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## Moral Liberty.

BY C. J. STUBBS, '88.

In all the questions of man's life, virtue and immortality, free-will must be the solution. Philosophers, theologians and scientists have long contested in this controversy the existence of free-will. Upon its reality hinges the truth of all the sublime teachings of man—that mysterious being of “clay and immortality,” that stands upon a narrow island whose every shore echoes to the solemn, restless waters of eternity—or else springs from the inherent energy of matter, thence to return when melancholy darkness scarfs his eyes from the light of day, locks up his saddened heart from further bitterness. For if man is not free to act, if he is constrained by one inevitable purpose, he is but a superior beast; yet if he is a beast he still must die and “there's an end of him.” And as he lived and labored in the expectation of what he longed for, and, living, could not attain, groping in the darkness for fancies which never become realities, so shall he return to the dust as he was, according to materialists, or else be recompensed with the decrees of fates, undeservedly, for good or ill as fatalists agree. If this sad state of wretchedness is the end of our existence, then it were better we were not, than being for a short time to suffer here and be no more hereafter. But this must follow if there is no free-will, and religious instructions and the guidance of morality are meaningless words.

Strange as it may appear, every age has brought forth its champions to beat down this power of the soul that lends such majesty to

the human kind. Yet how can their sophistries avail, since man does not, cannot forget that he is not chained down by necessity, but rises and falls as he deserves, and that he is master of his own actions, and is imbued with the hope of reaching eternal beatitude? But if moral liberty is not, there is no virtue, and the inadequate rewards are never sufficient; the enjoyments possessed here are never complete; there is no after-retribution; man must die, the farce of life being ended. These are the ultimate consequences of the deprivation of free-will. The immediate results are to give consent to concupiscence, to throw the reins to misguided passions, to give full sway to all that is unholy.

There is an inner sense in man which enables him to decide for himself, whether he shall exert his powers to any endeavor, and to determine himself to any act, and he judges within himself freely in his soul whether or not he shall do rightly. The moment he acts, consciousness tells him that he may avoid the act, and he wishes with a choice. This must appear as true as thought or existence. If there had not existed in the ambitious heart of cruel Macbeth the power of election, why did he torment his soul with those “horrible imaginings” whose consequences so disturbed his nature? There could have been no remorse were there not deliberation and choice. Yet his regal splendor ill-gotten did not so well fit its wearer as to veil the guilty act; and so, in his despondency, he “began to grow weary of the sun, and to wish the order of the world undone.”

This knowledge of ourselves is based upon our very nature, and to deny it is to rob humanity of its dignity, and press it back to the brute creation. But can anyone, consistent with his entity, repudiate his free-will, or ignore his exist-

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ence, since it is by this very existence and the free direction of its accompanying powers that he is able to say "I am free!" Consciousness, aided by memory and observation, testifies that the individual is free even when he does not actually exercise his liberty. Memory, like a merciful judge, looks back upon the alternatives of good or bad, and decrees pleasure or regret, according as the will has chosen. We were free to commit a wicked deed and the deed shall be our accuser. When the thought presents itself, to do or not to do becomes the subject of deliberation. This, as it appears to me, is the strongest argument in favor of moral liberty, since the very hesitancy before acting demonstrates the weighty truth, that he is persuaded of his freedom to obey the motives that appeal to his idea of good or evil. Is he who thinks not conscious of his thought, and could he think without being conscious of it? Nay more, he thinks willingly or else he would not advert to the object with the reasoning power of his soul. Can he who eats the bread, refuse to acknowledge the flour of its making? The negation of this would tend to overthrow all certitude, since certainty cannot be where the authority of the inner sense is called in doubt. For if the necessary chain to all belief be broken, what golden cord can bind up wounded truth? To the fatalist and the skeptic I would say: "you do not believe, or you merely doubt; but in either case the basis of your assertions is the consciousness of free-will to express in words what your mind recognizes."

We cannot lay claim to this feeling that persuades us we are free as an invention of our own. It is wide as the land, deep as human nature itself, old as the race of man. Far back in the purple mists of time, whose wasting waves have not yet marred its grandeur, the Egyptian king at the command of his will, constructed the unperishable testimonies of his desire for future fame. On the banks of the Rubicon, Cæsar cast the die that outlawed him from Rome. To-day we tunnel through mountains, and debate the advisability of joining the two great oceans. The sun may run its course behind the dark clouds of heaven; its light may fade forever; but whilst there are times and peoples, they will reverence the existence of virtue and cultivate it; they will despise vice and shun it; they will respect duty and fulfil it; and to better conform the wills of men to government, they will never cease to seek advice, to exhort with words and allure with gifts; they will yield to promises and threats, will be moved by emoluments and penal inflictions, will confide in oaths, and be bound by covenants, man to man.

The history of no country has given evidence of subjection of moral liberty to necessity. Else, if they thought themselves otherwise than free to act, why did they enforce order and grapple their civilization with "hooks of steel" to aid necessity, and thereby coerce absurdity? Indeed, always have demons of good and evil been religious beliefs. If the activity be necessitated by either one, this belief has been delusive. But if we err in this underlying principle of all laws and moral teachings, nature is false, and the infinite yearnings of the human heart are the fancies of maniacs. The capability of merit and demerit in the present life, the rewards and penalties of the future, must shroud themselves in the gloomy hopelessness of early destruction, eternal forgetfulness. Punishments, therefore, cannot justly be imposed, because who will be my judge if I am driven to act by an overpowering necessity? The fear of judges cannot restrain him "who does the best his circumstance allows;" the dread of everlasting retribution cannot awe him.

Bent and broken from the path of virtue, his will, not being free, the nefarious appears beautiful in his eyes, the indulgence of passion is but accomplishing the natural law. Where, then, are the inflexible principles of morality? Who may prop up the social fabric? What custody can defy violence even of divine sanctity? Remorse of conscience will never call back the erring footsteps of the guilty. All grace is dead. The good that men have sought stands hand in hand with moral evil, and to accept this inconsistency is to welcome fate; to lose faith in another life. For, as surely as there is moral evil in the world, and if at the same time a suppression of free-will, whatever may appeal to his pleasure cannot be swerved from, but must be obeyed. The criminal, then, is as honest as his judge; the laws divine and human are but the play of consciousness that cannot bind. The regulations of civil society are but ravings against the nature of those commanded, for necessity has already claimed their acts. Murder is justifiable, the robber is a public benefactor, the seducer is an honest man that should not bear reproach. Besides this, if man is not free, God is the author of all evil committed by man, and the insidious, jeering perpetrator of all crimes imputed to us. This, however, is repugnant to our reason, degraded though we may fall. Nay, unshaken as the strength of truth is the entity of moral liberty, which in its universality and invincibility triumphs in our convictions over the follies of science, and the falsehoods of fatalism.

However odious the doctrine may seem to us, yet it was the teaching of Stoics, and many other ancient philosophers; that fatality—a certain blind, inexorable instinct—tyrannized both the gods and men. To them oracles were the divinations of inevitable events which fate, incontrovertible and supreme, imposes to be accomplished. That there should be a certain order of causes by which events are defined is a direct denial of freedom of will. Cicero, opposing the fallacy, fell into another error. He artfully assailed the fatal principle, but was led into a denial of God's foreknowledge. We cannot vilify his intentions, because his whole career was for honesty and honor and the improvement of his people.

But in his disputations against the philosophers, he separated the will entirely from any supernatural influence, and in his earnestness he became perplexed at the idea of prescience. His reasoning was: "Everything is preceded by an efficient cause, and if I concede the foreknowledge of future happenings, the order of events must be admitted, and in this order of happenings a certain order of causes; and since there is a certain order of causes, fate works its end." By this pernicious, fatal system the force of laws are annulled, praise and chidings are vain, and justice has fled from the heart. But we have long ago repudiated this chain of consequences, which carries everything away from dependence upon free-will. In refuting that principle designated as fate, in consequences so disastrous to humanity, so subvertive of the realities of life, he could not compromise the prescience of a superior being with the existence of moral liberty, and in the perplexing alternative he wished to prove man free, and made him sacrilegious. Had he accepted both as true, he could easily have satisfied himself that in this order of causes our wills are also included. The infallible foreknowledge of God, then, does not necessitate our acts, and we hold in abhorrence the theory of fatal causes, which despises the noblest part of man's spirituality. God's will is supreme, acting outside the closed walls of the brain; but never has it been recorded that even once He has violated the sanctity of the will by His all-knowing power. We, retaining belief in the prescience of God and the freedom of will, are not slaves to imperious necessity, nor impious reformers of God's eternal thought.

Nor less unreasonable is the philosophy of astrologers which made human events and even individual acts dependent upon the position of the heavenly bodies at a birth, or at the inception of any undertaking. Now, we would say,

what matters it whether Napoleon was born under the pleasant stars of May, or the solemn autumn sky? Again, reason revolts at the impossible fancies of Mahometan profession as belonging to ignorance and superstition.

Now we come to a question of daily interest. How terrible and widespread are the systems that in our times are gaining ground under the false teachings of science! Materialism, atheism, pantheism, and some sects of heretics, have advocated their abominable creeds with great daring and persuasiveness. The field of physical investigation has turned the scientist to materialism, and he declines to know anything in man superior to matter.

Matter, according to his explanation, is all that exists. He ignores every operation that he cannot analyze by electro-chemical process, or by the microscope and scalpel. Thus, man is a walking plant, destitute of liberty and obedient only to the blind forces of nature—the materialist's god. For them the revelations of physiology is the criterion of certitude. This is the reason why scientific thinkers contend that there is no spiritual entity in man, even though the existence of an immaterial will is essential to the existence of a moral being. This force, which the positivist cannot dogmatically demonstrate, he, without the shadow of authority for rejecting, denies as a nonentity. He makes man a human machine, an automaton. The basis of his virtue, then, is imagination. But what has he to do with imagination? Can any lofty sentiment stir him? What does love or human sorrow mean to him? The ties that bind the heart to home and mother are hollowness; the memories of childhood are dreams; the widow's sigh is but a breath; the orphan's tear is a selection of elementary substances, atomic union simply. Miracles he must reject as beyond the scope of his material standard. How can he deny that of which he is incapable of judging? Yet the whole field of science is a mystery of which he can discern only phenomena. The eye does not perceive the aroma of the rose, but who will say it is not?

