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Washington, the Statesman.

BY JOHN B. MEAGHER.

The last volley of musketry in the war of independence had been fired, the swords had been replaced in their scabbards, the rank and file had doffed their stern habiliments of war and donned the garb of peaceful and industrious citizens; Washington had returned from the field with many laurels earned in desperate and difficult conflict. The links of tyranny in the oppressor's chain he had broken, one by one, until at last the colonies burst their fetters and stood forth before all the world freed from the despotic rule of foreign power.

His career as a soldier being over, Washington returned to his home at Mount Vernon that he might enjoy the rest and quiet of forest dells, and dreamy evenings beside the family hearth. But the unanimous voice of his beloved people called him from the peaceful retreat of rural delights to take the helm and guide our ship of state over seas that were rough, and between rocks and shoals that alike were dangerous and treacherous.

The April day chosen for the inauguration ceremonies dawned fair, full of calm serenity; and New York, the then capital city, wore a mantle of hospitality and good will. From afar in Bowling Green the cannon roared in national salute; the church bells pealed forth in joyous melody; the streets were filled with honest and smiling faces. The homespun garb of the huntsman from the wild and rugged mountain tops of the West, brushed against the brotherly gray of the Quaker from the East; the soft habit of the gay cavalier from the rich

and cultivated fields of the South came in contact with the stern stuff of the Puritan from the North. All were dressed as for a gala day, and their mellow voices rang in unison clear and strong bespeaking the praises of him whom they loved and venerated.

The scene in Federal Hall on that April morning, when the new-born babe was to throw aside its swaddling clothes and declare to all nations its power and capability of self-government, was one of sublimity and awe. With firm step, his heart penetrated with deep emotion, Washington advanced to take the oath of office. His mien was kingly, his grace charming and captivating; with devout fervency he repeated the oath, and in reverential manner he bowed down and kissed the holy Bible; then turning to the assembled senate and house he said: "I was summoned by my country whose voice I never hear but with veneration and love."

Washington was now president, and the eyes of the universe were turned upon him. Would the brave soldier and the wise general engender a statesman of the same metal? was the question his admirers everywhere asked. A republican form of government of the people and for the people was to be tried, while yet the colonists, fresh in their memory, heard the dirges history tolled over all past republics. To Washington his loving subjects turned with anxious and determined faces for the preservation of the Union. Him did they trust to cement together in one body the different factions who, on the surf-beaten shores of the East and the virgin forests beyond the mountains in the West, showed signs of discontent.

On the pages of history we find inscribed Washington's ever readiness to guard and serve the best interests of his country in the consummation of treaties whereby our domain was enlarged.

the welfare of our people bettered and our citizens everywhere recognized and respected as American subjects. Ofttimes in his endeavors he hazarded his popularity amongst the people by dismissing their demands of momentary passions and relying on their reflecting good sense to approve and sanction the course dictated to him by a sense of duty.

Time had allowed him no precedent; his course lay in an untrodden way where his only guides were prudence and patriotism; and as a chief executive he left an example which, until our Republic is overthrown and our Constitution obliterated, all who occupy that exalted position would do well to follow.

The career of Washington as a statesman is devoid of any political intrigue; trickery and jobbery which we in our day have grown to believe means justifiable were unknown to him; his principles were never tainted nor tarnished by selfish and degrading motives of passion; his professions to diplomats in the circle of foreign courts and to his people on the soil about him were always candid and sincere; his ends were always upright, his means always pure.

The ambition of Washington, did he possess it, was a subdued and governed passion, never fed by flames that were unruly or seditious. Many there were who had they occupied his position would have sought the plaudits of the multitude by pandering to passions; but he would never stoop to retain the love of his people by deserving to lose it.

It was with reluctance, and only because he thought the best interests of the country demanded the sacrifice of the repose decreed to old age, that Washington granted the appeal of the people and consented to a second term. As the years of the second term were, one by one, engulfed in the past and the end drew near, the people, filled with admiration and love, desired to add to his brilliant career a third term, but with his mind determined and his resolution fixed, he with a few true and tried advisers retired to his home at Mount Vernon there to prepare for publication his "Farewell Address."

Of all examples of uninspired wisdom this is the greatest, being the noblest production of Washington's mind and heart, and crystallizing into one production the deep and anxious thought of his long and eventful life, illustrating his immortal spirit of a true man, a true patriot and a true Christian.

Great and glorious names have been assigned parts upon the theatre of public action; but never was there one who in quick succession

played so well the roles of soldier and statesman as the name of Washington; and, in the words of Lord Brougham—"Until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of WASHINGTON."

Judge Not.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought by some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token that, below,
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some internal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee, shuddering, on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise—
Maybe the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

Language, an Instrument of Power.

BY D. C. BREWER.

At the touch of one bright diamond from heaven the pansy smiles, the pure lily, her velvet robes uncreased, arises meek, and in her meekness majestic; and if by chance it is given but one "flash of wit," one word of beauty can turn men and control them, and hasten them on to their state of sorrow or of joy. Is this strange?

Beauty and power are found through nature. It may be the grandeur of the forest, the silence of the hurrying river, the wide expanse of sea, the heights of the towering cliffs or the ruggedness of the mountains. These are beautiful, these are grand; but language is wonderful. Coming from a "most pure act," it is capable of the greatest good, of the most splendid radiance. Man must admire beauty and power.

"A thing of beauty
Is a joy forever."

But those delicate lines so contentful, so harmoniously penned, strike a different chord. They cannot be thrust aside; they call for something

more than admiration. And those rough, everyday expressions drawn into an orderly line, unhindered by any superfluous thoughts or words, powerful in splendid unity, oh! they must engage the deepest attention! They stir the very soul; they touch the living man. It is that slow, yet distinct orator whose words carried with him the conviction of truth that has planted in man's bosom the love and reverence and fear of their Creator; it is that stern authoritative voice whose utterances have caused stone-hearted criminals to tremble and become like children; it is that unblemished statesman whose words have saved a nation when harsh measures were about to be imposed upon it; that impetuous, burning eloquence that has brought tyrants to the gibbet, that has carried armies over battlements, that has torn kings from their thrones.

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And live forever and forever."

How mighty it is! Language gives life. Homer still lives; Virgil after centuries pleases this generation just the same as when the author of "Hamlet" lived, or when the monks of the Middle Ages labored. The Greeks became so justly famous in this intellectual instrument of charge and defence that to this day even the very nurseries echo their praises. In Rome it changed commonness by a Patrician gild; it made rascality to sit in the consul's chair; it branded senators, it influenced armies, it drove back invaders. In some respects it hastened, and in others postponed, the downfall of the republic. In that day of night when the lamp of civilization barely burned, it lightened the monasteries and comforted the lonely. And in that after day, when the fire and the sword oppressed the world—in that day the Hermit, by his whirlwinds of eloquence alone, gathered vast bands about him, who rushed madly to the scene of trouble with nothing before them save the picture his words had drawn.

The literature of America is but a day old; that of England, but a month. Fashionable France has her own, and Philosophical Germany has hers. Yet there is something wanting. This does not complete the words of the universe. We must slip back, back to the days when "that proud city" listened to the words that have made Hebrew literature unequalled. Though we cannot tarry long,—one short glance, and then leave; but oh, it is hard to tear ourselves from this fascinating mine of poetry, philosophy, and history! But unchallenged, we place the Bible above all other books. The icebergs of the Arctic greet the wanderer when many miles

away, and like these snow-topped peaks, our literature with its poetry, its philosophy and its history, is a land mark towering at an infinite distance above the material world, and visible far out upon the dark waves of eternity's ocean.

A Blood-Curdling Experiment.

(Continued from last week.)

A SKEPTIC'S TALE.

Supper was over one summer evening at camp; I left the hired man clearing up the goods and chattels, and the rest of the boys rummaging for pipes or a stray cigar in the tents. As I myself was a cigarette fiend, in less time than it takes to tell it, I had in the true Cuban fashion, unaided, save by the thumb and index finger of my right hand, rolled me a delicious little cigarette, a very model of grace, from which, having procured a light from a pine fagot which I pulled out of the fire, I was now inhaling ambrosial creamy clouds. I strolled some ten yards from the camp down to the shingly beach where, leaning against a broad-breasted old oak, I watched the young moon rising across the bay and flooding the waters with orange light.

