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The Snow.

BY A. M. P.

The snow! the snow! so noiseless, pure and fair,
Watch there the white flakes falling through the air,
Fresh from yon cloud,
A spotless shroud
To cover earth with beauty bright and rare.

God's shroud for earth, 'til the new life of spring
Comes in on the sweet south wind's welcome wing,
And trees and flowers,
With gentle showers,
Aside their frosty cloak in rapture fling.

Snow mountains 'neath the scorching sun-rays flee;
Huge blocks of ice pass drifting out to sea,
And summer's day
Usurps the sway
Of fierce king winter's monarchy.

The Origin of Language.*

BY T. A. GOEBEL, '89.

We speak frequently and much every day; but how few realize that they are, by distinct acts of the will, using a mechanism infinitely grander than any invention of Watt or Edison. It is this sublime instrument which binds man to man, raises pyramids, builds cities, fights and conquers nations, imposes law, preserves governments, teaches religion, gives us our common refinement and social progress; in fine, it is that which distinguishes men from inferior animals. The origin of this wonderful power, language, cannot but engage our attention in this age of scientific inquiry, when God is so much ignored, man and his gifted faculties considered the work

of blind Nature, or the long and gradual evolution of progressive matter.

Language is any sensible communication of thought. But man, whose prerogative it is to choose his own way of doing anything, may, by the use of gestures, articulate sounds, or writing, have different means of representing his thoughts, feelings and resolutions.

The first is the language of action, expressed by looks and gestures; and so well is it understood by the savage, as well as by the most highly educated man, that it seems to be an instinct common to human nature. This natural language alone enabled Columbus to establish considerable intercourse with the natives of America. Should fortune ever wreck a South Sea Islander, an Esquimau and an African upon some deserted island, they would not be at a loss to make known to each other their wants and desires, and feelings of joy or sorrow. Gesticulation is most expressive in such cases, and when cultivated, as it was under Nero, reaches its perfection in the pantomime. But since it is so universal, extending to all nations and races without distinction, it is generally too obscure, inadequate and uncertain. Gestures alone would be insufficient to excite in one's fellow-man ideas of things absent, of time, of the properties of color, or to express all the conceptions of the mind. A natural language apparently exists amongst some of the higher animals, such as the monkey, the horse and the dog, and among many of the feathered tribe of which amorous doves and cackling hens are familiar examples. But this understanding common to them is nothing more than the result of blind instinct, and cannot be called language, because they are wanting in intelligence of which language is the sensible expression.

Spoken language differs from natural in this

* Thesis defended before the Academy of St. Thomas, Wednesday evening, Jan. 16.

respect, that the knowledge of a tongue must first be acquired before it can be used or understood. It consists of articulate sounds called consonants joined to vowels by means of which man alone can express his ideas. Oral language may be regarded as natural, when we consider that all men are endowed with organs adapted to its use. Oral language, or speech is language properly so called; and since its origin is the aim of this paper, we will always be understood to refer to no other, unless some qualifying adjective is used. Speech is universal in character inasmuch as all men speak; but language is national since all races do not discourse in the same tongue. Speech is of greater importance than gesticulation for the communication of ideas, because it is capable of expressing the slightest shade of thought conceived by the human mind.

Language, when preserved by permanent conventional figures which stand for letters or ideas, is called written and artificial. The hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians, the picture writing of the Mexicans and American Indians, and the knotted colored cords of the Peruvians were the earliest forms of writing that have come down to us. The alphabet was an outgrowth of these rude beginnings. The expression of mathematics is a mixture of letter and picture writing, and is the most exact and scientific of all languages.

Before enunciating our proposition, we must examine the relations existing between thought and speech. Thought is a mental speech we deliver to ourselves which we may manifest or keep secret. In itself it is imperceptible, and when desired to be awakened in the mind of another person, a word presents itself immediately or simultaneously to complete and, as it were, embody our thought. Language is not the generating cause of thought, in the sense in which Shelley said, "God gave man speech, and speech created thought;" for an effect can never precede its cause; and he who speaks before thinking is branded as a fool by all.

It is possible for the mind to think without language; but had we not the assistance of words or sensible signs, we could scarcely, as proven by deaf mutes and unfortunate persons reared in solitude, have any other clear ideas besides those of material objects. To develop the mind, to enable it to reach that perfection for which it was created, it must of necessity have the power of retaining abstract and purely intellectual ideas. But, in the present order of things, the intellect cannot acquire and retain ideas of the spiritual, or be able to meditate and reflect upon

them if language come not to its aid? Without language, then, we could not reason; we could not arrive at a knowledge of God or our future destiny; man would be unable to establish society, or fully understand the law of morality.

As man is neither a pure spirit, nor entirely an animal, he cannot have a purely intellectual language, and therefore, that which represents the spiritual must be perceived and expressed by means of the sensible. When signs or language are used to inculcate truths of the supersensible order, they only direct the attention of the person addressed to them by means of his own intuitive power. For this reason, artists do not paint angels as they are in reality, because that would be impossible, but still they convey the idea to us by giving them a sensible form, a human body with wings. In the same manner, when ministers of the Gospel wish to impress their hearers with the idea of God, they speak of Him as a good and merciful Father, or a most equitable Judge.

We now assert that language is of divine origin; and before we present our direct arguments, we will consider our proposition proven if we succeed in refuting all theories to the contrary.

The first is the theory of evolutionists, who, having safely brought man across the gulf which intervenes between him and his tail-bearing ancestor, assert that an instinctive and involuntary reproduction of animal cries and the sounds of nature was excited by the forced utterances of inward feelings and emotions. Thus they say, interjections, which form the basis of language, originated. If this assumption were true, all roots in all languages would be interjections, and this fact philologists have failed to discover even in the poorest dialect of the most savage tribes.

Others maintain, that men were led by an in-born power of imitation, to transform gradually the screams of animals and the sounds of nature into articulate words and that by the power of association of ideas, of analogy and generalization, they finally produced language. But experience teaches that we cannot use words before mentally realizing the relation existing between an object and its symbol. Parrots, crows and birds that may be taught to speak have no reason, no thoughts; nor do they know any relation of this kind, and therefore are not capable of language. Language is more than a mere collection of words, and the meaning of each must be learned from a teacher, else we should be able to master a foreign language without any previous study. But still how shall we account for the large number of words found

in every literature which bear some striking resemblance either to natural sounds or peculiar kinds of motion? An arbitrary imposition of names without knowledge and reason in the one placing them is absurd, and would be the same as upholding an effect without a cause. Yet it is confessed by all materialists and evolutionists that the accuracy of human thought and the development of the intellect advance step by step with the exactness and richness of language. Now, if language were a result of the imitation of animal cries and the sounds of nature, this would occur according to a necessary law of nature, and then all men should always and everywhere use the same words: or this would arise from a previous compact amongst men; but how can we fancy the human family assembled together to agree upon the transmutations of physical or animal sounds, when their reason was not sufficiently developed to comprehend an arrangement of this kind, and when they had no means of communication by which such an agreement could be made?

The error of these two systems arises from the assumption that primitive man was a *turpe et nutum pecus*. How is it possible to conceive society formed out of ignorant and speechless savages? Such men would be gregarious but not social. Or how could language spring up without society; for men having no more than the blind instinctive intercourse of animals, could not be knit together by the bonds of common interest, nor could they arrive at any understanding. It could not have been invented apart from society, for the set of signs or sounds one man would accept would not arouse corresponding thoughts in the mind of another who has not already known their meaning. Finally, it could not have existed before society, because the latter necessarily presupposes the former.

Language is not a spontaneous product of human nature. For, if the tongues of different nations be carefully examined, we discover a striking analogy pervading all; and the sublime and deep philosophy they embody not only equals but far surpasses nature. Common-sense dictates that nature's works are always inferior to itself. However, let us suppose for a moment that speech is a result of nature: Are not the laws of the physical world unchangeable? Why then does not human nature, even in our own day, send forth from solitudes men speaking a new and untaught language? The tongue does not secrete language, and the fact that the power of speech is incomprehensible, is a sufficient proof that it is not the flower of progress or an intrinsic power of nature.

A third class of men, though rejecting the exclamatory and mimetic theories of the formation of language, oppose its divine origin by asserting that God is only its author indirectly, inasmuch as He did not teach man language, but simply gave him the faculty of speech, the power of making himself understood by articulate sounds. But, because man has organs adapted to the use of speech, it does not follow that he creates it. Birds have vocal organs and may speak a few words, but have they any language? Man creates nothing. He changes or works upon material already existing. The faculty of speech can no more be exercised without language than can an artist with chisels in hand practise his art if no marble be given him. To say that because an artist has genius and tools he makes the block of marble he carves, is just as foolish as to assert that the faculty of speech creates language. Language is a system of sensible signs, exterior and independent of the intellect, as an object seen is distinct from the organ of sight. As the fish of Mammoth Cave have lost their power of vision through desuetude, but still have the organ of the eye, so would man, had he not been put in possession of, or inspired with the use of language, still retain that power of speech which by disuse would have become inoperative.