Now, since he puts his confidence for investigation in organs of sense which are often impaired by disease, and cannot altogether be relied on; and even whilst led on in fanciful conjecture, he is acknowledging mysteries that are as deep and unravelled as the supernatural operations of the soul, how can he repudiate the loftiness of the will. He will say: "Matter is that mysterious something by which all is accomplished." But in spite of his utterance of belief in the mysterious, he denies the most

often enacted and most important mystery of the human soul—the will. If physical verification, then, is the only source of knowledge, he discovers no moral facts of the spiritual man. Indeed, the proof he relies on laughs at his inconsistency; for if all is matter, why do different laws apply? Why does not matter in its uniformity work always in the same manner? He argues that causes are sometimes productive of effects entirely different in nature. Hydrogen and oxygen may be united to form water, and here two gases produce an entirely different substance. But what is this union? Experiment teaches that a receptacle filled with one gas will hold an equal volume of any number of gases, all occupying the same space at the same time. Let the scientist explain that since all matter occupies its own space, how others can, at the same time, hold the same.

An honest mind cannot conceive a fair proportion between a chemical compound and a human act. Water, the resultant liquid from two gases, may be again separated into its elements; but what electro-chemical machine can analyze the beauty or deformity of a human act? In human affairs, "what is done cannot be undone." Harshness may be softened, but can never be recalled. Who will analyze by electrolysis the ingredients of an act of charity? Who may measure Love in feet or pounds? Let the positivist persevere in his mysterious logic and affirm that thought, emotion and volition are the resultants of cerebral molecular movement; can he trace back this chain of energies and find the prime mover? Undismayed by the vague, hazy principles of his doctrine, he emphatically declares that "every thought and feeling has its mechanical correlative; that it is accompanied by a certain breaking up and remarrying of the atoms of the brain." Yet this transition from matter to mind is inconceivable, and by his principle of judging he cannot hold this conviction. Against it consciousness is indignant. But consciousness for him is a superfluous product of physical energy, and might as well be done without. To him consciousness is as the face of a clock that points and beckons with its hands to tell the hour. But who has set the clock in motion? In all these perplexities the materialist is entangled in theoretical ignorance, and his speculations are lightened by imagination—another mystery of his creed. Moral beauty is beyond his perception. In his scientific knowledge, he is lost in conjectures. Finally, since all opposing in this controversy of moral Liberty have not prevailed, even in the souls of those who championed the fallacious

theories, man is still the noble being by nature that he has always believed himself to be, and by virtue he will accomplish the perfection aimed at but unattainable in this valley of shadows. Man is unable to forget that, as the noblest part of nature is man, so is the noblest power of man *the elective faculty of individual acts.*

"Where freedom is not, there no virtue is;  
If there be none, this world is all a cheat,  
And the divine stability of heaven  
Is but a transient cloud, displayed so fair  
To cherish virtuous hopes; but at our need  
Eludes the sense and fools our honest faith,  
Vanishing into a lie."

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### Silhouettes of Travel.

#### XIII.

Of Bishop Manogue's vigorous style of oratory, which is but a reflex of his strong character, I shall quote a short paragraph specimen from one of his lectures when missionary rector, on the anniversary of Erin's Patron Saint. Comparing the cruelty and hypocrisy of the British Government in the East Indies with its demon-like ferocity and treachery in the Sister Isle, he says:

"Our treatment by the English Sahibs has been of the same Darwinian complexion. For seven hundred years, that beef-eating, blood-spilling, demon worshipping, idol-protecting, bible-polluting, Christian-scoffing and Mammon-loving government, has been practising such cruel and hideous antics towards the Irish people. No plan, no plot, no intrigue, no artifice was left untried to degrade us and obliterate us from the face of the earth. We are to-day what the infant Church was in the presence of pagan Rome. But as the hour at length arrived when the Cross was planted on the Capitol, and formed the brightest ornament in the crown of imperial Cæsar, so, too, shall the day certainly dawn—whether Macaulay's New Zealander shall ever sit or not upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul—when Ireland's banner shall be flung to the breeze and proudly float over a land

"Great, glorious and free,  
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

Returning to Davisville, we wait the overland train for San Francisco, 76 miles distant in a southwesterly direction. To a population of 400-500 there are over a dozen sample-rooms in the village. On my expressing some surprise, a gentleman remarked that, owing to the nominal license for the sale of malt and distilled liquors, about the same proportion of saloons to the population holds good throughout the State. There is a project on foot for the irrigation of a vast area in the neighborhood by the tapping of a creek at some distance, and the damming of its waters. It would appear, how-

ever, that there was plenty of *irrigation* done in the place already, and that the Davisvilleans, like poor Charles Lamb, "with a *smile* on the lip and a tear (not a drop) in the eye," never liked water because it tasted of the sinners who were drowned in the flood. Yet the inhabitants stoutly maintain that all the *irrigation* in town is monopolized by non-residents. At one of the coast towns the bar-room of the hotel contains the following notice in large circus type. "No jaw-down with the dust, or go dry." Wo to the impecunious tramp or bum who stands at a bar where justice is meted out in the solid form of an inch-soled No. 12! There are a great many places of refreshment for man and beast on the country roads in California. On one of them, a little outside of a town, was painted in large characters: "Your first chance." On the sign-board of another on the same road, but approaching the foot-hills, appeared: "Your last chance." The thirsty farmers who had not invested their spare *bills* in castoria, plug (not a beaver or silk-plush cylindrical head-gear, but a rectangular cake of the compressed leaves of the plant called *Nicotiana tabacum*. *Antiquarian Notes*), or a Louisiana lottery, generally took both chances. Thales, the Milesian and one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, may have persuaded his pagan countrymen that water was the constitutive element and life-giving principle of all things; he couldn't recruit a corporal's guard for his diaphanous theory in these regions. Their majesties, Alcohol Imperator, and Gambrinus Rex, hold their *levies* for the benefit of strangers, tender-feet and statesmen! Tell this to the marines.

The road now runs along the

#### COAST RANGE

lying to the right, by wheat fields, vineyards and orchards, through prosperous villages and hamlets, for 26 miles as far as Suisun. Leaving this point, we cross a large tract of swamp or tule lands before we reach Benicia, 33 miles from our destination. No boy was around to gird on the belt of John L., and uphold the honor of the stars and stripes in the circle of the "Manly Art." Railroad men can spin as good yarns on *terra firma* as any gallant tars that ever braved the "battle and the breeze" on Neptune's briny realms. They tell us as we go along that at certain places in the tules it was almost impossible to find bottom for the road-bed. Logs thrown into the quicksands were afterward found floating in the Strait of Carquinez. A horse and cart employed in grading were swallowed up one day, to reappear, after a long in-

terval, in San Francisco Bay. I suggested that perhaps this sink or chasm had an outlet in the Flowery Kingdom, and that the Six Companies utilized it as an underground railroad for the shipment of coolies to the Pacific Slope. How otherwise explain the surreptitious introduction of so many almond-eyed Mongolians, notwithstanding the argus-eyed vigilance of the honest Chinese port commissioners? The conductor had business in the next car. We pass by Suisun Bay into which the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers disembogue, after draining the great central valley of California. To the left we see the Montezuma hills and Monte Diablo in the distance across the bay. At Benicia our train boards the railway ferry-boat in two sections, in order to cross the strait to Porta Costa. There were also two sections of a long freight train on board. This boat is, I believe, the largest of its kind in the world. It is 424 feet long, 116 wide, with a 4009 horse power and a draught of  $6\frac{1}{2}$ . We skirt the shore of San Pablo Bay until reaching Oakland—the Brooklyn of San Francisco. The train runs out into the bay for a distance of nearly three miles on a huge mole and trestle to the Oakland wharf, where we bid good-bye and God-speed to the faithful iron-horse as we enter the elegant ferry-boat that plies between the last railroad station and San Francisco, a distance of something over four miles.

Artists in search of the picturesque can strike a bonanza in the

#### BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Ruskin can make a book, but not a painter. Nature's great picture-book must be studied attentively, page after page, under the warm glow of genius, to catch her beauteous features, and by imagination transcendentalize them into the ethereal image of the Ideal. Beauty is the brightness of truth, or rather of goodness, and to limn her portrait fittingly we must dip our pencil in the brilliant colors of the living, infinite ideal world that eludes the grasp of the common mind. *Æsthetics* do not consist in big sun-flowers or fat kine chewing the cud. The panorama that opens before us—blue waters, green islands, purple-tinted mountains, plains and cities—forms a combination of scenery not easily surpassed on the globe. The Neapolitan boy in the shadow of Vesuvius bears no comparison to that of San Francisco. This noble sheet of water is sixty-five miles in length, its average width is eight miles, and its shore line three hundred. It is perfectly land-locked, and will float all the navies of the world. In its placid waters rode at anchor ships from several

maritime countries—though the number was insignificant when compared with the forest of masts visible at New York or Liverpool. Among them the fine English merchantmen engaged in the grain trade, were the most remarkable for size and beauty of outline. The flags and pennons of many nations, especially the red flag of England, floated from the mast-heads, but the Stars and Stripes were more conspicuous by their absence than their presence, except on the government islands which are used as military reservations or fortresses.

The day after my arrival at the

#### CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE

I called at the Archbishop's residence. His Grace received me with the warm welcome of a Chicago man, the generous hospitality of a Californian, the genuine kindness of a Christian Bishop, and the sincere affection of an old fellow-student at Notre Dame and Louvain. The presence of Father Daniel, of St. Elizabeth's, Chicago, made the greeting more pleasant, and the fatigues of a trans-continental journey were soon forgotten in the mutual reminiscences of *auld lang syne*. We may admire the resplendent glory of the jewelled spheres above, the marvellous beauty and grandeur of the terraqueous globe below, wherein are mirrored forth the attributes of an all-wise and omnipotent Creator; but, without the communion of the human soul, the very image and likeness of the Deity, without the interchange of thought and feeling between mind and heart, earth and sky would be as desert wastes even to the poetic eye of a Chateaubriand himself. And here I could truly appreciate the beautiful sentiment expressed in the charming lyric on the Vale of Avoca by the sweet Bard of Erin, wherein he tells us that it was the presence of sympathetic friends which lent to the scene its deeper enchantment and highest charms.

#### THE ARCHBISHOP

had been ailing for some time; not from any constitutional or climatic cause, but rather from the unremitting care and labor required in the administration of the archdiocese ever since the resignation of the pious, learned and self-sacrificing prelate whose coadjutor he had been appointed. As a student, the Archbishop was remarkable for his untiring industry; as a priest he attended to all the details of his charge, and gave the time which might have been lawfully devoted to relaxation, to prayer and study; as a Bishop he redoubled his labors as "the steward of God"—burdened with "the solicitude for all the churches." A constitution of iron could not

have withstood the strain, much less a nervous temperament which never pauses for a moment while there is any business to be accomplished, a single duty to be discharged. A few months' rest from all the labors and cares of office prescribed by the attending physician—for even bishops must "honor or obey the physician" as the Scripture prescribes—will undoubtedly restore the worthy and devoted Archbishop to his pristine strength and vigor.