In this position, while I counted up the remaining days ere vacation would be over, I awoke somewhat boisterously slapped upon the shoulder by my particular chum: "Well, old man," said Dud, "if you are not completely knocked out by your heroic efforts in the boat this afternoon, what say you to a tramp to the light-house where we can discuss a little of old Garrity's pale ale?" I felt my biceps and calves and confessed that the long sail against an adverse wind and numerous forced tacks in the cold breeze of evening on Lake Huron had told upon my physical man. But, tired as I was, I could not resist a little diversion, so we shook hands, bade good-bye to the rest of the party, who were now comfortably seated smoking their corn-cobs and telling wonderfully interesting stories around the blazing fire in a hollow scooped out among the stones on the beach.

Be it remembered that the light-house, some two miles from our camp, was the only human habitation within a radius of ten good miles. It was reached by an old cart road long since disused and overgrown with bramble bushes, poisonous ivy, and other sweet vines of a dark and plutonic nature. We were obliged to pass through a dense and very thick wood, in which it was no joke to get muddled up even in broad daylight

—although there never was any real daylight in the wood; but at noon only a twilight made pleasant by the song of bird and the whir of the partridges' wings as they flew from covert to covert.

As we lost our way when only ten yards from the camp, we came back and induced the hired man to bring the only lantern in the camp and light us as far as the old road running to our point of destination. Having once struck the path, he bade us good luck, and went back with the lantern, whose friendly rays being withdrawn, we were left in thickest gloom, save where through the opening far above pierced the silver arrows of the moon.

Stumbling over sunken logs, torn by thorn bushes which put their angry feelers unseen across our path, we slowly and laboriously made our way along the uncertain road. Many a time we feared we had strayed from the road, but at last were reassured when we came to where a low hut which had long ago been used by a shooting party stood dismantled with door flung open, deeper darkness within than without, in a small cleared space to our right. Certainly it was a gloomy spectacle, that uncanny cabin where ghosts of former joyous revels, wild midnight carousings and mayhap crimes, were no doubt stalking moodily in the blackness, rehearsing fantasies of long-played comedies with tragic endings. Silently we passed this queer place, and hurried on into the darkness before us.

I dare say that both of us felt a queer tingling in our blood, and were glad to leave behind a spot on which we had cast but one, and that one and all sufficient glance. However this may be, methought I caught in the dense brush, some hundred feet ahead and considerably to the left of our path, the twinkling of a bright eye, which immediately vanished. A few paces more, and my fears were confirmed by again beholding that baleful vision gleaming maliciously upon me from the matted underbush. But my fears soon grew into an aimless terror; for as we advanced the light, whatever it was, grew larger, paler, steadier, glarer. Wild dreams of an armed ruffian, lying in wait for our lives or the odd quarters in our pockets, visions of some hideous animal; an Indian, an outlawed negro, or some unknown beast, flitted through my excited brain.

And now the light grew larger. I had thought it was a lamp; but well I knew no earthly lantern ever glared so pale and strange and unflickering. I could not speak, but touched my companion and with scared eyes and raised eye-

brows which asked a question plainer than any lingual interrogation, I pointed toward the fearful spectre ahead and to the left; but if terror had unnerved me, how can my pen describe the frightful state of my unfortunate companion. I can imagine an ancient Greek who had perchance caught a sight through the trunks that cover the sunny glades of Arcadia of the flitting form in all its immortal splendor of one of chaste Diana's nymphs exhibiting same symptoms of maddened terror and loss of reason. Poor Dud's teeth chattered as though he had been walking barefoot up an iceberg near the north pole; his crushed derby elevated itself some inch or twain above his ordinarily level-headed cranium.

But I will not attempt to describe our terrors. Hastily, without glancing again at the baleful vision, we rushed along the path as rapidly as the long tangled grass would permit, and exhausted and wholly overcome by the unearthly scene in that gloomy wood, we at length rushed into old Garrity's habitation. A glass of the old man's ale assured us that we were still in the land of the living. In hurried and excited accents we told our tale of horror, and the worthy family devised various and ingenious explanations such as swamp fire, etc., but none of them could wholly fit or explain the situation. At length, fearing lest the bewitching hour of midnight should come upon us in that lightless forest, we borrowed a lantern of the ancient Garrity and said good-bye.

To cut a long story short, we arrived at the camp in a state of wild perturbation, owing to the association of ideas which flocked through our brain as we passed through the woods, but without having met with any further adventure.

Alarmed at our white faces and wild looks, the boys, who were just preparing to retire to their beds of soft sweet smelling hamlock boughs, inquired anxiously what the matter could be, and if we really had seen a ghost, as they guessed we had by our strange appearance.

My friend related a wild tale, and I myself poured forth at length the story of the nameless being or strange phenomenon which had so frightened us. But unable to console us, they promised next night at dark to go with us and explore by the deserted hut the scene of our weird vision. We lay down in the camp, and bidding good night to one another, listened for a few moments to the melancholy plaint of the whip-poor-will, and were soon in the land of dreams.

Next night, about nine o'clock, when supper was over and the first pipe had been smoked, the hired man with a lantern headed our party

of campers that plunged into the gloom of the woods. We soon reached the eyrie cabin, and depositing the lantern went on in the darkness. Soon we perceived the feeble light no larger than a man's eye; and as we advanced it was sometimes hid for a moment by intervening branches, but ever glared again upon the view larger and weirder than before.

At last we arrived just opposite it, and there it glowed the shape of a lantern surrounded by deepest black. With a slight laugh the hired man, who was an old sport and had often accompanied our elder brothers on their camping expeditions, plunged into the thicket and returned with a handful of glowing fox wood, phosphorous, decayed vegetable matter, or whatever you choose to call it. We brought it back to the camp and all night long in a corner of the tent shone with strange and undiminished brightness. The boys, of course, enjoyed a great laugh at the expense of myself and friend, and I must say that we felt somewhat sheepish. I conclude with apologies for this excuse for a ghost story; but there are many of these tales of unearthly inhabitants which if probed to the bottom would be found not a whit less absurd.

* * *

"But," cried a voice,

"THIS ETERNAL BLAZON MUST NOT BE!"

Upon a little elevation of land which looks down upon the small village of Dorchester in England stood the beautiful, imposing mansion of Mr. Marshall. The house was covered with clinging vines; and the thick boughs of the aged trees around, while they warded off the sultry rays of the sun, afforded considerable protection against the howling blasts of winter. The gardens, so tastefully and artistically arranged, were kept with scrupulous care. The interior of the house, which could have been easily judged from the surroundings, was fitted up to sumptuousness with the most costly kinds of furniture.

Though living in plenty and surrounded by all that would conduce to pleasure, Mr. Marshall was by no means a happy man, and it was observed that his hair had turned grey long before the usual time. His wife shared in his unhappy lot, and her countenance was but a reflection of his own wearied and haggard face. It was wonderful how such an extraordinary change could be brought about in a single year.

One dark night as they were sitting near the window of their chamber, a strange light was seen to issue forth from the lower portion of the grounds where stood a small summer-

house in whose cooling shade they used to spend many a warm afternoon. "What can this light mean, at such a place and hour?" asked Mrs. Marshall. "O nothing," said Mr. Marshall, who knew the nervous disposition of his spouse, and wished only to quiet her fears, although he himself could give no satisfactory answer.

But this strange light appeared night after night with the greatest regularity. At the same time jewels, trinkets and articles of silver-ware had disappeared in a manner no one could explain. However, the sight of this untimely light had not seriously disturbed the peace of the household, until Mary the housekeeper, and Henry the steward, came running breathless in haste to tell their master and mistress of the ghostly figures they had seen within the summer-house.

Having the utmost horror of ghosts, Mr. Marshall and his wife could not brook the idea of living anywhere near the place which they were accustomed to haunt. A visit to the Lake region was decided upon; but before he left, Mr. Marshall secured the services of an honest, courageous young man as his secretary. To him he communicated the nature of his trouble, entrusting him with full powers to appease and drive away the unsightly spirits.

In the meantime the secretary entered upon the duties of his office. These he performed very easily and with pleasure. But when he thought again and again how he should proceed in respect to the summer-house and the nightly apparition, an inward feeling of fear came over him and he knew not what to do. The punctuality of the light and the consternation the mere mention of the summer-house created amongst the servants, tended to turn the mind of the unbelieving secretary. He was by no means a coward, and to walk by a cemetery or through the most crowded thoroughfare by night was the same thing to him. Some doubts were entertained by him whether spirits had really taken up their abode there, and wishing to find out the truth, he determined to investigate the affair. His intention was violently opposed by both steward and housekeeper, who repeatedly affirmed that such an act would surely cost him his life. Undaunted by their warnings and unfounded apprehensions, he stole secretly to the window from which the light shone.

