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Valerian to St. Cecilia.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

Lulled by the light of those benignant eyes
That move in charitable pleadings, rest
In benediction not to be expressed,
Or seek communion with their native skies,
In pagan dreams no more I monarchize,
And heights too great for man no more contest,
But lean at last a phantom-wearied breast
In liegeful trust on the Realities
Of Faith and Hope and Love. On thee to gaze
Attests thus much—that Goodness is no dream!
Why, then, should Truth be such? With softened rays
Noontide's strong sun shines imaged in yon stream:
From thee so shines on me God's Truth—too fair,
If seen direct, for sight unpurged to bear.

—Ave Maria.

The Moral Influence of Poetry.

BY S. J. CRAFT.

"Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions and language." It is the voice of art, nature, nations and humanity; that voice which brings sustenance to the feelings, to that part of our being which is open to every pleasing influence and responds to every impression; that voice which reaches us in tones that are resonant with the joys and sorrows, the aspirations, the achievements and wants of man. Ask we for sound of joy or breath of hope, and amid the longings of a life tumultuous will come the poet's song, divinely clear, "like bells of evening wafting the sweetness of eternal promise o'er life's dark sea."

There is not a thing on earth but has a poetic side, which would touch the feelings could we but

perceive its hidden beauty. To the true poet is this grand perception given. His is a sensitive nature. In all things his eye detects a beauty and meaning which escapes ordinary vision. His object is to put this beauty or meaning into a picture, using words as his colors. Nothing is beyond the poet's reach. He catches glimpses of outward and inward beauty, and by the aid of his fancy he works them into jewels which sparkle on the shores of our memories, reflect their pleasing influence upon our sympathies, and become in our dark hours a never-failing source of delight and consolation. "How glorious above all earthly glory is the faculty and mission of the true poet! His are the flaming thoughts that pierce the veil of heaven; his are the feelings which, on the wings of rapture, sweep o'er the abyss of ages. The star of his being is a splendor of the world!"

Poetry holds the secret of creation. It puts before our minds that Almighty Being, "Who doth as He wills in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth." What natural power so stirs our souls to love and admiration for Him, the Creator, as the voice of poetry, whose strains rise clearer and higher, leaving notes of love to linger round our hearts for Him, to bear testimony of our gratitude? No wonder, then, that the poet's approach is as a flash of dawn, or that the breezes of gladness herald his coming; for 'tis he who catches up these beautiful ideas of Him "who dwells beyond the heavens," and sings them to the listening world. As the voice of humanity, poetry strikes the key-note of human life; she gives the true picture of human pain and suffering; for life is made up of tears as well as smiles, or of a "laugh and a moan."

Poetry gives us many ideas of the moral law. It reaches us in tones of consolation and gladness, and no one can tell how sweet these songs have

sounded to the hearts laden with care and sorrow; no pen can describe the joy they have brought to those on whose brows the thorns of life have pressed. In no other form have we a more real picture of human misery and woe than in Longfellow's immortal "Evangeline." This poem enkindles in our hearts the warmest sympathy and love for the poor Acadians, admiration and pity for the fair "Evangeline" and noble "Gabriel." Such poems as this, with Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Milton's "Paradise Lost," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and thousands of others, whether the voice of art, nature, nation or humanity, are the greatest instruments in the exaltation and refinement of society, for 'tis poetry that lifts the mind above mere worldly things to purer, nobler thoughts. What young man does not know in his secret heart whether "Juliet" was a blonde or a brunette, or what were the precise hue, form and motion of that hand and cheek which wrung that immortal cry from young Romeo? Like the other great poets, Shakspeare makes the beauty of his lady to be seen through the passions that it arouses.

The poet's exalted mission is to arouse the soul, make clearer the divinely implanted images, and the highest task is the narration of spiritual facts. Nature owes much of her poetical influence to the recollection and labor of man. In every work of man, from the meanest production of his trial to the highest elevation of art, does poetry hold its own. Like carved stones, all the art of man is poetic.

Of national poetry it has been said: "Let me write the songs of the land, and I care not who shall make its laws." There is a deep germ of truth in these words, for 'tis by poetry you reach the hearts of the people:—

"Go forth, eternal melodies, go forth:
O'er all the world and in your broad arms wind it,
Go forth, as ye are wont, from south to north,
No place so barren but your spell can find it;
As long as heaven is vaulted o'er the earth,
So long your power survives—and who can bind it?"

That a country is without national poetry, proves its hapless dulness. National poetry is the very flowering of the soul. Its melody is balsam to the senses. It ennobles our hearts, our intellects, our fellow-men and our country. It binds us to the land by its condensed and gem-like history. It solaces us in travel, fires us to action, and prompts our invention. What enthusiasm does not the "Marseillaise" kindle in the heart of a son of sunny France! While "Die Wacht am Rhein" raises the German to the highest pitch of excitement. The Englishman loves his "Rule Britannia." To the

son of Ireland "Erin's Flag" seems the grandest; and nothing is sweeter to an American than the "Star-Spangled Banner." At the recital of these, millions have risen to their feet as one man and shouted with one common patriotism. Cold, indeed, is the heart and shallow the patriotism that does not thrill at hearing this poem:

"On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now it shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner: oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

In the majestic swell of "Erin's Flag" you seem to hear the tramp of exiled millions drenched in tears of blood, "by the woes and wrongs of three hundred long years." From the east and the west, from the north and the south they come summoned by that prophetic song, and as they cluster around that flag of green so famous on the field of battle, you seem to hear them rejoicing at the dawn of hope, resolving to bear it home—

"Where its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain,
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane."

We ask of Greece, proud land of keenest intellect, stateliest manhood; of Rome, ruthless in arms and wise in conquest; of France, fair land of chivalry; of Spain, whose genius measured ocean bounds and widened man's domain; of these and of every land we ask, what thought so stirs your nation's heart, what beam of glory's ray yet brightly shines when time has dimmed the lustre of your mighty deeds? It is the light which shines from the crown of poetry, and reaches far out beyond your native shores to bring from far-off lands strange answering echoes which man finds ever in the heart of man. Let us hail poetry! and may her voice forever sing her powerful songs, especially those in which religion is entwined with the bright flowers of fancy, to be food for the poor, hungry, weary hearts that wooed multitudes; that has thrilled the soldier on the eve of battle; that has soothed the soul wounds of the suffering, and raised the hearts of men in adoration and benediction to the great Father of all.

A DAY'S WORK.—Make a rule, and pray to God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say: "I have made one human being at least a little wiser, a little happier, or a little better this day." You will find it easier than you think, and pleasanter.

Jonathan Swift.

III.

The few articles from his pen that appeared at intervals during the next four years prepared the people to hail in Swift a patriotic and unflinching defender of their rights. At the expiration of this time, Ireland was again thrown into a state of ferment by the outrageous action of the English Government in regard to copper coinage. All Ireland rose up in indignation at the action of the crown, and foremost amongst those resisting the execution of the project was Swift. Fearlessly he espoused the cause of Ireland, and by the power of his bitter satire again aroused the ire of the minions of the crown. Under the name of M. B. Drapier, he wrote the series of articles known as "The Drapier Letters." These aroused intense enthusiasm in Ireland, and thoroughly startled the English Government. A reward was offered for the discovery of the author. Prosecution was at once begun against the unfortunate printer. But, owing to the unyielding resistance to the Government that the letters had stirred up amongst the Irish people, it was impossible for the court either to discover the author of the "Drapier Letters," or to secure the conviction of the printer. The Government at last gave up the project, and Swift was everywhere accorded the praise for Ireland's triumph. From this time he became the idol of the Irish people.

Swift now returned to London with the manuscript of "Gulliver's Travels," and spent the summer amongst his former friends. Whilst he was in London, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with whom Swift was in high favor, succeeded to the throne as George II and Queen Caroline. Now, surely, the road to the long-sought preferment was unobstructed, and the end of Swift's banishment was seemingly at hand. Seemingly so; but the evil fortune that had formerly dogged his footsteps was with him still. Court dissensions and womanly jealousies prevented any recognition of Swift's claims for preferment. Again disappointed, he returned with failing health to Ireland, to pass through the saddest period of his singularly sad life.

During his stay at Sir Wm. Temple's he was appointed tutor to the dark-eyed daughter of Mrs. Johnson, a friend and companion of Temple's sister. Feelings of the warmest attachment sprang up between the stern, cynical teacher and his fair and gentle pupil. From this time forward her life became strangely interwoven with his, and the

story of their love, of his harshness and of her gentleness, of his unkindness and of her unhappiness, is as well remembered now as it was one hundred years ago. She is the "Stella," without reference to whom, Swift's life is only half related.

