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Growing Old.

Softly, oh, softly the years have swept by thee;
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;
Sorrow and death they have often brought nigh thee,
Yet have they left thee but beauty to wear.
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant home light;
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,
Under full sail and the harbor in sight;
Growing old cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,
Past all the currents that lured thee unwilling
Far from thy course to the Land of the Blest;
Growing old peacefully,
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow
When the bright faces of children are seen;
Never a year from the young wouldst thou borrow—
Thou dost remember what lieth between;
Growing old willingly,
Thankful, serene.

Rich in experience that angels might covet,
Rich in a faith that hath grown with thy years,
Rich in a love that grew from and above it,
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears;
Growing old wealthily,
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened,
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;
Many a face at thy kind word has brightened—
"It is more blessed to give than receive."
Growing old happily,
Ceasing to grieve.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory
Have a sweet recompense youth cannot know;
Ears that grow dull to the world and its story
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow;
Growing old graciously,
Purer than snow.

—Anon.

Life is What We Make It.

BY S. J. CRAFT, '88.

The singularity of this expression gives rise to a number of ideas, each capable of being viewed in different aspects:

"Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb."

The whole thought seems full of an indescribable sadness. Surely, a winter's day is not so bad; let us look at it. How often it breaks in brightness, and the glow of the sunrise throws a veil of delicate color over wide fields of white snow. The stern hills are softened and enriched with a beauty that belongs solely to a winter's landscape. We look upon nature, perhaps, as a collection of blind, obdurate, inexorable powers, with mountains that stand fast forever; seas that roll their eternal tides upon every shore. Life may be but a winter's day, but the winter's day has a sunny side. We have found a means to keep off its chills, can we not also find a means to keep off the chill of life from the heart, and gather about us all brightness?

Our life is all that we may make of it. We make it according to what we have to make it of. Sitting down with folded hands accomplishes nothing. But work blended with good thoughts overcomes the greatest obstacles. Two persons, one surrounded by wealth and influence, the other with nothing but a purpose to do right, will attain to far different ends. One will pause for want of energy, and mourn over misspent days, while the other will brighten his life by following the footsteps of industrious men. There are no blessings which the mind may not convert into the bitterest evil. Man is endowed with manifold capacities, among which is the power to discern good from

evil; that we train, cultivate and develop those faculties that tend to good, while suppressing and holding in restraint those that tend to evil. We may brighten the years by purity, by charity, by faith, and by love; or darken them by malice, by deceit, by dishonor, and by corruption. Here, then, are two different beings, made what they are by different states of mind in themselves. Thus, in a sense, the eye makes that which it looks upon; the ear makes its melodies or discords; the world without reflects the world within. Every disposition and behavior has a kind of magnetic attraction by which it draws its like to itself. Selfishness is hardly a centre round which the benevolent affections will revolve. The cold-hearted may expect to be treated with coldness; the proud, with haughtiness; the passionate, with anger; the violent, with rudeness. Those who forget the rights of others must not be surprised if their own are forgotten.

The first thing to be done in order to be successful is to choose the proper employment. He who attempts to live in idleness makes work and unhappiness for himself. Apprenticing a carpenter's talent to a physician's employment is gaining mistaken honor, and wresting capacity from its natural drift. "It is pouring," as some one said, "drugs of which we know little into bodies we know less." It is a thousand times better to have common sense without education, than education without common sense; but the best mixture is equal parts of both. Learning does not unfit men for any kind of work, unless it is acquired from a false source, and such learning is best named ignorance. Poverty is a great blessing to a youthful genius. Most of the intellectual men of the world are those who have climbed highest on the ladder of fame, and begun at the lowest round. They were reared in the straw-thatched cottages of Europe; in the log houses of America, in the factories of the great cities, and on the verge of want. Self-reliance reaps rich rewards. He who begins by being propped by others, generally ends in the same condition in which he began. The motto of every young man should be: *Dépend upon yourself*. For, as an experienced man has said, "God helps those who help themselves." Most intellectual dwarfs are those who have always sought the advice of others, and spent their time in wishing for that which they were never intended. How many times we see a man burdened with cares, griefs, sickness and death, but observation shows that through all his troubles he has happy thoughts for everybody. How much better is the final rest of a man or woman whose life has been spent in doing good! When the summons

comes, looking back over the whole and saying, we have done our best, is the brightest crown for mortal beings. There are no trials which the mind may not transform into the most noble and divine blessings. There are no temptations from which the virtue they assail may not gain strength, instead of falling a victim to their power.

Matter and Form.

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

II.

After examining abstract theories, we may closely observe sensible realities, and, in order to proceed methodically, consider especially certain mysterious bodies around us which produce innumerable phenomena. They are commonly known by the name of "imponderable bodies"; and their study is the main object of Physics, and Chemistry has not as yet succeeded in analyzing their substantial composition.

It is true, the various phenomena to which they give rise, and which we refer to natural agencies called light, heat and electricity, are most accurately described, their principal laws discovered and formulated, and many of their useful applications popularized; still science cannot tell us what they are in themselves, and must resort to hypotheses. Here, therefore, nothing certain can be seriously objected against the theory of St. Thomas concerning matter and form. According to the older hypothesis, the phenomena so-called luminous, for instance, might be ascribed to the emission of certain particles differently colored, proceeding from a source of imponderable light. Its fascicle, penetrating through the pores of diaphanous bodies, strikes directly the organs of the sight; or, if its rays meet an opaque body, being partly reflected upon it, they cause us to see that body, but under the appearance of the color reflected, which our mind attributes to the object itself. Now we ask if we may not reasonably regard this luminous particle as composed: first, of what the scholastics call "primitive matter," and, secondly, of a form that gives it its proper color as well as all its other characteristics? Yet, there is such a difference between light itself and the phenomena of the other substances that it may seem strange to admit such a particular or isolated application of the general principle. Moreover, we do not find therein the key to that universal co-ordination, which the facts of nature reveal more and more in proportion as we arrive, by means of more

complete and systematized observations, at a fuller understanding of their harmony and unity.

But science, as it advanced in the way of progress, began to set forth another hypothesis which seems to agree more easily with the fundamental idea of the scholastic theory. According to this second and more probable opinion, which is supported by all the discoveries of modern scientists, we should believe in the existence of a fluid, the particles of which, being extremely tenuous, are floating throughout space and fill all the vacuum of both ponderable and diaphanous bodies. This universal fluid, called ether, is endowed with wonderful elasticity, and its density, which remains the same in its interstices, constantly varies as it penetrates into solid, liquid or gaseous bodies. Thus when any material object becomes luminous, this results from the fact that its molecules being subject to a chemical combination or some other force, are put in motion and experience vibrations rapid enough to determine in the fluid mass of ether simultaneous, though unequally extended undulations, which are conveyed through space and by means of the eye-apparatus strike the optical nerve and produce therein a sensation of the various colors.

That mysterious ether would thus be the only agent that causes the phenomena of light as it does those of acoustics by analogous undulations taking place in the air and striking the organs of hearing. But, as a great similarity is observed between these latter facts and those of heat and electricity, which generally occur at the same time, scientists came to the conclusion that all of them are to be accounted for by one and the same force, or agencies of similar kind, that is by ethereal fluids the vibrations of which, being simultaneous though variable in swiftness and direction, accumulate more or less in the interstices of the molecules, and finally produce such effects as the phenomena of light, heat and electricity.

But what can these fluids be? Evidently they are not bodies presenting the same characteristics as those which are commonly observed in purely material substances, though they possess some of their properties, such as elasticity and density. But, to apply to them the principles laid down by the Thomist school, we find here "the primitive matter" actuated by a first category of forms that determine substances incomplete by themselves, and, as it were, the first link of that long chain of creatures, which we successively discover in following the guidance of the holy Doctor, rising step by step from the lowest degree of material beings to the highest region of the purely spiritual.

This, however, is not "the first matter," since, according to the scholastic system, it cannot exist without being "informed;" but still, might it not be that primitive matter as possessing a rudimentary degree of formation, a kind of intermediate being, out of which nature is drawing the simplest species of inorganic substances? How is this operation performed? Perhaps in the same manner as we see the organism proper to the individuals of the vegetative or animal kingdom constantly follow in an ascending scale, so to speak, by which we are enabled to go from the most incomplete species to the most complex of all. In fact, this gradation in the number of properties and the abundance of the faculties which distinguish creatures from one another is so striking, so uniform, so universal, that, wherever any vestige of it, even the least, is found in nature, a scientist, in spite of himself, feels that he has struck a precious vein that must throw a flood of light upon all his investigations. Here, again, the progress of modern sciences seems rather to favor than oppose the system of St. Thomas regarding the series of facts and the two hypotheses we have just examined.

III.

It is time now to take one step more in the physical world and consider attentively that multitude of substances which we can see, touch, weigh and measure, that is, those which are more particularly called material bodies. We have no longer to deal with more or less contestable hypotheses, but to test definite assertions based upon undeniable facts of experience; in other words, our task at present is to show that the system defended by St. Thomas agrees with the teachings of Chemistry concerning the ultimate composition of matter.