Granting that men had language from the beginning, intelligence is an absolute necessity for its use. In order to speak we must have knowledge; and the meaning of a word must precede or accompany it. The mind must associate both the word and the object of which it is a symbol. Such being the case, how could the Creator give man the faculty of speech without acquainting him in some way with what it was calculated to express? If this were not so we would be machines only, phonographs, blindly receiving and emitting words which to us would have no significance. Such, however, is not the office of language. If we could suppose language a creation of man, as secondary cause, why cannot men wholly ignorant of all language invent one nowadays: and, as this faculty is the same in all men, why do not all men speak the same language? The song of the nightingale is ever the same, but the speech of man changes? To invent a language presupposes a knowledge of its construction and rules; but this cannot be done without the assistance of reflection, and reflection itself is impossible without some kind of language. In short, "it requires a language to invent a language."

As language cannot have arisen either from man himself or from nature, we must transport

ourselves in imagination to the most beautiful home of our first parents, and ascertain what took place on that day when God said: "Let us make man." But now the question arises, what was the condition of Adam on the first morn of his existence? Was he an ignorant savage? That man rises from the barbarous state and advances towards civilization without receiving aid from others superior to himself is contradicted by history, since no uncivilized tribe has ever been known who of themselves bettered their own condition. Was Adam perhaps a speechless, helpless infant? No; full-grown, intelligent, speaking and perfect as he came from the hands of God who made him. It is most impious to believe that God in creating man, did not give him everything necessary for the use of his faculties, or to attain the end for which he was destined. Understanding, free-will and speech are the characteristics which distinguish man from the brute. Deprived of language man could not perform any complete operations of the mind, and hence could have no clear knowledge of morality. His rational life would be destroyed, his knowledge limited to material objects; and this would be sufficient to take away all that is essential to man as man.

Intelligence and language progress in the same proportion. But Adam, whom God instructed both as to the physical and spiritual world, and who, without doubt, possessed a greater wisdom than any of his descendants, must have been given the fundamental principles of speech to express his thoughts, and by its aid and that of reflection been able to increase his knowledge. In what way was language given or infused into man, and how extensive was it? We ask ourselves: From whom have we received our knowledge of language? and the answer is, from our parents and teachers. But from whom did our parents and teachers learn the language? If from their teachers, whence did the latter acquire it but from those who preceded them? Thus we trace back from generation to generation an unbroken tradition until we arrive at our first parents, who themselves must have received this most precious gift in like manner from the lips of another—and who could he be, but God? Did God the Divine Instructor give man a perfect system of language all at once? Yes, one perfect in respect to its unchanging fundamental principles.

This was absolutely necessary. It is no more than reasonable to believe, that God having given man this first indispensable germ of language gave him an impulse to use it and left him to enlarge and adorn it as various occasions

and necessities required. The first motion having been received, man was able to apply arbitrary names to objects. It is not necessary to think that Adam should have been given the names of objects he did not yet know, or of ideas he had not entertained. For, as in geometry, the principle of one example having been learned all examples of the same kind can be solved and deductions made by the student himself, so Adam, having by divine inspiration a knowledge of the laws of language and his ability to use it in the communication of his thoughts, was left to increase and perfect it. This easily explains, as it is related in Gen., ii, 19, how Adam was given the duty of naming "the beasts of the field and the birds of the air."

That there was one primitive language up to the time of the building of Babel, we have no right to deny. Thus speaks the writer of Genesis: "And the earth was of one tongue and the same speech." If philologists have not yet discovered the original language, it is no proof that it did not exist. Whether this primitive tongue was Old Hebrew, or Gaelic, or any other, is not our province to discuss. No one knows how it was lost, nor is it probable that anyone shall ever find it. Again all tongues are alike in their essentials, all have a subject, predicate and copula, and all bear a wonderful similarity in their structure from which we safely conclude that there was one language which served as a model for all. There is only one true verb, and that is "to be," the name of God Himself which we use in all our judgments. This ideal formula, as it is called, must have been taught man and could not have come from anyone except God. All books, traditions and monuments are silent about an invention of language by man in the first ages of the world. Such a momentous and important invention, although centuries may have been consumed in its formation, could never have escaped the memory of man. But on the contrary, we have from the earliest times both traditions and monuments, which clearly demonstrate that man possessed speech and obtained it from Heaven. Language itself, being the medium of tradition, is as old as tradition itself. Moreover, the most ancient nations have all preserved traditions of a Golden Age, when the gods associated with man and instructed him while he still retained his innocence.

Speech, besides being one of the greatest gifts of God to man to praise his Maker and do good, may also be turned into the worst instrument of evil. For, was it not by its aid that the serpent brought upon us all the miseries that afflict us in this life? The tongue, though

it is the easiest organ to move, is the hardest to control. Since there is a virtue in knowing when to speak and when to be silent, let me not detain you longer, for, says the proverb, "speech is silver, but silence is gold;" though I may well find my justification in the truth—that when our thoughts are golden they must needs find silvery expression.

The Yellowstone Park.

BY PROF. A. F. ZAHM.

VI.—MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

Sunrise at the Grand Cañon! It is a superb scene, but soon changes. The spirits of night are vanquished, the shadows have fled, and light is now sole mistress. For awhile the men sit entranced, but soon cast off the spell and relax the senses. Some now turn to the ridiculous jesting and playing about the precipice. One amuses himself by rolling huge rocks down the cliff. They roll, bound, and thunder splendidly, breaking loose and starting others until a galloping host stampede down the slope and leap far out into the river. The race lasts thirty seconds.

A final survey of the cañon, a parting look at the falls, and we are off to the Mammoth Hot Springs forty miles away. There is much beautiful scenery along the route, but little that is new to us. The most noted sight is the mountain of glass. The road runs along the base of this strange mass and is actually paved with lumps of glass or obsidian. We gather some large specimens and break them into sharp pieces shining black like anthracite. It would be good for bottle making. The engineer in cutting his way through this peculiar ledge, used, not edge tools, but fire and water. Burning piles of timber along the route until the glass became thoroughly heated, he next threw on water which split it in every direction with a hiss and crack that must have been very entertaining.

In the valley not far away are some beaver lakes which were formed by damming the creek, and were made ages ago by the industrious flat-tailed animals which then thrived unnumbered and undisturbed in the stream.

Another place of interest to us farther on was a great plateau of immense boulders each separate from the others, and resembling huge tombstones. A forest once grew among them, but is now burned, and the blasted trunks with

charred branches stand here still mourning desolately. As we found no mention of it in our guide-book we called it the Cemetery of the Gods. Devil's Graveyard would likely be a more popular name, and more in keeping with the general nomenclature of the park. It is situated at a short distance from the Golden Gate—a royal pass through the mountains well known to tourists for its grand perpendicular walls, its massively paved road, its picturesque and dainty little waterfall.

