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Hail land—the last, the best,
Land where our fathers rest,
Land in fair beauty drest:
Hail to thee, hail!

Land from the Briton won,
Land of the setting sun,
Land full of faith in One:
Hail to thee, hail!

Land where the orange grows,
Land where the peach-tree blows,
Land clad in winter snows:
Hail to thee, hail!

Thy faithful sons are we,
Land of the brave and free,
Land that is dear to me:
Hail to thee, hail!

Land of the waving pine,
Land that is yours and mine—
Freedom will ne'er decline:
Hail to thee, hail!

Here may I drop asleep,
Land where the angels keep
Watch, as the moonbeams peep:
Hail to thee, hail!

H. A. H.

The Beauty of the Parables.

BY H. A. HOLDEN.

Emanating as they do from a Being who is beautiful beyond the slow comprehension of man, the works of God bear the impress of Divine beauty.

Uttered by the learned and elegant, there is nothing more beautiful than speech. From the lips of our Divine Lord, the most perfect of all beings, has proceeded the most beautiful speech which ever ravished the ear of man.

Shrouded, as they were, in the gloomy cloud of sin, the Jews could see no beauty in the words of Christ. They looked upon the divine gems which dropped from His lips, as the words of mere man. The longing of the human heart for novelty Christ well knew; and, desiring to impress some truth on the minds of His hearers, He spoke not in the language of every-day life, but in parables. He gave no doctrine in an abstract form, but clothed in the fair robe of reality all His divine truths.

Not simply to present truth vividly to the mind, is the object of the parables, but "that we may dive down into the deep sea of spiritual knowledge and from thence fetch up pearls and precious stones." In all ages great minds have delighted to trace the wonderful harmony existing throughout the parables. At their marvellous beauty and sublimity, a Chrysostom, an Augustine and an Aquinas have stood amazed, saying in their hearts: "Whence, but from God, could all this wisdom flow."

A diamond in a casket of gold, the casket itself of exquisite workmanship, but the jewel within more precious and more beautiful, such are the parables. The chief cause of beauty in the parables is that they set forth a knowledge of God. They create in us new images, the purest and best which Christ can give. In proportion as our ideas of natural and supernatural beauty have been sharpened by union with God, we love them. They are the golden ladder on which we may mount to heaven.

Freedom from error is one of the chief beauties of the parables:

"No human error dark their beauty mars,
From whence they came, thence came the sun and stars."

Even though clothed in all the flowery robes of eloquence, no false doctrine can be beautiful. We

regard such teaching as a poisonous snake decked with a bright, beautiful skin. We admire its outward disguise, but remember that beneath this beautiful veil is a loathsome and dangerous worm.

Simplicity, an important element of beauty, is one of the chief graces of the parables:

"And for the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line."

Another help to the beauty of the parables is the exclusion of all harsh-sounding words and phrases. For example: If He wished to say that a man died, instead of using any such harsh-sounding word as "death," Christ said, "he slept with God," or "he went to Abraham's bosom."

It will never be our happiness to realize fully the beauty of the parables "until the silver chord be broken, and the golden fillet shrink back, and the pitcher be crushed at the fountain, and the wheel be broken upon the cistern, and the dust return to the earth whence it sprang, and the spirit return to God who gave it."

"Everything is beautiful, seen from the point of intellect, or as truth." No matter what its guise, truth is ever beautiful. To the eye of faith there is in the parables a mysterious beauty which the world does not see. We discern it, yet cannot describe it. It is something which belongs to God; an ornament of Heaven lent to earth; real, yet undefinable.

A fine day in early spring, when the birds are singing in the air, the beautiful lilies of Judea blooming, the earth covered with velvet green, we pass out from the city of Jerusalem and direct our steps to the Mount of Olives. Approaching near its foot a voice is heard, and the next instant we behold a company of—Pharisees? No; their dress is too poor and their bearing too humble for members of that proud sect. Sadducees? Wrong again! They are Galileans. In the centre of the group is a "Man of noble stature and of very beautiful countenance, majestic-looking, with hair the color of a fully ripe chestnut, parted in the middle of the forehead after the manner of the Nazarenes—a forehead smooth and very serene, a face free from wrinkle or spot with just a slight tinge of color; perfect nostrils and lips, a thick beard the color of the hair, not long and divided in the middle; eyes like the rays of the sun—modest, yet beautiful."

Bow the head! Uncovered, all! The Omnipotent is speaking: "Then the kingdom of heaven shall be likened unto ten virgins who took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom; and five of them were wise and five were fool-

ish. They that were foolish took their lamps and took no oil with them; but the wise took oil in their vessels and with their lamps; and while the bridegroom tarried they all slumbered and slept; and at midnight there was a cry made: 'Behold the bridegroom cometh! go ye forth to meet him.' Then all these virgins arose and trimmed their lamps; and the foolish said to the wise: 'Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out?' The wise answered, saying: 'Lest there be not enough for us and you; go you rather to them that sell and buy for yourselves.' Now, while they went to buy, the bridegroom came and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut. But at last came also the other virgins, saying: 'Lord, Lord, open to us.' But he answering, said: 'Amen, I say to you I know you not.'"

Examination alone reveals the full beauty of this parable. The company of virgins, who, with the bride were to set forth to meet the bridegroom, should, according to the Jewish marriage rites, consist of ten maidens. They "took their lamps," because marriages in the East were celebrated then, as they are now, in the night time.

The picture before us is one of beauty. The virgins dressed in their beautiful white robes, covered with white veils, and bearing aloft their little lamps. We see the bride. The beauty of the rose and of the olive blend in the rich hues on her cheek. The edges of her eyelids are stained with a fine line of black paint. Her bridal robe of spotless white is embroidered with gold thread, and over her dark, flowing hair is thrown a white veil of fairy lightness. She has rings, ear and finger, anklets and bracelets of gold; a golden collar encircles her neck; her nails and fingertips are stained "like the branches of coral." Her step is elastic; joy beams on her face and dances in her eyes, and, surrounded by her maidens, she moves joyfully to the house of the bridegroom.

Surely this is a picture of beauty. Yet the spiritual truth which it teaches is still more beautiful. Christ gave this parable to teach an important truth. Namely, that "faith without good works is dead," and will avail nothing. For "even devils believe and tremble."

The virgins of the parable are those Christians who make a profession of pure faith, confess the same Lord and hope for the same heaven.

The foolish virgins are those deluded mortals who imagine that faith without good works will save their souls. Aloft they bear the lamp of faith which, lacking the oil of good works to nourish it, soon grows dim, and at last is wholly

extinguished. So that when the "bridegroom," that is, Christ, comes to judge the world, He will reject those whose lamps of faith, not fed by the oil of good works, has gone out.

"Without parables Christ did not speak." On one occasion He replied to a certain lawyer with the parable of "The Good Samaritan": "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among robbers, who also stripped him; and having wounded him, went away, leaving him half dead. And it happened that a certain priest went down the same way: and seeing him, he passed by. In like manner, also, a Levite, when he was near the place, and saw him, passed by. But a certain Samaritan, being on his journey, came near him: and seeing him was moved with compassion. And going up to him, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and setting him upon his own beast brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And the next day he took out two pence and gave them to the host and said: 'Take care of him, and whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above, I, at my return, will repay thee.'"

The fitness of the words "went down from Jerusalem," is evident when we remember that the "City of David" stood considerably higher than Jericho—the latter lying nearly six hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea, while the former is situated on the central table-land of Judea, about 2,500 above the same body of water; not only this, but because the going to Jerusalem, as to the metropolis, was always regarded as going up.

The road to Jericho leads through mountain passes, which to-day are the resorts of robbers. The plain of Jericho is described as an oasis in the wilderness; a place of rare fertility and beauty, well watered, and abounding in palms, in roses, in balsam, in honey, and all the choicest products of Palestine.

The traveller personified in the foregoing parable, is human nature, or Adam, as the representative and head of our race. He forsook Jerusalem, the heavenly city—the city of the vision of peace,—and went down to Jericho, the profane city, "the city under a curse." But no sooner has he left the holy city and the presence of his God, than he falls into the hands of him who is at once a "robber and a murderer," and is by him stripped of his robe of original purity, grievously wounded, and left half dead by the way side. The priest who came that way and saw him, is Aaron, the great high priest of the Old Law, who, while he realized the forlorn condition of humanity, could do nothing to save it. The Levite is John the Baptist, able to

prophesy and work miracles; unable to redeem the human race. The Good Samaritan is Jesus Christ. He it was who first took pity on a fallen race. Exposed to the same perils as those who had gone before Him, like the Samaritan, He rescued not a friend, but an enemy. Steeling not His Divine Heart against pity, when He saw His enemy sorely wounded by sin and bleeding at His feet, He had compassion on him.