"I feel very happy here," remarked his Grace. "I am blessed with a body of zealous and devoted priests who are truly 'the salt of the earth'; who 'seek not their own advantage, but the glory of their divine Master' and the salvation of souls. The laity are, on the whole, strong in the faith, exact in the performance of their religious duties, 'living soberly, justly and godly in the world,' generous towards their church and the charitable institutions of the archdiocese; obedient to the voice of their pastors, and solicitous for the Christian education of their children. Our non-Catholic brethren are in general well disposed towards us; old prejudices are swiftly vanishing as minds become enlightened, and charity broadens the circle of humanity. A glorious future awaits the Church of the Setting Sun. Financially speaking, we are on a sound basis and free from all solicitude. If Providence lengthens my days, I intend, in accordance with the Tridentine decrees, to erect a large seminary for the philosophical and theological education and ecclesiastical training of those young men who aspire to the priesthood in the archdiocese, perhaps soon after the completion of my new cathedral. Those seminarists, or newly-ordained priests, who may have the taste and talent for a more profound course of study in science, history, philosophy or theology, will have an opportunity of receiving the broadest culture at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C."

The Archbishop has never forgotten his old *Alma Mater*. He asked several questions as to the present status and progress of Notre Dame, and expressed his gratification at the improvements made in the erection of new buildings, and the ever increasing facilities offered the students in the acquisition of the most thorough literary, scientific and professional education. He manifested the greatest pleasure when I informed him that over 500 students attended the University lectures the present scholastic year; with the prospect of a far larger number for the next, provided sufficient accommodations could be furnished. He enquired after the health of Very Rev. Father General, Father Provincial, Father Granger, and the member

of the old Faculty, particularly that of Prof. Lyons. He asked if Bros. Vincent, Francis, Gus and Charles were yet in the land of the living. I told him that the old priests and brothers of Holy Cross, as well as the surviving members of the old Faculty, must have discovered somewhere in Indiana De Soto's fountain of perpetual youth, as they appeared to-day just as robust, as youthful and as good-looking as when he was a student of the University, yet in his teens; that some of them, if they do not quite exceed the years of Mathusala, could practically refute the infidel objections made against the great patriarchal longevity that existed both before and after the deluge. His Grace was also well pleased to learn that the members of the graduating classes were trained to discuss in the most thorough manner all the important questions of the day, whether literary, scientific or social, and that they were thus prepared to enter on the arena of the world like an Agamemnon as leaders of men, or as a Minerva from the brain of an excellent Faculty, fully developed, both intellectually and morally, and armed cap-a-pie for the battle of life. I stated that Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., had successfully reconciled the fundamental principles of the scholastic philosophy with the latest discoveries and legitimate theories of modern scientific investigation, thereby inaugurating by his lucid, learned, and elaborate treatise on "Matter and Form," a new era of peace and harmony and mutual aid and independence between the solid, religious and philosophic wisdom of the schoolmen and the recent achievements of the human mind—between St. Thomas and Professor Kirsch. I remarked that, though it does not *matter* essentially what *form* of philosophy we adopt, provided we firmly hold to the sheet-anchor of revelation, and the evident truths of reason and experience, or science and sense, nevertheless, that as the grand Thomistic philosophy, so highly recommended by the Sovereign Pontiff now happily reigning, most effectively discusses the *prolegomena* or preamble to faith and most solidly builds up the outworks of the city of God harmonizing reason with faith, this system had therefore been enthusiastically adopted by the Faculty at Notre Dame, and successfully taught by an eminent scholar.

While talking on this subject, it occurred to me that a little mediæval scholasticism would save a great deal of modern brain work, printers' ink, and monstrous hypothesis. The method of treating a subject by clear and accurate definitions, by the exact comparison of major, minor or middle terms, and by a rigid

deduction or conclusion which never exceeds the premises, would have saved the scientific world many of the foolish speculations—dignified by the name of modern thought—of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, *et id genus omne* of resuscitated Greek sophists. Of course, all honor is due to those men as long as they confine themselves to their own legitimate sphere, the observation and classification of natural phenomena or physical facts, and the establishment of laws from these facts by way of a rigid scientific induction. But when they erect their guesses and hypotheses as idols in the noble temple of science for the worship of the nineteenth century, it is time to cry halt, and ask this haughty priesthood of the Unknown, the Unknowable and Omnipotent Matter, to use a little more of the ratiocinative processes of the scholastics, if not always in their cumbersome syllogistic forms—whenever these infallible dogmatists intrude upon the higher domains of morals or metaphysics.

We have, no doubt, progressed far beyond the schoolmen in matters of physical science, as we must necessarily have done by our greater opportunities of tracing natural phenomena to their causes; but in the higher sciences, called moral and intellectual, we can, if we have the ability to comprehend them, acquire a vast amount of knowledge from those intellectual giants of old who thoroughly discussed every question of importance bearing on God, man or the universe. According to their system and method, all truth is one proceeding from the same eternal Unity. Hence reason must always accord with revelation, without whose guiding rays, as the experience of ages teaches, it advances towards darkness, not towards light. Synthesis, which embraces being in its objectivity and fullness and which reconciles all extremes and establishes dialectic harmony, must aid analysis which gives us a clear and accurate, though a partial and imperfect view of things. Induction, which only notes particular facts or phenomena, and is proper to the physical sciences, must have recourse to philosophy for the principles by which it logically generalizes. *Materia prima* must have its *forma substantialis*, to clothe itself in that specific entity and determinateness, without which Ovid's chaos or Anaximander's *τὸ ἀπειρον* would neither exist nor be conceivable.

Darwin, poking in the dust, must be combined with Thales gazing at the starry heavens. Plato and Aristotle, St. Augustine and St. Thomas must be reconciled in a dialectic whole.

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## NOTE.

For the information of friends, we state again that the celebration, by the students, of the Golden Jubilee of Very Rev. Father General was purely *local* and *private*, and for that reason no invitations were issued. The formal celebration of the day will take place, as already announced, on the 15th of August.

—It is the unanimous verdict of all here that never did Notre Dame witness such a celebration as that which characterized the commemoration of the sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of our venerable Father Founder. Owing to the private nature of the festivities, no invitations were issued, and but few visitors were present. But in the intensity of the rejoicings and the varied and expressive forms in which the gladness of all hearts was manifested, there is no occasion in the annals of our *Alma Mater* that can present a parallel. For this, the greatest praise must be given to the Rev. Acting President, Father Zahm, who not only planned and directed the whole, but also, with untiring energy, looked after each particular detail, and made all contribute to the general success. His efforts were well seconded by willing hands and loving hearts, but withal, the meed of praise must be Father Zahm's.

For the decorations in the dining hall, the arrangement of which involved many hours of labor, whilst displaying the most artistic skill, the thanks of all are due, and most cheerfully given, to the good Sisters who spared no pains to add to the splendor and beauty of the surroundings.

—Very Rev. Father General, in acknowledgment of the celebration of his Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee, has presented the University with a copy of the now well-known book, "The *Magnificat*

in one hundred and fifty languages," prepared by the Monks of Lerins, and presented as a Jubilee offering to our Holy Father Leo XIII. From cover to cover, in each and every page, the volume presents the realization of the highest artistic conception and engraver's skill. A detailed description of the plan of the work appeared in a former number of the SCHOLASTIC, and, as then stated, a limited number of copies were prepared in response to special requests. Father General was happy to secure five for his Community, and one of these will now be treasured in our University Hall. We hope to present next week an artistic description of the magnificent volume.

## Return of Rev. President Walsh.

The Rev. President of the University, who has been sojourning in Europe for the past two months on business connected with the interests of the Congregation of Holy Cross, arrived home last Tuesday evening. The students had fondly hoped that their beloved President would return home in time to take part in their celebration of Father Sorin's Golden Jubilee. Circumstances, however, had ordained otherwise; but the expression of universal joy which greeted him when he did arrive seemed none the less cordial on this account.

"Home Again" was struck up by the Band as soon as the carriage containing the President entered the post-office gate. Then an intense enthusiastic cheer, which lasted for several minutes, broke from the lips of the student multitude who had circled round the carriage to catch a first glimpse of the well-known features. As soon as the Rev. President, after alighting, had forced his way through the pressing throngs and ascended the College steps, Mr. J. Burns stepped forth, and in a brief but cordial speech expressed the glad feelings the students experienced in welcoming back to their midst one who had long been endeared to them as a true friend and kind father. In reply, Father Walsh expressed himself as deeply grateful for the generous and wholly unexpected reception tendered him. Glad as was the welcome he received, yet no one rejoiced more at his arrival, or had better reason for rejoicing, than himself. He had visited many renowned institutions of learning since he had left them; but nowhere had he met with an educational establishment in which the students either possessed greater advantages



or made a better use of those advantages than did the students at Notre Dame. In conclusion, the Rev. President paid a high compliment to the students for the excellent work which, he had abundant information, they had been doing since he had left them, and said that he would try in the future, even more than he had in the past, to merit their good-will and affection.

The SCHOLASTIC wishes to add its congratulations to those which the students have already expressed, and trusts that it may be given to him to continue his work of such abundant fruitfulness *ad multos annos!*

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**The Celebration of the Golden Jubilee of  
Very Rev. Father General Sorin.**



We give herewith a detailed report, as complete as our limited space will permit, of the exercises and festivities attending the celebration, by the students, of the sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of the venerable Founder of Notre Dame.

THE RECEPTION.

As the clock struck four, on Saturday afternoon, the students of the several departments began to congregate in the Exhibition Hall for the public reception to be tendered the venerable Golden Jubilee celebrant. The entrance of Very Rev. Father General, attended by the Acting President of the University, Father Zahm, and Fathers Morrissey and Regan, followed by the other members of the University Faculty and the invited guests, was the signal for an outburst of applause which did not subside until several minutes after the patriarchal-looking figure, which was its object, had been seated. Then the sweet notes of *Le Diadem* were wafted forth from the Orchestra, and blended softly with the dying echoes of the general plaudits.

The address from the Senior department was read by Charles J. Stubbs, and both in composition and in delivery reflected a high degree of credit upon its author. Laudatory without being adulatory, and combining grace with simplicity of style, it seemed to us in all respects a model tribute of respectful love. It will be found, together with the other addresses, in our Jubilee

number. Next followed a well-rendered vocal trio and chorus—"The Jubilee"—by the Juniors. A poetical address from the Junior department was read by Willie McPhee with a grace and effect seldom found in one so young. Master McPhee is possessed of a clear, pleasing voice, and with time and practice will, without doubt, develop into a speaker of no mean ability.