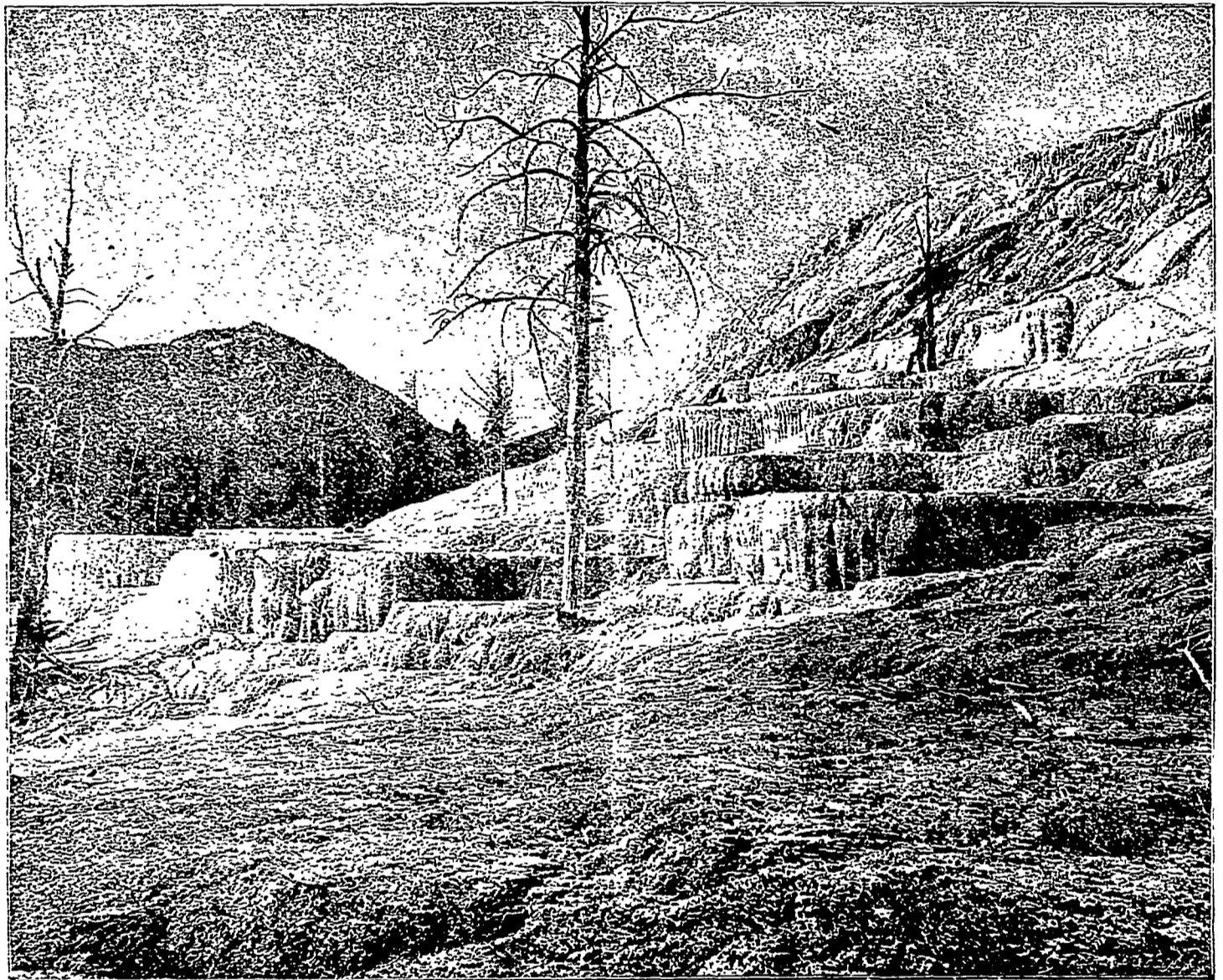
Half an hour later we arrived at the Mammoth Hot Springs where two elegant hotels extend their welcome. After supper we sally out in the cool of the evening to inspect the springs. There is a mountain of them. Spring above spring arises in brilliant white terraces some hundred feet. On the top is a vast plateau of them which flow on all sides down the embankment of terraces. Each terrace consists of a row of round basins brimful of clear water which, as it trickles over the sides, deposits a white calcareous formation, pure and sparkling like salt. The regularity of these springs gives the whole great mound the appearance of a honey-comb having each cup full of clear liquid. One can almost fancy that the whole was once flooded, and that the water running down on all sides in foaming cascades became suddenly frozen, so graceful and charming are the terraces. Each basin with its fretted rim and fluted sides resembles an immense silver epaulet eight or ten feet in diameter. The sides, four or five feet high, are all artistically channelled, scalloped and coated with the most exquisite frost-work. Lovely bath tubs, aren't they? just of the right depth too, and may be chosen of any temperature you like. There is barely room enough to walk up these terraces by keeping near the edges to avoid the water. It seems a pity to tramp over such pretty art work; it is like crushing down the wild flowers, but it cannot be helped. On the top of the plateau are the immense springs which feed all the others. They are from fifteen to twenty-five feet in diameter, exceedingly transparent and beautifully colored, as are also the channels connecting them. A grass-like formation grows on the bed of some of the shallow streams. It is richly colored—red, pink, or yellow, and waves very gracefully in the gentle current. At some places hot water boils out from crevices in the crust, and frequently also sulphurous vapors which deposit their element in bright yellow crystals.

The following neat description is from the pen of Mr. E. Roberts:

"Spring numbered 17 by Dr. Peale has a beautiful mar-

ble-like basin filled with light blue waters, on which float red-tinged lime carbonates; another has a reddish rim to its basin, and contains long, silky filaments of light yellow. The basin of the Cleopatra Spring is forty feet high, and covers an area of three-fourths of an acre. The inner walls are of pearly whiteness with reddish edges, and the waters are blue. Some of the channels, through which the overflow passes, are bright green or crimson. The hues are bewildering at times, and are always intensified by the whiteness of the high, broken mound. The older deposits, now dry and crumbling, are not far from the main terrace. Their walls are grayish white, and one of the formations is overgrown with forests. The highest living spring is one thousand feet above the Gardiner."

Pine cones, branches, table ware, horseshoes, inkstands, little boots and shoes, dolls, straw hats, iron nails and even fruit, all elegantly finished, may be seen in his cabinet. These articles while coating are laid on shelves put up in the springs for that purpose, and reached by wading into the deep water. As souvenirs of our journey we brought with us some of these specimens which, as might be foreseen, retain their freshness and beauty unfaded. Some months later I sent for other articles of a similar kind which, in course of time, I received



THE PULPIT TERRACE, MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

The water of these springs holds in solution great quantities of silica, magnesia and carbonate of lime which are readily deposited. An object immersed a few days here becomes coated with a very uniform incrustation of pure, sparkling white. Trinkets and other articles of fancy may thus in a few days be covered with a magnificent, bright frost-work of exceeding delicacy and beauty.

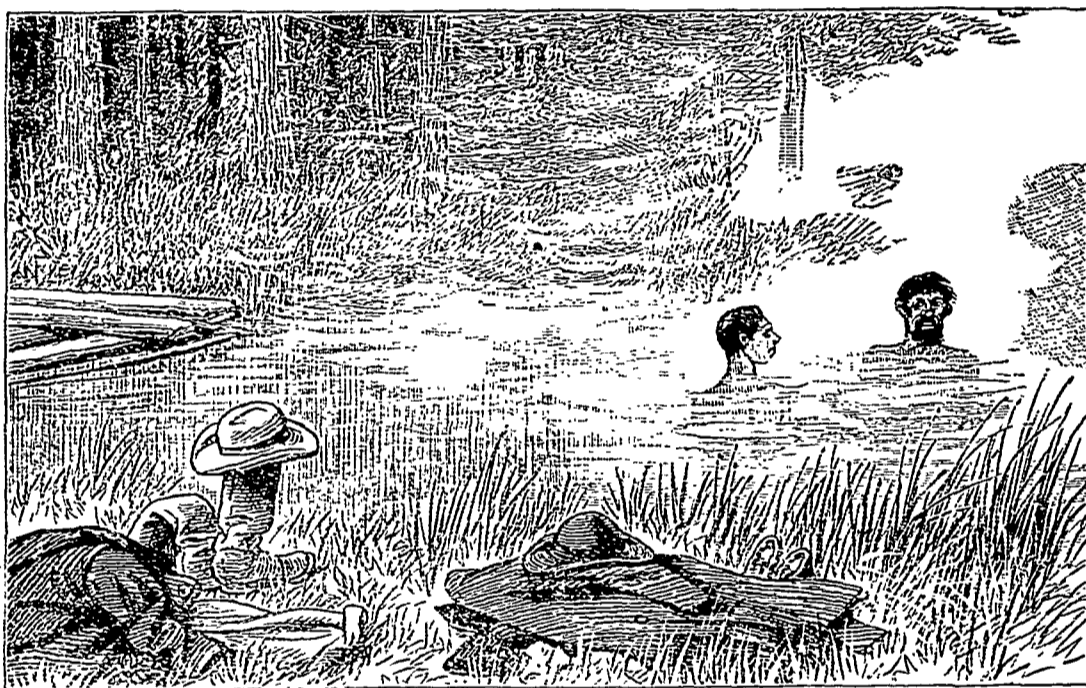
A gentleman by name of Wm. Lindström, popularly known as "Specimen Bill," has made this a business for nearly six years, and is now sending articles to all parts of the country.

through the mail, neatly boxed up. As they were slightly broken, Mr. Lindström, as a kind of reparation, sent me a beautiful pine cone and a horseshoe with my name worked in it with wire letters, the whole being silvered over with the snowy deposit. I take pleasure in mentioning these things because they were done with such unstudied and hearty good will. I likewise inquired of him the rate of deposition, as a matter of scientific interest to which he replied as follows:

"In answer to your question regarding the amount of coating in one day, as far as I have noticed it would be

about one-fiftieth of an inch per day on very hard metal. Pine cones I generally leave from five to seven days according to the temperature of the water. If the water is very hot it takes longer, but the coating will be harder and brown instead of white, and if I go farther out from the spring it also takes longer and will be very white. The water should be just hot enough so as not to scald, so I can easily keep my hands in it. . . . I have got some leather shoes in coating. They have been in the water a month, and it will take two weeks more before they are done. That is all I intend to coat till next summer. I think one-fiftieth of an inch, as nearly as I have noticed, is about the average rate of coating. There are other springs that would coat faster as there is more magnesia and lime in them, and would look like calomine. They would coat about an inch a week; but I never do any coating in them as the others coat better."