Commenting on this parable, that celebrated Anglican scholar, Archbishop Trench, says: "Beautiful as is this parable when taken simply in the letter, inviting us to 'put on the bowels of mercies;' to shrink from no offices of love even though they should be perilous; yet how much fairer still, how much more mightily provoking to love and good works, when with most of the Fathers we trace a deeper meaning still, and see the work of Christ, of the merciful Son of man, Himself, portrayed to us here."

True it is that "by long deduction and much study we discover the adorable beauty and wisdom of God in His works"; but, as "beauty demands no assistance from reasoning," no human being, however lacking in mental ability, can fail to appreciate the beauty of the parable of the "Lost Sheep"—one of the clearest and most beautiful streams which has ever flowed from the silver fountain of Divine Wisdom:

"What man among you, that hath a hundred sheep; and if he lose one of them, does he not leave the ninety and nine in the desert, and go after that which was lost until he find?"

As if he had said: "In My heavenly kingdom I have millions of pure angelic spirits who love Me with a fair, eternal love. They never cause My tender Heart to bleed; but serve Me always with stainless souls and willing minds. I have left the ninety and nine of heaven to save the one of earth. I am the Good Shepherd and came into the world to save the lost."

Oh! Thou whose conversation charmed the ears of men; whose countenance was the most beautiful that could be seen or imagined; who never studied, yet were skilled in all branches of human learning; for all this we love Thee, yet more for the great love which Thou hast shown us.

As a silver lake mirrors in its placid bosom the loveliness of nature, so in this parable is reflected the beauty of the love of God.

"The past lies in the distance, in the dreary monotony, like a city of the dead;" the future is before us—the present alone is ours. We may weep for the past, make good resolutions for the future, but we must look to the present. There is no time like that at hand, to ask for

what we need most. One gift, however—the greatest and most precious of all—we may ask for and obtain before our lamp of life is burned out: that gift is the pardon of God. When the noblest impulses of the human heart bursting forth in prayer, entreat Divine Mercy, quickly and joyfully is that petition granted. Of all the parables uttered by Our Lord, that of the “Prodigal Son” best shows that mercy, which, like the Source from whence it flows, is infinite:

“A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father: ‘Father, give me the portion of substance that falleth to me.’ And he divided to them his substance; and not many days after, the younger son, gathering all together, went abroad into a far country, and there wasted his substance by living riotously.”

The request of the younger son is the expression of man’s desire to be independent of God, to become a god to himself, and follow his own inclinations. Growing weary of restraint, he foolishly imagines that he can live without God; “that he can be a fountain of blessedness to himself; that, laying out his life for himself, he can make a better investment of it than God would have made for him.”

God does not compel us to love Him and serve Him. He has constituted man a spiritual being, a creature with a will, and when His dependant no longer desires to abide with Him, he is allowed to depart. But man discovers, if need be by most painful proof, that the only true freedom is the freedom in God.

“This,” says a commentator, “is a fine and delicate touch; the apostasy of the heart, as St. Bernard well observes, often running before the apostasy of life. As the prodigal ‘gathered all together and took his journey into a far country,’ so man, collecting all his energies and powers, and resolving to attain through their help all the gratification he can out of the world, departs from God, and ‘takes his journey into a far country,’ even into that land where God is not.” In a short time he “wasted his substance by living riotously; and when he had spent all there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began himself to be in want.”

This is the downward progress of the soul which has strayed from God. When it has wasted its energies in vain endeavor to be happy amid the pleasures and vanities of the world, a famine of truth and love ensues.

Although in palaces, surrounded by every luxury the human heart can desire, yet is there a longing after something higher, more precious than costly furniture, luxurious living and splendid raiment. The soul in the midst of earthly

riches may, for want of heavenly treasures, be “ready to perish with hunger.”

“That citizen,” says St. Bernard, “I cannot understand as other than one of the malignant spirits, who, sinning with an irredeemable obstinacy, and having passed into a permanent disposition of malice and wickedness, are no longer guests and strangers, but citizens and abiders in the land of sin.”

The master of the prodigal “sent him into the fields to feed swine.” So also the devil, when he has secured the souls of men, sends them into the fields of sin to do the most disgusting and revolting work, giving them in return but the “husks of swine.”

Revolving in his mind his hard though just punishment, the prodigal resolves to return home, to throw himself at his father’s feet to implore his forgiveness, and ask to be received, not as a son, but as a servant: “He arose and came to his father. But when he was a great way off, his father saw him.” How beautiful and true is this image. God sees the returning sinner a great way off. He knows the first slight movement of a contrite heart towards Him, and, like the father of the prodigal, He has compassion on the erring one, “runs and falls on his neck” and welcomes him home with all evidence of Divine Love. And when the prodigal soul, taking courage from this gracious reception, says: “Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son”; this act of humility ensures its forgiveness.

“But the father said to his servants: ‘Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hands, and shoes on his feet.’” God bids His servants, the angels, bring forth for the returning sinner, the robe of purity, and put on him the golden ring of sanctity, and protect his feet from the thorns of sin. “There shall be joy in Heaven for one sinner who does penance.”

There are in the Holy Book, other parables as beautiful as those I have mentioned; but be it the task of some worthier hand than mine to trace their beauty to its source. The parables unite man to God. “The union which is thus affected and which adds a new value to every atom in nature—for it transmits every thread throughout the whole web of creation into a golden key, and bathes the soul in a new and sweeter element”—brings man, as it were, face to face with his Creator.

Great is the beauty of the rose, the beauty of the lily, the beauty of the glistening dewdrop, the beauty of the crystal lake, the beauty of

the iris-hued rainbow, the beauty of the shining stars, the beauty of the pale silver moon, the beauty of the glorious shining sun, the beauty of man and the beauty of angels; but greater than all is the beauty of the parables.

Hawthorne and Poe.

BY EDWARD R. ADELSPERGER, '90.

In the heavens there are stars of a similar lustre, yet mayhap of an unlike brilliancy. In Literature there are writers who resemble one another, some closer, some less close, in certain qualities or mannerisms of style. And as these mannerisms of style are their own connecting links, so are they the barriers which separate them from the other host of writers which go to make up the literary world. Even for this reason have we selected Hawthorne and Poe as the subject of this present sketch.

When this nineteenth century was but four years old, Nathaniel Hawthorne was born. This interesting event occurred in Salem town—Salem celebrated for its "long and lazy street, lounging wearisomely through the whole extent of the peninsula, with Gallows Hill and New Guinea at one end, and a view of the almshouse at the other." Hawthorne's father and his father's father were shipmasters. His mother's was a morbid disposition, and this was intensified in the son. At college Longfellow was his classmate; his dearest friend was Franklin Pierce. He was graduated at twenty-one from Bowdoin. He returned to Salem, and loved to hide himself in the gloom and cobwebs and legends of time-filled houses. By daylight he read and wrote; when night was queen, when the stars were blotted out by storm clouds, he paced the silent streets of the quaint New England town. From Salem he went to Boston, where he discharged the duties of a custom-house clerk. In 1841 he joined the Brook Farm band of transcendentalists. Unsatisfied here, he sought comfort in old houses whose every stone, had they tongues, might a legend tell. When his old college friend, Franklin Pierce, was elected President, Hawthorne was appointed to the Liverpool consulate. For the first time in his life he was in easy circumstances. He resigned in 1857, and spent the three years following in Italy, France and England. In 1864 he died.

Hawthorne's writings were many, but all in prose. It seems strange that the author of the "Marble Faun," "Scarlet Letter" and "Twice Told Tales" should have written no poetry.

But so it is. And the reading world can only deplore what cannot be remedied. His first work, "Fanshawe," was published anonymously in 1828. While it is somewhat crude in its general make-up, it is full of latent power—the power which afterwards made Hawthorne the king of novelists. Curiously enough, he would never acknowledge its authorship, although so doing would have lost him none of his fame. Nine years later he published the first series of the "Twice Told Tales." These exquisite stories did not receive the welcome that they merited. It is but lately that they are being appreciated. With shame I write this; indeed, it seems to me that no conceit can be prettier than that of the "Rill from the Town Pump," no moral inculcated more delicately than its own, or with less chance of offense. In another five years he revised the first series and added a second. In 1846 followed "Mosses From an Old Manse," another collection of dainty stories and legends weird. In 1860 the "Scarlet Letter" was issued from the Boston press. This romance of colonial times is of exquisite power and sweetness. During the following year he wrote the "House of the Seven Gables," a novel whose prevailing tints are those of the night, here and there brightened into happiness by the rays of a friendly star. In 1852 he published another novel, "The Blithedale Romance," a tale founded on his stay at Brook Farm. This and the "Scarlet Letter" and the "Marble Faun" are Hawthorne's masterpieces. In it are combined with rarest skill "the loftiest humor with the deepest pathos." The heroine Zenobia, is undoubtedly Hawthorne's greatest character creation. In this same year he wrote the final series of the "Twice Told Tales," and a biography of Franklin Pierce, his old college chum.

