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Our Patron.

St. Francis of Sales, with a priest by his side,
Through the streets of the city once taking his way—
Now winning with meekness some creature of pride,
Now lighting with truth some child gone astray—

By a lawyer was met, as the Christ was of old,—
Cunning, malicious, and venomous with lies:
Full oft was their combat, the meek with the bold,
Love pleading with hate, for a soul was the prize;

But the lawyer long worsted, and now raging with shame,
Lifts the hand of the assassin to cover defeat:—
St. Francis is spared, but the priest without blame,
A martyr of charity dies in the street.

Next the culprit in chains, and waiting to die,
Lo the Saint seeking respite and life for his foe!
From palace to prison O now see him fly,—
The murderer is pardoned, the prisoner may go!

Did love win the soul, ~~then~~, for which love had so yearned?
Not so: the man spat in the face of the Saint!—
"God judge thee, my friend," said Francis, and turned
And sought new work, nor made complaint.

O Catholic Press, with the priest by your side,
Ready to bless you, or ready to die,
Behold your exemplar, and learn from your guide
Gently to conquer and never to fly!

Not passion can triumph, nor force, nor deceit;
But let intellect intellect meet, and the heart
Gain over the heart: 'twere but wretched defeat
To win by a brutish or demon-like art.

And should reason not reach some case-hardened mind,
Nor charity melt some heart iced with cold,
Unruffled continue; new work you will find,
Your reward, like St. Francis', more precious than gold.

Ye knights of the press, 'tis an age that should cheer us:
Forces titanic are out for the battle,
Men, angels, and demons led on by their heroes;
And the challenge of arms sounds a glorious rattle.

Not Saladin wielded a keener blade,
Not Saladin came with a prouder boast,—

Not the Heart of the Lion more boldly stayed
The infidel onset and shattered his host.

On, courteous knights, without fear or reproach!
Sir Calidore leads, and the Red Cross is there;
No right will they yield, and on none will encroach,
And every true knight in their glory will share.

T. E. H.

Rome.

BY REV. S. FITTE, C. S. C.

Standing upon one of the majestic terraces of the Pincio, the artist, or the pilgrim, sees all Rome spread out before his view. There it lies at his feet, the invincible, the immortal city, sitting on seven hills; there it lies, and its domes, surmounted by the cross, shine far and wide in the light of the rising sun; there it lies, venerable and silent; but above all its splendors, above all its ruins, the Vatican Basilica stands like a queen in colossal beauty. London is more spacious, Paris more fashionable; but Rome, the city of God and the home of the Pope, is like to a "holy mountain on the top of which reign truth and unity."

Let us go down: here is St. Peter's Church! Without stopping to look at the obelisk, or at the colonnade, or even at the peristyle, we hasten on and, raising the heavy tapestry, we are now in the temple, and amazed behold that wonder of human genius. In the immense nave there is nothing but the golden lamps of "the Confession," the statue of St. Peter, the sun and ourselves. Slowly we advance, full of respect and love, almost overwhelmed by the grand spectacle spread before our eyes. Trembling with awe and admiration, we fear not, for the house is hospitable and we feel at home.

Never did any basilica appear to me so vast, so rich, so solemn and so sweet. The more one looks at it, the larger it seems; and the first time one beholds the colossus, it may not respond to the expectations of the fancy, owing to its wonderful proportions, but soon one realizes that even this defective impression comes from the matchless perfection of its plan.

In order to appreciate St. Peter's Church, one must be more than a geometer, a dilettante, or a tourist; one needs the heart of a Christian and the faith of a Catholic. It takes time to study that unique masterpiece and take in its immeasurable grandeur. Stop before all its chapels, as spacious as cathedrals; kneel before all its altars; examine all its glorious statues; analyze all its paintings with their indestructible freshness; make a patient study of that host of splendid images and that incalculable treasure of sacred relics; then you will be able to form an idea of its boundless capacity. But if you once had the happiness of meeting within its walls the Pope in the high majesty of his incomparable function, his head crowned with the tiara, borne on the shoulders of noble guards, and bestowing his blessing upon a throng of more than forty thousand who easily move in that vessel of marble and gold, then only the atmosphere of that august basilica, its air so mild, so fragrant, would remind you of the most fortunate moments of your life; it would renew in your soul the perfume of the best desires the heart had ever conceived; of the sweetest tears that fond affection ever caused to flow; of the most honorable resolutions the noblest powers of the soul had ever formed.

All these generous feelings experienced in that mysterious sanctuary flood the heart with light, joy and hope; the material edifice breathes spirit and life, and we read with delightful enthusiasm that poem of stones which sings the triumph of religion. All history, all science, all art, all the magnificence of nature, all the conceptions and works of man there united together, bear public testimony to the victories of Christ, the Son of the living God, and bless and glorify Him: St. Peter's Church is the chorus formed of all these harmonious voices. Certain details may be wanting in taste; others appear to be antiquated; but even when the expression fails, the idea never ceases to be divine; and, taken as a whole, the execution always corresponds to the sublimity of the design.

What immense invention; what bold distribution; what symmetrical arrangement; what order everywhere, and what an abundance of inspiration conspiring to effect an admirable unity! From the statues of the two great emperors, Constantine and Charlemagne—those triumphant sentinels standing on the peristyle—to the lofty altar where reposes the body of the Prince of Apostles; from the *loggia*, whence the grand blessing of the King-Pontiff descends upon the city and the universe, to the rear of the basilica, where the chair of the Shepherd is guarded and supported by the great doctors of the East and the West; from the obelisk of Nero, radiant in the middle of the *piazza*, to the cross of the Crucified shining on the cupola, there is not a single stone in that enormous mountain of glory that is out of place; none that is not luminous; none that does not speak words of glowing eloquence. Rome, the summary of everything, is itself summed up in St. Peter's Church, and the basilica seems to proclaim throughout the world the victory of the Cross over the universe.

Victory through all kinds of forces, sacrifices and

devotions! Arise, ye apostles, martyrs, doctors, saints of every age and place, whose sacred remains and venerable images are there! arise, ye heroes, who watch at the doors of that Catholic shrine, and ye nations armed for its defense and protection! Victory through miracles! let all centuries stand forth and speak! Since the blood of the lowly Simon Peter reddened that ground, what streams have flowed to sweep away his tomb! Streams of fire and corruption; streams of soldiers and banditti; streams of scribes and blasphemers: each century has flooded the walls, and each flood has brought some of the stones which compose the edifice. Victory through Faith, more powerful than the sword; victory through Love stronger than time, persecution and death. The song of victory is also the song of Charity. Charity conceived this grandeur, accumulated this wealth, combined these harmonies; and that temple stands glorious and lasting, because the God who fills it is the God who loves and inspires loving souls.

We kneel down and kiss devoutly the foot of St. Peter worn away by the loving caresses of devout pilgrims: our hearts are no longer on earth. Prostrate before the "Confession," we touch with our faces the marble that received so many tears, and, feeling it warm like the breast of a friend, we weep and pray. Here is the centre of all; the corner-stone which bears the edifice of God Almighty. Here kneel in spirit all the faithful disciples of the Man-God; hither are turned the looks of all who belong to Christ our Lord and Saviour; here, in that holy, spotless Chair of Peter, all miseries find relief; for from thence, as the sun of eternity, issues the light of supernatural doctrine, and the balm of heavenly consolations.

After hearing Mass, we slowly continue this first visit, which we cannot hope to terminate all at once. At each step we see and respectfully bow before innumerable relics, some bearing illustrious names, most of which are known to God alone. Twenty-four saintly Popes repose around St. Peter as a guard of honor. The body of St. Gregory Nazianzen lies under one altar; another contains the eloquent dust of St. John Chrysostom. Here lie SS. Jude and Simon, Apostles; St. Gregory the Great; St. Leo I, who conquered Attila; there are the saintly Martyrs Processus and Martianus, the jailors of Peter, who opened for them the gates of everlasting bliss! Eleven columns of the temple at Jerusalem adorn the temple of the New Covenant, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. One of these columns is preserved in the chapel of the *Pietà*: it is precious beyond price, because it touched the sacred body of the God-Man when one day He was teaching in the temple.

It was near the hour of noon, and we were still lingering in that blessed spot, when one of the officers of the basilica, in that graceful manner of which Italians have the secret, informed us that the rule in Rome is to close all the churches during the hottest part of the day, and politely invited us to retire. We left accordingly, our hearts still warm with the pious impressions produced on our souls by all the wonders which we had contem-

plated. After a very substantial breakfast in the nearest *trattatoria*, in which the excellence of the cooking is surpassed only by the moderation of the bill-of-fare, we thought it would make an agreeable diversion for us to take a walk through the Forum and visit some of those spots so celebrated in pagan antiquity. Crossing the bridge of San Angelo, we soon arrived at the arch of Titus—a lasting memorial of Jerusalem's infidelity and punishment. Whosoever wishes to see and touch "the finger of God" should kiss those stones blackened by time, a striking monument of prophecies fulfilled, standing erect amidst other ruins not far from the arch of Constantine, between the cross of the Capitol and the cross of the Coliseum. I must confess that I was never so much disappointed. Is this the famous platform of Roman eloquence? Is it possible that the king-people labored so many years to give us such an idea of how vain and fragile is human glory? At the foot of the Capitol still remains a column of what once was the arch of Septimus Severus—that emperor who used to exclaim: "I was everything, and it was of no avail!" Is it Cæsar or the Forum, the Republic or the Empire, that makes now this sad avowal?

However this may be, let us stop awhile beside the melancholy ruins of the once massive temple of Saturn. There was the public treasury of Rome; there rested, in coins of gold and silver, the sweat and blood of mankind collected by victorious legions. Mankind toiled and died to fill the huge apartments of that building. Once Catiline undertook to steal its key. Cicero spoke against him, and, after driving him into exile, succeeded in getting rid of the Roman anarchist. How awfully busy he was, the honest Tullius, on that day, and with what air of vain-glorious satisfaction did he present himself before the Senate, pretentiously exclaiming: *Vixerunt!* His ghost seems still to wander among the broken pillars of the senate house.

