, dear classmates, we who have been together for so long, bound by the ties of common interests and ends, must face that hour of parting which comes to all of us. And now, before we go, I would say but one word to you, and that is, that no matter where our fortunes may be cast, whether they be upon the high summit of glittering success, or in the deep bottom of dark adversity, let us never forget that we are children of Notre Dame, let her memory be ever as fresh in our hearts as the dew upon the morning rose; let our actions before all men bespeak for her a praise as enduring as the everlasting mountain snows. Once more, beloved classmates of '87, I tender you a fond farewell!

THE best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to a child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

The Forty-Third Annual Commencement.

(From the "South Bend Tribune.")

Tuesday, June 21.

Notre Dame University is blessed in having the finest weather in all the calendar year for her Forty-third Commencement. Monday's showers laid the dust, cooled the atmosphere, and this day has had all the bright sunshine and fresh verdure of June with the bracing, mild air of September. Some of the old visitors at Notre Dame thought the attendance of visitors to-day is not so large as back in the seventies. "It used to be so crowded here then," said one. When his attention was called to the fact that the Notre Dame of to-day is fully five times as large as the Notre Dame of the "seventies,"—that a regiment of soldiers could easily quarter in her present corridors, where a company could scarcely quarter in the old ones—he acknowledged that he had not thought of that. It is safe to say there is no falling off in the attendance of visitors. Indeed, there is an increase, as there naturally should be, with a larger enrollment of students than in any previous college year.

The exercises opened this morning with the

ALUMNI MASS

in the Church of the Sacred Heart, with Rev. Father Walsh, President of the University, celebrant, Rev. Father Morrissey, deacon and Rev. D. J. Spillard, subdeacon. Rev. Father Clark, of Columbus, Ohio, delivered the Alumni sermon. This occupied the time until half-past nine o'clock. At that hour the scores of visitors who were enjoying the breeze on the grand veranda of the University building, or promenading on the campus inspecting the arms of the

HOYNES' LIGHT GUARDS,

which were stacked there, were highly gratified to see the Guards march down the campus to where their arms were stacked. The appearance of the Guards under command of Col. Hoynes, was greeted with cheers. They went through their evolutions with all the accuracy and precision of veterans, and the spectators were really sorry when the evolutions ended. Among the students themselves there was great curiosity as to who, among the Seniors and who among the Juniors, would win the elegant gold medals, presented by Adler Bros., of this city, for the cadet showing the most proficiency in drilling. The first prize was won by Myers of the Seniors, and the other by Fisher of the Juniors.

THE REGATTA.

The next attraction was the regatta, and as soon as the drill was over, there was a rush of students and visitors for the beautiful lake in the rear of the University buildings, which affords one of the finest courses in the West, both for rowing and for seeing. The lake is encircled by a wooded, grassy slope, affording shady seats for thousands and thousands of people. Between this slope and the water's edge is a broad, gravelled road, smooth as a

floor, and making an admirable foot pavement and carriage-way. In this beautiful spot over one thousand people gathered, in less than half an hour, to see the race between the *Minnehaha* and *Evangeline* crews. The boats, long, clean built and seeming eager to cleave the clear waters of the lake, were half hidden in the boat-house at the east end of the course; while the crews—the *Minnehahas* in red and the *Evangelines* in blue—lounged about conversing with each other, or their gentlemen and lady friends, as to what they hoped the result would be. At last Father Regan entered a skiff and was quickly rowed to the starting point at the other end of the course. The crews took their places in the boat, Jas. O'Donnell, of this city, as Captain of the *Minnehaha*, and Gordon as Captain of the *Evangeline*, and they rowed leisurely down to the starting point. At the word "Go" from Father Regan, the boats shot from the buoys like arrows, and half way down the course kept even. The "Blues," with their short, quick stroke, gained rapidly and turned the buoy at the boat-house first. The "Reds" faltered in their long-measured stroke, as both boats started for the west buoys. The "Blues" kept in the lead by nearly a boat-length, while the adherents of the "Reds" kept yelling: "Hurry them up, Jimmy." But Jimmy O'Donnell was cooler than the spectators, and kept his crew to the long stroke, which was less fatiguing. As they turned the buoy on the last third of a mile it could not be seen that either boat had an advantage, and all down the home course it was a tie race until within a few rods of the buoy, when with a long, powerful stroke the "Reds" shot ahead, and the *Minnehaha* was victor by about half a length. It was the most closely contested race ever made on the lake.

Wednesday, June 22.

Large as were the crowds at Notre Dame University yesterday, they were immeasurably greater to-day. The early trains brought hundreds more, and by 7 o'clock hacks and other vehicles dotted the streets and avenues all the way from this city to Notre Dame. The weather was cooler than yesterday, and so bracing that some of the more thinly clad found the parlors at the University more comfortable than the verandas or corridors. Still the latter were thronged shortly after breakfast, and hundreds of visitors enjoyed a promenade on the campus or sauntered down the drive-way to the lake, while others extended their merry walk clear to St. Mary's. There is no end to sight-seeing at Notre Dame, and at every turn one comes upon something to please the eye—fountains, statues, pretty buildings, groups of flower beds, cosy nooks, luxurious seats, and all that. Or, if indoors, days can be passed inspecting paintings, from the best modern examples clear back to productions of artists who lived in 1391—a hundred years before America was discovered! Then there is a library of 20,000 or more volumes, and a museum with no equal in the West. Indeed, as an enthusiastic Alumnus exclaimed, "There should be twelve days in Commencement week at Notre Dame to enable us to see and hear all."

The exercises opened this morning promptly at eight o'clock in Washington Hall, and in the presence of an audience which completely filled the hall, although the crowds seemed scarcely lessened about the grounds and in the other buildings. On the stage were Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General, President T. E. Walsh, Very Rev. Father Corby, Rev. Fathers Cooney, L'Etourneau, Granger, Regan, Morrissey and Fitte. After a grand cantata by the vocal class, W. H. Johnston, of East Townsend, Ohio, delivered the Master's Oration. His theme was "Science and Speculation." He argued that much of the labor that should be employed with a view to steady, systematic progress is thrown away on sentiment and speculation. The name of science is, and should ever be, one commanding hearing and credence from the people; yet the most disagreeable thing which confronts the Christian investigator is the fact that the blackest shapes which infidelity breeds in her sophistry, fly to science for shelter and support. His delivery was good, and he was loudly applauded.

The valedictorian was J. J. Kleiber, of Brownsville, Texas, and his effort was one of the best of the kind ever heard at Notre Dame.

The conferring of medals, diplomas and honors excited the greatest attention and enthusiasm among the audience. As Father Morrissey in a clear resonant voice called off the students' names and announced the honors awarded, the applause was at times almost deafening.

(From the "South Bend Times.")

The opening exercises of the Forty-third Annual Commencement at Notre Dame University drew an audience that crowded all the available space in Exhibition Hall. South Bend was well represented in the fine crowd that gathered in the hall where the exercises were to be given. Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, and Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, occupied posts of honor in that assemblage.

The programme opened with a number by the University Orchestra, entitled "Melody," which was played in a very creditable manner by these musicians, under the leadership of Prof. Paul. This number was followed by a vocal trio, "Restless Sea," with Wm. P. Devine as soprano, Fred Jewett tenor, and Geo. F. O'Kane basso. This number was roundly applauded, the young gentlemen singing it in a way to deserve the loud marks of approval from the delighted listeners.

"The Church and Civilization" was the subject of an eloquent and impassioned Alumni Oration by Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of the Class of '58 of the University, now of South Chicago. The reverend gentleman struck the popular chord in the hearts of his auditors, and applause punctuated his address oftener than commas find their way in a school-girl's first production for a newspaper. At the close of his address a storm of hand-clapping began which was continued so long that the orator had to appear before his hearers a second time to acknowledge the

continued marks of approbation received. Father O'Sullivan's friends at Notre Dame are only restricted by the number of those acquainted with him.

George O'Kane then sang a bass solo, "The Bugler," in the fine style peculiar to that splendid young singer, after which the University Orchestra contributed a well-executed number, both of which met with enthusiastic approval from the listeners. This was followed by a grand chorus by Wm. P. Devine, Frederick Crotty, Frederick Wile, Mortimer O'Kane, Elmo Berry, Lamar Monarch, Frederick Jewett, A. McFarland, F. Kreutzer, Geo. F. O'Kane, Philip Paschel, accompanied by the Notre Dame Orchestra.

Then came the event of the evening, the

ORATION,

by Rt. Rev. Richard Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland. A finer address and one abounding with more food for reflection has never been given on such an occasion at Notre Dame University. The prevailing state of the public mind, the changes in the political features of this and other governments, were held up and keenly analyzed, and lessons were drawn from all this that forced their way right home in the thoughts of his hearers. His remarks, addressed particularly to the graduates, were very appropriate and to the point. One thing that particularly impressed his hearers was the treatment of the present labor disturbances, and the great anti-poverty movement that is beginning to sweep the land and agitate it from centre to circumference. Too many millions were being hoarded by the few; too many millionaires and ten-millionaires were being created to have the great mass of the people look on with complacency at their accumulations and increase. The crisis was coming, and cool, broad-minded men, with a keen knowledge of the situation and the disposition and an ability to squarely and intelligently meet the issue, was the need of the hour. He exhorted his hearers among those young men to prepare themselves to meet the coming crisis. The address was very heartily applauded and was the closing number of Tuesday night's exercises.

ALUMNI MEETING.

At the meeting of the Alumni Association of Notre Dame, at the University Tuesday afternoon, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. Edward McLaughlin, Clinton, Iowa, Class of '75; 1st Vice-President, Rev. Luke Evers, Newburg, N. Y., Class of '79; 2d Vice-President, W. Breen, Fort Wayne, Class '77; Treasurer, Prof. Joseph A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Class of '62; Secretary, Rev. N. J. Stoffel, Notre Dame, Class of '76; Orator, Hon. M. H. Keeley, Faribault, Minn., Class of '72; Alternate Orator, Samuel T. Murdock, Michigan City, Class of '86; Poet, Wm. H. Johnston, East Townsend, Ohio, Class of '86; Alternate Poet, Dennis J. Hogan, Ill., Class of '74.

WEDNESDAY.

There was a grand rush to Notre Dame at an early hour Wednesday morning, of those intent on

witnessing the close of the Forty-third Annual Commencement exercises of Notre Dame University, and the spacious Exhibition Hall was crowded with visitors, students and friends, when the hour of 8 o'clock came and the exercises began.

The stage was occupied by Bishop Gilmour, Bishop Dwenger, Very Rev. Father Sorin, President T. E. Walsh, Fathers Granger, L'Etourneau, Fitte, Corby, Cooney, Regan and Morrissey. At the right was a display of gold medals that were a centre of attraction to the anxious student who wondered if his name were among the favored and deserving ones upon whom one of these medals was to be bestowed.

After a well-rendered musical number, Mr. W. H. Johnston, of East Townsend, Ohio, a member of the Class of '86, stepped forward and delivered the Master's Oration on the subject, "Science and Speculation," a theme which he made very interesting in his eloquent and loudly applauded address. Mr. Johnston's effort proved to his hearers that he had given the subject the closest thought, and had keenly analyzed the evils that arise from speculation, and the shelter and support that is afforded to infidelity by science. Sentiment and speculation were a foe to progress, and science afforded much ground for these demoralizing deviations of the mind from a steady, onward course in the path of Christian progression. Mr. Johnston's effort was one for him to be proud of and merited the close attention it received.

J. J. Kleiber, of Brownsville, Texas, succeeded admirably in his valedictory effort, which was a very able address.

The presentation of medals and the conferring of honors and diplomas afforded an occasion for the enthusiasm of the students to break forth as each recipient stepped upon the stage and received his award. Envy was forgotten; those who were not among the fortunate ones seemed to enjoy the success of those who had fought the good fight fully as much as those who were successful, if hearty hand-clapping and congratulations are any criterion. Father Morrissey clearly called out the names; Father Regan, or Father Fitte, handed the medal to Bishop Dwenger who presented it to the proud young aspirant for class and other honors as he stepped up with elastic tread to receive his reward for well-doing.

Especially was there applause when the prize in the Oratorical Contest was awarded to Philip V. D. Brownson, and the prize of \$50 for the best essay on "Temperance," presented by the Philadelphia Temperance Society, was awarded to James Patrick Burns, of Michigan City, Ind. The applause was then almost deafening, and was long continued. There were none to question the merit of the award.