Between 1851-53 he published three volumes of children's stories—still interesting to older and wiser heads: "True stories from History and Biography," the "Wonder Book for Boys and Girls," and the "Tanglewood Tales." What a happy idea it was to call mercury "Quicksilver"! The "Marble Faun," his greatest work, was published in 1860. "There are the same vast shadowy suggestions, the fascination of the problem of moral guilt, the interaction of the strongest individualities; there are passion, sorrow, human feeling, a solemnity in human life, all wrought into a love-tale which is told with a power that throws upon the reader a glamour of enchantment." To this day I really am undecided about poor Donatello's ears. It seems so absurd to think that they were covered with down, and yet it seems almost equally absurd to think that they were not! Will somebody

kindly throw light on this subject, since Hawthorne has kept us in the dark? The last work published during his lifetime was "Our Old Home," which appeared in 1863. After his death were published the "English, Italian and American Note-Books," containing the germs of a hundred stories; and four fragments, "The Ancestral Footstep," "Dr. Greenshawe's Secret," "Septunius Felton" and the "Dolliver Romance"; all studies for the same never-finished book. Such, in brief, is the sketch of Hawthorne's life and works.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in the city of Baltimore, on the 19th of February, 1809. He, with two others, Henry and Rosalie, was the fruit of a runaway marriage. As a natural result he was totally unprovided for when his parents died. The little orphan of six wee summers was adopted by a Mr. Allan, an old friend of Poe's grandfather. Even at this slender age, the little Poe was remarkably pretty, and his retentive memory and exact musical ear were often made use of by his admiring foster-father, who made the little fellow recite poems—the finest in the language—for his guests, and that, too, with wonderful effect. In 1816 the Allans crossed the ocean for a journey through England and Scotland. Edgar accompanied them. At the end of a year they returned, leaving Poe at the Manor House School, in Church Street, Stoke-Newington. In "William Wilson," Poe has left us an admirable sketch of this place and its master. In 1821 he returned to America and entered an Academy at Richmond, Virginia. Five years later he entered the University of Virginia. At the closing examinations he gained prizes in Latin and French—the highest honors which that institution paid its scholars. Many of his biographers—Griswold in particular—state that he was expelled from the University for drunkenness, than which no blacker lie was ever recorded. Indeed, in his mother-country, America, it seems to be the general opinion that Poe was a drunkard. What can be more unjust than to believe such stories as this when his friends and those that knew him all say that he was gentlemanly, neat, modest and temperate?

In the summer of 1827, in emulation of Byron's example, Poe started for Greece. Whether he ever reached the shores of that country is a matter of speculation. At all events he returned to the United States and the Allans early in 1829. He entered West Point in July, 1830; and was court-martialled the next spring for general negligence and insubordination. Dismissed from the service of the United States, he returned to the home of Mr. Allan, where he met

with a reception which in coldness resembled an iceberg. He quarrelled with Allan. To put as much distance between the old man and himself as possible, he determined to go to Poland and espouse the insurgents' cause. He never got farther than New York. In 1833, he went to Baltimore and engaged in editorial work. He continued in this line of employment in Baltimore, Richmond, New York and Philadelphia until 1846, when he moved to Fordham. He had married his cousin, Virginia, in 1836, who died at Fordham in 1847. In the summer of 1849 he went to Richmond on a visit. On his return he stopped at Baltimore, where on the 7th of October he died at the hospital, of inflammation of the brain, and not of delirium tremens, as most of his biographers state.

His first volume, entitled "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Other Poems," appeared in 1829. In 1831 he published a second volume, "Poems, by Edgar A. Poe." Seven years later he brought out "Arthur Gordon Pym," which had a much better sale in England than here. The next year, the tales he had thus far written were collected and published, "Tales of the Arabesque and Grotesque." During the years 1841-42-43 he wrote the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Descent into the Maelström," "The Mystery of Marie Roget," and "The Gold Bug." Since his death his works, edited by Ingram, have been collected and published in 4 volumes.

Summing up, Poe's works consist mainly of poems, tales and reviews. "The Raven" is a wonderful poem, one of the greatest in literature. N. P. Willis says that it is "the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country, and is unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conceptions, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift." His first poem to Helen is generally considered to be the other of his two best. "The Bells" and "Annabel Lee" are the sweetest jingles in the language. His tales, weird, grotesque, analytical or inventive, are splendid, but inferior to Hawthorne's. His reviews and critiques are merciless.

In conclusion, it will be well to state briefly in what particulars these two men approach each other, in what they differ.

Their temperaments were in many respects alike, in many almost diametrically opposite. They both were poets—notwithstanding the fact that Hawthorne wrote no verse—and, as poets, they loved the night and its creatures. Both were poor. Each was possessed of a loving wife, yet Hawthorne, it seems, was less jealous of affection than Poe. Hawthorne was quiet

and observant; Poe railing at mankind for not observing him and his merits.

In their writings a certain weird quality is often observable. In Poe's unearthly tales this quality permeates the whole, making it impossible to isolate any one passage for quotation; in Hawthorne, on the contrary, this quality is met with only here and there, yet then so intensified as to characterize the whole even more strongly than the work of Poe.

An example from the "Custom House," the introduction to the "Scarlet Letter": In looking over the papers stowed away in the garret, Hawthorne finds the scarlet letter tied up together with manuscript. He says:

"I happened to place it on my breast. It seemed to me—the reader may smile, but must not doubt my word,—it seemed to me then that I experienced a sensation, not altogether physical, yet almost so, as of burning heat; and as if the letter were not of red cloth, but of red-hot iron."

The effect produced by such composition we find to be irresistible when we find further on that it is followed up by such passages as this following:

"She was led back to prison, and vanished from the public gaze within its iron clamped portal. It was whispered by those who peered after her that the scarlet letter threw a lurid gleam along the dark passageway of the interior."

Christian Art.*

As Miss Starr advanced forward on the slightly-raised platform, plainly dressed in some soft black material, with a coiffure of black lace gracefully falling over her shoulders, with no ornament except the Gold Medal of Honor conferred on her by Notre Dame University hanging on her breast, she formed a picture quite as charming as any of those which she had arranged around the walls to illustrate her lecture. The clear cut, high-bred face, the mobile, sensitive mouth, and the eyes sometimes brightening with feeling, and occasionally flashing with scorn for the ignoble in art, which, she believes, many in this country worship with the cultus rightfully due to the genuine and sincere expression of beauty, made a delightful accompaniment to the eloquent and instructive address that held the attention of her hearers enchained for nearly two hours.

Miss Starr commenced her lecture with a description of essential beauty, which belongs to God alone, and the exterior beauty which emanated from Him. Exterior beauty was coeval with creation. Then forms, colors, lights and shades were there to captivate, ravish and entrance the senses: Passing to those forms of beauty which are the creation of man, she showed the part played in decoration in the cradles of

civilization, and the permanence of its forms. The necessity of decoration is inherent in the mind of man; it is coeval with creation. The lotus still lives, and the types of the elder civilization, connected all with the idea of worship, are still among the resources the artist calls to his aid to enshrine his idea of beauty.

Miss Starr then proceeded to speak of the art which had its birth in the catacombs. We cannot follow her through this most interesting part of her lecture, which held her audience spellbound. And, indeed, without the accompaniment of eye, voice, gesture and enthusiasm, the language of Miss Starr would not convey any idea of the full charm of her unique and thoughtful discourse. How the symbolism of the early Church was used to express a new and higher meaning; how the doves of Venus, no longer engaged as the accessories of profane love, were employed to symbolize the beauty of wedded chastity; how the grapes of Bacchus, the wheat of Ceres, the stag of Diana, the peacock of Juno, were made to have a significance of high and holy import when touched by the hand of the Church, were all made plain in the beautiful and moving words of Miss Starr.

