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God is Love.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here hath spurned—
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—
Will flash before us out of life's dark night
Like stars amid the gloom of tropic skies.
Then shall we read these mysteries aright,
See griefs (forever fled) as merely guise
To tenderest blessings of a Love most wise.

But ah, not yet! not yet, O burdened heart!
His plans, like choicest blossoms, slow unfold—
We may not tear the close shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal their chalices of gold.
And when, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where sandals loosened, weary feet shall rest,
Then we shall know, then first shall understand,
And midst the joyous multitude of Blest
Shall cry with loving heart, "God knew the best."

B.

The Last King of Granada.

BY E. CHACON, '89.

Eight hundred years had Spain contended with the Moors for the possession of the soil. The crescent, floating proudly over the mosques of Cordova and Granada, defied the Spaniards who, raging like a wounded lion, ill brooked the insult thus inflicted upon them. Brave Spain threw down the gauntlet which the Moors took up; and then began that internecine struggle which earned the name of Titans for the children of the Goths. Chivalry, if it could well court favor in the tourneys and the ball-room, knew better how to wield a lance for home and country. Each year saw new laurels clustering over the banners of Castile; yet each span of land had to be purchased by noblest blood spilled in the struggle. But Spain kept pressing onward until nothing remained of the vast Mohammedan

Empire of the West, save a few solitary kingdoms lulled by the breath of voluptuousness, and blinded by a mockery of religion. We have arrived at that fatal epoch when beautiful Granada, laying down her pomp and prerogatives, had to pass from the roll of nations into silence and oblivion. We have arrived at that epoch when Granada was to be no more; when naught of her was to remain but that formidable castle, the Alhambra, standing like a spectre of the Arabian Knights watching over the grave of Mohammedan greatness.

Turn for a moment to this garden of delights, this hesperian paradise of bliss where nature, prodigal to excess, seemed never tired of pouring out her choicest gifts. Behold the *cream of the West*, Karnalta, sleeping at the foot of the mountains like a nymph from the Nile that seeks the freshening kisses of the morn! Behold the city of a thousand towers crowning the beauty of the Vega that spreads before her like an elysian plain before Olympus! And here, in days of yore, a caliph swayed his imperial sceptre. There, beneath those colonnades of marble, once rang the merry laughter of black-eyed damsels and gallant knights. There where the ivy creeps, now covering the windows of those mansions, once sobbed the moonlight visitor, his lips burning with love and his soul chained to the magic curtain that hid the object of his affections. Oh, how beautiful was the home of Boabdil! And if life is a dream, it surely was a glorious dream for the Moslem people of Spain in the evening of their day! Yet, have we noticed the calm that precedes the storms, before whose appalling majesty the bravest hearts have often quailed? Such was the calm that set upon Granada. She slept, indeed; but to be awakened from her dreams of bliss by the roar of guns from a besieging army.

From the domes of his mansion the astonished caliph saw the Christian arms glittering in the sunshine. He grasped his scimitar in anger, but it fell from his hands, and a deadly paleness tinged his brow. "Whence came that army?" he thought over and over. "Was it the shade of fallen Roderick now come to haunt the Moors' abode? What meant those gallant cavalcades? What meant those heavy bombards on the neighboring hills, ready to pour their molten fury on Granada?" And as he plunged into a deep reverie, the Moorish rabble, flamed into madness by its prophets, rushed to the palace gates threatening to tear the caliph from his throne. The cries of "*Traitor! Tyrant! Slave!*" rang in the monarch's ear like the curse of a nation destined to be fulfilled. . . . Traitor and slave! Was that a dream? Perhaps the king had drunk too much at the libations; perhaps the nectar's fumes now brought to his bewildered mind those poems so gay and festive, but withal so meaningless. Yet those words had stirred an evil thought in his heart; and ere the morning broke once more he swore to teach that mob a lesson!

The next sunset saw the streets red with the people's blood; whilst the Janizaries, true to the king that paid them well, returned exultant from the scene of murder, boasting that they had cut the rebel throats by the score. The civil strife had but begun; aye, begun to end in terrible disasters; for whilst the wave of faction raged furiously within the city, tossing the helpless king to every side, the Spaniards kept hovering about ready to spring upon their victim. Famine set in, and fair Granada, once so charming, once the loveliest spot on earth, was transformed into a rolling carcass over which her children met to plunge their daggers into each other's breasts. The streets were in commotion. The walls were peopled by cadaverous forms gliding against the sapphire sky like fiends from hell; and above the din of battle high rose the shrieks of women and the cry of emaciated children, clamoring for bread. The mosques, the streets, the walls, the very gates, spoke sad tales of misery; and when all was foiled in the dark clouds of war, the Moors, still unconquerable, rushed from their town like panthers seeking for their prey; and as they were just clutching the banners of Castile, fell lifeless, rolling their bloodshot eyes in rage.

Awful were those moments when, like a dying man, Granada thronged around her crescent and, uttering that terrible cry of anguish and despair, *all is over!* bowed down to rise no more! And Granada was no more! Her halls and monuments were spared, but her glory sank to

the grave with her defenders. And well might the exiled king, as he bade farewell to his native land, weep over the misfortunes of his life. Oh, merciful God! No tears were too precious for such a heavy loss! No gold, no riches, could replace the lovely scenes of childhood, for there is no place like home! And, oh, if Boabdil could but return once more to the mansions of his forefathers! But he must go.

Thus Spain was victorious. For the third time in the world's history, Europe repelled the civilization of the East. Greece had once seen the Persian host vanish before her like the mist before the daybreak; Rome had swept back the tide of Carthaginian invasion, and razed Carthage to the ground. But what are these triumphs; what are these glories before the grand triumph of Christendom over the fanatic children of the desert, who, ranging from the bosom of Mecca to the confines of Fez, ventured to leap from Africa to Europe?

But we must pause before we wander further. We must remember that these Moors gave to Europe her modern enterprise. In fact, these same mad Africans and Asiatics; these very children of Mahomet's marauders, revived the beautiful studies of philosophy and rhetoric, once so eagerly pursued by the noblest sages of antiquity. A peculiar inclination of the Moslems to whatever was beautiful and useful, perhaps native to their climate, spontaneously developed into genius, and ere Europe had recovered from the shock of the invasion, the Arabic art shone gorgeously from mosques and palaces, and displayed itself in graceful minarets. Alchemy and astrology later on were purified into astronomy and chemistry. Law and medicine; mathematics and history; music and poetry; all that is noble in the sphere of man, all that is beautiful, flourished again under the Moors as it never had done before since the age of Augustus, aye, since the age of Pericles itself.

But let us return again to the unhappy exile, doomed to die far from the spot he loved so well. Whither has he gone? Must we seek for him in the gay Castilian court disguised under the flatterer's attire? or rather shall we seek for him among the wild mountains of Spain, seated on a mock-throne, trying to keep peace among banditti? No; for a king he was, and he would bear himself with dignity in disgrace! Where was he then? Far on the plains of sunburnt Africa we meet this prince again, no longer a king, no longer the ruler of a gallant nation, but dragging himself from woe to woe seeking to die. Life had no joys for him then. Oh! how

often when the sun went down beneath the western ocean would that unhappy man fall on his knees and weep that he had seen another day! How pensive and inconsolable was he, as he lingered when night came on, beneath the waving palms of the desert, there counting his bitter hours as they slowly passed away.

How sad the change! He once had worn the royal insignia, and at his voice a nation knelt to do him reverence; the Tyrian fleece had been spread beneath him as he lounged in silken hammocks, or slept on graceful couches lulled into dreams by sweetest music. But all had vanished. Instead of music, he heard the dreadful howl of beasts far on the southern plains; for couch he had but rocks; for silk he had but rags; for power he had but woe! Oh, vanity of vanities, and all is vanity! To-day we smile, to-morrow we weep! To-day we laugh amid the galaxy of friends, and when the morrow comes with bitter moments, no one is there to share in our misfortune. Here was this king, now past the prime of greatness, and near to his end, which he must reach, but how, he could not tell. Here was this man still lingering in his agonies of grief, yet bowing down submissively before his God, showing himself a prince unto the end.

But his hour had now come; and, dressed in holiday attire as when he rode to break a lance in festive Spain, proudly he marched in others' service against fierce Morocco. His pristine majesty seemed to return once more, and as he viewed the hostile arms, he grew impatient; his coal-black chargers, too, seemed anxious for the contest. But presently the sound was given, and the horses with one fantastic bound dashed forward to lose themselves beyond the smoking hills. High rose the storm of battle sweeping along the plain like a gigantic sand-spout of Soudan; high rose the clang of arms, broken at times by the groans of the wounded. The hostile bands diverged, returned, and met; they met once more, and when his legion pressed onward, hurrying the shattered hosts before them, and when his men, spurring their steeds, took up the shouts of victory, the exiled king leaped forward, wheeled and fell—a bleeding corpse.

WHAT is courage?

'Tis the spirit of forgiveness
Even though our foes

Pave and strew our mournful pathway
With all human woes;

It is love of Justice—duty—
Their achievement too;

'Tis the marvellous grace of graces,

ALWAYS TO BE TRUE:

This is real courage.

A Ride to Shoshone Falls.

(A *Caballo*.)

BY A. F. Z.