Thus closed the most successful year's work ever done at Notre Dame, the largest and most thorough Catholic institution of learning in America. In its study-halls, during the past year, have been several hundred pupils of all ages and from almost all parts of the earth. Mexico, Canada, South America and Europe, all sent their recruits to this

army of knowledge seekers. Never did students cast their lot among a more talented corps of instructors nor in a more home-like institution of learning than grand Old Notre Dame. With all the means for instruction, with every means of proper exercise and amusement, and with a location as beautiful and healthful as Indiana affords, it is no wonder that so strong a tie binds the student or graduate to Notre Dame with all its associations for advancement. Under the presidency of Rev. T. E. Walsh, it is daily enlarging its accommodations and facilities, and is to-day a glory to the Catholic denomination of America. Under the supervision of Father Walsh and his associates, may its boundaries be ever extended, and its usefulness ever enlarge till the "perfect day."

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS was conferred on Jno. F. Fearnley, Notre Dame; Neal H. Ewing, Notre Dame; Thomas S. Steele, Columbus, Ohio; Wm. F. Carey (*in hon.*), New York, N. Y.

THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF SCIENCE was conferred on Wm. H. Johnston, East Townsend, O.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS was conferred on John J. Kleiber, Brownsville, Texas; John C. Wagoner, Omaha, Neb.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE was conferred on Warren A. Cartier, Luddington, Mich.; Hugo C. Rothert, Huntingburg, Ind.; Wm. K. O'Connell, Kokomo, Ind.

THE DEGREE OF CIVIL ENGINEER was conferred on John Coleman, New Mexico; Hugo C. Rothert, Huntingburg, Ind.; Warren A. Cartier, Luddington, Mich.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LAWS was conferred on Michael Hartigan; Bernard T. Becker, Chicago, Ill.; Chas. A. Rheinberger, Nauvoo, Ill.; Jas. A. Judie, South Bend.

COMMERCIAL DIPLOMAS.

COMMERCIAL DIPLOMAS were awarded to Albert Adams, Chicago, Ill.; Wm. E. Sullivan, Kansas City, Mo.; Fr. X. Kreutzer, Peru, Ind.; Vincent Padilla, Lagos, Mexico; Leon A. Grever, Cincinnati, Ohio; Thos. Jordan, Leavenworth, Kansas; Geo. O'Kane, Cincinnati, Ohio; Jno. W. Hayes, Rockford, Ill.; Dav. B. Tewksbury, Park City, Utah; Wm. E. Konzen, South Bend, Ind.; Frank P. Konzen, South Bend, Ind.; Frank D. Smith, Watertown, Wis.; Edmund Coady, Pana, Ill.; Wm. E. Moffatt, Stillwater, Minn.; Wm. S. Clifford, Stevens Point, Wis.; Wm. L. Luhn, Fort Spokane, Wash. Ter.; Dan. J. McKendry, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Geo. J. Cooke, Chicago, Ill.; Geo. S. Crilly, Chicago, Ill.; J. C. Rudd, Owenboro, Ky.

CERTIFICATES OF TELEGRAPHY were awarded to Warren A. Cartier, Luddington Mich.; Edward Prudhomme, Bermuda, Louisiana; Felix Rodriguez, Mexico; Geo. Tedeus, Lamont, Ill.

CLASS AND PRIZE MEDALS.

CLASS MEDALS in the Collegiate Courses were

awarded to Edward S. Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio; Wm. P. McPhee, Denver, Col.; Morris U. Falter, Chicago, Ill.; T. A. Goebel, Marietta, Ohio.

THE GOLD MEDAL in the Commercial Course was awarded to Wm. S. Clifford, Stevens Point, Wis.

THE MASON AND MEEHAN GOLD MEDALS in the Junior department were awarded to Morris U. Falter, Chicago, and T. A. Goebel, Marietta, Ohio.

THE ENGLISH GOLD MEDAL FOR ENGLISH ESSAYS was awarded to Donald A. Latshaw, Kansas City, Mo.

THE BREEN GOLD MEDAL FOR ORATORY was awarded to Philip Van Dyke Brownson, Detroit.

THE DWENGER, SORIN, MYERS AND BARRY MEDALS for Christian Doctrine were awarded to Chas. P. Neill, Austin, Texas; Arthur Larkin, Ellsworth, Kansas; Thomas O'Regan, St. Paul, and Ferdinand E. Long, Kansas City, Mo.

THE LYONS GOLD MEDAL for Elocution was awarded to Charles J. Stubbs, Galveston, Texas.

THE O'NEILL GOLD MEDAL for General Excellence in the Minim department was awarded to W. O. Martin.

THE BOLAND GOLD MEDAL for Penmanship was awarded to F. P. Crotty.

HONOR AWARDS.

[The "First Honor" is a Gold Medal, awarded to students who have followed the courses of the University at least four sessions, and whose deportment during the whole time has been unexceptionable.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

FIRST HONOR MEDALS were awarded to Francis J. Ashton, Rockford, Ill.; William Aubrey, Washington, Ill.; Andrew P. Gibbs, Lamotte, Iowa; C. A. T. Hagerty, Laporte, Ind.; George W. Myers, Dubuque, Iowa; William F. O'Rourke, Middletown, Ohio; P. Phanor Prudhomme, Bermuda, La.; Philip Paschel, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Walter J. Rochford, Galena, Ill.; Matthew W. White, Avoca, Iowa; George A. Houck, Portland, Oregon; Dennis Barret, Janesville, Wis.; S. Craft, Waseca, Minn.; Felix Baca, Trinidad, Colo.; M. B. Mulkern, Dubuque, Iowa; Hugo C. Rothert, Lansingburgh, Ind.; John Wagoner, Denison, Iowa; V. Padilla, Legos, Mexico.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

FIRST HONOR MEDALS were awarded to Wm. P. McPhee, Denver, Col.; Augustus Meehan, Covington, Ky.; W. Smith, Watertown, Wis.; Ferdinand Fry, Kansas City; T. A. Goebel, Marietta, O.; E. R. Adelsperger, South Bend, Ind.; L. P. Chute, Minneapolis, Minn.; F. Chute, Minneapolis, Minn.; Wm. Konzen, South Bend, Ind.; F. Konzen, South Bend, Ind.; F. Hahn, Grand Rapids, Mich.; A. Hahn, Grand Rapids, Mich.; A. Fitzharris, City of Mexico; Paul D. Sweet, Denver, Col.; A. L. Preston, Dubuque, Iowa.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

FIRST HONOR MEDALS were awarded to Jas. McIntosh, Sidney, Neb.; Leo J. Riordan, Muskegon, Mich.; James Conners, Janesville, Wis.; C. Mooney, Chicago, Ill.; T. P. Falvey, Indianapolis,

Ind.; Edward Jewett, Chicago, Ill.; Edward Conners, Janesville, Wis.; Albert Williamson, Kansas City, Mo.; Wm. Martin, Red River Landing, La.; R. E. Graham, Milwaukee, Wis.; R. E. Munro, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. J. Sullivan, Helena, Montana Ty.; Daniel Quill, Chicago, Ill.; Arthur Nester, Marquette, Mich.; F. P. Crotty, Rockford, Ill.

SECOND HONOR MEDALS.

[The "Second Honor" is a Silver Medal, awarded to those students who have followed the courses of the University at least four sessions, and whose deportment has given general satisfaction.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

SECOND HONOR MEDALS were awarded to George Dreever, Waseca, Minn.; Vincent E. Morrison, Fort Madison, Iowa; Albert S. Triplett, Fort Worth, Texas; James R. O'Malley, Madison, Wis.; Felix Rodriguez, Guanajuato, Mexico.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

SECOND HONOR MEDALS were awarded to Wm. P. Devine, Chicago, Ill.; Nicholas Jacobs, Stevens Point, Wis.; Wm. Kern, Chicago, Ill.; Wm. H. Austin, Chicago, Ill.; George Landenwich, Louisville, Ky.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

SECOND HONOR MEDALS were awarded to George E. Sweet, Denver, Colo.; Edward B. Falvey, Indianapolis, Ind.; Oramel Griffin, Coldwater, Mich.; Lee R. Stone, Galveston, Texas; Felix R. Mainzer, St. Paul, Minn.; George Klaner, Chicago, Ill.; Philo A. Keefe, Chicago, Ill.

HONOR CERTIFICATES.

[Certificates are awarded to those students who have followed the courses of the University at least two sessions, and whose deportment during the whole time has been unexceptionable.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Patrick Burke, Charles Bush, Michael Dore, Charles J. Eyanson, Adolph M. Finckh, Joseph Ford, Thomas F. Griffin, Sylvester Hummer, Isaac Judie, Francis X. Kreutzer, Thomas G. McDermott, John McDermott, Thos. P. O'Regan, Henry L. Prichard, Francis J. Suing, Joseph C. Langan.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Ross Bronson, Henry Bronson, Ed. Blessington, Wm. H. Boland, Halsey Boland, John Clarke, Fred. W. Carney, Charles T. Cavanagh, Wm. S. Clifford, Irving T. Casey, Jas. J. Cooney, Geo. Cooke, Jno. Dempsey, M. Falter, Frank Flynn, Eugene A. Glenn, Patrick Houlihan, Edwin Hannin, James M. Hampton, Albert J. Inks, Francis Lane, Henry Walker, William Julian, Arthur O. Kutsche, Jno. H. Keating, Lamar Monarch, Wm. S. McKenzie, Daniel McKendry, McGregor McCart, Leonard Macatee, Wm. O'Brien, Jno. Pfau, Jno. D. Stephens, Francis Smith, Francis Taliaferro, Henry P. Vhay, Tanner A. Wilbanks, L. White.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Claud Boettcher, Frederick M. Bloomhuff, Roy J. Boyd, Louis Black, Max Blumenthal, Albert

Backrack, Henry Backrack, Sampson C. Backrack, Richard C. Clendenin, Elias W. Cooke, Arthur I. Cohn, Charles J. Connor, William T. Connor, James Dungan, Louis C. Dempsey, John J. Dempsey, Gilbert C. Franche, Cyril E. Franche, Edward F. Foote, Charles V. Grant, Herman J. Huiskamp, Jno. B. Huiskamp, Joseph Hagus, Edward Hillas, Joseph J. Kane, Thomas F. Kerwin, W. Kutsche, Louis Kraber, Maurice Loewenstein, Robert S. Lane, Max Lewin, Herbert V. Mooney, Adolph G. Mayer, George A. Mayer, Thomas F. Mahon, Albert H. Morgenweck, Charles A. McPhee, Wm. S. McDonnell, J. D. O'Mara, James O'Neill, Crayke M. Priestly, William Rowsey, Forest J. Rogers, Fisher S. Smith, Edward J. Savage, Thomas H. Tomkins, John M. Triplett, Charles O. Taft, Wallace M. Williamson, Adam J. Weckler.

Examination Averages.

(No Average under 60 is published.)

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

M. Akin, 74; W. Akin, 84; W. Aubrey, 81; W. Beckwith, 74; J. Burke, 62; T. Becerra, 64; P. Brownson, 70; P. Burke, 82; F. Baca, 75; A. S. Barnes, 87; E. Byrne, 82; L. Bolton, 70; D. Barrett, 90; F. Bernhart, 67; Jas. Burns, 95; C. Brown, 70; J. Brown, 88; M. Colina, 62; G. Craig, 91; J. Crowley, 70; W. Crowley, 66; J. Cusack, 84; G. Cartier, 63; E. Coady, 81; A. Cooper, 92; G. Crilly, 95; S. Craft, 85; D. Dwyer, 85; W. Dorsey, 67; S. Dorsey, 87; M. Dore, 81; J. Dickenson, 65; C. Duffin, 63; T. Dempsey, 72; C. Eyanson, 85; E. Egan, 68; A. Finckh, 77; J. Ford, 66; L. Grever, 81; J. Gallardo, 68; C. Gallarneau, 84; A. Gordon, 83; A. Gibbs, 80; T. Griffin, 93; G. Houck, 82; E. Hiner, 77; S. Hummer, 100; C. Hagerty, 90; W. Henry, 60; F. Jewett, 61; T. Jordan, 81; E. Jeffs, 72; J. Kelly, 75; F. Kreutzer, 92; G. Kingsnorth, 90; F. Kramer, 80; J. Langan, 80; A. Leonard, 94; A. Larkin, 66; W. Luhn, 84; W. McManus, 77; T. McKeon, 87; J. McDermott, 98; T. McDermott, 100; A. Major, 65; D. Marx, 69; F. McErlain, 64; W. Moffatt, 91; M. Mulkern, 90; V. Morrison, 80; W. McNamara, 87; J. Meagher, 80; L. Meagher, 93; G. Myers, 95; A. Maier, 67; J. McNally, 80; T. Noonan, 76; C. Neill, 90; J. Nester, 70; F. Nester, 63; Alf. Nicholl, 60; And. Nicholl, 75; W. O'Rourke, 81; T. O'Regan, 98; G. O'Kane, 82; J. O'Malley, 76; L. Orr, 70; J. O'Donnell, 70; V. Padilla, 92; P. Prudhomme, 74; P. Paschel, 95; T. Poole, 85; F. Prichard, 93; T. Pender, 79; E. Porter, 78; D. Quill, 62; F. Rodriguez, 69; J. Rudd, 90; A. Rudd, 75; W. Stattman, 75; W. E. Sullivan, 89; O. W. Sullivan, 94; E. Shields, 85; C. Stubbs, 75; F. Smith, 95; H. Smith, 60; J. St. Aubin, 83; A. Triplett, 100; R. Velasco, 80; J. Wilson, 65; M. White, 76; W. White, 91; F. Weber, 82; J. Whelan, 78; J. Waixel, 82; C. West, 98.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. Adelsperger, 81; W. Austin, 79; E. Adams, 89; R. Anderson, 71; R. Bronson, 69; H. Bronson, 89; E. Blessington, 79; E. Bodley, 75; C. Badger, 85; I. Bunker, 79; J. Bull, 72; W. Boland.