When he received his appointment to the living at Larocar, Stella removed to Ireland and associated herself in housekeeping in a neighboring town with a Mrs. Dingley. Here she lived until Swift's appointment to the deanery of St. Patrick's, after which she removed to Dublin. During Swift's long stay in London, amidst the heat of the political struggles, his thoughts constantly turned to Larocar and Stella. To her he inscribed a daily journal, and to it he confided all his sorrows and disappointments, all his hopes and fears, and all his joys and triumphs. In his gloom and disappointment he turned to her for sympathy and consolation, and in his joys and triumphs she was a participator. Their strange intercourse was of the most intimate nature, and Swift's feelings towards Stella seem to have been most tender. And yet, whatever may have been his motives, and many have been ascribed, he was always unwilling to make her his wife. At last, however, nearly fifteen years after she had moved to Ireland to be near the man she loved, they were married in the garden of the deanery with the utmost secrecy, with the understanding that the marriage should never be made public, and that it should be followed by no change in their relationship in the eyes of the world. To all appearances they were still united only by that strange bond of friendship that had always drawn them to each other, and which, until Stella's death, was a source of prying curiosity and uncharitable surmise to the gossips of the day. Whatever ill treatment she may have received, however many heart-aches and pinings she may have suffered, her affection during nearly thirty years seems never to have diminished for the man who had made her life lonely, sunless and friendless. And through all these years, whilst Swift seems ever to have been most warmly and devotedly attached to her, yet he seems to have been blind to the injustice and cruelty of his treatment of her, and always unwilling to make proper amends for the dreary months and years of the gloomy, sunless existence that she had dragged out for his sake. At last she pined away and sank into the grave, known to the world only as Esther Johnson. It was only in keeping with the inconsistencies of his nature that Swift, whose fearlessness was tried and unquestioned, should have cast the foulest blot upon his memory by an act of moral cowardice.

Swift had returned to England, only to find Stella at the brink of the grave. She lingered three months, and then passed away. When she died, the morning star of Swift's existence set forever, and with it departed the only rays of cheerfulness, of tenderness and of gentleness that had illumined the darkness and dispelled the harshness of a life strangely dark and harsh. With her died all that had lent comfort to his loneliness, and pleasure to his private life for over thirty years. Hers was the only sympathetic heart to which he could always confide his cares and sorrows as a burden lifted away. She was to him the only haven to which he could fly for refuge from the fierce storms of public life. Ingratitude and disappointment had long since closed his heart to all but her. But even with her for a confidant and friend, Swift seems throughout his life to have always been alone. When Stella died she left him "lone as the corse within its shroud." If there was aught of gentleness, of cheerfulness, or moderation in his life, it was her influence that caused it. And now that this soft influence was withdrawn, his rugged, giant nature raged, sickened, moped and crazed under the accumulated burden of his miseries. He was now past sixty, an old man, with failing health and tottering reason, filled with remorse for a hapless, wretched past, and terrified by the horrible phantom that hovered in the gloomy vista of the future. Did ever old age have a sadder prospect? His present was saddened and embittered by the retrospect of a past strewn with remorseful recollections of unsuccessful struggles, wasted energies, blasted hopes and thwarted ambitions. He knew that the seeds of insanity were in his race and that it had marked him for its own; and, peer as he might into the future, he could see no prospect to encourage him to bear up under the gloom and sadness of the present.

Bowed down to earth by his increasing burden, he grew daily more cynical and misanthropic, more bitter and intolerant towards every form of ignorance, hypocrisy and oppression. So wretched a life as his we can scarcely conceive. Through all his life the hideous spectre of his coming insanity was ever at his side to cast a gloom over every moment of his existence. Haunted by this vision—probably as terrible in prospect as in realization,—he daily saw himself drawn nearer and nearer to the inevitable day, and in his despair he besought the mercy of a sudden death. Each recurrence of his birthday brought bitterness and sorrow to his heart, and he set apart this anniversary to read the Lamentations of Jeremias. But the great cause of human misery

and wretchedness to which he had devoted himself still held his heart, and in all this time the stream of his benevolence never lessened. No deserving case of misery came to his knowledge that it did not receive prompt and abundant succor. His mental faculties were fast giving way, and the attacks to which he had always been subject grew more and more frequent. At last the now flickering light of reason fled, and the glimmering twilight gave place to lasting night. He first broke forth into a violent lunacy, and then gradually lapsed into a state of helpless imbecility. Here in ruin lay what was once the mightiest intellect in England! Who, standing in the presence of this calamity, can close his heart to pity and see only the just visitation of an inexorable retribution? At last death released him from his sufferings, and in the fourth year of his insanity he gently and painlessly passed away.

Few men of genius have received so little mercy at the hands of their reviewers as Swift. Whilst the possession of rare gifts too often screens the possessor from censure for his faults, and whilst their idiosyncrasies are pitied and condoned, yet neither the undisputed genius of Swift, the consideration of the unfortunate surroundings of his youth, the disappointments of his after-life, nor the horrible phantom that haunted his footsteps and, perhaps, influenced his actions, has been able to save him from receiving the fullest measure of rebuke that his acts may have deserved.

It is one of the customs of his good biographers to close by pointing Swift out as an example of the avenging justice of the Almighty. With what admirable resignation do they confess the justice of the hand that was laid so heavily on Swift! Like good and virtuous Pharisees, they rejoice in their own self-righteousness, deplore the wickedness of this poor publican, and humbly bow down to acknowledge the justice of *his* punishment. So great is their sense of justice that it leaves no room for mercy or for pity. And yet no man was more deserving of pity than was Swift. They sneer at the "*sæva indignatio*" of which he complains, and even censure him for daring to give utterance to a murmur of complaint. "He suffered so, and deserved to suffer," say his reviewers.

It seems strange how any one can reflect upon the life of this unfortunate man without feelings of pity and regret—pity for his wretchedness, regret that circumstances should have so distorted a nature noble even in its deformity. His character was a strange compound of inconsistencies. An earnest and zealous devotee of religion, his whole mind was given to earthly hopes. His ambition

was to be honored, respected, revered and exalted amongst his fellow-men, and to this end he bent every faculty of his mind; and yet no man tried less to conciliate, no man exercised so little policy, and few men have bid more open defiance to every rule and regulation of society. One of his reviewers says of him: "In two things alone was he consistent; in the thorough and even offensive personal independence into which the unhappy experience of his own youth had too harshly plunged him, and in the inextinguishable love of liberty and incorruptible patriotism that guided his career from first to last." There is a sternness, a manliness and a vim of nobility in Swift's character that command our admiration. His misanthropy was the result of the harsh surroundings of his own youth; but it did not entirely destroy the better nature that lurked under the harsh, rugged exterior. He despised mankind on account of "the cruelty of the dominant and the cowardice of the subject." He had defiance for all who domineer; contempt for the cowards who silently suffer, and encouraging words and a fearless, helping hand for all who sought for liberty and were worthy to enjoy it. His own experience had closed his heart only to the great, the pretentious, the hypocritical, the arrogant, and the dominant. For the deserving of the poor and oppressed his heart beat in sympathy, and to their cause he consecrated all the efforts of his life. This was his redeeming trait. In his case let his charity be a veil to conceal the multitude of his faults. His charity was not of the sentimental sort; it was extended only to the deserving; the undeserving he repulsed with bitterness and scorn. Sheridan tells us that no man in the British Dominions gave so much to charity in proportion to his means, or disposed of it to such advantage. This is no attempt to make a saint of Swift. He is not held up as a model for our imitation. There is no need of flowery rhetoric or rounded periods to descant upon the moral of his life. The plain and simple story shows forth the moral so clearly that he who runs may read; and in it there is food for reflection upon more themes than the errors of Jonathan Swift.

C. P. NEILL.

"WHAT is life, father?"

"A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail.
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day or night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

—*Adelaide Procter.*

Evolution of a National Literature.

In the general history of literature, poetry takes precedence of prose. At first, when the memory was the chief means of preserving literature, men seem to have found it necessary that composition should take a form different from ordinary discourse; a form involving certain measures, and capable of producing a deeper impression on the mind, in order that the things treated of might be more easily remembered. Hence, while we cannot trace poetry to its origin, we know that the first classical prose dates from the sixth century before the Christian era, when it was assumed in Greece as the proper form of certain narratives, and differing from poetry in scarcely any other respect. In England, as in all other countries, prose was scarcely practised for several centuries, while poetry was comparatively much cultivated. The first specimens of prose deserving our attention date from the reign of Edward III.