Let us first give a brief synthesis of the conclusions verified by science, arrange them in a methodical order, and then see how easily they can be reconciled with the principles laid down by scholasticism. If, using the various processes invented by chemists, we analyze any ponderable body whatever, we generally decompose it into several other bodies, likewise ponderable, but its characters and properties entirely differ from those of the former. Again, if this first result is analyzed, we are liable to obtain new substances; but by means of these successive analyses, we finally reach certain bodies that are no longer divisible—at least by any chemical process,—and we give these latter substances the name of "simple bodies." About sixty of them have thus far been discovered; but who can tell whether science, as it advances, may not

make this number greater or less? One thing, however, results from the preceding observation: it is that all the ponderable substances which are found in nature "appear" to be either simple or composed of simple bodies. Again, the compound bodies may be twofold: sometimes they come from a very close juxtaposition, or a mixture; in this case, each of the components preserves the primitive properties of its nature, being a mere "aggregate" formed without any law or proportion: more often they arise from a "chemical combination"; in this second case, the components lose their proper characters, and the compound presents new, peculiar features essentially different from the former. This is, in fact, another substance well determined, distinct, and homogeneous.

Of course, we deal in this essay with simple bodies only, or those which they form by way of combination. In the first place, let us examine inorganic bodies—that is to say, those which need not the action of life, and can be recomposed by chemical synthesis. Take, for instance, any inorganic but perfectly homogeneous body—whether it be simple, such as a pure diamond, which is pure carbon, or the result of a combination, as a piece of white marble, which is a carbonate of calcium—break it, and you will find that all the various fragments are still diamond or white marble. Continue and reduce the same pieces to the minutest particles; their very dust chemically analyzed will still possess the same properties and present the same characters as the primitive mass. It may, then, be inferred that, as to inorganic bodies, it is their molecules which constitute the first elements of their composition, and also that it is in these molecules that we must seek what the scholastics used to call "form"; that is to say, the principle which determines them according to their proper substance and specific unity. Why is this? Because that stone, that lump of iron, that drop of water, is really but an assemblage more or less homogeneous of "molecules," and these possessing an individual form which gives to each of them its special *raison d'être*. Thus it is that their substantial mode of existence, being naturally determined, the characters which they possess, the properties which they enjoy, cause the whole body to appear in the manner in which it strikes our senses.

Since, then, science, no less than philosophy, endeavors to find in the bodily molecules an explanation of the substance which constitutes matter itself, it is but right for us to follow both of them through that common field of investigation. First, let us examine simple bodies. It is evident that their molecules

present characters proper to each of them, and that they contain properties which enable an observer to distinguish them separately. As long as they remain isolated, forming no combination, both characters and properties subsist; so that the molecule of a simple body never becomes that of another. Among these characters we may point out "the geometrical configuration." Take, for instance, a body passing from a solid to a liquid state, dispose the molecules as to make them cluster together without any external motion calculated to disturb their former arrangement; in this case they will present regular crystals in the shape of geometrical figures, and these figures are generally the same, for the same body differs according to various beings. That form of the crystals evidently depends on the configuration of the molecules which determine their structure. We may also point out "the color" which certainly results from the fact that the molecules of one body exercise an action different from that of another body upon the luminous undulations which they meet before striking the organs of the sight. "Cohesion" is a third character resulting from certain "attractive forces" which the molecules of the same body exercised upon one another, and vary according to the degree of heat which causes the body itself to pass from a solid to a liquid state, and finally to a gaseous condition. With the same temperature one body is solid, another liquid, and a third gaseous; and this happens because heat and cohesion vary according to the different bodies.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

On the Distinction Between Prose and Poetry.

A more difficult question could not well be asked than "Wherein does Prose differ from Poetry?" We can easily distinguish between prose and verse; and though poetry, in its usual form, is in metre, yet it is not thus through necessity. Some writers claim to have solved the problem. They make a distinction between poetry and what is poetical, and say that true poetry must necessarily be in verse. The greater majority of writers on this subject are of this class. Yet it would be ridiculous to call the compositions attributed to Ossian, prose; they are not, however, in verse.

There is still another class of writers that claim that rhyme and metre are not only not necessary to poetry, but may even prove a hindrance to the free expression of thought. Of these writers we have specimens in our own literature, among them

Walt Whitman. Now, to decide between these different classes is quite difficult. We must conclude that, though each may be correct in certain matters, it is necessary to go down further than the mere form; we shall soon notice a difference. To quote a prominent writer on this subject: "Prose is the language of intelligence, Poetry of emotion." By the language of emotion is meant the language in which the emotion vents itself. This language may be either written or spoken, metrical or otherwise. It is quite evident that words in themselves may be either poetry or prose according as they are pronounced with or without feeling. For instance, one word may stand alone, as the exclamation "Fire!" This expression contains all the requisites of true poetry. It presupposes the speaker to be in a state of mental excitement, and is pronounced with a certain feeling, probably of terror. To this let there be added the circumstances of a dark, silent night, perhaps to the listener a sleepless one. He hears the cry. Immediately comes the thought, some one is in danger! perhaps himself. He rises in terror, that is in the state of the speaker. This single exclamation, having all the requisites of a poem, fulfils all its objects, which are to excite in the listener the same feelings and emotions which originally existed in the mind of the speaker. Now, take the word once more without the exclamation. It is expressed without any particular feeling and does not excite emotion.

To understand the above distinction, we must first understand by emotion not only the more violent ebullitions of passion, but every species of mental pleasure or pain, desire or aversion, and all degrees of these states.

However much poetry may be independent of verse, it probably owes its present state to that much despised expedient. Verse probably had its origin in men wishing to preserve a record of past events. Now this, before writing was invented, was no easy matter. As the legends of years and years accumulated in the memory of seers and priests appointed to preserve them, it was found that words arranged in a certain manner were much more easily remembered. This manner of arranging words we call verse.

It has been aptly said that "Nature is herself a poem." To see that this is true, we have only to refer to the wild savage, a child of that selfsame nature. His very thoughts are poetical. Accustomed to speak in the language of metaphor, it soon becomes a reality to him, and he recognizes in the wind that blows through the leafy covert of his forest home a spirit breathing to him good or evil.

After a day of battle, or perhaps of the chase, the savage warriors, sitting around their camp fires, listened to the songs describing the valor of their heroes. At first these accounts, filled with all the imagery of the savage nature, were simply spoken; afterwards they were sung to the accompaniment of some rude musical instrument. These songs, the first poems, were called ballads. Of them we have an example in the poems of Ossian, and, in later times, in our own literature—the ballad of Chevy Chase. Of the higher forms of the ballad we have the Metrical Romance and the Epic.

Didactic and sentimental poetry include nearly all the other kinds, with the exception of the Lyric. They are used for the expression of general truths. It may be said that poetry is nature's language. Accordingly all descriptions of natural objects—as a beautiful sunset, a lofty chain of mountains, a storm at sea—are best treated in poetry. Poetry has long been used in descriptions of the working of the passions of the human mind, particularly those of love, friendship, hatred, or anger. A prayer to the Deity, as being the expression of awe, admiration, gratitude or entreaty is naturally poetical. We have an example of this in the Psalms of David and parts of the Book of Job.

In treating the subject of prose, let us return to our definition: "Prose is the language of Intelligence." Accordingly all writings in which the object is merely to instruct are best treated in prose. History, indeed, in order that it be better remembered, might be in verse. But we must not confuse verse with poetry; they are entirely different things. Of the various forms of prose composition we have histories and essays. The former includes histories of travel, histories of men's lives or biographies, and imaginary histories or fictions.

In developing a national literature, prose and poetry do not by any means divide the honors. When we recollect that, with few exceptions, the most polished prose writers have also been poets of no mean ability, we will know to which to concede the greatest merit.

A. LARKIN, '89.

Celibacy or Slaughter?*

Any religion that preaches war upon unbelievers as a sacred duty will reprobate celibacy; and this will be the case whether the religion be false or true,—whether its prophet be Moses or Mohamet.

* As a rational and scientific exposition, embodying common-sense reflections in connection with the tirades of the notorious Fulton, we think this contribution to the *Chicago Home* has rarely been equalled. The writer is well known here.—ED.

Any religion that teaches peace and the universal brotherhood of mankind will honor, or at least tolerate, celibacy; and this will be the case whether the religion be true or false, whether its author be Christ or Buddha. For celibacy and warfare are the two horns of the Malthusian dilemma, the only alternatives which can keep population from increasing faster than the necessities of life can be made to increase.

And when we say warfare, we mean the old-fashioned exterminating warfare of indiscriminate slaughter, sparing neither age nor sex, hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord, and dashing out the brains of the infant on the parental hearthstone. For modern warfare, destructive only to able-bodied men, creates rather than obviates celibacy, by leaving a proportion of the feminine element unprovided with partners.

Now, then, which is most to be desired, celibacy or slaughter?

Which is the most *natural*? Not long ago we should have been answered that war is natural. But now we have put the spectacle of physical strife as far as possible beyond the gaze of civilized eyes,—we will not even, if we can help it,

"Let dogs delight
To bark and bite,"

making all who encourage them to do so guilty of a misdemeanor—boys are no longer allowed in the public schools, as at the beginning of the present century, to fight their way upwards,—duelling has fallen into contempt. In a word, we have become so unfamiliar with violence that the mere sight of it disgusts us. Can we now read of those Egyptian and Assyrian conquerors whose career was one long butchery of their fellow-creatures without feeling them to be *unnatural monsters*?