The Snake River of Idaho flows through a boundless lava desert; but at its head waters, near the Yellowstone park, it is surpassingly beautiful. Its waters, cool and clear as the atmosphere, flow merrily along a bed of gravel. Its banks are nowhere marshy, but rounded off with grass and flowers. Pine forests and smiling meadows come down to greet it on either side, and intermingle their fragrance. Wild game of every description abounds; and everywhere in the river and all its tributaries, large or small, trout may be seen shooting through the crystal waters. For generations this has been the home of hunters, and still continues to be. With a sky as clear as the sky of midwinter, an atmosphere at all times cool and exhilarating, it is not surprising that men remain contented for years in this little valley away from civilized life.

Such is the Snake River near its source—gay, friendly and beautiful as youth—but as it enters the appalling desert below, it assumes quite the opposite extreme. It changes gradually to a yellowish green, hides itself between two perpendicular walls, and flows onward sullenly; at places sluggish and almost stagnant, again madly rushing and foaming tremendously, here swift and shallow, there slow and of a depth that almost defies the fathoming line. No cool recesses, no shady groves here, but only the hardiest stunted bushes above which the silent walls burn incessantly.

For miles in every direction nothing is seen but a cheerless plain covered with black volcanic rock and sage bushes. A few desert plants are scattered amongst them, and grass attempts to grow in the spring, but withers and dies when summer comes. Everything speaks of desolation and death; not one tree can be found, not a drop of water, not a single habitation of man. It is true, Idaho contains a wealth of grazing and farming land, but a large portion of the country is now, and always will be, as barren as when at the beginning of this century a band of famished traders passed here in search of the Columbia.

Singularly enough in the midst of this frightful region is found one of the largest and most beautiful waterfalls on the continent. In spite of its location, it is yearly visited by hundreds of tourists; and but for the imagined difficulties of reaching it, might be visited by as many more. A ride, however, across the desert is not always

necessarily a severe undertaking; it may, on the contrary, be made as pleasant as a drive in the city. The only requirements in either case are a smooth road, cool, invigorating air, and good livery.

The Shoshone Falls are situated twenty-six miles south of the station, bearing that name on the Union Pacific road. Starting at day-break, to avoid the sun, you roll quickly over the prairie in an open carriage, enjoying the cool morning air, and arrive about eight o'clock at the brink of the cañon through which flows the river. A descent of two hundred feet down a road cut through the rock leads to the ferry just above the falls. The water at this place moves so slowly as to be scarcely perceptible; yet if by any mishap the boat should drift a short distance it would be inevitably doomed. To prevent any conceivable danger, the ferry is connected with a powerful cable extending across the stream and fastened to the bank on either side. Once across, you are welcomed to an elegant little hotel bordering the falls, and so close that at night all the windows rattle, and the house shakes as if by an earthquake.

We have now made the journey after the usual manner; we might have come also by stage and found it equally agreeable. But there is a more romantic way of travelling in this country which seems to have a special fascination for young people from the East. The youthful reader who in his dreams has so often followed the gallant cowboy flying across the plains, will not condescend to a carriage. Give him the big boots with spurs on, a stiff hat, pistol and belt, a cowboy's horse, and he will get there all right.

Now, this is the height of youthful indiscretion. Young man, beware of the cow-puncher's horse; you can't stand it, you know. Their vertical oscillation is something awful; their saddles are most terribly hard, you know, and they never think of cushioning them. None of the horses in this blasted country seems to know how to amble. They haven't a particle of elasticity in them, and it is always in the opposite direction. If you are really determined you shall ride them by all means, be prudent. Be sure not to forget the leather pants, you know. And I would advise you to have them well cushioned in the rear, because you shall not be able to return in a palace car, you know. Besides, the cushioning is so deuced cheap, you need not mind that for an instant. A patch on the bottom, a pound of cotton lining, and the whole thing is done in a jiffy.

The clearest view of the falls may be obtained from a narrow promontory two yards wide ex-

tending into the basin just before the falls. Standing on this high perpendicular rock which runs sheer down two hundred feet to the water on either side, the whole scene unfolds before you. A profound cañon cut from the solid rock winds onward to the west, and on either side the gigantic stern old walls, still subject to the inexorable elements, crumble and send down their dust through the troubled river to the sea. And the vast flood which above moves so quietly, as if restrained by some mysterious power, suddenly breaking away, sweeps through the opposing rocks growing in violence and rage until with one impetuous surge it leaps the high precipice a foaming avalanche and falls in thunder on the rocks below. The earth trembles with the shock, and the white spray leaps frantically from the dread abyss like affrighted spirits fleeing destruction. It is a battle of contending waters that seethe and struggle without rest, sending up a steaming cloud that veils the raging turmoil, and above this hell of distracted waters bears the heavenly bow which in mid-air hovers over such confusion, such anarchy of strife, calm, beautiful and serene as innocence in a catastrophe, or the soul of a just man in a world of ruin. There is no appearance of water in this foaming cataract, but rather of snow—immaculate fields of snow gliding swiftly, which, as it falls, unfolds and sparkles magnificently. On the north side, where the water is less troubled and voluminous, it resembles the most exquisite lace and fretwork, the whole wall being one mass of gorgeous draperies hung like a thousand frosted veils or the decking of some mighty cathedral altar.

High above this terrible tumult, at a place inaccessible by man or beast, rises a perpendicular naked rock which for generations has been the home and birthplace of the gray mountain eagle. In a rude nest of twigs, exposed to sunshine and storm, the young ones are reared and schooled in their little home of mists and thunder, abandoned for hours by the mother in her long journeys for food; and when at length the feathers appear, and the young adventurers, weary of their long confinement, begin impatiently to flutter and extend their untried wings, the sagacious mother casts them without hesitation from the beetling rock to the mercy of the torrent, and for the first time reveals to them their unconscious power. But a few moments of fear, of struggle, and they are at home on the bosom of the deep aerial ocean; but a few days, and they soar aloft on that sublime career above the waters and plains and mountains, assuming at once their lordly state and dominion in the boundless empire of the clouds.

All about, as far as the eye can reach, above this barren and sun-burnt region, wheel those masters of soaring flight, the eagle and the buzzard, the one rejecting all but the choicest food, the other surveying diligently every square inch for carrion. From the rising to the setting sun they appear riding majestically to and fro upon the unseen coursers of the air, scaling the precipices, diving headlong through the drenching mists of the cataract, sweeping far and wide along the parched desert.

Besides the waterfall there are the numerous caves noted for their deep shade, cool, trickling water, and high, moss-covered walls, which, however, I cannot now describe. Having heard of excellent fishing in the river below, I hastened to procure hook and line, desiring to realize the assurance of catching "half a ton inside of an hour." The hook was bare, and the fish too wary to feed on artificial bait. Moreover, the long, shining red angle worms, so abundant beneath the sod of our eastern meadows, thrive not in the stony soil of the desert. Fish gills and chicken lights were recommended as good bait, but the fish were still playing in the water, and the chickens, where were they? At this juncture a little boy arrives and suggests minnows, frog legs, and grasshoppers, but preferably the latter as they flourish nearest the house.

Now, as in hunting a bear, so in hunting a grasshopper, there be two distinct operations: (1) "hitting" the trail, and (2) capturing the animal. The chasing up may be done by two processes—the active and the passive. By the latter process you lie in ambush somewhere in the shade, and when the little animal passes that way, dispatch him with a long stick. In course of time you are sure to get one in this manner without great exertion. But the chasing up of a grasshopper is most economically effected by means of a long brush which the operator swings before him just as a horse swings his brush behind him. As soon as one is scared up you flail at him until he grows bewildered and surrenders, whereupon you pinch his little cerebellum, to render him more pacific, put him in a bottle and cork up for use.

All this practical science I learned from the young fisherman, some six years old, who also led the expedition. We had not proceeded far when we heard one singing in the distance—singing like a nightingale, pouring forth his little spirit from a sage bush with all the vehemence of impassioned love. Following in the direction of this peculiar siren, across a hill-top, we came to a bush from which the sound appeared to issue; but not being able to see the singer, the

lad gave the bush a violent sweep with his brush.

What an extraordinary hopper! a genuine flier! It arose full fifty yards and started in the direction of the house, and the boy shouted: "Head it off!" A man raised his broad-brimmed hat to strike, as it came to the ground, but missed his aim, and the hopper flew again, but less vigorously and with signs of fatigue. Then we closed about with brush, hat and war-whoop. It continued to hop and fly alternately until exhausted. As it stopped to rest, the boy, wielding his brush like a veteran, dealt it a fatal blow. Half an hour's work yielded fourteen excellent baits.

They are a brownish gray grasshopper. God made them to look like the earth, so a man couldn't find them easy and kill them all off. When they sit on a sage bush, they look so like a leaf, you cannot see them unless guided by their song. They can be found all over, but seem to be especially fond of the sage bush as a roost.

This blessed plant grows all over the great American desert. It seems to be used as a kind of patching to fill out the barren places where no other kind of shrubbery can grow. The hottest sun and coldest winter do not affect it perceptibly. It can grow right out of the bed-rock a hundred miles from water; and when it wants more room, it splits the rock to make place for its roots. It is not a big bush, and makes no pretenses; but where it chooses to grow, it is sure to be king. It is a little scrubby thing, as high as the currant bush, with leaves like the common garden sage, and branches resembling stunted grape vines. It has been compared to a cluster of oak trees in miniature.