This immense plateau was evidently built up by the deposit of centuries. The area covered by springs at present active is about one square



THE BATHING POOL AT "MAMMOTH."

mile, but nearly twice this area consists of extinct ones, upon the mounds of which now stand trees nearly a foot in diameter. In some cases, however, the tree seems to have preceded the thermal spring and to have died from the succeeding heat and incrustation. At some places, indeed, the roots and a part of the trunk are completely buried. We might from this be able to conjecture the age of the mound if we knew anything of the durability of timber under such conditions. But the trunks, by absorbing silica, become partially petrified which renders them very durable. The rate of deposit quoted above would amount to about sixty feet in a century.

During the day the glare of this immense white field is almost unbearable, but by the soft light of the moon the whole region is picturesque and enchanting. It then looks as if the earth had once burned up and were still smouldering

and smoking in many places. There are many curious mounds, caves and grottoes on the farther side among which we wandered all evening. There is one called the "Devil's Kitchen"; and as the young man with me was bent on seeing it, we tracked about in every direction for it, examining sign-boards and consulting the military guards that stood about in bright new uniform watching the formations. We never employed the services of a guide, because most of them are so ignorant, and the rest are all liars. Nay, my experience has been that it sorely tries even your honest man to be truthful under the spell of these wild regions.

After strolling about pleasantly for an hour, we came about eight o'clock to a beautiful lake of warm water, clear as air, and fed by hot

springs. The shores all around are rocky, and the bottom is of rock covered slightly with sand. Yielding to the temptation of the place and hour, we plunged in and enjoyed one of the grandest bathing places in the world. The temperature varies from about 90° at one side of the lake, to 120° at the other. While we were splashing about, a man and family came wandering up among the trees to take a swim; but seeing us, they very considerably withdrew and postponed their performance. The young man from Omaha at first waded about very carefully, for fear he might step

on a hot spring, and after being assured that there was no danger on that score, he still moved quite cautiously for fear of going beyond his depth. He said his mother would never let him bathe in the Missouri because of the "nasty" water, and as a consequence, he had not learned to swim. It had always been a mystery to him how some men can lie on the water where others would be sure to drown; and he didn't know what his mother would do if he should happen to drown away out here in the wilderness. On the land, however, he was brave as could be, and had very many sterling qualities which no doubt would make him a worthy husband. He might well be recommended to any Pandora in search of some one to cling to for protection and help and solace in the long, weary hours of life. That is he in the picture with the gentle, intellectual face. Not the one with the beard; that is a

minister criticising his contour, and giving him some wholesome advice; but the one to the west, with smooth chin and huge, Napoleonic nose. There is a face for you that counts itself against legions. What a glorious eye made to revel among the stars; a brow whose matchless arch doth counterfeit the brow of Apollo; and lips—ah! lips of poesy and the honey of speech and action! He has turned his face sideways, because to his thinking it appears better in profile. When standing erect that way he is feeling cautiously to avoid hot springs, and if he steps on one he will hop clean out of the water. He is a very long-legged creature, and belongs, I believe, to the class which zoölogists designate as "waders."

It seems very romantic indeed bathing in this extraordinary region by moonlight, and in a locality where the air and water are so warm, while all about the frost is gathering rapidly. Natural stone steps lead down to the margin, and large cedars stand there reaching out their willing arms to hold one's clothing. Think of bathing here some fair morning in May, wrapt in the most delightful vapors, while the neighboring peaks are covered with snow, the trees and banks white with frost, and yet the loveliest spring flowers peeping out from the moss and rocks, shedding sweet perfume on the quiet air; the birds at their morning orisons, or building pretty nests, and the majestic sun breaking in splendor through the purple east and tipping the mountain-tops with a halo of glory. The world never saw its superior. Not the surf of tropic shores nor the perfumed bath of kings can equal this. For it surpasseth in luxury all the pools of fable; yea, and the glory and boast of those splendid days when the mighty senators of Rome steeped their proud limbs in the baths of Caracalla.

Wonder if they had any in the garden of Paradise. If Milton had known this place, he would have had geysers and many-colored thermal springs scattered profusely through the garden of Eden. Surely he would have placed some near the "blissful bower" where Adam and Eve might, after the day's toil, paddle about very profitably: "For cleanliness is next to godliness"—how neatly would this line wedge

into an epic! Why should not Eve be granted an abundance of hot and cold water for washing, for cooking, for preparing the hot beverage? There is yet much generous work to be done in this direction.

The Omaha lad still persisted in searching for the "Devil's Kitchen." We then climbed over rugged steeps, into treacherous caves, among hissing vents for an hour and in all likelihood saw the place, but for want of sign-board failed to recognize it. The young man did indeed see a mysterious-looking cavern filled with curious stalagmites and quaint-looking cones like cauldrons seething and boiling with unearthly murmurs; but owing to the repulsive vapors issuing from them, and the forbidding

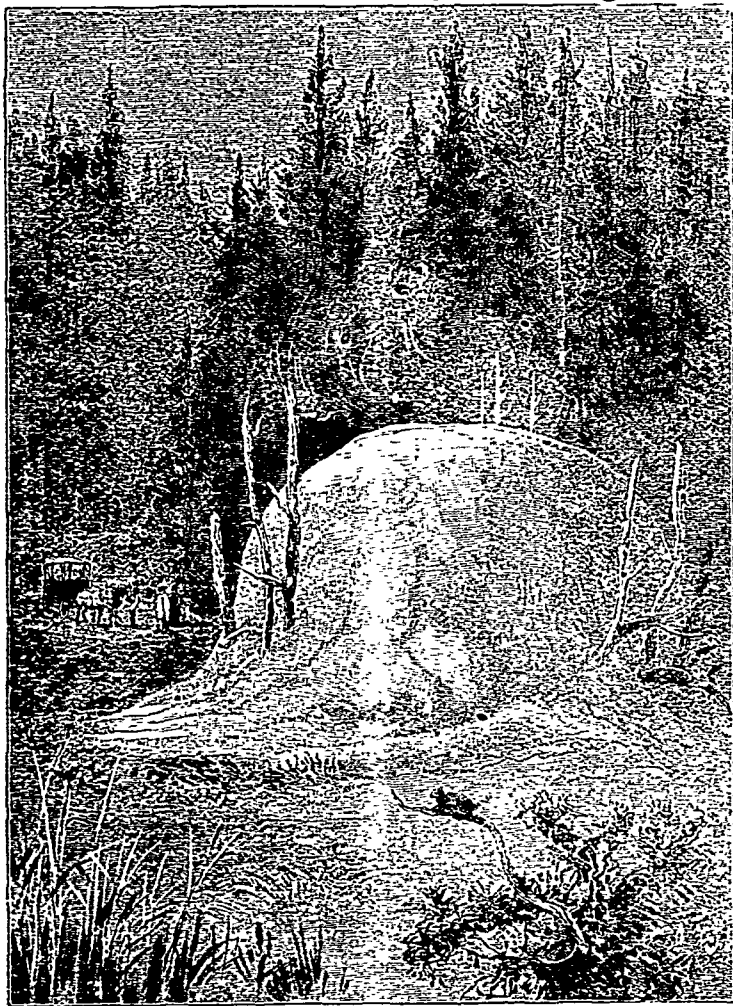
look of everything, he had not ventured in. He thought these structures might be cooking pots or other utensils, and he said they smelled "like the devil." We must pardon him this uncouth expression, because the doctors and the law permit it here. At one place we mounted and walked along a round, smooth mound, called the White Elephant, which, coming to an abrupt ending, obliged us to retrace our steps.

Presently, as we were groping about for some path leading home, we came to another mound about ten feet high, and of a spheroidal form. It is called the "Orange Geyser," on account of its color; though at this hour it has a dull, white appearance. We could hear the water sputtering and steaming at the top, and the curious

youth, in attempting to climb up for inspection, found it "wet and nasty." Mr. E. Roberts, in his usual charming style, has given us a pretty description of this little geyser as follows:

"Its cone is a low, round hill as yellow as an orange and not more than ten feet high. On its top is the geyser—a tiny spouting fountain that gurgles and splashes all day long. Its little basin was filled to overflowing, but the activity of the diminutive geyser never ceased, and the cone was dripping wet with its waters. I doubt if we ever enjoyed a geyser so thoroughly as we did this one. The coloring of its cone was very rich and mellow, and made all the more pronounced by the surrounding green of the forests. The place, too, was delightfully fresh and cool and quiet; and the noise that the baby fountain made filled the air with a delicious murmur, such as one hears when the waves are softly rolling in upon the sea sands."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE "ORANGE" GEYSER.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—The "debate" given by the "Academy Circle," on Wednesday evening last, was one of the most interesting of the season. We are glad to learn that their example will soon be followed by the Philodemic and other societies of the University. There is no calculating the great influence which these public meetings will have upon the student body, and especially upon the participants. Prof. Fearnley's remarks at the close of the exercises of Wednesday evening must have made a deep impression upon the minds of his hearers, and shown them the great benefits to be derived from literary exercises and culture.