The night was uncommonly dark. No moon was seen to shed her mellow light, nor did the matted clouds overhead permit the stars to emit one single ray. The illumination seemed to increase in brightness. He looked in, and instead of the sheeted form of some departed soul, he

saw nothing but a common lamp and prints of human feet upon the dusty floor. "This," said he to himself, "cannot be the work of any spirit," and boldly he entered. All the marks led to one corner of the room where the floor was cut and showed the means of exit by a trap-door. This the secretary opened through curiosity, and was surprised to find a ladder leading down to an underground passage. Down he crawled, and groped his way as well as he could, and as he turned a curve, a small beam of light came to him from the upper end of the tunnel which evidently led to the cellar of the mansion. He paused a moment, and then the sound of voices broke upon his ears. He listened again as they resounded through the narrow way and thought them quite familiar. He crept closer and heard the angry housekeeper quarrelling with the steward over the division of booty they had just stolen. This alone was sufficient evidence for the secretary to solve the whole mystery, and having retraced his steps noiselessly, returned to his room unobserved.

On the following night, officers were concealed both in the house and the farther end of the tunnel, and when the two domestic thieves came to share the fruits of their night's work, they were seized and held in custody. Mr. Marshall and wife arrived on the next day, and being no longer afraid of ghosts, were suffered to live in peace. As to the originators of the scheme, in order to conceal their thievery, they were punished severely as they had deserved.

"Next"! said the voice:

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH OF NOVEMBER.

I.—AT THE WHARF.

'Twas in the days of the Dogstar, but that mattered not; the saucy rival of the sun never bothered Toledo, nor the good folk that lived there. No: I was sure of that; for did not the dusky, dirty, squalid Italian, now as in the May-days, cry his wares to the passers by?—"Goodee banan! cheapee banan! ten cent a doz! goodee banan." His tones, methought, were at once a cry of appeal and a wail of despair; plainly they said: "Oh, *do* buy some fruit—look! the finest in the city, the freshest!—now you know you will buy some; oh, it's no use talking to him."

Sirius' added heat did not check the news-boy's rapid flow of spirits. "Here's your 'leven 'clock *Blade, Bee 'n Her'ld!* All 'bout the m-u-r-d-e-r!" It did not drive the boot-black from accustomed corner, nor street-fakir from wonted haunts; it did not even diminish the patronage of the street-car lines, nor take aught from the

surging crowd that, like a great river whirling down its sinuous course the filth of cities with the wealth of pine-covered acres, bore on its turbulent bosom society's refuse side by side with its precious freight.

In fact, the heat bothered nobody but the idle, and to them Presq'le held outstretched arms. There, under wide-spreading oaks, the listless day-dreamer may recline on hammocks, springy as the pine boughs, woven of tall prairie grass by dark-eyed Mexic women. Here he may assay the heavens through the agency of a machine whose owner will give you fifteen trips around the world for the sum of five cents.

I had been walking purposeless about the city all afternoon; I had knocked around everywhere, except about the docks, and now some potent influence turned my footsteps towards them; when I grew tired of one spot it led me on to another newer scene in the watery phase of life. It was after nine o'clock when I found myself at the *Greyhound's* wharf, sitting on a keg of nails, waiting for the arrival of that hull of steel. Punctual to the moment, she steamed into her berth and, as sailors say, was made fast; the gang-plank was lowered, the passengers streamed out into the night, the roustabouts unloaded freight, the mates cursed and swore, the cabbies outside added to the din—all was confusion.

In a few moments the passengers, and with them the hackmen, had left the busy wharf. I was just getting off my keg of nails when I heard my name called in a low, girlish voice. I looked around and saw my cousin Sadie standing at my side.

"I am very glad you came to meet me. How did you know I was coming? I don't admire the idea of walking home alone at this time of night."

"I didn't know. I just came down here to see the *Greyhound* come in. But what brought you to Toledo? We were all going to Detroit next week, but this spoils that move."

"I just thought I would run down for a little surprise. I can go back with you, you know."

"You don't think we would leave you behind!"

"No, hardly. But let us go home; the air is chilly here."

Knowing that six hours on the lake would make a dyspeptic hungry, we went to a restaurant first. Refreshed in body, we started rapidly home. Arches and pyramids of fire (natural gas) made the streets almost as bright as day. The noise the "roarer" made could be heard for miles around. It was Fair week, and the city was illuminated.

In a few minutes we stopped at a handsome stone-front on Jefferson street, No. 912. Everybody was delighted to see Sadie and relieved to see me. I had not been within half-a-mile of No. 912 since luncheon, now it was after ten. My sister scolded me for keeping everybody's nerves strung for nine mortal hours. She gravely told me that they had come to the conclusion that I had been drowned, run over by the cars, kidnapped, or arrested for—she didn't know exactly what for! I gazed demurely at my toes until she had ended her speech, and then shocked her by calling her a goose. Then we talked until bedtime.

II.—THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW.

Long before I escaped from the land of sleep the chariot of the sun had mounted high in the heavens, throwing light and warmth on the Day of the Lord. I cannot tell why I slept so long that Sunday morn, unless it was because the rumbling of wheels on the granite-paved streets was a thing of yesterday, or simply because it was Sunday. Explain it as I may, it was ten by the clock when I rose from the breakfast table. "Time for Mass," rang through the house. I took care of my cousin; my father played chevalier to my sister, and we all went to church. Although we had hurried, we were late. When we entered the church, the choir was finishing the *Gloria*. Almost before I knew it, the organist was playing the prelude to the *Veni Creator*. With the first words of that beautiful hymn, a door to the left of the altar, hitherto unnoticed, opened, and the preacher entered the sanctuary. He knelt on the altar-steps until the music was hushed, and slowly walking across the sanctuary, mounted the pulpit steps.

He was a remarkably handsome man—tall and straight as the pines of Pontus; fair-haired, fair-skinned; his eye of a subdued gray, his mouth patient and firm; his whole countenance bespeaking gentleness of spirit, strength of purpose and determination in the cause of the Lamb. Something in the air told of a treat in store, and when does that mysterious, shapeless, undefinable something lead us astray?

We call our great speakers silver-tongued; the Greeks called theirs golden-mouthed; and surely he deserved to have the two united in himself—a silver-tongued Chrysostom. Words fell from his lips sweet as the nectar of his own sweet soul.

The anniversary of the death of his sainted mother would fall during the week: he asked us to pray for her. Can I forget it? "For the third time, kind friends, since I have been with

you, I ask your prayers for the repose of the soul of my darling mother. She was good, sweet, gentle and loving; oh, pray for my mother!" A gathering moisture dimmed my eye—aye, and many another's eye.

His text was short: "Follow Me, for My yoke is sweet." Ah, yes, it must be sweet! Beaming from his eyes; weaving an aureole of light around his head; writing themselves in every line of his countenance; rustling in every fold of his garments; hiding in the darkness of his shadow; hovering about him, around him, before and after him, like angels around the Lamb, were these words, "My yoke is sweet." More thoughtful than usual, I walked home that Sunday noon.

III.—DISTRESS.

Thursday came at last. A quarter to nine found our party on board the handsome lithe *Greyhound*, just in the nick of time to get chairs in the stern.

The steamer would not leave for fifteen minutes, so I started out on a tour of inspection. I button-holed one of the deck-hands and from him learned that the *Greyhound* was the fastest boat on the lake, and that she had never made anything like her best time. When I had gathered all the information that I wanted, I prevailed on him to tell me some of his own adventures on the watery deep. Just as he was in the most interesting part of his most thrilling yarn, a tall, lank, lantern-jawed creature, wearing a blue uniform and having the significant legend 2 MATE worked on his cap, bore up along side. He took in the situation at a glance, and drawing a long breath, prepared to relieve himself of dead weight. My companion, I noticed, paled perceptibly.

He of the blue uniform cursed and raved, and actually shook with the effort it cost him to unburden his mind. When all was over, long blue streaks could be seen playing with the gentle zephyrs that came in from the bay.

I left: life was not happy in that part of the boat.

An hour's ride took us far from Toledo, past Presq' Isle, past Turtle Light, out of the murky waters of the bay, into the blue depths of Erie.

A hazy blue coast-line on our right was the only land in sight, all else was water. As far as the eye could see, nothing but a waste of deepest blue. Hardly a ripple disturbed its surface: with the exception of a few gulls and a white-winged ship in the distance, the swells from our own wheels seemed to be the only living things in sight. Our own motion was so steady we did not notice it. Sharply the pilot's voice rang out on the startled air: "Flag of distress! two points off our weather-bow!" "Aye, aye, see what it is!" answered Captain Wallis.