On the other hand, should we think of calling Sir Isaac Newton an unnatural monster from the fact of his having lived a celibate? Scientific men, it is true, particularly botanists, tell us that no organism is perfect that does not exhibit the healthy exercise of all its functions, and they stigmatize as monsters the triumphs of horticultural skill, the lovely "double" flowers that the unscientific admire so much, and the choice fruits that can be propagated only by grafting. For grafting is rather an extension of the sphere of the individual than the reproduction of distinct individuals. The time must come when all the grafts die out and the variety of fruit disappears. Varieties cannot be perpetuated like species, and therefore in scientific eyes these rare fruits and blossoms are unnatural.

But let us take a new view of the matter. What does the gardener do for the objects of his care? Does he check the work of Nature? On the contrary, he removes the weeds that would contest the soil with his nurslings and choke their growth, and he supplies them with nourishment otherwise beyond their reach. And they respond to his kindness by directing those energies which would have been used for the perpetuation of the species, to the more immediate result of developing latent perfection within their own individual organism. Even the scientific man will not refuse to eat a

choice apple or grape because its reproductive energy has been transformed into another shape. He tacitly acknowledges the perfection which he stigmatizes as monstrosity.

It would indeed seem that Nature did not intend an unending chain, or series of individuals, each existing only to reproduce the following, and die. It is only while the struggle for existence is intense, where plants, in a wild state, have to fight with one another for the soil that feeds their roots and the air that supplies them with structural carbon, that they seem to confine their aim to the perpetuation of their kind. When some friendly hand frees them from their enemies, and the severity of the struggle is relaxed, the series is brought to a climax in the fortunate individual in whose behalf this kindness is exercised. Nature ceases her efforts to prolong the race, and works with all her energies to realize the ideal, to exhibit the species at last in a perfect form.

The parallel between these evolutions of vegetable organism and the human celibate has been noticed before. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his beautiful and instructive tale entitled "The Guardian Angel," depicts his hero as one of "the double flowers of college culture, their stamina all turned to petals, their stock in the life of the race all funded in the individual." And in the character which is evidently drawn from nature, we find that celibacy has blunted none of the human sympathies, but, on the contrary, gives them a finer and more delicate edge, befitting one who appears as the true guardian angel of the heroine, and of all who come beneath his beneficent influences.

If science, then, give the name of "monster" to the double flower, she should, to be consistent, apply the same opprobrious epithet to her own heroes, the men to whom she owes her advancement during the present and past century, a large proportion of whom have been celibate or childless. An application of the familiar doctrine of the conservation and transformation of forces would do away with the necessity of imputing monstrosity in either case. The reproductive energy becomes brain energy—animal force is converted into intellectual or moral force. There is nothing unnatural in this.

And if Science cannot afford to apply the term "monstrosity" to celibacy, still less can Religion. Judaism might cast the celibate and childless out of her temple, as unworthy to offer acceptable worship to the Lord of Hosts. But is there a Christian denomination which does not number amongst its most respected members ladies of a "certain age," whose single life we may well believe, in spite of the vulgar sneer at "old maids," has been in many or most cases a matter of choice? Can Mr. Fulton afford to tell these ladies, eminent as they are for Christian zeal and charity, that their state of life is monstrous, unnatural, unchristian, or that it has a tendency to immorality? We think not. It is only at his own sex that he levels his uncharitable denunciation. We forbear the obvious comment.

Now, as Christians, we all pray that the Spirit of the Gospel, both in belief and practice, may at

length prevail throughout the world; that as a consequence all bloodshed and carnage may one day cease. Can we shut our eyes to the other consequence, that, in order that population may not increase faster than the supply of provisions, celibacy must be the lot of a large proportion of mankind?

Of two Christian denominations, then, which is the wiser; the one that accepts celibacy as a necessary consequence of the New Dispensation, as directly contemplated by the Divine Founder of our religion, as a state most pleasing to Him, and therefore to be duly held in honor, or the other denomination that looks upon celibacy, at least in the male sex, with distrust, that suspects it of hypocrisy, that seems to entertain a misgiving that a miscalculation was made in preaching the Gospel of Peace—that all its consequences (although it probably dares not express the blasphemy in terms so blunt) were not foreseen by its Divine Author?

To this question, I think, common sense can make but one reply.

A. J. S.

(From "The Boys' Protector," Chicago.)

A Day at Notre Dame.

Among the hills of Northern Indiana stands a stately specimen of modern architecture, surrounded by large and finely arranged grounds, which are dotted with many other structures built in harmony with the largest of the group.

The University of Notre Dame has justly a national reputation, and a visit to this fine institution and its sister Academy, St. Mary's, was a rare treat, especially on Washington's anniversary.

We alighted at the station of South Bend, passed through a bright and progressive town, and after a drive of two miles arrived at the gate of the University grounds, where stands a neat little Post-Office. Of this, we are told, Very Rev. Father Sorin has been postmaster for perhaps forty years, receiving his commission originally through the efforts of the great Henry Clay.

The College building, with its gilded Dome and statue glittering in the sunlight, was directly before us. Up a broad staircase and entering the wide hall, beautiful on either side with Gregori's series of allegorical paintings on the discovery of America, a cordial greeting was accorded us by the Rev. President. To see and admire Notre Dame was our mission.

The point of greatest interest is the church, with its Gothic tower, and thither, under the guidance of the courteous Bro. Francis, we took our way. Once within, all agree 'tis worth a journey of a thousand miles to see the beauties of this church. Those gorgeous windows, the large and rich bronze altar, with martyr's relics, and above all, those wonderful productions of Gregori's masterly brush on every hand, and on which he has devoted several years would alone detain a lover of the beautiful beyond the entire length of our stay.

Then to the tower's top, where is swung the

great eight-ton bell, the second largest in America. This and the chimes are examined and marvelled at, and an extensive view of distant St. Mary's and the surrounding country enjoyed. To *terra firma* once more and another passing, lingering glance at those beautiful walls, windows and statues, and astonished at the extensive addition being made to an already large church, we return to the College for dinner in company with five hundred students.

Shortly after this was finished, Prof. Hoynes' trim corps of cadets gave a dress parade, and in honor of the day fired a salute. It is but just to say that the young soldiers presented a fine appearance, and plainly show the careful attention Col. Hoynes bestows on them.

St. Mary's Academy is about one mile west of the University, and thence, over muddy roads we hurried. This spot, certainly a paradise in summer, was not without beauty at this season. Once within the portals, we passed through numberless halls, shining with cleanliness, through art rooms filled with works of rare merit, study, recitation and work departments, and at length to the church of striking and singular beauty, the model of which was probably the Roman Pantheon. The quiet that reigns in this institution is all the more astonishing when we hear that about three hundred persons are within its walls. But in haste to return to the University, we dare not loiter longer, and the journey back is shortly completed.

The scarcely finished Science Hall, the erection of which is principally due to the efforts of Rev. Father Zahm, was a most interesting place, with its class-rooms and museum. Next, the Father General's house was visited, and in a very brief interview, the venerable Father Sorin extended a hearty welcome and the admonition to see everything,—a warning we promised to remember.

Probably the most fascinating and interesting of anything seen, was the fine collection of portraits and busts of bishops and archbishops, together with distinguished laymen, a living and speaking gathering, for which the popular and scholarly Professor Edwards is responsible. Hours might have been spent here; but in honor of the day an entertainment, literary and musical, was being given in the handsome Washington Hall. The audience was large and enthusiastic, and the orations, poetry, and music showed how brimful of patriotism the students were, and how brilliant also. An exhibition, drill, supplemented by stirring national airs by the University Orchestra, completed the affair, which had been most enjoyable.

The lateness of the hour precluded a visit to the offices of the SCHOLASTIC and the *Ave Maria*, the Infirmary, the Armory and the numerous other departments of the University. After a hasty supper, we thanked President Walsh for his extreme kindness, and also Bro. Francis, who guided us so carefully, and then departed. The depot was soon reached, and in a few hours the wanderers had returned—we were again in Chicago.

Another day had come and gone, but there remained most pleasant memories of great and beautiful Notre Dame, her Professors and her students.

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—Classes will continue without intermission during the coming week. The authorities are opposed to granting any permission to students to leave the College at Easter time.

—Last Saturday dawned bright and clear, and by 8 o'clock an exceptionally fine day was assured. All the students wore tasty green badges in honor of the day, and it needed no reference to an almanac to find that it was the feast of the glorious apostle of Ireland. No true son of the land of the shamrock, though lands and seas may separate him from her shores, ever allows the seventeenth of March to slip by unobserved, and here at Notre Dame the memory of St. Patrick was honored in a manner becoming Irishmen and Catholics.

At 8 o'clock, solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Zahm, assisted by Rev. Fathers French and Coleman as deacon and subdeacon. By invitation, Rev. Father Oechtering, of Mishawaka, preached, and in an eloquent, earnest and impressive sermon he pointed out St. Patrick's noble work; exhorted his hearers to imitate the example of this apostle, and, whatever might be their calling in life, to strive for something higher and nobler than greed or gain—to labor earnestly and unceasingly for the advancement of the great cause of humanity.

At 10 a. m., a dress parade of companies A and B, Hoynes' Light Guards, was held on the lawn in front of the main building. When the parade had been dismissed the companies gave an excellent exhibition of drilling and marching. The marching and counter marching of Company B was exceptionally good. After dinner the band rendered some very pretty selections, but they seemed a little timid, and sought the seclusion of the band room much too soon to suit the lovers of patriotic airs.