Perhaps the best means of making clear the transition of our language from its primitive rudeness to its present polished state is to refer to some of the works of the earlier writers. Sir John Mandeville is generally considered as the first English prose writer. He wrote originally in Latin, which was translated into French, and thence converted into English. His work is of little interest as a narrative, but is valuable as a monument of our language; of the imperfect state of education at the time, and of the quaint and homely ideas of the age which produced it. Mandeville, with the credulity of his age, embodied in his work every wild grandam tale and childish fiction which came in his way. We first begin to notice English poetry in the form of chronicles; and Geoffrey Chaucer, with these imperfect models as his only English guides, attained the distinction of being regarded as our first great author, and is distinctively known as the Father of English poetry. Henceforward, his native style—which was the peculiar seven-lined stanza—formed a standard of composition, notwithstanding the mighty revolutions which subsequently took place in the political as well as in the literary world. He used this peculiar style in the "Court of Love," of which work, however, he is sometimes denied the authorship.

Now let us view one of the famous prose writers of the present age. Thomas Carlyle is a native of the village of Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire. After some years spent in the laborious business of teaching, he devoted himself to literary pursuits. The

study of Carlyle's writings tends to enlarge our sympathies and feelings; to stir the heart with benevolence and affection, and to build upon this love of our fellow-beings a system of mental energy and purity far removed from the operations of our less noble senses. His work on the French Revolution is a series of paintings, grand, terrific, and ghastly. His diction is, to say the least, remarkable. The style of Carlyle is, on the whole, a masterly one, although sometimes degenerating into affectation and viciousness.

Alfred Tennyson, the son of a Protestant clergyman, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and published a volume of poetry while still a very young man. This work met with a very severe disapproval from a number of magazines and other periodicals. In a short time afterwards, nevertheless, appeared in reprint most of his previous productions, together with a series of new poems. Almost on a sudden it happened that Tennyson attained the fame of a great poet, if not the poet of the age. The prevailing characteristics of his style are a quaint and quiet elegance, with now and then touches of strong dramatic power. Another characteristic of Tennyson's style is his simplicity and, at the same time, extraordinary beauty.

The best themes adapted to prose writing are narratives, histories, orations, and letters, because these do not require that high elevation of the mind, which so few writers possess. While, on the other hand, such subjects should be treated of in poetry as can be idealized; tales of a heroic character, and all subjects for whose proper and effective expression a high degree of the imagination is requisite.

Poetry is, therefore, not necessarily associated, as many people seem to think, with verse or rhyme. It may find expression even in prose, and, in point of fact, has often been embodied therein, both in ancient and in modern writers. The Book of Ruth, for example, is decidedly poetical in substance; yet in form it is strictly prosaic. The same may be said, in a still more remarkable degree, of the Book of Job, and of the Prophetical writings, as they appear in our English version.

There are other works that are hardly distinguishable from prose, such as the verse of Terence's Comedies. Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, Burke, Carlyle, and other modern prose writers, are often as really and profoundly imaginative as distinctly poetical writers; for, the essence of true poetry lies rather in the nature and adornment of the thoughts expressed than in the form of the composition.

H. L. PRICHARD.

The Church and Its Scientists.

On April 8 next the "International Scientific Congress of Catholics" is appointed to meet in Paris. It promises to be one of the most important assemblages ever held in Europe. The announcement that it is to meet has already aroused great interest both on the Continent and in Great Britain. It ought, even at this eleventh hour, to attract the attention of all that are most cultivated, not only among Catholics, but among all denominations of Christians.

This convocation was resolved on in the last Congress of French Catholics, held in Paris, in May 1887. The programme of matters to be prepared and discussed was carefully drawn up by the foremost French scholars, under the direction of the proper authorities, and then submitted to Leo XIII, who warmly applauded the purpose in view and the choice of the subject-matters selected. I do not think that the Catholic public in America has been sufficiently informed regarding the importance of the forthcoming congress, and I write to remind your readers how intensely interested they ought to be in the success of a meeting which, though the first of the kind, promises to be memorable in the annals of intellectual progress.

One of the most eminent scholars in France, M. Lapparent, has clearly stated what such a congress as that proposed should aim at.

"We live in the midst of a period of struggle," he says, "a period of persecution even; every day we have to defend against insult, calumny and violence, everything which, in a well-organized society, should be the object of universal reverence. Men and institutions are not exclusively exposed to such attacks. Beliefs are assailed with no less energy; indeed, one might say that the chief aim of the destructive agencies employed is to blot them out. Now, it is in the name of science that this warfare is waged. It is the testimony of science that is continually invoked against us. The age of theological disputes has passed away. Facts, that is, the results of experiments and observation, are the only authority acknowledged. It is, therefore, imperatively necessary that we should discuss these facts, and ascertain whether or not they really say what they are made to say with such an air of triumph. Hence it becomes incumbent on us that, whether all these scientific pretensions be founded or not, we should not yield to our adversaries the monopoly of scientific culture. For us it becomes a matter of absolute necessity to support, or to create where needed, schools of higher studies in which our youth may cultivate all the branches of human knowledge with the sole passionate devotion to truth, with the serene intellectual freedom springing from the absence of sectarian prejudice, and with that elevation of purpose which purity of heart, the fruit of one's submission to the Divine law, ever bestowed on the mind. . . . We must think of the society into which our young people are drawn. Many of them will not be

strong enough to resist the force of arguments skilfully presented. Are we to give up all idea of making conquests among those who are ignorant of the truth? Or shall we passively allow men to be seduced from our own ranks, when a serious effort could save them? . . . The attacks of the enemy force us to defend ourselves. The means used by the assailant point out to the assailed what strategy they should employ in protecting themselves. To shut one's eyes systematically to the needs of this great intellectual strife of modern times would be to deliberately condemn ourselves to utter powerlessness. We should thereby consent to form only a little church, so limited in its membership that it would be all too easy to count the numbers of those who had not forsaken it."

No serious-minded man or woman who has at all followed the intellectual currents of our times, or mixed with the cultured circles in which scientific subjects are warmly discussed in their bearings on revelation, on all religion, indeed, but must acknowledge the force of M. Lapparent's remarks and the urgency of the reforms to which he points.

Now—and here I also invite the attention of your non-Catholic readers—let us see, in the programme sketched by Monsignor d'Hulst, rector of the Catholic University of Paris, what the International Scientific Congress will discuss in its first meeting next April.

"*Science says, science proves, it is an ascertained fact of science.* Such are the words which unceasingly fall from the lips of our adversaries. It would be an impudence to believe these unsupported assertions. But how can you discuss them unless you are yourself read up in science? The defenders of religion cannot cultivate all the sciences. They must take second hand these scientific affirmations from men who have a special study of the sciences. Apologetics (the scientific defence of religion) aims at establishing harmony between belief and knowledge. The first need felt by the apologist is clearly to determine the sense of both of these terms. Theologians alone can establish the meaning of the former, while scientists alone can fix that of the latter. A Catholic scientist will not attempt apologetics; he will confine himself to pure science. Still he will come to the aid of the apologist by supplying the latter with scientific information of unquestioned certainty. He will say to the theologian: Here is what is well proven, scientifically speaking, in such a department of physics or biology, on such a period of the history of Egypt or Assyria, on such a point of anthropology. Take care not to controvert this; to deny it would only injure yourself, for it is the simple truth. But here is what is uncertain: on this point and that, heterodox scientists affirm a great deal more than has been proved; you may therefore confidently deny or controvert such a proposition. Again, here is another proposition: its truth has not yet been quite demonstrated, but it has acquired a high degree of scientific probability. The tendency, the legitimate advance of science is in that direction. So you must not risk an imprudent negation on a matter where you might have to recant ere long . . .

This is what we propose to do. This congress is, then, not to resemble a council. We are not going to discuss either broad or narrow theories on the inspiration of Scripture. We shall bow with docility to all the decisions of the Church, to her direction and advice, to the authorized and general teachings of her theologians and doctors. . . . But nothing in all this shall prevent us from accepting the testimony of specialist scholars who come to inform us, each within his own competent sphere, where in our day exist certainties, where probabilities; and where the temerities of science."

I cannot do better than close with a list of the principal questions to be discussed in the congress, and which had received the highest sanction in the Church:

"The notion of a deity as propounded by the various schools of contemporary philosophy; the study of the theories of Büchner and Darwin; the spirituality of the human soul; the bases of morality and right; State socialism; the origin of life; history of the civilizations of the stone age; ancient European immigrations; authenticity of the Pentateuch and the Prophecies; textual criticism of the New Testament; comparative history of religions; recent progress of Christian archæology," etc.

I would solicit the attention of my own co-religionists in America to the comprehensive intelligence of all the living questions of the age displayed by the Catholics of France, and that, too, amid the most discouraging circumstances. We, in the great Republic of the West, are in the blessed enjoyment of unbounded liberty. What are we doing to help the international congress of Catholic scientists? And when are we going to have a congress of American Catholics?