And we were headed for the signal drifting on the deep.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

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

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—A telegram received by Prof. Egan, on Thursday last, conveyed the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. P. V. HICKEY, the accomplished and well-known Editor of the *Catholic Review*, New York. The news was a shock to the many friends of the deceased at Notre Dame, who had learned to esteem him highly for the noble qualities of mind and heart with which he was gifted, and for the sentiments of affection which he had long entertained towards our *Alma Mater*. His death is a severe loss to the cause of Catholic journalism, to the support and development of which he had devoted the last twenty-five years of his life. He had inaugurated a work in this regard the result of which had been singularly successful, and which bid fair to raise to a very high and enduring plane the mission of the Catholic press in the United States. So great were his services as a Catholic publicist, that more than once they called forth the most flattering as well as merited recognition on the part of the Holy See. It was to honor him for the noble work he had accomplished that, in 1885, Pope Leo XIII created Mr. Hickey a Knight of St. Sylvester, and at a later date raised him to the dignity of Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. Last year Notre Dame was proud to confer upon him her highest distinction, the Lætare Medal. Besides the *Catholic Review*, which he founded in 1872, Mr. Hickey established the *Illustrated Catholic American* and the *American Catholic*, and was also the publisher of the *Vatican Library*. We sincerely hope and trust that his great work will not be suffered to die with him; but that the result of his labors will be continued and perpetuated, and made to form an enduring monument to his memory. He had deserved well of religion; and many a prayer will be offered that the Lord whom he served, and whose cause, according as it was given him, he sought to propagate, will speedily admit him to the reward of the good and faithful servant. May he rest in peace!

Celebration of Washington's Birthday.

The national emblems that waved proudly from the College buildings on yesterday gave evidence of the patriotic spirit with which Notre Dame entered into the celebration of the birthday of the "Father of his Country." The severe snow storm that prevailed all day sadly interfered with any out-door sport; but spirits were light and gay, and the holiday was enjoyed by all. The dinner was of course *recherché*, but the toasts and speeches were deferred to the entertainment of the evening which formed the celebration proper of the occasion.

Instead of the play which in days of yore the Thespians were accustomed to present on this day, the exercises yesterday were of a distinctively literary and musical character, and given under the auspices of the Class of '89, assisted by the musical societies of the University. The programme will be found printed entire in our local columns, and it will be seen that its parts, if well carried out, as they certainly were, must have afforded a very enjoyable evening to all present.

THE ENTERTAINMENT

began promptly at four o'clock, at which hour, despite the inclemency of the weather, a large audience of friends and visitors assembled with the students in Washington Hall. Very Rev. Father General occupied the seat of honor; on his right, Rev. President Walsh, and on the left, Rev. Father Granger. The exercises were opened by the University Orchestra with the Overture to the Opera, which will be noticed at length in another column.

THE ORATIONS

were very creditable to the speakers, and well received by the audience. The limited space at our disposal prevents us from publishing them entire, and the brief abstracts that we give are far from doing them justice. Each of the speakers seemed imbued with a knowledge of the subject of which he treated, and in his delivery displayed a command of language and a spirit of enthusiasm that did credit alike to mind and heart.

Mr. D. E. Dwyer was the first speaker. His theme was "The Day we Celebrate." He said:

"We have assembled within this hall, named after our illustrious Washington, to commemorate his sterling virtues, rehearse his noble deeds, and tell of his pure patriotism. Besides being a duty we owe to ourselves and our country to keep alive the memory of one who did so much to secure and preserve that liberty which we now enjoy, such an occasion as this is of great ad-

vantage to every individual. For its effect must be to kindle anew within each heart the glowing fire of patriotism; to create a virtuous ambition and a salutary emulation; to hold forth a ray of hope and encouragement to those who find themselves confronted by seemingly unsurmountable obstacles to success and cause them to realize how much has been achieved by the industry and application of men like themselves. Such an occasion must bring before us the history of him to whom to-day we show our gratitude for the mighty monument of freedom which we enjoy, and the glorious bulwark of that Constitution by which it is protected.

"May the respect we pay to the name and memory of Washington serve to awaken the slumbering spirit of patriotism; to incite us to deeds of virtue; to weld together in one solid mass the people from every clime who have found homes among us. May it tend to strengthen and preserve the social order and free us from the blighting influences of anarchy and revolution. May it serve to increase the enthusiasm and hasten the realization of the hopes of those noble leaders across the sea who to-day armed with the weapons of peace and panoplied with the justice of their cause are heroically battling for that liberty which Washington secured for us more than a century ago!"

"Washington, the Statesman," was the subject of the next oration, which was treated in a characteristic and happy manner by Mr. J. B. Meagher, and he was frequently applauded. It is published in another part of this paper.

Mr. R. C. Newton spoke on "Washington, the Patriot," and the various episodes in the military career of our national hero afforded him an opportunity to expatiate upon his subject with an eloquence and ability that gained for him the plaudits of the audience. He said:

"No character can be termed truly great which does not possess the proper combination of physical, intellectual and moral qualities, and how few such appear upon the stage of the world's history. Our own beloved country—the youngest but the happiest and most prosperous of nations—can point to him whose memory we honor to-day, as one who stamped all his actions with the seal of an upright character.

"How feeble are words to delineate the worth of one who is far above titles, whose glory cannot be enhanced by the loftiest flights of panegyric. The youth of America who aspire to promote their country's welfare should take his patriotic spirit as their model, and ever bear in mind that the brightest gems in his crown of glory are those which made him a patriot, brave and Christian gentleman."

"Washington the Man" was the subject of the concluding oration by Mr. P. E. Burke, who in a masterly manner analyzed the character of Washington as revealed in various striking cir-

cumstances connected with his civil, military and political life. In his eloquent portrayal of the exalted motives that must have actuated the "Founder of our liberties," in all that he undertook, the speaker struck the key-note of the day's celebration, and more than once elicited the enthusiastic approval of his auditors.

"Nature and fortune had singularly combined to fit Washington for the positions to which he attained. Calm, modest and reserved, yet dignified and calculating; humane, consistent and sincere, his character displays a blended variety of excellent qualities among which it is difficult to select a predominant grace unless it be his majestic courage and deportment. He possessed in an eminent degree that quality of good sense which is not less useful to the government of states than to the conduct of life. If Washington possessed ambition, that passion was so regulated by principles that it was neither vicious nor turbulent. The high stations to which he was called were unsought by him, and in consenting to fill them he seems rather to have yielded to the conviction that his country's interests would be thereby promoted than to any greed of power. The fame of Washington stands forth before the world shining with a lustre and glory peculiarly its own. Great from the outset of his career, patriotic before his country had become a nation, brilliant and beloved by his fellow-countrymen, his fame is imperishable. The man who amid the decadence of modern ages first dared believe that he could inspire degenerate nations with courage to rise to the level of republican virtues lives for all nations and for all ages."

THE CANTATA

was one of the most prominent features of the entertainment, and its rendition was in the highest degree pleasing to all who heard it. It is a musical representation of the well-known story of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." The melodies are pleasing and the choruses grand and effective. Its successful representation by the musical societies yesterday reflected great credit upon themselves, and especially upon the painstaking care and ability with which they were trained by their director and instructor, Prof. Liscombe. The various characters appeared in appropriate costume which gave additional effectiveness to the musical rendition. The skilful direction of Rev. Father Regan was seen in the dramatic *mise en scène* which crowned the production. More details will be found in our local columns.

Rev. Father Oechtering made a few closing remarks, expressing the great pleasure afforded the audience, and characterizing the entertainment as the grandest ever given at Notre Dame. And the praise was well deserved.

(Kalamazoo (Mich.) Telegraph.)

The Church and Science.

The Young Men's Sodality lecture course has been one of considerable interest, and the young gentlemen are entitled to much credit for its success. The course was closed last evening by Rev. Father Zahm, Vice-President of Notre Dame University, and his lecture was one of the best of them all. It was intended to open the series with last evening's lecture, but the speaker at that time failed in making railroad connection at Niles, and so the entertainment had to be postponed. But when the time did come, all were very much pleased with both the lecture and the lecturer. Father Zahm is an intelligent looking man and appears much younger than he really is. His face is smoothly shaven after the manner of the priesthood. His voice is clear and pleasant, his enunciation clear and distinct, and his illustrations and every expression forcible.

THE LECTURE.

Among the many questions engaging the minds of our greatest thinkers during the past few years, none has attracted more attention than that of the relationship of science to the Church. The impression abounds that the Church and science do not agree; that if the Church should coincide with science's teachings, some of the doctrines and dogmas would have to be changed. For this reason, people say that the Church is opposed to science. That is a mistake.