She then pictured this love of beauty as the common possession equally of the infant and the sage. The child in its mother's arms will stretch forth its little hands to grasp the rose. Everything beautiful around it excites the desire of possession. But the language of nature is often a foreign language in ethics. Then Miss Starr accounted for the higher artistic instincts of even the poorest people in continental Europe. It is because they are saturated with an atmosphere of art from their infancy. The child enters a church with his mother. He falls down on his knees by her side; he gazes on a picture; he sees gracious lines, beautiful forms; they become the possession of his imagination for ever! They are woven into the web and warp of his tiny personality. Is it wonderful that these people love art? The American boy and girl go to Europe and find they are incapable of appreciating those great works that the simple peasant gazes on with intelligent delight. How shall we supply this deprivation? Miss Starr does not consider it arises from any defect in the American nature. The American boy and girl, she says, are as full of ideality as any. It is in the blood, the bone, the nerve of Americans. But we have our schools of art, our galleries; and yet they do not avail. The remedy is, bring beauty home to the people making good pictures, even the cheap and good photographs of good pictures—the books of the ignorant. Miss Starr then described the glories of Catholic art in glowing words worthy of the subject. Her enthusiasm for the works of the great masters is akin to the sacred fire that inspired them in their efforts, and communicated itself to the audience, whose interest manifested itself by absorbed attention, occasionally breaking forth in applause.

* An extract from the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal's* report of the lecture delivered on the 15th inst., before the Catholic Club of New York City, by Miss Eliza Allen Starr, of Chicago. His Grace the Archbishop presided on the occasion.

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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.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

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

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

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

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—Easter Sunday was a lovely day at Notre Dame, and all nature seemed to speak of the joy of the festival. The services in the college church were very solemn and impressive and attracted a large throng of visitors from near and far. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. President Walsh, assisted by Rev. Father Morrissey as deacon and Rev. Mr. Connors as sub-deacon. Father Morrissey preached an eloquent and exhaustive discourse on the Resurrection of Our Lord. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. The floral decorations of the altar were beautiful. The singing of the choir and the quartette was unusually good.

—The SCHOLASTIC reporter was but imperfectly informed when, in our last issue, he credited the Senior members of the Archconfraternity exclusively with the purchase of the beautiful statue that is hereafter to grace their reg-

ular Saturday devotions. The Junior members, as well, are trying to do their share in the laudable effort of making this statue with its artistic pedestal and other suitable ornaments a worthy monument of this year's membership. We do not doubt that the Seniors will do the greater part of the work, and would be just as willing to defray all the expenses, but they would never think of depriving their Junior friends of any credit or of any opportunity of taking part in a laudable enterprise.

The contract for the pedestal of the statue has been given to Mr. Erb of Mishawaka. The design for it was made by Prof. Gregori, and what we find most novel and yet most appropriate in it are the glass panels that are to contain the names of the officers and the members of the present year. We regret, however, to learn that it will not be ready before the 15th of May, and that, until then, a temporary stand will have to be improvised for the statue. The fact that the officers of the Archconfraternity had to go as far as Mishawaka for the work must explain the unpleasant delay.

—Next Tuesday, April 30, will be a memorable day in the annals of our country, for on that day will be celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of Washington and the centenary of the Federal Constitution which bound in one harmonious whole the thirteen separate colonies and made a Republic which has since been the wonder and the admiration of the civilized world. Animated by the same spirit of patriotism that fired our forefathers, the people will everywhere observe the 30th as a day even greater in some respects than the glorious Fourth. 'Tis true that on the fourth of July the colonies declared their independence from Great Britain, but this is not in itself as important an act as the uniting in one common bond the different states at that time jealous and distrustful of one another. It was no easy task to induce the colonies to adopt the Constitution, and some were persuaded to do so only by the most urgent appeals. To the student and thinker especially is next Tuesday a significant day, and so is it a rare occasion to the people generally, closing as it does the first century of our national life under the Federal Constitution. The day will be fittingly observed at Notre Dame. There will be Solemn High Mass in the college church in the morning, and exercises in Washington Hall in the evening. Let there be no lack of enthusiasm on this great day. Let us celebrate it with a will.

The Lætare Medal.

Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, the distinguished recipient of the Lætare Medal from the University, has written the following beautiful letter which we take pleasure in publishing:

"TO THE PRESIDENT AND FACULTY

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME:

"With a most grateful sense of the honor conferred upon me by the great University of the Northwest, I acknowledge the receipt of the Lætare Medal through his Eminence Cardinal Archbishop Gibbons. I find it difficult to put into words the full measure of my appreciation of the unexpected and distinguished mark of your approval, and your generous and brilliant recognition of the labors of my Catholic life, as manifested by this superb medal and its significant inscriptions; for rich and beautiful as it is in material and design, the *motif* of its presentation to myself seems to me yet more beautiful—more golden,

"But believe me, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Faculty, that I not only do most gratefully appreciate the high honor conferred on me, but I am also deeply touched, and for many reasons consoled, by this crowning of my long and unwearied efforts in the interests of Catholic Literature. Inseparably connected with the Lætare Medal is the exquisite dedication sonnet by that gifted poet, Maurice Francis Egan; it is like a rare gem set in the medal's clasp, and I beg to render to him my acknowledgments for this spontaneous tribute of his genius.

"With respect, I am, gentlemen,

"Most sincerely and gratefully yours,

"ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

"APRIL 14, 1889."

The following interesting report of the presentation is taken from the *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore:

"In a quiet side road on Columbia Heights overlooking Kalorama, Woodley Lane and the picturesque valley of Rock Creek, the most beautiful of Washington's suburbs, there stands a spacious frame cottage surrounded by extensive and well-kept grounds. Upon approaching one is struck with its home-like appearance, and on entering there is an air of refinement and culture pervading the house that cannot be mistaken. This is the home of Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, the well-known Catholic novelist and writer. Thousands of Catholics, the country over, know Mrs. Dorsey through her writings, for there is scarcely a home library that does not contain some of the works of her pen. Here Mrs. Dorsey lives, surrounded by a family of grown children, including a widowed daughter and a granddaughter. Although Mrs. Dorsey has passed the allotted three-score and ten, and for years has been a confirmed invalid and a great sufferer, yet during her periods of relief from pain she is ever ready to take up her pen, and writes seemingly as full of power as ever. The books that she has written are many, but the names of a few are especially familiar to the Catholic world. 'Coaina, the Rose of the Algonquins,' 'Nora Brady's Vow,' and 'Mona, the Vestal,' are among her earliest works. Later came 'The Student of Blenheim Forest' and 'The Flemings,' and still later on she gave to the world 'May Brooke' and 'Tangled Paths.'

In her old age comes the last and best of her stories, 'The Palms.' A uniform edition of Mrs. Dorsey's works has just been published under her immediate supervision.

"The telegraph has already announced the honor that last week was paid to this venerable lady by the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, in conferring upon her the Lætare Medal. This is a gold medal which the University bestows upon some specially deserving member of the Church in this country on Lætare Sunday. It is highly pleasing to the friends of Mrs. Dorsey that the honor this year should be so fittingly bestowed, for it is a recognition of the authoress's great service to the Catholic Church in America through her self-sacrificing labor of a half century. It was decided that the medal should be presented by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, who is a warm personal friend of the lady; consequently, on Tuesday last, Rev. John T. Whelan, as the representative of Cardinal Gibbons, came over from Baltimore, and in the sick room of the invalid in the presence of a few clergy and invited friends, made the presentation.

"The medal is of gold, about the size of a silver dollar. On the face is a medallion of blue enamel with an open silver book and a pen laid across it. In the gold fretted border is the Latin motto, 'By honorable means to fame.' On the reverse side is a plain gold centre containing Mrs. Dorsey's name, and in black enamel along the border the name of the University of Notre Dame. Mrs. Dorsey has for her associate medalists in this honor the late Orestes Brownson, John Gilmary Shea, Gen. Newton, U. S. A., and Miss Eliza Allen Starr. Mrs. Mohun, of Georgetown, D. C., is a daughter of Mrs. Dorsey, and is a writer of prominence for the secular press, as well as a contributor to the *Ave Maria* and other Catholic publications. Another daughter, Miss Nellie Dorsey, is a writer of some note. Another daughter, Mrs. Eastman, is almost as much of an invalid as her mother, but in spite of this entertains the many callers and visitors to her mother's home with the most gracious hospitality. It is to be hoped the life of this venerable lady may be spared to her family and the Church for many years to come."

Is High License Better than Prohibition?

When we look around us in the world we see on all sides the evil effects occasioned by the use of intoxicating drink. Intemperance is, without doubt, the greatest vice of the American people to-day, and annually causes the death of thousands of our citizens. Not only, this but it is also steadily increasing, and its ravages are becoming more frightful every year.

