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Chaucer;*

SOME GLIMPSES OF HIS TIME, HIS LIFE AND HIS FRIENDS.

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I have chosen Chaucer as the subject of this lecture, because he is really the father of English poetry, and because the consideration of his works gives us an opportunity of corroborating a theory which ought to permeate all our studies in English literature.

This theory,—which is amply supported by facts,—is that all English poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, from Milton to Longfellow, from Shakspeare to Aubrey de Vere, owe all that is best in them to the inspiration of Christianity; and when I say Christianity, I mean the highest form of Christianity—the Catholic Church.

We all know only too well that the English language is the language of anti-Catholicism, and that its literature has been for almost three centuries a conspiracy against the Church. But, still, I insist that I can prove that the most glowing, the most exaltedly impassioned, the most noble passages in the greatest of English-speaking poets derive their light from the halo that surrounds the doctrines, the practices, the legends of the Christian Church.

There is no doubt that Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was a devout Catholic. Hundreds of passages in Shakspeare could be quoted as evidence of the Catholic feeling, if not the Catholic Faith, of that great master. Milton glorified Satan; but yet Milton owes the whole frame work of his "Paradise Lost" to the theol-

ogy of the Church. As to Tennyson, who would dream of comparing the sentimental whining and complaining of "Maud" and "Locksley Hall" with the serenity of the "Idyls of the King," when the effects of Catholic tradition fall like the rosy glow of dawn on the pure marble of a Corinthian temple. Who can think of the penitence of Guineven in the convent, or the speech of King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,—that most exquisite passage in Tennyson,—

"If thou should'st never see my face again,
Pray for my soul,"

without admitting that the spirit of the Church has triumphed in English poetry despite the conspiracy of the English language against it; for, in Longfellow's masterpieces, is not the greatest "Evangeline?" and in Aubrey de Vere—a writer whom I most earnestly recommend to you, we find a perfect synthesis between the highest religious idea and the highest poetical embodiment of it. It may startle some of you to hear the name of Aubrey de Vere mentioned in the same breath with that of Tennyson. But, remember, I am not here as the follower of any other critic. And I do not ask you to follow me blindly; but I insist that we Catholics—we Christians—shall in literature, as in all other sciences and arts, lead, not follow. We have inherited the glory and the wealth of all the ages. Let us, then, not accept the standards which an alien world has made for us. "*In hoc signo vinces*"—By the sign of Faith we conquer, and by the sign of Faith we lead. We have no need to be afraid of the truth, and no need to be afraid of falsehood.

For a long time, the writers of literary textbooks have told us that Chaucer was a Wickliffite—a follower of an unfortunate man who wanted to put the fallible authority of human judgment in the place of the infallible authority

* A lecture delivered at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., Thursday, Sept. 27.

of the Church. In truth, so settled had become this opinion among even men of letters, that, to my amazement, one of the cleverest authors of my acquaintance said, in answer to an assertion of Chaucer's Catholicity: "You, Romanists, are claiming everybody."

Now it is our business to displace so far as possible the fallacy that Chaucer was a Wickliffite, a Lollard, or a member of any sect. We owe this to the interests of truth and to the memory of a poet who, however short he fell of what ought to be expected of so well instructed a man and so great a poet, was true in his best moments to the Church.

I do not ask you to read all of Chaucer. Indeed, I think it is wise that you should read only parts of his works. But the parts that your instructors select for you are the best parts, and you lose nothing by missing the others. Chaucer, repentant for the license of some of his poems, wrote:

"For he shall find enough, both great and small,
Of storial thing that toucheth gentleness,
Likewise morality and holiness;
Blame ye not me, if you should choose amiss."

But the poet could not thus thrust the responsibility for his bad work on the reader. But we will act on his advice, and avoid all that repels us. The good in his poems is more than enough.

Chaucer, like most poets, borrowed the plots and sometimes even the words of his poetical stories from older poets. He gave us the foundation of our language. Dante, in Italy, made by his works one language out of the many diverse dialects of Italy. Before the author of the "Inferno"—who owed as much to Catholic theology as to himself—consolidated the melodies and harmonies of the Italian tongues into one language, the Lombards, the Neapolitans, the Piedmontese, the Florentines, the Pisans, the Genoese, had their dialects, and a poem written in one dialect was not understood of the people using another. Dante changed all this: he made one grand language for the whole of Italy; so Chaucer unconsciously imitated him. Before Chaucer began to write, the English was despised. The learned wrote in Latin or Norman-French; but Chaucer touched what appeared to be common earth, and behold! a clear stream gushed out—"a well," as Ben Jonson has it, "of English undefiled."

He borrowed much from the Italians, and we have to regret that, in taking some of his stories from Boccaccio, he took some of the licentiousness of that unhappy story-teller.

Chaucer's life covered the last half of the fourteenth century. He died in the last year

of that century. His latest biographer—Mr. A. W. Ward—says that the life of the poet covers rather more than the interval between the most glorious epoch of Edward III's reign—for Crecy was fought in 1346—and the downfall, in 1399, of his unfortunate successor, Richard II. Under this king occurred that horrible war of the peasants, who were urged to the general destruction of all existing institutions by the teachings of Wycliff,—the chief anarchist of his time.

It would be silly to deny that abuses in religious discipline did not exist in Chaucer's time. But the Church was, and is always, the same. Some of the religious, and many of the people, had begun to love wealth and ease more than the cross of Christ or the honor of His Blessed Mother. The poison in the nation's blood, which made it delirious in the reign of Henry VIII, had already begun to work in that of Edward III, and the poet's quick insight into the abuses which were sapping the spiritual strength of the people have caused many critics to set down Chaucer as a follower of Wycliff. But these critics are filled with the idea that Henry VIII discovered religion.

I am sorry to see that even the amiable Miss Mitford applauds Chaucer for his heretical tendencies. Miss Mitford ought to have known better. I hope I may digress enough to ask you to her delightful sketches of country life. "Our Village" and "Belford Regis" are as fresh and sweet as the English daisies, whose praises Chaucer sings in "The Flower and the Leaf." There are not many people who read "Belford Regis" or "Our Village"; but I hope you will revive a taste for them, and, living in the country as you do a great part of the year, you will find them very charming.

Nevertheless, it is very hard to forgive Miss Mitford for thinking that Geoffrey Chaucer reviled the Church in which he was baptized, and which he loved. An impartial examination of his writings will show that Chaucer, like all true Catholics of his time, saw that pride and luxury, sloth and simony, hiding under the desecrated cloak of religion, were, like moths, separating the threads of the sacred garment.

As England grew prosperous, the king, the nobles, and even a few priests, defied Rome more and more. And it is an axiom that the farther any Christian nation gets from the salutary influence of the Pope, the nearer it gets to Anti-Christ. In England, there were religious who loved Cæsar more than God, who loved their wealth and the whims of their king more than the Vicar of Christ. An example of this we see later, in the fate of Cardinal Wolsey.

In reading such portions of "The Canterbury Tales" as your judicious teachers may choose for you, you will perhaps wonder why the pilgrimage resembled more a picnic than a sacred procession to a venerated spot. But these pilgrimages had degenerated; and their character may be shown from the act of an archbishop in refusing his blessing to a company of pilgrims, telling them that for sinners without contrition there were no indulgences at the shrine of St. Thomas. Of true priests and true religious there were many; and they, seeing that the laxity of some of their brethren would lead to disaster, redoubled their good works. But the abuses and the defiance of Rome brought down the curse of heresy on the English people.

Like most poets, Chaucer demanded more of the ideal from the world than he was willing to put into his own practices. His ridicule often played about abuses more from wantonness than from any desire to amend them. Vice was picturesque; therefore he painted it. He seems half disgusted, half amused by the evils of his day. He never rises to righteous indignation. He is always reverent to the Church and her dogmas. His faith in our eyes may seem child-like; in his time it was only manly.