I do not come as an apologist for the Church. The past history of her good works is all the apology needed. All that is good, grand and sublime in humanity is due to her. Without her, the world would be no better than nineteen centuries ago, when Christ came upon the earth. The Church has no retraction to make. Conscious of divine origin, she goes on as a teacher among men.

Those scientific objections to the Church which have recently attracted much attention are founded principally upon geology and astronomy. The chief geological objections are made to the book of Genesis. If well founded, they would surely separate the Church from science and scientific teachings. The first point we will take up is the age of the world.

Some scientists claim that this earth must be hundreds of millions of years old, while they say that the Church places the creation only 6,000 years ago. The Church has not said anything about the age of the world, but some commentators do place the creation of man about that far back in the past; but no commentator is the Church. Neither does the Bible anywhere define the time of creation, but merely says "in the beginning." That is the most definite term between the covers, and that gives scientists and commentators all the latitude as to time that they could desire.

The days of creation were once generally thought to be days of 24 hours each, while science teaches that ages must have elapsed during the process. Now it is commonly thought that such is not the meaning, but that these days were indefinite periods of time, such as science teaches that they were. There was no sun until the fourth day, and so there could have been no way of dividing time into days of twenty-four hours each. St. Augustine and others prominent in the Church have held this opinion in regard to the length of the days of creation.

The origin of man, his antiquity and the theory of evolution are now topics of discussion. It will be impossible to give much of the theory of evolution in one brief lecture; it already has a literature of its own, and some of the most brilliant minds have written volumes upon that topic; but sufficient can be given to answer our purpose. Much concerning it is now seen in magazines, newspapers, on the cars, from the pulpit and platform, and from those who know no more about the subject than that some one has said that man has descended from a monkey.

The theory is that the higher is developed from the lower, and the lower from nature's influence on inorganic matter. At best it is only an assumption. No one who understands the difference between hypothesis and demonstrated fact can hold any other opinion. That the world and the sun, moon and stars came from vapor cannot be proven. Perhaps it is the best physical theory yet announced, but it cannot be authenticated without a revelation from God, which will probably never be given. The idea that organic can come from inorganic, the doctrine of spontaneous generation is contrary to science and scientific experiments. No one who has carefully investigated it thinks of it except as an exploded theory. Even Darwin did not think the position tenable.

As to the transportation of species, either sudden or slow, not a case can be shown. Florists can develop new varieties of the flowers, but new species never; and so it is with the animal kingdom. The chances against such transportation is now as infinity to nothing. If there is no evidence of it in the lower animals, much less is there probability of it in the case of man. The highest type of ape is so far below a man that no missing link can bridge the chasm, which is as wide as that between earth and heaven.

Evolution at best is only a theory. But granting evolution, what then? Evolutionists may be separated into three classes—atheistic, agnostic and theistic. Of course a Catholic could not hold to the first two; but is there anything contrary to the faith in the last? I believe not. According to Genesis, God did not create absolutely: "Let the earth and the water bring forth." Were the creatures brought forth instantaneously or gradually? The evolutionist says gradually. The Church has never pronounced on the matter. Evolution recognizing God is not,

I believe, inconsistent with the Church or the Bible, and Catholics can hold to that doctrine if they so desire. But as to the soul of man we must give a decided negative. But even then evolution is a mere fascinating theory.

There is a great diversity of opinion among scientists as to the time of man's creation or generation. The old accepted time of 6,000 years is by many maintained to be far too short. But it is a mistaken idea that the Bible gives any dates in reference to it, and as to the Church it is still an open question.

In regard to the flood there may be a disagreement between some scientists and the Bible, but not between the Bible and the demonstrated fact. We are not obliged by the Scriptures to consider the flood universal, and science has not proved that it was not. It was designed to sweep the wicked from the face of the earth, and to do that it was only necessary to have it cover the inhabited portions of the globe. There is nothing in the language of the account to cause us to consider the flood general instead of local, and here again the Church has expressed no opinion. There is no positive evidence as to its extent, and it will probably remain an open question.

Is there then no conflict? Do science and the Church go hand in hand? All the objections are founded on mistakes or misapprehension; all conflict is between individual scientists and commentators. Modern science is nothing certain. The science of to-day is abandoned for that of to-morrow, and we find the same uncertainty in all its branches. In the name of exact science and true philosophy I do protest against setting up hypotheses in places that should be reserved for indisputable truth.

Allow me to make a brief summary. Real science is not in conflict with religion. The conflict is between individuals. The Catholic enjoys the greatest liberty in thought, and has nothing to fear from real science and much to gain. Science is the handmaid of religion. Conflict with the Catholic Church does not exist and cannot, as both point in the same direction towards the glory of God the Father.

Books and Periodicals.

—We have received a copy of Volume XXVII of the *Ave Maria* beautifully bound in blue and gold. This periodical enjoys a high and well-merited reputation for literary excellence, while the contents of each of its weekly issues are such as to prove pleasing as well as instructive to all classes of readers. It numbers among its contributors the foremost writers in the English language at the present day, and their articles treating of a wide variety of subjects, including the brightest gems in the mines of prose and poetry, prove a veritable storehouse of knowledge and rational entertainment from

which the readers, young and old, can draw at will. It is but little to say that each of the half-yearly volumes of the *Ave Maria* is a treasure in itself, and, with its beautiful cloth binding—elegant and not expensive, but attractive by reason of its unique design and bright coloring—it makes one of the best gift-books that we know of, and certainly no better premium could be found for our schools and colleges.

—The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* (Hardy & Mahoney, Philadelphia) begins its fourteenth volume with the number for January which, like its predecessors, is richly laden with a valuable freight of intellectual matter. This periodical is the leading exponent of Catholic thought and opinion in this country, and as such commends itself to the attention of a large class of readers everywhere. The articles which appear in its pages traverse the wide and varied fields of theology, philosophy, literature, science, art, history, politics, etc., and afford entertaining and useful reading to cultured minds, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. Among the contents of the present number are: "Land and Labor in France and the United States," by Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D.; "Savanarola," by P.; "Scripture Poetry," by Rev. Anthony J. Mass, S. J.; "Lulworth Chapel, Bishop Carroll and Bishop Walmesley," by Rev. Thomas L. Keeley; "The Last Four Years in Belgium," by John A. Mooney; "Bostonian Ignorance of Catholic Doctrine," by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D., etc. A paper on "The Canadian Separate School System," by D. A. O'Sullivan, LL. D., is worthy of careful study by all who have at heart the interests of education. The writer sketches the history and provisions of the legislation of Canada respecting education, and leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions from the facts he presents.

The population of Canada is almost equally divided as respects Catholicity and Protestantism. The Catholics are a majority in lower or eastern Canada, and the Protestants are a majority in upper or western Canada. Under English legislation, the Catholics, the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians were recognized as having certain distinctive legal rights, and certain endowments or grants for educational purposes were provided for the adherents of each of these religious bodies. When the Canadian civil government established Public Schools, it soon became evident that State schools do not and cannot afford any guarantee to a parent for the religious instruction which he may and ought to deem necessary for his child. Moreover, where religious training of the character which a majority of the parents desire is introduced, that training will necessarily antagonize the belief of the minority. Hence, the Catholics, where they were the minority, demanded provision for separate schools for their children; and the Protestants, where they were the minority, made like demands for their children. These demands were recognized as reasonable and just,

and a general school law was formed to meet them. Under the provisions of this law:

1. Any number of persons not less than five, being heads of families, resident within any township, or within any ward of any city or town and "being Roman Catholics, may convene a public meeting of persons desiring to establish a separate school for Roman Catholics, in such school section or ward, for the election of trustees for the management of the same."

2. A like provision is made for Protestant heads of families.

3. Every person paying taxes who gives notice in writing that he is a Roman Catholic, or a Protestant, and a supporter of a separate school in the district in which he is a tax-payer, shall be exempted from the payment of all rates imposed for the support of Public Schools, etc.

4. A provision is also made by which each separate school shall be entitled to an equitable share of all public investments and allotments for school purposes, according to the number of scholars actually attending and the length of time that the school is kept open during the year.

Personal.

—John W. Guthrie, '85, was a welcome visitor to the College on Wednesday last.

—Warren E. Cartier, '86, of Ludington, Mich., paid a very pleasant visit to his *Alma Mater* on Monday.

—Prof. M. O'Dea was in Chicago three days this week, attending the National Electric-Light Convention.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week were Messrs. Burns and F. and M. Kinsella of Dubuque, Iowa.

—Attorney Geo. E. Clarke, of Algona, Iowa, and his daughter Miss Gertie, of St. Mary's, were among the callers last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Goodman, of Denver, Colo., visited Notre Dame on Tuesday, and entered their son in the Minim department.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby, C. S. C., left Notre Dame last Monday evening to attend the centenary celebration of Georgetown University.