Now how can this be stopped? How can we best arrest this constant increase of vice that is sapping the very life-blood of the nation? Many answers are given but they can generally

be reduced to two. Either the manufacture and sale of intoxicants must be forbidden by law, or certain restrictions must be placed on the keepers of dram-shops compelling them among other things to pay a certain yearly license or tax. These are the two questions, and the object of this paper will be to investigate to a certain extent the merits and demerits of each, and to show which one would give the greatest satisfaction when considered from a financial, social and moral standpoint.

Many people say that Prohibition is a very good thing if it would only prohibit. That the Prohibitory law cannot be satisfactorily enforced has I think been very plainly demonstrated during the past few years. This law has been passed in several states—in Iowa, for instance. Everyone knows that the law has not been thoroughly enforced there. Of course the saloons were closed in some of the smaller towns, but look how many new ones sprang up in the larger towns and cities. Prohibition did away with any license at all, so it became a particular object for men to start saloons and a great many did so. Nothing was done in a great many places, unless some one informed and obtained an injunction restraining the saloon-keepers from selling liquor; but in a great many instances the latter would get around the law in some way or another and open up again in a few days. They would go before a justice and be bound over to the grand jury at the next term of court which would be probably in five or six months. Then they would continue the business pending the decision of the grand jury. Just go to Iowa to see the effect of Prohibition! We see many small towns which depended almost entirely on the saloon licenses to keep up their expenses. After Prohibition, came the saloons running full blast but paid no license, consequently the tax on property had to be increased. Go to a town where the law has been enforced and you will see that the drug stores sell more whiskey than the saloons ever did. You will find many persons who drink now that did not drink before the prohibitory law was passed. They get their liquor in bottles or jugs and drink it at home. Persons who were ashamed to be seen going into a saloon will go to a drug store and get liquor and drink it with impunity as no one will see them.

Now take a city that has a high license, say \$500 or \$1000. All these low-class saloons, the ones that are the very hotbeds of vice and corruption, whose customers are the very lowest and most abject specimens of humanity, and at

which are sold the cheapest, vilest and most poisonous of liquors—liquors that are adulterated with all sorts of stuff—these saloons are nearly all eradicated. Most of them are run on a very small capital or no capital at all, and when it comes to paying a high tax those that run them cannot pay it and have to close up. It cannot be denied that at least three-fourths of all the misery caused by intemperance has its origin in these wretched places.

If the saloon-keepers had always obeyed the Sunday laws and refrained from selling liquor to minors and persons under the influence of liquor, and more especially to habitual drunkards, there would be no such call for legislation on the subject as there has been. It cannot be denied that the saloon-keepers very often have broken these laws, and thus they themselves are the first cause of bringing on the prohibition movement. They break these laws because they can do so without running much risk, as the saloons are so numerous that it would be almost impossible to have officers watching each one. Now with a high license as I have just said, many will find that they cannot pay it, and will have to quit and engage in some honorable business; while those who do pay it watch their competitors closely lest they carry on the business without having first procured a license for so doing, and if they find one breaking the law in any way, they will promptly inform on him, and thus a certain amount paid to officers will be saved, as well as the number of saloons decreased.

The large revenue derived is another very important feature of the high license law. This is only as it should be, for a very large portion of the public expense is directly attributable to the saloon. Why should not the saloon be compelled to bear its part of the expense—and I am sure no one can say that its part is very small either—of maintaining the jails, lunatic asylums, and other such institutions which find by far the largest part of their recruits among the victims of the demon of intemperance? If we would think of making the saloon-keeper stand his true share of the cost of these institutions he would accept a tax of \$1000 or even \$5000, and be glad to get off so easily.

Quite a number of laws regarding the liquor traffic have been passed in the different states. Many of them have adopted high license and several have adopted Prohibition. I will briefly glance over some of these laws, and notice the effect produced in several different states. I will first take the Metropolitan Excise law which was passed in New York in 1866. At that time

there were 9720 saloons in New York and Brooklyn. From 1856 to 1866 they paid in New York less than \$170,000. The licenses were fixed at 100 dollars and 250 dollars by the board of health. In one year there were in New York 6779 licensed saloons and in Brooklyn 1476. In New York they collected that year \$993,379 in licenses, which was more than had been collected for the preceeding twenty years. In 1868 New York received \$1,102,271 and Brooklyn \$288,436. New York received over \$3,000,000 in thirty-one months. High license went into effect in Illinois in 1883. Several hundred saloons were closed in Chicago, and about four thousand in the state. The annual revenue in Chicago was increased from \$200,000 to \$1,700,000, and in the state from \$700,000 to \$4,500,000. In a private letter, a person at Odell, a small country town in Illinois, says that the place has become far more orderly. The village gets \$2250 a year which maintains a good marshall and keeps all the sidewalks and street crossings in capital condition."

Michigan has tried both prohibition and high license, and I quote an extract from Professor Kent on the subject. He says: "In 1875 we had under prohibition 6444 saloons. Then regulation went into effect. In 1876 our state returns showed 4887 dealers or 1577 of the 6444 blotted out in one year. In 1877 the returns showed 3996 dealers, so that 881 more saloons went out. In 1875 there was one saloon to every 207 persons. In 1882 six years after the law went into effect there was one saloon to every 536 persons, a decrease of nearly 50 per cent. Taxation has put into the county treasuries of the state up to this date a total of \$8,166,921."

The late Gov. Marmaduke of Missouri says in his message of January, 1887. "Prior to the enactment and enforcement of the law providing for what is known as high license for dram-shops and other places where ardent spirits were sold to be used as a beverage, there were 3601 in this state yielding a revenue of \$547,320. There was on the 4th of July last 2880 such dram-shops yielding a revenue of 1,842,208. These figures clearly indicate that the law referred to is accomplishing the good result that was anticipated, and I think prove the wisdom of it."

The Ohio tax law closed 1019 saloons in seventy of the 88 counties. Gov. Foraker says: "The most reliable data obtainable indicate that the tax law has suppressed a large percentage of the saloons."

Omaha owes a great deal of her prosperity to the fact that she derives so much money

from the saloons. There the license is \$1000, and there are fewer saloons there in proportion to its population than in any other city of its size in the United States. There you will find 23 saloons to every 10,000 persons; while in New York there are 68; in Chicago, 47; in Cleveland, 77, and in San Francisco 114.

Such statistics show that prohibition must prove a failure, and only through high license can a successful issue be hoped for in the efforts now made for the good of society in warding off the evils with which it is threatened through the drink traffic.

V. M.

Obituary.

It is our painful duty to record this week the startling and sad death of GEORGE A. ARCHAMBAULT who departed this life on Monday last at his home in South Bend, Ind. During the three years that he was with us he seemed to enjoy perfect health, and no one could have thought when he left two weeks ago, so well and strong, that he should soon be called from us. He was confined to his bed on Thursday, April 19, with a severe attack of typhoid fever, and expired the following Monday. He was conscious during a portion of his sickness, and in every way well prepared. When leaving his studies to assist and comfort his family on the death of a younger brother, he expressed to a friend his readiness to go too, when God saw fit; and this cheerful good will, so natural to his bright disposition, has endeared him to all his fellow-students. His loss will be especially sorrowful to his parents because he was of an age (twenty-two years) to comfort and assist them most, and because, both as machinist and draughtsman, he manifested far more than ordinary talent and skill. We can assure his afflicted family of the heartfelt sympathy of all his numerous friends in this their hour of trial. *Requiescat in pace.*

* * *

In Memoriam.

GEORGE ARCHAMBAULT.

Father Thy will be done! With boundless love
Thou plantest sorrow in the human heart
That soon to gladness it may blossom above
The stars when life's deep clouds have rolled apart.

But, Oh! 'tis sad when thou dost flower the world
With profuse loveliness, to pluck thus from
The door of grief, with leaves but just unfurled,
The brightest flower that gladdened an humble home.

But now thou wilt plant hope where love did grow
Father of the sorrowful; with Thee
Now blooms the loved in glory, and may they know,
They bowed with tears, to worship Thy decree.

Personal.

—Rev. J. Granger, of Jefferson, Texas, was a welcome caller on Wednesday.

—Rev. Fathers Crowley and Slevin, of Mt. Pleasant, Mich., visited Notre Dame this week.

—Among the Chicago visitors this week were: Mr. J. Maternes, F. Waescher, the Misses Goodwillie, Mrs. Zengler, and Mrs. E. Waterman; Mr. F. Gavan, Lafayette, Ind., was a welcome visitor last Monday.