No poet, except Shakspeare, reflected more than a phase of his century, and Chaucer could not reflect fully the various tendencies of his time. If our poet had always been as moral in his stories as he was firm in his faith, we might have even greater reason to be proud of him. That his better training led him to feel ashamed of the immorality that stains some of his pages is evident from the apology he makes, and from the contrite prayer he appends to "The Canterbury Tales." Had the age been utterly vicious, Chaucer, not having the present moral world in view, would scarcely have thought it necessary to apologize. The description of the poor parson does not strike us as containing anything unusual, and Chaucer to-day might find many like him among our priests:

"A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a pourē persoun of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk
He was also a lerned man a clerk,
That Cristēs Gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parischens devoutly wolde teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversité ful pacient;
And such he was i-provėd oftē sithes,*
Ful loth were him to cursē for his tythes.
But rather wolde he yeven, out of dowte,
Unto his pourē parischens aboute
Of his offrynge, and eek of his substaunce

He cowde in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parische, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne laftē not for reyne ne thonder,
In sikenesse nor in meschief to visite
The ferreste in his parische, moche and lite,
Upon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
This noble ensample to his scheep he yaf,
That first he wroughte, and afterward he taughte,
Out of the Gospel he who wordēs caughte,
And this figure he addede eek therto,
That if gold rustē, what schal yren doo?
For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewēd man to ruste;
And schame it is, if that a prest tak keep,
A [filthy] schepherde and a clenē scheep;
Wel oughte a prest ensample for to yive,
By his clenness, how that his scheep schulde lyve.
He settē not his benefice to hyre,
And leet his scheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to Londone, unto seyntē Poules,
To seeken him a chaunterie for soules,*
Or with a bretherhede to ben withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and keptē wel his folde,
So that the wolfe ne made it not myscarye;
He was a schepherd and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous.
He was to sinful man nought despitous,
Ne of his spechē daungerous† ne digne,
But in his teching discret and benigne.
To drawē folk to heven by fairnesse
By good ensample, this was his busynesse:
But it were eny persone obstinat,
What so he were, of high or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snybbē scharply for the nonēs.
A better preest, I trowe, ther nowher non is.
Hē waytede after no pompe and reverence,
Ne makede him a spiced‡ conscience,
But Cristēs lore, and His apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first He folwede it Himselfe."

His fervent "Orison to the Holy Virgin," beginning—

"Mother of God and Virgin undefiled,"

is earnestly Catholic; and in his "A B C"—a translation from the French—there is an address to the Blessed Virgin in twenty-three stanzas, each of which begins with one of the letters of the alphabet arranged in proper succession. St. Charles Borromeo did not go outside the Church in his attempt to bring her unfaithful servants nearer to her, and Wycliffe, had he helped to revive that faith which negligence, avarice, and luxury were gradually weakening in the hearts of Englishmen, the best men in England—and our poet among them—would have been with him. But with heresy Chaucer had no sympathy. In the "Parsones Tale" he exclaims against the doctrines of Wycliffe and the spoliation of church property; and if there were the slightest doubt in the minds of careful readers, the "Prayer of Chaucer" at the end of "The Canterbury Tales" shows he died a devout Catholic.

* An endowment for saying Masses.

† Haughty.

‡ Nice, fastidious.

* Ofttimes.

Chaucer's English is to Dante's Italian what a bagpipe is to an organ; but there is a direct simplicity about Chaucer to which Dante never attained. Compare, for instance, Dante's version of the "Story of Ugolino" with Chaucer. Chaucer revered this wise bard of Florence; but in borrowing the "Story of Ugolino," he treated it with more simplicity than that divine poet. It is a good example of Chaucer's peculiar qualities. In tenderness and humanity it far exceeds Dante's version.

Chaucer owed even more to the French *trouvères* than to the Italians. It is said that he met Petrarch in Italy. His life was not unworthy of a poet, being at the end serene and peaceful. Chaucer married, about 1369, a lady named Philippa. It is possible that the favorite flower of this lady may have been the daisy, for Chaucer sings of this simple flower in the prologue to the "Legend of Good Women," and in "The Flower and the Leaf." His refrain is:

"Si douce est la Marguerite."

His "marguerite" was not our field daisy, but the pink and white many-petalled flower we find in old-fashioned gardens. His most famous work, "The Canterbury Tales,"—stories told by pilgrims on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket,—were written in the comparative ease of his later days. Most of his life was spent at court. He was page in Prince Lionel's household; he served in the army, and was taken prisoner in France; he was squire to Edward III; he went as king's commissioner to Italy in 1372; he was controller of the customs of the port of London from 1381 to 1386; he was a member of the House of Commons for Kent in 1386, and in 1389 clerk of the king's works at Windsor.

His contemporaries appreciated his genius. Gower says that all England knew his fame; Lydgate calls him "noble"; Occleve names him "the first finder of our faire langage." The Scotch poets, beginning with James I, were enthusiastic about Chaucer.

Chaucer adapted the "Roman de la Rose." Dryden, later, attempted a similar task,—the adapting of Chaucer; but the bloomlike expression is wanting. Most of us will always know Chaucer but through Dryden and Pope; for our century has small patience with diction that requires a glossary. But Pope's "Temple of Fame" is merely a parody. Chaucer in sword and periwig was about as poetic a sight as a young faun in the dress of our decade.

When the mellow light of sunset fell on the poet, his lines were cast in pleasant places. He was poor, and yet serene of mind. It is easy to imagine him: grave, yet with a twinkle in his

eye, talking, rosary in hand, as he is represented in a picture, with the blind poet Gower, the philosophical Dominican Strode, the youthful Lydgate, or Occleve, who furtively sketched a portrait of his master on the margin of a precious book. He died in peace with all the world. Would that he had written no line we would wish to blot!

Langley, or Langland, who was contemporary with Chaucer, does not seem to have felt his influence. "Piers Plowman" is the work of a visionary brooding over the wants of the people, who turns at last from the picture of an ideal reformer to come to the Saviour who had already come. Langland, in his earnestness, high purpose, and seriousness, is in striking contrast to Chaucer. "Piers Plowman" is in the unrhymed alliterative metre of the older English period—almost the only metre that can be called English, as Mr. Skeat remarks in his sketch of Langley,* since all others have been borrowed from French or Italian.

Of him whom Chaucer and Lydgate call the moral Gower—though his best-known work, "Confessio Amantis," would to-day be considered anything but moral—very little is known. He seems to have been born in 1330, and to have died in 1408, having been blind for eight or nine years before his death. He was a gentleman of an old family owning estates in Kent and Suffolk. The place of his birth is unknown. He probably died in the priory of St. Mary Overies, Southwark, in the church of which—now called St. Saviour's—his tomb may be still seen. It is not known when his first work, "Speculum Meditantis," written in French verse, was composed. The second, "Vox Clamantis," in Latin elegiac verse, was written between 1382 and 1384. The third, "Confessio Amantis," was written, owing to the success with which Chaucer had wielded his "langage faire," in English. The grave and moral author mixes up Christianity and paganism in the most astonishing manner in "Confessio Amantis," and, strange to say, he seems altogether unconscious of the incompatibility of these elements. Religion and passion change places with much complaisance, and the impartial reader is reluctantly forced to conclude that the "moral Gower" had an amazing faculty for mixing things up. He possessed no spark of that genius which illuminated everything that Chaucer touched. "Florent," a story in the "Confessio Amantis," is not without merit. Its moral is that

"Allé women most desire"

to have their own way. After a long dialogue,

* "The English Poets," vol. i.

Florent yields his will entirely to that of his wife.

Chaucer and Gower were intimate friends, but they had a quarrel which was, however, made up. There is evidence that Chaucer called one of Gower's tales "corsed," which, if it means "sensational," shows that Gower had an abnormally forgiving and unpoetical spirit.

John Lydgate, another of Chaucer's friends, seems to have been stimulated to write by the example of his master and by his love for the French poets of his time. To Chaucer we owe the fact that he wrote in English. At his best he reflects his model, for whom he cherished the profoundest admiration, and whom he was proud of imitating. His first long poem, "The Storie of Thebes," written when he was nearly fifty, he represents as a new Canterbury Tale told by himself after he has joined the company of pilgrims at Canterbury. In it he uses the ten-syllable rhyming couplet after the manner of Chaucer in "The Knightes Tale." Lydgate had a remarkable faculty of versification, but he lacked the force of Chaucer. There are passages full of spirit, followed by long stretches of dreary verse-making. Another important poem was the "Storie of Troy," begun about the year 1412, at the request of Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V. The prince asked that Lydgate should do the noble story of Troy into English, as other poets had done in other languages, and Lydgate complied. He finished the fifth and last book in 1420. It is written in the ten-syllable couplets, and founded on Guido di Colonna's prose history of Troy. In the third book, where the story of Troilus and Cressida is introduced, Lydgate seizes the chance to pay an ardent tribute to Chaucer. His versification, although he had evidently mastered his art as far as it went, is often rough. "If the structure of the lines is attentively considered," says Mr. Thomas Arnold, who writes a notice of Lydgate in 'The English Poets,' "it will be seen that he did not regard them as consisting of ten syllables and five feet, or at least that he did not generally so regard them, but rather as made up of two halves or counterbalancing members, each containing two accents. Remembering this, the reader can get through a long passage by Lydgate or Barclay with some degree of comfort; though if he were to read the same passage with the expectation of meeting always the due number of syllables, his ear would be continually disappointed and annoyed. This vicious method of versification was probably a legacy from the alliterative poets whose popularity, especially in the north of England, was so great that their peculiar

rhythm long survived after rhyme and measure had carried the day."