81; F. Benner, 63; H. Boland, 91; E. Burns, 82; J. Black, 60; E. Berry, 76; G. Bruce, 64; E. Brannick, 68; A. Burts, 77; F. Baca, 89; S. Campbell, 71; E. Campbell, 86; J. Clarke, 76; F. Carney, 92; F. Cobbs, 73; C. Cavanagh, 90; W. Clifford, 94; B. Clarke, 73; J. Cooney, 79; F. Coad, 67; L. Chute, 81; F. Chute, 80; W. Curtis, 67; D. Cartier, 83; I. Casey, 84; G. Cooke, 89; J. Cooke, 76; S. Ciarcoschi, 92; H. Coman, 65; F. Duffield, 85; L. Dunning, 80; E. Decker, 70; W. Devine, 73; J. Doss, 83; E. Doss, 84; D. Draper, 60; J. Dempsey, 79; F. Dunford, 69; T. Darragh, 78; E. Ewing, 94; S. Fitzharris, 78; M. Falter, 93; H. Figge, 72; T. Flood, 73; J. Fisher, 77; F. Flynn, 82; G. Freeman, 86; A. Galarneau, 60; T. Goebel, 88; F. Garber, 75; E. Glenn, 68; M. Girten, 68; F. Gray, 96; L. Hoffman, 76; A. Hoyer, 74; J. Hampton, 88; P. Houlihan, 85; J. Hart, 87; T. Hake, 81; A. Hake, 78; J. Henry, 83; A. Daniels, 65; E. Hannin, 86; J. Hayes, 92; E. Higgins, 77; H. Higgins, 81; F. Howard, 95; B. Inks, 71; C. Inderrieden, 73; R. Inderrieden, 88; H. Jewett, 84; A. Joyce, 77; N. Jacobs, 80; W. Julian, 89; T. Johns, 80; E. Kerlin, 88; F. Konzen, 86; W. Konzen, 90; W. Kern, 78; F. Kellner, 80; A. Kutsche, 76; J. Keating, 90; J. Kinsella, 76; J. King, 79; G. Landenwich, 91; F. Long, 96; H. Lane, 76; D. McKendry, 94; H. Mallay, 89; L. Monarch, 80; W. McKenzie, 82; M. McCart, 80; E. Mathewson, 72; W. McCormick, 89; J. McCormick, 78; J. McGurk, 73; J. McIntosh, 83; L. Macatee, 78; W. McPhee, 90; H. Mulberger, 81; J. Moncada, 85; J. McNulty, 88; W. Morrison, 81; A. Meehan, 74; C. Mitchell, 73; A. McGuire, 73; J. McDonald, 85; J. McCambridge, 89; J. McCabe, 75; R. Nations, 95; T. Noud, 84; S. Nussbaum, 89; J. O'Connor, 84; J. Ormond, 79; W. O'Brien, 91; M. O'Kane, 81; B. O'Kane, 82; J. O'Shea, 90; P. O'Hearn, 93; J. Pfau, 80; C. Paquette, 98; L. Preston, 92; J. Quealy, 63; A. Redlich, 69; C. Ramsey, 79; M. Reynolds, 93; L. Riedinger, 77; W. Rea, 86; P. Sweet, 84; C. Steele, 69; D. Stephens, 86; B. Stephens, 89; F. Smith, 70; M. Smith, 84; A. Schloss, 78; R. Sullivan, 84; F. Taliaferro, 80; D. Tewksbury, 75; B. Tivnen, 89; G. Tedeus, 78; H. Vhay, 81; J. Warner, 75; T. Wilbanks, 83; L. White, 79; P. Wagoner, 87; H. Walker, 87; W. Welch, 85; W. Walsh, 81; R. Weldon, 70; T. Wade, 70; H. Wageman, 80; F. Wilkin, 73; E. Weimer, 86; F. Wile, 97; H. White, 75.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. Ackerman, 80; C. Boettcher, 94; F. Bloomhuff, 89; J. Boyde, 96; L. Black, 95; M. Blumenthal, 90; H. Backrack, 80; S. Backrack, 90; R. Clendenin, 89; F. Crotty, 94; E. Cook, 80; A. Cohn, 90; C. Connor, 90; W. Connor, 88; J. Conners, 92; E. Conners, 90; W. Corbett, 87; L. Doss, 90; C. Dahler, 87; J. Dungan, 86; Jas. Dungan, 82; F. Davidson, 79; L. Dempsey, 87; J. Dempsey, 90; G. Franche, 92; C. Franche, 89; E. Foote, 90; T. Falvey, 90; F. Falvey, 94; E. Falvey, 89; R. Graham, 94; G. Gale, 89; O. Griffin, 88; C. Grant, 90; B. Goldmann, 80; R. Garrabrant, 79; E. Garber, 87; H. Huiskamp, 94;

J. Huiskamp, 90; O. Haney, 89; J. Hagus, 80; E. Hillas, 87; E. Jewett, 94; C. Koester, 90; W. Kutsche, 80; P. Keefe, 79; J. Kane, 87; G. Klaner, 86; T. Kerwin, 78; L. Kraber, 78; H. Kinsella, 75; M. Lowenstein, 90; R. Lane, 90; M. Lewin, 76; C. Mooney, 94; H. Mooney, 90; W. Martin, 98; A. Mayer, 89; L. Mayer, 87; G. Mayer, 92; R. Munro, 94; F. Mainzer, 85; A. Morgenweck, 86; A. Mason, 85; T. Mahon, 90; C. McPhee, 89; J. McIntosh, 96; N. McGuire, 80; W. McDonnell, 95; A. Nester, 92; J. O'Mara, 90; J. O'Donnell, 93; C. Priestly, 95; L. Paul, 90; H. Price, 75; M. Quinlin, 96; D. Quill, 90; L. Rioridan, 94; W. Rowsey, 90; F. Rogers, 95; J. Sullivan, 89; A. Sullivan, 90; F. Sullivan, 94; L. Stone, 90; F. Smith, 94; G. Sweet, 92; E. Savage, 87; F. Toolen, 94; Fred Toolen, 96; T. Tomkins, 95; B. Triplett, 90; A. Williamson, 90; W. Williamson, 96; J. Walsh, 96; S. Witkowsky, 87; A. Weckler, 80; H. Ziemann, 76.

OUR SEATS OF LEARNING.

Another scholastic year has been completed at the University of Notre Dame and St. Mary's Academy, and a long list of graduates has been sent forth armed cap-a-pie for the battle against obstacles to material and moral progress; while hundreds of aspiring students have gone to their homes to enjoy the welcome rest the summer vacation affords. The past has been a golden year for both institutions. The study-halls were never before so fully occupied, nor has the standard of excellence in studies and deportment ever before run so high, and the results of the year's work have gone a long way toward placing these twin educational institutions among the leading establishments of the day, though still, comparatively speaking, in their infancy. The growth of an educational institution is necessarily slow, especially if not founded upon the munificence of some rich testator, and has many obstacles in the way of location, prejudice and lack of reputation to overcome in addition to securing the means of subsistence, to say nothing of provisions for additional advantages. After forty-three years the University of Notre Dame may safely be ranked as an established institution. The growth of St. Mary's Academy has been somewhat more rapid, for in thirty-four years it has won a place by the side of the great University. Next year is likely to be marked by still greater success, for the motto of both is "onward and upward." The pride taken in them is not confined to people of the Catholic faith. On the contrary, every member of this community, whether Protestant or Catholic, feels that there is a bond of interest between them, and that no small part of the fame that has made South Bend a familiar name in every nook and corner of our nation is attributable to these sister seats of learning. In this connection *The News* desires to extend congratulations to the venerable Founder of Notre Dame and St. Mary's on being spared to enjoy the fruits of his labors.—*South Bend News*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, June 29, 1887.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTIETH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

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

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

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

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

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

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

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

Home to the Highlands.

DENVER, June 25.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:

The Colorado contingent left Notre Dame with a flourish of trumpets, as the old stage directions say; a large crowd had assembled on the porch to bid us good bye. Father Walsh was there, ubiquitous and beaming, going round to the carriages with a bright smile and pleasant word for everybody. Father Zahm was there, our *dux Trojanus*, with his brother, so popular at Notre Dame and so well known to all the Colorado students. His *fidus Achates*, Professor Fearnley, who was to accompany our party, was close beside him; literature and science having apparently patched up an armistice for vacation. Among other prominent figures in the crowd was that of Thucydides the Athenian, walking up and down with Mr. J. MacBokum.

We started from the College about 6.45 a.m., our departure being speeded by the rousing cheers and best wishes of those we left behind us. Two Pullman cars were drawn up in readiness for us at the depot. All got aboard with little delay, and the train pulled out a few minutes after eight o'clock.

The journey to Chicago was not productive of much excitement; the only event worth recording being a stoppage made in a patch of woodland flowers. The younger members of the party at once alighted and busily engaged themselves in making bouquets. The Professor of Literature watched them from the car, and was heard to murmur in a soft, sad undertone:

"The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time they shall not know,
When their young days of gathering flowers
Will be a thousand years ago."

On reaching Chicago, Father Morrissey left us and went off with a car load for St. Paul and Minneapolis, while our cars were switched across the city onto the tracks of the C. B. & Q. They were placed in the middle of the train for the West immediately in front of the dining-car. Our wily director had apparently been working a scheme, for, immediately on leaving the depot, our crowd took possession of the dining-room *vi et armis*, and filled up every seat to the exclusion and disgust of the other passengers, many of them venting their indignation in no measured terms. Their protests, however, were unavailing; it was a case of get there, Eli: we got there, and they didn't. One individual, with a you-make-me-fatigued expression on his countenance, exclaimed: "Well, who the blank are they anyhow? They've got the gall of an army mule." "Ah there! my size," imperturbably responded one of the Minims; "stay there." The waiters in the dining-car were particularly attentive; in fact, all the officials and employees of the roads we travelled on vied with each other in their efforts to make things comfortable and agreeable. "Well, I should remark," exclaimed a Junior as he perused the extensive bill of fare, "waiter, bring me some snipe on hairpins." "Beg pardon, sir," said the waiter, "game out of season just at present," so another dish was substituted, and he got there all the same. Certain members of the party who shall be nameless, but who are well known for their untiring performance of all life's sterner duties, went religiously through the bill of fare from cover to cover, with a pleasant sense of obligations not left unfulfilled making itself visible from time to time on their features. The whole party left the dining-car in a highly refreshed state, and returned to their hotel on wheels to pass the afternoon in such manner of recreation as suited each one's fancy.