—The many friends of Mr. Charles J. Stubb (Law and Classical '88), will be pleased to learn that he is practising law in Galveston, Texas, in partnership with his brother, and is meeting with well-deserved success.

—At the annual commencement of Tulane University, New Orleans, Frederick J. Combe (Prep. '85), received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Mr. Combe's many friends at Notre Dame wish him continued success in his chosen profession.

—A most welcome visitor during the week was Col. James M. Barney, of New York City, who had just returned from a tour through Europe and Africa, and spent a few days here visiting his ward. Col. Barney is an accomplished and genial gentleman, and his visit was the source of great pleasure. He had seen many institutions of learning while abroad, but he expressed his unbounded admiration for all he saw at Notre Dame with its many educational advantages.

—Many of the students will remember J. T. Scott who played end rush on the Ann Arbor football team in the game here last spring. He has been playing short stop for the University of Pennsylvania nine this year, and in a game recently he was hit on the head and knocked senseless by a pitched ball. He now lies in a critical state in Philadelphia suffering great pain and being unable to speak without stuttering, though the doctor thinks he will recover the power of articulation. During his brief stay here Mr. Scott made many friends who will wish for his speedy restoration to health.

Local Items.

—May devotions will begin next week.

—Prof. Ackerman spent Easter at Lafayette, Ind.

—The surveying class sighs for new fields to conquer.

—An addition is being made to the culinary department.

—Nothing from our good friend, the Philosopher, this week.

—The Total Separationists will fall together in the near future.

—It is thought that Commencement will be on the 20th of June.

—Ed. O'Brien and John Cooke are the latest to join the Boat Club.

—We will publish full reports and scores of only championship ball games.

—The new tennis set was put up Thursday on the grounds just southeast of Sorin Hall.

—"S." says there are some things about Easter that are eggs-aggerated. Well, well, indeed!

—There is talk in the yard of purchasing another lawn tennis outfit for the Senior campus.

—Prof. Hagerty let the sunshine of his genial presence gleam upon the denizens of Rolling Prairie on Easter.

—Dwyer with his dangerous curves is fast rivalling Bobbie and Freddie who pose as the champion players on the tennis court.

—Some of our neighbors are making rapid progress in the national game of base-ball; but as it is with us, an umpire is badly needed.

—The number of Easter boxes this year was unusually large, and there was a corresponding increase in the cases of dyspepsia, etc., this week.

—If a good shower of rain had only fallen on the hayseed that was scattered around on the 21st what need would there be of sodding the barren spots?

—An embryo *littérateur* startles us with the intelligence that he will soon publish a book entitled "A Crazy Man's Reveries." Well, well, well, what next?

—The Columbian exercises set for Wednesday evening were postponed till this evening when they will take place in Washington Hall according to the programme published in last week's issue of this paper.

—Students not connected with the SCHOLASTIC are requested to remain away from the press room on press day, and not to be looking for copies of the paper before they are sent to the students' office for distribution.

—The SCHOLASTIC will decide no bets; but all questions pertaining to sports will be duly answered by our infallible eastern sporting editor, provided such questions are accompanied by the usual advertising rates or the cigars.

—Last Tuesday, the 23d inst., was the tenth anniversary of the great fire which visited Notre Dame in 1879 and destroyed the principal buildings of the University. The visitor of to-day can hardly realize that ten years ago Notre Dame was little more than a smouldering mass of ruins.

—Kelly's crew this spring, in addition to himself, will consist of T. Coady, E. Prudhomme, S. Campbell and J. B. Meagher (coxswain). In L. Meagher's crew, besides himself, there will be H. Jewett, W. Patterson, L. Chute and J. V. O'Donnell (coxswain). These were the men chosen last Wednesday evening.

—LAW DEPARTMENT.—If nothing interferes the Moot-court will wrestle with the State *vs.* Scott this evening.—The morning class finished the lectures on Common Carriers this week.

The afternoon class completed Negotiable Instruments.—The Debating Society held a short meeting on Wednesday evening.

—The Senior first nines will be selected from the following: *Reds*—F. Kelly (Capt.), G. Cartier, W. Cartier, G. Cooke, Bronson, Hayes, S. Fleming, Mattes, Kehoe, Inks and R. Fleming. *Blues*—Melady (Capt.), G. Long, Tewksbury, E. Gallagher, S. Campbell, Mackey, D. Cartier, Cusack, C. Brown, Combe and Cooney.

—The Minim campus has been considerably enlarged, and the house formerly occupied by the watchman is now used by the Minims as a base-ball store room. The parlors of the base-ball association, just off the gymnasium, have been enlarged by removing the armory further back and uniting what was formerly two rooms. The Minims will elect captains next week.

—The Boat Club met on the evening of the 21st inst. for the purpose of electing captains of the six-oared barges. Messrs. McKeon and Jackson from the yard and Messrs. J.W. Meagher and F.L. Jewett from the Hall were placed in nomination. Several ballots were taken with no candidate receiving the necessary two-thirds' vote, and the club adjourned till the next evening when balloting was resumed, but to no purpose. The matter was finally left to an arbitration committee with power to act, and Messrs. Hepburn and Newton were appointed captains.

—Very Rev. Father General sent a basket of Easter eggs of all varieties to the princes. One exceptionally large and beautiful he sent for the best boy. They themselves voted Joseph Seery of Cincinnati, Ohio, as the one deserving, and to him the prize was given with applause. Simplicity is a characteristic of great minds. It is also a mark of innocence. The life-long affection that the illustrious Founder of Notre Dame has shown for his Minims, as he calls them, speaks for itself. And his kindness is not lost on the Minims. His word of approbation, or his smile, carries a benediction with it.

—The Class in English Literature has finished Hamlet for the second time. Mr. Brelsford's "Hamlet," Mr. Tiernan's "Laertes," Mr. Donahue's "Queen," Mr. Brewer's "Horatio" and Mr. Crumley's "Ophelia" have been read with care and true feeling. Great difference of opinion exists in the Literature Class as to the character of Hamlet. Mr. Brelsford and Mr. Chacon agree in considering that he is a strong, prudent and patriotic man. Mr. O'Flaherty, Mr. Jewett and Mr. Tiernan hold an opposite opinion. Mr. Tiernan is severe on Hamlet's general vacillation, while Mr. Jewett, in strong phrases, denounces the Danish Prince's conduct to Ophelia.

—A large and brilliant lamp has been placed at the front entrance to the University grounds. By means of the reflector the light can be seen for a long distance by those approaching the College from the city. The lamp fills a long-felt want, and fills it acceptably too. To the prodigal student returning perhaps from a wan-

dering "skive" it will shine like a beacon light from afar, and while it lights his way to rest and slumber, its noble rays will seem to tell him to cast his thoughts on higher things than the chill reception which awaits him, and he will climb the dormitory ladder and in the morn write three thousand lines. for such is life. May the lamp shine for all!

—A meeting of the Junior Base-ball Association was held in the Junior reading-room last Monday afternoon for the purpose of electing officers and organizing the nines. The following are the officers: President, Bro. Lawrence; Secretary, J. E. Berry; Treasurer, H. Bronson; Captains, T. Wilbanks, P. Fleming; Scorers, J. Reinhard, L. Reidinger. The nines that will contest for the spring championship are composed of the following players: *Reds*—T. Wilbanks (Capt.), E. Hughes, F. Krembs, H. Pecheux, J. McGrath, J. Mooney, J. McNulty, O. Ibold, J. Conners, E. Berry, G. Frei. *Blues*—P. Fleming (Capt.), J. Hannin, J. Moncada, H. Bronson, J. McIntosh, C. Shear, L. Kehoe, C. Ramsey, F. Duffield, J. Covert, J. Cunningham.

—After several defeats, Melady's team succeeded in defeating Kelly's nine on Thursday by a score of 15 to 13. It was anybody's game up to the sixth inning. With one man out, Long came to bat with a runner on first. Mr. Long hit the ball with his bat. The sphere rolled merrily o'er the diamond to short stop. The latter put it to second, and the second baseman threw to first. "Out," said Kelly; "all right," said Melady; "safe," said the umpire; "rats," said Mr. Bronson. We don't know what "rats" had to do with the game, but that is what Bronson said. The *Blues* got a lead that the *Reds* were unable to overcome, and the former were the victors when game was called at the end of the seventh to allow all to go to the base-ball association dinner.

—The annual spring banquet of the Senior Base-ball Association came off, according to programme, Thursday afternoon at five o'clock. B. Paul did the honors of the occasion, and everything passed off pleasantly. There was a plenitude of edibles with all the delicacies of the season, and the way the boys made base hits and home runs was a caution. All the Senior division was there and several members of the Faculty added dignity to the affair by their presence. It was an unqualified success.