A piano duett—*Suppe's* "Poet and Peasant"—was rendered by Messrs. Tivnen and Keating with applause, after which Mr. T. O'Regan delivered, in his stirring style, a declamation that was heartily appreciated by the audience. A touching and elaborate address from the Minims was then read in a distinct and dignified manner by Master T. Tompkins, who exhibited to good advantage the careful elocutionary training to which he had been subjected. A highly classic ode, entitled "A Patriarch's Feast," from the untiring pen of that gifted Catholic artist and authoress, Eliza Allen Starr, was next read by Mr. Robert Newton. Regarding the production itself, as we consider neither the time nor the space at our disposal adequate for a just appreciation of its many beauties, and as it appeared in our Jubilee issue, we may well leave the discussion of its merits to our readers themselves. Mr. Newton, except in one or two verses, brought out with good effect the delicate and, in this case, exquisite melody of this most difficult species of English poetry, and gave evidence of having thoroughly grasped the underlying sentiment which lurked beneath the grace of rhetoric in which the whole poem was clothed.

The St. James Vocal Quartette, of South Bend, rendered as a pleasant variation "Remember Me." Evidently the song was a treat for the audience, as was testified by the enthusiastic *encore* to which at length the Quartette happily responded. A recitation by J. J. McIntosh, of the Junior department, closed the exercises on the part of the students. The young gentleman surprised as well as delighted the audience by the display of his budding elocutionary powers. Indeed, it was the opinion of many of the audience that to him the palm of merit in the evening's exercises was due.

Very Rev. Father General then ascended the stage and made a very happy response to the greetings of the students. He spoke substantially as follows:

In the light of Divine faith a golden sacerdotal jubilee, or the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of a priest to the sacred office of minister of the Most High, to which nothing on earth can compare in real elevation, is assur-

edly worthy of due commemoration, not alone on the part of the one who was thus raised to such an unparalleled dignity, but also and likewise among those of his friends who can properly appreciate the signal blessing commemorated in this telling anniversary. Were it only to remind him of the 18000 holy Masses offered for the living and the dead, since the day he was first allowed to stand before the altar of the Living God, what an inspiring cause of unbounded joy and gratitude to Heaven this fact alone would reveal to faithful souls!

In the sacred ministry, few, comparatively, are spared full fifty years to discharge the sublime function for which every priest is ordained. Far from being the rule, it is, I may say, a rare exception. Indeed, I consider it for myself a most special blessing, for which I feel the more grateful, as it is evidently gratuitous and unmerited.

But my joy is increased beyond expression, when I see how heartily you share in it yourselves. Your filial congratulations never penetrated my inmost soul as they do this evening. Were it any way possible, they would undoubtedly and sensibly increase my esteem and my love for such a noble family, whose every feeling seems so deeply permeated with a perfect appreciation of the heavenly blessing we now contemplate.

It is true, you are not the first to manifest the delight of your hearts on the occasion of a sacerdotal golden jubilee. This very year 1888, has witnessed all over the globe, on the occasion of the great Jubilee of our Holy Father Leo XIII, a universal acclamation of loving accents, never known or heard of before. But eclipsing, as it does, all the manifestations of the past, this marvellous event does not, in the least, weaken or impair the merit of your own exhibition of happiness and delight on this commemoration—however insignificant, comparatively, may be the poor individual just now the object of your attention. You join with me in thanking God for the uncommon and gratuitous gift of fifty years He has mercifully deigned to keep me, unworthy as I am, in His sacred ministry. Indeed I am glad to see my ever-increasing debt of gratitude divided among so many generous souls. What a relief to my heart! I was not ordained a priest for my personal benefit alone, but also for the good of many others. I really delight in seeing the same so beautifully acknowledged here by so many intelligent and happy countenances, beaming with the best aspirations for future usefulness.

But what intensifies still more my gratitude to God for my elevation to the sacred priesthood is the selection by God Himself, of the rich field where I was to labor, oh! how often it has filled my soul with joy! It is not for me to state here the unspeakable consolations which awaited me in this New World which I loved so dearly, long before I landed upon its happy shores; and above all, on this glorious domain of the Queen of Heaven. You have yourselves expressed them in terms, for which I would try to thank you from my heart, were it not for the delicacy one feels naturally when he sees himself the direct object, or target, of undeserved praises. Allow me, then, to declare here honestly that I claim but a very small fraction of the merits you assign me, but justly return it all to the Blessed Virgin herself, and to the devotedness of my modest and faithful co-laborers in the field already promising such an abundant harvest for the advance of science and the salvation of immortal souls.

## THE PRESENTATION

to Father Sorin of what the students had designed as a lasting and, at the same time, useful souvenir of his Golden Jubilee, took place after supper, about seven o'clock. Father General, seated on the College porch in the midst of the University Faculty and the distinguished visitors, was engaged in chatting with Father Zahm, while listening to the artillery salutes that reverberated through the air, and the vesper strains of the Band. All at once, a handsome open *barouche*, drawn by two coal-black steeds, carrying their heads in a manner that bespoke ancestral nobility, emerged from the shady avenue leading to the city, and, in less time than it takes to tell, were drawn up in front of the porch. In a moment the students of the several departments were likewise there assembled. Thereupon, Prof. John Ewing, in a brief but very appropriate speech, made a presentation to Father General of the horses and carriage, as a souvenir from the students of his Golden Jubilee, and as something which might serve as a daily reminder of their affection. Prof. Ewing spoke, in substance, as follows:

It has been granted to you to-day to see completed a term of years in the priesthood of holy Mother Church, such as has been allotted to but few of those who stand before the altar of God. The feelings of joy and thanksgiving with which your heart is filled find fitting responses in the breasts of those who have known your labors and have enjoyed the benefits of your good deeds. Useless is it, after the words of filial love and devotion to which you have listened, that I should seek to paint the feelings of the present students of Notre Dame. Not fitting is it for me to attempt to voice the loving thanksgivings of the Congregation of Holy Cross, which to-day rejoices in the spiritual favors God has granted you.

But for those who once filled the halls of Notre Dame, and who have gone forth into the world fitted by her training to do honor to their mother and good to their country and their fellow-men, I, a student of the old Notre Dame, may well and fitly speak. To them does your name come as a pleasant memory, and they, too, rejoice with their successors on this day. To many an old student of Notre Dame will come to-day, as has often come in the past, memories sweet of their boyhood days and of the kindly guidance that here they felt leading them into the paths of Christian manhood and loyal citizenship. From their hearts will come a silent but an earnest and lasting tribute to him whose labors and whose life were devoted to their welfare, and whose name is interwoven in the history of their kind mother. Many a name comes to my mind of those passed from hence, who have fallen in the strife and gone to their reward. They rejoice with you to-day, and their prayers ascend that for many years you may live in the labors of your hands, and may attain the reward promised to those who strive to teach others the paths of righteousness.

On behalf of the students of to-day, Minim, Junior and Senior; on behalf of some of the students of former years, and on behalf of the Faculty of Notre Dame, I address you. Wishing that we might offer you a token of our regard, and desiring that you might possess that which would always be with you as a constant reminder of us, we have chosen this gift. In no other way and by no other means can you fittingly respond to our wishes than by your acceptance and constant and daily use of it. Fitting and appropriate for you, as we consider it, we trust that you will accept it from our hands, and for many years in the coming days treasure it as a remembrance of the feelings we bear towards you.

It goes without saying that the surprise was complete, and that words were inadequate to express the overflow of grateful feelings in the kind-hearted and venerable recipient. After several trials had been made, and it was proved, to the satisfaction of all, that docility as well as fleetness was a quality of the horses, Father General himself, together with Fathers Zahm, Granger, and Prof. Edwards, descended into the carriage, and, taking with them the cherub-like little "Frankie," were whirled away in the direction of St. Mary's, followed by tumultuous plaudits and college cheers from the boys.

Later on in the evening there was a grand illumination of the college buildings and grounds. The sight from the post-office was indeed a grand one. Chinese lanterns of every hue and size swung from tree and arch and fountain in the beautiful *parterre* before the college, while flags and festoonings and colors gay made the solemn towering walls of the main building put on a look of gladness. And out of every window of the massive pile—from spacious study-halls, lecture, class, and private rooms, from roomy libraries and halls—there beamed the noon-day brilliancy of the Edison light. The Minims' Hall was literally bathed in beauty. Its walls well-nigh hidden behind a gorgeous decoration of silken strips of our national hues, of delicately wrought wreathes and letterings in myrtle and evergreen, of flags, lanterns and a hundred other pretty things, and nestling close by St. Edward's Park, with its trees and walks and beautifully shaped beds of still more beautiful flowers, and marble-like vases and splashing fountains,—all this, under a flood of electric brilliancy, made up a scene which somehow could not help calling up in the mind an image of Alladin's dreamland palace.

A magnificent display of fireworks was the last, though not the least attractive, feature of the evening. What with an occasional salute of artillery, or a gay student chorus, the hiss of

ascending rockets, the lively notes of the band, mingled with the enthusiastic college cheer that every now and then arose in unison from some happy group of students,—the wonted sylvan stillness of Notre Dame was kept in exile far into the night.

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#### SOLEMN HIGH MASS.

was celebrated Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, by Very Rev. Father Sorin, assisted by Fathers L'Etourneau and Robinson as respectively deacon and subdeacon. It is not an exaggeration to say that at no time during the past ten years has the venerable Founder appeared younger or stronger than he did Sunday, when completing the fiftieth golden cycle of his celebration of that Mystery of mysteries whereat the angels marvel and rejoice. And as the deep and impressive tones of his still vigorous voice were borne to the ears of the worshipping throng, it must have been difficult for them to realize that that golden-robed figure with white, patriarchal beard had long since passed the milestone that marks the end of earthly existence to all but a favored few. An eloquent sermon, highly appropriate to the character of the joyful anniversary, and the noble life and work of the venerable Superior General was preached by Very Rev. W. Corby.

#### THE CORNER-STONE.

of the new building, to be known as Sorin Hall, was laid by Very Rev. Father General immediately after High Mass. A rainstorm was threatening, however, and on this account the ceremony was made as brief as possible.

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#### THE BANQUET.

At twelve o'clock Sunday, the students assembled in their refectories to partake of the grand banquet given in honor of the Golden Jubilee of our revered Founder's ordination. Very Rev. Father General was the guest of the Seniors. At the appointed time he entered the apartment, escorted by Rev. Fathers, Zahm, Fitte and Morrissey, of the University, and others of the community, professors and visitors. Their entrance was the signal for loud applause, which testified to the pleasure the students felt in having Father Sorin in their midst. The dining room was elaborately decorated with banners, national colors, exquisite floral designs, etc. The table at which Father Sorin presided was placed upon a slight elevation at the head of the refectory.