Lydgate, although a monk ostensibly, belonging to the monastery of St. Edmund at Bury, does not seem, from his own account, to have done much credit to his calling:

"Of religioun I weryd a blak habite,
Only outward by apparence."

Toward the end of his life, however, his mind took a more edifying turn, and he composed a metrical "Life of St. Edmund" and the "Legend of St. Alban," which raised him much higher in the estimation of his good brothers the monks than all his idle tales of Thebes and Troy. Lydgate's most notable work was "The Falls of the Princes," founded on a French version of the Latin treatise by Boccaccio, "De Casibus Virorum Illustrium." The title-page of this poem, in nine books, printed in folio in 1558, sufficiently explains the subject. It runs: "The Tragedies gathered by John Bochas of all such Princes as fell from theyr Estates throughe the Mutability of Fortune since the creation of Adam until his time; wherin may be seen what vices bring menne to destruccion, wyth notable warninges howe the like may be avoyded. Translated into English by John Lydgate, Monk of Burye." Lydgate is at his best in this poem; he uses the seven-line stanza, and gets nearer to the ease and liquidity of versification which distinguish Chaucer. Of his minor poems, "London Lickpenny," which describes the trials of a penniless wanderer in the great metropolis, gives a very vivid idea of the sights and sounds of the London streets:

"Then unto London I dyd me hye,
Of all the land it beareth the pryse:
'Hot pescodes,' one began to crye,
'Strabery rype, and cherries in the ryse';
One bad me come nere and by some spyce,
Peper and safforne they gan me bede,
But for lack of mony, I myght not spede."

Of the poems of Thomas Occleve, who wrote "De Regimine Principum" in 1411, the address to Chaucer is the most beautiful. He reflected rather than originated; his work shows at times a charming simplicity and lofty religious feeling; but it is dwarfed by comparison with that of the poet, whom he calls—

"O maister dere and fader reverent,
My maister Chaucer! floure of eloquence."

Occleve was born between 1365 and 1370; it is believed that he lived to a great age, but the precise date of his death is unknown.

Robert Henryson is the brightest light among the stars that circled in the train of Chaucer. Of him little is known. It is certain that, in 1462,

he was incorporated of the University of Glasgow, and that he was afterwards schoolmaster in Dunfermline, and that he worked there as a notary public. Henryson was a true poet, and he possessed what we call to-day a feeling for his art in a high degree. His narrative is gay, easy, rapid; his touch light and vivid, and his dramatic power, both in dialogue and construction, is not surpassed by Chaucer. His verse is musical and well weighed; he liked to try his hand at new refrains, strange metres, and unexpected rhymes. His dialect, to the modern eye and ear, is almost incomprehensible, but long study and great love will show him who cares to search that Henryson used it as the old composers used the harpsichord. It is an instrument of narrow compass, yet capable of exquisite harmonies under the hand of a master.

"To know the use he made of it in dialogue, he must be studied in 'Robyne and Makyne,' the earliest English pastoral; or at such moments as that of the conversation between the widows of the Cock who has just been snatched away by the Fox; or in the incomparable 'Taile of the Wolf that got the Nek-Herring throw the Wrinkis of the Fox that Begylit the Cadgear,' which, outside La Fontaine, I conceive to be one of the high-water marks of the modern apologue. In such poems as 'The Three Deid Powis,'* where he has anticipated a something of Hamlet at Yorick's grave, as 'The Abbey Walk,' the 'Garmond of Fair Ladies,' the 'Reasoning Between Age and Youth,' it is employed as a vehicle for the expression of austere thought, of quaint conceitedness, of solemn and earnest devotion, of satirical comment, with equal ease and equal success."†

There are delightful touches of fancy in all Henryson's poems, which the dialect in which they are written prevents us from quoting. To most of us Burns requires a glossary; and, therefore, Henryson's mixture of old English and Scotch would be hopeless in an age when he who reads runs.

After Skelton—who, by the way, resembles Rabelais more than the centre of our circle—a great change took place. Poetry took a tinge from the new creed, and lost much of its gayety, and that quality which is called *naïveté*, in consequence. Stephen Hawes, a disciple of Lydgate, wrote in 1506 "The Pastime of Pleasure, or the Historie of Graunde Amoure and La Belle Pucel." It is an allegory, describing how Grande Amoure makes himself worthy of perfect love—La Belle Pucel. Hawes had no small share of the divine fire, though his narrative and descriptions are often dull. Hawes imitated Chaucer less than those who preceded him. There is no new ring in his verse which forebodes the new epoch at hand. He wrote at least one couplet that deserves to live:

* Skulls.

† The English Poets.

"For though the daye be never so long;
At last the belle ringeth to evensong."

James I, the author of "The King's Quair," who, with Dunbar and Gawain Douglas, reflected the light of Chaucer, was the first Scottish poet to lighten the fifteenth century. Dunbar, a strong and virile poet, born somewhere in East Lothian between 1450 and 1460, hearing the mutterings of the coming storm, put his thoughts into verse which stamps him as an earnest Catholic, and which have been called by a competent critic "the finest devotional fragments of their age." Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, and son of the famous Earl of Angus—"Bell-the-Cat"—who boasted that none of his sons except Gawain could write, made a translation of the "Æneid" which cannot die; but he was a *dilettante* rather than a genuine poet, and he gladly dropped the pen for politics, which desertion ultimately caused him to be exiled to London, where he died in 1522.

When Hawes died, Chaucer's daisies were left to wither until Burns tried to revive them; but they were never the same. Only he who sang "si douce est la marguerite" can worthily, of all poets, wear that symbol of freshness and simplicity which the early poets, loving him well, lauded in those "merrie" days before men had learned to doubt and to resolve the Almighty God who made them into "the unknowable."

Feux Follets.*

(*Légende Populaire.*)

Qui donc es-tu, flamme légère,
Toi qui, voltigeant doucement,
T'ensevelis dans la fougère,
Puis remontes au firmament?
Tantôt, quand la brise t'agite,
Tu fuis en tremblant, si vite
Qu'on dirait voir un papillon;
Et tantôt, flamme, tu t'arrêtes,
Et tu viens planer sur nos têtes
Comme l'oiseau sur un sillon.

D'où sors-tu? Nais-tu de l'écume
De la rive où je viens m'asseoir?
Es-tu quelque esprit de la brume,
Quelque fantôme, enfant du soir?
Je souffre, plaintive victime,
Et je viens expier mon crime
Au lieu même où je l'ai commis:
Je suis l'âme du purgatoire!
A ceux qui gardent ma mémoire,
Dis de ma part: "Priez, amis!

"Priez pour moi, gens de la terre!
Priez pour moi: je souffre tant!
Je brûle, errante et solitaire,

* *Ignis fatuus.*

D'un feu ténace et dévorant!..."
 Cependant la brise s'élève,
 Et, disparaissant comme un rêve,
 La flamme fuit au gré du vent;
 Et pleurant je baise la pierre
 Puis répand mon âme en prière
 Aux pieds du Dieu mort et vivant.

Bientôt levant les yeux: Prodige!
 Je vois un ange éblouissant
 Qui dans l'air lumineux voltige;
 Je l'embrasse, reconnaissant:
 "Ami, mon âme est délivrée!
 Ami, dans la plaine éthérée
 Je vais m'envoler radieux!"
 Ayant prononcé ces mots, l'ange,
 Vêtu d'une splendeur étrange
 Me sourit, et remonte aux cieux.

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

College Gossip.

—His Holiness the Pope has granted the Belgium College a sum of one hundred thousand francs, the interest on which will be used for the maintenance of seven students who will study for the priesthood. Two of the successful candidates must be selected from the diocese of Malines; the five others to be obtained throughout the rest of the world. Out of the two candidates from the diocese of Malines, one of them must have attended the Louvain University and followed the philosophy of St. Thomas.

—A few years ago, a well-dressed, fine-looking stranger called on Prof. Packard, of Bowdoin college, and asked permission to look over the college buildings. The professor courteously showed him all about the institution, and when the stranger went away he left his card, on which was the name Henry Winkley. A short time afterward the college received Mr. Winkley's check for \$40,000 with which to found a professorship of Latin, and now upon his death the college receives \$20,000 more.

—Rev. Father Doonan, S. J., who has been stationed at the Georgetown University since 1865, and has served as its president for the past six years, has been succeeded by Rev. Father J. Haven Richards, S. J., who finished his studies recently at Woodstock, Md. The new president is a very learned man, and will, no doubt, become as popular in time as Father Doonan. Father Doonan will go to New York to the College of St. Francis Xavier. Father Richards, is a son of Mr. Henry L. Richards, of this city, who, with his family, became converts to the Church some fifteen years ago.—*Donahoe's Magazine.*

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

The last report of the Harvard Faculty Committee on Athletics and Physical Exercise in that university is the most thorough and satisfactory one ever prepared on this subject. It is interesting and instructive to the entire commu-

nity as well as the educational institutions of the country.