At 4 o'clock, a dramatic and musical entertainment was given in Washington Hall, under the auspices of the Columbians. The hall was crowded by an audience of students and visitors. The programme was opened by the University Cornet Band, rendering "St. Patrick's Day" in an excellent manner. A nicely prepared address, dedicating the exercises to Rev. Father Zahm, was read with good effect by Mr. Philip Paschel. He was followed by Mr. Frederick L. Jewett, who sang "Marguerite."

Mr. Jewett's effort was deservedly appreciated by the audience, and he received an enthusiastic *encore*. The oration of the day was then delivered by Mr. Jos. E. Garrity. The subject-matter of the oration was good, but should have been more thoroughly committed to memory. Mr. Garrity has an excellent voice and good gestures, and as soon as practice overcomes his timidity, he will be a strong candidate for oratorical honors. The play selected for the occasion was "Macbeth"—a very difficult drama for amateur talent. The "cast of characters" will be found in the programme which is printed entire in our "local" columns.

One of the features of the entertainment was the cornet solo, after Act I, by our talented musician, Mr. Thos. Pender. His selection was executed in a masterly manner, and brought forth an enthusiastic *encore*. The Orchestra was up to its usual high standard—a compliment that speaks unstinted praise to all who have heretofore heard these musicians.

At the conclusion of the play, Rev. Father Zahm made a few remarks. His words were appropriate and well timed, and could not fail to impress those to whom they were addressed. The audience then departed, as the well-known strains of the "Wearing of the Green" were stirringly played by the Band. The exercises of the day were enjoyed by all who were present, and bore ample testimony to the fact that the memory of St. Patrick and his works shall live so long as the hearts of Irishmen beat true to the emerald gem on the ocean's bosom.

A Little Book for Holy Week.

VIA CRUCIS: THE WAY OF THE CROSS. By Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. *Written after a Visit to the Holy Land.* Third Edition. Revised and Improved. Notre Dame, Indiana: 1888. Price, 10 cents.

This little *brochure* is admirably designed to serve as an aid in the practice of the most excellent of all devotions in the Church, and will commend itself to every devout Christian. It breathes a spirit of faith and piety, which, the reader will readily understand, must have been imbibed in all its richness by one who visited the scenes as they now exist of the once "dolorous way" that marked the last stages in the great work of man's Redemption. The little pamphlet, of some thirty-two pages, is now passing through a third edition, and has proved the source of great joy and consolation to the many to whom it has already become known. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Ft. Wayne, in a letter to Father General, said that he would not be content with a simple *Imprimatur*, but requested the venerable author to prefix to the work the episcopal declaration: "I highly recommend this beautiful and devout Way of the Cross." During these closing days of Lent, when the solemn details of the Passion are recalled to the Christian, the thoughts and prayers contained in this little book will be found particularly appropriate, though useful to devotion at all times.

Holy Week.

To-morrow, Palm Sunday, marks the opening of the most solemn week of the ecclesiastical year. During this week, the Church, with the most impressive and touching ceremonies in all her liturgy, commemorates the awful scenes that closed the great work of the Redemption of man. The ceremonies have not the regal splendor of those of Christmas time, nor the triumphant joy of Easter; but if there is sublimity in grief, it is reached in the services of Holy Week.

In spirit, the Church goes back to the time when the Son of God entered Jerusalem amidst the *hosannas* of the multitudes who spread branches and palms, and even their vestments, for his pathway, and who, going before and after, shouted: "*Hosanna* to the Son of David: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." By the distribution of palms and the solemn procession she commemorates this event; but even before the echoes of her *hosannas* have died away, she foreshadows the coming Passion by chanting the advice of Caiaphas that "it is expedient that one man die for the people that the whole nation may not perish." And during the Mass, as the history of the Passion is solemnly chanted, we follow on a few days only to find this same multitude crying out: "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" As the days of the Passion approach, the spirit of the season grows more impressive, and every hymn and every psalm betokens grief. On Wednesday night the chanting of the office of *Tenebræ* begins. During these services the Church sings no *Gloria Patri*; she dares not breathe a *Dominus vobiscum* to invoke the blessing of God upon the people; she no longer begins her prayers with an *Oremus* to invite her children to join, and they no longer cry *Amen*. On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights, her sorrow breaks forth in the Lamentations of the holy Prophet, and with him she mourns for the sins of men and for the afflictions that bore so heavily upon "the virgin daughter of Sion, the city of perfect beauty, the joy of all the earth." And after every lamentation she pleads with Jerusalem to return and be converted again to her Lord.

On Good Friday, at the beginning of the office, the Church chants how "the kings of the earth rose up, and the princes of the people came together against the Lord and against His Christ." She has reached the depth of her affliction, and stands sorrowfully by to contemplate the Son of God "wounded for our iniquities and bruised for our sins." On this day that witnessed the consummation of the wonderful sacrifice of expiation, the ministers of the Church, robed in black, prostrate themselves before the altar. When they approach, the chanter sings from the prophecy of Osee, calling upon the people for repentance; the sorrowful history of the Passion is read, and the priest then prays for all men—believers and unbelievers,—for the children of the Church, for heretics, for schismatics, for pagans and even for "the perfidious Jews." But when the mercy of God is besought for the Jews, neither

priest nor people bend the knee, because on this day these wretched people, in mockery and blasphemous derision, bent their knee before the Saviour crowned with thorns and bearing a reed for a sceptre. No ceremonies of the year are more touching than those of Good Friday. On Holy Saturday, the morning is spent in reading the prophecies, blessing the new fire, the paschal candle, and the water at the baptismal font. At the Mass the bells ring, and the organ plays as soon as the *Gloria* is reached. Since the day of the betrayal by Judas, the bells and organ have been silent; but now they break forth again, because Christ has risen, and the Redeemer of man rises to glory. The Vespers of the day conclude the services of the week, and on the following day the church no longer appears in the garb of mourning but in vestments of joy, and her anthems and *alleluias* all give token of the joyful triumph of the Redeemer over sin and death.

Silhouettes of Travel.

I.—OMAHA.

Though not gifted with the kaleidoscopic imagination of a Bayard Taylor, or the Thersitean tongue of a Twain, I have ventured to sketch, with the feeble *stylus* of a convalescent, a few scenes or impressions of Western travel. As the philosopher said: "Strike me—with the Damascene blade of your criticism—but hear."

Bidding adieu to the Garden City on the evening of Feb. 16, we found our iron horse bounding in a few hours over the majestic Father of Waters—now shielded by a thick mantle of ice against the biting breath of chilly Boreas. Daylight revealed the fertile rolling prairies of Iowa dotted over with the comfortable homes of thrifty and industrious farmers—the very bone and sinew of our land. At noon we had reached the banks of the Missouri. Over 25,000 people now dwell at the foot of those rugged bluffs, which but a few decades ago had been lighted up with the council fires of the savage red man. Crossing the long Union Pacific Bridge, we had a view of the "Gate City" of the great West.

The site of Omaha is decidedly healthy as well as picturesque. The city rises gradually from the river over knolls and hills and bluffs until in its western suburbs it reaches an altitude of several hundred feet. Park Place, the residence of Bishop O'Connor, is 1,600 feet above the level of the sea. From this locality the prospect is panoramic—embracing the billowy outlines of the city, a long sweep of the river, and the waving plains of "the beautiful land," until sky and plateau meet in the far distant horizon. Omaha is now enjoying a *boom* which, the Omahites claim, is legitimate and permanent. Property values have doubled, nay, in many instances, quadrupled within a decade of moons. A few years ago this city looked like an overgrown village; to-day it wears the proud garb of a Metropolis. The population given is over 100,000. Magnificent buildings, both public and private, have been recently erected, and a hundred other edifices

have been commenced, or projected, on a still grander scale, and this notwithstanding the gloomy forebodings of some great Eastern dailies. There is a vast and productive area tributary to this trade centre. The raw products of the West and Northwest, both mineral and agricultural, find their natural depot here. Omaha lays claim to the largest smelting works in the world, and has numerous manufactories of staple goods in a flourishing condition. The stock yards, it is said, will soon rival those of Chicago.

On my arrival in the city I had a hearty shake-hands with Tom Dillon, an old student of Notre Dame, and a brother of Fathers Patrick and James. Mr. Dillon is now one of the prosperous and influential wholesale merchants of the place. Later on, I met an old friend, Tom Tallon, merchant tailor. Tom is a whole-souled, true-hearted son of Erin, who would give his bottom dollar and the last drop of his blood to see the epitaph of Robert Emmett engraven on a storied urn in Glasnevin—with the harp and sunburst proudly floating over Dublin Castle. I paid a visit to the chancellor of the diocese, Rev. A. M. Colaneri—called by the Keltic population, Father Con O'Leary. This gentleman, who was some years since a member of the Theological Faculty of Notre Dame, manifested the greatest delight as I described the immense progress made by the University, since his departure, in its *materiel* and *personnel*; in its superb buildings, its spacious halls, its splendid scientific apparatus, the learned body who fill its chairs of science and literature, the ever-increasing number of students who throng its lecture-rooms, emulous of knowledge. Father Colaneri conducted me to the beautiful Academy of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, situated on a lofty eminence adjoining the Bishop's house. Among the good Sisters I recognized Madame Onahan, sister of Wm. J. Onahan, City Collector, Chicago. In one of the class-rooms we were invited to test the proficiency of the pupils in French. I put a few questions to them in the language of Brian Boru, to the complete bewilderment of the young ladies no less than to that of their worthy teacher, a native of the capital of "la belle France." The mystery was solved as soon as they were informed that the questioner was from the *département* of Cork.