Let us be up betimes and doing! For the same hostile anti-Christian forces which are wrecking religion and the social order in the Old World have already ruined society in Spanish and Portuguese America, and are actively at work sowing the seeds of evil among the ploughed fields of our own country. Yes, let us be up at once and doing! The future of America and American civilization demands it.

REV. BERNARD O'REILLY, in *N. Y. Sun*.

—A BRAVE MOTHER.—There has just been entered as a student at one of the colleges of New Orleans a young lad whose education is to be paid for by the proceeds of the labor of a heroine. This boy comes from the country, and when his mother wrote to enter him at college she said in her letter: "At last I can give my boy the blessed privilege of education. I earned every penny of it by walking in the cotton fields picking cotton." Before the war this Spartan mother was a great lady. She owned many slaves, and rode in carriages, and had a box at the opera, with jewels and fine gowns a plenty. To-day she walks down the cotton fields that once were hers, and patiently picks off the fleece, for which she is paid for picking so much a pound.—*N. O. Picayune*,

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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:

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

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

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

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G. H. CRAIG, '88, P. V. D. BROWNSON, '88,
J. A. BURNS, '88, CHAS. P. NEILL, '89.
S. J. CRAFT (Lit.), '88.

—A select number of students will present a literary entertainment next Wednesday evening, in commemoration of Washington's Birthday. The exercises, consisting of appropriate speeches and orations, will be varied by instrumental and vocal selections by the different college musical associations. Altogether, it may be expected that one of the most pleasing exhibitions of the scholastic year will be afforded the students and friends of the College who may honor the occasion by their presence.

We are pleased to see that literary entertainments are, year by year, becoming more *en règle*, and are made more popular and interesting. This is as it should be. Though dramatic exhibitions are not necessarily to be frowned down, for they too contribute usefully towards varying the monotony of college life, yet it is by such exhibitions as are chiefly literary in their character that the greatest good is accomplished, both for the students taking part and for those who form the audience. The research required in order to obtain suitable matter to present to a cultivated audience, the practice

in composition undergone by the youthful orator or essayist, the exercise of the mind, not only in composing, but also in committing to memory what has been written, the familiarity with the rostrum acquired while speaking,—all show to the earnest student the utility of such entertainments. The intellectual pleasure and benefit to the auditors need not be commented upon.

—Mr. Bernard Bigsby delivered two lectures on "Comparative Philology" in Washington Hall, on Friday and Saturday evenings of last week, and a third on "Marie Antoinette" last Monday morning. The lecturer, being well and favorably known at Notre Dame, was greeted by a large and appreciative audience at each appearance. Although the subject of philology is interesting in itself, it is not calculated to rouse enthusiasm in an audience; but Mr. Bigsby handled his theme so ably and eloquently that he held the closest attention of his hearers from the beginning to the end of each lecture. The relations existing between different languages was shown, and the derivation of many English words and expressions was brought out in a most interesting manner. The speaker displayed a thorough and practical knowledge of language, to the study of which he has devoted a considerable portion of his life. The discourses were interspersed with sparkling anecdotes and humorous remarks which served to make them the more enjoyable. The lecture upon Marie Antoinette was a fine effort. Few can equal Mr. Bigsby in drawing word-pictures; and the scenes in the life of this unfortunate woman were portrayed so vividly and so feelingly that our sympathy and pity went forth spontaneously to the poor victim of the French Revolution. Naturally gifted, thoroughly educated, eloquent and refined in speaking, possessing the art of putting the right word in the right place, Mr. Bigsby is one of the best speakers it has been our fortune to hear. He will always be assured of a hearty welcome at Notre Dame.

Reputation.

Since man is destined to mingle and commune with society, it becomes of the first importance to acquire and maintain a reputation equal to one's station and condition in life. What renders it of so much importance is this: that men are not all alike in their conduct and sentiments. Were the whole human family alike—if the same feelings influenced the actions of all,—there would, of course,

be no such distinction as reputation makes; but the all-wise Creator, in the infinity of His wisdom, thought proper to form different degrees and various characters, thus creating the lights and shadows of human existence. Some will be found whose actions are bad; some whose imaginations are bad, but who have duplicity and cunning enough to conceal it for a while, and who consequently do not practise the evils with which they are tainted; others, whose thoughts and intentions are good, but who, not being known, because they are disliked, and who are disliked, simply because they are not known, have comparatively few opportunities to show their good feeling; and yet another class, whose thoughts and actions accord, and whose influence has a tendency to enhance the value of reputation which they possess: this latter class, then, form the standard to which all must aspire who would be respected and beloved.

All persons may, and ought to endeavor to reach that point in the estimation of mankind to which their worth and talents entitle them; but when they attempt to soar still higher, they do so without much probability of attaining their object, while there is a strong possibility that the exertion used may only tend to take away that which they possess, and prove their own ruin. A good reputation is within the reach of the generality of men; but the aspirant for that kind of reputation called fame must have great talents, and a great genius to apply them, together with such opportunities to display himself as seldom occur. The applause of a greater portion of mankind constitutes fame; but the happiness decreases as the fame advances, because the individual possessing it becomes a more prominent mark, and is more subject to the attacks which are always made upon those who are in any way distinguished from their fellow-citizens; when, if nearer to a level with them, he would not feel the force of their missiles. The man who has fame is, from these circumstances, less happy than he who is more with the mass of the people; and therefore a fair reputation is rather to be preferred; for true philosophy aims at that station in which there is less vexation, and more real happiness than in any other.

A man may use many means to gain a good reputation. The most certain method, however, is by the performance of the various duties of life in a creditable manner; by imbibing high sentiments of virtue, and inculcating them into the minds of those with whom he comes in contact; by a strict regard to the feelings and wants of mankind, and a disposition to sympathize with their feelings,

and to meet their wants as far as possible, agreeably to the duty he owes to himself. He must also be consistent in all his actions; constant in his friendship; upright in all his transactions. And, lastly, I would not overlook the fact that mental culture is a grand part of the system to be adopted for the furtherance of a man's reputation. I would not be understood to say that any great perfection of the mental faculties is required;—this is not the fact, for we see men enjoying the good opinion of others, without having much education; but as a general thing, the development of the reasoning powers has a large share of establishing a character; and, in fact, whatever station a man may hold in life, his intellect should be cultivated, as it gives firmness, a depth to his thoughts, and decision to his conduct; and is, therefore, as I have said, a strong supporter of reputation; because by this course he learns the duties which he owes to society, and which he cannot perform without first comprehending.

The motives of a deserving man may be calumniated, and he may not, for a time, be held in that estimation he deserves—as a constant exposure to the atmosphere will tincture the purest gold, so the continual breath of slander will tarnish the strictest virtue—yet the real value will be the same, although the currency may be impeded. Slander may represent the good man in a false light, but still he is the same intrinsically; and time, with a strict adherence to the right path, will eventually turn the scale in his favor; he will, therefore, so regulate his conduct as to deserve a reputation, whether he has it or not. It seems to be a maxim that we ought to suspect a person to be a knave, until he proves himself to be honest; but I think the contrary should be the case; at least we should give every one credit for honesty until he proves to be a knave; because a person suspected is debarred from opportunities to do good; and when he perceives that all his motives are impugned, often thinks he might as well have the reality as the name; and thus *public opinion itself makes knaves*. The most candid must give their esteem to those who *have* reputation rather than to those who only *deserve* it; this is an evil which has no cure, and its only palliatives are time and distrust.

When, however, an individual has surmounted all these difficulties, and obtained the respect due to his merits, then it is that he is open to assaults from the unprincipled, who will always abuse every one who is praised by honest men; but this calumny only serves to fix his reputation still firmer; because their want of character is sufficient

to stamp all their charges with the mark of falsehood, and prove upon them the attempt to bring him down to a level with themselves; but the misfortune is, that their true characters sometimes being concealed, their accusations for a time carry weight with them.

It is, indeed, a fact that cannot be too deeply regretted, that there are not wanting persons who, having gained a reputation, use it as a cloak under which to conceal enormities that are more fearful in their nature than if performed in open view. It is a common saying that "a liar will not be believed when he speaks the truth;" but the converse of this fact is also unfortunately true, that he who has acquired a reputation for veracity will not be doubted although he utters falsehood; but the man who would make use of his reputation to give currency to a lie, would subvert every principle of equity and honor, and overturn the very temple of truth itself. "There is a divinity that shapes our ends," and an upright man will one day meet his reward; he will be a benefit and an ornament to society, and be beloved by the virtuous and good; while those who have gained a reputation by fraud and deceit, cannot retain it for any length of time, but are certain to be visited with the contempt and disgrace which they so richly merit.