What proportion of the students at Cambridge engage in sports or take physical exercise? How much time do they devote to exercise? What is the effect on their health, morals and studies? These are the questions which the committee has undertaken to answer.

The returns show the habits of more than a thousand (one thousand and twenty-one) students. Of these about a hundred belong to teams of one kind or another, and may be classed as athletes. About three hundred strive to excel in some sport, train with the teams and compete in college contests. Six hundred or more exercise with no intention of competing in contests. Out of the 1021 men reporting only sixteen replied that they took no exercise at all.

Three-fourths of the students take more than one form of exercise. Some take half a dozen. The average is about three kinds. The gymnasium is the most popular. Besides those going to it occasionally more than six hundred use it regularly. Next in popularity comes walking, and after that lawn tennis, the former being done by six hundred and thirty men, and the latter being played by six hundred. Baseball is a favorite with three hundred. The great variety of sports and exercises followed, with the number of men represented in each, is shown in the table here given. It must be remembered that in most cases the same men are included in different totals. Thus many who play baseball also exercise in the gymnasium.

The great majority of students (about eight hundred out of a thousand) give from one to three hours a day to exercise. The average time is about an hour and twenty minutes.

What effect has this exercise on the health, studies and morals of the students? Wholesome, says the committee. "The average strength of students and the perfection of their physical development have greatly increased during ten years. At present there are about one hundred men in college stronger than the strongest man in 1880. The regularity and moderation of life necessary for men in training have a very favorable effect on health."

As to the effect on scholarship, the report says that participation in athletics does not seriously interfere with college attendance, and lowers neither the standing of those who take part in them (except freshmen) nor the general standing of the college. On the contrary, the standard of scholarship has risen with the increase of athletics. While athletes have won college honors, the fourteen men who take no exercise are reported below the average of scholarship.

To the criticism that athletic sports have a bad moral effect upon participants and spectators, the committee takes exception. While admitting the existence of abuses, it is satisfied that the sports have in the main a good moral influence upon those who take part in them.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, September 29, 1888.

—On Thursday last the pallium—the badge of archiepiscopal dignity—was conferred on the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland in the Cathedral at St. Paul. The ceremony took place amid the most solemn and imposing rites, and constituted one of the most glorious events in the annals of the Church of the Northwest, and one long to be remembered by the citizens of St. Paul. It was an event, too, of more than ordinary interest to the Community at Notre Dame, all of whom rejoiced in the new dignity and honor bestowed upon the distinguished prelate who has proved himself the friend and well-wisher of this home of religion and science. The kind words of praise and encouragement he has so frequently uttered have been treasured up in all hearts, and therefore it is with the sincerest pleasure we extend to Archbishop Ireland our congratulations, and express our cordial wishes that he may be blessed with many long years in his beneficent ministry.

St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas.

In the SCHOLASTIC of last week reference was made to the great event which had occurred at Austin, Texas, in the laying of the corner-stone of the new St. Edward's College of that city. We are pleased to give herewith a letter, just received from a former student of Notre Dame, which gives a detailed account of the proceedings, and a very interesting history of St. Edward's. We take pleasure, also, in publishing a report of the masterly oration delivered on the occasion by the Hon. John M. Moore, Secretary of State. In response to a telegram of thanks and congratulation sent by the Very Rev. Father General Sorin, the eloquent orator expressed his acknowledgments, and wrote: "I endeavored to do St. Edward's justice in what I said, but it is in every way worthy of much more than I could say." Our readers will peruse with pleasure the oration of the Hon. Secretary, which is published on another page.

The letter referred to above will also be found to possess more than passing interest. It is as follows:

AUSTIN, TEXAS, Sept. 19, 1888.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:

The good influences of old Notre Dame, and her work in the cause of education, are not confined to the crowds that annually seek the shelter of her walls, nor to the limits of the state that claims her as its own. Away down in far-off Texas has her influence been felt, and her vanguard has pitched its tents here, and begun its work in earnest. On yesterday afternoon, on the summit of one of the loveliest of the hills that form our southern horizon, a large concourse of people assembled to witness the laying of the corner-stone of the new St. Edward's College. It was an event of no small importance to us, for it marked an epoch not only in the history of Austin, but also in the history of Catholic education in Texas. Like Notre Dame, its parent and prototype, St. Edward's sprang from the humblest of beginnings; and, although it has just begun to plume itself, it already bids fair to rival in the near future its oldest and strongest competitors. Your correspondent will make no attempt to paint the future of St. Edward's, but rest content with the position of simple historian of its humble past. He will endeavor briefly to recount how piety and charity planted the grain of mustard seed; how simple faith and undaunted hope watched and tended it through early dangers, and how patient toil and religious zeal have brought it to a point where it gives promise of a grand and noble tree; and then he will leave to time to fill the unwritten pages, and record how well or how poorly it has fulfilled the promise of its early days.

Years ago, just after the Congregation of the Holy Cross had established themselves in Austin, then a town of scarcely 5000 inhabitants, a good and pious Christian woman, by name Mary Doyle, bequeathed to this Order, as a site for a future college, a tract of 300 acres of land lying about 2½ miles south of Austin.

For some years after the good woman's death, little, if any, good could have been accomplished by the opening of a college. The site of the present building was selected as the most suitable place for the erection of a college when circumstance should warrant it. A few lay members of the Community lived on the farm place during this time, and employed themselves in farming and caring for the land. After a time a small building was set aside for school purposes, and the first work of the college was begun. Its first session opened with an attendance of three pupils. Not a very flattering prospect, you will say, but it was all that was expected at that time. The school had simply been opened for the accommodation of the neighboring boys, and its director was content to bide his time and wait until the time was ripe for educational work on a more pretentious scale. Rev. Father Spillard, who for many years had been the faithful and beloved pastor of the little congregation in the city

was now placed in charge of the school, and entrusted with the task of establishing the new college. He had made a very successful start, when he was recalled to Notre Dame to lend his services to the Community at that point. Rev. Father Robinson succeeded him, and for some years he successfully carried on the good work of his predecessor. Father Robinson was also recalled to Notre Dame to aid the Faculty there, and was succeeded by Rev. Father Hurth. Under the able and energetic management of Father Hurth, the little college has progressed rapidly and steadily until now it is one of the recognized and respected institutions of our city. The present session opened with an attendance of upwards of seventy boarding scholars. At the close of the last scholastic year the present accommodations were found inadequate for the needs of the constantly increasing attendance, and preparations were immediately begun for the speedy erection of the permanent college buildings.

The location of the new building is one of great natural beauty, and seems to have been set apart by nature for the site of a noble edifice. The summit of the hill is visible from nearly every point in the city, and for generations past the only occupant of the spot has been a solitary oak that has stood as a lonely, tireless sentinel to guard the place from unworthy trespassers. It is one of the most conspicuous sights in our southern landscape, and, standing out as it does in bold relief against a background of cloud and sky, it has probably elicited a remark from every visitor to Austin. The new building is modern Gothic in its architecture, four stories in height, and will be built entirely of cut stone. The main building will have a frontage of 120 feet, and a depth of 50 feet. It will be flanked on both ends by wings having each a frontage of 40 and a depth of 80 feet. The Bishop of the diocese was unable to be present at the laying of the cornerstone, and the ceremonies were carried out by Rev. Father Hurth, assisted by Fathers Peter and Michael Lauth.

The oration on the occasion was delivered by Mr. Jno. M. Moore, the Secretary of State. In an eloquent and impressive address he outlined the purposes of the college; recounted the services of the Catholic Church in all ages in the cause of education, and paid a merited tribute to those early Franciscan missionaries who, centuries ago, penetrated the wilds of Texas to teach the rudiments of Christianity and education to the dusky denizens of the forests and rovers of the plains. On the speaker's stand were Governor and Mrs. Ross, Miss Ross, and several of the State officers. Notre Dame was also represented. Father Scheier and Brother Stanislaus were there, and good Father Maher whose genial face and sunny smile are as bright and cheerful as when from behind his desk at Notre Dame they used to beam out alike on lucky and the disappointed applicants for "wherewithal."

Since Father Maher's arrival, St. Edward's is a distributing station for Texas for such news of Notre Dame as finds its way into the columns of the SCHOLASTIC. We have not been in this blessed land long enough to be entirely weaned from our regard for the old spot, and we look for the arrival of the SCHOLASTIC with old-time interest.