I call it a blessed plant because it grows just where it is wanted, and doesn't interfere with other growth, and because it is so valuable to man. In the barren desert, where not even buffalo chips can be found, it serves as fuel to sleep by and cook and drive away mosquitoes. As tea, it is a panacea to the cowboy, and to the hunter a *vade mecum*. It is an infallible remedy for sudden colds, a foe to asthma and consumption, an excellent stomach bitters and general invigorator. I know a man who drank it day and night for mountain fever when no other medicine could be had, and in two weeks effected a permanent cure; and it didn't cost a cent. Like the foss stick, you burn it, and "the smoke make a nice smell, dlive away evil spilits, and make you feelee good."

But this is a digression. I was about to say, when speaking of grasshoppers, that for catching them on an extensive scale there is another method which is much more effective. I learned

it from a farmer at Brighton, Col. We were wandering through his hay field one Sunday, and I asked how much he cut per acre. "Well," he said, "this alfalfa grows very fast, and when the grasshoppers let it alone, we cut three times a summer, and get about six tons per acre. Some seasons the grasshoppers are very bad, and we don't get much more than half a crop; but I've got about square with them this season. I have run the reaper over them three times already. You see, as fast as I reap one crop of them, some more come flying in from the neighbor's fields and the mountains, and it makes blamed hard work. They settle down here by the ditches, and lay their eggs along the banks in little pockets, and when they hatch out they grow so fast and eat so much they kill everything off in no time. The old ones are not so bad."

He then stooped down to examine the egg pockets, and looked up anxiously into the sky, muttering imprecations against them. Then, pointing to a black heap like manure piled along the banks, he continued: "Here you see some of the last crop, and there is the reaper; I got the thing up two years ago, and I find it pays to use it, and it doesn't cost anything to make it. It is nothing but a twelve-foot plank or sheet of galvanized iron with tar spread over it. When I hitch the team to one side and drag it across the field, the grasshoppers fly up in swarms and sit on it. When they get their toes into the tar, they stick fast and can't fly off. The dash board you see on the back is to keep them from flying over the top of the reaper; they *dash* against it and stick there. After crossing the field a few times, they begin to cover the board pretty thick and I shovel them off here in the ditch for manure, then put on more tar and go ahead." I asked him if it would not be advisable to make use of his grasshopper crop to support a large drove of chickens, and he replied: "I don't know but it might for anyone who likes to monkey with such things." This is certainly a labor-saving invention, and I should recommend it to boys who have a preference for grasshopper bait. We were satisfied, however, with a limited supply, as we expected presently to use the delicate parts of the fish.

Now picture a small boy seated on a huge rock before the falls, the mists falling about him in a cloud, the cañon filled with thunder, the monster waves in anger lashing savagely at his feet, and above him the rainbow hovering like a guardian angel. Suddenly he stirs his tiny pole, bends and almost pulls him from the rock. He plants his feet firmly, arises and shouts trium-

phantly, running to shore with arched pole and a white three-pounder swinging in the air.

Near him, on a rock, stands a wise man from the East—a great philosopher and generous fisherman. He has already paid out his sixth grasshopper and taken nothing in return—has not so much as scratched a fish. He asks for the secret of catching them, and is told to pull on the slightest intimation, as they nibble very daintily. Ah, well! He throws in again, and feels a slight tingle on his line; it's a monster! See how his pole bends and he can't land it. The boy eyes him knowingly, and cries: "Hang to it, you've got a big one!" The man pulls and tugs with an expression of the most anxious concern, as if rescuing a human life, but cannot budge it. It is probably a three-ton boulder, and fastened to a bed-rock.

The fish are abundant here, and of the grayling species. Trout can be found above the falls, and sturgeon some miles below. These grow to an enormous size. The hotel keeper reports that one was landed there some months ago which weighed eleven hundred pounds. I did not see it. When he chooses, the little boy can supply the hotel abundantly by a few hours' daily fishing.

Three miles and a half above are the Twin Falls, so called because the waters in their descent are equally divided by a ridge of rock extending along the centre of the stream. Having heard of the surpassing beauty of this spectacle, I determined to visit it, and accordingly, while at supper, left order for a saddle horse. I started at half-past seven, and by hard riding succeeded in reaching at sunset the end of the road, which, however, is half a mile from the river. On nearing the termination of the road I observed what appeared to be a crack in the earth forming a branch of the river, but which, as I approached, expanded into a cañon. The horse walked up unhesitatingly to the very brink of this frightful abyss, then suddenly stopped, trembled and snorted as if suddenly seized with fear. From this position I examined the cañon, and it appeared to be two hundred feet wide, equally as deep, with perpendicular walls, and half a mile in length, opening into the river near the falls. How it was formed so strangely is problematical; but it seems in many respects to be the site of some ancient waterfall. It begins with a perpendicular precipice of clear, smooth stone as if washed and worn by running water, and the bottom of the cañon at this place is much deeper than elsewhere, thus presenting just such an appearance as the channel of any waterfall does when completely dry.

A steep and narrow path running aslant the

wall leads through the cañon to the river; but, owing to the obscurity of the gathering night, it required half an hour to find the falls. They were illuminated by a faint moonlight which rendered them, though not sparkling, yet clear and beautiful and well worth a long journey. The width of the two is less than the single one farther down, and they are said to be one hundred and eighty feet high. There was a fascination therefore in watching them from the precipice just in front, though the scene at this hour is not altogether one of beauty. It is now nine o'clock, and I am alone in this desolate place where the elements have battled for centuries; and this is a grave of nature. No sign of life, no sound save the murmuring of the fretful wind: all is ruin and death; the blind, unfeeling powers are everywhere in the ascendant. They are the universe.

Turning from this apathetic, stern, cold cataract, which now without smile or frown flows on like fate, I leave the light of the river to search my way back through the cañon. This too has totally changed: the blackest shades of night have gathered in, filling the dank air, and the battle-scarred walls stand more heartless and grim than ever Neapolitan prison frowned. This, too, is a grave, or rather a dwelling for reptile tribes and the birds of night which now fly ominously about. What other living thing may haunt the place I know not, for the walls are filled with caverns which may be the home of a deadlier foe than the serpent, and all about the floor of this sepulchral gulf lie, glimmering through the darkness, the bleaching bones of many unfortunate victims.

As I afterwards learned, this place is called the Devil's Correll, and the bones strewn so thickly along the bottom are probably the bones of deer. In the winter, it is said, the deer collect here in vast numbers from the distant mountains; and there being but one entrance, a man, by standing in the pathway, shuts them in and thus has them at his mercy. In this way a certain hunter of the neighborhood has killed scores of them until, to use his own words, he "felt ashamed and quit."

College Gossip.

—Of the fifteen students sent by the Government of Siam to receive professional training in England, four are young women.

—Mrs. Lyman Baker has transferred an estate valued at \$80,000 to Baldwin University of Ohio, and in return the university gives her an annuity.

—Further discussion upon Mr. Gladstone reveals the fact that he was flogged only once at

Eton, for refusing to give away a school-fellow who had got into trouble.

—Dr. Ravelli, the founder of the kindergarten system of education in America, and for many years prominently connected with the work of prison reform, died at Pittsburg, Pa., Tuesday, aged 80.

—The Diocesan Inspector of schools in the archdiocese of Westminster, England, in the course of his annual report to Cardinal Manning, gives the comparative percentages of excellence as follows: Catholic schools, 88.06; board schools, 87.82; Wesleyan, 86.24; British, 85.95; Church of England, 84.39.

—Mr. Oswald Ottendorffer, the editor of the *N. Y. Staats-Zeitung*, has offered the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, whose fine school was burned recently, the free use for a year of his handsome property. There are two large houses, one of stone and one of wood, on the premises which include about thirty-three acres of ground and a large pavilion.

—Bishop Mora, of Los Angeles and Monterey, Cal., has received from the Priemma Company a donation of 160 acres of land at Oceanside—a town 42 miles from San Francisco, which is connected with San Diego by a new railway. The land has been given for the purpose of erecting a Catholic church and college.

—The Misses Drexel, of Philadelphia, have contributed the sum of \$10,000 to the rebuilding of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, N. Y. They but lately gave \$50,000 to the American Catholic University. They are founding an Industrial School in the archdiocese of Philadelphia; they maintain an Indian school in the West; they are most generous contributors to the colored missions, and of their private benefactions there is no end.

—Emulation of their ancestors has been a great stimulus to study for the Greeks of to-day. The new Government had hardly been set up at Athens when a university was established on the German model, and with several German professors in 1837. The university was ready made and fully developed, but few students were prepared to enter it. Since then Greece has delighted in cherishing schools of every kind, but better provision is still made for the higher education than for the intermediate and lower. Free tuition at the university, and the slight expense of the actual necessities of life at Athens have induced many poor Greeks to study law, when they should have been preparing for life as farmers or mechanics. This has unsettled politics somewhat, but has not been an unmixed evil. The university is now one of the largest in the world, with more than three thousand students, of whom at least half are from lands beyond the borders of the kingdom. Most of its professors have pursued studies in Germany or France, and many of them are brilliant and learned men. It has received large gifts; its museums and laboratories are endowed by private generosity.—*Ex.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, September 22, 1888.