But all the accomplices of the unlucky Catiline had not been caught. One remained, who looked at the others in silence, and tried to open the door by all the secrets of a cunning policy; but Brutus awoke and Cæsar fell by the hand of dying liberty. Poor Cicero! so elegant a rhetorician, so deeply versed in all kinds of literature, so self-confident that he believed himself to be "the savior of Rome," and, alas! a few years later he was unable to save his own head from the sword and his own tongue from Fulvia's needle!

Assuredly, the Capitol is most beautiful, most tragical and most august; still the comical element inseparable from the human race, even bloody, was not wanting at that time. It is fairly represented by that buzzing fly of forensic loquacity, Cicero by name, arranging his elegant periods and resounding his bombastic circumlocutions like two large wings which did not prevent him from falling at times into his own trap. Yes, I must confess it, Cicero is amusing—bitterly amusing, when, as the defender of a noble cause, he devotes all his learning and abilities to display the pompous style of a fop in favor of agonizing liberty, and mourns afterwards like an infant over a republic buried in Cato's

tomb. But let Cicero and his preposterous verbosity rest in peace! While the imperial Rome sank into slavery and rotteness, a new Rome, born in the darkness of the catacombs, preserved the doctrine of Peter and Paul, its founders, and practised heroic virtues unknown to Cæsar and Cicero. The Mamertine prison where the accomplices of Catiline were strangled is now contained as a jewel in a church dedicated to St. Joseph, patron of a happy death; the "*Ara Cæli*" of Augustus on the Capitoline Hill has received the name of the Virgin Mary; Faustina, Porcia, and the proud matrons of pagan Rome are buried in oblivion, but such names as Agnes, Martina, Cecilia and a cluster of virginal constellations shine on the diadem of Christian Rome. Embellished with the spoils of the heathen goddesses Venus and Vesta, the temples of the Lamb of God inspire the devout pilgrim with charity, gentleness and purity. Peter, the poor fisherman, has fastened his bark to the immovable rock of the Capitol, and amid the mute ruins of the Forum resounds the infallible voice of his successor, Leo XIII.

Microbian Pathology.

BY T. FLOOD (*Med.*) '85.

Microbe, as the etymology of the word indicates, signifies small life, and in this sense we will use it, instead of the term *Bacteria*, which was formerly employed to include all micro-organisms, but is now used only to designate a class of minute *Schizomycetes*.

Microbes are the smallest of living things; each one consists of a minute cell, and the largest is invisible to the naked eye. Their shape varies: it may be oblong, globular, spiral and rod-like; and their mode of reproduction is by simple fission or splitting; hence the name *Schizomycetes*. Under favorable conditions they multiply rapidly. Some species are able, by rapid multiplication, to form colonies; the individuals are then enveloped in a gelatinous substance produced by them, while others form long filaments by their union. Some of the larger forms possess one or more cilia (hair-like organs for locomotion) by which they move about with great rapidity. Under favorable circumstances microbes develop spores internally. These spores are minute bodies—corresponding to the seeds of higher plants—capable of germinating under favorable conditions. If they are prevented from germinating directly, they retain their vitality for years in a dormant state, and when they meet with a medium favorable for their development, they will at once develop and assume the form of the species to which they belong. Freezing destroys most microbes; hence water is partially purified by being frozen. Some microbes survive exposure to as low a temperature as 5° F. No microbes can endure as high a temperature as 210°, and no spores can survive exposure to 240°. It may be well to add that if foods are well cooked, any microbes on them will perish.

THE GERMS OF HUMAN DISEASES.—At present it is accepted that the relation of the microbes to the contagious and epidemic diseases which affect man and beast is very intimate. And it is true that the diseases are caused by their introduction into the system. The question arises as to how these microbes are introduced into the system, and where they are before entering the body. For years we were completely ignorant of the conditions of their existence in the air, water and soil; but by the admirable researches of recent observers we now know they, or their spores, exist in immense numbers in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, and in the soil on which we tread. In the summer months, when ponds and swamps dry up, the microbes which were living in water and on the surface, develop spores which are destined to ensure their propagation. On account of their lightness and minuteness the gentlest breeze is sufficient to carry their spores through the air for long distances, in which state they are termed air-germs.

When these moving germs find a favorable medium under the conditions of heat and moisture, such as the mouth and lungs of man, they rapidly develop according to the species to which the spores belong. Wherever waters have settled, microbes are left in a dried state which, developing dormant spores, are blown hither and thither through the air and penetrate into the mouth, lungs or wounds of people living in the vicinities of marshes and swamps. It follows from this that malaria prevails in all swampy and damp districts. They are, as a rule, parasitic in and on living organisms; they find their way either as spores or in the vegetative form into the normal cavities or wounds of the body, and penetrate into the tissues and enter the circulation of the blood, continuing the process of vegetation. They are, as a rule, vigorously destructive in their effect upon the host on which they live. (In speaking of a parasite, the plant or animal upon which it feeds is called its host.) They are proved to be parasites with the power of inciting disease, and are capable of living in dead organic matter; while all are capable of separating organic combinations containing nitrogen, they in turn help to produce certain chemical products which are chiefly of a poisonous nature, and are given off in the form of gases, manifesting themselves by the disagreeable odor of organic matter, which is in a state of decomposition, owing to the presence of these microbes.

THE GERMS IN THE AIR.—As has been stated in the preceding chapter, microbes and their spores exist in the air. With the necessary apparatus we can collect the living organisms and spores which are mingled with the atmospheric dust. Miquel, a French researcher on microbes, has given us the result of his labors and observations in ascertaining the number of microbes in a given volume of air; it approximates as follows: During the months of January and February few in number; in March, somewhat diminished; there is an increase in April, more apparent in May, and in June the maximum is attained. Their number decreases slowly till December in which month the minimum

is observed. The conditions of the temperature influences their volume. It has been approximately calculated that 5-6000 microbes exist in every cubic meter of air in winter; and from 30-35,000 in June. This apparently large number of microbes is almost insignificant, for if they were assembled so as to form a mass it would be scarcely visible to the naked eye.

Though the temperature of summer is high, yet the air is often charged with water vapor, and thus the spores settle on the earth and other objects, instead of floating in the air. While, on the other hand, since the cold air of winter is generally dry the number of spores increases. It is evident that rains purify the air but only for a short period, and in less than a day the air germs reappear often greater in number than before. We are led to explain this peculiarity by saying that storms give an energetic impulse to the development of microbes. In the study of disease of which they are the cause, the highest magnifiers reveal little of their more intimate structure, owing to their minuteness and transparency. But they have a great affinity for certain staining reagents which render their structure more visible. The dry dust in the vicinity of slaughterhouses, cemeteries, and filthy streets, in fact, wherever dead organic matter is undergoing decay, the air is charged with these germs. The purest air is found in elevated countries and mountainous regions.

THE GERMS IN RUNNING AND DRINKING WATER.—Water is another medium in which microbes exist; whatever be its source, the number of germs is far greater in this vehicle of contagion than in the air or in the soil. As we have said already, microbes and their spores are present in the air; it is easy then to understand why they should also be found in the water, as every rain washes the atmosphere of its dust and germs. Yet, rain water is the purest of natural waters and the best for domestic purposes. Rain water contains about 60,000 microbes to the litre (1.0567 quarts). River water varies, generally containing four times as many microbes as rain water, whilst sewer water is estimated to contain 80,000,000 and upwards to the litre. But for various causes they perish soon, namely, the gases of sewers is as destructive to microbes as it is to other forms of life. Spring water, if taken from its source, is found to contain these germs, which proves that they exist in the soil and are washed down from the air by every rain and find their way through the soil through geological stratas and again reappear in our wells and rivers, which in times of epidemics are vehicles of contagion. Microbes exist in the water where they meet with sufficient organic matter suitable for their nourishment.

THE MICROBES FOUND IN THE SOIL.—That microbes are present in the soil has been proved by Pasteur in his admirable researches into the nature of anthrax, or splenic fever of cattle and other domestic animals. He collected soil near trenches and ditches in which animals having died of anthrax had been buried; and upon examination found that they exist in the soil, and to a consider-

able depth, and also on the surface. Not only the microbe of anthrax was found, but also many other germs which participate in the decomposition of dead organic matter. The offensive odor characteristic of decaying substances, of which microbes are the cause, is owing to an evolution of gases; the most common is sulphuretted-hydrogen. Some of the gases eliminated are injurious to both microbes and man. If decaying substances have a sufficient flow of water to cover the solid matter, there need be no danger. The danger of decomposing matter lies in the fact that they become noxious when the matter is exposed to the air in which the germs can float.

Cesspools and cemeteries should be at a distance from the habitations of men. Free oxygen is the great purifier of microbes, and when they are exposed to direct oxygen, they generally perish. Pure air contains the most oxygen and the least number of microbes. However, there are microbes which require oxygen for their support; they are termed aërobies, and are for the most part harmless. In my next communication I will discuss the various microbes of human diseases, and in a subsequent article I will speak of the so-called microbian theory of Pasteur.

(From the *Boston Republic*.)

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, whose recent endeavors to prove that Bacon and not Shakspeare was the author of the immortal plays which bear the latter's name, have won him so much notoriety, but whose literary ability was established long before this, his latest undertaking, is not the only member of his family who has won distinction in the field of letters, though he enjoys, as far as his relatives are concerned, a monopoly of the peculiar subjects which he has made his own. The Donnellys, it may be here premised, are one of the oldest Catholic families of Philadelphia. The father of the present generation was a distinguished physician, whose loyalty to his profession and devotion to his patients cost him his life while he was fighting against a pestilence which ravaged the "City of Brotherly Love" years ago. His name is sufficient indication of his Celtic nationality, and his fidelity to the religion of his ancestors needs no attestation other than what is afforded in the character of his talented daughter, as that is shown in her writings, which have won for their author the title of the Catholic poetess of America, and caused her to be compared to that other Catholic songstress, Adelaide Ann Procter.

Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, for that is the name of the subject of this brief sketch here submitted to the readers of *The Republic*, lives in one of those prim, sedate and comfortable-looking houses that characterize the lower portion of the city of Philadelphia. These old-fashioned residences, each one of which possesses some features peculiarly its own to distinguish it from its neighbors, are so

many memorials of the days when men built their houses without any regard for outward display, but with an eye solely for their own wants and their individual comforts. The characters of the builders are stamped, as it were, on these edifices, which contrast so strongly with the products of modern architecture, and all of which strike the observer and attract the attention by the presentation of some oddity to the gaze, such as walls of diversified hues, polished brass knobs on door and railings, and the arch above the broad stone that stands before the door beneath. Though but little removed from the business section of the city, these residences, and the quarter in which they are situated, are free from the turmoil of trade and traffic, and they speak of rest and retirement, two surroundings well calculated to inspire one who is disposed to woo the muses. Near by, above Spruce, on Fourth Street, stands old St. Mary's Church, while further on towards Third Street, in Willing's alley, is located the venerable pile dedicated to the honor of St. Joseph, over which the Fathers of the Society of Jesus preside.

This whole locality is redolent with Catholic memories, and hence it is not strange that Miss Donnelly, whose life has been spent within its limits, should have chosen Catholic themes for the subjects of her sweetest songs, and that a deep religious spirit should pervade all her prose writings. Surrounded by her own kin, and happily situated so that worldly cares claim little of her attention, she has found ample leisure to elaborate her poetic fancies and make the loveliness and gentleness of her character known to her readers. Let it not be imagined, however, that our poetess is a dreamer of dreams and a singer of songs, however sweet those may be, alone. Though naturally of a delicate constitution, she finds time and opportunity to do a vast amount of charitable and pious labor, and she is by no means always to be found at home. For years she has been a member of the choir of St. Joseph's Church, together with her sisters, and her voice has often been heard in other than her own parish church, while her charitable work among the poor consumes no little of her time. Miss Donnelly has nothing of the proverbial "blue stocking" about her. Of medium height, she faces you with a pair of bright Irish eyes, full of kindly expression, and when she speaks, the gentleness of her voice and the expressive intelligence of her face charm the listener no less than the ease of her conversation and the gracefulness of her language. She is neither shy nor affected, and, listening to her as she speaks about herself and her works, one is impressed with the total absence of all egotism from her character, and comes away with the conviction that Miss Donnelly is not only a talented poetess and a charming conversationalist, but also a modest maiden and a thoroughly Catholic woman. The same conclusion will force itself upon all who read her writings, for it would be difficult to select from these—and our poetess has always been, and still is, a very prolific writer—a single production in which were not reflected both the intense religious aspirations and the gentle womanly graces

of its author, as well as that richness of phraseology which lends such a charm to her conversation.

Miss Donnelly, as has already been stated, is a very prolific writer, and contributions from her graceful pen are constantly appearing in the columns of Catholic magazines and newspapers. The *Ave Maria*, of Notre Dame, Ind., is very often favored by the Philadelphia poetess, and the *Catholic Standard* of her own city, as might be expected, frequently commands her services, while scarcely any prominent Catholic periodical now published has not, at some time or another, been enriched by her pen. Her verse is singularly easy and graceful. Her rhymes are generally excellent, though she sometimes shows too great an inclination to use Latin quotations from the Scriptures to help her muse out of places where escape, through the use of the vernacular, would be easy. Her language is well chosen, and her command of words is not only great, but she also has the knack of using the right word in the right place, in consequence of which gift her poems always read easily, and they have a naturalness and force which impress the reader with their own earnestness and sincerity.

Although she had previously written a great deal, both in prose and verse, it was not until the year 1873 that Miss Donnelly first collected her songs together and published them in book form. The title of her first venture was "Sacred Legends, Poems of the Civil War and Miscellaneous Poems," and in the modest preface of the book the poetess stated that some of these songs had already drifted into print, while she expressed the hope that these might secure a reading for the rest. Two years later, in 1875, there appeared another volume from Miss Donnelly's pen, under the title of "Domus Dei." This was the title, too, of the opening poem, and the book itself was the gift of the poetess to the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, Twentieth Street, Philadelphia, which was financially benefited by the large sale the work obtained. Miss Donnelly, at all times Catholic in her writings and her charities, never forgets that she is of Irish birth, however, and when, in 1880, the cry of starving Ireland was borne across the waters to America, and when Mr. Parnell himself was over here soliciting aid for the distressed people, "The Legend of the Best Beloved," Miss Donnelly's third book, and her contribution to the famine fund, made its appearance. The legend is a touching tale, charmingly told, of an humble Sister in a convent who had, by ministering to some leprous patients, contracted their loathsome disease, in consequence of which she was forced to abide alone in the bell tower of the convent chapel, where her devotion, her patience and her sufferings won for her the title of the best beloved, as was revealed to the abbess of the convent in a supernatural vision.

"Crowned with Stars; Legends and Lyrics for the Children of Mary and Other Poems," which was published in 1881, was the author's gift to the University of Notre Dame, to aid in placing upon the dome of that institution a statue of the Blessed Virgin, crowned with twelve stars of electric light,

as has since been done. The twelve opening poems of this volume commemorate as many graces in the character of her it aimed to honor, and the remaining verses are all, more or less, Marian in their character.

Miss Donnelly has written so much, and her poems are in general so meritorious, that it would be doing her but scant justice to quote here and there from her published volumes, with the view of giving the reader an insight into her religious character or a knowledge of her poetic powers. Many of her legends are exquisite poems, and not a few of them are so well known that it would be labor lost to reproduce them here. Such are "The Legend Beautiful," which not a few readers prefer to Longfellow's version of the same theme, "The Two Quests of the Abbot Paphnucius," "The Legend of the Best Beloved," of which mention has been already made, and several others. Miss Donnelly, a few years ago, published the following lines, which would seem to indicate that she, like the generality of singers, was first tempted to choose other than religious subjects for her songs, and, while some may regret that she has not done so, others will rejoice, because Catholic poetry in this country would certainly suffer a great loss if it was deprived of the many valuable contributions our poetess has given it. Here are the lines referred to:

"When first I seized my youthful lyre,
And smote the golden strings thereof,
The trembling chords were all on fire.
With flames of earthly love.
But brief the dream; its aloe bloom
Lay with my lyre on funeral shrine;
And there, beside an open tomb,
I sang of love divine.
Now, in my life's rich ripening,
The sparkling strings salute my hand,
And earth and skies blend as I sing
Of God and Fatherland."

The miscellaneous poems of Miss Donnelly are many and beautiful. New ones are constantly appearing to make it plain that her poetic gifts are still with her and her wondrous facility of rhyme and language unimpaired. Many of her poems are memorial ones, and not a few were written on the occasion of the death of priests and nuns. The Augustinian and Jesuit orders are indebted to her for many meritorious and touching verses of this nature, while there is scarcely a sisterhood of nuns represented in the country the virtues of some of whose departed members she has not commemorated in song. The latest notable production was the ode she wrote for the recent centennial celebration of the adoption of the American constitution, and which appeared, in whole or in part, in most of the Catholic papers at the time. She is still in her prime, and gives promise of much good work yet, while all will unite in the hope that the day may be long in coming when she will sing no more to her hosts of admirers.

PROF. LOUIS AGASSIZ, it is said, being asked at one time by a bumptious *littérateur* how much of a fish diet would benefit his brain, advised him to begin with two small whales.

A Hidden Light.

Mother Baptista, the superioress of the Ursulines of South Carolina, departed this life on the 28th day of July last, in the 64th year of her age, and the 37th of her religious profession. Like her brother, the Rt. Rev. P. N. Lynch, D. D., the late venerated Bishop of Charleston, her intellect was of high order and was highly cultivated. The superior powers of her mind and her extensive information made her conversation most delightful. The nobility of her soul, its lofty purity and holiness, and above all, her unfailing charity shone forth in her countenance, noble appearance and graceful carriage and manners.

The parents of this admirable religious, Mr. and Mrs. Conlan Lynch, emigrated to this country in early married life, and settled in Cheraw, South Carolina, where they raised a large family of children, of whom the Bishop was the eldest, and to all of whom they gave the advantages of an excellent education. Ellen, the subject of this sketch, at a very early age "chose the better part." When only sixteen, and still a pupil at the Ursuline Convent, she offered herself to the Lord as His affianced bride in that Order. She was accepted; but circumstances prevented her from entering until after the nuns had removed to Covington, where they occupied a beautiful place until they went to Cincinnati. Here she made her novitiate, and in due time was professed. Some years after, in 1858, she was recalled to South Carolina to found an Ursuline Convent in Columbia, the capital of the State, where she and her two companions very soon received some excellent subjects; and in a short time had a flourishing school, which, through Mother Baptista's wise and prudent administration, ranked with the leading educational establishments of the country. After the burning of this institution in 1865, when Columbia was occupied by federal troops, the community of Ursulines had much to suffer; but, undismayed by difficulties, trials and sufferings, Mother Baptista began anew the work of education. During the conflagration of the city, when it became unsafe to remain long in the convent, the boarding pupils (between 60 and 70 in number) with the nuns, spent the night in the Catholic church-yard, and also the next day, until the evening when they found shelter in a large building already somewhat crowded with refugees. In about a week all of these boarders whom the nuns were unable to get to their parents, and other pupils from the city, were engaged in their studies. This was a wise move on the part of Mother Baptista to prevent their suffering from a reaction after the terrible strain on their nerves.