Having heard the Bishop of Omaha preach and lecture in the East, I was surprised at the deep erudition, the accurate scientific knowledge, the broad and varied historical research, the profound theological and philosophical acumen displayed by a scholar, indeed, but by one whom the folks east of the Mississippi regarded as living beyond the limits of the higher grades of culture. On glancing at his library, my astonishment ceased. For its size—and it is small even for a private library—the Bishop's collection of books is perhaps the best in the United States. With true philosophic instinct the learned prelate has chosen from the tens of thousands of works thrown off by the press only the best writings of the master minds in every age. He evidently understands the dictum of Lord Bacon: "Some books are to be tasted, others swal-

lowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."

I called at Creighton College; which is in charge of the Jesuit Fathers, and was hospitably entertained by Father Dowling, the President. Mr. Donohue, a young scholastic of great promise, acted as *cicerone*. We visited the library, chemical laboratory, the department of natural philosophy and the observatory for the transit instrument and telescope. The collection of scientific instruments, or apparatus for the practical study of the natural sciences, is perhaps the most costly and complete in the West. Through the powerful telescope we had a view of the half moon with its huge mountains, deep valleys, craters of extinct volcanoes. The well-defined ragged edges of the chord of the arc plainly indicated that in bygone cycles of ages titanic forces seeking to escape imprisonment must have frightfully convulsed the shining disk of the Queen of Night. Sirius presented the appearance of a diamond sparkling with the most brilliant rainbow hues; Aldabaran in *Alpha Tauri* looked like a disk of blood; the nebulae in Orion were resolved into brilliant stars, themselves the centres of immense planetary systems. No wonder that Newton remarked he was as but a child culling pebbles of truth on the shore of creation's boundless ocean; no wonder that the ablest astronomers have been devout and adoring Christians. What sane mind regarding these shining hosts, as an army in battle array, can refuse to exclaim with Addison:

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine!"

Creighton College was founded and endowed by a wealthy Irish gentleman after whom the college is named. Its portals are open to young men of every denomination; the tuition is free. Yet the Rev. Professors complain that, notwithstanding the exceptional educational advantages offered, very few of their pupils remain long enough at college to make a thorough course of studies in either the classic, scientific, literary or even commercial departments. The spirit of mammon has seized on the young as well as on the old. As soon as the former are able to earn a small salary of from 30 to 50 dollars a month, the struggle of life for the "survival of the fittest" begins; their intellects are stunted, their hearts narrowed, the fountains of all noble aspirations in the soul frozen in the race for wealth. If, as Gray sings, the unfathomed caves of ocean conceal

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,"

it is no less true that the bank, the shop, the counting house, the store, hide and cramp many a noble mind that with fitting opportunity might dazzle the world by its wisdom, its statesmanship, its lofty eloquence, or sublime poetical flights. Such an example of generosity on the part of Mr. Creighton is the more to be admired as it is rare among wealthy Catholics. Not a year passes that we do not hear of rich endowments being made to Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, or to other literary, scientific or agricultural institutions. Catholic millionaires who bequeath a portion of their riches for educational purposes are as rare as angels' visits. Mam-

mon seems to dry up the springs of those noble impulses which their faith and traditions should cause to well up in their souls. Not even Moses himself could open these rocks of Meribah. Catholic colleges must struggle hard against poverty, and rely almost exclusively on the self-sacrificing devotedness of their founders and professors for success and development. Nevertheless, they stand in the front rank of the educational establishments of our land. I do not coincide with the sage of Chelsea that the age of universities has passed by forever. Vast collections of books can never take the place of well-trained living teachers who hold in their hands the keys to the treasures of science, or prove a substitute for that contact of mind with mind, which draws forth the electric spark of genius and kindles the generous fire of emulation among the young pilgrims to Parnassus' royal mount.

Judging her future career by her records in the past, may we not venture to hope that Notre Dame shall one day rival the splendor of those famous universities of Paris, Salamanca, Alcalá, Oxford and Padua which once like bright beacon lights shed the effulgent rays of truth, of religion and science, over the dark abysmal depths of life's tempestuous ocean?

S.

Personal.

—Mr. J. L. Lamarie, '78, is cashier of a bank in New Orleans, La.

—Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Garrity, of Chicago, visited their sons last Saturday and Sunday.

—Mr. Albert Gordon, a former student, of Elkhart, Ind., came down to celebrate St. Patrick's Day.

—Rev. John Bleckmann, the esteemed Rector of St. Mary's Church, Michigan City, Ind., was a welcome visitor to the College during the week.

—Mr. W. Congdon, Bristol, Ind., was a visitor at Notre Dame this week. Mr. Congdon was a student here year before last. He is now attending a medical college in Chicago.

—Mr. Geo. Cooke, of Chicago, Ill., was a welcome visitor this week. His many friends will be pleased to learn that he has entirely recovered from the threatening illness which prevented him from returning to college.

—C. D. Saviers, '87, recently passed a brilliant examination before the Supreme Court of Ohio, and was admitted to the bar. His many friends at Notre Dame extend congratulations and best wishes for a prosperous career.

—Mr. C. Rheinberger (Law '87), has hung up his shingle as Attorney and Counsellor at Law in Grant, Nebraska. Charlie was one of the most promising members of last year's class, and we feel assured that he will make his mark in the legal profession.

—Mr. Warren Cartier, '87, Second Lieutenant of Company A, Hoynes' Light Guards, last spring, has been chosen First Lieutenant of a militia com-

pany at Ludington, Mich. Mr. Cartier proved himself an efficient officer while here, and will no doubt do likewise in the Ludington organization.

—There was a large number of visitors St. Patrick's Day. We could not obtain all their names, but among them were: Rev. Joseph Huber, Elm Grove, Wis.; Mr. J. A. Griffin, Union City, Ind.; C. W. Fisher, Denver, Col.; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ricksecker, Sterling, Kansas; Mrs. S. R. Oppenheimer, Elgin, Ill.; Mr. O'Donnell, Chicago, Ill.

—Mr. Leon G. Gibert, of '81, has the heartfelt sympathy of his numerous friends at Notre Dame in the death of his father, Mr. P. G. Gibert, who departed this life at his residence in New Orleans on the 4th inst. The deceased was an upright Christian and a respected citizen whose demise is regretted by many friends and acquaintances. May he rest in peace!

—Rev. A. Morrissey, C.S.C., Director of Studies in the University of Notre Dame, delivered an eloquent and impressive lecture on last Sunday evening in the Church of the Holy Angels, Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, in response to a kind invitation from the worthy and esteemed Pastor, Rev. D. A. Tighe, '71. A very large and appreciative audience greeted the reverend lecturer, who took as the subject of his discourse: "Ireland, the Apostolic Nation."

—Captain Adrian Anson, of the Chicago Baseball Club, was a student of Notre Dame in the years '65 and '66. In the Senior reading-room can be seen a picture of the *Funiatas* an old College team, of which Anson was at one time captain. His brother played second base in the same nine. The brothers were known as "big" Anson and "baby" Anson, the latter being now the captain of the Chicago Club. He was a favorite among his fellow-students who admired him for his straightforward, manly ways.

—Rev. J. O'Hanlon, C. S. C., Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the University, preached at St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wis., on St. Patrick's Day. The current number of the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee contains a long report of the Rev. Father's eloquent discourse, and concluded as follows:

"Looking to the future, the reverend speaker concluded: Though Erin's shamrock is still wet, not with the refreshing dews of heaven, but with tears of blood, signs are seen in the drifting clouds which lead us to hope that the dawn of a brighter day is about to break over that lovely but unhappy Isle; this hope is her strength and comfort in her present trials and troubles. May God grant she may not be disappointed! Pray for Ireland. Pray that her faith may grow and prosper; that her children may be rooted in the land and may no longer be scattered over the earth, wandering everywhere away from the homes and graves of their fathers, and that she may become again the 'bright gem of the sea.'

"Long will the impression made by this select and well-timed lecture on St. Patrick and Ireland remain in the minds and hearts of Ireland's children in Watertown and vicinity. Before leaving the church many a fervent prayer went up to the throne of the Most High for the success of Ireland and for the future good health and long life of Rev. Father O'Hanlon, who combines, in the most happy manner possible, the learned and eloquent Irish priest and the humble, polished gentleman."

Local Items.

- Poor Shakspeare!
- Ea cepit bundum.*
- Keep off the grass!
- “Lay on, MacDuff.”
- Macbeth was truly slain.
- Next week is Holy Week.
- What was that cloak used for?
- That Easter vacation is a myth.
- Burlesques are always enjoyable.
- We are nothing if not charitable.
- It was a paragon of gracefulness.
- Let us hear from the Band oftener.
- Wednesday was the first day of spring.
- The special football team practises daily.
- “A drum, a drum, Macbeth doth come!”
- “How many acts are there in this play”?
- No orators were sent to Elkhart this year.
- Joe looked positively fascinating as first witch.
- Henry smiled and bowed for all he was worth.
- The Chicago contingent enjoys considerable rec.
- The little boomlets will ere long begin to boom.
- The equinoctial storms this week were rather severe.
- How the heart of the faster yearneth for Easter!
- Under the pump is evidently not a pleasant situation.
- Those who sue for popular patronage should not exhibit arrogance.
- The blue jays have returned; other “jays” have been around all winter.
- The Juniors have been promised a banquet—on conditions, however.
- We are anxiously awaiting the next appearance of the Euglossians.
- How amusing it is, oftentimes, to listen to these little ex-Junior baseballists!
- Football players are getting themselves into good condition for the championship series.
- The Minims’ drum corps serenaded Very Rev. Father General Sorin Monday afternoon.
- Our weather prophets say that the “cold wave,” on Tuesday last, was the “tail-end” of the Eastern blizzard.
- Last Wednesday was a good day for weather. We had two snow storms, a spring rain-fall and a hot spell.
- In consequence of the shower Monday afternoon, the boys expect an extra half holiday in the near future.
- We readily believe the statement printed in an agricultural paper that hog cholera does not always prove fatal.