H.

Cosmical Geology.*

"Geology must no longer be content to begin its annals with the records of the oldest rocks, but must endeavor to grope its way through the ages which preceded the formation of any rocks."—*Geikie, Text Book of Geology.*

Geology is a science which has for its object the study of the history of the earth. It traces the progress of the planet which we inhabit from the first stages of its existence as such down to the present day. It records not only the changes of the inorganic world, but also those which have taken place in the races of animals and plants. Geology is a very comprehensive science, and of necessity must gather information from sources often far remote from its scope. To the geologist must belong the privilege of culling from the domain of all sciences.

When the geologist transcends planetary time, he must choose astronomy for his guide; he must have free access to the store rooms of astronomical observations. Who can guide him safely through that dim and distant nebular state of our planet? Who can transport the mind back to that time when our earth was slumbering in the bosom of the cosmic nebula of matter which was called into existence in the beginning of time by the omnip-

otent power of Him who has no beginning? Who, I ask, can cast a glimmer of light into these fields of darkness? Ask the astronomer what he sees at the limits of sidereal space. Ampère says:

"... On a sondé ces régions voilées;
Les bornes du possible ont été reculées.
Un mortel a pu voir, armé d'un œil géant,
Osciller des lueurs aux confins du néant!"

"Man has penetrated these veiled realms; the boundaries of the possible have been extended. A mortal, armed with the eye of a giant, has been enabled to see the gleams of light oscillating on the confines of empty space."

The astronomer only can give us any ideas about the nebular state of our planet; he alone possesses the key to the knowledge of the stellar existence of our earth; and to him, therefore, the geologist turns for information as to the possible conditions of the earth at its birth, when it assumed for the first time a distinct form of existence in sidereal space.

From the chemist and the physicist also the geologist must seek information. The laws that govern chemical composition, and physical relations of material bodies are now the same as in the time when matter was as yet in its diffuse state of nebula. In fact, the laws that govern chemical combination, and which determine the physical condition of matter and energy, form the starting point of geological investigation.

The astronomer tells us that at the present day planetary systems like that of the sun are in the process of formation, and by a study of the laws which govern these we may obtain at least an obscure knowledge of the process by which the solar system came into existence, and of the changes the nebular substance must have undergone in order to reach its present differentiated state of existence. To a certain extent, therefore, it is true that the present is the key to the past.

"Thanks to the results achieved with the telescope, the spectroscope, and the chemical laboratory, the story of the earliest ages of our planet becomes more and more intelligible."

Personal.

—Prof. Hoynes was called to Chicago Tuesday evening, to attend to an important law-suit.

—Mr. J. O'Kane, of Cincinnati, Ohio, visited his sons of the Junior department, Wednesday and Thursday.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith, of Leadville, Colo., made a short call a few days ago, on a visit to their children here and at St. Mary's.

—Mrs. James O'Neill, of New York, passed a few days at Notre Dame during the week, visiting her son James, of the Minim department.

—Mr. Barney Claggett, an old student of Notre Dame, paid the University a flying visit this week. Mr. Claggett is in the banking business at Lexington, Ill.

—Mr. P. McGuire, a Soph. of '86, has just accepted a position as cashier in the Farmers' Loan

* Notes of a lecture on Geology by Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., Saturday, Feb. 11.

and Trust Co. Bank, in Holstein, Iowa. Success to you, Pat!

—Mr. G. Hall, and Mrs. W. Hartman, of Denver, Colo., were among the visitors of the past week. They called to see Master Willie Hartman, of the Junior department.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Rietlman, of Denver, Colo., paid us a flying visit on their return from the sunny South. They expressed themselves as delighted with all they saw.

—Messrs. John Burns, Frank Kinsella (Com'l '81), and M. Kinsella (Com'l '74), of Dubuque, Iowa, were the guests of Brother Marcellinus and the Dubuque boys this week.

—Mrs. M. J. McNamara, of Denver, Colo., was a welcome visitor during the past week. Her many Western friends here, especially among the Juniors and Minims, have the most pleasant recollections of her visit.

—Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of '58, and the Alumni Orator of last year, has left his parish at Cummings, Ill., on an extended trip to California for the benefit of his health. In union with his many friends, we wish him *un bon voyage*, and a safe and happy return.

—It will be pleasing news to the students to learn that their late Vice-President, Rev. Father Morrissey, will soon return. Certain changes recently made have called him back to the States to continue the good work already so successfully accomplished.

—A recent number of the *Pilgrim of Palestine* (New York) contained the following from its correspondent at Jerusalem: "Several American pilgrims came during the month of December last. In the beginning of the month, the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, together with Father Zahm, Professor in the University, Notre Dame, and a French Father of the same Congregation, arrived. Father Sorin had crossed the ocean more than forty times, but had never been able to satisfy his longing to see the Holy Land before. I cannot describe to you the feelings of devotion with which the pious patriarch visited the Holy Sanctuaries of Jerusalem and Bethlehem. He expressed the deepest gratitude to God for allowing him to see with his own eyes, before he died, the places sanctified by the footsteps of the Son of God and His Blessed Mother. Several times did Father Sorin celebrate Holy Mass in the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, as also upon Calvary and in the Grotto of Bethlehem. In company with our famous guide, Brother Lievin, he visited the neighboring country and ascended Mount Olive, from where he viewed the Dead Sea, which on account of his great age and bad roads he could not approach personally. The Very Rev. Father spent two weeks here as the honored guest of the Franciscan Fathers. In the latter days he withdrew from communication with anyone, in order to give himself entirely up to the holy thoughts that crowd upon pilgrims here; 'for,' said he, 'I did not come as a tourist, but as a pilgrim.' The words of the venerable old man should be im-

pressed upon the minds of all the Catholics visiting the sacred places, that they may reap advantage for their souls from so great a grace. They should come here in the spirit of the thousands of pilgrims who on Calvary in bitter tears bewail their past sins, and depart for their homes better men and women, resolved to work out their salvation with more energy and more charity for others. Rev. Father Zahm made the trip to the Dead Sea all alone, like a true American, doing the whole business, going and coming, in the remarkably quick time of thirty hours. The Reverend visitors from here hastened to Rome for the Jubilee celebration, with the exception of the French Father, who celebrated Christmas at the Grotto of Bethlehem."

Local Items.

—Lent.

—Winter holds the fort.

—The Columbians are expected to appear on St. Patrick's Day.

—Next Wednesday is the anniversary of Washington's Birthday.

—The Columbians should begin early to prepare for St. Patrick's Day.

—It does seem as though some people cannot appreciate compliments.

—Many and wonderful were the missives of last Tuesday, St. Valentine's Day.

—Bro. Hilarion's merry band of skaters once more wend their way lakeward.

—The members of the Law Society promise us another public debate early in March.

—There is a first-class toboggan slide near the ice house, but a lamentable lack of toboggans.

—The Lemonnier Boat Club returns thanks to Mr. Jacob Wile, of Laporte, Ind., for favors received.

—Masters L. Black and E. Connors have been appointed Third and Fourth Corporals respectively of the Sorin Cadets.

—Prof. Musgrave, we are glad to state, has recovered from his recent illness, and has again taken charge of his classes.

—Many a heart beat faster, and many a cheek blushed redder at the reception of some tender missive last Tuesday.

—Some of the valentines were unusually fantastic and superbly gorgeous, and others were such nice, dear little things.

—Through the kindness of Mr. Jacob Wile, Bro. Paul has been enabled to procure a pool table for the Senior reading-room.

—Some of our temperance officers were in receipt of handsome valentines in recognition of their noble efforts in the good cause.

—The tailoring department has turned out an exceptionally large number of military uniforms this year, and some are yet unprovided.

—How sadly disappointed the author of "Stroke, stroke, stroke!" must have been when he beheld the sudden termination of the thaw.

—The one who takes advantage of the customs of St. Valentine's Day to gratify a petty spite, or satisfy a desire for some mean revenge, does a small act.

—Farwell *et al* vs. Becker *et al* in the University Moot-court this evening. This case was postponed from last Saturday, owing to the lecture given that evening.

—It was surprising how many faces among the lordly Seniors a blush o'erspread when the lecturer painted, with that fine sarcastic brush of his, the miniature moustache.

—How the Senior does envy that little ice-pond! Yet the Juniors are not selfish. They will transfer their rink to the Senior campus as soon as the first good thaw sets in.

—The programme for next Wednesday will consist of essays, declamations, orations and music. We trust the performers will do credit to themselves and honor to the day of the "Father of our country."