In a few months the nuns were settled at Valle Crucis, where they have labored for twenty-two years, always hoping to get back to the city. This was at last accomplished. The beautiful Hampton-Preston Mansion, with its four acres of ground, tastefully laid off in English style, was for sale; and after some negotiation, they succeeded in pur-

chasing it. The Rev. Mother said her work was now accomplished—she had led her community out of the wilderness. Alas! these words were too true. In ten days after the arrival of the Ursulines in Columbia, this venerated Mother had breathed her last. It was, as might have been expected, a most holy death after so holy a life. When the nuns were praying, making novenas, etc., for her recovery, she refused to join them, saying: "I am afraid to die and I am afraid to live. I wish only the holy will of God." Her holy soul is now, we hope, in the bosom of God. M.

Scientific Notes.

—The steel tubing made in Cleveland for the Lick telescope has reached California. It is fifty feet long and three feet in diameter.

—Manufacturers of fire brick say that the only reliable way to distinguish good clay is by tasting. If it tastes salty, it is genuine fire clay; if flat and dull, it is worthless for fire brick.

—With the aid of science even the desert of the Sahara is becoming inhabitable, and colonization is encouraged. The lower Sahara is an immense basin of artesian waters, and the French are forming fresh oases with skill and success, so that the number of cultivated tracts is increasing rapidly. After a period of thirty years, forty-three oases have thirteen thousand inhabitants, one hundred and twenty thousand trees between one and seven years old, and one hundred thousand fruit trees.

—M. Peligot, a French chemist, has discovered that not the wine merchants but the foreign manufactured bottles are dishonest. When soda and potash formed the basis of bottle glass, wines improved by keeping, but now the glass is adulterated, and the best of wines are liable to be spoiled. He advises lovers of good wine who do their own bottling to pay high prices for their bottles, as materials that are largely ferruginous are constantly employed in the manufacture of glass for bottles, and upon these constituents the acids in the wine act powerfully, and the liquid becomes impregnated with magnesia, and what not. Most French bottles, he says, are well worth good wines.

—It appears from the results of tests made at Christiana, Norway, that the De Bange gun is likely to prove a powerful rival of the famous Krupp weapon. The former guns have a calibre of 84 centimeters, and the number of shots fired, amounting to 100, have not effected the smallest trace of extension, the diameter, measured before and after the 1,000 shots, agreeing to a hundredth part of a millimeter. The accuracy and the range of the firing have also been entirely satisfactory. Some minor drawbacks in connection with the gun carriages and the regulating screws, both of which suffered somewhat from the powerful recoil, have been removed, and those now used have stood the last 600 rounds without the least hitch.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, November 26, 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 TWENTY-FIRST 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:

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

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

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J. A. BURNS, '88,

P. V. D. BROWNSON '88,
CHAS. P. NEILL, '89.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin, writing from Rome to the Rev. Editor of the *Ave Maria*, says that, on the 3d inst., he had the honor of being received in privileged audience by his Holiness Leo XIII, to whom he made a Jubilee offering in behalf of the Community. On that occasion also Father Sorin presented to the Pope a richly bound and ornamented volume of the *Ave Maria*, with the arms of the Sovereign Pontiff inscribed. "Whilst I described the Blessed Virgin's celebrated magazine," writes Father Sorin, "the Holy Father looked over its pages with particular interest, and renewed all the blessings already bestowed upon its devoted Editor, contributors and subscribers, as also upon the Catholic press of America."

This signal mark of the Holy Father's benevolence is well merited by the *Ave Maria*, and we sincerely trust it will prove the harbinger of the continued success of a periodical which is doing such noble work in the domain of Religion and literature, and whose fame is fast becoming world-wide.

—It is with pleasure that we announce to our readers the rich literary treat soon to be furnished in the publication of a new volume of poems by the gifted writer and artist, Miss Eliza Allen Starr. The work will be entitled "Songs of a Lifetime," and will include the poems published in 1867, together with those that have appeared since, and several that have never been in print. The book will be embellished with an excellent portrait of the

author, and will be ready for the public before the Christmas season opens. It is but little to say that it will be one of the most beautiful and appropriate holiday gifts of the year. For the student of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, it will possess a particular interest from the many local allusions recalled by a long and valued association. We have no doubt its appearance will be eagerly looked forward to by the many who have learned to appreciate the good work which Miss Starr has already accomplished in the world of literature and art.

—Vulgarity generally arises from the want of education and from the habit of keeping low company. The various kinds of vulgarisms are too numerous to mention. The vulgar man is always jealous and passionate about trifles; he suspects himself to be slighted; thinks everything that is said is meant for him; and if the company happens to laugh, he thinks they are laughing at him. Vulgarism in language is another mark of bad company and a bad education. In conversation, the vulgar man uses slang phrases, does not pronounce words correctly, but still likes to hear himself talk. On the other hand, a man of good breeding and social refinement is very sparing in proverbs and vulgar sayings; he does not deal in pet phrases, nor use hard words; he never talks slang, or only with a subdued drollery, as if it were something he had picked up; nor does he ever manifest the least consciousness when slang expressions are used by others. There are many words in our language which vulgarity has debased into doubtful meaning: these should be avoided as much as possible; but, if needful, they should be used simply and firmly.

The Euglossians.

On last Tuesday—St. Cecilia's Day—the first play of the present scholastic year was given in Washington Hall by the Euglossian Association. The play chosen was "The Proscribed Heir; a Drama translated from the French, by a member of the Faculty." The evening's entertainment was opened by a march rendered very creditably by the University Cornet Band. The Oration of the day was delivered by Mr. Thos. O'Regan, who, in a description of the life and virtues of St. Cecilia, set forth the influence which the consideration of the character of this saint must ever exercise upon the thoughtful mind. He was followed by Mr. Fred. Jewett, who rendered "Ohe Mamma" in a most admirable manner. Mr. Jewett has often sung before Notre Dame audiences, but his efforts were never more deservedly appreciated than on this occasion. He received a hearty *encore*. Next in order came the overture, "Le Diadème," by the Orchestra. That Notre Dame has good reason to be proud of its musical talent was further shown by the able manner in which the Orchestra acquitted itself. Under the skilful leadership of Prof. Krugg,

we have reason to feel assured that the Orchestra will maintain its former high standard of excellence.

The drama was a success both in itself and in its rendition. The principal characters were taken by Messrs. Luhn, O'Regan, Burns and Newton, who rendered their respective parts in a highly creditable manner. It would be scarcely just to overlook the excellent performing of Messrs. Cusack, Mulkern, Larkin, Paschel and Nester, who gave evidence of good elocutionary ability. The minor parts were all well sustained, and this contributed to the success of the play. As a whole, it was considered fully equal to any play presented at Notre Dame for some years, and it certainly reflected much credit upon the able and painstaking management of Father Morrissey.

The closing remarks were made by Rev. A. B. Oechtering, of Mishawaka, who complimented the Euglossians upon their success, and expressed himself highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Method.

For the student, one of the most practical as well as useful advices to heed is to "be methodical"—that is to have "a proper and systematic way in which to go, in order to reach the end one has in view." To speak concerning the advantages of method in studies, in business and in the moral life is to speak of self-evident truths. That it is advantageous is plainly apparent, both from the dictates of reason and from the teachings of daily experience. Every student knows how much more effectually he can study in a methodical way than when he pores over his books in a desultory and unsystematic manner. It is for this very reason that we enter colleges and universities where graded courses of studies are marked out to be completed in such a way that the mind may receive a thorough and systematic training. And it might here be observed that in nothing more than in the mental training are the beneficial effects of method plainly visible. Even in the most gifted geniuses the lack of systematic training will plainly display itself; and their talents—if we except one or two extraordinary instances which only serve to confirm the rule—produce a weedy, tangled and unprofitable growth; whilst, on the other hand, the man of perhaps only mediocre abilities can, by means of the methodical training to which he has been subjected, make his meagre talents a hundredfold more productive. The one case may be compared to a fertile but neglected spot which, despite all the resources with which nature has beautifully enriched it, remains covered only with a baneful growth of weeds; while the other is like the less fertile but well cultivated spot that yields an abundant harvest to its cultivator.

Of the advantages of method in business it is almost needless to speak. The irrefutable logic of events has shown that in the management of large interests, carelessness and disorder beget disaster and ruin as sure as the rising and setting sun pro-

duce the day and night. A glance at any of the mammoth institutions that are scattered far and near throughout the land clearly shows us that method, or system, is not only advantageous, but essentially necessary to success.

If method is so necessary in affairs of magnitude in business, how much more necessary must it be in the greater affairs of the moral life? Our interests are far weightier, and to make certain of our end we should certainly cultivate the moral faculties more carefully and systematically than the merely intellectual faculties. We do not always perceive truth at once; and, since our greatest aim in life is not the enjoyment of mental culture, nor the success of business ventures, but rather the certain knowledge of truth, all our efforts should be used to discover truth and to distinguish it from error. Now, method enables us to do this speedily and with certainty, and is, therefore, of incalculable value to us in the moral life.

(From the *New York Freeman's Journal*.)

Bishops' Memorial Hall.