—Freddie’s moustache, which was the result of two years of care and attention, has gone where the woodbine twineth.

—Mrs. P. J. Kerwin, of Chicago, spent a few days at the College during the week visiting her son in the Minim department.

—An attempt at a game of baseball was made Monday afternoon. Numerous candidates for the third nine distinguished themselves.

—The rumor that our genial friend Swei was actually mistaken for Tascott while in Chicago, is, we are glad to say, wholly without foundation.

—Mr. C. J. Stubbs as “Macbeth” in the play at the entertainment on St. Patrick’s Day, especially distinguished himself as the possessor of great dramatic talent.

—B. Bonaventure, our energetic and æsthetic gardener, is endeavoring to obtain certain varieties of trees and shrubs to further beautify the lawn in front of the main building.

—On last Tuesday evening, the Seniors tendered B. Hilarion an informal reception as an expression of their joy at his recovery to health and the resumption of his duties as Prefect.

—On to-morrow, Palm Sunday, the services in the church will begin at half-past nine. The expressiveness of the ceremonies is described in one of the editorials of this number.

—B. Paul left Tuesday morning for Chicago to purchase uniforms for the football teams and baseball supplies for the spring season. He was accompanied by Messrs. G. Cartier, E. Coady and F. Fehr.

—The members of the Lemonnier Boat Club desire to express their thanks through these columns to Mr. Henry Heller, South Bend’s popular barber, for the kind donation of a large and handsome pleasure boat.

—We are pleased to note the increasing interest taken in our College paper. The fact that not only current, but even back numbers have been in great demand of late, evinces the existence among the students of a wholesome taste for solid and instructive reading.

—The Laboratory of Cellular Biology has lately added to its already great number of microscopes a binocular stand of Beck and a Bench and Lomb “Harvard stand.” Both of these with their numerous accessories are particularly useful for special work by advanced students.

—Very Rev. Father General, in his visit to the princes last week, told them that if they were in earnest they could have the nineteen Minims required to make the 150 before the end of May, and he knew it would give the Rev. President Walsh great pleasure to bring with him on his return the Parisian dinner.

—At a regular meeting of the Law Debating Society, held Wednesday evening, March 21, the question “Resolved that Science has accomplished more for Civilization than Literature” was well argued by both sides. After a few remarks relative to the merits of the arguments, the chair decided in favor of the negative.

—The Sorins held their 7th regular meeting in St. Edward's Hall on Monday the 12th inst. Impromptu speeches were made by C. Carlisle, B. Bates, J. Bradley, J. Dunn, T. Tomkins, S. Collins, J. Dempsey, and M. Elkins. J. Cudahy, H. Mooney, M. Elkin, were elected to membership. The meeting closed with an address from the President.

—Arrangements are being made to have the University of Michigan football team play the special eleven of Notre Dame two games in the near future. Mr. De Haven writes from Ann Arbor that the boys of the University of Michigan have such pleasant remembrances of their Thanksgiving game here that they are anxious to play here again.

—The Harmony Society had a meeting Thursday afternoon, and held a very interesting debate which was participated in by Messrs. P. Burke, W. Aiken, J. Heinemann and E. Britt. Mr. C. J. Stubbs delivered a declamation, and Mr. A. P. Gibbs read an essay on "Criminal Law." A programme was appointed for next Thursday, and the meeting adjourned.

—We are pleased to note the interest taken by the students in the Rugby football game. It is a favorite sport among Eastern colleges, and is fast gaining a foothold in the Western institutions. It is an interesting game, and affords exercise at those times of the year when baseball and rowing cannot be enjoyed. There is material here for several fine teams.

—The Feast of St. Joseph was duly observed on Monday. Solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Provincial Corby, assisted by Rev. Father Stoffel as deacon and Rev. Mr. Coleman as subdeacon. Rev. S. Fitte, delivered a sermon on the life and character of the great Saint. Rev. Father Zahm granted the students' request for "rec" in the afternoon, but the rain interfered with outside sports.

—A little more vim is needed in our societies. Nothing can ever be accomplished without an effort. A few of the students, however, have shown by noble example what a society member should be. Messrs. Henderson and Prichard we might mention in particular as deserving of praise for the untiring energy and persuasive zeal they put forth to bring the Temperance society up to its present flourishing state.

—Every student should provide himself with a Holy Week Book before Wednesday, in order to follow the solemn services of the week and to enter properly into the spirit that should animate all at such a time. If understood and properly followed, these services cannot fail to excite those feelings of sorrow and repentance that are expressed in every detail of the solemnities of Holy Week. Father Stoffel has a good supply of the books.

—Professor Edwards acknowledges, with many thanks, the receipt of another valuable contribution to the Library from Rev. Vice-President Zahm. The gift consists of several hundred volumes in Spanish representing the works of the master minds

of Spain and Mexico. Among the most valuable of the works are several standard histories of Mexico. All interested in the success of the Library greatly appreciate the generous spirit manifested by Father Zahm.

—A very valuable collection of marine invertebrate animals was lately secured by Father Kirsch for the museum of Natural History. The collection is a donation from the National Museum at Washington, and was obtained through the kindness of Hon. B. F. Shively, the worthy representative of this district in Congress and a gentleman who is always ready to further education by any means that he can command. He has the thanks of both Professor and students of the class of Zoölogy.

—The special football team chosen to play against the University of Michigan eleven, in event of their coming, is composed of the following well-known players: F. Fehr, G. Houck, E. Melady, G. Cartier, J. Hepburn, H. Hull, H. Luhn, *Rushers*; P. Brownson, *Quarter Back*; H. Jewett, J. E. Cusack, *Half Backs*; E. Prudhomme, *Goal*. The substitutes are: E. Sawkins, F. Albright and J. Wilson. It is expected that the above-mentioned players will, by their playing and practice, fully justify the good opinion held concerning their ability.

—The spring term of lectures in Science Hall has been arranged as follows:

April 4—"Christian *versus* Non-Christian Scientists," Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C.; April 11—"The Old World," Prof. J. G. Ewing; April 18—"Shades of Mystery," Prof. John Fearnley; April 25—"Science of Government," Prof. Wm. Hoynes; May 2—"Phonetics," Prof. Neal Ewing; May 9—"Lightning Rods," Prof. M. O'Dea; May 16—"Narcotic Poisons," Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C.; May 23—"Sailing Flight," Prof. A. F. Zahm; May 30—"Ancient Irish Schools," Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C.; June 6—"The Church and Modern Thought," Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C.

We hope to present our readers with full reports of the discourses of these distinguished speakers.

—Another poet has arisen amongst us. Stimulated, no doubt, by the encomiums showered upon the undying "Stroke" and its author, the magazine of this individual's genius has been fired, giving birth to clouds of poetic sentiment which even the most illiterate cannot fail to appreciate. We are sorry that want of space will not permit us to publish the whole poem, but, as the phrase is, "a little of this may go a long way." Criticism on these rapturous lines would be, to say the least, out of place:

"As sure as to-morrow brings noon,
And as sweet as the accordion's tune,
Your joy will be a boon,
When the last bell wrings
In dreamy, far-off June."

—The 15th regular meeting of St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society was held March 3. A debate, "Resolved that the Annexation of Canada to the United States would be beneficial to the latter," took place. Masters Jas. McIntosh, T. Wile, W. Quinlan, R. Boyd, F. Schenk and J. McCormick, were Canadians on this occasion. Masters McNulty, Hoyer, Mulqueen, Reidinger, Ramsey, and Martin were the young Americans. The decision was

given in favor of the affirmative. Masters McIntosh, Quinlan, Wile, and Hoyer, made the best speeches. Masters A. Sullivan, H. Silver and F. Schenk read compositions. Master Quinlan closed the exercises with a pleasing recitation.

—At the entertainment on Saturday last, in honor of St. Patrick's Day, the exercises were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

Music—"St. Patrick's Day".....N. D. U. B.
Address.....P. P. Paschel
Vocal Solo—"Marguerite".....F. L. Jewett
Oration of the Day.....J. E. Garrity
Music—"Enchantment".....Orchestra

AFTER ACT 1ST:

Cornet Solo—"Lizzie Polka".....Thomas Pender

AFTER ACT 2D:

Music—"The Jubilee".....Orchestra

"MACBETH."

(A Tragedy in Five Acts, Arranged for the Occasion.)

Cast of Characters.