The Church and Education.*

It is a time-honored custom, this, of celebrating, by speech and song, the inauguration of great buildings dedicated to religion, charity, education, or any public use. When the honor of delivering the address on this occasion was conferred on me, the invitation was accepted, not without serious misgivings; but it was extended with such courtesy and cordiality that, to have declined, would have been churlish on my part. This is my excuse for appearing before you.

The house for which this beautiful granite stone has just been placed is the main building of St. Edward's College, and when completed will be one of the finest and most imposing school structures in the State. It belongs to a style of architecture known as modern Gothic, and will be entirely constructed of the white limestone you see. The main building will have a frontage of 120 feet and a depth of fifty feet. It will be flanked on each end by wings having a frontage of forty feet and a depth of eighty feet. It will be four stories high, will be roofed with slate, and surmounted by an imposing tower. The openings will be simply but beautifully ornamented, and the interior plans and finish are perfectly adapted to the ends in view. Some tribute to the architect who designed it—Mr. N. J. Clayton, of Galveston—is deserved, but the building itself is his best encomium. The beauty of the site is apparent to you all, situated as it is on the brow of this hill overlooking the fair city of Austin, and confronting the noble capitol of the greatest state in the American Union.

This, as you all know, is a Catholic college, and some allusion to what the Church has done in the cause of education will not, I hope, be deemed out of place. Of her I do not hesitate to say that, whether we consult the past or the present; whether we go where the frozen earth contends with frozen air, or where the torrid sun beats on blistering sands, we find her always and everywhere the great teacher of the people. But it is not my purpose to outline her history in this respect, for this would be to outline the history of Christian culture from its dawn to the present hour. Besides, no intellect can compass nor tongue recount the efforts and achievements of this august and mighty patroness of arts and letters. Archbishop Spalding

* Substance of the Oration delivered by the HON. JOHN M. MOORE, Secretary of State, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the new St. Edward's College at Austin, Texas.

says, speaking in the light of history, "that the Church has been the foundress of schools and universities, the fosterer of arts and sciences, and the mother of inventions." In this age education is the universal theme and common effort; but during that long period of history known as the Dark or Middle Ages learning was kept alive by the Church and its societies. It was an age of chronic war, but even then we find the Church maintaining parochial schools, and almost everywhere that a cathedral church was built, schools and libraries were founded. Universities were also established: "many were fully organized as early as the twelfth century." And then, or within no great period thereafter, we find them established throughout most, if not all, the political subdivisions of continental Europe, and also in England and Ireland. Some of these universities became exceedingly celebrated, to which literally flocked armies of students. Padua, the *Alma Mater* of Columbus and Americus Vespucius, had at one time no less than 18,000, and another—I believe two others—it is asserted, had as many as 30,000 students. No American university has a list of matriculates of 2000; and the attendance of no university of Europe is to-day even approximately so large as that of Padua. The conditions of attendance and student life in modern and Middle Age universities are of course wholly dissimilar; but the comparison is useful for the purpose of illustrating in a measure the influence of those old Catholic institutions. At these great universities, theology, the humanities, and natural sciences, so far as then developed, were cultivated; and one, the University of Bologna, was probably the first great "law school." Correspondence was carried on between them, and to meet the necessities thereof it has been asserted that post-offices were first established; but this assertion is to be received with some allowance, for posts were originally stationed along the line of Roman roads for the conveyance of public dispatches, the name being thence taken; and it is not improbable that the demands of commerce rather than of the universities were the more proximate cause of establishing posts for private correspondence. It is well known that the Church was the most munificent patron of the fine arts—architecture, music, painting and sculpture; and under her fostering care these, with the exception certainly of sculpture, reached perhaps their climax.

It is not impertinent to note that education in the parochial schools and the universities was free; hence, to the Church among Christian people, is due the honor of inaugurating free schools.

But great as is the credit due her as the disseminator of learning; greater still is due her as its preserver. Of course I speak of the Church in this connection, not in her most sacred character as the missionary of the Christian religion, but merely as "the fosterer of arts and sciences." She preserved not only the New Testament

scriptures, but the classics of Rome and Greece, the speculation and philosophy of the antique world. She founded numerous and great libraries; one, the celebrated library of Alexandria, is supposed to have contained as many as 700,000 volumes. In this age of steam press and stereotyping we can form no adequate idea of the magnitude of such an enterprise. Think of the weary dextral toil represented by that library of 700,000 manuscript tomes! Before the invention of movable type, the monastic orders were the great printers' unions. And, besides being copyists, many of the monks were profoundly learned men, and made and introduced into Europe not a few inventions and discoveries. I mention two as being peculiarly connected with education, and therefore eminently pertinent. The credit of introducing the Arabic numerals is due to a monk; the invention of spectacles is likewise due to a monk, but has been variously assigned, like all great inventions, to different men; by some to Roger Bacon, by others to Alexander Di Spinna of Florence; indeed, the world of letters owes to the monastic orders a debt of gratitude which can never be fully paid. This is the boasted age of light and progress; but what it would have been without the zeal and labor of the monkish and priestly orders of the Middle Ages, speculation cannot say nor wisdom answer.

Coming to our own history, we find that the Church founded the first schools in Texas. As early as the seventeenth century, Franciscan monks from Spain established missions along the line of the Rio Grande and as far in the interior as San Antonio, for the purpose of Christianizing, civilizing and educating the Indians. In a certain wide and general sense, all missionary work is educational; but the work of these missions was educational, not only in the wide, but in a narrower sense. The education, it is true, was that adapted to a primitive people, consisting of the fundamental arts of civilization and the virtues of purity, honesty, truth and mercy. And, while we may not endorse all the methods adopted by the brethren of St. Francis in their efforts in behalf of those savage peoples, we must remember that they cannot be fairly judged by the standards of our time, but by those of their own. And when we contemplate the sacrifices they made, the perils they encountered, and the motives that prompted them, their faults are obscured in the light of their virtues, and we are lost in admiration of those humble souls "who won the cross without the crown of glory." They have passed away, and only the mouldering remnants of cathedral and convent walls remain to attest their pious efforts. In "the dark backward and abysm of time" are buried themselves and their work, but their memory lives to attest the devotion of humanity.

The celebrated defense of one of these missions in our revolution of civil liberty has become the common theme of poets and orators; but, no doubt, the heroism that founded parallels, the

heroism that defended it, and, while the story of its defense moves to tears, the story of its founding excites to hosannas.

But I will turn from the past and devote the remainder of my time to St. Edward's, its interests and history. This college is conducted by the Congregation of the Holy Cross, a Community whose chief aim is Christian education. It is named in honor of St. Edward of England, esteemed one of the wisest and best kings of our Saxon forefathers. As an earnest of what may be expected of its labors here, it may be well to note somewhat of the success elsewhere achieved by this organization. It has established many schools and colleges. In France it has some fifty schools, among which is the College of Ste.-Croix, in the city of Paris, having an attendance of over 500 students. In Canada it has twenty primary schools, and the colleges of St. Joseph and St. Lawrence with a respective attendance of 200 and 300 students. It has numerous schools in the United States, the leading institution being the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, which has an attendance of 500 students, and which takes rank with the first universities of the land. The Sisters affiliated to this Congregation conduct some twenty academies in the various states of the Union. They have three in Utah, the youngest of which has an attendance of 200 pupils. Among its other schools it has two founded for the instruction of negroes, which have so far yielded satisfactory results. To its list of schools we must not fail to add St. Mary's Academy, in our own city—may all prosperity attend it! The Congregation thus lays us under double obligations.

St. Edward's was first opened for educational purposes in 1884, and chartered in 1886. It has been gradually expanding to meet the requirements of its environment, and offers many and peculiar advantages. Its management is both conservative and progressive, and its work attests its merit. It had over eighty students last session, who, besides diligently pursuing their ordinary studies, with laudable enterprise, published a paper, *The College Echo*, which would do credit to a much older institution. Its course of instruction is wisely adapted to the requirements of its patrons, and so far has been crowned with success surpassing the expectation of its founders. I can say, on the authority of one of the ripest scholars and best educators of the State—I mean Prof. O. H. Cooper, the superintendent of public instruction—that its work has been admirable and unsurpassed by any similar institution in the State. It cannot be too highly favored or esteemed, for it is alike to the interest of the State and her children that they be educated at home. To the State, in that it stimulates their love of country and develops its schools and colleges. To the student it is an advantage in that friendships and ties are contracted which will prove a constant source of comfort and profit in after-life. Its purpose is to develop to their fullest the moral, physical

and intellectual faculties of those submitted to its fostering care; not to turn out pedants, but cultivated gentlemen; and from its precincts will, no doubt, go men in every way fitted to fulfil the highest and severest conditions of manly greatness. Such, in brief, is St. Edward's. It is confidently believed that its future will more than fulfil its present promise.