In connection with the Bishops' Memorial Hall at Notre Dame, Ind., there is a department to illustrate the work of Catholic editors and writers. For several years Professor Edwards has been trying to complete sets of all the Catholic papers and magazines published in America, portraits of the editors and contributors, and *data* with reference to their lives. A collection of this kind appeals to the interest of all who are engaged in special historical research, because in one place, centrally located, could be found every periodical necessary for consultation. At present there is no complete collection of this kind in the country. In many places there are odd volumes or broken sets of certain periodicals. Not even in the offices of most of the journals can complete files be found. One who now wishes to consult files of any of our Catholic papers has to waste much valuable time and money in an unsuccessful search for missing numbers and volumes. It is the desire of the directors of the Bishops' Memorial Hall to save investigators all this annoyance. Persons not able to visit the collection could write to secure copies of articles referring to the work upon which they may be engaged. The nucleus of this collection was formed by the late Father Arthur Haviland, of Philadelphia, who presented several large boxes filled with complete volumes, bound and unbound, of many of our weeklies, which he had spent years in collecting. Among recent contributors are: Father Allerding, the Catholic historian, who has presented twenty-four bound volumes of the *Freeman's Journal*, from the year 1863 to 1886 inclusive; Right Rev. Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky., who has just presented a complete set of the *Michigan Catholic*, and a complete file of the *Catholic Chronicle*; Bishop Moore, of St. Augustine, Fla., who has contributed early numbers of the *Catholic Miscellany*, and Miss R. Cahill, from whom have

been secured several volumes of the *Catholic Mirror* and the *Pittsburgh Catholic*. Many persons have odd volumes or complete sets of various papers, English, German, French, Spanish, etc., which are now of use to no one, not even to the possessors. If they were collected in one place they would be of assistance in completing files, and invaluable as works of reference for present and future historians. Who of our readers will assist in this good work by sending us complete volumes or files of any of our Catholic publications, to be preserved in the Bishops' Memorial Hall, where they will be accessible to the public? We will gladly forward to Professor Edwards anything sent to us for this valuable and most useful collection. Even duplicates will be useful, because they can be loaned under certain restrictions to persons engaged in special work. Those who prefer to communicate directly with the directors of the Bishops' Memorial Hall can do so by writing to Professor J. F. Edwards, Notre Dame, Ind.

Books and Periodicals.

WHATEVER IS, WAS. By Geo. A. Young. San Francisco: A. J. Learv, Printer & Publisher. 402-408 Sansome Street. New York City: Legget Brothers. 1887.

The author tells us in his preface that should this book "give to any but a modicum of the pleasure it has given us in writing it, then we have not written in vain." It has been written apparently like the verses we used to read about in the old grammars, by a young man who has long lain in the grave "for his own amusement"; and, of course, there is no use in disputing about what are the legitimate sources of amusement. Our author seems to find it in quoting St. Thomas Aquinas and the Pentateuch, and as both St. Thomas Aquinas and Moses are now in the enjoyment of a state of felicity in which no pain or suffering can reach them,—even the purely intellectual suffering a writer must feel in finding his most serious thoughts shredded and mingled with levities to form a literary crazy-quilt,—there can be no *human* motive to restrain indulgence in this pastime.

But, unfortunately, there is internal evidence in the work to show that the author aims at something more than being merely funny. He fancies that he is wielding the dangerous weapon satire in aid of the Christian philosopher in the war now waging against Agnosticism. And the Christian philosopher may well exclaim: "Save me from my friends!" A sentence on p. 113 reads: "His brain must have approximated at least, in some trifling degree, to that of we moderns." We shall not pretend to say whether the bad grammar is intentional or not, because some people think it funny to use bad grammar, and there can be no doubt about our author's desire to be funny. For similar reasons we shall not call his printers to account for what in any other book we should designate as typographical errors, such as the obliquity of the "elliptic" on page 110, with the extraor-

dinary numerals that follow, in which seconds jostle decimals of a minute in a manner unprecedented in the annals of mathematics. It's only his fun. Finally, if anybody thinks it worth while to wade through the 481 pages of this volume, he will have nobly earned any amusement or instruction he may have derived in the process.

—The *Catholic Home Almanac* for 1888, published by Benziger Bros., New York, has come to hand. It is now in its fifth year, and each successive appearance presents some new perfection to add to its well-known excellence. It abounds with interesting stories and instructive articles of various kinds. Its illustrations are numerous and excellent. A splendid oleograph of St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus forms the frontispiece of the present issue.

—The *Popular American Catholic Magazine*, —the cheapest in the world! One hundred large pages a month. Two handsome volumes of six hundred pages each per year. *Donahoe's Magazine* will commence its tenth year in January, 1888. The *Magazine* is filled with interesting matter; Tales, Biography, Episodes, in Irish and American History, Poetry, etc. Many of the bishops and thousands of the clergy have given it their support. It is gotten up, so far as mechanical execution is concerned, in fine style—good print, paper, etc. Its grand aim is to afford reading that will elevate and instruct the present and the coming generations. Terms:—Two dollars per year, in advance. One dollar for six months. Any person getting a new subscriber, and sending us \$3, will receive two copies to separate addresses. Premium—Every subscriber, on sending money in advance (\$2), will receive an excellent life of our Holy Father the Pope. Every Catholic should have a life of the great Pontiff. Remittances should be made by post-office order or registered letter. Address, *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

—The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for October is an excellent number of this standard periodical. It opens with an article by Rev. S. Fitzsimmons on the question, "Has Professor Huxley's Mission been a Failure?" In a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, Huxley declared that his "career is at an end," and now the inquiry is made as to whether he succeeded in what he considered his special mission, viz.: "to remove Christianity, this incubus of the philosophers." The writer shows the utter powerlessness of Huxley's agnosticism and scientific theories when directed against the truths of the Christian religion. A. F. Marshall, B. A., writes on "Peace, the Sword, and Arbitration," and contributes a very interesting and instructive paper on a timely topic. "Protestantism in Spain" is the subject of an article by J. I. Rodriguez. "Spain and Italy are lands of art, of poetry, and of imagination." "Where such a disposition exists, where it flourishes naturally, spontaneously, luxuriously, Protestantism, in whatever form, becomes an impossibility." It is "the antithesis of imagination and art; it is the counterpart of tradition; it is the outcome of a desire to

demolish the past and build upon its ruins a different structure. Spaniards and Italians often are and have been schismatics and skeptics and rationalists and atheists, but seldom are they Protestants, and more seldom yet Protestants properly so-called." Chateaubriand truly says: "The 'Reformation,' deeply imbued with the spirit of its founder, a coarse and jealous monk, declared itself, from its very first days, the enemy of the fine arts. It ignored imagination as a power of the human soul; and, by forbidding its exercise, it clipped the wings of genius and caused it to march on foot." Again, it is impossible for the Spanish people, by nature gay, frank, open-hearted, imaginative to the extreme, to regard with favor the stiffness and sourness of Protestantism. Their aspiration towards unity is also antagonistic to the essential spirit of Protestantism. Another consideration of paramount importance, which prevented Protestantism rooting itself in the Spanish mind and heart, was its opposition to the devotion to the Blessed Virgin. This devotion, intimately connected with the most heroic acts of the Spaniards in their protracted struggles with the Moors, interwoven with all Spanish art, literature, legislation, preserved without alteration in the statute-books of Spain and in the hearts of the Spanish people down to our own days, cannot be eradicated or dimmed, or even spoken of disrespectfully in any Spanish country. The argument of disappointed Protestant missionaries that the great obstacle to Protestantism in Spain is the bigotry or ignorance of the people, needs no refutation. The uneducated classes in Andalusia and other provinces of Spain leave far behind them in intellectual perspicuity and intelligence the uneducated classes in England and other Protestant countries; while the educated classes rank as high as the highest.

The other articles are: "Science or Bumble-puppy?" by Prof. Thomas Dwight, M. D.; "Some Aspects of Private Fortunes," by E. W. Gilliam, LL. D.; "Was the Papacy in Commission?" by Arthur H. Cullen; "Excommunication," by Rt. Rev. James A. Corcoran, D. D.; "The Inquisition Mythology," by Rev. R. S. Dewey, S. J.; "No Actual Need of a Catholic Party in the United States," by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D.; "The Charge of Heresy Against Dante," by Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.; "The Sign of the Cross," by Ellis Schreiber; "The Last Irish Struggle," by Thomas Power O'Connor, M. P.; Scientific Chronicle, Book Notices, etc.

Personal.

—Mr. P. W. Cavanagh, of Chicago, was a welcome visitor to the College during the week.

—Mr. Louis Hegler, of Michigan University, accompanied the football team on their recent trip.

—Mr. Delano C. Saviers, Scientific, '86, together with his sister, spent a few pleasant days at the University this week.

—Among the welcome visitors last week was

Mrs. M. Smith, of Chicago, who came to see her son Eddie, of the Minim department.

—Mr. John Nester, more familiarly known to the boys as "Sag," spent last Sunday at the University. John is as big a baseball fiend as in days of yore. He is now attending a business college in Detroit.

—Wm. D. Kelly, of Muskegon, Mich.—one of the bright Junior students of '73—was married on the 16th ult., to Miss Ida C. Worden, an estimable young lady of Jersey City, N. J. Mr. Kelly's many friends here extend congratulations with best wishes for a long and happy matrimonial life.

—We learn from the Elkhart (Ind.) press that Orville T. Chamberlain, of '60, "has purchased an eight-acre tract on the banks of Christiana Lake, beautifully situated, easily accessible from Elkhart and commanding the approaches to the first fishing and hunting grounds in that region. He will probably next season erect a cottage on the site, and become possessed of a pleasant summer resort for the use of himself and friends. The captain has exhibited the finest strings of fish and bag of ducks—including in the latter a pair of canvass backs—that have been seen here this fall. To judge from his trophies, he handles the rod and gun with enviable skill."

—From the *N. Y. Catholic News* we clip the following, which refers to an old student of Notre Dame:

"A. C. Trentmann, the largest wholesale grocer in Fort Wayne, Ind., was in New York during the week. He is a Catholic of the most practical kind, and was accompanied on his trip East by Rev. Father Brammer, of the Cathedral at Fort Wayne. Mr. Trentmann has a sharp eye for business, and the benefit of his New York trip will be of equal advantage, in a business sense, to his numerous customers and himself."