Professor Zahm took his departure from us at Galesbury with the Omaha crowd. The afternoon passed away very rapidly, and we were quite surprised when we heard the announcement that it was supper time. The surprise, however, was by no means a disagreeable one. After supper an improvised musical and literary entertainment was organized. "Mac" brought out his xylophone, and delighted his audience with the bewitching strains of "My Queen." He received a hearty *encore*, to which he responded by singing "Michael Casey's grub." Willie and Charley McPhee, Tommy Tompkins and Fisher Smith did themselves proud by reciting. By the way, I should

have mentioned—in fact, it is an unpardonable want of chivalry—that there were some young ladies from St. Mary's on board with us, under the charge of their parents or guardians. They contributed not a little to the success of the evening's entertainment, in particular Miss Fuller and Miss Lindsey. All who heard them expressed themselves highly delighted, and vain attempts having been repeatedly made to induce the colored porter to give us either a song or a speech, the assemblage broke up hastily at the shout of "*Here's a picnic, boys! come outside and take it in!*" We had just reached Quincy, Ill., where a travelling circus was loading on the cars. Crowds of horses, wild animals in cages, the fat lady and the walking skeleton were respectively greeted with appropriate remarks. A troop of elephants was marching gravely past our car, apparently rapt in deep meditation, when they were startled from their reverie by the explosion in their midst of a big fire-cracker thrown by the hand of an enterprising Senior. It knocked them right into the middle of next week, and probably they haven't got over it yet.

On returning to the cars, the Junior members of the party, who felt somewhat sleepy, retired to bed; while the rest adjourned to the smoking-room of the adjoining car which was soon crowded to the utmost extent of its cubical capacity. Calls were made for the Professor; he was presently ushered in, and enthroned in the seat of honor. Acknowledging the compliment in a brief but felicitous speech, he referred to the great pleasure it gave him to be on the trip with the boys, and expressed his hope that the same crowd would return with augmentations. These sentiments were received with great applause; cheers were given for Notre Dame, and song succeeded song till the witching hour of midnight.

The next day passed much like its predecessor. In the afternoon, the correspondent of the *Rocky Mountain News* stepped on to the car and was cordially received. After supper we had another entertainment, the selections at which met with warm and enthusiastic applause. Next morning (Saturday) we reached La Junta junction, where four members of our party left for El Paso and points South. Breakfast was taken in the dining-room at Pueblo, the bracing morning air of Colorado being a capital appetizer. We were now getting close to the "Rockies," and every eye was skinned to get the first view of them, when, suddenly, the haze seemed to lift, and the mountains broke upon our delighted vision in all the beauty of their snow-clad summits and fir-clad sides. The scenery now began to be really romantic; novels and the poets were put away, and every head was at the windows. Thoughts of home and its approaching pleasures were now more than ever present to the minds of most of us: several expected parents or friends to meet them at the next stopping-place. These came on board either at Colorado Springs, or at Palmer Lake, and then took place those exquisitely enjoyable scenes of rapturous greeting and gaiety which makes the old heart young again.

"Thirty miles to Denver!" was the announce-

ment that next greeted our ears; and the Queen City of the plains was finally reached about three o'clock in the afternoon. A large crowd was awaiting us on the platform, and hearty and prolonged greetings were exchanged; then the party broke up with expressions of regret and promises to visit each other, and we realized that our journey was over.

VIATOR.

Personal.

—A very welcome visitor to the College last week was the Very Rev. Anthony Smith, Vicar-General of the diocese of Trenton, N. J. Father Smith, we are glad to hear, greatly enjoyed his visit, and expressed his surprise and pleasure to see all the educational advantages presented by Notre Dame.

—Among the large concourse of visitors present at the Commencement exercises were the following: Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne; Rt. Rev. Richard Gilmour, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland; Rev. P. Boland, Litchfield, Minn.; Rev. Henry Reimbold, Nauvoo, Ill.; Rev. Wm. J. Goebel, Ripon, Wis.; Rev. A. Goulet, Joliet, Ill.; Rev. John P. Hogan, '78, Lemont, Ill.; Rev. D. Hishen, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. John Dempsey, Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. A. B. Oechtering, Mishawaka, Ind.; Rev. M. Fitzsimmons, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. John Guendling, Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. T. O'Sullivan, '58, South Chicago, Ill.; Rev. John Dinnen, '65, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Rev. Denis A. Clarke, '70, Columbus, Ohio; Rev. Joseph Nussbaum, Laporte, Ind.; Rev. H. F. J. Kroll, Hesterton, Ind.; Rev. H. R. Murphy, Clyman, Wis.; Rev. James E. Harlin, Monches, Wis.; Rev. Matt. A. Condon, Mapleton, Wis.; Rev. James F. Clancy, Woodstock, Ill.; Rev. M. O'Reilly, Valparaiso, Ind.; Rev. E. M. Griffin, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. James Nelson, Lourdes, Iowa; Rev. J. P. Agnew, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Patrick O'Brien, Toledo, Ohio; Rev. John Ford, Keystone, Iowa; Rev. V. Czynski, South Bend, Ind.; Rev. P. Johannes, South Bend, Ind.; Rev. John Crawly, Laporte, Ind.; Rev. Denis J. Hagerty, South Bend, Ind.; Rev. M. I. Lauth, South Bend, Ind.; Rev. H. Meissner, Peru, Ind.; Rev. Louis Moench, Plymouth, Ind.; Rev. F. J. Van Antwerp, Battle Creek, Mich.; Rev. E. Kelly, Rev. J. Dunne, Chicago; Rev. M. J. Dempsey, Detroit; Rev. P. Levy, Monroe, Mich.

Local Items.

—Gone!

—Do not forget the SCHOLASTIC.

—The "classic halls" are deserted.

—One who is thoroughly Christian in heart and soul will never forget the respect due to the dignity and sacredness of the priesthood.

—Work is actively progressing on the new wing to St. Edward's Hall. The "princes" returning

in September will be surprised to see the great improvements made.

—The St. Cecilians, as usual, carried off the honors of Commencement. All the class medals, the Mason, Meehan and Commercial medals were received by members of the Association.

—We regret that, owing to the pressure of other matter, we are obliged to forego the publication of the names of many visitors at our Commencement exercises. The list would, indeed, be a long one, for the friends of Notre Dame, especially the "old boys," assembled in large numbers, and enjoyed the proceedings and their visit.

—The gentlemanly officials of the L. S. & M. S. R.R. ran excursion trains for the accommodation of the students on Wednesday and Thursday of Commencement week. The students, on the various trips were accompanied by Rev. Fathers Zahm, Morrissey and Regan, Bros. Leander, Emmanuel, Marcellinus and Paul, and by the General Manager of Transportation, Prof. Lyons.

—Every friend of Notre Dame should procure a copy of "A Tribute to Notre Dame," recently published by Mr. T. A. De Weese, of South Bend. The engravings of points of interest around Notre Dame and St. Mary's were executed by the Photo-Gravure Co. of New York, and are very artistic in themselves, and will serve to recall many a pleasant memory to one who has lived at Notre Dame.

—ERRATA:—Among those who received First Honors, Junior department, read "Ferd. Long," instead of Ferd. Fry; "F. and A. Hake," instead of F. and A. Hahn. In the Minim department, the Sorin Society Gold Medal was awarded to James McIntosh, and the Elocution Gold Medal to Christopher H. Mooney. The Gold Medal for Vocal Music was awarded to Geo. F. O'Kane, and the Medal for Penmanship in the Commercial Department to Felix Rodriguez.

—The Diplomas of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association were of a new and attractive kind. They were awarded to the following young gentlemen: R. Adlesperger, W. Austin, L. Chute, W. Clifford, C. Cavanaugh, W. Devine, E. S. Ewing, J. Fisher, J. McGurk, T. Goebel, M. Falter, W. McKenzie, G. Meehan, W. McPhee, L. Preston, M. O'Kane, H. Vhay, W. Welch, P. Wagoner, L. White, W. Morrison, M. Reynolds, W. O'Brien, W. Boland, G. Tarrant, E. Blessington, J. King, T. Darragh.

—Among the many memorable points in Bishop Gilmour's masterly Oration on Commencement Day was the delineation of the great truth that the evils which afflict society are, directly or indirectly, traceable to a want of submission to lawful authority. Epochs in the world's history have been ushered in by the cry of man for the "rule of reason." The demand is right enough, within proper limits, but sad experience has proven and will continue to prove, that human reason alone and unaided, is a weak and blind guide. Lawfully established authority must first, last, and all the time, be recognized and maintained.

—The closing game of the scholastic year,

was played on Tuesday, June 21. Quite a large gathering of friends and visitors witnessed the exciting contest, and the grand prize medal, donated by A. G. Spalding & Bro. to be awarded to the victorious nine stimulated both sides in their contention for victory. The University "Reds," after a hard struggle again won. After the game, Mr. D. C. Saviers, of Columbus, Ohio, was introduced by the Director, and made a short but eloquent speech, recounting the efforts of the authorities in encouraging legitimate sports and pastimes. Mr. Jos. Cusack, Captain of the champion nine, received the Livingston medal; Mr. Cooper, of the champion nine, having drawn the Spalding medal, was decorated with the same. The Adler Bros' medal and medals for each member of the champion nine, not having arrived, were pinned on the young men in the College parlor on Wednesday morning. The following are the names of those who received medals: J. Nester, Captain of the "Blues," the Adler Bros' medal; Jas. Burns, G. Cartier, G. Meyers, T. Jordan, J. Triplett, W. Luhn, D. Quill, E. Porter, Jos. McNamara, J. Kleiber and T. H. Pender.

—Accessions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.:—Mitre of white moire antique with exquisite needlework embroidery in gold and silver thread and tinted silks owned by Rt. Rev. Bishop Rosecrans, first Prelate of the diocese of Columbus, presented by Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson. Mask taken after death from the features of Bishop Rosecrans, presented by Mr. T. H. Mulay through Rev. D. A. Clarke. Full-length standing silhouette portrait of Rt. Rev. Bishop England, showing tower of his cathedral in the background, presented by Mother Leon. (This picture hung for many years in Bishop England's room.) Breviaries used by Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, presented by Rev. Father L'Etourneau. Crosier with foliated crook and gold embroidered sandals used by Rt. Rev. Bishop Whalen, O. S. D., presented by Rev. Father Spencer. Cabinet photograph of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Boff, and autograph letters, presented by a friend. Autograph letters of Rt. Rev. Bishop Gallagher, and three manuscripts, presented by Rev. Father Toohey. Mitre of silver cloth, profusely embroidered with gold spangles and bullion, used by Most Rev. Archbishop Wood, presented by Sister Aloysius. Red silk calotte, worn by His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, presented by M. S—. Four letters written by Archbishop Elder, presented by S. Thorn. Photographs of the four Bishops of Nashville, presented by Frank Poole.

—The Director of the Historical Department returns thanks to Mr. James Bonney, of South Bend, for several hundred negatives and photographs of college societies, classes, boat crews, athletic clubs, graduates, old students, officers and members of the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame, Priests and Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross taken during the past quarter of a century; to Mr. L. Grever for a rare coin; to the American Catholic Historical Society for a copy of its records, 1884-86; to Mr. Maurice F.

Egan, for autograph letter of C. A. Dana; to Master Lamar Monarch for two books; to J. Larkin for valuable War Records; to Very Rev. E. B. Kilroy, A. M., D. D., for valuable services rendered in securing articles for the cabinet. Received from the late Mrs. C. Dunbar "Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the Four Masters, from the earliest period to the year 1616, edited by John O'Donovan, LL. D."—original Irish with English translation, 6 vols., Dublin, 1856, worth \$60.00; "The Buik of the Chronicles of Scotland," or "A Metrical Version of the History of Hector Boece," by William Stewart, edited by William Turnbull, London, 1858, 3 vols., \$9.00; "The Life and Times of Sixtus V.," by Baron Hübner, translated from the original French by Hubert E. H. Jerningham, London, 1872, 2 vols., \$6.00; "The History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England, begun 1641, Oxford, 1707," 3 vols., \$12.00. Dr. W. J. Onahan, of Chicago, has presented to the Library, "The Polychromatic Ornaments of Italy," by Edward Adams, Architect, illustrated; "Treatise on Christian Doctrine," by John Milton, translated from the original Latin by C. R. Sumner, Cambridge University Press, 1825; Bacon's Advancement of Learning; *Orontii Finei Spæra*; *The Monitor*, or *British Freeholder*, 1756 and 1757; *The Theory of the Earth*, London, 1690. Mr. F. X. Reuss has presented twenty-four pamphlets and reports, an imperfect copy of the Golden Jubilee of Mt. St. Mary's; several *Ordos* and a copy of "Roumania," by James Noyes. Received from Mr. Neale Ewing, Emerson's Essays; Adam Bede, and eight pamphlets. From Professor J. A. Lyons, Shakespeare's Works, 8 vols.; Poems by Marcella Agnes Fitzgerald.

Commencement Notes.

(From the "South Bend Tribune.")