At the other end of the room the Crescent Club orchestra rendered choice selections during the meal. The bills-of-fare, intended as souvenirs of the occasion, were handsome productions of the engraver's skill. They contained an exceptionally good likeness of Father Sorin, and a fine cut of the main building. The *menu* was as follows:

Turtle Soup.  
Fish, Sauce Tartare.  
Hors d'Œuvres Variés.  
Roast Spring Chicken.  
Petits Pois à la Française.  
Filet de Bœuf aux Champignons,  
Pommes de Terre, Parisienne.  
Asperges à la Crème.  
Charlotte Russe. Assorted Cakes.  
Vanilla Ice Cream.  
Strawberries. Fruits.  
Candies. Nuts.  
Café.

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Mr. James A. Burns, '88, as toast-master, arose and proposed the following toasts:

OUR HOLY FATHER, LEO XIII.

*Hic, gubernator Fidei, O perile  
Pontifex Romæ, colimus Leonem.*

Response by Very Rev. Father General Sorin.

In response to the toast "The Founder of Notre Dame—Our Honored Guest," and its accompanying sentiment "*Monumentum si quæris circumspice*," Father Zahm spoke substantially as follows:

The measure of success in life is determined by the results achieved. In the spiritual order, this statement is so true that it admits of no exception. But in this case, God only can judge of the results accomplished, as He alone can read our hearts, duly appreciate our motives of action. In the temporal order the statement is so true that the few exceptions we meet with only prove the rule. The measure of success is the measure of individual effort. And it would be difficult indeed to find a more striking instance than that which is here presented for our contemplation. If Sir Christopher Wren, in referring to the noblest monument of his genius—the grand cathedral of St. Paul's—could truly say, "*Monumentum si quæris circumspice*," with how much more truth even may we iterate the same sentiment when beholding the magnificent monument that has been erected by the piety, zeal, and perseverance of our distinguished guest, the Founder of Notre Dame? I say this not only of what we may now see, but also of what, we may be sure, is to come hereafter. I speak not only of the germ, but of the full-grown tree; not of Notre Dame as we behold it to-day, but of Notre Dame, as I love to think it will be in the not distant future; not of an institution that now holds an honorable place among the institutions of our land, but of a university that will ere long favorably compare with the foremost seats of learning in the Old World. I love to see in our Notre Dame of to-day the promise of the potency of a Padua or a Bologna, a Bonn or a Heidel-

berg, an Oxford or a Cambridge, a Salamanca, or a Valladolid. It may be that this view will be regarded as one proceeding from my own enthusiasm, but it matters not. I consider it a compliment to be called an enthusiast. Turn over the pages of history and you will find that all those who have left a name and a fame have been enthusiasts, and it is because our venerable Founder has been an enthusiast—I use the word in its primary signification—that he has been able to achieve so much. It is because he has been able to communicate his enthusiasm to others and carry them along with him, that he has been able to accomplish what otherwise would have been simply impossible. It is because he has always retained his youthful ardor; because he has ever been buoyed up by a hope that has never faltered; because he has known how to surmount the many obstacles that obstructed his path; because he has been able to overcome the oppositions that would restrain his high aspirations, that he is to-day able to contemplate one of the noblest and most beautiful monuments that it is the privilege of man to erect—a monument which, I trust, will stand for ages to come as a witness to what can be accomplished by one who, like our venerable Founder, has placed his faith and confidence in God and in the Queen of Heaven, whom he always so faithfully and so chivalrously served.

OUR COUNTRY.

*Non sibi, sed patriæ.*

In response to this toast, Prof. Hoynes spoke as follows:

Love of country is a feeling natural to all worthy and honorable men. It is natural and becoming to feel and cherish a sense of gratitude for acts of kindness and benefits received. It is natural for men to esteem and love those who are kind, good and generous toward them.

We love God because He gave us life and protects us in its enjoyment. We love Him because He is the embodiment of all good, and the Light of our hope, and the Hope of our salvation.

In the order of nature, we love and cherish most tenderly those from whom we derive existence, as our parents. We perpetuate their being, their identity, their names. We love and revere them all through life, for we belong to and are a part of them. We would have to hold ourselves in absolute abhorrence—a thing that none of us can be disposed to do without good cause—before we could, with anything like even the semblance of consistency, be indifferent to them. In fact, were we indifferent to them we could not but feel ourselves debased, and in the estimation of our fellow-men we would justly be rated as debased and contemptible.

Then again, descending to more material things, we love the home that sheltered us in youth, and around which in memory linger so many pleasant and beautiful associations. In the picture of it which memory limns out upon the shadowy background of the past we see around it the loved faces of parents, brothers, sisters, relatives and friends. To reflect upon that pleasing picture brings the solace of peace to the heart and renews in the soul the inspirations of happy youth. The word "home" touches the heart of every human creature with a strange magic. It awakens in the hearts of men of all races and countries the feeling response, "There is no place like home!"

And then, taking a broader view of this same feeling, which embraces in the wide sweep of its love and grati-

tude God, and parents, and home, we may readily see that it applies also to our whole country and constitutes the foundation of what we call patriotism. The country in which we first saw the light of day, the country whose hills, fields, woods and streams, first greeted our infant vision, ever remains dear to us.

"Still o'er those scenes the memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time but the impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear."

Wherever in all the world we may be, and whatever fortune we may encounter, it is certain that, from time to time, at least

"In dreams we revisit its surf-beaten shore!"

And near and dear, and loved is the land in which we live and grow to manhood and age. We are a part of it, for the products of its soil serve as the material source of growth, and strength, and life. Of its dust we are composed, and into its dust we must return to abide for all time. Ah, how natural to love one's native land! Lost to honor and manhood must be he who does not love his country. Well might the poet from the craggy hills of his own distant northland exclaim in the melody of glorious song—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land?"

But how much fonder and more enthusiastic than all other men may not Americans be when referring to country? For them pre-eminently apposite is the sentiment so expressively stated by the toast-master: "*Non sibi sed patriæ.*" Here God has lifted up His most majestic mountains; here He has channelled His deepest and longest rivers; here He has spread out great lakes, and prairies and forests; here He has distributed the most productive soil that can be found in all the domain of His earthly kingdom. Here men in all walks of life enjoy a prosperity immeasurably greater than is known to the people of any other country in the world. Among the many facts evidencing this truth, attention may be directed to how numerous men of all races and conditions constantly crowd to our shores. Multitudes come and but few go. Ten thousand a week, over 40,000 a month, they come from all other quarters of the world, assured that here they find the freest government, the most progressive people, the most prosperous country on God's footstool. They come strong in the confidence that here are offered to industry and economy all the mundane rewards and honors that seem precious to and coveted by men. All these immigrants are received and given employment without deranging economic conditions, or materially lowering the standard of compensation for labor. Into the ports of no other country do immigrants thus crowd by the hundreds and thousands. But let them come. We have ample room and resources. While our country is as large as all Europe and much richer in natural resources, yet the population is eight-fold more dense there than here. In other words, Europe has 160 inhabitants to the square mile, while here the general average gives only 20 to the same area. The national debt of European nations increased over \$19,000,000,000 in our century, while the national debt of the United States is steadily decreasing. As measured with reference to area, the national debt of Great Britain amounts to \$30 an acre, while our own national debt

hardly exceeds 60 cents an acre. But enough! I have already trespassed too long upon your time. In closing, I repeat that we may well feel proud of our country; we may well rejoice at its foremost place in the march of the nations towards the fuller day of liberty and enlightenment; we may sincerely testify to our love of this incomparable land, and cordially join in the sentiment "*Non sibi sed patriæ.*"

"ALMA MATER."

*Pia Mater,  
Plus quam se sapere, et virtutibus esse priorem Vult.*

This toast was feelingly responded to by Mr. Philip V.D. Brownson, of the Class of '88, in a neatly-worded speech, substantially as follow:

MY FELLOW-STUDENTS.—Here, in the sheltering love of *Alma Mater*, we are making ready for the long journey which will eventually lead us beyond the mountains, far beyond the setting day. As from a mighty arsenal, we are selecting weapons suited to our skill or strength that we may bear us noble in the battle of life, where each, unaided and oft unheeded, stands or falls alone. Here in this charmed circle, where faintly falls, even upon the thoughtful ear, the "still sad music of humanity," youth discovers manliness and generosity, two sovereign characteristics which ever crown a man among his peers. Can anyone then doubt but that we love this kindly mother, casting aside each petty thought, "for mockery," says Tennyson, "is the fume of little hearts." No: for I dare say that with the exception of the toast just responded to by Col. Hoynes, there is not one which could arouse in you deeper enthusiasm or truer gratitude than our *Alma Mater*.

Then I have always thought there was something incomplete about one who in after-life has no college reminiscences. I feel that I shall spend many a half hour in the future recalling the old familiar faces of boyhood's sweet companions, or in dreamy mood dwelling upon the "unremembered pleasures" of my college days. In a month or twain the class of '89 will go up for its graduating year, and old '88, with all its faults and merits, will be a thing of the past. Then when each of us have gone our way, how often will thoughts of our *Alma Mater* rush to the heart in hours of weariness "bearing sensations sweet and tranquil restorations." Looking at everything in the broad, pure light of noble souls, let us cherish and learn to love this life that its memory may ever haunt us like the waking from a pleasant dream. Let your hearts strive to feel the force of those little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love which bind heart to heart with ties stronger than adamant, and which, though they appear trifling to some yet have in them something of exquisitely beautiful, of divine, in their touching tenderness. And when amid the "din of towns or cities, or in lonely rooms," or idly dreaming far from the haunts of men you look back upon the bitter-sweet past that is fled forever, may thoughts of *Alma Mater* steal o'er your fancy soothingly like the night bird's song; may the vision of your college days rise in your memory like a green oasis far off the desert from over whose silvery bowers gleam constant ever the stars of truth, of manliness, of duty.

THE BOAT RACE.

The boat race in honor of the Jubilee celebra

tion took place Monday morning. Following is the *personnel* of the crews:

EVANGELINE BLUES:—P. Paschel, 6; Geo. Ball, 5; Jos. Hepburn, 4; J. Mattes, 3; Geo. Houck, 2; H. Luhn, Bow and Captain; J. Meagher, Coxswain. MINNEHAHA BLUES:—F. Fehr, 6; L. Meagher, 5; F. Springer, 4; T. Pender, 3; E. Prudhomme, 2; P. Brownson, Bow and Captain; W. B. Aikin, Coxswain.