—Among the visitors during the week were: Rev. E. A. Kelly, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. E. T. Halstead, Marble Rock, Iowa; Mrs. B. Bigesy, Terre-coupe, Ind.; Mrs. A. Green, Niles, Mich.; Miss R. Goldman, Chicago, Ill.; Miss A. Harris, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Sullivan, Afton, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bates and daughter, Denver, Col.; Mrs. Jos. Martin, Rosedale, Ind.; Mr. T. J. Riley, Michigan City, Ind.; Miss K. Leonard, Niles, Mich.; Miss C. T. Ashworth, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. F. Black, Mr. R. A. Hurm, Hamilton, Ohio; Mr. F. Smith, Columbia City, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Chapman, St. Louis, Mo.; Messrs. Geo. and Jno. Nester, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. P. O'Donnell, Boston, Mass.; Mr. D. P. Griswold, Miss Robe, Miss K. Young, New York City; Mr. S. J. Craft, Waseca, Minn.; Mr. F. Huber, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. J. D. Casey, Watertown, Wis.; Miss A. Towle, Mr. W. H. Lonergan, Mr. C. H. Plautz, Mr. D. C. Knight, Mr. D. C. Boley, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. E. P. Arpin, Misses V. and M. D. Arpin, Grand Rapids, Wis.; Mr. O. P. Webb, Mr. Geo. Kubner, Peru, Ind.; Mrs. W. Young, Alleghany, Pa.; Mrs. H. Stephens, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. C. D. and Miss E. Saviers, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. J. A. Griffin, Union City, Mich.; Dr. W. T. Rowsey and daughter, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. G. J. Mayer, Chicago, Ill.

Local Items.

- 'Rah!
- Snow.
- Down!
- Why not organize a Glee Club?
- Joe was a whole band in himself.
- The best thing out is a bad cigar.
- “Mr. Justice?”—“Well, my lord.”
- Even “Mac.” has ceased to bat flies.
- “Deac.” appeared ungodly ferocious.
- Tnis has been a good week for “rec.”
- The Band did well; so did the Orchestra.
- Handball and football now have the floor.
- Where was the Glee Club at the last play?
- Why not have a few races on skates this winter?
- Our craft is again anchored in the accustomed harbor.
- The new addition to the Professed House is under roof.
- Mr. John Nester, of Detroit, was with us on Sunday last.
- “Oh! I'm not afraid, only I wish the sergeant was around.”
- There was no necessity of oiling the grounds last Wednesday.
- The Euglossians kept up their reputation last Tuesday evening.
- The Band contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the play.
- Glazed windows in a study-hall render the outside scenery less attractive.
- Few of the boys have yet acquired the art of falling gracefully and in soft places.
- To-morrow, the first Sunday of Advent, marks the beginning of the ecclesiastical year.
- Mr. Simon Craft, of Waseca, Minn., has returned to Notre Dame to complete his studies.
- In these days of anarchistic tendencies, amateur tragedians should beware of the scarlet wig.
- “Oh! Casca, Casca, whither dost thou go?”
- “I search for the man who wrote ‘Beautiful Snow!’”
- The latest arrivals among the “princes” are Masters Manuel and Eli Elkin, of Philadelphia, Pa.
- The Senior Baseball Association had a pleasant hop in the Senior reading-room Thursday evening.
- Captain Duffy, of the Ann Arbor team, seemed to think we have material for an excellent football team.
- Whoever will discover the author of “Stroke, stroke, stroke!” will be liberally rewarded with thanks.
- It seems as if some other institutions are less favored with “rec” than we are. Well, don't get jealous.
- Our local bard says he has lost his ear for

music. So has the one who plays the mandolin and accordion.

—Now, that winter has come to stay, why can we not have, as formerly, *soirées* to pass away the long wintry evenings.

—At a meeting of the Thespian Association, held Saturday, Nov. 12, Messrs. T. Goebel and H. Luhn were elected to membership.

—Members of the Staff return thanks to thoughtful and never-to-be-forgotten friends for a Thank-giving box. Let the good work go on.

—The Librarian asked the Junior if he would “take” the “Life of Macaulay,” and the Junior declined, saying he had nothing against Mac.

—Jewett deserved his *encore*; his song suited his voice, and was not an easy task to perform, but he showed he was perfect master of the situation.

—The Euglossians, one and all, attribute to the untiring efforts of Father Morrissey the success attending their presentation of “The Proscribed Heir.”

—The visit of the Ann Arbor football team will probably result in the organization, by our boys, of two good teams, and in the adoption of the Rugby rules.

—The Columbians appear to have the hardest working society in the University. Other organizations would do well to follow the example set by their industrious efforts.

—Among the articles recently placed on exhibition in the Library is a show case of valuable coins and medals. The collection is a rich one and attracts considerable attention.

—The singing of Mr. Geo. F. O'Kane, last Sunday, was deservedly appreciated by the congregation. Mr. O'Kane possesses a full, rich voice, which is capable of much cultivation.

—On the morning of Thanksgiving Day, solemn High Mass was sung in the College Church by Rev. President Walsh, assisted by Rev. Fathers Stoffel and Coleman as deacon and subdeacon.

—We hope the students of both the Senior and Junior departments will not soon forget the moral in the play last Tuesday evening, and try and pardon any slight mistakes their fellow-student may make.

—Although the “Grads” can boast of but a single beard, they are, nevertheless, unanimous in the opinion that it alone, by its luxuriant exuberance, is amply sufficient to preserve the dignity of the class.

—Thanksgiving passed off pleasantly. Although the day was somewhat cheerless, the boys loosened their vests and disposed of turkey in a way that proved beyond doubt their thankfulness for our Nation's prosperity.

—The members of the Athletic Association were tendered a reception by the Crescent Club on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. Delightful music was furnished by the Crescent Club orchestra, assisted by Prof. Krugg, and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

—The seventh regular meeting of the St. Stan-

islaus' Philopatrian Association was held on the 10th inst. Masters Quinlan, Schloss, Ramsey and Shenks gave declamations. Masters C. Mooney, McNulty and H. Bronson presented interesting historical sketches.

—The annual retreat for the students will begin on the evening of Monday, Dec. 5. The sermons will be preached by the Rev. Louis Cook, C.S.S.R., well known as an able and zealous missionary. The exercises will terminate on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

—Rev. Father L'Etourneau, whose recent prolonged and severe illness was a cause of anxiety to his many friends, is now happily convalescent. His appearance amongst us during the week was greeted with joy, and all hope that in a very short time he will be restored to perfect health.

—Whoever has the contract for building the tower on Washington Hall should endeavor to complete the undertaking before winter renders it impossible. In its present condition, the tower is an unsightly object, and we can truly say of it that "distance lends enchantment, etc."

—Mrs. M. Cudahy, of Chicago, very kindly sent a treat of bananas, oranges and candy to the Minims for Thanksgiving. The bunches of bananas were hung on poles in the study-hall, and the 119 princes had the pleasure of helping themselves to the delicious fruit. The oranges and candy were disposed of in a similar manner. The Minims return the generous lady their warmest thanks.

—The case of the American Express Company vs. the Phoenix Insurance Company occupied the attention of the University Moot-court last Saturday evening. Messrs. Albright and Smith appeared for the plaintiff, while the defendant was represented by Messrs. Akin and Tiernan. In the former trial the jury disagreed, and the jury was dispensed with in this trial. The court found for the defense.

—The Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association held its fifth regular meeting in St. Edward's Hall on Monday, Nov. 21, at which compositions were read by Masters Clendenin, Cudahy, Boettcher, Koester, F. Smith, Black, D. Quill, Blumenthal, O'Mara, Bradley and Collins. Masters A. Welch and E. Smith were admitted to membership by a vote of the members. The President made an interesting speech, after which the meeting adjourned.

—Everyone appreciates the advantages of the completed portion of the cement walk between the main building and the Presbytery. Our landscape gardener has laid out the various paths in an artistic manner, and all that is wanting now is a week or two of fine weather to permit the laying of the walks to the other buildings. From what is already done one can see how much the whole will improve the appearance of the grounds immediately west of the College.

—The seventh regular session of the Columbian Literary and Debating Society was held Saturday evening, Nov. 19. The minutes of the preceding meeting were adopted, and the following elected to

membership: Messrs. H. Jewett, M. Howard, W. Monroe, J. Thatcher, C. O'Hara. The criticism of the preceding meeting was read by Mr. Wagoner, whose concluding remarks ushered the evening's debaters onto the dais. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved that the Introduction of Machinery has Proven Beneficial to the Laboring Class." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Barnes, Kehoe and Nations; the negative by Messrs. A. Larkin, G. Meehan and P. Prudhomme. The debate was very evenly contested until Mr. Barnes took the floor a second time for the affirmative's *resumé*, when the society was regaled with the best speech of the debate. The judges, Messrs. Hull, Garrity and Paschel, could not agree, and the affirmative were awarded the decision by a two-thirds vote of the society. A good selection was read by Mr. McAllister, which concluded the evening's program.

—At the annual celebration of the festival of St. Cecilia, by the Euglossians of the University, on Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 4.30 p. m., the exercises were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

Opening March—"Corintia".....N. D. U. C. B.
Oration.....T. O'Regan
Song.....Fred. Jewett
Overture—"Le Diadème".....Orchestra

"THE PROSCRIBED HEIR."

A Drama in Three Acts.

Alfred D'Anfreville, the Proscribed Heir....R. E. Newton
Charles D'Aspremont.....T. O'Regan
D'Orfeuil.....F. Nester
Nicholas, an Innkeeper.....W. Larkin
Blaise, a Son of Nicholas.....H. Luhn
Catignac, a Mountebank.....M. Mulkern
Justice of the Peace.....J. Burns
Jasmin.....P. Paschel
Sergeant.....J. Cusack

Recruits. Peasants, Valets.

Between the Acts, appropriate music by the Orchestra.