The society badges, produced under direction of Prof. J. A. Lyons, are beautiful this year. The Euglossian is of old gold ribbon, six inches long, with heavy gold fringe at the bottom. Near the top is the seal of the Society, and below this: "June 22, 1887. University Notre Dame." The St. Cecilia Philomathean Association badge is of pure white satin ribbon, with a blue bow at the top and gold fringe at the bottom. Just under the bow is the word "Literary" in large letters, and under it the well-known seal of the Society with the words "June 22, 1887, University of Notre Dame" following. The badge of the Associated Alumni is of pure white silk with deep gold fringe. A picture of Notre Dame University is near the centre of it with the words "Associated Alumni, June 22, 1887." The badge of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society is a cardinal red satin ribbon with gilt heading and a footing of gold fringe. Near the top is an open book in gold with the word "Progress" above it in gold letters; below the book, in neat gold letters, are the words "St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society, June 22, 1887. University of Notre Dame."

The medal for the best drill among the Sorin Cadets was won by Master L. Dempsey.

The Bishops' Art Gallery, on the second floor of the University building, is fully worthy of the attention which the visitors gave it this Commencement. There was scarcely an hour in the day that it was not thronged with visitors. There are nearly two hundred portraits in this gallery, and many of them are the finest examples of portrait painting in the country. Such a collection of paintings is to be found nowhere else in the West. This gallery is under the special care of Prof. J. F. Edwards, who is taking great pride in making the collection.

The 101 little Princes—as the Minims are known—had their Premiums distributed to them in St. Edward's Hall, one of the coziest places about Notre Dame, and sacred from the shining tiles and choke-collars of the Seniors and the cut-away suits of the Juniors. Each Minim wore a Sorin badge, to show that they are the especial charges of the Father General, who with his own hands awarded the Premiums. President Walsh, in a brief speech, complimented them on their diligence and good behavior, and hoped to welcome all of them at the proper time into the University proper.

The prize in the Oratorical Contest was awarded to "Young Phil" as Philip V. D. Brownson, of Detroit, is known at the University. He is a grandson of the eminent Dr. Orestes Brownson, whose remains are buried in the crypt of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame, and whose portrait hangs at the grand staircase in the University, along with those of Pope Leo and Cardinal Newman. Young Mr. Brownson's subject was "The Christianizing of Britain." His argument was that religion is the greatest civilizer, and he sustained his argument by abundant proofs from history. He shows much of the style and vigor of his grand-sire in his manner of expression.

There were some very affecting scenes at the parting of students and Faculty, although for most of them it is for but a few short months. Such men as President Walsh, Prof. J. A. Lyons, Prof. J. F. Edwards, win the affection, as well as esteem of students, and the expressions of regret at parting were sincere on both sides.

Very Rev. Father Corby, Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross in the United States, who was President of Notre Dame University at the time of the great fire in 1879, was present this Commencement, and found many of his old students here as visitors. Time is dealing gently with Father Corby. We shall never forget how eagerly Father Corby grasped an old steel purse which one of the students found in the ruins of the old University fire, and exclaimed: "I carried it all through the war!" Only an old soldier knows the value of such relics.

The Alumni Oration of Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of the Class of '58, on "The Church and Civilization," will long be remembered by those who heard it, not only for the eloquence of the orator, but for its breadth of thought and depth of conclusions. It was a masterly effort.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

Our Lady of Loreto.

The final location of the conventual church of Our Lady of Loreto, at St. Mary's Academy, is in front of that Loreto Chapel so dear to the hearts of those who cherish recollections of Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

The plan of the church, being in the form of the Greek Cross, closely resembles that of *Sta. Maria in Carignano*, Genoa, which was recently described in the *Ave Maria*.

Sta. Maria in Carignano had for its architect a pupil of Michael Angelo, who took the opportu-

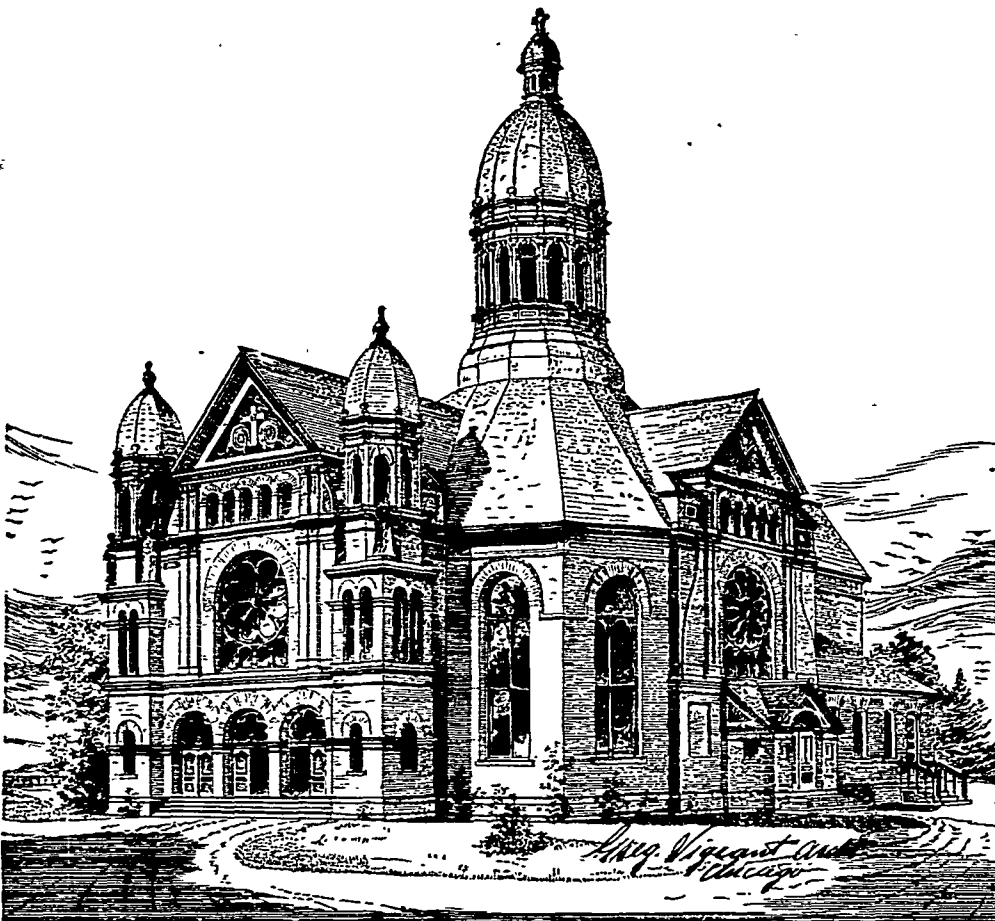
The auditorium is 84 feet in diameter, and the alcoves, east and west with vaulted ceilings, ascend in semi elliptical circles, 38 feet in width. The altar is at the west, and the main entrance and organ loft are at the east. Simplicity and harmony—perfect harmony—are the terms to use when describing the graceful symmetry of the interior, where gentle curves blend into one another, and rise and are lost in the grand circle described by the base of the dome.

The many windows are to be filled with elegant stained glass, some of which have already been put in. One large window, and the rose windows,—one at each arm of the cross,—bear testimony to the beauty of the design. The large window, which will have three companions, contains two designs, on totally different portions of Our Lady's life—intended, perhaps, to make a contrast between her life and that of her Divine Son. The lower design represents the taking down from the Cross, and the upper one the Descent of the Holy Ghost, and is the gift of Very Rev. Father General Sorin.

The rose window behind the sanctuary, and therefore just in front of Loreto, is, of course, the Annunciation. It is the memorial window of the donor of Loreto, Rev. N. H. Gillespie, C.S.C., given by his saintly mother, Mrs. M. M. Phelan. The tints are very delicate; the grouping places the angel behind Our Lady, as is always done when the artist wishes to call devout attention to the exceeding humility of Mary, that made her Divine Maternity such a total surprise to herself.

Opposite to this, the rose window over the portal contains a lovely "Immaculate Conception," which is truly only the opposite pole of the same Mystery of Mary's Maternity. This window is the gift of the pupils of 1885 and '86. The rose window over the right transept—the gift of the Alumnae—represents the "Assumption," and over the left transept we see the Crucifixion, Mary Magdalene again

bathing the Master's feet with tears; St. John, mute with grief and horror, and the "Mother of Dolors," with the seven swords piercing her Heart, gazing with clasped hands at her expiring Son. There is something inexpressibly touching about this window, even before we know it is a consecration of human grief—an act of resignation from a broken-hearted mother who, having lost *seven* children, may well claim protection and consolation from the Mother of Sorrows. It is the gift of Mrs. E. Brown, of Dubuque, Iowa, in memory of her youngest daughter, Miss Katie Brown, who died in April 1886, the last of seven children whom the loving mother had buried.



OUR LADY OF LORETO.

nity of presenting to the world the plan designed by his master for St. Peter's. However, in the church of Our Lady of Loreto, the dome, rising above the centre of the Greek Cross, is only a portion of the roof; whereas, in the Genoese church, the dome is a circular structure, placed on the summit of the church, and pierced by windows before reaching its own roof. Otherwise, the resemblance is complete, even to the two square turrets, at each corner of the façade, and the triple archway of the entrance.

The church of Our Lady of Loreto is 122 feet in length, and 92 feet in its greatest width. The cross which surmounts the dome rises to a height of 125 ft.

For the present, Loreto is apparently eclipsed; but those to whom the fair shrine is so dear, must hope that at some future day the cross which now rises aloft on the dome of St. Mary's of Loreto, will glitter on another, yet loftier dome, rising above the Holy House, then making it a yet truer representation of Italy's holiest shrine, and still further adorning the beautiful hill of St. Mary's with a perfect sanctuary of the *Angelus*.

Labor, the Legacy of Mortality.

BY CATHERINE SCULLY.

In an age when, to judge from the eagerness with which they are coveted, comfort and luxury seem to be the chief end and aim of existence, and in a land where self-assertion takes the place of filial obedience, nothing is more easy than for the faulty mind of man to be misled, and to take up with the common error.

But sweetly adown the ages, like the far-off ravishing melody of music upon the waters, every moment becoming more and more distinct, and more beautiful, fall the clear tones of a command, calm as reality, merciful as Heaven, and wise as omniscience: "Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow!"

Only to the ear of folly, or to the greed of the crafty, has there ever sounded anything like harshness in this decree. Activity is life. Indolence is death, at least to the superior nature of man. To be usefully employed is the childlike and filial return which we delight to offer for the benignant gift of our daily bread; for the cooling draught from the crystal spring; for our nights of tranquil slumber; for the fresh, invigorating air that we breathe, and for the healthful daily renovation of our vital energies.

Indolence is its own punishment, as industry is its own reward. Look the wide world over for satisfaction and tranquil enjoyment of life, and it will be nowhere discovered, except among those who cordially relish labor; who respect and esteem it, and who, next to the consciousness of obedience to the Divine requirements, find in exertion and thrift their best wages. Search wherever you will, and tell who is more wretched than the indolent?

There is no stronger proof of the degeneracy of a people than a growing aversion for honest toil; no surer indication of a reliable prosperity than a ready acceptance of any honorable means of earning a livelihood on the part of the members of the commonwealth. Scorn of labor often reveals itself in pretense; in a vain affectation of love for the beautiful, and in the many false habits of fashionable life; but the earnest desire to live for some purpose is the stimulus to virtuous effort, and no one actuated by such a desire will ever consent to be idle.

Manual labor, however, forms only a small proportion of the toil to which the race has fallen heir. The mind, the heart, the soul, are subject to the

penalty of human prevarication, and must each share generously in the reparation. The understanding, which in its pristine state was clear and unclouded, must now struggle with weakness and error; the will, the heart which was untroubled, unperverted, must now undergo the most severe labors to successfully resist its unhappy inclinations. The soul, created with an almost limitless power of enjoyment, having proved recreant to the conditions of beatitude, must now contend with a corresponding degree of misery and bitterness, pain and sorrow proportioned to its capacity of bliss.

What a magnificent field of industry opens now before the faithful heart with this certain knowledge in view! To alleviate the sorrows of the sorrowful; to dispel the doubts of the doubting; to sustain the weak, that they may not succumb; to guide the wayward, and to cheer the upright, this is the sublime legacy which has fallen to our lot.

Angels, indeed, might envy these holy prerogatives; yet they do not envy, but are ever ready to aid our humble labors, and to accomplish for us that which is beyond our strength. To co-operate with them is the object of all worthy efforts. Here the mystery is explained of those superhuman lives which grace the pages of Christian biography, and which present the picture of labors so broad and so comprehensive that they would appall the stoutest heart, if guided alone by the instincts of nature.