Sculpture, painting, music and architecture, although we hear a great deal about the elevating influence of art, have never of themselves exercised any influence. If we examine the history of any art-loving and art-trained people, we will find that they are the most cruel and vicious of civilized communities; but when the influence of literature is begun to be felt, then there is among the people a change for the better. This is apparent among the Oriental nations where the arts have been cultivated and where literature has been of feeble growth.

The true basis of a race's advance is the diffusion of knowledge. Among a people who are noted for intellectual activity and culture, art becomes, as it were, a rich and graceful fringe of civilization. It gives to character some of its most agreeable qualities, supplies ideas and furnishes agreeable sensations. Were we deprived of art, life would indeed be harsh and barren; but it is only from intellectual culture that the suitable appreciation of art comes. Unless the basis of advancement be intellectual, there can be none. In connection with intellectual culture art may have, and has, a soft and refining influ-

ence; but we should award the palm to that nation which has developed its literature rather than its art.

Hasty Judgments.

Do not judge too hastily! This admonition may be found a very practical one by everybody; for, although we do not occupy the position of a judge or magistrate, yet, through a propensity of our nature which we should be on our guard against, our judgment is called into action every day.

It very often happens that evidence which is almost overwhelming is turned aside by the statement of a few simple facts which nobody would take the trouble to inquire into. Do not be always willing to believe your friend or neighbor guilty of a thing because circumstances point him out as the guilty party: facts may come to light that will clear him from all taint of suspicion, and you will then feel very bad for expressing yourself as you did; and you may ruin a strong friendship that to you would be very valuable.

Undoubtedly, many an innocent man has been punished for the guilty, simply because the judge or jury thought that as "circumstantial evidence" pointed to this man, and as they could find nobody else to convict of the crime they would convict him whom they held prisoner. Only a day or two ago an account was published of a man who on his death-bed confessed being guilty of a murder for which another man had been hanged years before; now it was a great deal of consolation, no doubt, to the family of the innocent man, when they thought that their father had been unjustly executed, and themselves disgraced, simply because "circumstances" pointed him out as the murderer!

It is an almost every-day occurrence to hear stories set afloat concerning the character of some person with whom you are acquainted and who may be your best friend. Do not judge that person too hastily, and say "He is guilty," because "they say so." Mr. They-say-so is a very cowardly person, and is referred to only when the person speaking is afraid to be held responsible for his statement. And if a person is really guilty, do not you be the first to make known his guilt, for it is a very uncharitable act on your part, and one that stains your own soul; and it certainly will do no good, while it may make you a great many enemies. Always bear in mind and be influenced by the words of Holy Writ: *Judge not, that you be not judged.* *

Grecian Civilization.

Greece was the great centre of ancient civilization. For, what is civilization but a reclaiming from the savage state, a refining and culturing by means of art and science? Now, Greece was the home of art and science; naturally, therefore, she became the representative of all that was highest and best in the culture and refinement of pagan civilization. At the time when all the countries around it were plunged in mental torpor, Grecian eloquence was bursting forth in immortal discourses on political and other topics.

Greece taught Rome—afterward the whole world—to be eloquent. Her influence in this particular did not cease with her material power; it lived long after her greatness and glory as a nation had departed, and it still moves the world, even in our own time. Demosthenes is not dead; he lives to-day in our orators and statesmen—in men of the time like that grand old man, that defender of human liberty, Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone. Cicero, great as he was, cannot be compared with Demosthenes. He imitated the great Greek. Quintilian, a Latin author, bears testimony to the superiority of the latter, who, he says, was more natural than the former.

Demosthenes was the greatest orator the world has ever seen. The immortal genius of Burke felt and acknowledged his influence. The patriotic, soul-stirring oratory which burst forth from the hearts of a Clay and a Webster, like the glad sound of a beautiful bell, breathed forth the spirit of ancient Greece and of her greatest orator, Demosthenes.

Painting and sculpture had existed in Greece from time immemorial. There the painter and sculptor fed his genius in the study of the most splendid of human models. Phidias, the most celebrated sculptor of antiquity, flourished in Greece over four hundred years before Christ. He produced the famous Olympian statue of Jupiter, which has been regarded as the most perfect work of the kind that ever came from the hand of man. This celebrated sculptor designed many of the finest public buildings in Athens. He has been imitated, never equalled. "In the hands of the Greeks, sculpture was brought to a degree of perfection scarcely approached in modern times, and quite as marked in comparison with the progress of other ancient nations, as their superiority in every other department of art and literature."

The overthrow of Greece in the year 86 B. C.

gave the first impulse to the cultivation of sculpture in Italy.

"On that new stage were played once more
The parts rehearsed in Greece before."

"Roman sculpture," says Chamber's Encyclopædia, "may be described as a continuation of that of Greece; the best artists were Greeks."

In painting, as in all other arts, the first great masters and teachers were Greeks. Parrhasius, in many respects the greatest painter of ancient or modern times, flourished in Greece about the year 400 B. C. He established the canons of the proportion for human figures, which have been adopted by succeeding artists.

Pliny, the great Latin author, says of this illustrious painter:

"He gave to painting a true proportion: the minute details of the countenance, the elegance of the hair, the beauty of the face, and, by the confessions of artists themselves, obtained the palm in his drawings of the extremities."

We are indebted to Greece for the art of painting, and by their own confession, the great artists of Rome and the rest of the world, are indebted to Parrhasius.

Poetry, that sublime gift of God, shone forth from Greece upon the darkness of the world. In Greece lived, sang, and died, the greatest of all poets—the father of poetry; the parent of the epic; the author of the Illiad; the immortal Homer, whose fame survives and will endure till heaven and earth are rolled together as a scroll. Writing of Homer, the greatest Latin poet, Horace says: "Homer is a teacher of ethical wisdom akin and superior to the greatest Romans."

Greece was the birthplace of Euripides, the most illustrious tragic poet of ancient times. This celebrated man, who exercised great influence on the tragic poets of modern times, flourished in the fifth century B. C. "In the freedom and flow of style," says a celebrated critic, "he is equalled only by Shakspeare on whom he doubtless exercised considerable influence."

Now, in regard to the historians of Greece: "So trustworthy," says the historian Cox, "are the historians of Greece that we may well rejoice that our knowledge of that country is scarcely less full or less reliable than our knowledge of the Norman Conquest of England."

In the study of philosophy and logic, next to Christianity, we owe everything to Greece. Aristotle, the "Father of Logic" and the greatest philosopher of antiquity, was born in Greece about the year 384 B. C. His public career was long and useful.

"The principles of logic," says the American

Encyclopedia," which he laid down have never been superseded. He has, more than any other philosopher, set the world to thinking logically, to treating science and art systematically. By his method of philosophy and his logical inventions he has wielded an enormous influence on civilization."

"Greece," says a celebrated historian, "by propounding the first guess of philosophy, emancipated the human mind from the yoke of mythological belief; and each successive guess, linked as it was to the theories which had preceded it, and having a further logical justification, had the effect of strengthening the mind and widening the range of its knowledge."

And now, in conclusion, I will quote a few authorities which bear testimony to the superior worth of Greece. "In the history of civilization," says the American Encyclopedia, "Greece stands pre-eminent in the variety and splendor and permanency of her contributions to the progress of humanity. The great names that adorn her history surpass in number and brilliancy those which have graced the annals of any other country. In statesmanship and war, in arts and eloquence, in practical skill and chastened taste, Athens, her chief city, stands unrivalled among the cities of the European world." "It was," says the historian Fredet, "to an assiduous study of the Greek language and Grecian literature, that Rome was indebted for the many accomplished orators, historians and poets, whose writings shed so much lustre on the Roman name."

"After Greece had become a Roman province," says Dr. Cox, "it became important not only for its political systems, but for its literature and art. The influence of both was singularly great; it was happy for the Greeks it was not greater. Had the Romans been capable of appreciating the real beauty of Greek art, the Greek cities would have undergone a systematic and thorough devastation; but in spite of the servile copying of Greek forms, whether in philosophy or art, the two peoples continued essentially distinct."

It cannot be denied that science, philosophy, literature and art are the most potent factors of civilization. This being the case, how much do we not owe to Greece, for in these she has been truly great.

H. A. HOLDEN.

Books and Periodicals.

—The January number is the second beautiful holiday issue of *Wide Awake* for the season. It opens with a charming social novelty for the winter evenings, a violin recitation entitled "The Cricket Fiddler." The words for recitation are by Clara Doty Bates, the music with each verse for the violin is by Julius Eichberg, and the funny little orchestral crickets are by L. J. Bridgman. The opening story, full of the Christmas-tide spirit, is by Hezekiah Butterworth, entitled

"Good Luck." Another Christmas story "Such a Little Thing" is by the popular English writer, Mrs. L. B. Walford. Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont, has a sketch of early California, called "My Grizzly Bear." The serial stories are very readable. A bright department has been added to the magazine called "Men and Things" full of contributed anecdotes, reminiscences, descriptions and "short talks." D. Lothrop Co., Boston.