—The Director of the Bishops' Memorial Hall gratefully acknowledges the following gifts: Gold pectoral cross used by Rt. Rev. Bishop Flaget, and presented to him by Rt. Rev. Father Anthony who was elected Abbot of the Trappists in 1810, when they were in exile at Lulworth, England. In 1817, Rt. Rev. Father Anthony was allowed to return with his monks to Melleray near Nantes. When Bishop Flaget visited France, Abbot Anthony gave him this precious cross. Before Bishop Flaget died he gave it to his coadjutor, Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding, who gave it to Rt. Rev. Father Eutropius, founder of the Abbey of Gethsemani, and the first Abbot elected to that office and consecrated on the continent of America. Mitre of white moire antique silk exquisitely embroidered with tinted chenille, owned by Rt. Rev. Abbot Eutropius; daguerreotype of Abbot Eutropius when a young man; ambrotype of Abbot Eutropius in the white habit of a Trappist monk; *La Thebaide en Amerique par L'Abbé Adrien Rouquette*, copy bearing the autograph of the author and the one sent by him to the Trappist monks of Gethsemani with a request for their prayers; memoir of Father Vincent de Paul, Trappist, presented by Rt. Rev. Abbot Benedict. Twenty-three pamphlets presented by Mr. C. Rogers. Lot of early numbers of "The Jesuit,"

presented by J. Hynds. Crozier used by Rt. Rev. Bishop Carroll, first incumbent of the See of Covington; embroidered mitre used by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Tæbbe, second Bishop of Covington; complete set of *The Michigan Catholic*; complete set of *The Catholic Chronicle*, presented by Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes.

—FOOTBALL.—For some days previous to Wednesday great interest had been manifested by our students in the football game which had been arranged between the teams of the Universities of Michigan and Notre Dame. It was not considered a match contest, as the home team had been organized only a few weeks, and the Michigan boys, the champions of the West, came more to instruct them in the points of the Rugby game than to win fresh laurels. The visitors arrived over the Michigan Central R.R., Wednesday morning, and were at once taken in charge by a committee of students. After spending a few hours in "taking in" the surroundings, they donned their uniforms of spotless white and appeared upon the Seniors' campus. Owing to the recent thaw, the field was damp and muddy; but nothing daunted, the boys "went in," and soon Harless' new suit appeared as though it had imbibed some of its wearer's affinity for the soil of Notre Dame. At first, to render our players more familiar with the game, the teams were chosen irrespective of college. After some minutes' play, the game was called, and each took his position as follows:

UNIV. OF M.—*Full Back*: J. L. Duffy; *Half Backs*: J. E. Duffy, E. McPheran; *Quarter Back*: R. T. Farrand; *Centre Rush*: W. W. Harless; *Rush Line*: F. Townsend, E. M. Sprague, F. H. Knapp, W. Fowler, G. W. De Haven, M. Wade.

UNIV. OF N. D.—*Full Back*: H. Jewett; *Half Backs*: J. Cusack, H. Luhn; *Quarter Back*: G. Cartier; *Centre Rush*: G. A. Houck; *Rush Line*: F. Fehr, P. Nelson, B. Sawkins, W. Springer, T. O'Regan, P. P. Maloney.

On account of time, only a part of one inning was played, and resulted in a score of 8 to 0 in favor of the visitors. The game was interesting, and, notwithstanding the slippery condition of the ground, the Ann Arbor boys gave a fine exhibition of skilful playing. This occasion has started an enthusiastic football boom, and it is hoped that coming years will witness a series of these contests. After a hearty dinner, Rev. President Walsh thanked the Ann Arbor team for their visit, and assured them of the cordial reception that would always await them at Notre Dame. At 1 o'clock carriages were taken for Niles, and amidst rousing cheers the University of Michigan football team departed, leaving behind them a most favorable impression.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Albright, Akin, Beckman, P. Burke, Barrett, J. Burke, Barnes, Beckwith, Bronson, Ball, Barnard, Blessington, J. Burns, Bush, Brewer, Becker, Britt, Baca, E. Burns, Boldrick, Boland, Campbell, E. Clarke, J. Cassidy, Chacon,

Cusack, Cooke, Craig, Cartier, Chute, Donohue, Donelson, Dempsey, Desimoni, Dore, Dulaney, Ewing, Evanson, J. Francka, Fitzharris, Finckh, Fenton, Fehr, Franklin, Fink, Griffin,* Goebel, Gallardo, Gordon, Giesler, Gibbs, Gilmartin, Henderson, Higgins, Hobart, Heinemann, M. Howard, Hummer, Hughes, E. Howard, Jennings, Jacobs, Jewett, Johnson, F. Kelly, Kerlin, Keating, Kerwin, L. Larkin, W. Larkin, Lappin, Leonard, Luhn, Mathews, Meehan, Metzger, Mulkern, J. Meagher, L. Meagher, McWilliams, J. McDermott, Mackey, V. Morrison, Maloney, Mithen, Maier, McCart, McAuliffe, McGrath, Melady, McCune, Nations, Andrew Nicholl, Alfred Nicholl, R. Newton, Norton, Neill, Nelson, O'Shea, Pollock, Pears, Plato, Paschel, P. Prudhomme, Prichard, Preston, Roper, Rosenthal, W. Rochford, Reynolds, Rodriguez, Rothert, Rudd, Russell, Ruebsamen, Reedy, Stubbs, Scholfield, Sullivan, Schang, Stephenson, Suing, H. Smith, M. Smith, Springer, Tiernan, Tivnen, Velasco, Webb, Wall, Woods, Welsh, M. White, H. White, Wagoner, Wilkin, Wilson, Whalen.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Adams, Anfenger, Allen, Berry, Bombeck, Bronson, Boyd, Beaudry, Bolderick, Blake, Burger, Benner, Brannick, Brown, Brady, Cunningham, Cauthorn, Campbell, Carelton, Cooney, J. Connors, Carroll, Case, Coad, F. Connors, Cavanagh, Carney, Connelly, Chute, J. Doherty, J. S. Doherty, Delaney, Davis, Devine, Darragh, Ebner, Elder, Fitzgerald, Falvey, Fleming, F. Flynn, J. Flynn, Freeman, Frei, Goodman, Galbreth, Gray, Graham, T. Greene, J. Greene, Girten, Grever, Garrity, Houlihan, Henry, Henderson, Hoffman, Howard, R. Healy, Heiler, Hall, Hampton, Hoerr, Hillas, Hacker, Hackett, Hughes, Hartman, C. Inderrieden, Johnson, Jewett, Johns, Josselyn, Kinsella, Kellner, Lane, Lahey, Leonard, Merkle, W. Martin, Munroe, McGuire, P. Healy, McMahon, McNulty, John McIntosh, James McIntosh, McGurk, W. Mallay, McIvers, McPhee, Miner, McGrath, Mulqueen, Mooney, McCartney, Neef, O'Neill, O'Hearn, G. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Donnell, O'Hara, M. O'Kane, Oaks, Paquette, Powers, Pritchard, Pecheux, F. Peck, J. Peck, Patterson,† Quinlan, Roth, Rierdon, Ryan, I. Rose, S. Rose, Ransley, Rowsey, Reidinger, F. Schillo, Stephens, R. Spalding, Shenk, Senn, Sullivan, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Silver, Simpson, Smith, C. Spalding, Talbot, Tewkesbury, Thome, Wile, Wageman, Wade, Wright, Reinhard, McKenzie.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayer, Ackerman, H. Backrack, S. Backrack, A. Backrack, Bloomhuff, Blumenthal, Beckham, Barbour, G. Black, L. Black, Blake, Beerman, Boettcher, Bates, Burns, Bradley, C. Connor, W. Connor, F. Connors, Collins, Connelly, Cummings, Clendenin, Carlile, Cudahy, Crane, Durand, J. Dunn, F. Dunn, Jessie Dungan, Jas. Dungan, F. Davidson, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Doss, M. Elkin, E. Elkin, C. Franck, Flannery, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Grant, Goldmann, Griffin, Greene, Hind, Hagus, Hailan, Healy, Halthusen, Jennings, Jaramillo, Johns, Kerwin, Kutsche, Kehoe, Klauer, Kinsella, Kane, Kaye, A. Lonergan, H. Lonergan, Mooney, Marx, Morgenweck, Maternes, A. Mayer, L. Mayer, G. Mayer, McPhee, Mott, J. Marre, A. Marre, Neef, Neenan, Nichols, O'Neill, H. Oppenheimer, O'Mara, Perry, L. Paul, C. Paul, Plauntz, Parker, Quill, Rogers, Ricks,cker, Sweet, Savage, Seerey, F. Smith, E. Smith, Stone, Stephens, Speir, J. Toolen, F. Toolen, Taft, Trujillo, Thornton, Wal. Williamson, Wm. Williamson, J. Walsh, Welch, W. Walsh, Witkowsky, W. Wilson, Willien, Young, Zieman.

* Omitted the last four weeks by mistake.

† Omitted last week by mistake.

Do not slander your neighbors and attribute to them vices they do not possess. If you do, and seek not to make reparation, your confessions are idle. For every wrong done there is a punishment, here or hereafter. You may be a big man with those you dare bully; you cannot bully God. —*Catholic Universe.*

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The only Junior who received 100 in lessons last week was Miss Emma Lewis.

—Alexander Pope was the writer under consideration at the last meeting of St. Teresa's Literary Society. A sketch of his life, and his essay on "Criticism" were read.

—The Misses Weisenbach, Crane, Johnson, Butler and Stapleton were the best historians at a competition in United States History held lately by the First Preparatory Class.

—The Misses E. Lewis, A. O'Mara, M. Campbell and M. Miller were the victors in the last competition in Arithmetic. The Junior Preparatories are very industrious pupils, as their good notes testify.

—At the reception of last Tuesday evening, the Graduates received the First Seniors in a very graceful manner. The hour was passed pleasantly, as well as profitably. The Misses Horn, M. F. Murphy, Gavan, Guise and Stadler entertained the assembly with music and recitations.

—A letter from Miss M. Dillon announces the sad tidings of her brother's death. While offering sincere sympathy to each member of the family, what comfort there is in the knowledge that he went to rest while his heart was pure, and before contact with the world had robbed him of his baptismal innocence.