Macbeth.....Chas. J. Stubbs
Lady Macbeth.....Robert C. Newton
Duncan.....J. E. Garrity
Macduff.....Thomas O'Regan
Malcolm.....H. B. Luhn
Banquo.....P. P. Paschel
First Witch.....J. E. Cusack
Second Witch.....J. B. Sullivan
Third Witch.....J. H. Mithen
Rosse.....E. Prudhomme
Seyton.....Eugene Melady
Lennox.....Andrew Joyce
Sergeant.....J. Fisher
Siward.....A. Larkin
Fleance.....Geo. Tarrant
Officer.....T. Pender
Physician.....A. J. Barnes
Gentleman.....M. McCart
Soldiers, Attendants, etc.

Closing Remarks.....Rev. J. A. Zahm
Music—"Wearing of the Green".....N. D. U. B.

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. Adams, J. Burke, Bowles, Brookfield, Brady, P. Burke, Beckman, Barrett, Barnes, Beckwith, Bombeck, Bronson, Ball, Blessington, J. Burns, Brownson, Brewer, Boland, Brelsford, Brannick, Barnard, Craft, Cosgrove, Cassidy, Campbell, Chacon, Cusack, Craig, Cartier, Chute, T. Coady, Desimoni, Dore, Dulaney, Ewing, Fitzharris, Fenton, Finckh, Fisher, Fehr, Flemming, Göke, Garfias, Goebel, Griffin, Gallardo, Geisler, Gibbs, Henderson, Hobart, Heinemann, M. Howard, Hummer, Hughes, E. Howard, Houck, Hepburn, Jennings, Joyce, Jacobs, F. Kelly, Keating, Kehoe, Louisell, L. Larkin, W. Larkin, Lappin, Luhn, Leonard, Langan, W. McDermott, Metzger, McCune, Mulkern, Mattes, L. Meagher, J. McDermott, Mackey, Major, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, Mithen, McAllister, McCart, Melady, Nations, Andrew Nicholl, K. Newton, Norton, R. Newton, Neill, Nirdlinger, O'Hara, Orr, O'Regan, O'Shea, O'Donnell, O'Connor, O'Brien, Pollock, Plato, Paschel, Prudhomme, Preston, Pender, Parés, Quigley, Rosenthal, Rochford, Reynolds, Rothert, Rudd, Read, Stubbs, Scholfield, J. Sullivan, Short, Stephenson, Suing, M. Smith, H. Smith, W. Silver, D. Sullivan, Tiernan, Tivnen, Tarrant, Velasco, Wall, Woods, Wagoner, Waixel, Wilkin, Whelan, Wright, M. White.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Adams, Allen, Berry, Bronson, Boyd, Bachrach, Beaudry, Bolderick, Blake, Burger, Benner, Brannick, Brady, Cunningham, Cauthorn, Campbell, Cooney, J. Connors, Carroll, Case, Connelly, Cartier, Coulter, Chute, Cullen, F. Connors, Jno. Doherty, Delaney, Duffield, Daniels, Doss, Davis, Devine, Darragh, Elder, Falvey, S. Fleming, P. Fleming, J. Flynn, F. Flynn, Frei, Grossman, Graham, T. Greene, J. Greene, Gale, Gonzales, Grever, Houlihan, Henry, Hagan, Howard, Hampton, R. Healy, Hoerr, Huber, Hackett, Hughes, Hake, Hayes, Hall, Hoyer, C. Inderrieden, Johnson, Jewett, Kutsche, Lane, Moncada, Monaghan, Merkle, Martin, McGuire, McMahon, John McIntosh, James McIntosh, McGurk, H. Mallay, McIvers, McPhee, Miner, McKenzie, Mooney, McNulty, McCarty, Mayer, Monarch, Neef, O'Neill, W. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, W. P. O'Brien, M. O'Kane, O'Donnell, Priestly Paquette, Powers, Pecheux, Plau, Quinlan, Roth, Rierdon, Rei hard, I. Rose, S. Rose, Rowsey, Roper, Roby, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Stephens, Spalding, Shenk, Senn, R. Sullivan, L. Scherrer, Silver, Simpson, Talbot, Tewksbury, Thome, Wageman, Wade, Welch, Walsh, 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. Connors, Collins, Connelly, Cummings, Clendenin, Carlile, Cudahy, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, Cornell, Crane, Cohn, Carpenter, Campbell, Durand, J. Dunn, Jessie Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Doss, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Dorsey, Des Garennes, E. Elkin, G. Franche, C. Franche, Flannery, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Firkel, Grant, Griffin, Gerber, Goodwillie, Hinds, Harlan, Hagus, Howard, Hamilton, Healy, Halthusen, Haddican, Jaramillo, Johns, Kerwin, Kutsche, Kehoe, Keeler, Koester, Keefe, Kinsella, Kane, Kaye, A. Lonergan, H. Lonergan, Mooney, Marx, Morgenweck, McDonnell, Maternes, L. Mayer, G. Mayer, McPhee, J. Marre, A. Marre, Minor, Neef, Neenan, Nichols, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, J. O'Mara, Perry, L. Paul, C. Paul, Plautz, Parker, Pierce, Quill, Ricks, Sweet, Savage, Seerey, Stone, F. Smith, E. Smith, Stephens, Speir, Storey, Taft, Toolen, Trujillo, Tomkins, Thornton, Wm. Williamson, J. Walsh, Welch, W. Walsh, A. Witkowsky, S. Witkowsky, Willien, Wilson, Young.

List of Excellence.

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

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—J. Burns, P. Brownson; *Logic*—T. Goebel; *Latin*—J. Burns, E. Ewing, C. Neill, M. Mulkern, T. Griffin; *Greek*—J. Burns, G. Craig, E. Kehoe, J. McGrath; *Civil Engineering*—M. B. Mulkern; *Engineering Drawing*—G. Houck; *Analytical Mechanics*—M. Mulkern; *Calculus*—A. Larkin, V. Morrison, R. Newton; *Surveying*—W. Morrison; *Architecture*—H. Jewett; *Trigonometry*—W. Larkin, E. Adelsperger, J. Mackey, C. Paquette; *Geometry*—C. Paquette, E. Kehoe; *Algebra*—C. Cavanagh, M. O'Kane; *Criticism*—J. Meagher; *English Literature*—D. Barrett, H. Pritchard; *Rhetoric*—S. Hummer; *Composition*—D. Brewer; *Ancient History*—C. Burger; *Geology*—M. Reynolds.

SPECIAL COURSES.

German—C. Bombeck; *Phonography*—F. Wile, M. Fenton, S. Hummer, R. Silver, L. Orr; *Telegraphy*—W. Hackett, R. Velasco, R. Quigley, A. Rudd; *Type-Writing*—F. Jewett, G. Cartier, D. Brewer, M. O'Kane; *Elocution*—C. Stubbs, W. McPhee, J. McIntosh, T. Goebel, W. Silver, S. Eyanson, P. Paschel, R. Newton, E. Berry, T. O'Regan, R. Pollock, P. Wagoner, F. Nester, B. Bachrach, M. Mulkern, J. Garrity, D. Brewer, T. Brady, M. Howard, F. Crotty, H. Luhn; *Linear Drawing*—H. Jewett, J. Cusack, F. Fehr, E. Roth; *Figure and General Free Hand*—W. Morrison, O. Rothert; *Mechanical Drawing*—V. Morrison, A. Fitzharris, J. Delaney.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Recreation in honor of St. Joseph was granted by Very Rev. Father General on the 19th.

—The Misses B. Fenton, N. Kearns and S. Crane were the readers at the last academic meeting.

—Combination suits are quite fashionable at St. Mary's; seal-skin cloaks and straw hats, for instance.

—The Directress of the Music department has resumed her regular visits to the theoretical classes of music.

—The flowers adorning the high altar and St. Joseph's shrine on the 19th were the generous gift of a member of the Senior department.

—On the Feast of St. Joseph, Very Rev. Father General addressed a few words to the young ladies after High Mass regarding the difference between faith and opinion.

—Even the lovers of Gregorian chant were charmed on Monday last by the magnificent rendition of a figured Mass, the first sung at St. Mary's for several years. The choir promises a treat for Easter Sunday.

—The following young ladies received the holy habit of the Sisters of the Holy Cross on the Feast of St. Joseph: Miss M. Schüler, (Sister M. Fernando); Miss S. Donahue, (Sister M. Eugracia); Miss G. Williamson, (Sister M. Fara); Miss A. Maguire, (Sister M. Cephas); Miss A. Holly, (Sister M. Cesaire); Miss M. Dempsey, (Sister Mary Columбина); Miss J. Martin, (Sister M. Lutgarde); Miss E. Ryan, (Sister M. Lorenzo); Miss A. Mattingly, (Sister M. Leonine); Miss E. Cullinane, (Sister M. Ebba); Miss J. Dorsey, (Sister M. Luca); Miss C. Quinn, (Sister M. Celeine); Miss A. Foley, (Sister M. Prudence); Miss B. Reilly, (Sister M. Véronique); Miss M. McDonald, (Sister M. Alicia); Miss H. Ritter, (Sister M. Godeliève).

Tender-Heartedness.

Among the many virtues which the Christian must aim at possessing, tender-heartedness cannot be assigned a secondary position. It stands among the most desirable, the most admirable that can adorn the human soul, because it is the outgrowth and the proof of all the other sterling traits. In truth, the virtues are like the petals of a rose. They all go to form the corolla. Detach one, and it loosens the others; the perfection of the flower is destroyed.