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

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains: choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

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

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

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

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

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—The ceremony in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame, Ind., on Sunday last was impressive, elevating, and not without an element of the pathetic. It was the prelude to the departure of the Rev. M. P. Fallize, the Rev. B. J. Roche, and the Rev. F. Bœrres, all of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, to take charge of the mission in Bengal, entrusted to the Congregation by the Holy Father.

One of the most touching and thrilling episodes in the ceremony was the honor paid to these missionaries—who break all ties of kindred and friendship to *teach*, according to the command of their Master—by the Very Rev. Father General. This venerable and venerated priest,—whom the whole country so recently honored, whose praises ring in Europe, and whom Rome loves and commends, to honor whom the scarlet of the Cardinal and the purple of many bishops so recently gleamed in the grounds of Notre Dame,—knelt and kissed the feet of these devoted men, seriously, humbly, piously. It was symbolical of the reverence which we owe to him who literally obeys the highest duty of his vocation.

Father Corby, Father General, and Father Fallize made addresses appropriate to the occasion. Father Sorin accentuated the difference between these devoted men and those who go forth into the East to make money.

Then the choir burst forth with the *Benedictus*,—this after the missionaries had received their

“obediences” from the Father General—the great bell boomed, and the organ pealed forth in a harmony of jubilation which seemed to make the church reverberate. The afternoon sun cast gorgeous reflections on the splendid ornaments of the church, and on Gregori’s masterpieces. And Faculty, students and members of the Community passed from the place with a new sense of the solemnity of duty, and the *reality* of Christian faith.

The “Month’s Mind” of Prof. J. A. Lyons.

Last Thursday morning solemn services were held in the College Church for the repose of the soul of the late lamented Prof. Joseph A. Lyons. The Faculty and students attended in a body to pay a tribute of respect and prayerful thought to the memory of him whom in life they had loved and revered as a friend and benefactor. When the sad event occurred—but four short weeks ago—which removed the genial, gifted Professor from amongst us, the students were scattered far and wide; and though many would have hastened to testify, by their presence at the last sad rites, the universal esteem and affection in which the deceased was held, yet lack of timely notice and other insurmountable obstacles intervened. But that his memory will not be suffered to die is fully borne out by the countless letters received, as well as by the attendance at the services of the “Month’s Mind” on Thursday.

The church was suitably draped in mourning garb. A large catafalque had been erected in the main aisle, just below the vault, formed by the intersection of the nave and transepts. The catafalque consisted of a raised dais, three feet high, with four slender pillars upholding a conical-shaped canopy of sombre serge. Drapery of black cloth, gathered in at the pillars, hung in heavy folds from the canopy to the pavement. On the dais rested the bier covered with a black velvet pall, with a crucifix at the head and lighted tapers at either side.

At eight o’clock, Solemn High Mass was begun by Rev. President Walsh, assisted by Rev. Fathers Morrissey and Regan as deacon and subdeacon. After the last absolution had been pronounced by Rev. Father Walsh, the Rev. Father Hudson, in an eloquent and instructive discourse, addressed the congregation on the tribute which all were assembled to pay to the deceased. He spoke substantially as follows:

In the testament of St. Ephrem, who lived in the fourth century, we find this recommendation: “On my departure from this world accompany me with psalms, think

of me in your prayers, and constantly make oblations for me. When the thirtieth day shall be completed, then again remember me, for the dead are helped by the prayers of the living." Thirty days will soon have passed since we consigned to its last resting-place all that could die of one of the gentlest, most kind-hearted, self-sacrificing men that ever lived. When the solemn service was over, and we returned to our wonted occupations, and the busy hum of life was renewed, we felt deeply the conviction that we had lost a friend the like of whom we should never know again. Keener regrets were never experienced; sorrow more sincere was never felt; tears warmer from the heart were never shed than at the grave of Professor Lyons. At the awful moment of his departure, when his soul heard the dire summons to depart, we knelt at his bedside and accompanied him with psalms and petitions to the throne of Mercy. He has been often in our thoughts and in our prayers, and we have made constant oblations for him. This morning we have reassembled once more to praise him and to pray for him—to praise him, because his memory is in benediction; to pray for him, because the "dead are helped by the prayers of the living."

It was left to one who knew him for a longer time, if not more intimately, to speak of his life and his life work; to enlarge on his devoted service to the Institution with which his name must forever be associated; to indicate his footprints on the pathway of life, and to hold up the example of his noble life; to tell how, by his industry and perseverance, he rose from obscurity to the honored position which he filled for so many years with such credit to himself and such profit to others. Little remains to be said.

The true inspiration of life, we are told, is for a man to live in such a manner that, dying, it may be said of him: the world is better that he existed. In the more than thirty years of Prof. Lyons' career at Notre Dame, scores of students passed under his kindly tutelage, and the circle of his acquaintances, admirers and friends was ever widening. He never lost a friend or made an enemy. In that vast number, I am sure, there was not one that did not receive some favor at his hands, that was not cheered by his spirit and edified by his example. His life was an open book on every page of which might be read lessons of kindness, devotedness and charity. The world is better that he lived, and his life is his best eulogy.

There is a saying, "Old age is sad." The close of a life of sin and of selfishness must indeed be full of remorse; but the waning years of a life well lived, a life of dutifulness and of devotedness is full of peace, and abounds in sweet consolations.

"The grapes now purpling the September vines
Have not grown old:
Not less but more of Heaven's delicious dew
Their clusters hold.

"Thus life well lived can never have in store
A sad old age:
But deeds like words more richly tinted in
On wisdom's page."

Such was the autumn of the life of our beloved friend, and his looking towards sunset was hopeful of the dawn of a glorious day.

It is natural to expect that one who has returned from a toilsome journey should be covered with the dust of travel; it is not to be wondered at if in a long life there should be many lapses from virtue, many derelictions of duty, many faults for which to make atonement; therefore do we pray for the dead that their sojourning in the land of exile may be shortened; that soon they may be purged from the very memory of sin. In the case of him whose "Month's Mind" we are keeping, with what confidence do we pray! How little there must have been to judge in one who was never known to judge anyone harshly! It is written, "Judge not, and you shall not be judged." However, remembering the infinite sanctity of God we continue our supplications.

May he, whose generosity made him poor, whose hands never rested from kindly deeds, who, like the Master, was meek and humble of heart, find riches, rest, and glory on the eternal shore! Eternal rest give unto him, O God, and let perpetual light shine upon him. May he rest in peace!

Resolutions of the Old Students at Chicago.

On the evening of Sunday, September 16, a meeting of former students of Notre Dame was held at the Palmer House, Chicago, when the following resolutions were passed in memory of the late lamented PROF. J. A. LYONS:

"We, former students of the University of Notre Dame, resident in Chicago, hundreds in number, and variously dating connection with our *Alma Mater* since the year 1846, learn with deepest sorrow and with a profound sense of personal affliction of the death of our friend and Professor, JOSEPH A. LYONS.

"In our varied associations with him in class and in society the experience of one is the experience of all. The personification of kindness and unselfishness, the incarnation of charity and benevolence, there is not one of us who cannot and will not bear affectionate witness to his innumerable acts of genuine courtesy, which bound us closer than the mere relations of professor and student.

"His was a life exclusively devoted to the benefit and happiness of others. There was no personal sacrifice so great that he was not willing to make it for the benefit of another. There was no inconvenience to which he would not subject himself to make another happy. He was the spur to our youthful ambition, the consoler in our youthful trials and tribulations, our guide and staff in the mazes and difficulties of collegiate life, our friend and well-wisher always and under all circumstances. Modest and retiring to a degree; yet no man, with all deference to those who have gone before and those who yet sojourn at the University, attained his extended popularity, and made each person with whom he came in contact a life-long personal friend.

"His traits of character were all in the line of well doing. His wonderful patience, his unflinching good nature, his genuine interest in each of us, his never-failing solicitude for our personal welfare have endeared his memory to us, and will never be forgotten so long as recollections last.

"No greater tribute can be paid to the memory of a good man than to say of him, with all the words imply, 'he was the gentlest of men.' Such a tribute and a greater one, if words could only tell it, we would now express in memory of PROF. LYONS.

"Earth is the poorer and heaven the richer for the demise of so good a man. May his soul rest in peace!"

REV. D. A. TIGHE,	M. T. CORBY,
M. M. FOOTE,	D. J. WILE,
H. FITZGIBBONS,	A. J. O'REILLY,
E. HUGHES,	J. CRUMMEY,
A. HEINSTEGER,	JAMES TAYLOR,
W. P. WILSON,	C. CAVAROC,
D. DONAHUE,	G. S. CRILLY,

Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE PHILOPATRIAN SOCIETY.