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor, for labor is noble and holy;
Good deeds like your prayers will ascend to your God."

Partings.

BY MISS MARY DILLON, CLASS '87.

(Read Tuesday—Concert Day—June 21.)

I.

Life in its changes, its ebb and its flowing,
Toils and anxieties, hopes and its fears,
Is like to the April day, soft breezes blowing;
Storm clouds then rising, and melting to tears.

II.

Brightly the sunbeams the night gloom dispelling,
Over the earth in its beauty are thrown;
Brilliancy radiant, sweetly foretelling
The advent of Spring with its buds yet unblown.

III.

Yet gentle Spring-time to Summer-time yielding,
Tells the old story of partings once more;
Sorrow her sceptre for evermore wielding,
Issues her mandate, and May-days are o'er.

IV.

June comes to us, with its sunshine and roses,
Sweet odors filling the forest and glen;
Bright fountains sparkle where cool shade reposes,
But sad partings come to us: come, *even then*.

V.

Come when the heart, beating gayly and lightly,
 Pictures the future in tempting array;
 Painting her magic views, daily and nightly,
 Putting unwelcome forebodings away.

VI.

Why comes this guest to us, ever unbidden:
 Heedless of pleasure, of beauty, of hope;
 Bringing to laughing eyes, tears that were hidden,
 Teaching the untried heart sorrow's broad scope.

VII.

'Tis that the Eden-land, long since hath vanished;
 Unmingled joy is estranged from the earth;
 Mortals by sin from their Paradise banished
 Here, may not quaff the pure fountains of mirth.

VIII.

Is it unkindness, or mercy, and sweetness
 Gently unlinking our souls from this clime,
 Ever more wedded to sheer incompleteness;
 Wedded to change, the sole birth-right of time?

IX.

Angels of kindness each moment would sever
 Chords that must crumble, and ties that must yield,
 Lest the weak heart would *here* tarry forever,
 And glory celestial be ever concealed.

X.

Partings are blessings, if so we would make them;
 Changes the billows that waft us to rest;
 They are God's mercies, if so we but take them,
 Since He, and He only, knows just what is best.

XI.

Then while we grieve, let most humble submission
 Temper the sorrow that nature must feel;
 Look we beyond our sad mortal condition,
 Hushing rebellion that o'er us must steal.

XII.

All through our lives let the hope that sustains us
 Turn into glory, Time's fountain of tears;
 Transform to blessings whatever now pains us,
 Make us unmindful of sadness and fears.

XIII.

For when the seasons of earth, and the changes,
 Slowly subsiding, be merged in the past,
 Lo! in eternity's limitless ranges,
 Beauty will glow on her partings at last.

XIV.

Let us make partings, however heart-rending,
 Sources of merit, and never of sin;
 Take them as promising joys never ending,
 Proofs of reward that submission must win.

XV.

When the cold winter of longing and waiting,
 And the fierce storms of affliction and woe,
 Yield to the zephyrs so mild and elating,
 Then of earth's partings the worth we shall know;

XVI.

Then shall the springtime of endless fruition
 Ope on a season to never be changed;
 Partings will then have completed their mission;
 Exiles be ended; hearts no more estranged.

Valedictory.

BY MISS ESTELLE HORN.

Once more on Commencement Day those who have watched with eager interest for over a score and ten years the progress of St. Mary's are again assembled; not, as in days of old, in apartments ill adapted to our purpose, but under the arching dome of "St. Mary's of Loreto." Beautiful title! bringing to mind the brightest scene that ever gladdened earth after the flaming sword had driven forth from the Garden of Eden our recreant primogenitors. The Incarnation, the long-deferred hope of a banished race, at last realized; the reconciliation of earth with Heaven, are sweetly blended in the title of the Rotunda beneath which, kind friends, we meet you to-day; for "St. Mary's of Loreto," is to us the synonym of "the most venerable sanctuary in the world"—*Santa Casa*—the "Holy House of the Incarnation"; the arena of woman's emancipation from her four thousand years of thralldom and degradation. Miriam, Judith, Esther, grand and exalted as was their mission, were but *types* of Her for whom this edifice was named.

It is from the Mystery of the Incarnation that we rightly date the dawn of woman's disenthralment. Hitherto she had been esteemed as a slave, a toy, an inferior of man; but now she takes her stand as his equal, exalted, in the person of Mary, the Mother of the Word Incarnate. Why should we not rejoice in the distinction which has fallen to our lot of receiving our graduating honors under such favorable auspices: the first, the last Commencement exercises in "St. Mary's of Loreto?"

RT. REV. BISHOP GILMOUR:—Warmly do we congratulate ourselves upon the signal honor of closing our scholastic career in the revered presence of one who, like your Lordship, stands pre-eminent among the champions of Christian education. A decade of years has glided away since your first visit to our beautiful Convent retreat, and we know what sacred recollections cluster around that first visit and dwell in your memory; well we know the beautiful and indissoluble friendship then established with one so dear to us all,—one whose ambition was for God alone; the leading aim of whose life was in the same magnificent field as your own.

A little more than three months since, again you came to this fair spot. But it is not for us to paint the picture of that day; for the tears then started have not yet ceased to flow; the grief then awakened is still fresh and poignant; the memory of that sad pageant still lingers and blends with the sorrow of our hearts, while we mingle our thanks for the honor you have so kindly conferred upon our Class, with our reverent and reluctant farewell!

OUR OWN RT. REV. BISHOP of Ft. Wayne:—While our hearts are filled with mourning for the loved and lost, it is a source of deep satisfaction to welcome your kindly presence on an occasion like this. Allow us to felicitate you, Rt. Rev. Bishop,

on the honor which, so unique and artistic a building as St. Mary's of Loreto has added to your diocese. Thanking you for your sacred supervision over us, begging your prayers that our Class shall never betray the obligations assumed as Graduates of St. Mary's, we bid you, Rt. Rev. Bishop, a respectful farewell!

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER GENERAL:—When we recall the many happy years we have passed under the shadow of *Alma Mater*, and the constant interest and kindly regard which you have ever extended towards the pupils of St. Mary's, the cloud of the parting hour falls more darkly over the fair horizon of our bright hopes, since we shall no longer meet you as of yore, and shall cease to hear your generous words of advice and encouragement; but, Very Rev. and dear Father, experience teaches us, even when we are young, that the phases of life are as inexhaustible as the resources of the mind of man. Infinitude alone can measure, or reflect, their countless features. This is why hopes and fears, prospects and promises are so unreliable.

One year ago to-day, what a different scene was before us! The same sky, it is true, arched above our heads; the same flower-enameled green sward spread in beauty beneath our feet; the same surroundings in their general aspect. Smoothly, and ever unswerving in their course, lapsed the waters of St. Joseph's River along their graceful channel. Flower, and shrub, and tree were in bloom; birds were singing in the air, and the clouds, shifting their glorious panorama of beauty and brightness, regaled and charmed the vision. But, dear Father, the vicissitudes of the year have, humanly speaking, changed all that which is most essential in the identity of the place, even as the noble edifice in which we are now assembled has transformed the features of the landscape. One who for thirty-four years was the life, the energizing force of our Convent home, has passed away forever from the scenes of her holy labors. Dear Mother Angela's toils are over, and all of her that is perishable now lies at rest in the peaceful graveyard, where the sentinel blossoms guard the sacred deposit, and where tears of devotion water their growth.

She who on every Commencement Day, since the foundation of St. Mary's, has moved among the youthful groups on the eve of their departure from its fostering shelter, to cheer, encourage and delight, has ceased her gracious ministration. No more is she seen among us, arousing the highest and best within us by word and example; stirring each heart to earnest emulation and lofty endeavor. Mother Angela is no more at St. Mary's!

But, stay! This is not justice. Is generous, patient, far-seeing devotedness an influence that can die? Is a life of prayer and constant self-sacrifice as evanescent as the wayward clouds which float a moment along the sky, then, dispersed in faint vapor, at last are seen no more? No: The memory of one whose loving foot-prints, so to speak, are impressed, not alone on all the surroundings of our school home, but on every institution

of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in this grand Republic, is something more than a pleasing unreality, a soothing recollection.

Of Mother Angela it may truly be said that, "being dead, she yet speaketh." Hand in hand with you, dear Father,—who with the far-seeing wisdom of the sage, have united the zeal and enthusiasm of the saint—Mother Angela has always stood first in the ranks of every enterprise, to elevate the standard, and to establish on a firm foundation the noblest type of human culture—that of broad, deep, and comprehensive Christian education. Her brave and superhuman exertions which, under your direction, dear Father, have accomplished so much, are now bearing fruit; and Mother Angela's influence will be performing its glorious mission so long as a Sister of Holy Cross shall wield the pen of the writer; the brush of the artist; the authority of a guide in the class room, or the musical conservatory; and when in after years we shall more fully realize what these things have accomplished for us, while we remember and thank you from our hearts, dear Father, we shall, with our fervent aspirations for your welfare, mingle loving thoughts of gratitude to dear Mother Angela, and with the sacred, well-beloved name, we blend our hopeful condolence and our sad farewell.

OUR KIND CHAPLAIN, our revered Superiors, Prefects, and Teachers:—Too deep for words is our grief at parting from you, who have so long and faithfully watched over our welfare. May happiness be yours at all times, and may each member of our Class prove worthy of the tender care you have so freely lavished upon us!

OUR DEAR SCHOOLMATES:—Beholding us in possession of the laurels which we have for years labored to secure, it is but natural for you to look forward to the coveted hour when like honors shall be claimed by you. Be courageous. Let no day pass without its full meed of merit. Let noble, generous thoughts fill heart, and mind, and soul, and there will surely be no lack of joy; no meagre portion of satisfaction. Months and years will glide away, and your diligent labors will at last be honored as ours have been to-day. You, too, will kneel to receive the well-earned cross of gold; you, too, will go forth to conquer in the Sign of human redemption. To our best wishes for your future welfare and success we join our loving adieu!

BELOVED CLASSMATES:—Together we have studied the wonders of physical science. With minute and careful exactness, have admired the transformations taking place in the microscopic particles of matter. The delicate tracery of the fossil fern and the fair petals of the fresh blown flower have alike called forth our enthusiasm. The course of the stars, studding the vast dome of heaven, and the truths revealed by Mental Philosophy have nourished our minds with food richer than the storied ambrosia of Mount Parnassus; yet no longer shall we together delve amid the labyrinths of scientific mysteries. Now that the land marks of school-life are left far behind, let us recall words spoken, long years ago, to Graduates who passed forth from these consecrated grounds,

as we shall go forth to-day,—words spoken by lips beloved, now cold in death,—those of our departed Prefect of Studies. “My children,” said dear Mother Angela, “my children, remember that now you are only considered capable of pursuing your studies without the aid of a teacher.”

Dear Classmates, we stand at the cross roads. On the milestone in advance are engraved two words: “Farewell! Forward!” May not one of our twelve fail, or even falter! Separated, though not disunited, we shall be one in the memories, and in the influences which have, in our *Alma Mater*, surrounded and left their impressions on the Class of '87.

Principles here inculcated shall be our defence in temptation, our solace in sadness, our hope in discouragement. Our occupations no more will be the same. Our aim may not correspond, but however varied, may they lead all to the grand common end—the blessed vision of God, which, in the words of our Class motto—“*Beatitudo Cæli Vitam Facit*,” constitutes the happiness of heaven!

The Thirty-Second Annual Commencement.

The closing exercises of the scholastic year were held in the exquisitely beautiful new church, so long needed, and so patiently waited for, and which has at last crowned the expectations of all in a building which far surpasses in beauty even the most sanguine hopes of those who have so long looked forward to its completion. A description from the gifted pen of Miss Francis Howe is elsewhere given.

The literary part of the exercises on Tuesday was more extensive than usual, as the Graduating Class was exceptionally large; but, as one remarked very justly, “the programme did not seem long, because the essays were so thoroughly interesting, so full of deep thought that weariness was out of the question.” The only drawback to the pleasure of the day was the absence of Very Rev. Father General, whose approbation is valued far before that of any and of all the rest who may commend.

The first, “Every-day Mysteries,” by Miss Mabel Kearsey, in eloquent language and forcible reasoning, clearly demonstrated the fact that “of all mysteries the greatest is the unfortunate skeptic, who is ready to assign an intelligent maker to a faulty piece of machinery, and yet still doubts the existence of the All-wise Creator of the universe.

The second, “Our Future,” by Miss McHale, defended the thesis that “there is nothing which *will*, conjoined to a worthy object, cannot accomplish.” The essay was read in a clear voice and excellent style.

