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## A Hidden Church.\*

BY ARTHUR J. STACE.

Standing to gaze in Concord's troubled Place  
(Troubled by rush of wheels and hurrying feet),  
Clotilda's spires, across the river, greet  
Your grateful eyes, pointing the path of grace.  
You seek them, pass the bridge. High walls efface  
The wished-for view. You thread the mazy street,  
Whose labyrinthine coils your loss complete,  
Till perseverance finds the missing trace.

So, in the busy, troubled marts of trade,  
A gleam of heaven sometimes cheers the view,  
And heaven's self is nearer than we knew.  
Follow the beckoning gleam, nor be dismayed  
Should obstacles to thwart you seem designed.  
Is it not written: Those who seek shall find?

—*Ave Maria.*

## Irish Soldiers on Foreign Fields.

BY RICHARD J. M'NALLY.

Beautiful in her lonely grandeur, proud and undaunted as though her eventful career had passed in the flowery path of peace, yet clad in the wrongs of centuries, stands forth prominently the Emerald Isle in the history of the nations of the earth.

Born under the shadow of the Cross, she was soon afterward crucified upon it; and since the unfortunate day when she fell a victim to that inglorious conquest of Henry II, her life has been sought, and the sword is yet drawn to drive her from the face of the earth.

Much has been written of this unhappy, yet beautiful land;—written on pages whose stains

centuries of tears have not been able to remove. Her sons are scattered over the earth; but in whatever land they may choose a home, whether within the adamantine walls of the Chinese Empire, or upon Columbia's shores; whether under far Occidental stars, or as exiles in some dark and dreary land, rarely trod by the foot of civilized man, they carry deeply in their hearts that tender memory and ardent love of their land, that always constitute the splendor of patriotism and dignity in the breasts of those whose jewels they become.

It is that ancient honor which characterizes Hibernia that places her sons in the highest rank of citizenship, and insures for them the laurels they attain in every pursuit of life. It is that invincible bravery and nobleness of principle which render them so eminent on the battlefield—a subject we have chosen for our theme, but one that the most inspiring pen of a Scott would not be able to describe, for the achievements of the Irish soldiers on every battlefield since the days of Boru, when they met and laid in gory beds the fierce Danish hordes at Clontarf, command the admiration of the world. Though they cannot claim as ever having had in their ranks such men as a Napoleon or a Leonidas, yet many of the battles they have won in distant lands will be remembered with those of Austerlitz and Marathon.

Napoleon, who could recognize the merits of a soldier at a single glance, was not slow in finding in the Irish, who accompanied him throughout his long campaign, their superiority in valor and military skill; and on every occasion the Irish Brigade held the most conspicuous place in his army, having been entrusted with the carrying of the eagle—a singular mark of confidence that rarely fell to any other people. At the siege of Ulm those invincible soldiers, like a

\* Seen from the Place de la Concorde, Paris.

galaxy of stars, cast their brilliant worth over the field whereon myriads of their number fell, leaving their survivors the honor of victory.

The destiny of Napoleon was at last revealed by an Irish soldier—not a traitor, nor a spy, but a gallant man who, in honorable battle, sent that sun, whose rays had left such an impression on the world, under an everlasting eclipse on the historic field of Waterloo.

Never did a more courageous body of men appear in armor than the brigade who fought by the side of noble Saxe at Fontenoy. Never was a body of men, since the chivalrous age, prompted by purer and nobler motives. They were brought in contact with an enemy whose bivouac army far outnumbered their own, and who, with the skilful and daring Cumberland at their head, began the work of conquest. But they found in their opponents no less determination than they felt in themselves. Cannon were brought to bear upon the British front, while the reserve and, foremost of all, the brigade of Irish exiles charged on either flank. Exhausted, the English fell back. Their cavalry came to the rescue, and they reached the allied position with unbroken ranks, having twice cut through more than five times their number. The allies retreated; but not until the blood of twenty thousand of their number tainted the silvery waters of the river Schelde. Tournay, Ghent and Bruges were the fruits of Saxe's victory.