At eleven o'clock a large and enthusiastic crowd of spectators had assembled on the banks of St. Joseph's Lake to witness the struggle. In a few minutes the crews appeared upon the lake and were greeted with applause. The "Reds" had the Novitiate course and the "Blues" the one known as the "outside" course. At twelve minutes past eleven, Rev. M. J. Regan, President of the Lemonnier Boat Club, gave the conventional "go!" The "Reds" obtained the better start, and at once shot ahead. They maintained their lead until half way up the lake, when the "Blues" closed the gap and pulled hard for the turning buoys. The latter went into the turn slightly ahead of their opponents, and by a good "pick out" from the turn secured a lead which the "Reds" could not overcome, in spite of their strenuous exertions. The timekeepers disagree as to the exact time made by the two boats in turning, but it is generally conceded that the "Reds'" turning was the quicker. The "Blues" increased their lead when opposite the ice house and finished about two lengths ahead of their competitors. Time, 3.30. Owing to the inclemency of the weather during the past few weeks, the time for training has been necessarily limited. Still the crews were in fair condition for the race. However, they will be in much better shape for the Commencement contest, which promises to be one of the most interesting ever rowed upon the lake.

#### THE COMPETITIVE DRILL.

The competitive drill on the 27th between Companies *A* and *B*, Hoynes' Light Guards, for a silken pennant, was one of the most attractive and interesting events of the Jubilee. The drill occurred at three o'clock in the afternoon in the presence of an immense audience. The place chosen for the contest was that part of the Junior campus just east of the Gymnasium, where the ground was well adapted for the performance of military evolutions. Company *B*, of the Junior department, was the first of the two organizations to drill, and occupied nearly half an hour in various exercises, marchings, etc. The Juniors then gave way to the members of Company *A*, on whom the hopes of the Senior department

rested. The drilling of both companies was excellent, and while the Seniors of Company *A* excelled somewhat in precision and in the manual of arms, the Juniors' work was more graceful, their marching better, and, in addition, they went through a greater variety of movements. The bayonet exercise of the Seniors was of a superior order, and the skirmish drill of the Juniors deserves special mention. The judges, Col. Wm. Hoynes, Prof. J. A. Lyons and Mr. J. Wile, of Laporte, after a brief consultation, awarded the prize to Company *B*. The award met with approbation from the spectators. The prize was a pennant of white silk with a border of red, bearing an appropriate inscription with a palm, symbolical of victory. After the Light Guards had finished their drill, the Sorin Cadets appeared upon the field and made quite an impression by their fine appearance. They went through evolutions with a smartness that would do credit to companies of older boys.

It was the subject of general regret that the stormy weather, which prevailed throughout the whole of Monday, prevented the concluding festivities in the varied Field Day Sports that had been planned and prepared for. However, joy everywhere prevailed and in myriad forms, the universal cry in behalf of the venerable Founder of *Alma Mater* found its expression—

AD MULTOS ANNOS!

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#### Personal.

—Mr. Welch, Des Moines, Iowa, visited his son in the Minim department last week.

—Mr. B. T. Becker, Law and Classical, '87, is doing well in his profession in Toledo, Ohio.

—Mr. Captain Allen, of Niles, Mich., was in charge of the artillery during the Jubilee celebration.

—Mr. C. F. Brewster, of Des Moines, Iowa, has put up a new folding machine in the printing office.

—Miss Eliza Allen Starr, of Chicago, was one of the most welcome visitors attending the Jubilee exercises. Her beautiful Jubilee Ode, inspired and heartfelt as it was, has gained for her an additional claim to the affection and gratitude of all at Notre Dame.

—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, the celebrated lecturer of Brooklyn, New York, visited the University last Tuesday week. He came par-

ticularly to call upon Very Rev. Father Sorin. He was accompanied by Rev. N. D. Williamson of South Bend, in which city Mr. Talmage lectured before a large audience on the evening of the 21st ult.

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Local Items.

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—Welcome home!

—Where is the "Volunteer?"

—The boat house nears completion.

—The new four-oared racing boats are here.

—After all, there is no teacher like experience.

—Some Commencement badges have been received.

—The crews were photographed Thursday afternoon.

—The pennant waves from the armory of Company B.

—The admirers of that Boston team are fast-fading myths.

—"Ray" shone amid the crowd like the moon among the stars.

—"Reddy" gives no small promise of future pre-eminence in the "box."

—Keating's umpiring was the feature of the Minim championship game.

—To say that the Juniors are proud of their pennant would be putting it mild.

—All the boys were glad to see their old friend George Myers, of Dubuque, Iowa.

—Time from "now to Commencement" is short, but we are open for donations until the last day.

—The second Senior championship game will be played, the weather permitting, to-morrow afternoon.

—The lake presented a holiday appearance last Monday with its numerous and gaily decorated craft.

—Many seem to think that there is a lack of cuphony in the form in which the Juniors now give the college cheer.

—The astronomy class have been doing a great deal of practical work with the telescope and other astronomical instruments.

—Mrs. Amelia Doss has the thanks of the Minims for decorations that she kindly furnished for St. Edward's Hall for the Jubilee celebration.

—The second special Senior nine requests us to announce that they are prepared to annihilate any team outside of the two first Senior nines.

—The last boat added to the boat club fleet has been christened the "Jubilee." It is the neatest thing which floats on St. Joseph's Lake.

—The second nines in the Minim department played a championship game of ball on the 20th. The "Blues" won by a score of 53 to 52. It took some time to play that game.

—The first nines in the Minims played their second championship game Wednesday afternoon. The "Reds" were victorious by a score of 25 to 15. The clubs have won a game apiece so far.

—The members of the Crescent Club Orchestra covered themselves with glory by the creditable manner in which they rendered their programme of music during the grand banquet.

—Rev. President Walsh brought a very fine picture of the Holy Father for St. Edward's Hall, and, what is still more precious, the Holy Father's special blessing for the Minims and their teachers.

—The solemnity of the festival of Corpus Christi will be observed to-morrow (Sunday). The procession of the Blessed Sacrament will take place immediately after Mass, which will be celebrated at 8 o'clock.

—Magnificent photographic views of Notre Dame and vicinity have been taken by McDonald, of South Bend. Copies have been placed on exhibition in the Students' Office, and have elicited the admiration of all who have seen them.

—The devotions of the month of May closed on Thursday evening with an appropriate instruction by Rev. President Walsh, after which solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. The solemnity of Corpus Christi will be observed to-morrow (Sunday).

—The Junior fourth nine special, and one of the Minim teams have been challenging each other and boasting of their baseball superiority for some time. They finally met on the diamond on the 20th ult., and the Minims were victorious by a score of 26 to 23. The Junior organization is in mourning.

—The Minims were the recipients of Very Rev. Father General's grand pyramidal cake, and, numerous as the princes are this year, each had an ample share of the mammoth cake. The warmest thanks are presented to their royal-hearted patron, the Very Rev. Father General, who lets no occasion pass without showing his marked affection for the Minims.

—Rev. President Walsh brought the Minims some souvenirs from Rome, among them a beautiful engraving, a copy of *Fouvenet's* "Deposition from the Cross," and an exquisitely designed alabaster holy water font for their new Chapel of St. John the Evangelist. The Minims offer the Rev. President their grateful acknowledgments for the much-prized souvenirs.

—On the 20th ult., the "Reds," a South Bend team, were given a neat coat of "whitewash" by the Junior special nine. The features of the game were Stephens' pitching and the all around

playing of the Juniors, in consequence of which the visitors were unable to get a man past second and few got as far as first. Following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
 REDS:—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
 JUNIORS:—1 7 4 1 2 0 0 0 \*—15

—Two hundred years ago, on the 22d of May, 1888, Alexander Pope, "the great moral poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings and of all stages of existence," was born. The bicentenary of this event was celebrated by the members of the class of English composition. Mr. Brelsford read a well-written biographical sketch of the author, and Messrs. Hall, Rhinehard and Master W. Devine delivered appropriate selections from the writings of Pope. The exercises were closed by Professor Edwards who eulogized the poet and urged his hearers to make a study of the writings of the great master.

—The military companies, under command of Col. Wm. Hoynes, participated in the parade in South Bend last Wednesday—memorial day. The boys were to have had the customary place of honor in the procession, but as it was not decided to take part in the exercises until the last moment, they were given another position. However, they presented a better appearance than any organization in line, and won flattering comments from spectators for their manly bearing and true military deportment. After returning from the cemetery the Light Guards and the South Bend company, under command of Capt. Studebaker, drew up in front of the Sheridan House and held a dress parade, Prof. Hoynes acting as Colonel, and Lieut. Stubbs as adjutant. After the parade, the boys broke ranks and took their carriages for the University, where they arrived shortly after seven o'clock, having spent an enjoyable day.

—The floral decorations, for the Golden Jubilee, so much admired by all, were the work of Mr. Charles Treanor of South Bend, and they certainly reflect great credit on that gentleman and on his greenhouse, which is capable of producing such rare specimens of floral wealth. Besides the many elegant bouquets that graced the table of honor, was a ship fully rigged out with masts and sails, consisting of the choicest roses of all varieties, fragrant magnolias, carnations, bonwards, etc. But the banner presented by the princes at the entertainment in the Music Hall, was unique in design and beauty. The ground work was composed of fifty large golden roses, (tea roses) in the centre of which was St. Andrew's Cross formed of red roses. The banner was bordered with white carnations, smilax, and red roses. The presentation was gracefully made by Masters J. Cudahy, C. Connor, and C. McPhee. After the entertainment, the venerable Founder, the hero of the occasion had it placed where he has hundreds of times before deposited such graceful offerings—at the foot of the statue of Our Blessed Lady.

—*The Catholic News*, referring to the recent celebration of the Golden Jubilee of our venerable Father Founder, says: "Among the many gifts to Father Sorin are a magnificent closed carriage and span of jet black horses from the students and members of the lay Faculty; a costly carved white oak pulpit; a hand-made lace alb, which consumed nearly a year and a half in its manufacture; a set of exquisitely embroidered gold vestments and a Brussels lace surplice from St. Mary's Academy; books, paintings, other works of art; and an illustrated copy of THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC printed on vellum and bound in white silk. The latter contains a Jubilee poem offered by Miss Eliza Allen Starr. The members of the community will present their gifts on August 15, when Cardinal Gibbons and many eminent prelates and priests will be present to honor Father Sorin and Notre Dame. On that occasion the great church of the University, with its eighteen altars will be solemnly consecrated, the colossal statue of the Immaculate Conception, the Dome of *Mater Dei* College will be crowned and blessed, and the new Notre Dame consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. Father Sorin's gift to the church in memory of his Jubilee is an antique altar exquisitely carved and decorated with burnished gold. It was made in Rome two hundred years ago by Bernini, a *protege* of Pope Clement XI and secured by Father Sorin when he attended the Golden Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. Gregori, the famous Roman artist, is working hard to complete an immense picture of the exaltation of the Holy Cross, he is painting on the ceiling of the chapel of the Golden Jubilee. The picture is eighty feet by forty six and displays innumerable saints, angels, popes, and bishops. The walls of the chapel are covered with gold and damaskeened to represent a Byzantine drapery of the thirteenth century.