The third essay on the programme was gracefully presented by Miss Lora Williams. Her subject—a volume in a nutshell—was “Gratitude, the Flower of Culture,” a theme most perfectly disclosing the fact that “hearty appreciation from minds which know not the worth of benefits conferred; from souls incapable of understanding the

blessings of which they have been the recipients, is as rare as grape clusters on the vines when the vintage is over; or, as heads of wheat when the gleaners have passed by.” The young lady has a remarkably rich and sympathetic voice, which greatly enhanced the fine rendering of her beautiful essay.

The German essay, by Miss Estelle Horn—, “*Die Macht des Gedankens*”—was pronounced excellent by those present to whom the language was their mother-tongue. “Home Accomplishments,” by Miss Bertha Kearney, pleaded the cause of fireside pleasure, and conclusively vindicated those accomplishments which lead the restlessness of youth into healthful and virtuous channels. She proved that they exceed all others in potency and merit. “Hidden Treasures,” by Miss Lucretia St. Clair, defended the proposition that “the real sunshine of life”—the treasure of treasures, hidden, though powerful; royal, though uncrowned—is contentment with the place, the surroundings, the occupations assigned us by the unerring Providence of God. The essay was charmingly read.

The first of the three poems of the day was given by Miss Ada Shephard. Her subject, “The Rainbow,” was originally and most artistically treated. The rhythm of the accomplished musician, as Miss Shephard proved herself over and over again, alike on Tuesday and Wednesday, was revealed in the reading as well as the construction of the beautiful poem. Is not the following stanza as musical in thought as in measure?

“The primal tones that harps rehearse
Are seven. The rainbow is a verse
Written in light, and deftly bound
To answer Nature’s sevenfold sound.”

The next number on the programme was an essay in French—“*Noblesse oblige*”—by Miss Mary Frances Murphy. French scholars in the audience expressed their delight with the accent of the young lady, and the fine sentiments so beautifully expressed; while her attractive voice and manner chained the attention of those unacquainted with the language.

“Current and Classic Literature,” by Miss Carrie Griffith, was an excellent criticism on the danger to mind and morals which accrues from trifling reading. “Labor, the Legacy of Mortality,” by Miss Catharine Scully was, from the very nature of the subject, one of the most interesting and stirring essays of the day. It was admirably read. As it is given in our columns this week, we will make no further remarks.

“*Lumen de Lumine*,” in blank verse, by Miss Marie Fuller, was exquisitely written and finely rendered, and was followed by “Stability of Purpose” by Miss Grace Wolvin, in which the young lady proved that “no power can harm us, if we harm not ourselves.” The delivery and subject-matter were very highly commended by excellent judges. “Partings,” by Miss Mary Dillon, is given in the present issue; therefore we leave our readers to judge of its merits. The rendering was in keeping with the nature of the poem.

The literary part of the programme on Wednes-

day consisted of a drama written for the little ones of Notre Dame by Very Rev. Father General, and transposed to suit the Minims and Juniors of St. Mary's. It was a most decided success, being both instructive as well as amusing. The prologue was recited by Charlotte Caddagan, and the epilogue by Alice Schmauss. The play closed with a beautiful pantomime which brought in the Blessed Virgin with the Guardian Angel of the little runaway girl, who was guided to return by the supernatural influence. The part of the Angel was well taken by Mary Lindsey. The honor of representing the Blessed Virgin was given to Miss Lettie Meehan, of the Senior department. The pantomime gave the name to the play—"Our Lady of Good Counsel."

In the reading class, which formed part of the play, the Misses Theodore Balch, Ella Kendall, Belle Burdick, Estelle Dempsey, Minnie Campbell and Nellie Morse, of the Juniors, read "Stories of Michael Angelo," but the principal acting was by the Minims. Those who did their parts most perfectly were Charlotte Caddagan, Blanche McCormick, Anna Dinnen O'Mara, Jessie Wallace, Eva Quealy and Hazel Pugsley. Mary and Ivy Becker also did credit to themselves.

The rendering of Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Old Clock on the Stairs," by Miss Grace Wolvin, was of a very superior order. Action, voice, and clear conception of the beauties of the piece were everything that the most fastidious could desire.

The beautiful Valedictory by Miss Estelle Horn was touchingly rendered, and fittingly closed the literary numbers. As it is given in to-day's SCHOLASTIC, we need add nothing further.

Before the distribution of the Graduating honors, which preceded the Valedictory, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour stepped upon the stage and addressed the young ladies in one of the most truly eloquent speeches ever delivered at St. Mary's. Figures of rhetoric, or aiming at effect, had no part in the sterling appeal. The voice, the manner, the evident earnestness of the speaker, were so much a part of the grand effort, that, as much as we regret in one view of the case the fact that we are unable to give the Oration *verbatim*, on the whole we are better satisfied. If those words sank deeply into the hearts of those for whom they were uttered, no circulation in print could exceed the benefit to be derived.

The Right Rev. speaker declared that in no land in the world was woman more esteemed than in America; but he said that often when nations have been on the verge of destruction, extreme homage had been paid to woman. He exhorted to greater strength of character; he said the women of America should emulate the depth and earnestness which distinguished woman in the early days of our national existence. But we will not mar that which was in itself so masterly by any futile attempt at reproduction of the thoughts or their treatment. Suffice it to say that an evident and hopeful impression was left upon the hearts of all. May it bear fruit a hundredfold in their lives!

Vocal and Instrumental Music of the Commencement.

I.—TUESDAY, JUNE 21.

The opening chorus, "Invitation," by Reincke, was, indeed, a merry greeting from the vocal class, whose fresh, youthful voices were truly inviting to the assembled company. It would have been invidious to select particular voices among such a shower of harmonies, so we gave ourselves to the full enjoyment of this most pleasing promise of what we might expect from individuals later on. We must remark, however, that Miss Horn and Miss Shephard, who accompanied the vocal numbers throughout the exercises, showed themselves *au fait* in this branch of their musical education.

The solo, from "L'Africaine" by Meyerbeer, sung by Miss K. Gavan was excellent. The air is a touching one and requires a pure *legato*; the *cadenzas* clear and brilliant. Miss Gavan gave both. The exceptional delivery of the words was gratifying, and her many friends will be on the look-out to hear her next year.

Owen's "Sancta Maria" was another piece of true vocalization, and here Miss Moran's low tones appeared to advantage; and when the Misses Murphy and Gavan joined in, the sweet sounds were as a beautiful braid, each coming momentarily upwards, and then becoming subordinate in turn. In a word, this trio gave entire satisfaction.

The Instrumental solo, "Concert Allegro" (Opus 134), by Robert Schumann, was given with rare skill and fidelity. Orchestral transcriptions are always difficult on the piano. To reproduce the coloring and phrasing takes skilled *technique*, experience and appreciation. The main feature, massive in its strength, bore a striking contrast to the more brilliant violin figures alternately soft and loud, as they surrounded the frequent recurrence of the majestic theme. It was a piece for *musicians* to *understand*, and there were many such critics among the audience. Miss Horn's truthful rendition fully satisfied the lovers of classic music, and proved herself up to the Conservatory standard for its "First Course."

The next was a vocal number, a brilliant *morceau* by Venzano. Miss H. Guise rendered the sprightly *aria* charmingly, and produced an enlivening effect, especially in the florid passages.

The musical portion of Tuesday's entertainment closed with Handel's grand chorus, "Let their Celestial Concerts all Unite." Here the pupils of the Vocal Class came out in full voice. Every word was heard distinctly, notwithstanding the lapping over of interchanges belonging to the Oratorio form. Handel, in his choruses, demands conciseness—every voice must be in its place at the precise moment. This number had a ringing *vim*, which showed that the class felt the importance of the task entrusted them. To the listener their singing was certainly a good sample of the next day's triumph, as we heard around the expressions: "We must come early tomorrow." "Yes, we would not miss *that* program!"

II.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22.

The march played by one hundred fingers formed no exception to those of previous years. The *Fubiläums-marsch* was the title on our programme, but we think it would have been far better to have named it the "Conqueror," for the numerous difficulties of irregular time execution, not to speak of other trials of skill brought into this one piece, seemed to vanish under those trained fingers. As might be expected, harps and pianos began with a grand *imitated* flourish of trumpets and drums, whose din diminished gradually, ere the main theme poured forth in dignified grandeur its full harmonies. We soon found out this march was not a mere time-keeper, but an artistic work, which spoke volumes for the executants—Misses E. Horn, M. Fuller, A. Shephard, L. Van Horn, H. Guise, M. F. Murphy, M. Rend, B. Snowhook on the pianos, and the Misses D. Fitzpatrick and M. Dillon whose harps added much to the orchestral effect of this most appropriate opening.

The next number was the chorus "Primavera," by Moderati. The full vocal class gave this bright opening canto, with a humming vocal accompaniment so joyously, that we were fully convinced the closing exercises of this day would be equal to our expectation, based on St. Mary's well-known standard of excellence in this department.

Chopin's majestic "Polonaise" (Opus 40), adapted—on this occasion—from the piano arrangement for three harps, was a trial-test of execution, as it brought forth most of the difficulties of harp *technique*. The constant pedal chromatics gave abundant work to the agile feet of the three performers; while the addition of harmonic tones and enharmonic treatment, besides solo passages, gave a new reading to the Polonaise, when the strings vibrated their rich-toned harmonies at the will and touch of the graceful harpists, Misses M. Dillon, A. Shephard and D. Fitzpatrick—the recipients of the elegant gold graduating medals—so seldom given for this very difficult, yet sweetest of instruments, the harp.

"Chi me Frena," from Donizetti's "Lucia," was the next choice piece—a Sextette. The parts were successfully taken by the Misses M. F. Murphy, K. Gavan, H. Guise, L. St. Clair, C. Moran and E. Foin, whose combined cultured tones enhanced the acknowledged beauty of this composition; their rounded phrases and mellow notes, together with simplicity of manner, giving a charm to their well-trained execution.

The vocal variations on the "Carnival of Venice," preceded by Schulhoff's *legato* introduction, arranged by Jules Benedict, was the Bravura song of the day. Miss Murphy met its difficulties, and showed a vast improvement in her sweet soprano voice. She is fast developing into an accomplished vocalist. We hope to hear the result of her faithful study next June, as the critics were lavish in her praise.

The next number was the only instrumental solo on the programme. Liszt's "Reminiscences of Norma," we presume, was chosen on account

of its various modes of expression-execution. The portrayal of the Druid tumult—the heavy martial music of the Roman soldiers, and the dramatic power and meaning of the emotional text—all these varieties had to be expressed on one instrument, and made cognizant to the hearers by touch. Many among the critical audience who had watched Miss Shephard's progress on former occasions, were anxious to see and hear her as she passed through her last ordeal at St. Mary's. But the first chord which thrilled under her electric touch, placed expectancy at rest. They felt she belonged to the "Advanced Course" in the Conservatory, and would fulfil its demands. Gradual preparatory complicated figures flowing onwards under her hand, came suddenly on the march. What, were these grand chord formations on that prodigious octave triplet basses which rolled on so relentlessly, the *same march* which every person knew, or played? "Yes," said one near me, "with this difference: It is played as Patti would sing 'Sweet Home.'" But soon came another air—a sweet pleading melody. In this she showed her natural genius; a strain so soft in its tenderness, so restful, one feared to miss one note, when a few sharp accents were heard, which warned us that the approaching "Tempestuous Furia and Doppio movement" was about to sweep away those lovely sounds. But like a summer storm it passed away, giving a glimpse of another sweet melody, interlaced between liquid continued *runs* throughout the instrument, suddenly ending with a short *fortissimo finale*. Miss Shephard had won the applause which greeted her, when a few minutes after she was decorated by the golden reward for her musical acquirements at St. Mary's.

Following this, came the closing hymn chorus—"Hear my Prayer," by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, in which the words of the Scriptural text were distinctly pronounced, giving power to the more hidden religious tone language of the music. The solo was divided between Miss Murphy and Miss Gavan. With such leaders, no wonder the crescendoes and diminuendoes of the class were such a prominent feature, and the coming in of the prompt voices, one after the other, in the more hurried *tempo* of "O for the Wings!" then dying away on the simple concord of the tonic, so expressive of the long lingering word "rest."