—Rev. A. B. Oechtering; Rev. Father Ignatius, O. S. F., Mr. and Mrs. J. Schindler, Mishawaka, Ind.; Rev. A. Blatter, Mrs. P. W. Cavanagh, Messrs. G. Cook, Joseph P. Rend and Dennis J. Hogan, '74, Chicago; Mr. George Nester, of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wile, Laporte, and many others were among the welcome visitors to the College on Washington's birthday.

—Professor Maurice F. Egan, of Notre Dame University, will write the text for both editions of "The Catholic Hierarchy of the United States," soon to be issued by George Barre, the well-known art publisher of Philadelphia. The choice of Mr. Egan for this work is eminently fit and happy, and ensures at one stroke absolute ac-

curacy, the best Catholic spirit and exquisite literary treatment.—*Boston Pilot*.

Local Items.

—'Rah for '89!

—Washington's birthday.

—The Harvard Quartette next week.

—Our vocalists did themselves proud.

—"Juvenis" wants to know who "Aliquo" is.

—That ground hog should remember the six weeks are not up yet.

—Last Thursday was the first Thursday this year on which we had class.

—Four scenes at mail time: Big boy, little letter, big picture, sad boy. Don't mind, John.

—We hope the Thespians will come forth from their retirement before the end of the year.

—The Senior and Junior classes of English Composition have been united under Prof. Edwards.

—Prof. Lyman gave his second lecture on elocution Wednesday last much to the pleasure of all the boys.

—The "Vanity Fair" scene was the most *taking* in the operetta; the pyramid of athletic gentlemen was superb.

—Old Boreas did his best yesterday; but, all the same, the audience was large and enthusiastic, and the exhibition was a grand success.

—In the list of officers elected by the Columbian Society, published in last week's SCHOLASTIC, the name of Mr. Barnes, Treasurer, was unintentionally omitted.

—The SCHOLASTIC is a paper edited for the benefit and pleasure of the students, and they should contribute to it. Wake up and send in some "locals" and other things.

—Prof. Lyman intends to have each of his classes in elocution give a dramatic entertainment before this session closes, so we may expect good exhibitions of the skill of the different classes. We wish him success in his undertaking.

—Sunday morning Bro. Hilarion treated the boys to a skate on the lake between the hours of eight and ten. This is something new, and the genial Brother has the boys' thanks for the same. Bro. Hilarion never lets a chance pass that will afford the boys pleasure.

—On Saturday, February 16, the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society debated the question,—"Should the President be elected by a popular vote?" Whilst the electoral system was ably defended by W. Morrison and M. Dore on the negative, the numerous and superior arguments of D. Barrett and T. Goebel secured the decision in favor of the affirmative. The political enthusiasm of the subject called forth some splendid speeches from a few other members. The society is in a flourishing condition, and earnestly hopes that many who can and ought

to belong may soon join its ranks and share in its great advantages.

—On Wednesday last, the centenary festival of Georgetown University, Rev. President Walsh sent the following congratulatory telegram:

"THE REV. J. HAVENS RICHARDS, S. J.:

"The President and Faculty of the University of Notre Dame send greeting to the President, Faculty and Alumni of the University of Georgetown.

"Though separated by half a continent they are one in joy to-day. May Notre Dame be as happy and deserve it as well in 1944!"

—The "Vanity Fair" scene of the opera, which called for amusements of various kinds afforded an opportunity for our local athletes, to display their prowess. Numerous gymnastic performances were skilfully performed and crowned by a pyramid of eight athletes of various sizes. There was a "clown" who was no mean gymnast himself, and a singer too; and he was looked after by a "Policeman," who could sing and at the same time keep the peace. At this stage of the performance members of the Junior military company gave a drill, and their evolutions called forth great applause.

—Kodak has been taking some views during the week that are destined to attract more than ordinary attention. All who have seen them pronounce them to be veritable works of art. Kodak will be assisted, in his praiseworthy efforts to preserve souvenirs of the true, the beautiful and the good, by the latest form of improved phonography which is expected in a few days. With this latter wonderful instrument the gems of song that are now wasted on the desert air will be preserved to posterity. In this wise the voices of several of our distinguished vocalists in the college corridors will be made to bring joy to the hearts of nations yet unborn.

—The Columbians held their 15th regular meeting Saturday evening, Feb. 16. The Rev. President, Father Morrissey, presided. The regular exercises were suspended in order that the play, which the Columbians have decided upon presenting on St. Patrick's Day—and which was prematurely announced in last week's SCHOLASTIC, as this was the first effort in the way of preparation yet made by the society—could be reviewed. The parts were afterward given out, Mr. Sullivan appointed to deliver the Oration of the Day, and Mr. Hughes the Address from the Society. On motion of Mr. Sullivan it was decided that, St. Patrick's being their especial day, the Columbians wear distinctive badges on the occasion. At the close of the evening's exercises, the Rev. President tendered his resignation to the society, which was reluctantly accepted. It is with feelings of thankfulness for the invaluable service which, during his connection with the society, he has rendered them, and with best wishes for success in his new venture, that the Columbians now part with their old president. Mr. J. J. Cooke was elected to membership in the society, after which the meeting adjourned.

—THE CANTATA.—The musical portion of the exhibition on yesterday afternoon deserves a more extended notice than early press-work will permit. It was something that revealed the abundant resources of our vocal organizations and the grand results of which they are capable when, under skilful direction, they use, for their own benefit and the entertainment of others, the pleasing gifts which they possess. The presentation of the beautiful little cantata was highly operatic, and from a musical and dramatic point of view, we are assured that it surpassed anything of the kind ever given here before. Not only did the various solos, duos, trios and choruses meet with proper vocal rendition, but the different characters which the author designed to represent were dressed in appropriate and splendid costumes and, aided by effective stage mounting, gave dramatic action to the parts they sang. The opening scene was characteristic of the whole. On one side of the stage were rows of angels (sopranos and altos) with their azure draperies, crowns and wings of gold; on the opposite side were the demons (tenors and basses) in their fiery red and ugly head-dress; in the centre background appeared "Christian" clothed in rich armor. The stage was "set" as a valley before a mountain. The scenery which changed as indicated below was well designed. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the work of the chorus. They showed the careful training which they received, and they have the satisfaction of knowing that their efforts were crowned with success. Mr. F. Jewett sustained the leading character of *Christian*, and displayed his fine tenor voice to advantage. Messrs. H. L. Smith, W. Lahey, W. P. Blackman, R. Sullivan, J. Hepburn, the Shepherd boys, in fact, as we said, everybody, Angels, Demons, and all deserve the highest praise. See the programme for names. We can only say now: Success to Prof. Liscombe and his vocal classes!

—The exercises yesterday (Friday) were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

PART I.

- Overture—Introduction to the Opera, N. D. U. Orchestra
 Oration—"The Day we Celebrate" D. E. Dwyer
 (Lit.) Class of '89
 Oration—"Washington, the Statesman"..... J. B. Meagher
 (Lit.) Class of '89
 Oration—"Washington, the Patriot"..... R. C. Newton
 (Scientific) Class of '89
 Oration—"Washington, the Man"..... P. E. Burke
 (Classical) Class of '89

PART SECOND.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

A CANTATA IN THREE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| Christian (Pilgrim)..... | F. Jewett |
| Evangelist } | W. Blackman |
| Hopeful } | W. Lahey |
| Faithful } | H. Smith |
| Goodwill } | R. Sullivan |
| Dæmoniorum Princeps..... | J. Hepburn |

DEMONS—W. C. Roberts, E. Morton, H. Jewett, S. Hummer, H. Barnes, A. O'Flaherty, F. Wynne, C. Ramsey, I. B. Casey, R. Zeller, J. Toner.

SHEPHERDS—T. Mahon, L. Monarch, F. Schillo, C. Schillo, F. Crotty, C. J. Koester.

ANGELS—B. Bates, F. Cornell, C. McPhee, G. Fanning, F. Evers, H. Mooney, F. Webb, W. Young, S. Bruel, J. Finnerty, W. Foster, P. Stephens, F. Roberts, D. Goodwillie, L. Miner, W. Halthusen, S. Collins, E. Schultze, M. Blumenthal, L. Sutter, F. Mainzer, W. Williamson, W. Gallardo, C. Sullivan, J. Bradley.

The various numbers and movements of the Cantata are described as follows:

ACT I.