—*The Irish-American Almanac* for 1889 (Lynch, Cole & Meehan, 12 Warren St., New York) contains an abundance of useful information, joined with entertaining and instructive reading. The articles are of an historical and biographical nature, and upon subjects with which all should be conversant. A pleasing variety is imparted to the whole by the choice poetical effusions with which the valuable little year-book is interspersed. The papers on "Eugene O'Curry" and "The Celtic Tongue" will be read with interest by all who desire to see the language of their fathers preserved and perpetuated.

The Celtic Tongue!—then must it die? Say, shall our language go?

No! by Ulfadha's kingly soul! by sainted Laurence, no!
No! by the shades of saints and chiefs, of holy name and high,

Whose deeds, as they have lived with it, must die when it shall die!

No! by the memories of the Past that round our ruin twine—

No! by our evening hope of sons in coming days to shine.
It shall not go—it must not die—the language of our sires;
While Erin's glory glads our souls or freedom's name inspires,

That lingering ray from stars gone down—oh, let its light remain!

That last bright link with splendors flown—oh, snap it not in twain!"

Personal.

—Rev. P. J. Franciscus, C. S. C., paid a short visit to Notre Dame during the week.

—Rev. Thomas Moreschini, O. S., of Assumption Church, Chicago, was a welcome visitor to the College on Thursday last.

—Mr. Charles F. Ackhoff (Com'l '77), and Miss Anna Walsh were married on the 8th inst., in the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago. Many friends here extend congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy life.

—On the 28th of December last, Rev. J. Thillman, C. S. C., formerly professor at Notre Dame, was raised to deaconship by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger in the cathedral at Fort Wayne, and on the day following was ordained priest. The young priest said his first holy Mass in the chapel of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, Ohio, on the Feast of the Epiphany. We unite with many friends in extending congratulations to Father Thillman upon his elevation to the sublime dignity of the priesthood, with our best wishes for a long and useful career in the work of the sacred ministry.

—James T. McGordon (Prep '84), died at his

home in Muskegon, Mich., on the 29th ult., after a lingering illness. For some years before his death he occupied the position of book-keeper in the Muskegon Savings Bank, and was highly esteemed by all with whom he came in contact. At the time of his death he was a little more than twenty years old, and when of age would have entered into possession of a rich inheritance. One of his last acts, showing the Christian dispositions of his heart, was the bequeathing of his savings to the church of his native city. During the years of his college life he showed himself a bright, cheerful, kind-hearted student, and gave early promise of a highly successful future. His many friends at Notre Dame extend their heartfelt sympathy to the afflicted relatives. May his soul rest in peace!

—We have learned with deep regret the sad news of the death of Mr. John H. Conlon, of the Law Class of '87. The *Ashtabula News* says:

"Mr. John H. Conlon, one of Ashtabula's brightest and most promising young men, died at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Felix Conlon, Station street, last Thursday night, the 3d inst., of consumption. His lungs had been growing weaker for some time, and last summer he took a trip to Denver, Colorado, and spent the greater part of the summer in the West, hoping it would prove beneficial to him. He returned last fall, thinking he was better, but it proved a delusive hope, though he was not considered in immediate danger until about a week before his death. He was a graduate of Ashtabula High School, Class of '79, and of the Law Department of Notre Dame University, Ind. The members of the Ashtabula Alumni attended his funeral in a body at St. Joseph's Church, Monday, at 9 a. m. The funeral was one of the largest ever held here, and showed the universal respect in which he was held. Some time ago he was elected to the office of Justice of the Peace, which office he held until obliged to relinquish its duties by failing health. He made one of the best addresses at the dedication of the new school building, and none who heard his eloquent remarks on that occasion thought that the young life, so full of promise, would come to so sad an end."

While at college he was one of the leading members of his class and beloved by his Professors and fellow-students, all of whom extend to his bereaved relatives their most heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of affliction. May he rest in peace!

Board of Examiners.

SEMI-ANNUAL EXAMINATIONS, JAN. 25-31.

(Under the General Supervision of REV. T. E. WALSH.)

CLASSICAL BOARD.—Rev. N. J. Stoffel, presiding; Rev. S. Fitté; Prof. John G. Ewing, Secretary; Prof. J. Edwards, Prof. Wm. Hoynes, Prof. M. F. Egan, Prof. Fearnley.

SCIENTIFIC BOARD.—Rev. J. A. Zahm, presiding; Rev. A. M. Kirsch; Mr. Jos. Kirsch; Prof. M. McCue, Secretary; Prof. A. F. Zahm, Prof. Neal H. Ewing.

COMMERCIAL BOARD.—Rev. A. Morrissey, presiding; Bro. Marcellinus, Bro. Philip Neri, Bro. Marcellus; Prof. M. O'Dea, Secretary; Mr. T. Pope.

SENIOR PREPARATORY BOARD.—Rev. J. French,

presiding; Mr. E. Murphy, Secretary; Bro. Emmanuel, Bro. Simeon; Prof. Gallagher, Prof. Ackermann.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY BOARD.—Rev. M. J. Regan, presiding; Bro. Alexander, Secretary; Bro. Albius, Bro. Paul, Bro. Hugh, Bro. Cajetan, Bro. Felix.

Local Items.

—No skating yet!

—Nor sleigh-riding either!

—Well! well! well! well! well!

—Examinations begin next Friday.

—Look out for the examiners—they mean business!

—The ghost stories written by the Class in Criticism will soon be published.

—It is very likely that the Hon. Daniel Dougherty will lecture here before the spring closes.

—The SCHOLASTIC staff returns thanks to the Rev. P. J. Franciscus for kind favors received.

—The students of Sorin Hall return thanks to Rev. Father Stoffel for a donation to their reading-room.

—The classes in the different courses are hard at work reviewing, preparatory to the examinations.

—John B. Meagher, P. E. Burke, and Jos. E. Cusack, of the Class of '89, form the lecture committee for this year.

—The "Pilgrim's Progress," an opera, is being rehearsed by the class in vocal music. It will be given early in February.

—The classes in gymnastics are well attended, and the boys are doing excellent work. Every student should belong to this class.

—Snow fell yesterday in this vicinity and seems to have "taken off its things" and made itself at home for a good, long stay.

—The Mass of the Archconfraternities on Saturday mornings is well attended, and the large chapel in the church is overcrowded.

—Says the President of Amherst College: "I regard Mr. Williams as one of the best readers and impersonators to whom I ever listened."

—All the rooms in Sorin Hall are now occupied; and, judging from the demands, it looks as if the wings will have to be added in the summer.

—Hobart College: "The audience was held spell bound at times by his (Mr. Williams') powerful and perfect impersonations of the characters of the play."

—Tables and chairs have been ordered for the reading-room in Sorin Hall, and it is the intention of the Class of '90 to subscribe for the leading magazines.

—On next Wednesday evening, Jan. 24, a public debate will be given by members of the Philodemic Society in Washington Hall. All are cordially invited.

—On Thursday last the semi-annual examinations in the Seminary began with the classes of Ecclesiastical History and Rubrics taught by Rev. J. Frère, C. S. C.

—We are waiting to be overwhelmed by those "personals" and "locals" that were going to be poured in upon us after the holidays. Thus far there has been no "overwhelm."

—Twenty-five new students have been enrolled since the first of January. And still they come! The sum-total of entrances now runs up to more than 600 for the present scholastic year.

—The young man who plays the flute, and the young man who declaims, both of whom reside on the third floor in Sorin Hall, have been declared nuisances, and a perpetual injunction has been *sewed* upon them.

—We have missed the genial presence of our esteemed Prefect of Discipline, Rev. Father Regan, for the past week or ten days. A severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism has confined him to his room, and still prevents any circumambulatory movements. However, we are glad to learn that he is rapidly convalescing, and before the end of another week will be once more in our midst.

—On Saturday last, the Minims established a society for the promotion of literary and artistic culture under the title of "The St. Stanislaus' Literary Society." Its officers are the following: J. Kirsch, C. S. C., Director; Bro. Cajetan, C. S. C., President; F. Webb, Promoter; J. Seerey, 1st Vice-President; J. Hagus, 2d Vice-President; C. Connor, Secretary; F. Evers, Corresponding Secretary; F. Toolen, Treasurer; H. Mooney, Librarian; H. Connelly, 1st Censor; E. Fanning, 2d Censor; F. Parker, Sergeant-at-Arms.