The retiring march, like the entrance, was also of Norwegian composition. This one was taken from a "Suite," by Hans Huber. Singularly stirring in its weird movements, which partook largely of the national characteristics, revealing the strange yet pleasing sympathies and actuating motives of a whole people, it was new to most of those privileged to be present. The rendition was "a joy forever" throughout its execution, and fittingly ended the Commencement exercises of the thirty-second closing at St. Mary's, Notre Dame Indiana. The excellent performers on the harps were the Misses Fitzpatrick and M. Dillon; pianos, Misses C. Griffith, H. Guise, M. Rend, C. Shields, L. Van Horn, B. Snowhook, A. Egan and E. Flannery.

Notes.

—One of the most thoroughly captivating, as well as the most solidly meritorious souvenirs of reverent affection for "the good, the beautiful and the true," has been embodied in the charming "Tribute to Notre Dame," by Truman A. De Weese. This is spoken of the literary part, which is a model of English style, complete in everything; the graceful garb—the expression—being beautifully adapted to the just thoughts which they so admirably clothe. A magnificent likeness of Very Rev. Father General Sorin, C. S. C., forms the grand initial to the exquisitely artistic work of the Photo-Gravure Co. of New York. The "Tribute" is dedicated to Rev. Thos. E. Walsh, President of Notre Dame, and contains twelve magnificent views of Notre Dame, and three of St. Mary's.

—The clergymen present at the Annual Commencement exercises were as follows: Right Rev. Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland, Ohio; Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General, C. S. C.; Very Rev. Father Granger, C. S. C.; Very Rev. W. Corby, Provincial, C. S. C.; Rev. Fathers L'Etourneau, Cooney, Frère, C. S. C.; Rev. A. B. Oechtering, Mishawaka, Ind.; Rev. J. R. Dinnen, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Rev. T. O'Sullivan, Rev. E. A. Kelly, Rev. P. J. Agnew, Rev. M. J. Fitzsimmons, Cathedral, Chicago; Rev. J. F. Clancy, Woodstock, Ill.; Rev. H. F. Kroll, Chesterton, Ind.; Rev. H. R. Murphy, Clyman, Wis.; Rev. M. A. Condon, Mapleton, Wis.; Rev. J. E. Hogan, Lemont, Ill.; Rev. P. O'Brien, Toledo, O.; Rev. D. A. Clarke, Columbus, O.; Rev. J. B. Crawly, Laporte, Ind.; Rev. Joseph Nussbaum, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Rev. J. H. Guendling, Rev. Jno. Dempsey, Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. Louis A. Moench, Plymouth, Ind.; Rev. D. J. Hagerty, Rev. M. Lauth, South Bend; Rev. Fathers Zahm, Spillard, Regan and Morrissey, Notre Dame. The following Post-Graduates were present: Mrs. Margaret Dillon Cavanagh, Class '67; Mrs. Emma Longsdorf Dow, Class '70; Miss Amelia Harris, Class '78; Miss Bridget Wilson, Class '78; Miss Mary Ewing and Miss Adelaide Geiser, Class '76; Miss Angela Ewing and Miss Catharine Danaher, Class '81; Mrs. Maude Wiley Towne, and the Misses Agnes Dillon and Linda Fox, Class '83; Miss Estelle Todd and Miss Martha Beale, Class '84; Miss Clara Ginz and Miss Hepsey Ramsey, Class '85.

THE ART DEPARTMENT.—The Art Exhibition of this year amply sustains the high reputation of St. Luke's Studio in the past. The beautiful Stations of the Cross, painted by the late lamented Directress of the Art Department, Sr. Mary of St. Lioba, were a prominent feature of the display, and elicited universal admiration. The general effect of the arrangement of the Studio was perfect; but amid the maze of artistic beauty, the following pieces by the pupils are more especially deserving of mention: A crayon portrait of her little niece—Agnes Brown—by Miss Philomena Ewing; also several pieces in oil and in water-

colors from nature, and copies in figures, landscapes and flowers by the same skilful hand.

Crayon portraits—one of her father, by Miss Lizzie Foin, and another of a little child; also the Madonna in crayon—after Carl Müller—were noticed as excellent; also several pieces from nature, and copies of flowers, landscapes and figures by the same artist. Of the work of Miss Fannie Kingsbury, a picture entitled "The Sick Child," done in black and white oil-colors, and enlarged from an engraving, attracted great attention. The young lady has executed several excellent portraits in crayon. Miss Harriet Birdsell's fine copy of Gregori's "Magdalene," the portrait of her sister and numerous pieces in oil and water-colors were much praised. The young lady is a born artist.

Miss Mary Fuller's portrait of her father, and a water-color painting of the Blessed Virgin on parchment were very beautiful, and prove her delicate appreciation, taste and love for art, as well as her skill in execution which time will perfect. Miss Helena Clendenen is deserving of great commendation for the admirable crayon portrait of her little brother, Irving, and also one of her aunt, Miss Rachel Burke; also figures copied from an engraving.

Miss Agnes Egan's portrait of her father in crayon, landscapes from nature, and copies are very fine. Miss Lora Williams displayed great refinement of taste in an admirable china dinner and tea set which were on exhibition.

Of other work we will mention a very handsome fire-screen, also landscapes in oil by Miss Ada Gordon; work by Miss Mary Neff, and a panel of roses by Miss Hannah Rose, whose diligence is worthy of mention; a pastel painting of the Blessed Virgin, and several landscapes in oil by Miss Bertha Kearney; a picture of the Divine Infant in oil, and several landscapes in oil and in water-colors, by Miss Jennie McHale; two large panels of wild roses and fuchsias, and several landscape and flower pieces by Miss Nora Meehan; oil painting of her patron, St. Catherine, two landscapes, plaques and some pieces in water-colors by Miss Catherine Scully; several landscapes and flower pieces in water-colors by Miss Anna Kennedy; snow scenes on white velvet, some scenes and flowers in water-colors by Miss Gretchen Wehr; landscapes in oil and flower pieces in water-colors by Miss Catherine Shields; a fruit piece, toilet set on bolting cloth and a flower piece by Miss Ida Bub; an exquisite fire-screen and several flower pieces by Miss Lizzie Nester; four large panels of flowers and two landscapes by Miss Grace Stadtler; several pieces in water-colors by Miss Laura Pierson; an Autumn scene, a small landscape and Saxon vases by Miss Louise Koester; an after-dinner coffee set and fruit pieces by Miss Ella Coll; a leaf-shaped ice-cream set and many other paintings by Miss Maggie Stafford; flowers and birds in oil by Miss Josie Beaubien; flowers and scenes in water-colors by Sadie Campeau; a beautiful toilet set by Miss Margaret Hull; flowers and scenes in water-colors by Miss Minnie Mason; scenes in water-colors by Miss Nellie Morse; sketches, executed with great accuracy, by Miss

Emma Zahm; lovely little pieces in water-colors by Miss Alice Schmauss; painting on silk by Miss Carrie Triplett; paintings in water-colors by Miss Lena Henke; drawings, exhibiting rapid progress, by Miss Louise Sweet; flower painting in water-colors by Miss Florence Steele; flower painting in water-colors by Miss Crissy Tomlins; paintings in oil by Miss Mary O'Connor, and very good work in elementary drawing by Miss Catherine Quealy.

ORNAMENTAL NEEDLE WORK.—The brilliant display in the hall for ornamental needlework could remind one of nothing but a scene in fairyland, so rich, so delicate, and yet so varied were the hues and forms exhibited. The work in this department was never finer than this year. To convey an idea of the display is beyond our skill; therefore we will content ourselves with the simple enumeration of some of the articles, with the names of the young ladies whose deft fingers conspired to form the fairy scene witnessed by the charmed visitors on Tuesday and Wednesday. Antique lace work by Miss Agnes Egan; piano cover—fern-design—chair in wild-roses, and a profusion of other beautiful pieces by Miss Maggie Stafford; panel in plush; golden rod and sumach; and seven other most exquisite pieces in rare and beautiful designs, by Miss Delia Fitzpatrick; piano cover in handsome pomegranite-colored plush, with monogram in gold bullion, and a peacock in natural tints, with much other fine work, by Miss Ida Bub; a beautiful fire screen, the design a bird of Paradise in chenille in a bower of trumpet vines, with other equally bright pieces by Miss Gretchen Wehr; folding door screen, in three panels, embroidered in filo floss, the design in various beautiful flowers, with much other similar work, by Miss Ada Gordon; also fine pieces by the Misses Ada Shephard, Mary Neff, Hannah Rose, Bertha Kearney, Lora Williams, Grace Wolvin, Frances Carmien, Minnie Patrick, Mabel Barry, Belle Snowhook, Lily Trask, Louise Koester, Ray Smith, Ella Stockdale, Clara Proby, Margaret Hutchinson, Elizabeth Hutchinson, Mary Dunkin, Lena Henke, Lettie Blacklock, Eva Harlan, Nora Marsh, Bertha Desenberg, Ada Riedinger, Mary Coll, Helena Clendenen, Anna Beschamang, May Hummer, Mary Murphy, Rachel Burke, Lily Van Horn, Ella Allnoch, Ellen Brady, Ella Blaine, Mary Coghlin, Estelle Dempsey, Georgie Faxon, Cora Griffin, Otilla Knauer, Ella Kendall, Laura Leonard, Anna Miner, Helena Rhodes, Delia Rogers.

GRADUATING HONORS.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS were conferred on Miss Mary T. Dillon, Chenoa, Illinois; Miss Marie C. Fuller, Marysville, California; Miss Carrie V. Griffith, St. Paul, Minnesota; Miss Estella Horn, Columbus, Ohio; Miss Bertha Kearney, Lemont, Illinois; Miss Mabel Kearsey, Chicago, Illinois; Miss Virginia McHale, Cairo, Illinois; Miss Catherine Scully, Chicago, Illinois; Miss Lucretia St. Clair, Chicago, Illinois;

Miss Adeline Shephard, Arlington, Nebraska; Miss Lora Williams, Benton Harbor, Michigan; Miss Grace Wolvin, Pecatonica, Illinois.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

GRADUATING MEDALS were conferred on Miss Estella Horn, Columbus, Ohio; *Advanced Course*:—Miss Adeline Shephard, Arlington, Nebraska; *Harp*:—Miss Mary T. Dillon, Chenoa, Illinois; Miss Delia Fitzpatrick, Chicago, Illinois; Miss Adeline Shephard, Arlington, Nebraska; *For Completion of Art Course*:—Miss Philomena Ewing, Columbus, Ohio; Miss Elizabeth Foin, Durango, Colorado.

CROWNS.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability and correct deportment.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Crowns *par excellence* were awarded to Misses M. F. Murphy, E. Kearns, E. Brady, B. Kearney, C. Scully, J. McHale, C. Griffith, M. Fuller, L. Williams, A. Egan, E. Coll, B. Heckard, C. Shields, E. Harlan, E. Flannery, F. Hertzog, L. Meehan, M. Hummer, A. Beschameng, E. Stockdale and F. Moore.

Crowns of Honor were awarded to Misses M. Dillon, E. Horn, L. St. Clair, A. Shephard, M. Kearsey, M. Rend, C. Triplett, H. Dempsey, E. Zahm, E. McCarthy, E. Regan, C. Moran, M. Smith, M. Neff, N. Marsh, G. Stadler, F. Kingsbury, M. Dunkin, C. Proby, A. Gordon, E. Dart, and A. Blacklock.

FIRST HONORS—Misses B. Desenberg, A. Kennedy, M. Morse, L. Henke, C. Dempsey, C. Griffin, G. Wolvin, B. Snowhook, L. Van Horn, M. McCormick and M. Bates.

Honorably Mentioned—Miss F. Wynn.

SECOND HONORS to Misses L. Hutchinson, M. Hutchinson, K. Gavan, M. Thompson, L. Pierson and G. Wehr.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Crowns *par excellence* were awarded to Misses I. Stapleton, C. Prudhomme, M. Hughes, S. Dempsey and L. Nester.

Honorably Mentioned, but in consequence of not having been at St. Mary's the required time, did not receive Crowns:—Misses M. Geer and L. Wiesenbach.

Crowns of Honor were awarded to Misses O. Knauer, T. Hinz, L. Bruus and E. Heyman.

Honorably Mentioned—Miss L. Mercer.

FIRST HONORS—Misses L. Griffith, L. Bragdon, M. Huntting, D. Rogers, L. Leonard, M. Hull, M. Kennedy and L. Koester.

Honorably Mentioned—Misses G. Meehan, B. Stiefel and F. Burdick.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Crowns—Misses A. D. O'Mara, E. Quealey and L. Caddagan.

Honorably Mentioned—Miss H. Pugsley.

FIRST HONORS—Misses B. McCormick and I. Becker.

SECOND HONORS—Misses M. Becker and J. Wallace.