But at this time of rejoicing we should not forget the dead, without whose munificence this college would probably never have been founded. I mean Mrs. Mary Doyle, who donated to the Congregation, for educational purposes, her beautiful homestead, consisting of 300 acres of land, which donation is the nucleus out of which the splendid results I have in part described have grown. Let us cherish her memory and honor her name. In life she was loved by all who knew her. The good she did lives after her and multiplies with time. Of few is it given us to say so much, and of none can more be said.

Now, in conclusion, I thank you for your kind attention. I congratulate this community on being chosen as the site of this splendid institution. The State, too, is to be congratulated on this accretion to its elements of moral and intellectual advancement. I congratulate the founders of the college, its President and Faculty, on its past and present success, and express the hope that they may soon see it attain its high ideal. I congratulate the students also, in that they enjoy its privileges, not the least of which I count the association and example of men, who, in this material age, devote their lives and energies to a noble purpose, desiring and receiving no other pay than a consciousness of duty well performed, and you and I and all of us wish it God-speed onward in an unbroken career of usefulness and glory, and may no future historian of St. Edward's ever write *finis* to the golden pages of its history!

Prof. Joseph A. Lyons.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE COLUMBIAN, LITERARY AND
DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His inscrutable wisdom to call, from his earthly labor, our beloved director—
PROFESSOR JOSEPH A. LYONS, Therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That, while we bow in submission to the Divine decree that has called him hence, yet it is fitting that we, who have been benefited by his devoted labor and kind solicitude, should testify our esteem for his high character and noble self-sacrifice;

RESOLVED, That in PROF. J. A. LYONS the Columbians always found a true friend—one whose constant aim, as president of the organization, was to advance its highest interests, and one whose life faithfully mirrored everything that was noble, good and true;

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be inscribed in the records of this Society, and a memorial thereof, suitably engrossed, be conspicuously placed in our society-room, and that a copy for publication be furnished our college paper, THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

J. B. SULLIVAN,
J. R. NATIONS,
E. C. PRUDHOMME, } Committee.

Personal.

—Mr. Geo. A. Houck, who graduated in civil engineering last June, is aiding in the engineering department of a Western railway.

—Rev. President Walsh and Rev. D. E. Hudson, Editor of the *Ave Maria*, left on Wednesday last to attend the conferring of the pallium on Archbishop Ireland. The ceremony took place on Thursday in the Cathedral at St. Paul, in the presence of a large concourse of the clergy and laity. The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, Rector of the new American Catholic University.

—Very Rev. Father Granger and Father Haggerty represented Notre Dame and the Congregation of the Holy Cross at the dinner given in Fort Wayne on the occasion of the departure of Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger to pay his decennial visit to Rome. The Bishop, in company with his secretary, Rev. J. Lang, left on Wednesday night for New York, whence he will sail to-day (Saturday). He will be absent for a long time, and will very probably visit the Holy Land before his return. He has the best wishes of all at Notre Dame for *un bon voyage*.

—The marriage of Mr. Thomas A. Connelly, assistant editor of the *Baltimore Catholic Mirror*, and Miss Mary E. Fink was solemnized at the Cathedral in Baltimore, on September 20. The Rev. Patrick McHale and the Rev. P. J. Donahue performed the ceremony. The bride is a daughter of the late Henry Fink, Esq., of Baltimore, and a relative of the Bishop of Leavenworth. Mr. Connelly has taken rank as one of the most reliable and brilliant writers on the Catholic press. He served his apprenticeship on the leading New York dailies. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons showed his deep interest in the happy couple by giving them his blessing immediately after the ceremony.

—On Saturday, the 22d inst., Rev. President Walsh said a requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of HARRY LONERGAN, who was drowned in Lake Michigan last August. The deceased was one of the brightest and most promising boys of the Minim department. He carried off the Sorin Elocution medal at commencement, and went home fully determined to return to Notre Dame and finish his studies. But God ordained it otherwise. All who knew the frank, amiable boy esteemed and loved him. He made his First Communion last May with extraordinary fervor. This fact, and the beautiful and pious impressions made on him during his stay at the college drew from his afflicted mother the expression that she would, as long as she lived, thank God that she sent him to Notre Dame, and that the last year of his life was spent here. To Mr. Lonergan, who is an old student

of Notre Dame, to Mrs. Lonergan and the family, their friends here, but especially the Minims, and all connected with St. Edward's Hall, once more send expressions of heartfelt sympathy.

Local Items.

—More cement walks on the Minim campus.

—The Law Grads have a special table in the Senior refectory.

—The Class of '89 welcomes the return of Mr. Burke, of Stillwater, Minn.

—The six-oared boats are being thoroughly repaired for their new crews.

—A visitors' dining room has been opened on the lower floor of the main building.

—The farther end of the lower corridor has been turned into a temporary trunk room.

—Judging from the promising material, there will be an excellent band this year. We hope so.

—If an irresistible force should meet an immovable body, what would be the result? Pi.

—*Sam.*

—Messrs. J. W. Meagher, J. R. Nations, J. Bombeck and F. Nester have been elected members of the boat club.

—We should be pleased to hear from the author of "Stroke! stroke! stroke!" if he is still in the immediate vicinity.

—Mr. Hubbard is conducting a very interesting series of lectures on Real Estate before the members of the Law department.

—The iron steps and porches for St. Edward's Hall have arrived, and will add much to the appearance of the beautiful building.

—Rev. President Walsh has the thanks of the department of History and Geography for several fine charts and maps of the latest and best designs.

—In all probability a wing will be added to the new Collegiate building next spring, to accommodate the rapidly increasing number of students.

—The St. Cecilians are preparing several debates for next month. The Association is composed of the advanced students of the Junior department.

—Dr. Berteling has given to the museum a very handsome specimen of crystallized native copper, for which he has the thanks of the Curator of the Museum.

—Gus Cooper, of Dubuque, remembered his Notre Dame friends this week by sending them several baskets of luscious grapes picked from his own vineyard.

—The Curator of the Museum is indebted to Mr. J. H. Carter, of Helena, Montana, for some rare specimens of ruby silver which he has presented to the cabinet of mineralogy.

—Master Algie Sullivan, of Helena, Montana,

has donated to the Museum of Natural History a finely mounted deer's head for which the Curator tenders grateful acknowledgments.

—Bishop Dwenger has kindly presented to the historical collections in the Bishops' Memorial Hall the gold cloth mitre used by his Lordship when he consecrated the great church of the University of Notre Dame, on August 15.

—The second meeting of the Notre Dame Total Abstinence Society was held Sunday evening under the direction of Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C. Fifteen new members were enrolled, and took the pledge. Very enthusiastic speeches were made by Messrs. Chacon, Brelsford and Sullivan.

—The four-oared crews consist of the following well-known local oarsmen: L. Meagher, Stroke and Captain; T. Coady, No. 3; P. Brownson, No. 2; F. McErlain, Bow; J. V. O'Donnell, Coxswain; E. Sawkins, Stroke; J. Hepburn, No. 3; F. Springer, No. 4 and Captain; E. Prudhomme, Bow; J. Kelly, Coxswain.

—Of an article published in another column the esteemed editor of the *C. T. A. News*, of Philadelphia, says:

Father Foley's touching tribute to Notre Dame University, in his letter which we publish to-day, is a well-deserved one. Total abstainers will recall to mind, on reading it, that the C. T. A. U. held one of its conventions in the University by special invitation, and not content with giving the use of its buildings for the purpose, every delegate to the convention was lodged during its sessions free of charge. Total abstainers have a warm corner in their hearts for Notre Dame University and for the gentlemen in charge of it, with its President, Father Walsh.

—Mr. Geo. Craig, having resigned the captaincy of Company "B," Hoynes' Light Guards, which position he filled for two years, it has been found necessary to make some changes in the officers of the military organization. Thus far the following officers have been appointed: Company "A," Captain, J. F. Cusack; First Lieutenant, J. V. O'Donnell; 2d Lieutenant, P. V. D. Brownson. Company "B," Captain, W. B. Aiken; First Lieutenant, Frank Fehr; 2d Lieutenant, F. L. Jewett. Sergeant E. Prudhomme of Company "A," has been chosen Sergeant Major.

—The beautiful ceremony of blessing the Stations of the Cross was performed in the new Chapel of St. John the Evangelist by Very Rev. Father General on Friday the 28th. The princes had the privilege of being present, and were so deeply impressed that they will not be likely to forget the ceremony, or the eloquent and touching words on the *Via Crucis* spoken by Very Rev. Father General. The Chapel of St. John the Evangelist with its Parisian stained glass windows is a gem, and cannot fail to have the best, the most ennobling effect. The Chapel is a jubilee offering from the Minims' friends to the venerated and beloved Founder.