—The Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society held its eleventh regular meeting Saturday evening, January 12. For this meeting, the first since the holidays, no regular programme had been appointed; but the evening was spent very agreeably and, at the same time, very profitably in listening to Prof. M. F. Egan's lecture, "Literature as a Factor in Life," which was read from the SCHOLASTIC by the Rev. President. After a few remarks by the Rev. President, and a programme being appointed for the next Saturday evening, the meeting adjourned.

—The Society of "The Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary" (Minim dep't) whose members have the privilege of serving at the altar, was reorganized on last Sunday evening for the coming session, and the following officers were elected: Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., Director; Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., Assistant Director; J. Kirsch, C. S. C., President; Bro. Angelus, C. S. C., Promoter; C. Connor, 1st Vice-President; J. Hagus, 2d Vice-President; J. Seerey, Secretary; W. Wilson, Corresponding Secretary; F. Toolen, Treasurer; E. D. Fanning, Librarian; F. Evers, 1st Censor; J. Goodwille, 2d Censor; J. Minor, Sergeant at-Arms.

—The thirteenth regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society was held Saturday evening, Jan. 12. The chair was occupied by Rev. President Walsh. After the regular order of business had been finished, as there was no special programme for the evening, at the suggestion of the Rev. President, an extemporaneous debate took place. The subject debated was: "Resolved that no restrictions should be placed on the press." The affirmative was ably upheld by Messrs. Brelsford and Goebel, and the negative by W. Larkin and E. Larkin. A public debate, which the society at a former meeting had agreed to give, will take place in Washington Hall Wednesday evening, Jan. 24.

—Mr. Hannibal A. Williams, the well-known elocutionist, will give a Shakespearian recital on the evening of Monday, Jan. 25. Mr. Williams comes to us recommended by all the American colleges, and endorsed by many of the most prominent gentlemen throughout the land. Wherever he has appeared he has given the greatest satisfaction, and has turned his audiences away delighted, charmed and instructed. The plays are given entirely from memory, with carefully prepared introductions and running commentaries; each character is invested with an individual tone of voice, gesture and facial expression to make up a clear and well-defined personality. In his recital here Mr. Williams will give the play of "Julius Cæsar" with Howell's side-splitting farce, "The Sleeping Car," interspersed between the acts.

—THE ACADEMY.—On Wednesday evening, the 16th inst., the St. Thomas Aquinas "Circle" held the second philosophical disputation of the year. Rev. Father Morrissey, Profs. Fearnley, Ewing and Hagerty of the Faculty, and a large and select number of the students attended and followed the proceedings with evident interest and attention. Rev. S. Fitte, Director of the "Circle," opened the exercises by explaining the scope of the defender's thesis. Mr. T. E. Goebel, the defender, chose for his subject, "The Origin of Language." Before accounting for the origin of language, the speaker explained how language was necessary for man, and the relations existing between thought and speech. He maintained that language was of Divine origin; that it could not be accounted for through the Exclamatory or Mimetic theories; that it is not a spontaneous product of human nature. In evidence of his arguments the speaker brought to bear upon his subjects many striking examples. The best defense for his thesis was the clear and logical style in which it was written. In argument he was careful and profound; while the readiness with which he met the attacks of his adversaries, the skill with which he parried their thrusts and defeated their purposes attracted the admiration and applause of all present. The paper is published entire in the first part of this number.

Mr. Chacon was the first objector. The diffi-

culties which he proposed were formidable and based upon arguments that were strong and well supported. He upheld the theory of the evolutionists, that speech was inherent in man; that it was simply an innate power he possessed, which, following the path of universal progress, was called into exercise as occasion demanded, and developed and perfected as time rolled on and intercourse with fellow-men became more general. Though his objections were ably presented, he was promptly refuted by the conclusive arguments of the defender.

Mr. Brewer next attacked the thesis, and presented many difficult and perplexing objections. His objections were based principally on the Mimetic system: that language is a high form of animal articulation, and that natural speech alone is sufficient for man. The manner in which he developed his objections is deserving of praise. The objections were well proposed and ably sustained; but the defender was at hand to meet them, and his convincing proofs were sufficient to overthrow them.

All who were present speak in the highest terms of the manner in which the "disputation" was conducted, and the talent and careful study displayed by those who took part. The skill of the disputants in following the strict scholastic method of argumentation imparted a lively interest to the objections proposed and the arguments advanced in their support, or the answers by which they were refuted. Each objection, after its scope was set forth, was put in syllogistic form and answered proposition by proposition.

On the conclusion of the debate remarks were made by Rev. Father Morrissey who congratulated the gentlemen taking part in the discussion, and also the Rev. Professor of Philosophy whose careful instruction had enabled the young gentlemen to give so interesting a debate. Prof. Fearnley closed the evening exercises with a brilliant and instructive discourse on the study of language and literature. By the enthusiastic applause at the close of his remarks the audience testified their appreciation of a treat that is rarely offered.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Amador, Alvarez, Adams, Albright, Brewer, Bunker, Bretz, Burns, Blessington, Barnes, F. H. Brown, H. Brannick, Burke, Beckman, Brelsford, Brady, Burger, Barret, Bronson, Chute, E. Coady, T. Coady, P. Coady, Carney, Cavanagh, D. Cartier, Carroll, Conway, Crabb, Cassidy, Cooney, S. Campbell, Chacon, Cusack, W. Campbell, G. Cooke, Cuilen, Casey, Dacy, Draper, Dore, Dougherty, Dwyer, Darroch, Eyanson, Fitzgerald, Fisk, Finckh, Fehr, Ford, Freeman, Franklin, Göke, Goebel, Giblin, Gallardo, F. Galen, Garfias, Jno. J. Gallagher, Jno. D. Gallagher, Goben, Hill, Healy, Hayes, Hacket, Herman, M. J. Howard, Hoover, Hummer, E. Howard, Jennings, Jackson, F. Jewett, H. Jewett, Karasynski, Kehoe, Knight, Kenny, Kohlmann, F. Kelly, J. Kelly, Knoblauch,

Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, Leonard, Lappin, L. Long, G. Long, F. Long, Melady, H. McAlister, G. McAlister, Mackey, McAuliff, McKeon, McGinnity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, Jno. Meagher, Mithen, H. C. Murphy, Mahorney, Major, Madden, McErlaine, J. McCarthy, J. T. McCarthy, Mattes, L. Meagher, W. Meagher, O'Flaherty, O'Shea, O'Connor, O'Donnell, Ohlwine, O'Hara, W. O. Brien, G. O'Brien, C. Paquette, Prichard, Prudhomme, Patterson, Pim, Robinson, Reynolds, Rothert, Reedy, Schmitz, R. Sullivan, Steiger, J. B. Sullivan, Stephenson, D. Sullivan, Smith, Toner, Tiernan, Velasco, Woods, Wade, Webb, C. Youngermann, F. Youngermann, Zinn, Zeller, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters J. Allen, W. Allen, Aarons, Ayer, Bates, Beaudry, Boyd, F. Schillo, C. Schillo, Brady, Bearinger, C. Brown, Bryan, Baltes, S. Cleary, T. Cleary, Cunningham, Covert, Case, Chacon, E. Campbell, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Cass, Collins, F. Connors, J. Connors, A. Campbell, Chute, N. Davis, D'Arcy, Daniels, Dinkel, Darroch, E. Du Brul, Dempsey, Dunning, Devine, Erlenborn, Erwin, Elder, Flannigan, Falvey, Foley, P. Fleming, S. Fleming, C. Fleming, Frei, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Greene, P. Healy, J. Healy, Hoerr, Hannin, Hague, Houlihan, Hoffmann, Heard, Hammond, Heller, Hesse, Hinkley, Hennessy, Halthusen, Hanrahan, Ibold, Johnson, Jewett, Krembs, King, W. Kutsche, Kearns, Lenhoff, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, McCartney, McIvers, Malone, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, Merz, McGrath, Williamson, Mackey, J. Mooney, C. Mooney, McMahan, A. Neef, F. Neef, Nester, G. O'Brian, O'Donnell, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Powers, Peters, Quinlan, E. Roth, A. Roth, Riedinger, Ramsey, I. Rose, Reinhard, Rowsey, Sheehan, Sullivan, Spalding, Smith, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Schultze, Sutter, Towne, Talbot, Tetart, Walsh, Welch, Weitzel, F. Wile, Wilbanks, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, T. Burns, Ball, Bruel, J. Burns, E. Bryan, Bearinger, Brown, Connelly, Cornell, Creedon, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Cohn, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Crane, Cudahy, Downing, Durand, Dunn, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Doherty, Dench, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, Eckler, Elder, Finnerty, E. Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Girardin, Hagus, Hamilton, Hinds, Hill, Henneberry, Johns, Jonquet, Kane, Kroolman, S. Keeler, Kaye, Koester, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Lonergan, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, H. Marx, C. McDonnell, McDanel, McGuire, Mooney, Montague, C. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, Miller, Marr, Minor, C. Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Plautz, Parker, L. Paul, C. Paul, Powell, Quill, Ricksecker, Rea, Seerey, Snyder, Seidensticker, Stone, Steineman, Toolen, Trujillo, Thornton, Taylor, Witkowsky, R. Webb, F. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, Wilson.