After the banquet the members adjourned to the Senior reading-room and tripped the light bombastic to the inspiring strains of the Crescent Club Orchestra. With brilliant lights and manly forms the scene was a festive one. The usual refreshments were served.

—Early last week a dray with a number of large, suspicious-looking boxes drove up and deposited its load near the Junior reading room. What the long boxes contained, few knew. Some thought they held a plate glass front for the store; others said they were filled with the

means for an Easter jollification. These conjectures were, of course, wrong. A few days after the arrival of the boxes some men appeared on the ground and dug a great many holes. There was nothing suspicious about these holes. They were round, ordinary, every-day holes; but everyone wondered what they were for. Then the boxes were opened and were found to contain small trees which were taken out and planted in the aforesaid holes, and then boxed up to protect their tender trunks from the ruthless hand of the "small boy." What was once a dreary plot of sand between the Music Hall and gym., will soon be a blooming park, for the ground will be sodded and the trees will grow and grow till, in years to come, the little birds will carol in their branches and flit from limb to limb, while the next generation of students will sit beneath their cooling shade, and read the SCHOLASTIC and *weep* over the same old jokes which we now perpetrate from week to week. Then will the boys of that time rise up and call those blessed who planted those noble trees; and if in the onward march of civilization encroaching buildings demand that those sheltering oaks be hewn down, then will the student say: "Woodman, spare that tree; monkey not with the forest primeval." 'Tis sweet to live and do for the benefit of posterity and so to earn their gratitude and thanks. Success to the newly planted trees!

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Alvarez, Akin, Beckman, Burger, Burns, Blessington, Barnes, Brannick, Barrett, Burke, Blackman, C. Brookfield, G. Cartier, Cassidy, Chacon, Cusack, Cavanagh, Carney, T. Coady, P. Coady, Chute, Campbell, E. Coady, Combe, L. Chacon, Dacy, Dore, Dougherty, Davis, Finckh, Fehr, Franklin, Ford, Fitzgerald, Fack, Forbes, Goebel, Giblin, F. Galen, J. Galen, Garfias, Gallagher, Hayes, Hacket, Hughes, L. Herman, M. Howard, Hummer, E. Howard, Heard, Jennings, F. Kelly, Karasynski, J. Kelly Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, Lappin, F. Long, L. Long, Larkin, H. Murphy, McErlain, H. McAlister, Morton, Mackey, Ino. McCarthy, Mattas, McAuliff, Madden, J. T. McCarthy, McGinnity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, W. Meagher, H. C. Murphy, Nester, O'Flaherty, E. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Donnell, O'Hara, L. Paquette, Prichard, C. Paquette, Robinson, Reynolds, Reedy, Rorke, W. Roberts, Roper, C. Roberts, Schmitz, Steiger, J. Sullivan, Stephenson, H. Smith, G. Soden, C. Soden, Spencer, Toner, Tiernan, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Woods, Wade, C. Youngerman, F. Youngerman, Zeitler, Guillen.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, W. Allen, W. Allen, Ayer, Adams, Aarons, Adler, Anson, Bates, Brady, Blumenthal, Baltes, Bronson, Bryan, Bradley, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, Ciaroschi, F. Connors, J. Connors, E. Connors, Case, Connelly, Campbell, Collins, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, L. N. Davis, Des Garennes, E. Du Brul, Devine, Dempsey, Daniels, Duffield, Darroch, Ernest, Erwin, Elder, Flannigan, Falvey, C. Fleming, P. Fleming, Frei, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Ferkel, Green, Gappinger, Galland, P. Healy, R. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Hinkley, Hoerr, Halthusen, Hughes, Hanrahan, Hague, Hennessy, Hartman, Hahn, Hammond, Jewett, Joslyn, Krembs, A. Kutsche, King, W. Kutsche, Kellner, Kearns, Kelly, Lamon, Lenhoff, Moncado, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Mon-

arch, Malone, Mayer, J. Mooney, C. Mooney, Mackey, Merz, McCarthy, McGrath, McMahon, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, McDonnell, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nockles, Nester, Noe, O'Neill, G. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Mara, O'Donnell, Priestly, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, J. Peck, F. Peck, Quinlan, Reinhard, S. Rose, I. Rose, E. Roth, A. Roth, Riedinger Rowsey, Ramsey, F. Schillo, C. Schillo, Sheehan, Stanton, C. Sullivan, A. Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, L. Scherrer, Shear, Sloan, Staples, Tetard, Towne, Wright, Welch, Weitzel, F. Wile, Williams, Wood, Wilbanks, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, Brown, Boyle, Blease, Connelly, Cornell, Creedon, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Cudahy, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Clark, Carter, Cohn, Downing, Durand, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Dodson, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, F. Evers, G. Evers, Eckler, Elder, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Girardin, Gerber, Gray, Gilkison, Hendry, Hagus, Hill, Henneberry, Hedenberg, Hasbroack, Johns, Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Kehoe, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Loneran, Lee, B. Lehnberg, A. Marre, J. Marre, Maternes, Marx, McPhee, Mattas, McDonnell, McDanel, McGuire, Mooney, G. Mayer, Montague, C. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, Miller, Marr, Morrison, C. Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, H. Oppenheimer, Plautz, Parker, L. Paul, C. Paul, Powell, Quill, Roberts, Seerey, Snyder, Seidensticker, Stone, Stephens, Stafflin, Stange, Thornton, Taylor, Trujillo, Witkowsky, F. Webb Weaver, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, L. Wilson, W. Wilson, Watson, Waterman, Grant.

Class Honors.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

I. Bunker, C. Paquette, N. J. Knight, J. D. Kimball, C. Burger, J. H. Mackey, M. Dore, H. Prichard, A. Finckh, J. Mithen, A. Leonard, B. Hughes, T. Goebel, G. Cooke, C. Gavanagh, H. Jewett, E. Kehoe, M. Howard, E. Hoover, J. Cusack, A. Adams, R. C. Newton, V. Morrison, W. Larkin, W. Morrison, F. Jewett, F. Fehr, D. Cartier, W. B. Aiken, O. Rothert, P. Burke, B. Bronson, J. B. Sullivan, L. Meagher, J. Meagher, W. Meagher, H. Brannick, D. Barrett, F. Carney, L. Chute, H. Murphy, E. Dwyer, S. Hummer, E. Chacon, D. Brewer, F. Long, W. Tiernan, H. Smith, F. Neef, E. Berry, J. Brady, J. Reinhard, E. Adelsperger, H. Pecheux, L. Davis, W. McPhee, L. Scherrer, E. Hughes, R. Boyd, Wright, Wilbanks.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—J. Meagher; *Logic*—S. Hummer; *Latin*—Messrs. Cavanagh, W. Larkin, Adelsperger, Barrett, Hummer, W. Meagher, W. Morrison; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. Herman, H. Murphy, E. Du Brul; *Astronomy*—Messrs. Goebel, Burke; *Surveying*—L. Scherrer; *Calculus*—J. Brannick; *Trigonometry*—Messrs. Leonard, J. Reinhard; *Geometry*—Messrs. W. Healy, Brady, O'Shea; *Algebra*—Messrs. Quinlan, D. Cartier, Weitzel; *Physics*—Messrs. W. Larkin, McPhee, L. Scherrer, Spencer; *Chemistry*—Messrs. McPhee, Brannick, W. Morrison, L. Chute, Spencer; *English History*—Messrs. Brelsford, McKeon, Burger, Adelsperger, Cavanagh, Cusack, E. Hughes, Reinhard; *Ancient History*—Messrs. C. Fitzgerald, Pecheux, Priestly, Houlihan, Tewksbury, Wilbanks; *German*—Messrs. Maurus, Hoerr, Krembs, A. Neef, G. Frei, Hahn, Weitzel, Bunker; *French*—Messrs. V. Morrison, Cusack, Adams, F. Neef, Prudhomme; *Phonography*—Messrs. F. Wile, Blessington, H. Bronson, Lesner, G. Soden, W. Morrison; *Literary Criticism*—Messrs. Adelsperger, Cavanagh, Goebel, Holden, Hummer, W. Larkin, J. Meagher, S. Spencer; *English Literature*—Messrs. Brelsford, E. Chacon, Carney, Dore, M. Howard, O'Hara, G. O'Brien, Pecheux, C. Paquette, Prudhomme, Reynolds, J. Sullivan, Tiernan, Delaney.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—A late sleep and recreation all day were the events of Easter Monday.