On the soil in the vicinity of lead and iron mines there grows a plant which bears a purple bloom, called the "Mineral Blossom." It takes its name from the nature of the soil upon which it thrives. Tender-heartedness may be called the "Blossom of Charity," as its presence is a sure indication that the gifts and the fruits of the Paraclete have found a congenial soil not far away.

The sickly sentimentality, too common at all times

among those who indolently live, yet who crave and devour extravagant and novel literature, has no relation to the healthful and ennobling sentiment under consideration. Tender-heartedness is not a synonym of weakness. Quite the reverse. It is always to be found in combination with real bravery and true courage. Its purpose is to support and protect the weak and the oppressed; to encourage the despondent, and to guide the faltering; and, as a rule, no small amount of independence and firm intrepidity are required to effectually accomplish this purpose. The careful observer of human character is ready to admit with Bayard Taylor, in his "Song of the Camp," that

"The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring."

From history we learn of grand and even super-human deeds of valor performed by those whose lives were pledged to the defence of the rights, and the redress of the wrongs of those unable to protect themselves. This was conspicuous in the Middle Ages, when the contest between barbarism and enlightenment was most fierce, and when chivalry was known in its perfection. Tender-heartedness is the spirit of a true refinement, and the impulse which has inspired the noblest deeds on record. What is it but the supernatural, the unfeigned love for the suffering, the ignorant and the needy, which urges so many to devote their lives to the work of educating children; to the service of the sick, the aged, and the unfortunate? It is the love for God which finds its fitting expression in the alleviation of the countless miseries which afflict the human race. The most insensible cannot fail to admire the manifestation of such disinterestedness, however much they may fail to comprehend the dispositions which prompt the human heart to embrace with joy a life so irksome, and to freely make a sacrifice of the innocent enjoyments so dear to nature.

We see an entire absence of sensibility to the misfortunes of others in the stolid pagan heart—in the sensual pagan world. One shudders to recall the cruel games in which they indulged, and which they now indulge, to say nothing of the inhuman and aggressive wars carried on by them.

To look back, for instance, on Rome of old; the innocent heart cannot dwell upon the delineation of gladiatorial contests in which human life was held at so low a value that for the amusement of the people, victims—men trained for such debasing service—were obliged to enter the lists, and to suffer death that patricians might be entertained. No thought of pity or remorse ever entered the minds of those infatuated people.

As time rolled round, and the Christian era opened, God, in His unsearchable designs, made the wrath of man to praise Him. When pagan cruelty vented itself upon His followers, He imparted to them the heroic fortitude which changed their tortures into the most joyful transports, and they went eagerly and exultingly to die for the faith. "The blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church." A new sentiment took the place of the savage instincts, which led them to delight in cruelty; and when the Roman emperors put the

Christians to death, the grace of God touched many hearts. The spectators said to one another: "There must be truth in a religion which sustains mortals like ourselves through terrible suffering, and which they bear for the sake of that religion."

Well was it known that the tyrants spared no pains to induce their victims to deny their faith; but they found them indifferent alike to flattery and persecution. A word might have saved their lives. Not only that; their apostasy would have opened to them the way to honors and preferments. These were all spurned and despised. In return, death spread wide for them the gates of heaven, and there they were rewarded with the crown of martyrdom. This sublime heroism was a new phase of life. No philosopher had ever taught anything to compare with it. The higher aspirations of the heart were aroused, and emulation, not horror, was awakened. The larger the number executed for their faith, the more widely was that faith spread throughout the world, till the glorious victory of Constantine over Maxentius ended the persecutions, and the prisoners of the catacombs came forth to the light of day.

From this time forth the religion of the Prince of Peace became that of all the nations. Then the white wings of Christian charity sheltered mankind, and to its heavenly influence savage nature was made to yield. Beautiful, indeed, is the example of men like St. Vincent de Paul, whose lives were spent in deeds of love towards their fellow-men. How clearly does this example demonstrate the law of kindness, and how clearly does it proclaim that hard-heartedness is a pagan vice!

Not every day are we called upon to exchange our liberty for the fetters of a galley-slave, as was St. Vincent de Paul; but we can repress the impulse which sometimes springs up in the heart to annoy or perplex others. Though it may cover itself under the fair pretext of amusement, it is, nevertheless, a disposition akin to cruelty, and which may in time grow into something not far removed from that pagan trait.

Beautiful tender-heartedness! Its fitting emblem is the warm summer shower which brings life, and joy, and freshness to the earth, making us forget that the air was sultry, the soil parched with heat, and that the flowers were dying for want of rain. Tender-heartedness cherishes affection and piety, and brings joy to the saddest heart. It is an inestimable gift of our loving Creator. Shall we not prize it as such?

ELLEN KEARNS (Class '88).

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allen, Andree, Arpin, Brady, Balch, Bub, Burton, Barth, Bloom, Brewer, Boyer, Beschameng, Bourne, Bates, Blacklock, Beck, Belfield, Clifford, Claggett, Connors, E. Coll, M. Coll, Campagne, Calkins, H. Dempsey, C. Dempsey, Ducey, M. Desmond, C. Desmond, Davis, Dunkin, Daube, Dority, Earley, Flannery, Fravel, Fitzpatrick, Fenton, Geer, Guise, Gordon, Hummer, Hughes, Hertzog, Hellmann, M. Horner, I. Horner, Henke, Harlen, Hinz, Hefron, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hoffmann, Hutchinson, Hepburn, Hooker, Kearns, Kohler,

Keyes, Leonard, Loonie, Lilly, M. F. Murphy, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, N. McCarthy, McCormick, McNamara, Moore, C. McCarthy, Marsh, Moran, C. McFadden, J. McFadden, Mitchell, Marley, Neff, L. Nicholas, E. Nicholas, Prudhomme, Piper, Quill, G. Regan, Rend, E. Regan, Richardson, Robinson, Rannells, Snowhook, Sullivan, Stadtler, Sheean, Saviers, Schmauss, Sloman, M. Smith, Spier, Studebaker, Trask, Van Horn, Van Mourick, M. Voechting, B. Voechting, Waterbury, Wiesenbach, Wehr, Webb, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses T. Balch,* Blaine,* E. Burns,* M. Burns,* Crane,* Churchill,* Davis,* E. Dempsey,* Dreyer,* Eby,* Farwell,* Fritz,* Hake,* Hull,* Harman, Knauer,* Kloth,* Longmire,* Lauth,* Miller,* N. Morse,* Newman,* Pugsley,* Reed,* Rhinehart,* Rose,* Rogers,* Stapleton,* E. Smith, Thirde,* A. Wurzburg,* N. Wurzburg.*

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Burns,* O'Mara,* A. Papin,* Palmer,* Reeves,* S. Smith,* K. Moore.

* Drew for Politeness Cross, won by Miss D. Rogers.

SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

2D CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses Gordon, McNamara.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Fenton, Brewer, I. Horner, Kohler, Stapleton, Koester, Piper, Campeau, Sloman.

3D CLASS—Misses E. Nicholas, L. Nicholas, Burton, B. Voechting, Mitchell, Calkins, Schmauss, Campbell, Hull, Daube, S. Dempsey, A. Wurzburg, Davis, Dority.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Gordon, Wehr, Bub, Hutchinson, Hoffman, Andree, Morse, Stadtler, Calkins.

WORKING IN CRAYON.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses E. Coll, Hillas.

OIL-PAINTING.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Neff, Meehan, Gordon.

3D CLASS—Misses Robinson, Henke, Fitzpatrick, B. Hellmann.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Allen, Robinson, Studebaker, O'Brien, K. Hurley, C. Hurley, Mitchel, McCarthy, Barth, Richardson, Quill, Bray, Geer, Weisenbach, McCormick, T. Haney, M. Davis, M. Voechting, Dority, Beck, Bourne, Wagner, Waterbury, Belfield, Lilly, Hepburn.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Morse, Churchill, Thirde, Longmire, Palmer, Mercer, D. Smith, Foster, Hughes, Reed, Reeves, Pugsley, Farwell, M. Burns, E. Burns, Eby, Butler, A. Papin, E. Quealey, S. Smith, O'Mara, Crane, Rose.

ELOCUTION.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Misses Carmien, L. Meehan, Bub, Stadtler, Hertzog, McNamara, Schmauss.

2D DIV.—Misses Hummer, Claggett, Hoffmann, Hellmann, Fenton, Neff, Kron, McCormick, Wehr.

2D CLASS—Misses M. Papin, Robinson, Boyer, Hutchinson, Keyes, Hillas, Daube.

2D DIV.—Misses Gordon, Connors, Hepburn, L. Nicholas, Piper.

3D CLASS—Misses N. Meehan, Saviers, Reen, Henke.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Misses Farwell, Campbell, Dreyer, Newman, Crane, Pugsley.

2D DIV.—Miss Davis.

2D CLASS—Misses Fritz, A. Wurzburg.

PHONOGRAPHY.

1ST CLASS—Misses Spier, Kearns, C. Desmond, Ducey, M. Desmond, Haney, Hoffmann, Arpin.

2D CLASS—Misses Hepburn, Beck, Gordon, K. Hurley.

3D CLASS—Misses Davis, Robinson, Waterbury, Clifford.

TYPE-WRITING.

Misses K. Desmond, M. Desmond, Kron, Blaine, B. Haney, M. Coll, Beck, Waterbury, J. McFadden, Connors, Hefron, Van Horn, Kearns.