—THE ACADEMY.—The Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas held the last meeting of the year Wednesday evening. Mr. Charles J. Stubbs defended a thesis on moral liberty, and Messrs. P. Burke and L. Chacon were objectors. The disputation was attended by Rev. President Walsh, Rev. Father Morrissey, Col. Hoynes, Prof. J. G. Ewing, Prof. Fearnley and others of the Faculty and a large number of students. Rev. Father Fitte, Director of the association, presided.

Mr. Stubbs' paper was a most excellent one, both as a literary production and a philosophical composition. It appears elsewhere in this paper, so we withhold any criticism.

Mr. Chacon was the first objector, and his objections were certainly strong and well supported. He based the majority of his arguments on the idea of predestination, and tried in other ways to overthrow the thesis. He was ably met, however, and overcome by the defender of the paper. Mr. Burke claimed that man was a mere machine, and irresponsible for his actions. He proposed several interesting questions difficult to



solve. Notwithstanding, his propositions were discussed and totally refuted.

After a short criticism of the debate, Rev. President Walsh complimented those who participated in the discussion and expressed his pleasure at being able to attend the last meeting of the scholastic year. After a few remarks by Col. Hoynes, the Academy adjourned, well satisfied that the closing disputation had been in every way a success.

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### Roll of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Akin, Bowles, Bancroft, Brookfield, Brannick, Beckman, P. Burke, Barrett, J. Burke, Barnes, Beckwith, Bombeck, Ball, Barnard, Blessington, J. Burns, Brewer, Britt, E. Burns, Boland, Craft, Cassidy, Chacon, Cusack, Crane, Craig, Cartier, L. Chute, T. Coady, E. Coady, Cosgrove, Campbell, Dore, Dulaney, Eyanson, Ewing, Fitzharris, Finckh, Fisher, Fehr, Goebel, Gallardo, Geisler, Gibbs, Göke, Griffin, Garfias, Henderson, Heinemann, Hummer, Hughes, E. Howard, Houck, J. Hepburn, M. Howard, Jennings, Keating, J. Kelly, L. Larkin, W. Larkin, Langin, Louisell, McCune, W. McDermott, Mulkern, J. McWilliams, J. McDermott, Major, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, McCart, McAuliff, Melady, Andrew Nicholl, Neill, Norton, R. Newton, Nelson, C. O'Hara, O'Regan, O'Shea, J. O'Donnell, O'Connor, O'Brien, Pollock, Plato, Prudhomme, Prichard, Preston, Parés, Rochford, Rothert, B. Read, Stubbs, J. Sullivan, Short, Suing, Sawkins, H. Smith, Springer, M. Smith, W. Silver, D. Sullivan, Tiernan, Tivnen, Tarrant, M. White, Wilkin, Woodbridge, F. Webb, Wall, Woods, Welch, Wagoner.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Allen, Anfenger, Berry, Bombeck, Bronson, Boyd, Bachrach, Beaudry, Blake, Bolderick, Burger, Brannick, Brown, Brady, Cunningham, Cauthorn, Cooney, Crotty, F. Connors, J. Connors, Ciarcoschi, Case, Chacon, Carney, Chute, Delaney, Daniels, Devine, Darragh, Falvey, C. Fleming, P. Fleming, F. Flynn, Frei, Grossman, Gray, Graham, T. Greene, J. Greene, Gonzales, Gale, Grever, Houlihan, Henry, Howard, R. Healy, Hall, Hampton, Hoerr, Hackett, Hughes, Hake, Hoye, Joselyn, Kinsella, Kutsche, Lane, Lahey, Leonard, Martin, McMahan, John McIntosh, McIvers, McPhee, McGrath, Miner, McKenzie, Mooney, McCartney, Mayer, Monarch, Neef, W. O'Brien, W. P. O'Brien, O'Donnell, Powers, C. Paquette, Prichard, Pecheux, Pfau, M. Quinlan, Rierdon, Reinhard, I. Rose, S. Rose, Rowsey, Riedinger, F. Schillo, C. Schillo, Spalding, Senn, A. Sullivan, R. Sullivan, L. Scherrer, Talbot, Wade, Walsh, Wright, Wilbanks, Wood, Weldon.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayer, Andrews, H. Bachrach, S. Bachrach, A. Bachrach, 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, Cornell, Conn, Carpenter, Campbell, Durand, J. Dunn, F. Dunn, Jesse Dungan, Doss, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Dorsey, Des Gerannes, G. Franche, C. Franche, Flannery, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Ferkel, Grant, Griffin, Greene, Gerber, Goodwillie, Harlan, Hagus, Howard, Halthusen, Haddican, Jaramillo, H. Johns, Kerwin, Kutsche, Kehoe, Keeler, Koester, Keefe, Kinsella, Kane, Kaye, A. Lonergan, H. Lonergan, Lansing, Mooney, H. Marx, Morgenweck, Murphy, McDonnell, Maternes, L. Mayer, G. Mayer, C. McPhee, Mott, J. Marre, A. Marre, Minor, Neef, Neenan, Nichols, Nester, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Perry, L. Paul, C. Paul, Plautz, Parker, Quill, F. Rogers, Ricksecker, Sweet, Savage, Seerey, F. Smith, E. Smith, Stone, Spier, Stephens, Storey, Taft, Toolen, Trujillo, Tomkins, Thornton, W. Williamson, J. Walsh, W. Walsh, A. Witkowsky, S. Witkowsky, Willien, Wilson, Young, Zieman, Zeigler, Hamilton.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Many thanks to Miss Sophie Papin, of St. Louis, Mo., for kind services rendered.

—Miss E. A. Starr spent a few days of last week here, much to the delight of her many friends at St. Mary's.

—Among the jubilee gifts to Very Rev. Father General was an elegant "summer robe," the offering of Mrs. F. Gavan.

—Warm thanks are tendered Chas. Allen, 182 State St., Chicago, for a most generous gift, namely, the gold plating of a ciborium, which this kind friend offered to do for the new church. The work is beautifully done.

—The excellent work done by the *Tribune* Co., in the printing of the beautiful programmes for the Jubilee, and the binding of the *Rosa Mystica*, the type-book and the *Chimes* deserves special recognition, but not more so than their uniform kindness and courtesy towards the institution.

—The closing exercises of the month of May took place on Thursday evening. After the beautiful procession, in which the pupils and religious took part, an appropriate instruction was delivered by Very Rev. Father General. Then the solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given, after which the formal Act of Consecration was read to the Blessed Mother of God.

—Among the visitors on Monday last were: Rev. Fathers Granger, Corby, Fitte, Morrissey, Regan, L'Etourneau, Fallize and Saulnier; Profs. Hoynes, Gregori and Edwards of Notre Dame; Mr. A. Miller, of South Bend; Miss Eliza Allen Starr, Mrs. J. F. Studebaker, Mrs. Hawkins, Aurora, Ill.; Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. P. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Miss L. Fendrich, Evanston, Ill.; Miss L. English, Columbus, Ohio; Miss Alice Gordon, Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. Papin, St. Louis, Mo.

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### The Jubilee Celebration.

Monday the 28th of May was a day of festivities at St. Mary's, for on that day was celebrated the sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of Very Rev. Father General. Gratitude and affection filled all hearts, and incited all to special efforts towards making the occasion a memorable one. The happy faces of the pupils, from the stately graduate to the youngest Minim, bore testimony to the joy with which the day was hailed. The entertainment in honor of St. Mary's venerated Founder was held in the Vocal Hall, which was elegantly decked with flowers and and vines, and under the hands of Mr. C. Treanor was converted into a veritable bower. No-

ticcable among the floral designs were a large cornucopia of mixed roses, and a crown composed of fifty yellow rosebuds, both gifts from the pupils; a handsome floral ship, the offering of Miss M. Rend, of Chicago, and a basket of choice flowers presented by Miss H. Studebaker.

Promptly at three, the exercises opened, and an hour and a half was devoted to vocal and instrumental music, addresses and a little representation by the Juniors and Minims. After the entrance march, Miss N. Kearns very gracefully presented the jubilee offerings prepared, and in a few words, given in a clear, pleasing style, expressed the sentiments of gratitude felt by all the pupils of St. Mary's. The gifts from the Art department consisted of water colors and paintings from nature, beautifully bound, and a magnificent ebony easel supporting a large framework, unique in design, filled in with paintings in oil. The needle-work room was represented by a rich *prie-dieu* of cardinal plush, on which pond lilies were worked in silk. The penmanship and composition classes presented bound copies of *Rosa Mystica* and the *Chimes*, while the classes in short-hand and type-writing were pleased to offer neat little books of essays, poems, etc., in phonography and type. The jubilee offering from the pupils in general were a handsome missae and stand and a set of breviaries, inscribed with Very Rev. Father General's name.

The English, French and German addresses were fitting the glorious occasion, and were well read, as may be inferred from the fact that they were rendered respectively by the Misses Snowhook, Murphy and Horn. "The Rosary of Years" was presented by the Juniors and Minims with much feeling—each little girl represented a year of the golden cycle marked by the Jubilee celebration, and a bead in the rosary of Very Rev. Father General's priestly career. All entered into the spirit of the little play, and deserve credit for the manner in which they acquitted themselves. Miss Margaret Geer gave both prologue and epilogue, and charmed all by her unassuming manners and clear enunciation. The whole closed with an effective tableau of "Our Lady of the Holy Rosary."

The crowning part of the programme was the music, always so prominent a feature at all entertainments given at St. Mary's, the first number of which was a musical greeting, appropriately entitled "Jubilee March." Played by the Misses Horn, Rend, Guise, Murphy, Dillon, and Snowhook, it was more than mere entrance rhythmical sounds; for by the power of music's language is reproduced a suggestive life-sketch of

the past. The military style of the first movement agreed with the firm, noble tread of Very Rev. Father General, now the veteran soldier of "Holy Cross," whose every motion still shows the vigor of youth gracefully mingled with the more matured halo of perseverance. Sounds of a more subdued character formed the second part, framed into intricate phrases, and resolving into restful cadences, likening to obstacles overcome, and trials endured in patient hope. By degrees, the third movement, of a joyous brilliancy, brought the finale to jubilant tones of welcome. The equally elaborate composition at the close of the entertainment was played by Misses Reidinger, Van Horn, Desmond and Horner, whose careful rendition showed their appreciation of the honor of being delegated by the conservatory to represent the greater number of musicians who, from the small sized hall were prevented to add more volume to the greeting of the Musical Department.