—The members of the Graduating class enjoyed an ice-cream party on the 22d, thanks to Misses McNamara and Clifford; and after-dinner "favors" were introduced at their table by Miss K. Gavan on Easter Sunday.

—Many old friends visited St. Mary's last week. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Carter, Helena, Mont.; G. Thayer, Mrs. J. Rentfrow, W. P. Rend, Mrs. J. Moran, Mrs. M. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Bryson, Mrs. M. Ritchie, Mrs. J. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. M. Watson, H. W. Hoyt, Miss N. Quill, Chicago; Miss D. Johns, Terre Haute, Ind.; J. Holden, Farwell, Mich.; Mrs. Hammond, Rensselaer, Ind.; Miss F. Waterbury, Kalamazoo, Mich.; F. Hamilton, Austin, Texas; Dr. and Mrs. Fosdick, Michigan City, Ind.; C. Morse, Grinnel, Iowa; F. Gavan, Lafayette; C. Bush, New Orleans; Miss H. Makepeace, Mrs. J. Forkner, Anderson, Ind.; C. Patier, Cairo, Ill.

—Last week the side altars arrived from Baltimore, and by Wednesday night Mr. Mullen, the builder, had them in place; they are of white marble, beautifully finished, simple and chaste in design. The front of St. Joseph's altar is ornamented with sprays of lilies, and that of the Blessed Virgin's altar with roses exquisitely carved; the tabernacle is plain, having only a cross in relief on the door. Mrs. M. M. Phelan, so gratefully remembered at St. Mary's, was the donor of St. Joseph's altar, and many were the prayers offered for her the first day the altar was used, namely, on Holy Thursday, when it served as the Repository—a most touching coincidence, when one remembers Mrs. Phelan's devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. The Blessed Virgin's altar was the gift of Miss Julia Butts, formerly a pupil here. She gave it in memory of her beloved mother, who departed this life last year. What more fitting memorial could be erected!

Holy Week at St. Mary's.

The ceremonies of Holy Thursday always so impressive, were conducted by Rev. Father L'Etourneau who, in a few words, explained the deep significance of all the forms prescribed. The Repository was at St. Joseph's new altar, and the rich lace drapings, the exquisite flowers and the lights made a shrine beautiful indeed for the Blessed Sacrament. On Good Friday, besides the morning exercises, the Way of the

Cross was made, followed by the veneration of a portion of the true cross. Rev. Father Walsh officiated on Holy Saturday. Easter Sunday all the Catholic pupils received Holy Communion at the early Mass; the solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Father General, whose voice thrilled all, awakening a twofold joy—that of the Resurrection and a grateful joy that St. Mary's honored Founder is still with us; and the prayer of all is that he may be spared to sing the Easter alleluias for many years to come. Rev. Fathers Saulnier and Zahm acted as deacon and subdeacon; Rev. Father Morrissey, C.S.C., delivered an excellent sermon on the Resurrection of Christ, its importance as a mystery of our religion and its practical application to us. The choir was at its best, and rendered Haydn's Imperial Mass in a finished manner. The altars were beautifully decorated; Easter and calla lilies were everywhere in profusion. On each side of the middle altar was an exquisite floral cross—one the gift of C. Trainor, of South Bend, in memory of his father, mother and sister; the other, the offering of Miss M. Rend. The flowers were given by the following young ladies: Misses S. Dempsey, O'Brien, M. and I. Horner, N. Quill, Beschameng, Hutchinson, E. Wright, M., J. and T. Smyth, Linneen, Clifford, Erpelding, Kloth, Hammond, Reeves, M. and S. Scherrer, E. Regan, Kaspar, Hertzog, Prudhomme, Meehan, Miller, McPhee, Taylor, Hepburn and Mrs. J. M. Rentfrow, of Chicago.

A Plea for the Past.

Seldom do those who labor with ceaseless assiduity to effect some great and beneficial change, live to see their hopes realized; they are called from this world often on the very eve of success, and others reap the rich reward of their labors. So it is with the great men of old; they have passed away, and we of this nineteenth century are enjoying the benefits which they have left us. As a rule we are too apt to depreciate olden times, and to view the ages long gone by in the partial light of our favorite historian.

It is true, we live in an age of progress; for during the past century gigantic strides have been made in art, science and in all the refinements of life; but while we enjoy all of these advantages, do we ever think of the ages it has taken to effect this result? Do we ever think, as that great monster, the steam-engine, dashes past us of the generations that have labored with

untiring diligence over the principles which have produced this wonderful piece of mechanism? While we, with good reason, are pardonably proud of the culture and progress of the present age, we err if we suppose that we monopolize all the knowledge and culture of the ages.

It has often been said that the first step is the hardest, and indeed it is comparatively easy to follow a path once pointed out to us. We now find little difficulty in comprehending the laws which govern the phenomena of falling bodies, heat, light and electricity; but were we obliged to deduce these laws for ourselves, we would find the task an exceedingly difficult and laborious one.

Thus were the philosophers of old employed, for they had only the Book of Nature before them in which not the laws, but the effects of these laws, are alone set forth. What knowledge would we of to-day have of the starry firmament had not Galileo invented the telescope, and had not his researches, together with those of Copernicus, Kepler and Newton thrown light upon the subject.

Again, the student who is perplexed by many of the difficult propositions of geometry, and who considers his lot by far the hardest in the world, should reflect upon the labor and perseverance which Euclid, the founder of this great science, was obliged to undergo. Those, therefore, who are inclined to look upon the dark side of past ages; to view them only in the light of bloodshed and cruelty, when little good existed, must remember that although we are far in advance of those times in civilization, yet it is to the men of old that we owe most of our great principles in science and art.

To-day we look with wonder upon the obelisks and pyramids which the Egyptians—that most enlightened race of ancient times—have left us as representatives of their abilities, and can only conclude that these great structures were erected by a people far advanced in architectural art and in the science of mechanics. Without our modern means of transportation, with what difficulties must not those of the past have had to contend in achieving any great work of architecture; and yet Solomon's Temple was the most wonderful building ever erected to the living God. As we read of its dimensions, its architecture and the magnificence of its adornments, we are lost in astonishment at the greatness of the structure.

Was it not men of old who planned and built those massive edifices whose architectural beauty yearly draws thousands of tourists to gaze upon their matchless loveliness? Yes,

those who made roses to bloom on pillars of stone, who twined the graceful ivy around the lofty column, who painted the walls and ceilings with tints and colors borrowed from the skies, were emphatically men of olden times.

But while giving due credit to the past, we must not overlook the advancement of the present. It is a fact not to be gainsaid that much has been done in the present age to establish schools and colleges. Education has now become universal; it belongs not to the chosen few, but to all who are willing to labor in its acquirement. True, also, a great improvement has been effected in manners and morals. We enjoy greater security of life and property; the lapse of centuries has made man more compassionate toward the helpless and more humane in war.

Many eminent inventors there are who have done much toward the advancement of science; but considering the advantages under which they pursue their labors, they hardly deserve the credit due to their ancestors. Then let us not forget, while we pay the homage of respect and admiration to those of the present day, what we owe to the pioneers in the path of science, and give honor where honor is due.

MARGARET FURSMAN,
Second Senior Class.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ansbach, Anson, Ash, Bates, T. Balch, Burton, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Barron, M. Beck, C. Beck, Clifford, E. Coll, Currier, Caren, Connell, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dempsey, Dorsey, De Montcourt, M. Dunkin, N. Dunkin, Flannery, Fursman, Fox, Geer, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, Hamilton, Hutchinson, Haney, Hubbard, Irwin, Henke, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, Ledwith, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, C. Morse, McCarthy, H. Nester, L. Nester, Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Rend, Reidinger, Regan, Roberts, M. Smith, Spurgeon, Saviers, Schiltze, Sauter, Taylor, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Violette, Wright, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Burns, A. Cooper, Campbell, M. Davis, B. Davis, Dempsey, Dolan, Dreyer, Erpelding, Ernest, M. Fosdick, G. Fosdick, Göke, Kahn, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, M. McHugh, McPhee, Miller, O'Mara, Patrick, Pugsley, Patier, Reeves, Regan, M. Smyth, Scherrer, Sweeney, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Stapleton, Soper, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Burns, Crandall, Kelly, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Moore, Scherrer, S. Smyth, Winnans.

"LIVING is but the bearing, the enduring,
The clashing of the hammer, the cutting,
The straining of the strings,
The growth of harmony's pure wings.
Life is the tuning time, complete
Alone when every chord is sweet,
Through sacrifice.
True living
Is learning all about the giving."

—Pilot.