WHEREAS, On the twenty-second day of August, 1888, it pleased Divine Providence to call to Himself the soul of our beloved President, PROF. JOSEPH A. LYONS;

WHEREAS, By his departure we, the Philopatrians, have lost our founder, and a benefactor, who made it his duty to labor with untiring energy for the best interests of the Society; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That, while bowing humbly to the decrees of our Heavenly Father, convinced that our loss is his gain, we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the many friends of the deceased;

RESOLVED, That we shall frequently remember him in our prayers before the throne of the Almighty;

RESOLVED, That this Association shall place in the church of the University of Notre Dame a marble mural tablet, to perpetuate his memory;

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be suitably inscribed on the records of the Association, and printed in our University paper, THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

M. QUINLAN,	L. MONARCH,
J. MCMAHON,	L. KEHOE,

Committee.

Moral Training.

How often, and in how extravagant terms, do we hear the educational advantages of this country praised. How often do we hear it mentioned that each State contains a number of flourishing colleges, and that there is no reason why anyone having sufficient means may not obtain an education! Yet what are the facts in the case? No doubt, there is but little or no hindrance to anyone who wishes to complete a certain course of studies. But are there many opportunities for a young man to obtain a *complete* education? We think not, unless that training which is very deficient, which, in short, is destitute of one of the most necessary elements of an education, can be called one. Just as a substance, which though it has all the appearance of sugar, yet is not sweet, cannot be called sugar, so a training which lacks the moral element cannot be denominated an education. Now, the great fault of the majority of American institutions of learning is that they do not pay sufficient attention to the moral training of their students. In fact, some of them pay no attention to it at all. Of what benefit is it to any young man to spend several years at college, if he steps forth from his *Alma Mater* not only ignorant of his moral duties, but even utterly indisposed to perform them. He may now be prepared to "make money," to accumulate material wealth, if that is his only object. But is he really fit to undertake the responsibilities of life, either social or political? This question is not difficult to answer; because it is easily seen that the man who was not imbued with correct moral principles while his mind was being developed, but was left to his own discretion at that turning period of his life, is not likely to be influenced by them in maturer age. It is easily seen also that unless he does observe the principles of morality his life is, and deserves to be, a failure. And for this failure, that institution which gave him a deficient training is responsible.

An educational institution which does not carefully guard the moral character of those who attend it, and, as far as circumstances permit, require them to practise diligently their duties towards God, has certainly but little claim to be called more than a school of vice. Its influence must be either positive or negative. There is no middle ground. If its regulations do not enforce the observance of moral obligations, then its manner of controlling students tends to their

moral degradation. Its managers have induced youth to place themselves under their care for the purpose of obtaining instruction; they have withdrawn them from the fostering care of their parents for the avowed purpose of *educating* them. Hence, they are responsible for their *moral* and mental training, and also for the natural consequences that may follow from this training. No declarations to the contrary can absolve them from their obligations in this regard. In the great majority of colleges in this country, the students are subjected to a mere nominal discipline. Now it is well known that in those institutions the students, though they may not be utterly devoid of all the principles of morality, are, for the most part, indifferent as far as religion is concerned. The tendency of an attendance at such places is to confirm those already indifferent in their indifference, and to make those not indifferent vacillating in their faith, and negligent in its practice. In short, such places are seats of irreligion and infidelity. The habits acquired by a student during his college life will, as a general thing, continue with him afterwards, and will exert their beneficial or baneful influence upon all with whom he may come in contact. And since this is the case, it is terrible to see such a great number of institutions imparting Godless education. They are thereby striking at the very foundations of society, and sooner or later the effects of their work will be painfully felt. It is natural for young persons to dislike restraint, and hence they prefer to attend those colleges in which they are watched over the least. In this "enlightened age of progress and refinement," discipline is considered "old fogyish," and strict morality unfashionable. Hence, the restraint and direction of young minds is very limited; but the result of this, though it may not be apparent to us, will be ruinous to future generations. They will reap the bitter harvest springing from the seed we have sown. If we are willing that these consequences shall follow, then let the ruinous system of separating the moral from the mental training be continued. If we do not wish them to follow, then let students receive in our colleges a complete, not a deficient, training. Let them go forth into the world prepared to meet the duties of life. As long as the moral tone of the country remains as it is at present, this will of course be impossible; and we can only await the course of events, knowing in the meantime that those who are the only true directors of the moral education of youth, will not neglect their duty, and that through their efforts many will receive an *education* which can be of practical

benefit, not only in regard to the things of this life, but also to those of the next.

J. T. W.

Personal.

—James E. McBride, '68, is a prominent lawyer at Grand Rapids, Mich.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week was Mr. T. Nester, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

—C. D. Saviers, '86, is meeting with success in the practice of his profession as Attorney-at-Law, Columbus, Ohio.

—The name of Mr. John De Groot was unintentionally omitted last week from the list of seminarians who received the Holy Habit of the Congregation of the Holy Cross on the 15th of August.

—Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the greatest American historian, has promised to visit Notre Dame early in October. All will be delighted to meet in person the distinguished doctor who has charmed and instructed a circle of friends circumscribed by the globe.

—A most welcome visitor to the College last week was the Very Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D. D., '56, of Stratford, Ontario. As it had been impossible for him to attend the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Very Rev. Father General last August, Dr. Kilroy came all the way from Canada to present, in person, his congratulations to the venerable Superior and his old-time President. He visited the many places at Notre Dame made sacred by associations of his student days, and many a pleasant hour was passed in relating reminiscences of persons and events of "auld lang syne." Dr. Kilroy is always assured of a hearty welcome whenever he finds time to visit his *Alma Mater*, and we hope to see him often.

—Rev. Father Roche, the esteemed pastor of St. Vincent's Church, at Academy station, has been selected by his Superior to go, together with Father Fallize, who also has many friends in Fort Wayne, to the foreign missions in India. Father Roche bade farewell last Sunday to the people he has faithfully served for ten years. His congregation was greatly attached to him. The good Father, before coming to St. Vincent's, was seven years among the people to whom he now goes to serve. His journey will be very long, requiring a full month to reach his destination. Leaving Marseilles, France, they sail on by way of Ceylon to Madras, thence to Calcutta. This place contains six hundred thousand people, and contains as little that is interesting to the traveller as could be well imagined. He expects to reach his new home among the rice plantations and Bengalese people some time in October. He leaves after him many friends at St. Vincent's and in Fort Wayne who will hold his memory in benediction.—*Ft. Wayne Sentinel*;

—As we announced last week, Rev. M. P. Fallize, C.S.C., Rev. F. Bœrres, C.S.C., formerly members of the Faculty of the University, and Rev. B. Roche, C.S.C., left on last Sunday night for their new mission in India. Father Fallize has for a number of years been Rector of St. Joseph's Church, South Bend, and from the *Tribune* we extract the following notice of his farewell to the congregation:

"Rev. Father Fallize took formal leave of his congregation at St. Joseph's Church yesterday (Sunday) forenoon at 10.30 o'clock, previous to his departure for his new field of labor in India. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at that hour, with Father Fallize as celebrant, assisted by Fathers Stoffel, Kirsch and Bœrres, of Notre Dame. The church was packed to its fullest capacity, and in honor of the occasion, several societies connected with the church, and other congregations in the city and Mishawaka, were present in full uniform. Among them the St. Joseph Benevolent Society, the St. John the Baptist Society, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Polish Knights of St. Casimer, accompanied by their band, and the Catholic Knights of South Bend and Mishawaka, with St. Joseph's cornet band of the latter place. The demonstration was a creditable one, and worthy of the man in whose honor it was given. Father Fallize delivered a sermon to the large congregation upon the life and character of St. John, during which he was visibly affected, as were the majority of his old parishioners. Father Fallize has done much for St. Joseph's Church. Under his charge, for the past eight years, the congregation has become united, the handsome new church edifice has been constructed, besides two new school houses in connection therewith, several benevolent, charitable and temperance societies have been organized, and the interests of Christianity, sobriety and morality have been greatly advanced in that portion of the city under Father Fallize's jurisdiction, by his active and untiring efforts. It was felt by the Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Order of the Holy Cross, that this zealous and competent young priest should have a wider field of labor; hence he secured his appointment to the important mission of the Church in Bengal, India, together with four assistants: Fathers Fourmond, Bœrres, Fischer and Roche."

Local Items.

—Steam on Tuesday.

—The weather is a little warmer.

—The leaves have begun to turn.

—New students come in every day.

—The Band and Orchestra will soon organize.

—The *barouche* was overloaded one day this week.

—The championship games promise to be exciting.

—Prof. Maurice F. Egan has a large special English class.

—What's the matter with the Commodore? He's all right!

—The Commercial and English departments are enjoying a boom.

—The Academy will give the first of a series of debates in a few days.

—Candidates for boat crews are being duly examined and tested on the lake.

—The members of the Boat Club are under obligations to Prof. Maurice F. Egan for favors received.

—The Lemonnier Library is open every day from 7.30 a. m. until 12 m., and from 1 p. m. until 5.30.

—It is the intention to give an opera on the 13th of October, St. Edward's Day, if time will permit it.

—It should be the aim of every student to have his name appear among those on the "Roll of Honor."

—There is no lack of amusement in the campus, of hard study in the halls, or of work in the class-rooms.

—Many of the students received Holy Communion this morning for the repose of the soul of Professor Lyons.

—Réné V. Papin, of St. Louis, one of the brightest spirits of the Minim department in '84, has returned to college as a Senior.

—The Minim second nines played their first game for championship Thursday afternoon; the *Reds* won by a score of 15 to 18.