—By request of the late Professor Joseph A. Lyons, and by the direction of the administrators of his will—Professors Tong and Howard—the furniture of his room, pictures, books, etc.—in

cluding many souvenirs from friends and former students—have been placed in the western alcove of the Lemonnier Library. This little nook, carefully arranged as it has been with the view of perpetuating the memory of this eminent benefactor of the College, is a very interesting addition to the more regular and formal arrangements of the library. His books, which number several thousand, have been added to the Lemonnier collection. Prof. Lyons' desk, replete as it is with memories for students and his friends, who owed so much of their interest in Notre Dame to his geniality and attention, will repay examination. The case above it contains souvenirs of almost every college epoch since its foundation.

A Special Communication.

ST. MARY'S, Sept. 27, 1888.

Yesterday morning one hundred and ninety-nine pupils were here. Would two hundred ever come? Every sound of carriage wheels caused a painful suspense to all. After several hours of the morning had passed, a carriage was seen coming up the avenue; hearts beat high in expectation. It stopped, and behold! no occupant. A second conveyance drove towards the Academy; again was hope awakened. A passenger alighted—Dr. Calvert, the dentist!

Dinner was announced, and though not a Parisian dinner, none declined the invitation extended by the melodious recreation-room bell. Just as the appetite of one hundred and ninety-nine girls had fled, a whisper went round, "the two hundredth is here!" Rumor was right; and as soon as the news was confirmed, such a shout of jubilation as was sent up might have been heard at Notre Dame. To-day a holiday in honor of the event, and every heart full of joy! We must let our parents and friends know of our jubilation through these columns.

Two hundred pupils, and still they come. Soon shall we announce two hundred and fifty! The Parisian dinner must be sent for by wire, but not sent here by wire. We are ready for the response to the cablegram.

Every room is crowded, save in the infirmary, where we have no time to go. Our eastern neighbors must bear in mind that we would soon exceed their number were it not for the brothers we brought with us. We, as well as the Notre Dame students, are to have a grand new building, the foundation of which was begun to-day—180 x 60, four stories high, and to contain a dining-room, study-hall, dormitory, and an exhibition-hall capable of accommodating our parents and friends on commencement day.

The enthusiasm we manifest is real, and is due largely to the zeal and interest shown in ourselves and our studies by Very Rev. Father General, to whose labors we owe our school, for he is the venerated Founder.

R.

Roll of Honor:

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlbrichs, Amador, Adams, Bronson, Bunker, Bassford, Bombeck, Bretz, Burns, Bancroft, Brookfield, Burger, Blessington, Barnes, Brown, Brewer, Beckwith, Brannick, Barrett, Burke, Crabb, Cassidy, Crooker, J. Cooney, Campbell, Chacon, G. Cooke, J. Cooke, J. Cusack, Jos. Cusack, Cullen, Casey, Cavanagh, Carney, T. Coady, P. Coady, Chute, Draper, Dacy, Dore, Delaney, Dougherty, Eyanson, Finckh, Fehr, Freeman, Foster, Fisk, Göke, Goebel, Jos. Giblin, Gallardo, Greenman, J. Galen, F. Galen, Henderson, W. Hacket, Hepburn, Healy, Hayes, Hacket, Hermann, M. Howard, Hempler, Hoover, Hill, Hummer, E. Howard, F. Jewett, H. Jewett, Jennings, Karasynski, Kinsella, Knight, Larpenter, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Lozano, Leonard, A. Larkin, Lappin, F. Long, L. Long, E. Larkin, W. Larkin, G. Long, McNally, Murphy, McErlaine, McAllister, Morton, Mackey, Jno. McCarthy, Mattes, McAuliff, McKeon, J. McCarthy, McGinnty, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, J. Meagher, W. Meagher, MacLeod, Mithen, Newton, Nester, O'Donnell, O'Flaherty, E. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Connor, R. Papin, Paquett, Prichard, Pollock, Read, Robinson, Reedy, Rorke, Roberts, Richardson, Rothert, Stewart, Schmitz, R. Sullivan, Stanfield, Steiger, J. Sullivan, Scholfield, Stepnenson, Smith, Toner, Tiernan, Velasco, Woods, Wise, Wade, Welch, Waixel, Watson, Webb, Younker, Youngermann, E. Zeitler, Zeller, Kelly.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, J. Allen, W. Allen, Aarons, Ayer, Adams, Berry, Bombeck, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, Baily, Bradley, Battes, Bearinger, Brown, T. Cleary, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, J. Connors, E. Connors, F. Connors, Ciaroschi, Case, Covert, J. Connolly, G. Connolly, Chacon, E. Campbell, S. Campbell, Collins, Chute, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Denkel, L. Davis, N. Davis, Des Garennes, E. Du Brul, O. Du Brul, Dunn, W. Devine, A. Devine, D'Arcy, Dempsey, Daniels, Duffield, Dunning, Erwin, Ernest, Elder, Fitzgerald, T. Falvey, Flannigan, F. Falvey, P. Fleming, C. Fleming, S. Fleming, Frei, Foley, Garrabrant, Green, Girsch, Galland, J. Healy, R. Healy, P. Healy, Heard, Heinzen, Hoffman, Heller, Hess, Howard, Hinkley, Hanrahan, Hoerr, Halthusen, Hughes, Hannin, Hague, Houlihan, Ibold, Irwin, Johns, Johnson, Jackson, Krembs, King, A. Kutsche, W. Kutsche, Kellner, Lamon, Lenhoff, Louisell, Moncada, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Mainzer, Malone, Mayer, Morrison, C. Mooney, J. Mooney, McDonnell, McCartney, McDonough, Merkle, McGrath, McMahon, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, McNulty, McCarthy, Nockles, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nester, O'Neill, G. O'Brien, P. O'Brien, O'Mara, O'Donnell, Paquett, Priestly, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Quinlan, I. Rose, S. Rose, A. Roth, E. Roth, Reinhard, Riedinger, Rowsey, Ramsey, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Sheehan, Schultze, Stanton, Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Savage, Silver, Shear, Talbot, Toolen, Wright, Walsh, Welch, Weitzel, Williamson, Wood, Willien, Wilbanks.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Ball, Bruel, Burns, Bearinger, Connolly, Cornell, Creedon, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Crane, Downing, Durand, Du Quesne, Dunn, Jas. Dungan, F. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, Dorsey, M. Elkin, E. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, Fouquet, C. Franche, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, Hedenbergh, Haddican, H. Johns, Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Lansing, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Lonergan, Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, Marx, Minor, McPhee, Mattas, C. McDonnell, McDonald, McGuire, Mooney, Montague, Nichols, Neehan, O'Neill, Plautz, Parker, L. Paul, C. Paul, Ricksecker, Roberts, Rea, Seerey, Stephens, Steineman, F. Toolen, Trujillo, Witkowskey, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, J. Wilcox, Wilson.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

(From the "C. T. A. News.")

The Drinking Customs of Society.

What a large proportion of the havoc wrought by drunkenness is due to the drinking customs of society! What a vast number of lives have been wrecked and souls lost, of men and women too weak to resist the blandishments brought to bear upon them in one guise or another by these drinking customs! What a legion of slaves bow down before these observances—slaves of high and low degree!

The toiler passing by coaxed into the beer or whiskey shop to be treated or to treat; the poor woman who must needs furnish out of her scanty means the foaming beer to regale her thirsty callers; the young society man persuaded by winning smiles and bright glances to quaff the draught that jewelled hands hold out to him; the dames, old and young, who sip the fascinating æsthetic punch at high-toned "teas;" the gentleman who dares not offend his friend by omitting the offer of an appetizer or a "night-cap," and who fears that his dinners would be voted tasteless if not flavored by beer and wines—all these are thralls of society's drinking customs; some willing, some unwilling, some but lightly fettered, some loaded down with manacles—yet bond slaves all.

In the pledge of the C. T. A. Union we promise to discountenance these drinking customs. Well and wisely indeed they builded who framed that pledge. If we are faithful always to its letter and its spirit, fault may at times be found by some; meanness, inhospitality, unsociability may be alleged against us; but right-minded men, though they may differ with us in many things, will in their hearts always respect those who have the courage to do what they believe right. But even were the respect and esteem of all men denied those who dare essay the right, the merit of a noble aim shall never die.