In the Overture, a foretaste of the various melodies is presented; No. 2 represents Christian as fleeing from the City of Destruction; in No. 3, he appears as a Penitent; in No. 4, Evangelist points him to the Wicket Gate; No. 5, represents the rejoicing of the Angels; No. 6, Goodwill opens the gate and presents him with a bunch of white flowers, emblems of Purity; in No. 7, the Angels promise him their protection, whilst the Tempters, Spirits of Evil, endeavor to thwart their purpose and lead him astray; in No. 8, Christian approaches the Beautiful Palace, which is guarded by Lions; he fears to approach, but Hopeful, in No. 9, appears with words of encouragement; and the Angels, in No. 10, inform us that, having learned "Redemption's Story, his (Christian's) lot is a blessed one." In No. 11, Christian meets the giant Error, and, by prayer, overcomes him; and No. 12, Chorus, tells us that his onward course is light.

ACT II.

Is introduced by a Symphony, No. 13, descriptive of the peace and quiet of early morning; No. 14, the Angels are heard singing their morning song; presently, No. 15, a party of tempters are heard on their way to Vanity Fair, which Christian is nearing; as they approach the Fair Grounds, the din and noise increase, as indicated by the Symphony; Christian is joined by Faithful. The noise at the Fair gradually ceases as they arrive at the grounds and are invited to join the festivities; they refuse, when Faithful is forcibly removed from the side of Christian; here Hopeful and Christian unite in a duet, and the angels unite in singing, that, as "the gloom precedes the morn, so faith shall cause every doubt to cease."

ACT III.

Pastoral Symphony. Shepherds appear; they point Christian and his companions to the Celestial City, as seen from their beautiful valleys. The tempters would like to turn them aside, but they fail, and having proved their faith, they all unite in singing the Finale Chorus:

"Tempters have no power.
Glory rules the hour."

Finale.....Grand Chorus

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Adams, Alvarez, Akin, Amador, J. T. Brennan, Bunker, Bretz, J. J. Burns, Burger, Blessington, Barnes, Becker, Brewer, H. P. Brannick, Barrett, Burke, C. W. Brown, Blackman, Jno. Brennan, Bruggemann, Conway, Cassidy, Crooker, Cooney, E. Chacon, G. Cooke, Cusack, Casey, T. Coady, Chute, Combe, L. Chacon, Dungan, Dinkel, Draper, Dacy, Dore, Dougherty, Darroch, Dwyer, Davis, Eyanson, Fisk, R. Fleming, Finckh, Fehr, Ford, Fack, Grange, Giblin, Gallardo, F. Galen, J. Galen, Garfias, J. J. Gallagher, J. J. D. Gallagher, Goben, Houlihan, Hayes, Hackett, Hughes, L. J. Herman, M. Howard, Hempler, Hoover, Hummer, E. Howard, W. Herman, Heard, Inks, F. Jewett, Jennings, Karasynski, Kinsella, Kimball, F. Kelly, J. Kelly, Kenny, Kohlmann, Knoblauch, Louisell, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, Leonard, Lappin, F. Long, L. Long, Larkin, Landgraff, McNally, Murphy, McErlain, H. McAlister, G. McAlister, Mattes, Mackey, Madden, McAuliff, McKeon, J. T. McCarthy,

McGinnity, V. Morrison, L. Meagher, W. Meagher, H. C. Murphy, Melady, Mahorney, Major, K. Newton, Nations, Nester, O'Flaherty, E. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Connor, O'Donnell, Ohlwine, O'Hara, L. Paquette, Patterson, Pim, C. Paquette, Powers, Robinson, Reynolds, W. Roberts, Rorke, Rothert, Roper, C. Roberts, Stewart, Schmitz, R. Sullivan, Steiger, Springer, J. B. Sullivan, Stephenson, T. Smith, G. Soden, C. Soden, Spencer, Tiernan, Toner, Velasco, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Woods, Wade, Wynn, C. Youngerman, F. Youngerman, Zeller, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, W. Allen, Ayer, Aarons, Adler, Anson, Berry, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, Blumenthal, Baltes, Bearinger, Bryan, Bradley, T. Cleary, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, F. Connors, J. Connors, Case, A. Campbell, Collins, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, Crotty, Covert, E. Du Brul, Devine, Dempsey, Doherty, L. N. Davis, Ernest, Erwin, Elder, Falvey, C. Fleming, Frei, P. Fleming, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Goodman, Green, Goodson, P. Healy, J. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Howard, Hoerr, Hughes, Hannin, Hanrahan, Hague, Hoffman, Hennessy, Hahn, Hammond, Ibold, Jackson, Joslyn, Krembs, King, A. Kutsche, W. Kutsche, Kehoe, Kearns, Kearney, Lenhoff, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Malone, J. Mooney, C. Mooney, Mackey, Merz, McCartney, McGrath, McMahan, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, McLeod, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nockles, Nester, Noe, Neal, O'Neill, O'Mara, O'Donnell, O'Rourke, W. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Quinlan, Reinhard, S. Rose, E. Roth, Riedinger, Rowsey, Ramsey, Rice, I. Rose, C. Schillo, Sheehan, Schultze, Stanton, C. Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Shear, Sloan, Staples, Talbot, Tetard, Towne, Walsh, Welch, Weitzel, F. Wile, B. Wile, Wilbanks, Young, A. Sullivan.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, Bryan, Bearinger, Brown, Boyle, Connelly, Cornell, W. Creedon, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Crane, Cudahy, Downing, Durand, Doherty, Jas. Dungan, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, E. Elkin, F. Evers, G. Evers, Eckler, Elder, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Gerber, Girardin, Gray, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, Hill, Henneberry, Jonquet, Johns, Kane, Kroolman, Keeler, Kirk, Kaye, Koester, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Lonergan, Lee, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, Minor, McPhee, Mattes, McDonnell, McGuire, McDaniel, Mooney, Mayer, Montague, C. McCarthy, McCarthy, Miller, Marr, Morrison, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Plautz, Oppenheimer, Parker, L. Paul, C. Paul, Powell, Quill, Roberts, Seerey, Snyder, Seidensticker, Stone, Steineman, Stephens, Stange, Thornton, Taylor, Trujillo, F. Webb, Witkowsky, R. Webb, Washburne, Wever, Wilcox, Watson.

Look Before you Leap.

There's a proverb, wise and true—
Keep it ever in your mind—
What your hands may find to do,
Never do with purpose blind.
Lest you stumble and you fall,
Wide awake your senses keep;
'Tis a motto good for all:
Always "look before you leap."

This will save a world of harm
That we never might repair;
And it nerves the weakest arm,
Just to know our way is fair:
Recollect the silly frog,
And this proverb ever keep:
While the path of life you jog,
Always "look before you leap."

MANUEL B. GÖKE.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Miss I. Horner's name was omitted through mistake last week in the studio report; her pencilling entitles her to a special mention.

—The interest shown by the members of the general vocal class is evident from their improvement in singing by note. Their efforts are creditable.

—Twelve volumes of Appleton's *Annual*, have been added to the library; also works by Ruskin, Smiles, Holland, O. W. Holmes, Lowell and J. B. O'Reilly.

—The Misses Currier and Geer were the readers at the points last Sunday evening. Very Rev. Father General and Rev. Father Zahm made a few remarks, both insisting upon the Minims having a paper soon.

—The graduates succeeded in obtaining two hours extra recreation for the whole school on St. Valentine's Day. It is not known whether it was in honor of the Saint or in honor of the home talent exhibited on that day.

—Among the visitors of the past two weeks were: Mrs. M. Bloom, Miss T. Bloom, Iowa city, Iowa; Mrs. J. H. Griffith, Miss I. Griffith, Miss C. Griffith, Class of '87, St. Paul, Minn.; Miss F. Carmien, Class of '88, Goshen, Ind.; P. H. Linneen, Mrs. J. Farley, C. L. Andrews, M. D. Watson, F. D. Watson, Chicago, Ill.; J. W. Clappitt, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. A. E. Shrock, Goshen, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Berky, Billings, Mont.; Mrs. L. N. Anson, Merrill, Mich.; Rev. J. P. McManus, Battle Creek, Mich.; G. E. Clarke, Algona, Iowa; Dr. and Mrs. W. Fasdick, Michigan City, Indiana.

Relaxation.

Mental relaxation, or amusement, seems inconsistent to some who are of the belief that learned men are very grave and dignified in their manner; but there are many instances where men engaged in literary avocations have resorted to the most child-like amusements in order to unbend the mind after long application. The great logician Samuel Clarke was fond of robust exercise, and it was nothing unusual for his friends and visitors to discover him leaping over tables and chairs. Cardinal Richelieu, in the midst of the grave cares which weighed upon his mind, found time to engage in jumping contests with his servant.