—Mr. John Nester—an old student,—of Detroit, Mich., made a pleasant call at the University last Thursday. "Sag" is engaged in the lumber business.

—The temperance society held its first meeting Wednesday evening. A. Larkin was elected President of the Association and H. Woods Secretary.

—The Columbians' society hall has been changed into a temporary study-hall, in order to accommodate the increased number of students in the Senior department.

—The Senior Baseball Association met Thursday afternoon and elected J. E. Cusack Captain of the special nine, and A. Leonard and M. Kerwin Captains of the second nine.

—The Football Association will reorganize soon. Notre Dame holds the championship of Indiana, and would like to hear from any team that wishes to dispute the claim.

—The Department of Practical Mechanics is in good running order. A visit at almost any time of the day will reveal a party of youthful mechanics as busy as nailers.

—Visitors are always welcome to the College. Bro. Francis Regis is unfailling in his attentions to them, and is only too happy to show and explain all there is to be seen about the place.

—Remember the box in the students' office is for communications to the SCHOLASTIC. Don't fail to patronize it. Let us have all the local news, personals, etc. We never have too much.

—The members of the graduating class are occupying rooms in the main building, awaiting the completion of Sorin Hall. Work is being pushed rapidly forward on the latter structure.

—THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC comes to us again, and seems fuller than ever of good things. The SCHOLASTIC is one of the very best Catholic college journals of which we know.—*Boston Republic*.

—The Senior Military organization met Sat-

urday evening and elected several new members. Mr. J. E. Cusack, who has captained Company "A" for two years, will once more assume command. Drilling will be resumed in a few days.

—The St. Cecilia Society and the Philoparians have been reorganized. In honor of their late beloved President, they have determined to perpetuate his memory by maintaining the standard of excellence to which he had raised their associations.

—St. Edward's Day, which comes the 13th of next month, is Notre Dame's annual field day. The contests in field sports are open to all, and it is to be hoped all the athlètes will take advantage of the opportunity to display their prowess and muscular ability.

—The Minim first nines played their first game for the championship on Thursday afternoon. The game was closely contested, and some fine playing was done on both sides. The *Blues* carried off the honors by a score of 11 to 13. Time of game, 2 hours and 15 minutes. S. Collins, umpire.

—A delegation from Notre Dame will start for St. Paul next week to be present at the formal conferring of the pallium on the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland. It will be remembered that the material reception of the pallium and its presentation—through the kind offices of Bishop Keane—took place while his Grace was here attending the Jubilee celebration on the 15th of August.

—The Director of the Bishops' Memorial Hall, has received from Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, a handsome life-size crayon portrait of the worthy successor of the saintly Bishop Rappe. The picture is surrounded by an elegant bronze frame of unique design. This gift is another proof of Bishop Gilmour's love for Notre Dame. It has often been said that our University has no warmer or truer friend than the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Cleveland.

—Gregori's paintings on the ceiling of the large chapel in the church are admired by all. The subject is: "The Exaltation of the Holy Cross." The principal figures are: St. Helena, St. Macarius, St. John the Baptist, St. Paul, St. Francis of Assisium, King David, Moses, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Jerome, St. Patrick, Adam and Eve, St. Dominic, etc. In the centre is represented the Holy Cross carried by angels. The whole group of paintings contains 70 figures.

—The Notre Dame Total Abstinence Union was reorganized Wednesday evening, and the following officers were elected: Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C.; President, A. Larkin; Vice-President, J. B. Sullivan; Recording Secretary, A. E. O'Flaherty; Corresponding Secretary, O. Woods; Treasurer, W. Cartier.

Regular meetings will be held every two weeks, beginning Sunday, September 23, at which time there will be a debate on the subject, "Are Temperance Societies a Benefit?"

—At a special meeting of the Minim Base-

ball Association, held Wednesday evening, the following boys were chosen for the second nines: Masters F. Parker and E. Lansing Captains. *Reds*—F. Parker, Captain, with P. Stephens, S. Witkowsky, W. Foster, H. Mooney, G. Livingston, C. Franche, E. Dorsey, and E. Elkin. *Blues*—E. Lansing, Captain, with A. Seidensticker, I. Gregg, E. Falvey, H. Plautz, R. Webb, J. Marre, C. McDonnell, A. Green; R. Hinds and W. Durand were chosen Captains of third nines.

—The people of Notre Dame have just issued from the SCHOLASTIC press the sermon preached by Archbishop Ireland at the Golden Jubilee celebration of Father Sorin. Having heard that sermon from the mouth of the eloquent Archbishop himself, and having carefully read it since, we are in a position to know how valuable a service the people of Notre Dame perform in putting it into this neat and convenient shape. We repeat what we said when we printed it two weeks ago: It is very healthy reading for Catholic Americans.—*Michigan Catholic*.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane has given Professor Edwards for the Bishops' Memorial Hall the manuscript containing the first draft of the statutes of the Catholic University of America, written at Notre Dame, Ind., August, 1888. The manuscript bears testimony to the painstaking care which the learned Bishop employed in the preparation of the work. It will also remain a precious souvenir of one of the most delightful visits with which Notre Dame was ever favored. The good Bishop won the hearts of all—next to the venerable Founder of the University, no one has warmer friends at Notre Dame.

—The Columbian Literary and Dramatic Association met and reorganized on the evening of Wednesday last, under the presidency of the Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C. The election of officers resulted as follows: 1st Vice-President, J. B. Sullivan; 2d Vice-President, E. C. Prudhomme; Recording Secretary, J. H. Mithen; Corresponding Secretary, E. Kehoe; Treasurer, E. Sawkins; 1st Censor, E. Melady; 2d Censor, W. J. Morrison.

After the election of officers the time of the meeting was taken up by the Rev. President, who made a few appropriate remarks in regard to the lately deceased Prof. Joseph A. Lyons. He spoke feelingly of his zealous interest in the Columbian Society, and of his many virtues as a man.

—Hon. Judge Hyde, of the *Michigan Catholic*, has presented to the Historical Department of the University the copy of Daniel O'Connell's "Memoir on Ireland" which the Liberator himself presented to Right Rev. Dr. Blake, Bishop of Dromore. It was discovered in an old book stall in Warrenpoint, Ireland, in July, 1875, by Hon. Isaac Marston, now of Detroit, Mich., then the Chief Justice of the Michigan Supreme Court, and purchased by him. Judge Marston presented it to Judge Hyde, now of Detroit. O'Connell intended the "Memoir" to be a two-volume work, bringing the recital down to the date of

the Catholic Emancipation; but the closing years of his life became too busy, and the infirmity of old age came on too rapidly. On the fly-leaf of the book is the following, in the handwriting of the great Emancipator: "Respectfully and affectionately inscribed to his ever venerated friend, the Right Rev. Dr. Blake, Lord Bishop of Dromore, by Daniel O'Connell, M. P., 15th February, 1843."

—ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE, AUSTIN, TEXAS:—The interesting and impressive ceremony of laying the corner-stone to the new building of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, was observed on the beautiful festival of the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, Sunday, Sept. 16, the President of the flourishing institution—Rev. Father Hurth, C. S. C.,—performing the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Fathers T. Maher, J. Scheier, Peter Lauth, Rector of St. Mary's Church, and Michael Lauth, C. S. C. His Excellency Gov. Ross, and his private secretary, Hon. Henry M. Holmes, with the *élite* of the city, were present. The oration was delivered in an eloquent and masterly style, by Hon. John More, Secretary of State. The speech was a noble tribute to Catholic education. The stone is of exquisite polished Texan granite, and at the close of the ceremony a magnificent cross of the rarest tropical flowers from the artistic grounds of St. Mary's Academy was laid upon the memorable depository: also a heart in tube-roses and immortelles, in honor of the Feast—a fitting offering from the first Academy in the South, to the promising college which has won the confidence and esteem of the best minds of the day.

—Accessions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall: Pamphlets relating to Mexico and New Mexico, presented by Father Burns. "Historical Sketch of the Catholic Church in New Mexico," by the Very Rev. James H. Defouri, presented by S. M. Burke. Green silk sandals owned by Bishop A. M. A. Blanchet, presented by F. X. Reuss. Four autograph letters of American prelates, presented by William J. Onahan, LL. D. Curious old brass crucifix and relic of St. Philomena, owned by one of the early missionaries of the West, presented by a friend. Two letters written by Monsignor D'Hulst, presented by Father Walsh. Breviary, printed in 1756, with autograph of its former owner the Jesuit missionary, Father Dumerle, from Calvin Noyes. Rare lithograph of Very Rev. Gabriel Richard, published in 1832; picture of the first St. Ann's Church, of Detroit; one hundred and thirty-one original letters written by early missionaries of Michigan and Indiana, presented by Rev. Father L'Etourneau. Interesting manuscript relating to the history of North Carolina, presented by Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane. Original daguerreotype from which was taken the lithograph of Rt. Rev. Bishop Gartland; life-size oil-painting of Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, handsomely framed in bronze and gold; thirty-two volumes of the *Catholic Weekly Register* of London, presented by the Rev. Paulist Fathers of New York,