Misses Horn and Guise showed their superior technical and æsthetic culture in the rendition of the Mendelssohn "Concerto," playing the same copy on separate pianos, which is far more difficult than a duo or quartette arrangement. Every tone was a "unit," and the demands of expression gave evidence that both pupils possessed a thorough knowledge of the art and science of music.

It was a matter of regret, on account of the rain, the beautiful harp music had to be left out; this was a loss, as the strings always modify the metallic tones of pianos, giving more orchestral effects. Rubenstein's *Barcarolle* had been adapted for the harp, and would have been a feature of skill. But we cannot control the weather; perhaps the coming examination day may prove more favorable.

The Vocal Department held the interest of the audience. Their numbers, from first to last, manifested improvement; the vocal culture giving tone and color throughout, not alone to the artistic solos and sextette, but to the numerous chorus voices. As we shall have another opportunity to hear again this charming department on concert and commencement days, we refer at present to the programme for the names of the young vocalists, and their fine selections, merely remarking that the successful rendition of both instrumental and vocal departments emanated from one source—reverential gratitude to the beloved Founder of St. Mary's.

At the close of the afternoon's programme, Very Rev. Father General expressed his hearty appreciation of their kind efforts, and gave another proof of his interest in St. Mary's pupils

by offering a jubilee gift of money he had that day received, towards laying the corner-stone of an exhibition hall worthy of the institution, in which their music could be heard to better advantage, and in which the many friends of St. Mary's could be accommodated. Professor Hoynes then made a few happy remarks, after which the visitors withdrew to the sweet strains of the retiring March.

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#### Persevering Efforts.

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From their earliest school-days children are taught the all-conquering power of perseverance, and there are few, if any, English-speaking youths who are not familiar with the popular rhyme, "try, try again." This is as it should be, for the lesson therein contained is so important that it cannot be too strongly impressed on the youthful mind.

Many of the failures in life may be attributed to negligence in learning the lesson; and yet if we would achieve anything of importance in life, we must commit this advice to memory and reduce it to practice. Many, particularly those who are yet young, begin work with much energy and zeal, but do not persevere; for example, in undertaking a course of study, we select a science which seems to be just what we desire, and we feel confident of success; but soon the novelty and fascination wear off, and it is abandoned for something more inviting. Efforts in themselves are exertions of force on the part of nature or man, and perseverance implies a continuance of these efforts, though success be uncertain.

He who would be successful must not be surprised if his progress be impeded by obstacles; but if they appear, he must work with renewed energy and endeavor to surmount them; for though he fail repeatedly, he will, it is safe to say, at length accomplish his object. Often, too, these obstacles are only imaginary, as when we set out for a walk, there looms up before us a dark and forbidding object; but if, notwithstanding we go forward, the fact dawns upon us that it is only the shadow of some projecting rock. We will find many of the difficulties that beset our path in life of the same shadowy nature, vanishing as we approach them. Everyone has heard that constant dropping wears away the stone; so will difficulties of the most stubborn nature give way under continued efforts.

When we read of the task undertaken by Demosthenes to overcome his defect of speech, we are inclined to think that he, too, must have learned the lesson of perseverance; and we feel

that such efforts deserved to be crowned with the success that made him one of the greatest of Grecian orators.

Few persons afford a better example of this commendable quality than Columbus. When we meet on the pages of history an account of all the discouragements, the humiliations and the jeers that were his portion during the years which he employed in trying to lay before the monarchs of Europe his plans that led to the discovery of the New World, we cannot help feeling admiration for his courage. But it is not necessary to turn to the pages of history to find an individual who exemplifies this quality, as our own times furnish many.

Edison's career gives encouragement to the faint-hearted, for, though not blest with a fortune, and during the early part of his life only a news boy, yet he has made himself famous by his persevering efforts in experimental science, and the inventor of the telephone and phonograph will not soon be forgotten.

If they who projected the Atlantic cable had abandoned the undertaking on the failure of the first attempt, we would probably be to-day without that important means of communication with Europe. It has been well said that "A brave man will succeed though he be surrounded by forests of difficulties and mountains of work; for he will hew his way through the one, and climb over the other." The question may present itself, in what shall we persevere? And the best answer is, persevere in those studies, or in that occupation for which one has an aptitude, and he will find the end crowned by success. In our studies how often we meet with difficulties of the most formidable nature, yet they can be conquered, in most cases, through repeated efforts. It is evident that success does not depend so much on talent as on perseverance; but the latter must be of a kind not discouraged by difficulties. What gives to the musician the almost magic power over the keys of the piano? Not genius, not talent alone; often the latter, only in a limited degree, but joined with earnest practice, from which labor even the celebrated musicians of the past were not exempt.

Besides the efforts to attain fame, honor and wealth, there is another object that should claim our attention—an object that interests all mankind. We must remember that in the moral world, as well as in that of business, perseverance is necessary, and that all earthly glory will end when that dreaded messenger of death comes to claim his own. If, while striving to obtain that which belongs only to earth, we do not lose sight of our spiritual welfare, but persevere in

leading a good life, we will be ready to receive the crown of eternal life granted to those who persevere to the end.

ELLA REGAN,  
Second Senior Class.

### Roll of Honor.

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

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses Allen, Andree, Arnold, Brady, Balch, Bub, Burton, Barry, Barth, Bloom, Brewer, Boyer, Beschameng, Bourne, Bray, Bates, Blacklock, Beck, Belfield, Bogner, Carmien, Clifford, Claggett, Conners, Clore, E. Coll, M. Coll, Campeau, Compagne, Calkins, C. Dempsey, H. Dempsey, Ducey, M. Desmond, C. Desmond, Davis, Dunkin, Daube, Dority, English, Early, Flannery, Fravel, Fitzpatrick, Fenton, Gavan, Geer, Guise, Gordon, Hummer, Hughes, Hertzog, Hellman, I. Horner, M. Horner, Henke, Hinz, Harlen, Heffron, C. Hurley, C. Hurley, Hillas, Hoffmann, Hutchinson, Hepburn, Hooker, Johnson, Kearns, Kohler, Kron, Keyes, Karnes, Koester, Leonard, Loonie, Lilley, Murphy, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, N. McCarthy, McCormick, McEwen, McNamara, Moore, C. McCarthy, Marsh, Moran, C. McFadden, J. McFadden, Mitchel, Marley, L. Nicholas, E. Nicholas, Neff, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Piper, Papin, Pomeroy, Quill, Quealey, E. Regan, G. Regan, Rend, Riedinger, Richardson, Robinson, Rannels, Reen, Snowhook, Sullivan, Stadler, Sheean, Saviers, Schmauss, Smith, Sloman, Smith, Spier, Studebaker, Trask, Thompson, Van Horn, Van Mourick, M. Voehching, B. Voehching, Wright, Waterbury, Wagner, Wiesenbach, Wehr, Webb, Young, Zahm.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses Balch, Blaine, Burdick, Butler, M. Burns, E. Burns, Campbell, Crane, Churchill, Davis, Dempsey, Dolan, Dreyer, Eby, Farwell, Foster, Fritz, Hake, Hansford, Hagus, Harman, Hull, Hughes, Knauer, Kloth, Lewis, Lauth, Mercer, Miller, McCune, Morse, Newman, G. Papin, Quealey, Reed, Rinehart, Rose, Rogers, Stapleton, Smith, Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

(From the "South Bend Tribune" of May 29.)

"The Good Book says 'the last shall be first;' and we believe that to-day the Very Rev. Father Sorin, in looking back over the three days of celebration in honor of his fiftieth year in the priesthood of his chosen religion, will say that the one which impressed him most was the closing one given by the young lady pupils at St. Mary's Academy yesterday afternoon. He could not doubt the sincerity of 'gratitude's loving offering' in honor of his Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee, as their elegant programmes expressed it, and the shapes in which this offering came were so characteristic of the pupils, teachers and Sisters of St. Mary's, and such a practical exemplification of the resources of the Academy, that in considering the many honors paid him during the three days' celebration, the Superior-General will give the first place in his heart to those who honored him last.

"The offering of St. Mary's pupils took the form of a musical and literary entertainment. Interspersed were gifts, the handiwork of the students, beautiful in their conception and marvellous works of art and ingenuity

in their execution. It was given under the immediate supervision of the Mother Superior in the large music room which was elaborately decorated for the occasion. A net-work of evergreen ropes almost hid the ceiling from view, the green of the cables being relieved by roses fastened here and there among them. In rear of the large easy chair which Father Sorin occupied, on a slightly raised platform, was a bower of roses flanked by a huge cornucopia of Jacqueminots on one side and as fully an elaborate flower piece on the other. But very few invited guests were present, as the large number of pupils and the limited space of room forbade any extended generosity in this respect. Directly in front of the chair of honor, which was the centre of a crescent, was the space reserved for the students, as they participated in the entertainment. . . . After the applause subsided, Miss Kearns made the presentation speech, dwelling feelingly on the loving relations existing between Father Sorin and the pupils of St. Mary's. The gifts were all of a character to show the handiwork of the students. Among them were a large easel holding a group of twelve panels and one landscape picture in oil. These were very artistically arranged. Another was a costly kneeling stool, exquisitely worked and embroidered, as was a foot-rest. Then there were two elegantly bound books of poems in which the recipient has examples of the composition as well as the hand-writing of the pupils, to say nothing of the beautiful illuminations and pictures, the work of their pens and brushes. Indeed, we have not space to mention all of the presents which were heaped in delightful confusion on the table in front of Father Sorin. Even the programme through which he followed the exercises was on several pages of vellum, each page being hand-painted and lettered by some one of the pupils, as were the addresses, etc. In short, we doubt if any man, in a single day, ever received so many costly and exquisite souvenirs as did Father Sorin on this closing afternoon of his Jubilee.

"The musical and literary character of the entertainment was of the highest order, and each number on the programme elicited unqualified applause. Especially was this the case with the singing by Miss Gavan and Miss Murphy, and the "Gypsy Chorus" by the whole class. The addresses in French, German and English were brilliant examples of the thoroughness of the educational facilities at St. Mary's.

"The Juniors and Minims of the institute presented their regards in a beautifully conceived allegory, or rather representation of the years in Father General's sacerdotal life. Each year was represented by one of the girls who recited to the audience a rhymed story of the events of that year. At the close the curtains were dropped and when drawn disclosed to the delighted audience a tableau of which the central figure was a representation of the Blessed Virgin.

"Father Sorin addressed the young ladies at some length. He regretted that St. Mary's was without a larger hall, but assured them that by another year they should have one costing at least \$25,000, and as an earnest of it made a handsome donation on the spot. He was followed by Prof. Hoynes, who made a very felicitous speech. After the exercises, a banquet was given in the large dining hall, which closed the proceedings of a day that will be long remembered by the Superior-General and the pupils of St. Mary's Academy."