Relaxation is necessary for all, and there is even danger if it is neglected; for the mind, when constantly engaged in serious work, becomes impaired, the mental faculties lose energy, as does the body when deprived of food. Indeed there is such a natural inclination towards amusement, and such fascination in its pursuit that we are thus stimulated to perform well our duty that we may all the more enjoy it.

For the school girl the thought of the recreation hour is an incentive to study; for, in proportion as the task is well accomplished will the recreation be enjoyed; and she will work with renewed vigor when she thinks of the time when school-life will be at an end, and she can then drink without molestation of the stream of life's pleasures.

It is a faculty to know how to enjoy rest or amusement. The man of society rushes home from business to enjoy what he calls rest; but in what does this rest consist? Not in cessation from motion or anxiety, for the evening is spent in going from the club-room to the theatre or billiard hall and perhaps midnight finds him at the gambling table; this is, in one sense, rest for him, it being a change from the ordinary day's routine, but who will argue that this rest is refreshing or invigorating to the system, either physically or mentally?

Many and various are the world's amusements, and all have a tendency to good or evil. The theatre which has such a fascination for all classes of people, tends sometimes to lower man's standard of morality; but as amongst hay and stubble we often find golden wheat, so on the stage do we find sometimes a play whose whole plot presents the highest and noblest sentiments that sway the human heart.

Dancing, as one of the most beautiful and elegant indoor amusements, cannot be too highly recommended; but this also admits of censure; for among many it may degenerate into something worthy of serious condemnation. Similarly all the blessings of Providence are liable to be abused; therefore it would be most unjust to condemn any cheerful home pleasure, for in amusements, as in everything else, we must distinguish between the use and the abuse. If told that amusement is one of the necessities of life, it ought to be moderately indulged in. Many modes of pleasure are in themselves innocent, but are sometimes apt to mislead their votaries.

The Puritans declaimed against pleasure, and it was this absence of amusement which made the New England dwelling an abiding place, but not a home. To-day New Englanders point with pride to their manufactories, and offer them as a silent testimony of their ancestors' thrift; yet they see not the secret longing and aspirations their predecessors strove in vain to suppress by constant work—aspirations which would have broadened their religious views and opened their souls to the beauties of God's creation.

The motto of many seems to be: "It is better to wear out, than to rust out," and while there is much wisdom in it, there is no reason why the oil of relaxation may not be used, thereby making the wheels of life run smoothly. A walk, a ride, some interesting reading-matter, a half-hour's bright conversation, will do much to lighten one's daily cares, and the time thus used will, in the end, prove gain, not loss.

CECILIA MORAN (Class '89).

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Arnold, Ansbach, E. Balch, Bub, Bates, T. Balch, Burton, Bloom, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Brewer, Barron, Barber, M. Clifford, Coll, Currier, Caren, Compagne, Clarke, Connell, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, Dority, M. De Montcourt, M. Dunkin, N. Dunkin, English, Flannery, Fursman, L. Fox, Guise, Griffith, Geer, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Harriman, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Harms, M. Hutchinson, Haight, Haney, Hellmann, Hubbard, Irwin, Kingsbury, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, Koopman, Ledwith, Lewis, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, McCarthy, McCune, Nacey, Nelson, Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Papin, Quill, Quealey, Quinn, Robinson, Roberts, Rend, M. Smith, Spurgeon, Shrock, Studebaker, B. Smith, Schiltz, Sauter, Taylor, Thayer, Tress, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Violette, Wagner, Wright, Wilkinson, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Burns, Campbell, Churchill, M. Davis, B. Davis, Dempsey, Dreyer, Erpelding, Griffith, Graves, Göke, Hoyt, Kaspar, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, Levy, M. McPhee, Miller, Northam, O'Mara, Patrick, Patier, Reeves, Regan, Rinehart, Rose, M. Smyth, J. Smith, Scherrer, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Soper, Sweeney, Thirds, A. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ayer, E. Burns, Crandall, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Moore, Papin, Scherrer, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Zengeler.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses McNamara, Ducey, Bub, Rend, Balch, Meehan, Moran, Reidinger, Smith, Coll, Van Horn, Donnelly, Gavan, Hertzog.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Barry, M. Horner, Hammond, Davis, Dempsey, Flannery, Bates, Harlen, Campeau, Hutchinson, Wright.

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Burton, T. Balch, Currier, Hurff, K. Hurley, N. Morse, Moore, O'Brien, Quill, Fitzpatrick, Healey, C. Hurley, I. Horner, English, Irwin, Papin, Griffith, Prudhomme, Van Mourick, Wehr, Beck.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses C. Morse, Caren, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Lawrence, Clarke, Nacey, Sauter, Davis, C. Nester, Tress, Arnold, Geer, Piper, Marley, Beschameng, Violette, M. Dunkin, Compagne, De Montcourt, Haight, Parker, N. Dunkin, Ansbach, Stapleton, Crane, Quealey.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Bogner, Butler, Brewer, Barber, Bloom, Hepburn, Ledwith, Nester, Roberts, Smith, Quinn, L. Fox, Spurgeon, Zahm, Churchill, Dolan, Erpelding, Thirds.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Barron, D. Davis, J. Fox, A. Keeney, McCarthy, Penburthy, Regan, E. Burns, Campbell, Dempsey, Ernest, Griffith, Hull, Kahn, Kelso, M. McHugh, Patier, Rinehart, Reeves, A. Wurzburg, M. Smyth.

3D PREP. CLASS—Misses Dorsey, Hagus, Rentfrow, Shrock, Canepa, Burdick, Farwell, Miller, O'Mara, Pugseley.

JUNIOR PREP. CLASS—Misses A. Cooper, Dreyer, Kloth, Graves, Soper, Hoyt.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses I. Schoellkopf, Göke, Patrick, Kaspar, B. Davis, M. Davis, Palmer, E. Regan, Scherrer, M. McHugh, Sweeney, S. Smyth, L. McHugh, J. Smyth, Papin, N. Smyth, Ayer, Kelly.

BOOK-KEEPING.

1ST CLASS—Misses Quill, C. Hurley.

2D CLASS—Misses Geer, Haney, Marley, Van Mourick, Nicholas, Spurgeon, Hubbard.

PHONOGRAPHY.

1ST CLASS—Misses Ducey, K. Hurley, M. Beck, M. Davis.

2D CLASS—Misses Harlen, Irwin, Bogner, Donnelly, Barron.

TYPE-WRITING.

Misses Beck, M. Coll, Taylor, Parker, C. Beck.

St. Mary's Academy, Austin, Texas.

The literary and musical *soirées* of St. Mary's have become a pleasing and distinctive feature of Austin's society. The majestic stone structure, which, like a diadem, crowns the beautiful hill whercon is situated this famous seat of learning, is an acknowledged ornament to the city, and a no less feature in social and literary life are these delightful reunions....

On this occasion, in response to the kind invitation of the Sister Superior, we repaired to the Academy at 2 p. m., Friday last, and were ushered into the spacious recitation hall. There was presented a sight to make glad the dullest heart. Some two hundred pupils of the gentler sex, ranging in age and size from the diminutive "Minim," brave in snowy pinafores, to the tender young bud of womanhood, were arranged in order of size from front to rear, at their desks, and order, Heaven's first law, reigned supreme. On a raised dais, in the centre of the hall, sat the two cultivated young editresses of "Our Blessed Lady's Journal," Misses Johnson and Maupin—a periodical written by the fair young pupils, and which has secured them a warm place in the affections of the friends and patrons of the school....

Speaking of flowers, the Sisters have a keen and thorough appreciation of not only the appropriateness of surrounding their pupils with the beautiful, but well understand its influence upon the unfolding mind, and thus its impress on the future life of the young, the shaping of whose destiny is entrusted to their care. There is nothing which so much contributes to the development of the æsthetic in life as a knowledge and association of flowers.

The grounds, which are one vast garden, were literally glowing with white roses, verbenas and geraniums, in bloom in midwinter in the open border. This will seem incredible to the ice-bound denizens of the North, who "sigh for Italian skies," and die of consumption in their own inhospitable climes—but it is literally true; the halls were one vast conservatory; while every window-niche was made glorious by the fully expanded and spotless calla, the crimson geranium, the peerless azalea and other winter blooming treasures....

Fortunate, indeed, are those parents whose daughters are entrusted to the care of the Sisters of St. Mary's, and fortunate are the daughters, and fortunate is Austin, too, in the possession of such an institution as this. It is the nursery of virtue, truth and beauty, and society will have no brighter ornaments and home no purer jewels than the young women whose character, mind and morals have been developed and shaped at St. Mary's.—*Austin Statesman*.