Five letters written by Most Rev. Archbishop Carroll, presented by a devoted friend in Washington. Fifty-seven page manuscript life of Rt. Rev. Bishop Lavielle, presented by Right Rev. Abbot Benedict. Mitre of gold cloth, embroidered with colored silks and set with gems, used by the second Bishop of Hartford; red velvet sandals embroidered with gold owned by the fourth Bishop of Hartford; original manuscript of sermon preached by the first Bishop of Hartford, presented by Rev. Dr. Shahan.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

C. Amador, A. Adams, I. Bunker, E. P. Bassford, J. Bombeck, J. Brennan, J. Bretz, J. Burns, J. Bancroft, E. Brookfield, C. Burger, E. Blessington, W. Bruggemann, H. Barnes, F. Brown, J. Becker, D. Brewer, N. Beckwith, J. Brennan, H. Carroll, C. Cavanagh, E. Conway, H. Crabb, M. Cassidy, J. Crooker, J. Cooney, S. Campbell, E. Chacon, G. Cooke, J. Cooke, Jno. Cusack, Jos. Cusack, W. Cullen, D. Cartier, E. Casey, H. Draper, M. Dore, C. Dacy, J. Delaney, T. Darragh, G. Eyanon, J. Foster, W. Fisk, R. Fleming, J. Fleming, R. Ferry, A. Finckh, J. Grange, M. Göke, T. Goebel, Jno. Giblin, Jos. Giblin, J. Gallardo, J. Hepburn, W. Healy, F. Hagen, W. Hayes, W. Hacket, L. Hacket, L. Hermann, M. Howard, P. Hempler, W. Hill, E. Hoover, H. Higgins, S. Hummer, J. Jennings, O. Jackson, A. Karasynski, J. Kinsella, E. Kehoe, E. Larkin, L. Long, P. Larpenter, F. Lane, W. Lahey, J. Lozana, A. Leonard, A. Larkin, J. Lappin, F. Long, R. McNally, H. Murphy, M. Maloney, H. McAllister, J. Mackey, O. McHenry, Jno. McCarthy, F. Mattes, F. Madden, J. McAuliff, J. F. McCarthy, C. McGinnty, W. Larkin, T. McKeon, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, K. Newton, A. O'Flaherty, E. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, J. O'Shea, J. O'Connor, V. McGuire, Albert Nichol, F. Powers, H. Prichard, H. Porter, R. Pollock, E. Prudhomme, B. Read, H. Robinson, M. Reynolds, D. Reedy, W. Roberts, J. Richardson, B. Patterson, J. McWilliams, E. Stewart, J. Schmitz, R. Sullivan, E. Stanfield, H. Steiger, E. Sawkins, F. Springer, J. B. Sullivan, J. Toner, W. Tiernan, D. Tewksbury, R. Velasco, P. Wagoner, H. Wise, H. Woods, W. Welsh, J. Welch, F. Youngermann, E. Zeitler, R. Zeller, R. Papin, P. O'Donnell.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. Adelsperger, J. Allen, W. Allen, H. Aarons, E. Adams, H. Bronson, E. Berry, C. Bombeck, W. Bates, U. Beaudry, J. Brady, R. Boyd, W. Baily, J. Bradley, E. Battes, W. Bearinger, W. Brown, G. Coulter, T. Cleary, J. Cunningham, S. Cleary, E. Crandall, J. Connors, E. Connors, F. Connors, S. Ciarcoschi, R. Case, W. Covert, J. Connolly, L. Chacon, E. Campbell, S. Collins, H. Cauthorn, R. Clendenin, F. Chute, N. Davis, H. Des Garennes, E. Du Brul, O. Du Brul, W. Devine, A. Devine, N. D'Arcy, L. Dempsey, A. Daniels, J. Duffield, C. Erwin, J. Ernest, G. Elder, J. Flannigan, C. Fitzgerald, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, P. Fleming, S. Fleming, G. Frei, T. Foley, R. Garrabrant, J. Green, J. Girsch, W. Galland, J. Healy, R. Healy, P. Healy, A. Heller, B. Hesse, F. Heintzen, E. Howard, C. Hinkley, F. Hanrahan, L. Hoerr, W. Halzhusen, W. Hartman, E. Hughes, M. Hannin, P. Hague, P. Houlihan, O. Ibold, R. Irwin, W. Johnston, G. Jackson, E. Jewett, T. Johns, F. Krembs, J. King, A. Kutsche, W. Kutsche, L. Kehoe, F. Kellner, G. Lamon, M. Louisell, J. Moncada, E. Maurus, T. Mahon, W. Maher, E. Merkle, L. Monarch, J. Malone, A. Mayer, E. Morrison, C. Mooney, J. Mooney, W. McDonnell, J. McCartney, J. McDonough, J. McGrath, J. McMahon, E. McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, R. McCarthy, W. McPhee, J. McNulty, G. Monaghan, J. Nockles, F. Neef, A. Neef, A. Nester, W. O'Neill, G. O'Brien, P. O'Brien, J. O'Mara, C. Paquett, P.

Populorum, H. Pecheux, F. Prichard, F. Peck, J. Peck, R. Palmer, F. Powers, M. Quinlan, I. Rose, S. Rose, A. Roth, E. Roth, J. Reinhard, L. Reidinger, W. Rowsey, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, F. Sheehan, E. Schultze, W. Stanton, C. Sullivan, R. Spalding, L. Sutter, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, E. Savage, C. Shear, J. Talbot, F. Toolen, J. Wright, J. Walsh, A. Welch, G. Weitzel, F. Wile, R. Weldon, W. Williamson, P. Wood, W. Willien.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

F. Ackerman, S. Blake, J. Barbour, R. Ball, S. Bruel, T. Burns, F. Bearinger, H. Connolly, F. Cornell, W. Creedon, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, C. Connor, W. Connor, W. Crandall, L. Downing, W. Durand, W. Du Quesne, F. Dunn, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, E. Dorsey, M. Elkin, E. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, E. Fonquet, G. Franche, C. Franche, T. Finnerty, E. Falvey, W. Foster, C. Grant, A. Greene, D. Goodwillie, I. Gregg, F. Goodman, H. Hendry, J. Hagus, W. Hamilton, R. Hinds, E. Hedenbergh, J. Haddican, H. Johns, J. Kane, C. Kroolman, R. Kirk, S. Keeler, C. Koester, V. Kehoe, M. Levi, G. Livingston, H. Londoner, A. Lonergan, J. Marre, A. Marre, J. Maternes, H. Marx, L. Minor, A. Mattas, C. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, S. McGuire, H. Mooney, H. Montague, W. Nichols, T. Neenan, J. O'Neill, H. Oppenheimer, H. Plautz, F. Parker, L. Paul, C. Paul, D. Ricksecker, F. Roberts, J. Seerey, A. Seidensticker, L. Stone, P. Stephens, G. Stineman, F. Toolen, P. Trujillo, S. Witkowskey, F. Webb, F. Weaver, V. Washburne, B. Bates, J. Wilcox, C. Kaye.

Prof. Joseph A. Lyons.

It is with sincere regret that we announce the death of Prof. Joseph A. Lyons, of Notre Dame University. He was able and energetic, and his work was highly appreciated. At the great gathering there on the recent occasion of Father Sorin's Golden Jubilee he was the one missing person. His illness was then such as to prevent his taking part in the festivities. Many were the inquiries made for him, and all were saddened to know he was too ill to be seen; but few thought his prostration would terminate fatally. He has been a member of the Faculty of the University for nearly thirty years, and was fifty-one years of age at his death. He was a splendid example of the true teacher, devoting his whole time and thought to it, and loving it with an ardor that prevented him from turning aside from it to vocations in which his abilities would have brought him greater wealth and greater worldly fame. Though dead, he will live in the annals of Notre Dame, and in the lives of hundreds of great minds which he burnished into lasting beauty and wrought until they were strong for all endeavor. He wrote several literary works and prepared many textbooks that gave satisfaction in the school-room. The *Scholastic Annual*, which for the past thirteen years has pleased and instructed all who read it, was also the result of his enterprise and literary taste. A favorite motto with him was that truth of Lacordaire: "Work is the key to eloquence and knowledge, as well as to virtue," and right effectually did he keep that key bright by constant use. In him we have an illustration of why the Catholic institutions of learning in which such men abound are so eminently successful. May he rest in peace!—*New Record*.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Sincere thanks are extended to the Misses B. Snowhook and M. Smith for some choice cut flowers.

—Homesickness is fast disappearing; tears seem to have frozen during the cold snap of last week, for none are to be seen now.

—Mrs. T. B. Cummings, of Omaha, Neb., is spending a few days at St. Mary's; Mrs. Papin and Miss Sophie Papin are also very welcome visitors.

—The number of music pupils is so great that new instruments will have to be procured. "The more, the merrier," whether of pupils or pianos.

—The large room used last year as a trunk-room, has been newly floored, papered and painted, and is now a recreation hall for the Seniors.

—St. Angela's officers are as follows: President, Miss S. Brewer; Vice-President, Miss B. Webb; Secretary, Miss H. Studebaker; Treasurer, Miss E. Lewis.

—On Sunday, the Feast of the Seven Dolors, Very Rev. Father General celebrated Solemn High Mass, assisted by Rev. Fathers L'Etourneau and Saulnier. Mercadante's Mass was well rendered by the choir.