—Rev. President Walsh, Mr. Bernard Bigsby, and others, witnessed the drill of the Sorin Cadets last Sunday evening, and expressed themselves as surprised and delighted at the handsome appearance and excellent drilling of the Minims.

—The *Scholastic Annual* for 1888 by J. A. Lyons, of Notre Dame University, is one of the most interesting books of its kind we have seen this year. It has been carefully edited and is a splendid publication.—*San Francisco Monitor*.

—Wednesday last was Ash-Wednesday, and the beginning of the Lenten season. The solemn ceremony of the distribution of ashes was conducted by Rev. President Walsh, after which High Mass was sung. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. A. Zahm.

—The speakers at the entertainment on Wednesday next—Washington's Birthday—will be Messrs. Brownson, Neill, Regan, Stubbs and Newton. It will be seen that, from the literary and elocutionary talent thus called into requisition, a rich treat may be expected.

—The Novitiate will be rebuilt during the spring on the site where the building stood at the time of the fire last fall. The new structure will be similar to the old one, but somewhat larger, and the apartments will be more conveniently arranged. It will also be heated by steam.

—It is sad to gaze on that gallant army who, no less than a fortnight ago, with fluttering hearts and loud-sounding cymbals, raised the flag of freedom and swore that never—no, never more,—should the cigarette enter their lips, again writhing helplessly within the grasp of the tyrant.

—An exhibition drill has been promised for Washington's Birthday celebration. The companies were enabled to hold dress parade in front of the College last year on the 22d; but it looks as though it will be impossible next Wednesday, owing to the state of the weather.

—A life-size portrait in oil of Rt. Rev. Mgr. McCloskey, fourth Bishop of Louisville, has been placed in the Bishops' Memorial Hall near the paintings representing the first and the second incumbents of that diocese. A kind friend has promised to present a companion portrait of the third Bishop, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Lavalie.

—We are pleased to learn that one of the features of this session will be the literary *soirées* which will be given monthly in the large parlor of the College. Many a pleasant evening was thus provided in years past, and we hope that those to come will prove even more agreeable. We would suggest that our musical associations form similar programmes for other evenings.

—The students sincerely regret that they will be unable to participate in the Golden Jubilee celebration of Very Rev. Father General Sorin, the esteemed Founder of Notre Dame. It was generally understood that the celebration would take place next spring, and it is a matter of disappointment that the boys cannot all be here next August to share in the interesting exercises which will be held that month.

—Four little esquimaux Juniors have been noticed during the past two weeks perched, for an hour or more every day, on top of a backstop near the eastern extremity of their campus, and apparently drinking in the dread blasts that frolic over the clean sweep of its surface. Our first surmise was that they were shades of the famous Junior baseball fiends of '86, mourning over departed glories; but on inquiry we found that they were only what the Juniors term "hedgehogs."

—Members of the Faculty and several visitors were present at the dress parade of Company A, Hoynes' Light Guards, held in the lower corridor of the main University building last Monday evening. The boys displayed great proficiency in the tactics, and went through the different evolutions with commendable precision. It can be justly said that the company is unsurpassed by any of former years, and it is to be hoped that this high standard of excellence will be maintained throughout the session.

—The following subjects have been selected for the competitions for the English Medal: (1) "The Educational Value of the Study of Rhetoric"; (2) "The Universities of the Middle Ages"; (3) "The Influence of the Theatre on Life and Character." There are indications that the competitions this year will be closer than ever before, while at the same time there will be a greater number of competitors. As the essays must be all in before June 9, it is needless to say that work upon them cannot be begun too soon.

—The 14th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Wednesday, February 8. Messrs. F. Flynn, H. Bronson, J. C. Flynn, C. V. Inderrieden, Fred. Carney, and I. Casey, were admitted to membership. Well-prepared criticisms on previous meetings were read by J. J. McGrath, C. Burger, and W. McKenzie. Essays were read by Messrs. Lane, and Blake. The election of officers, which was not concluded

at the last meeting, was continued: W. O'Brien, was elected Marshall; W. Hackett and B. O'Kane, Prompters; W. Rheinhardt, Organist; C. Burger, Clerk of the Court.

—The 13th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society was held Feb. 5, for the purpose of reorganizing for the second session. The following are the officers: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., President; Prof. J. F. Edwards, LL. B., Honorary President; Bros. Philemon and Laurence, Promoters; T. Wilbanks, 1st Vice-President; J. McNulty, 2d Vice-President; J. Henry, Secretary; E. Doss, Treasurer; F. Shenk, Corresponding Secretary; F. Wile, Historian; A. Schloss, 1st Censor; I. Casey, 2d Censor; T. Noud, Librarian; J. McIntosh, Sergeant-at-Arms; C. Ramsey, H. Silver, *Chargés d'Affaires*; E. Ryan, Marshall; J. McCormick, 1st Prompter; J. McMahon, 2d Prompter. Master R. Boyd was elected to membership. After a declamation by E. Ryan, the meeting adjourned.

—The beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was begun in the college church on last Sunday morning. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. S. Fitte, assisted by Rev. Fathers French and Coleman as deacon and subdeacon. During the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, the grand altar was richly and tastefully ornamented with beautiful flowers, and was resplendent with its myriads of lights. The grand candelabra lately arrived from France and placed in the sanctuary shone magnificently with their numerous burners, and added great splendor to the tributes of devotion to God on our altars. The Catholic students in a body received Holy Communion on Tuesday morning, and attended the exercises of the three days. The devotion concluded on Tuesday evening with the singing of the Litany of the Saints, the Solemn Procession and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—It was stated in the SCHOLASTIC, a short time ago, that Col. Wm. Hoynes was endeavoring to secure new arms and accoutrements for the use of the military organizations of Notre Dame to take the place of the old Sharp rifles now on hand. It is a pleasure to note that the Colonel has been successful in his efforts, and Gov. Isaac Gray has written him to the effect that the State will provide the University with 150 Springfield rifles of the latest and most approved style. The Colonel desired more particularly to procure Cadet arms, but it appears from Gov. Gray's letter that none can be had at present. The Cadet rifles were more desirable, owing to their lightness in weight; but the arms promised are of the same pattern and will, of course, answer every purpose and serve to increase the efficiency of the military companies. Colonel Hoynes is entitled to great praise for his unceasing exertions in behalf of the Light Guards; and thanks are due Governor Gray for the kindness and interest shown in the affair.

—Accessions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.:—Crozier used by Rt. Rev. Bishop Osouf, received from J. M. Complete set

of *The Catholic Guide*, presented by the editor, Rev. Dr. Rolles. Letter written by the second Bishop of Louisville, presented by Bro. Edward. Sketch in oil of Rt. Rev. Bishop Flaget, presented by F. Rutledge. Life-size photograph of Archbishop Elder, received from Mr. Elder. *The Catholic Sentinel*, presented by Mr. M. G. Munly. Letter written by Bishop Neraz from E. M. Complete set of *The Catholic Guardian*, presented by J. Meagher. Historical and Philosophical Memoirs of Pius VI and his Pontificate, 2 vols.; "History of the Dark Ages," by Maitland; "A Treatise of Three Conversions of England from Paganism to the Christian Religion," by Robert Parsons, 1603; "History of the Papal States from their Origin to the Present Day," by Dr. Miley, 3 vols.; "Rome as It was Under Paganism and as It Became Under the Popes," by Dr. Miley, 2 vols.; Lectures by Eugene O'Curry, on "The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," 3 vols.; fifteen original letters relating to the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo; five letters written from the Propaganda in 1837, presented by Father Henry. Macaulay's "History of England," 5 vols.; "Complete History of the Great Rebellion" 1861-1865, James Moore; souvenirs from the Lakes of Killarney, Dublin and other places; specimen of carved Irish bog-oak, presented by Brother Justinian. *The Morning Star*, presented by the Rev. Editor.