Untried.

A fair white sheet for an unsoiled pen,
A book uncut, unread,
A new path leading to untrod ways,
New track for a weary tread.
A hope new-born from a fallen tear,
And a song for the joy of a glad New Year!
New reach for a grasp that fell too short,
New strength for days to be,
New launch of boats that sail afar,
New winds from o'er the sea.
New joys, new aims, perhaps new tears—
We found them all in past New Years!
A new outlook for a watching eye,
New start for an unknown trip,
A fresher gleam of sky and sun,
New draught for a thirsty lip.
New time to toil, new sojourn here—
The air to breathe of glad New Year.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Thanks are due Miss Alice Grace for favors to the Art Department.

—A lecture from St. Mary's old friend, Miss Eliza Allen Starr, is a pleasure looked forward to in the near future.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, of Hamilton Terrace, Omaha, and Mrs. Hall also from Omaha paid a short visit to St. Mary's last week.

—For excellence in a competition held by the Third Seniors in Natural Philosophy lately, Misses M. and N. Gibson deserve special mention.

—Thanks are extended to Mr. A. S. Hughes, of Denver, Col., for a copy of "Cloud Cities," a beautiful pamphlet descriptive of the cities and towns of Colorado.

—On Monday last the examinations in music opened with the beginners, and have continued each evening of the week. The languages and English studies come next.

—In the mention made in the last SCHOLASTIC of those who contributed towards insuring the success of the Juniors' Christmas tree, the name of Miss Addie Gordon was omitted through mistake.

—Miss Lizzie Hutchinson, for several years a pupil of St. Mary's, is visiting relatives in Ireland. She writes glowing accounts of her travels, and does not seem to be suffering the pangs of homesickness.

—A visit to the studio cannot but convince the most careless observer that thorough work is the program for all. Every branch is assiduously pursued from the very root, so that half-finished work is impossible. The greatest interest is felt by all those numbered among the students of St. Luke's department.

—Very Rev. Father General presided at the regular academic meeting of last Sunday; he expressed his pleasure on seeing the pupils at St. Mary's again, and then invited Rev. Father Zahm to say a few words, which he did in his usual obliging manner. Miss K. Gavan read Father Faber's "Picture of the Three Days' Loss," and M. L. McHugh gave a pretty selection, entitled "Little Christel."

Help vs. Pity.

There is a story told of a rich man who, when returning to his home one frosty winter's evening, passed a poor child, ragged, starving and cold. The child started forward to beg for aid, but was repelled by the stern look of the man, and shrank back to the corner whence she had come. He, warm and comfortable him-

self, pitied the poor little outcast, but still he offered her not even a penny; and thinking little more about it, he continued on his way.

That night there was a meeting held to raise money for the purpose of building some charitable institution. The same man was present, and was the first to come forward and offer a large sum to assist in the carrying out of the good work; all praised and venerated him for this act, and on the following morning an account appeared in the paper telling of his benevolence and kindness; but in another part of the same paper was told the sad tale of a poor little child found frozen in the snow—the one to whom on the evening before he had refused the smallest assistance.

A little help is worth a great deal of pity, and need not always be pecuniary. Walking along a crowded street of one of our great cities is a poor old person, feeble with age, and as she proceeds on her way with difficulty, all pity her; yet none come forward to lend a helping hand, until a happy school-boy leaves his playmates, and with the light and joyous step of youth comes to assist her in reaching her destination. This act, trifling in itself and costing him so little, is more meritorious than all the pity extended by the sympathizing on-lookers, and his slight trouble is more than repaid by the happiness which the consciousness of doing good is wont to produce.

When a person is touched by the hand of adversity, we pity him; but how seldom we will reach forth our hand to assist or to relieve his suffering. We write a beautifully worded letter of condolence expressing our sincere sorrow, but this is often worth very little in the hour of trial. We are all more or less selfish, and are willing to aid ourselves in any way possible; but we scarcely ever think of doing the same for others, unless we may thereby further the accomplishment of our own ends.

The time of adversity certainly proves our friends; for when we are prosperous, they are present at all times, hovering around us as does the bee around the honey; but when we meet with losses or troubles, we find that they soon depart, often leaving us without one to whom we may turn for relief—for the friends of sunshine are the first to leave us when the shadows of adversity appear.

A word of encouragement is often of almost inestimable value, for many there are who, upon the slightest provocation, will discontinue their efforts, and consequently fail of success; while, if they had received but one encouraging word, they would have been animated with new life,

and would have persevered until they had gained the laurels they had in view.

In large cities there are numbers among the poor who are ill and suffering, and yet unable, oftentimes, to procure even the necessaries of life. When we hear of their woes, our hearts yearn with pity; yet we think not of visiting them to bathe the fevered brow, to moisten the parched lips, or to console them in their sorrow.

Now, after enumerating these many examples, it must not be concluded that help is always advantageous, for it not unfrequently proves dangerous. For instance, when a pupil is often aided by a teacher in reciting her lessons, relying mainly on this assistance she prepares her tasks without care, and is content with merely glancing over them. Help in such a case is certainly not beneficial. Whenever we see that a person depends on the aid which we give, and relaxes his efforts towards self-help, we should discontinue our mistaken kindness lest we prevent him from learning to provide for himself.

Pity is to help, what the bud is to the flower; and as the bud unfolds leaf by leaf, filling the air with perfume, yet not reaching perfection until the full-blown flower appears, so pity, as it breathes forth words which fall like music on the ear, and brings sympathy to the sorrowful, still seems but small when compared to help, that perfect flower, whose every petal sheds around it the perfume of kindness, consolation and happiness. Then

"Let us ever act as brothers,
Ne'er with pity be content,
Always doing good to others
Both in action and intent;
Though the pity may be useful,
'Tis but little if 'tis all;
And the smallest bit of needed help,
Is better than it all."

LAURA DUCEY (*Class '89*).

Charge of St. Mary's Two Hundred.

(*From Rosa Mystica.*)

Half an hour, half an hour
Sped the time onward,
All on the cement walk
Marched the Two Hundred.
"Forward! the Seniors' band—
Juniors' next," came command,
To the refectory,
Marched the Two Hundred.

"Eat now!" to them was said,
Was there a girl dismayed?
No! though well they knew
How little they'd leave.

Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to eat or die.
On to the work at hand
Plunged the Two Hundred.

Dishes to right of them,
Dishes to left of them,
Dishes in front of them,
Till every girl wondered;
Stormed at with fork and knife,
Spoon, too, in the strife,
Ate they for dearest life.
Noise and laughter rife,
Hungry Two Hundred.

When can their glory fade
Oh,—the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Thus does true history write
Of that eventful night
When the bell did invite
To the "Parisian Dinner"
Hungry Two Hundred.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ansbach, Ash, Bates, Burton, Beschameng, J. Bogner, Butler, Barron, Bush, Currier, Caren, Compagne, Clarke, M. Clifford, Connell, Crabbe, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dorsey, M. De Montcourt, Flannery, Fursman, Geer, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Hertzog, Hammond, M. Horner, I. Horner, Healy, C. Hurley, Hagus, Harmes, Haney, Irwin, Hubbard, C. Keeney, Koeplinger, A. Keeney, Koopman, Ledwith, McNamara, Moore, Meehan, McCarthy, Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Paul, Quealey, Roberts, Slesinger, Spurgeon, Simpson, Schiltz, Van Horn, Van Riper, Wilkinson, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, E. Burns, M. Burns, Dreyer, Ernest, Göke, Griffith, Graves, Hull, Kelso, Lauth, M. McHugh, McPhee, O'Mara, Patrick, Patier, Quealey, Regan, A. Rowley, Rinehart, Sweeney, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Stapleton.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Burns, Crandall, Griffith, L. McHugh, S. Scherrer.

DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND,

The World-Famed Specialist in Mind Diseases, says:

"NEW YORK, July, 10, 1888.

"I am familiar with various systems for improving the memory, including, among others, those of Feinaigle, Gourand and Dr. Pick, and I have recently become acquainted with the system in all its details and applications taught by Prof. Loiset. I am therefore enabled to state that his is, in all its essential features, entirely original; that its principles and methods are different from all others, and that it presents no material analogies to that of any other system.

"I consider Prof. Loiset's system to be a new departure in the education of the memory and attention, and of very great value; that it being a systematic body of principles and methods, it should be studied as an entirety to be understood and appreciated: that a correct view of it cannot be obtained by examining isolated passages of it.

"WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

"To Prof. Loiset, 237 Fifth Avenue, N. Y."