—St. Catherine's Society made choice of Miss C. Hurley, for President; Miss T. Horner, Vice-President; Miss L. Bloom, Secretary, and Miss M. Geer, Treasurer. The "Life of Scott" was begun by Miss T. Balch.

—The Juniors have one of the most interesting societies, and St. Agnes is their patroness. Miss S. Dempsey, President; Miss A. Thirds, Vice-President; Miss L. Dolan, Secretary, and M. Rinehart, Treasurer.

—On Tuesday evening the literary societies were organized for the year. St. Teresa's, composed of the members of the Graduating and first Senior classes, elected the following officers: President, Miss L. Van Horn; Vice-President, Miss C. Dempsey; Secretary, Miss A. Donnelly; Treasurer, Miss S. Campeau; Librarian, Miss E. Balch. Bishop Ireland's oration at the Ohio centennial was the reading chosen.

—The first reading of the points was held in the study-hall last Monday, Very Rev. Father General presiding; Rev. Fathers Zahm and Saulnier were present. Miss Lulu McNamara read "How the *Stabat Mater* was written" in a clear, distinct tone, and gave a special charm to her reading by her modest bearing. Little Mary Louis McHugh recited a poem entitled "They Didn't Think," by Alice Carey. Her first appearance was quite a success for so small an elocutionist.

—All are looking forward eagerly to the 27th inst., as that is the day assigned for Prof. M. F. Egan's lecture—the first of a series to extend through the scholastic year. Mr. Egan's reputation precludes doubt as to the treat in store, and all are fully sensible of the advantages arising from lectures on literary subjects from one so well fitted to instruct. His position in the world of letters is too well known to need comment; suffice it to say that the young ladies should congratulate themselves on this golden opportunity.

—The Society of the Children of Mary was reorganized last week. The 8th of December is the day on which officers are usually elected; but the following young ladies were appointed to fill the offices until that day: President, Miss A. Donnelly; Vice-President, Miss L. Meehan; Secretary, Miss M. Clifford; Treasurer, Miss C. Moran; Librarian, Miss A. Reidinger; Sacristan, Miss E. Coll. On Monday morning, Very Rev. Father General gave the first of his weekly instructions to the sodalists; his subject was the feast of the day previous, namely, the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin.

—Among the visitors to St. Mary's during the past two weeks were: Rev. E. B. Kilroy, Stratford, Ontario; Rev. W. Kroeger, Elkhart; Rev. A. M. Quatman, Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. Piper, L. Anson, Miss N. Burdick, T. Moore, H. Erwin, Mr. and Mrs. M. Wade, Mrs. P. T. Barry, Mrs. W. G. Carney, W. Hoffmann, D. A. Dasso, Mrs. P. Nacey, Mrs. C. Nelson, Mrs. E. Guinea, E. Grace, T. H. Gaynor, Mrs. G. H. Thayer, Mrs. D. F. Keeney, O. F. Hormes, Mrs. G. W. Thacher, Mrs. A. W. Longley, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kaspar, Mrs. C. Billigman, Mrs. E. Schoelkopf, P. H. Linneen, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cooke, Miss J. Butts, Mr. and Mrs. P. Cavanagh, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. H. Currier, Almont, Mich.; J. L. Miner, Red Cloud, Neb.; Mrs. G. E. Clarke, Algona, Iowa; J. W. Cooper, Hyde Park, Ill.; Mrs. D. Churchill, Three Oaks, Mich.; Dr. and Mrs. L. W. Baker, Buchanan, Mich.; F. Ahlrichs, Cullmann, Ala.; G. M. Webb, Peru, Ind.; J. B. Dorsey, Frostburg, Ind.; Mrs. H. Crandell, Englewood, Ill.; M. Ledwith, Wapella, Ill.; Mrs. W. T. Johnson, Oak Park, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. W. Zinn, Dubuque, Iowa; Mrs. M. Clifford, Delphi, Ind.; C. Voehching, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. W. C. Gibson, Booneville, Mo.; Mrs. A. E. Schrock, Goshen, Ind.; Mrs. L. Campbell, El Paso, Texas; Mrs. E. Hammond, Rensselaer, Ind.; Mrs. M. Hertzog, Ambrose Hertzog, Mrs. J. A. Prudhomme, Natchitoches, La.; W. H. Barron, Shannon, Ill.; Miss M. Tobin, New York; Mr. and Mrs. R. Downing, Kearney, Neb.; Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Ausbach, Clarinda, Iowa; V. Slessinger, J. Koepflinger, East Saginaw, Mich.; Mrs. K. L. Johns, Mr. and Mrs. J. Marks, Seoux City; Mrs. J. H. Griffith, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. T. Nester, Marquette, Mich.; Mrs. A. P. Cleveland, Kalamazoo, Mich.; J. Bub, H. Wehr, E. W. Andree, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. A. Gordon, Elkhart, Ind.; C. O. Patier, Cairo, Ill.; Mrs. C. Hall, Laporte, Ind.

"Well Begun is Half Done."

How often do we not hear as the cause assigned for failure: "He did not start out right!" And yet how few there are, particularly among young people, who realize the importance of beginning well. All around us do we find evidences of earnest efforts in youth crowned with success, and of half work in early life meeting in maturer years with disappointment and failure.

The farmer chooses the best seed to insure a good result: he watches the early growth of his crops; he examines the fruit buds in his orchard anxiously; the spring of the year tells him what he may expect when the harvest time comes. The telegraph carries far and wide expectations regarding produce, and wise business men buy and sell, basing their operations on "good beginnings."

The well-being of society depends upon the training given in youth; "the boy is father to the man," and in proportion as the good is developed and noble principles inculcated, in so far will the man be good and noble, and the world made better. If a spirit of reverence and respect for authority be thoroughly instilled into a young mind, never will it be found on the side of lawlessness and insubordination. Hence it is that far-seeing persons predict sad times in the no distant future, when the youth of to-day shall have become men, and the effects of godless education shall be felt in the land.

School essays, however, should bear on school life; and upon reflection we find that no motto is more important to a pupil than the one under consideration. "Well begun is half done" holds good of each day in particular, as well as the whole scholastic year.

An energetic student appreciates the fact that the morning is golden, and rises early; she enters into her studies with a determination to master the branches mapped out for her; first principles, she knows, are all-important, so she goes immediately to the roots of things, and thus lays the foundations of a thorough education.

On the opening of the scholastic year she resolves to accomplish the end for which she left home and dear ones; she misses them sorely, and feels the deprivation of home comforts; but, bravely surmounting obstacles, she carries off the crown of victory symbolized by the "crown of honor" awarded on commencement day.

On the other hand, she whose motto is "All's

well that ends well," begins in a half-hearted way; studies carelessly, goes to class and manages to recite enough to escape a severe reprimand, and ends by acquiring a superficial education. The end of the year is so far off that she fails to think of it until too late to save her rewards, and contents herself with a "second honor." Which will make the best woman?

There are, of course, instances where fortune has favored those whose early efforts were anything but promising; and yet there is an element of pleasure wanting in the enjoyment of their success—namely, the happiness that always accompanies earnest striving after any good, which enhances the value of anything attained a hundredfold, and which leaves a sweet peace of mind, even if expectations do not become realities.

In all walks of life, then, and in the pursuance of any undertaking, spiritual or temporal, a good beginning is a guarantee of success; and, according to the old saying, also lightens the labor to be accomplished; for, "well begun is half done."

ERNA BALCH (*Class '89*).

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment, and exact observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Arnold, Andree, Ausbach, Anson, Ash, E. Balch, Bub, Barry, Bates, T. Balch, Burton, Bloom, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Brewer, Barron, Bush, Clifford, E. Coll, Campeau, Cleveland, Currier, Caren, Campagne, Clarke, M. Coll, Cohen, Clore, Connell, Crabbe, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, Dority, D. Davis, Dorsey, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fox, Fursman, Guise, Gordon, L. Griffith, Geer, Gracc, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hillas, Hughes, Hamilton, Hepburn, Hagus, Harnes, Irwin, Johnson, Jungblut, Kingsbury, C. Keency, A. Keeney, Koepplinger, Koopman, Linneen, Ledwith, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, Miner, C. Morse, McCarthy, Mercer, H. Nester, L. Nester, Nacey, Nelson, Norton, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Piper, Paul, Quill, C. Quealey, Reidinger, A. Regan, Roberts, Robinson, Rentfrow, M. Smith, Slesinger, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Shrock, Thayer, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Van Riper, M. Voechting, B. Voechting, Webb, Wehr, Waterbury, Zahm, M. Beck, C. Beck, Daube, Lewis, Simpson, Woxall.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Bloom, E. Burns, M. Burns, Burdick, Burchard, Campbell, Churchill, A. Cooper, E. Cooper, Cooke, N. Davis, M. Davis, Dexter, Dreyer, Dempsey, Dolan, Ernest, Flitner, Farwell, Göke, Griffith, Hansford, Hull, L. Johns, Kahn, Kaspar, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, McHugh, Miller, McPhee, Northam, O'Mara, G. Papin, Patrick, Pugsley, Penburthy, Patier, E. Quealey, Regan, Rose, Rowley, Rinehart, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Scherrer, Sweeney, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Thirids, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg, Reeves.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Burns, Crandell, Davis, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Papin, Palmer, S. Smith, N. Smith, Scherrer.