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. Beckman, P. Burke, J. Burke,* Barnes, Bombeck, Bronson, Ball, Bernhart, J. Burns, Brownson, E. Burns, Boland, Brelsford, Craft, Cosgrove, Campbell, Chacon, J. Cusack, Craig, Chute, E. Coady, Dore, Dulaney, Donohue, Ewing, Eyanson, Finckh, Fenton, Fisher, Fehr, Griffin, Goebel, Gallardo, Gibbs, Henderson, Higgins, Heinemann, M. Howard, Hummer, Houck, Joyce, Jackson, Jno. Kelly, Keating, A. Larkin, L. Larkin, W. Larkin, Leonard, Luhn, Langan, J. McDermott, Mulkern, V. Morrison, Maloney, McAllister, McCart, Mack, McGrath, McCune, Mattes, Andrew Nicholl, Alfred Nicholl, Norton, Neill, Nelson, O'Hara, Orr, O'Regan, O'Shea, O'Donnell, Owens, O'Brien, Prichard, Parés, Plato, Rochford, Rothert, Stubbs, Sullivan, Short, Stephenson, Suing, Sawkins, W. Silver, R. Silver, Spencer, M. Smith, Wall, White, Wilkin, Whelan, Wright.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Adams, Anfenger, Allen, Boyd, Bachrach, Beaudry, Bolderick, Blake, Burger, Benner, Brown, W. L. Brown, Brady, Cauthorn, Campbell, Carleton, Cooney, J. Connors, F. Connors, Case, Coad, Chacon, Connelly, Cavanagh, Cooke, Chute, Coulter, Cullen, J. Doherty, J. S. Doherty, Delaney, Daniels, Doss, Davis, Devine, Ebner, Elder, Fitzgerald, Falvey, S. Fleming, P. Fleming, C. Fleming, French, F. Flynn, Frei, Goodman, Gray, T. Greene, J. Greene, Gonzales, Girsch, Garrity, Houlihan, Henry, Howard, R. Healy, Heller, Hall, Hampton, Hoerr, Huber, Hackett, Hughes, Hartman, Hake, Hayes, Johnson, Jackson, Josselyn, Kutsche, Kellner, Lane, Lahey, Leonard, Moncada, Merkle, Martin, Munroe, McMahon, John McIntosh, James McIntosh, H. Mallay, W. Mallay, McCormick, McIvers, Miner, McGrath, Mulqueen, McKenzie, Mooney, McCartney, Mayer, Monarch, Neef, O'Neill, W.

O'Brien, Paquette, Prichard, Pecheux, J. Peck, Pfau, Quinlan, Roth, Rierdon, Reinhard, I. Rose, S. Rose, Ramsey, Rowsey, Roper, C. Schillo, R. Spalding, Schenk, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Simpson, Smith, Talbot, Walsh, Wage-man, Wright, Wilbanks, Wood.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayer, H. Bachrach, S. Bachrach, A. Bachrach, Bloomhuff, Blumenthal, Beckham, Barbour, G. Black, L. Black, Blake, Beerman, Bates, Burns, Bradley, Boettcher, C. Connor, W. Connor, E. Conners, Collins, Connelly, Cummings, Clendenin, Carlile, Cudahy, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, Crane, Cohn, Carpenter, Cornell, Campbell, Durand, J. Dunn, F. Dunn, Jessie Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Doss, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Dorsey, M. Elkin, E. Elkin, G. Franche, C. Franche, Flannery, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Finkel, Grant, Griffin, Greene, Gerber, H. Garrenes, Hinds, Harlan, Hagus, Howard, Hamilton, Halthusen, Healy, Jaramillo, Johns, Kerwin, Kutsche, Kehoe, Keeler, Koester, Keefe, Kinsella, Kane, Kaye, A. Loner-gan, H. Loner-gan, Lansing, Mooney, Marx, Morgenweck, Maternes, L. Mayer, G. Mayer, McPhee, Mott, J. Marre, A. Marre, Minor, Neef, Neenan, Nichols, O'Neill, O'Mara, Oppenheimer, Perry, L. Paul, C. Paul, Plautz, Parker, H. Pierce, Quill, Rogers, Ricksacker, Sweet, Savage, Seerey, F. Smith, E. Smith, Stone, Stephens, Speir, Story, Taft, Toolen, Trujillo, Tomkins, Thornton, Wm. Williamson, W. Williamson, J. Walsh, Welch, W. Walsh, H. Witkowsky, S. Witkowsky, Willien, Wilson, Young, Ziemann, Goodwillie.

Correspondence.

[It is with pleasure we give place to the following interesting communication from Master W. L. Luhn, of the Preparatory Department, '86, who is now at the military post, Ft. Spokane, Wyoming Ter. We may add further that the editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always gladly publish communications from old students:]

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

On October 5, a party, consisting of two officers, four soldiers, an Indian scout, and myself, left Fort Spokane for a twenty-five days' hunt. We started with the intention of hunting deer, bear, caribou, mountain sheep, and goats, and expected to kill one or more of each; but in this we were disappointed, as we killed altogether but five deer. Meeting with ill success in hunting game, we turned our attention to the beautiful country in which we were, and by which we were surrounded.

After leaving Fort Spokane, our road led us along the Columbia River for about eight miles. Leaving the valley of the river, we travelled about forty miles through a rolling country known as the Big Bend Country. We saw no game, and were obliged to camp at ranches in order to procure wood and water. When about to leave the Big Bend Country and enter the Grand Coule, we had a beautiful view. The great Columbia could be seen winding like an enormous serpent at a depth of several thousand feet beneath us; the basaltic columns, forming the borders of the Grand Coule, could be traced for miles before us. The roads were very rough, but we managed to get through without an accident.

The Grand Coule is a long and broad cañon which probably at one time formed the channel of the Columbia River. It has, perhaps, never been explored, but it would, I am sure, more than pay any lover of nature to explore it. After leaving

the Grand Coule and the Columbia River, we crossed a vast stretch of prairie land, and gradually descended again to the Columbia River which we crossed at "Wild Goose Bill's Ferry" which is about seventy miles from Fort Spokane. On the other side of the Columbia the country is mountainous and quite picturesque. Between the Columbia and Okinakane rivers, a stretch of about thirty miles, the country is very rough, which is owing to its at one time being volcanic. This country is also full of small alkali lakes which were covered with ducks. Before descending into the valley of the Okinakane River there is a high point from which one can obtain a very fine view of the surrounding country. The snow-capped Methow mountains can be seen at a distance of about fifty miles westward; the Okinakane River can be traced winding through mountain passes, for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. The country bordering on either side of the Okinakane River is very pretty, and affords pasturage to thousands of heads of cattle. The river itself is a beautiful stream and has very little current, in some places appearing as quiet as a lake with nothing except an occasional flock of ducks or geese to disturb the tranquillity of its waters. The Okinakane River is not fordable, consequently we were obliged to cross it at a ferry known as the "Nestepeche Ferry." We made our permanent camp about fifteen miles west of this river, and about twenty-eight miles above the ferry, in a valley called "Toudes Coule." When we had been at our permanent camp about one week we took two pack-mules and started for Mt. Chapacka, about fifteen miles from our camp, in order to hunt sheep and goats. We had a pretty hard climb to the top of the mountain, but when there, we possessed an extensive view of the surrounding country. We could see, I should think, at least one hundred miles in every direction. Owing to the mildness of the weather, the sheep were very high up and on the north side of the mountain, which was very rocky and covered with snow. Our scout and myself ventured down the side of the mountain to "ketchem mouten seep," as the scout said.

The rest of the party stayed on top of the mountain, thinking that we would drive the game up and they would sit still and shoot it. The scout and I had some pretty tough climbing, and heard several sheep running on the rocks, but saw none. Those who stayed on the mountain top were soon frozen out and returned to camp, while the scout and myself killed a deer after we got out of the rocks and part way down the mountain. After leaving Mt. Chapacka, we went to Lake O-soo-goos which is the head of the Okinakane River, and but one mile from the British line. We here stopped at a ranch owned by a man who has been a resident of that part of the country for twenty-nine years. He had a beautiful farm on which was a large peach and apple orchard. We stayed at this lake one day and then turned our steps homeward where, after a pleasant journey of six days, we arrived on the twenty-fifth day of October.

W. L. L.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Miss Grace Stadtler is mentioned as one among the most talented in the first class of elocution.

—The Forty Hours' Devotion opened on Sunday morning. All the Catholic pupils received Holy Communion at the early Mass.

—The first letter written by Miss K. Shields since her recovery was one of gratitude to the Sisters and pupils for their prayers and solicitude.

—Thanks are returned to Mr. A. B. Miller, of the *South Bend Tribune*, for a collection of periodicals. Among them were several art journals which found a welcome in St. Luke's Studio.

—Mrs. Rose Devoto Coffman, Omaha, Neb., an always welcome visitor, spent last week at St. Mary's, which is, according to her own words, as dear to her heart now as it was during her school-life.

—At the distribution of good notes, on Sunday evening, the Misses Celeste Kron and M. F. Murphy were the readers. Both read well, thus sustaining the reputation they enjoy in their respective classes.

—Mr. J. E. Ellis, manager at Chicago of the firm Ivison, Blakeman & Co., very kindly presented to the Academy a full set of the compendium of Spencerian Writing. Warm thanks are tendered for this most acceptable gift.

—Through the kind thoughtfulness of Mother Superior, the young ladies who took part in the late *soirée* were invited to a lunch on Friday last. Needless to say, full justice was done the nicely-prepared viands, and a vote of thanks was tendered Mother Superior, with the assurance that such a substantial mark of appreciation of their music was truly encouraging.