—The visitors at St. Mary's during the week were: Mrs. P. A. Latta, Allegon, Mich.; Mr. L. Mitchell, San Francisco, Cal.; W. H. Simons, Warsaw, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. B. Keith, Elliott, Ill.; A. J. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bates, Denver, Col.; Miss R. Goldman, Chicago; Miss A. Harris, Class '78, Rochester, N.Y.; F. Smith, Huntington, Ind.; Miss K. Young, New York.

—The feast of Our Lady's Presentation was duly celebrated by the Children of Mary. All received Holy Communion at the early Mass. At 1 p. m., Rev. Father Saulnier received Miss R. Van Mourick as a full member into the Sodality, and the following young ladies as aspirants: the Misses Quill, Hutchinson, Geer, M. Horner, I. Horner, Andree, Quealey, Papin, McEwen, Ducey, Clifford and Prudhomme. At 3 p. m., they repaired to the refectory and partook of a luncheon, prepared especially for them.

—The sad news of the death of Mrs. L. Schmauss, of Rockford, Ill., reached here on Sunday last. No particulars have been received, but as her daughter Alice was summoned home only on Friday, her illness could not have been of long duration. Mrs. Schmauss was an exemplary Catholic mother, and her loss will be felt by all who knew her. Heartfelt sympathy is extended to the members of the bereaved family. Special words of condolence are tendered Alice by her classmates, who will not forget in their prayers the mother of their sorrowing companion.

• The Tongue.

The tongue of man, the organ of taste and speech, is a very useful, but, at the same time, dangerous little member of the human organism. By means of nerves distributed over its surface, we experience various sensations in eating and drinking. Were it not for the help afforded by the tongue in the process of mastication, the satisfaction of natural appetite would become an impossibility. Consequently, it gives encouragement to the art of cooking, by which food is prepared in a manner pleasing to the taste. Thus, too, it may be considered as promoting the interests of commerce. Men are induced to cross the ocean in search of spices and rare wines which, being pleasant to the taste, are consequently in demand in the markets of our cities. But while its uses are so manifold, yet, like a great many other things, if carried to excess, abuses follow that often reduce man to poverty and shame. Cases are on record of great men who through the excessive indulgence of their appetites, were reduced to utter want, besides ruining their friends and relatives by their extravagance.

But it is as an organ of speech the intelligent will especially consider the tongue. It enables us to express our grief or joy, pain or sorrow, not in rough words, or in sounds similar to those made by animals, but in an appropriate manner and clothed in all the beauty of expression. In this way we make known our wants and desires by articulate sounds. Were the members of the human race deprived of this power of communication with each other, what a loss would thereby be entailed upon mankind. Half the pleasure which makes existence dear would be gone; while by its possession we are not the only ones benefited, but to our friends also do we become useful, for we can warn them of approaching evil; advise them in serious matters, and console and cheer them in the time of sorrow, affliction and death.

As a means of conversation, that great charm of life, we owe much to this useful organ, since it enables us to pass many pleasant hours with our friends. Nor is this one of its least important offices; for those who are accomplished in this art are the honored guests at the dinner party; are the bright particular stars of the literary world, and whose brilliancy enchants our hearts. Among the famous conversationalists of the past may be mentioned Johnson, Tallyrand, Burke, and Madame de Stael, each of whom exerted no slight influence in social circles. From his biographers we learn that Johnson shone as a conversationalist, in fact, signally defeating all who dared enter the lists with him.

Boswell tells us that he "habituated himself to consider conversation as a trial of intellectual vigor and skill, so that by constant practice, and never suffering a careless expression to escape him, he had attained an extraordinary accuracy and command of language." His friend, Goldsmith, however, showed a marked deficiency in this pleasing talent. Of him, Johnson himself said that "no one is more foolish than Goldsmith, when he has

not a pen in his hand, or more wise, when he has." This inability of Goldsmith to converse well was recognized by all the celebrities of that day, and made Garrick say of him that he "wrote like an angel, but talked like poor poll." Many examples might be cited as to the power of conversation in making or marring a career; but enough has been said to show the necessity of cultivating this art by storing our minds with facts, and then seeking to express these facts in the best manner possible.

As the organ of eloquence, it has given to the world the great orators of ancient times, prominent among whom were Cicero and Demosthenes. What beautiful words fell from their lips, and with what eagerness they were listened to by an admiring audience! It is said that many of them could discourse for hours without fatiguing anyone but themselves. In our own time such orators as Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Patrick Henry and many others, must not be forgotten, the echo of whose words still lingers round the world they have left.

But the tongue may also be a medium for the spread of evil. It is, indeed, a dangerous weapon if not guarded carefully. From it come lying, detraction, calumny and kindred vices. By it people have lost friends and made enemies. One little word spoken without reflection may so wound the feelings of the listener that serious evil may result therefrom. In fits of passion, words are uttered that a moment after we would give worlds to recall; and these leave a wound which, though time may heal, the scar remains.

Another evil of the tongue is sarcasm. Nothing makes more enemies than this unfortunate habit. A sarcastic person is always dreaded, for people are afraid of his tongue. They are never at ease when in company with such a one, and consequently avoid his society. It is thought that if a sarcastic person knew the result of his speeches, he would discontinue them at once and forever. Caution must be observed in the use of the tongue. We should be very careful of our words and expressions, else much evil may follow; always bearing in mind that "great talkers are little doers," and that "for every idle word that man shall utter he must render an account at the Judgment Day."

Great talkers are proverbially light thinkers. But the great talkers referred to are not, we know, those who shine in conversation, but those whose garrulous tongues aim less at sense than sound. The celebrated writer, Alexander Pope, although a deep thinker, was not gifted with conversational powers, and in company he was thus forced to remain silent. He said at one time, on being questioned, that although he had no small change about him—referring to small talk—he could draw for a thousand pounds.

Some one has said that speech is silver and silence is gold, thus signifying that silence is the more valuable. Without leaning unduly to either extreme, let the happy medium be our aim, and we ourselves, as well as those with whom we come in contact, will be the gainers.

MAUDE E. THOMPSON,
Second Senior Class.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allen, Arpin, Andree, Brady, Balch, Bub, Burton, Barry, Barth, Bloom, Brewer, Boyer, Beschameng, Bourne, Bray, Butler, Bates, Blacklock, Beck, Carmien, Clifford, Claggett, Carey, Conners, Clore, E. Coll, M. Coll, Campeau, H. Dempsey, C. Dempsey, Ducey, M. Desmond, C. Desmond, Davis, Dunkin, Daube, English, Early, Flannery, Fravel, Fitzpatrick,* Gavan, Guise, Geer, Hughes, Hummer, Hertzog, Hellmann, Hyland, M. Horner, I. Horner, Henke, Hinz, Harlen, Heffron, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hillas, Hoffmann, Hutchinson, Hepburn, Johnson, Kearns, Kennedy, Kohler, Kron, Keyes, Latta, Leonard, La Berge, M. F. Murphy, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, N. McCarthy, M. McCormick, McEwen, Moore, C. McCarthy, Marsh, Moran, McFadden, Mitchell, Neff, L. Nicholas, E. Nicholas, O'Brien, Orr, Papin, Piper, Prudhomme, Quill, Quealey, G. Regan, Rend, Riedinger, Richardson, Robinson, Rowsey, Rannells, E. Regan, Snowhook, Sullivan, Stadler, Sheehan, Sear, Saviers, M. Smith, B. Smith, Sloman, Spier, Trask, Thompson, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Wright, Waterbury, Wagner, Wiesenbach, Wehr, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses T. Balch, Blaine, Butler, Burns, M. Burns, Campbell, Crane, Churchill, Davis, Dempsey, Dolan, Dryer, Farwell, Foster, Fritz, Hake, Hagus, Hull, Hughes, Knauer, Kloth, Lewis, Longmire, Lauth, Mercer, Miller, McCune, B. McCormick, N. Morse, M. Morse, Newman, G. Papin, Pugsley, E. Quealey, Reed, Rhinehart, Rose, Rogers, Simons, Stapleton, Wyatt.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses L. Reeves, A. O'Mara, A. Papin, S. Smith.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Brady, Carmien, Hummer, Hughes, Kearns, Keyes, Murphy, Snowhook, Regan, Sullivan, Trask.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses T. Balch, Bub, Clifford, Coll, H. Dempsey, Ducey, Gavan, Hertzog, Hyland, Moran, McCarthy, L. Meehan, Rend, Riedinger, Stadler, Smith, Van Horn, Neff, Gordon Spier.

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Barry, C. Dempsey, Davis, Flannery, Fravel, Hinz, Harlen, Hutchinson, Horner, Latta, McCormick, McNamara, McEwen, Marsh, N. Meehan, E. Regan, Sheehan, Thompson, Arpin, Burton, M. Desmond, C. Desmond, Henke, Kron, Sloman.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Allen, Barth, Blacklock, Bloom, Beck, Claggett, Dunkin, English, Balch, Morse, Fitzpatrick, Horner, Heffron, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hillas, Hoffmann, Leonard, Moore, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Papin, Quill, Richardson, Sear, Van Mourick, Wehr, Waterbury, E. Nicholas.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Beschameng, Compagne, Daube, Geer, Johnson, Kennedy, Mitchell, Marley, Piper, Robinson, Wiesenbach, Young, L. Nicholas, Blaine, Crane, Knauer, Newman, Quealey, Stapleton, Simons, Hughes.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Bourne, Brewer, Conners, Carey, Hepburn, C. Quealey, Rowsey, Rannells, Studebaker, Zahm, Butler, Churchill, Dempsey, Davis, Dolan, Hull, Longmire, Rogers, Hake.

3D PREP. CLASS—Misses La Berge, Clore, Early, E. Burns, Loonie, Rhinehart, Foster.

JUNIOR PREP. CLASS—Misses Campbell, Farwell, Lewis, M. Morse, McCune, O'Mara, McCormick, Reeves, Pugsley.

1ST JUNIOR PREP. CLASS—Misses Dreyer, Reed, Smith, A. Papin.