As I pen these lines, there comes before me a memory which I shall ever cherish. My thought goes back to beautiful Notre Dame, in the midst of the splendor of the golden jubilee celebration of its venerable founder; to its great dining-hall, where assembled a cardinal, two other archbishops, many bishops and hundreds of distinguished priests and laymen. Right royal had been Notre Dame's welcome, princely its hospitality; but Notre Dame knew no reason why courtesy and hospitality should make it a slave to customs born in other times, nurtured in other surroundings, and so at its generous festive board there flowed no beer, no wine.

All honor to Notre Dame! Well might the high-minded Archbishop of St. Paul praise its courage! All honor to Notre Dame! Greater before God as the teacher to society of this practical and needed lesson than as the far-famed mistress of many arts and sciences.

REV. M. F. FOLEY.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The piano, harp, guitar, violin, and cornet unite in making St. Mary's halls musical.

—The regular Catechetical instructions, given by the Rev. chaplain, began on Sunday last.

—Two hundred pupils! The "Parisian dinner" is now in order. A year's waiting insures a good appetite.

—Mrs. F. Gavan, Lafayette, Ind., and Mrs. J. English, Columbus, Ohio, were welcome guests last week.

—Very Rev. Father General's advice to the pupils is: "Eat well, sleep well, play well and pray well," then he feels sure they will study well.

—The Juniors are to be commended for the zeal with which their calisthenic exercises are carried out. An increase of grace and good health must surely result.

—The Art pupils are taking advantage of the lovely fall weather, and each day go out sketching. The beauties of scenery around St. Mary's are numerous, and afford subjects for charming pictures.

—The Colorado pupils form quite an element in the school. Rev. Father Zahm is certainly entitled to an invitation to the "Parisian dinner," for his labors in behalf of the institution have been unremitting.

—On Saturday last the music pupils enjoyed the first of the regular lectures on music. The subject was "How to acquire a thorough musical education." The attention with which the instruction was received showed true appreciation.

—Miss Laura Fendrich, Class, '84, has added another gift to her already long list of offerings to St. Mary's. Last week she presented a beautifully embroidered tabernacle veil of rich purple silk to the Sisters' infirmary chapel. Warm thanks are returned the generous donor.

—The "class honors," will be published next week, those who receive ninety, or above, as their class average for the month, are entitled to be on the "roll." The music list will appear next, then the art, book-keeping, type, elocution and phonography, so that each will find place once a month.

—Strict attention to duty marks every hour, and already are the classes thoroughly interested. Nevertheless, there is a whispered question going the rounds "when are we going to have the holidays promised by the Cardinal?" The proposition to have them on Thanksgiving day, the 8th of December, and Washington's birthday, was met with a storm of indignant opposition.

—As the custom of using the letters "S. A. G." on the envelopes has become so general among school-girls, postmasters find it quite annoying,

as, of course, they are put to the trouble of reading them as part of the address. St. Mary's pupils have resolved to put their invocation to St. Anthony within the letter, and leave to "Uncle Sam" the responsibility of delivering in safety their important communications, trusting that submission to "the powers that be," may insure heavenly guidance as of old.

—The visitors during the past week were: S. Simpson, Aurora, Ill.; Mrs. S. Sanderson, Logansport, Ind.; Mrs. S. Paul, Mrs. Huber, Mrs. M. Tellers, T. Guy, Mrs. C. Dewey, K. McLeod, Chicago; Mrs. C. Carrey, Miss Carrey, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. A. Schrock, Goshen, Ind.; J. M. Batchelder, St. Louis, Mo.; J. B. Wagner, Lafayette; T. Wilcox, Paducah, Ky.; P. Burke, Stillwater, Minn.; Mrs. J. R. Marks, Sioux City, Iowa; Mrs. M. Galen, Helena, Mont.; Mrs. Stace, Marshall, Mich.; V. Sleslinger, East Saginaw, Mich.; Mrs. L. W. Crane, Frankfort, Michigan.

—At the Sunday evening reunion Miss Angela Donnelly read, in a pleasing manner, one of Father Ryan's poems, "At Last"; Miss Margaret Geer recited "A Perfectly Modern Girl" in a "perfectly charming" style. Very Rev. Father General expressed his pleasure at seeing so many pupils in attendance and, to show his interest in St. Mary's, made a generous donation towards the new addition in contemplation. Very Rev. Father Corby spoke in glowing terms of the time when one thousand scholars would be in regular attendance, and urged all to use their influence in procuring new pupils. Rev. Father Zahm added a few words in his usual happy vein.

—The following Juniors were entitled to the honor of drawing for the politeness cross this week: Misses Barry, Bloom, E. Burns, M. Burns, Burdick, Burchard, Campbell, Churchill, A. Cooper, N. Davis, M. Davis, Dreyer, Dempsey, Dolan, Ernest, Flitner, Göke, Griffith, Johns, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, M. McHugh, Miller, McPhee, Northan, Patrick, Patier, Penburthy, Quealey, Regan, Rowley, Rinehart, M. Smith, J. Smith, Scherrer, M. Schoellkopf, T. Schoellkopf, Thirids, A. Wurzburg, and N. Wurzburg. Miss M. Campbell was the happy winner. Of the Minims, Crandall, B. Davis, Maggie McHugh, M. Smyth, and S. Scherrer drew; the last-mentioned little girl was the lucky one.

Sunshine and Sorrow.

A Michael Angelo, a Raphael, and a Titian, have thrown upon canvas glorious creations; and yet in their sublimest conceptions, how weak is their power in comparison with the Divine Artificer who, in a single ray of sunlight, has created that whose charm no brush can represent! What more beautiful than a sunlit landscape! Behold the lofty mountain top bathed in the radiant light which moves down the steep sides like

liquid gold! See the sparkling waters as the many-tinted drops dance over the pebbles! Observe the opening flowers lifting their heads to greet the welcome rays, multiplied, as it were, by the dewdrops mirroring the heavens, and we cannot but exclaim: "O the beauty and warmth of God's pure sunlight!" It enters into our very heart and makes earth glad; for if the light emanating from the heavens be so great, so glorious, what can be conceived of the true Light of the world—the Sun of Justice!

As the sunlight is to nature, so is joy to the soul. The elasticity of life sends the blood purring through our veins. We are happy: "Our hearts bound upward, because God is above. We find joy everywhere." There is joy in the soft innocence of infancy, in the merry frolics of childhood, in the happy days of youth, and a deep, tender joy in the anticipation of old age. Sorrow may be uppermost in life; yet, as under every stone there is moisture, so under every sorrow there is joy. What would life be without the sweet ministrations of sorrow's sister? Kindness, charity, sweetness, self-forgetfulness, all spring from a happy heart. One of joy's first tendencies is to communicate itself to others; hence, the cultivation of a spirit of good-will towards all is one of the marks by which we discover the hidden spring of joyousness deep down in the heart, and in the truly good, this source seems inexhaustible. Well has it been said that school-days are the happiest days of life. What else but joy fills the heart of youth, when, under the protecting influence of loved teachers, the days pass in the fulfilment of duties made pleasant and easy by the guiding hands of those who have forsaken all things to bring souls to God?

There is joy, too, in the consciousness of well-doing and in the innocent friendships of early days. Tendrils strong bind together the hearts of schoolmates; while in future years, the memory of youth's companions will ever be a source of truest pleasure; but just as "the twilight steals everywhere and shadows creep noiselessly into evening's sunniest nooks, mastering all the land without the winnowing of its silken wing being heard or seen," so does sorrow come into joy.

Beautiful as is the sunlight, there cannot be the light without its shade. The mountain top may be resplendent in all the radiance of the noon day, but there is a shadowy mist in the valley.

Joy is God-given; but who shall say that sorrow is aught else? There are sad hours in the life of each—hours when the hot tears well up and the heart feels no rest save at the feet of

Him, who for us was "sorrowful unto death."

There are sorrows so deep, so sacred, that words seem but mockery, and only those who have folded the white hands over a loved heart forever stilled in death, can realize what true sorrow is; can feel what it is to sink down at God's feet and have Him raise the cross, not from the wearied shoulders, but from the bruised heart. Beautifully has Father Ryan said:

"Darkness gives man brighter rays
To find the God in sunshine lost.
And shadows wrap the trysting-place
Where God meets hearts with gentlest grace."

Our resolution, then, should be, if joy comes in after-life, we will raise our hearts to God, as the flowers look up to drink in the sunshine; and if sorrow be our lot, it shall come to our souls as the rain to thirsty flowers; so in joy or in sorrow, we will look to our Father and His sorrow-laden Mother for all that our poor hearts need, and in the sanctuary of His wounded Heart shall we place our hopes and fears, knowing that whatever betides, "we shall be God's forever!"

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

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

- 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, Quealey, Reeves, Regan, Rose, Rowley, Rinehart, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, M. Scherrer, Sweeney, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Thirids, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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