—The heartfelt sorrow of all was awakened by the tidings that Miss Belle Heckard, a former pupil of St. Mary's, departed this life at her home in Tolona, Ill., on the 8th inst. A devout child of Mary, unassuming and gentle in manner, kind and obliging to all, Miss Heckard won many friends while here; and fervent are the prayers daily offered for the repose of her soul. Warm sympathy is extended to her bereaved parents and to her devoted sister, Anna, Class '86.

—Those who are inclined to be melancholy should take as their motto the following stanza, given as a quotation in one of the literary societies:

"Be merry-hearted when you can,
And as the world is, take it;
If you desire a better one,
Why, go ahead and make it
If you can; but if you *can't*,
What's the use to fret?
For there's a better world than this—
There's blue sky somewhere yet."

—Among the visitors of the past week were: Mrs. F. M. Webb, Galena, Ill.; C. Voelting, E. W. Andree, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. M. M.

Thirds, Mrs. Wright, Chicago, Ill.; Miss N. Green, Dakota; Miss M. Reen, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. W. J. McCormick, Missoula, Montana; W. Osborn, G. Montgomery, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. M. A. Russell, Dubuque, Iowa; J. M. Dinnen, M. D., Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. M. J. McNamara, Denver, Col.; Mrs. E. E. Balch, Omaha, Neb.; Mr. B. Claggett, Lexington, Ill.

Reading.

"Some books are to be tasted; others to be swallowed; and some few are to be chewed and digested. That is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few are to be read wholly and with diligence and attention."

From the above quotation it is evident that reading may be either profitable or injurious, and that this profit or injury depends entirely on the character of the books selected. To read a book merely for the purpose of whiling away an idle hour is rarely productive of good to the mind; for the retentive powers of the latter are not sufficiently taxed. The book pleases for the moment, and is then thrown aside; while the vital energy employed in its perusal is wasted, and, instead of adding to our stock of useful knowledge, the mind is filled with nonsensical matter which it is difficult to expel. But if aimless reading is so detrimental, what must be said of promiscuous reading, or reading without choice? To read a book that has nothing to recommend it but its claim of merely being fashionable, certainly shows lack of sound sense; yet this error is by no means an uncommon one, for many people devote their time to this kind of literature, to the utter exclusion of all other kinds, and consider themselves well read. This practice cannot be too strongly condemned; for not only does it create a distaste for more solid matter, but it eventually ruins the mind by keeping it in a constant state of excitement. Sometimes, blending useful knowledge with the most pernicious fiction, it is like planting a garden with beautiful flowers and then sowing noxious weeds in their midst.

The fault of promiscuous reading is not usually committed by persons of mature age. They have learned from experience how opposed to habits of concentrated thought is this mode of reading, and consequently avoid it. Young people, however, as a rule, are attracted and fascinated by works of fiction, and, disregarding the advice of those more experienced, read nothing else. When once this practice is begun, it is almost impossible to break it off. The mind seems almost incapable of resisting the charm, and will be satisfied with nothing that does not excite the imagination, or thrill the senses.

A young girl, though forbidden to indulge in works of this character, cannot resist the temptation, and resorts to deceit to gratify the desire. The books are read by stealth, and thus, perhaps, the first deceitful act of her life is committed. This, if not corrected, may lead to graver faults, until the

child, once frank, becomes deceitful and undutiful, devoid of affection and principle.

The boy of to-day is also prone to this habit of reading baneful literature. For him the illustrated story paper and flashy novel have an irresistible charm. For the purpose of imitating the exploits of their favorite heroes, many boys have been induced to forsake home and friends that they may rank with those whose claims to admiration consist in bombast, bad grammar and swaggering airs. However, literature of this kind must not be mistaken for fiction, which is founded on sound principles, and written for the purpose of benefiting mankind; whose heroes are heroes in every sense of the word, and whose heroines are true and noble women.

But how are we to be guided in our choice of reading-matter? By what standard are we to judge? Certainly what the majority of the educated and enlightened stamps as worthy our perusal, we may with safety accept. Then we should read, first of all, history, to accustom our minds to habits of concentrated thought, and supply any deficiency which may arise from the dearth of national or political knowledge; biography, that we may become familiar with the characters of noted men and women; and books of travel, to inform us as to the beauties of foreign lands. Scientific works should be studied, as they enlarge the domain of the mind, improve the understanding, and develop a taste for solid reading. We must not, however, neglect religious works; for though it is necessary to educate the mind in worldly matters, religion is the foundation of all true knowledge. We cannot be said to be truly educated until we have a thorough spiritual foundation on which to rear the edifice of worldly learning.

Having seen *what* we should read, *how* we should read is next in order. The golden rule of reading is: "Read with attention,"—giving the mind to the subject, and endeavoring to obtain a clear idea of every paragraph. A source of advantage in reading is to take notes of striking thoughts and remarkable or beautiful passages. By this we will become acquainted with the peculiarities of an author and be enabled, in a manner, to make any style our own. Two friends who read a work together may derive much benefit from the practice, for the interchange of ideas which this invites directs the thoughts into new channels.

We should never lose sight of the object of the book we are reading, but observe carefully the consistency of the author in following this object to the close of the volume. After we have read a book, we should ask ourselves whether or not we have been benefited by its perusal; whether we have newer and better thoughts, and are more confirmed in virtuous principles. If to these questions we can answer yes, then, without doubt, our choice has been good.

If, on the other hand, the mind is wearied after the perusal of a book; if we are dissatisfied with ourselves and our surroundings; if our thoughts dwell with pleasure on what is base or ignoble, then we should avoid with the greatest care all

such books as depraving the mind and fettering its best impulses.

To conclude: Though a book be distinguished by an elegant and charming style; though it be beautifully bound and illustrated, if it contains aught that is prejudicial to faith or morals, it can only be said that it

"Looks like the innocent flower,
But is the serpent under it."

MARY E. MCCORMICK,
(Second Senior Class).

Tablet of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allen, Andree, Arpin, Brady, Burton, Barry, Barth, Bloom, Brewer, Boyer, Beschameng, Bourne, Bray, Butler, Bates, Blacklock, Beck, Belfield, Clifford, Claggett, Conners, E. Coll, Campagne, Calkins, H. Dempsey, C. Dempsey, Ducey, M. Desmond, C. Desmond, Davis, Dunkin, Daube, English, Early, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fenton, Gavan, Geer, Guise, Hillas, Hammer, Hughes, Hellmann, M. Horner, I. Horner, Henke, Hinz, Harlen, Heffron, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hofmann, Hutchinson, Hepbourne, Hooker, Johnson, Kearns, Kohler, Kron, Keyes, Koester, Leonard, Loonie, M. F. Murphy, E. McCarthy, M. McCormick, McNamara, Moore, C. McCarthy, Marsh, Moran, C. McFadden, J. McFadden, Mitchell, Marley, Neff, L. Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Piper, Quealey, G. Regan, Rend, Riedinger, E. Regan, Richardson, Robinson, Rannels, Reen, Snowhook, Sullivan, Sheehan, Schmauss, M. Smith, B. Smith, Sloman, Spier, Studebaker, Trask, Thompson, Van Horn, Van Mourick, M. Voechting, B. Voechting, Waterbury, Wiesenbach, Webb, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Burdick,* Butler,* Churchill,* E. Davis,* E. Dempsey,* Dryer, Foster,* Fritz,* Hake,* Hagus,* Hughes,* Kloth,* Lewis,* Longmire,* Lauth,* Miller,* N. Morse,* Mercer, Pugsley,* Quealey,* Reed, Rhinehart,* Rose, Rogers,* Stapleton,* E. Smith,* A. Thirds,* A. Wurzburg,* N. Wurzburg.*

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses O'Mara,* A. Papin, F. Palmer, L. Reeves,* S. Smith, E. Tremper.

Those marked * drew for the Politeness Cross.

St. Catherine's Normal Institute, Baltimore.

The following letter from the Rev. Dr. O'Connell, Rector of the American College at Rome, speaks of a Jubilee offering made to the Holy Father by the above-named institution:

AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME, January 31, 1888.

REVEREND MOTHER:

I take much pleasure in being able to inform you that I have presented to the Holy Father the burse of Saint Catherine's Normal School. His Holiness examined the burse particularly, made inquiries concerning the school, and commanded me to write and tell you that he imparted to yourself, the teachers and pupils his Apostolic benediction.

Recommending myself and the College to the prayers of the community, I am, Reverend Mother,

Yours faithfully in Xto.,

D. J. O'CONNELL.