In war, as well as in peace, fidelity and honor should be the standard of every worthy man. Yet how many wars have taken place in which these principles have been ignored! How many noble causes have been blotted by the shameful hands of bribery and corruption! Rome has the history of a Cataline, while America sadly records the treason of an Arnold. But the conduct of the Irish who gallantly fought by Washington, bids defiance to reproach.

The world begins to recognize the greatness of a people who place liberty and patriotism above their lives, and who, for just and heroic enterprises, stand pre-eminent.

Well was that eulogy pronounced by the Continental Congress in an address to the Irish: "We acknowledge with gratitude that your nation has produced patriots who have ennobled themselves in the cause of humanity and America." That Congress remembered the services of such men as Richard Montgomery who fought at Quebec until his blood crimsoned the December snows of that northern land; and of Thomas Moylan who, with his famous "dragoons," struck terror into the enemy wherever met. And throughout the succeeding years of America's

history, the bravery and patriotism of those men, and legions of others who fought for our flag, have everywhere given their successors these characters of distinction. Such was displayed by the iron-willed Jackson whose important and remarkable victory at New Orleans stands without a parallel for bravery and skill. Hardly less eminent is that man who brought his cause out of an eclipse at Winchester—Philip H. Sheridan. Legions of others might be named who served this and nearly every other land; but to record the heroism of the Irish soldier and speak of the lustre he has given to our country, would fill volumes whose pages would be the noblest ever written. And while they have not a free land where their greatness may be celebrated, their glorious deeds have not been buried in the silent grave. Every bard has sung the praises of O'Neill, Fitzgerald and Sullivan and all the others who have rendered immortal the grounds whereon they bled for the cause of their country.

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#### A Fishing Excursion.

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The days of Indian summer in Minnesota are the most delightful of the year. The trees are clothed in beautiful and varied tints, the regal splendor of dying verdure. It is during these days of dreamy atmosphere, mountains of purple-hued clouds and fiery sunsets that the angler smiles with contentment. The mighty frosts have killed the insects that hover near the water's edge, and the wary bass in his eager search for food is wont to take the glazed fly of the skilful angler.

Now, I make no pretensions of having even ordinary skill in the use of rod and reel; but who has a soul so seared that the pretty book of Izaak Walton, with its quaint style and simple beauty, would not make of the reader a loving disciple of that honest old man? Then, too, during the past summer, while living a rustic life at Emerald Cottage on one of the beautiful lakes in the interior of Minnesota, I had for a time the pleasure and misfortune of boarding at the lake hotel. Pleasure, I say, for the guests were of an amusing type, and well worth study; misfortune, because the table was poor.

My stay was during "dog days," and the weather being too hot for the guests to play either "sinch" or tennis, they would assemble on the hotel piazza where, surrounded by beauty and lounging in comfortable positions, the gentlemen with wonderful courage would relate the

"great catches" they had made in days lost in the twilight of memory; but now in the crucible of good nature so intensified that their original experience no longer bore any semblance to truth. It may be rash and unjust, but actually I believe that some of the more enthusiastic thought it too hot for anything else but lying.

In deep silence, begot by inexperience, did I witness the wonderful feats of the imagination as accomplished by the Major, the Colonel and others of equal notoriety. It made one feel sorry that their continued exertions were unable to instil belief in the most patient of listeners, and a "tailor-made girl," recently returned from college who reclined in an easy hammock with grace, was overheard to remark "rats." However, it was not until I had returned home that this social contact began to show its influence on me. The mellow days of autumn with their harvests came, and I began to long for the "ideal" day so often pictured in the tales, that I might go to the old mill site and, trying my luck, learn if I possessed any ability as a fisherman, or would in the future have any merit as a liar. It was on a beautiful October morning that awakening early I saw that the rising of the sun proclaimed the ideal day had come. I resolved to go forth and learn of the gods my fate. After a long search I found my rod and, with a luncheon basket containing, among other good things, a few bottles of ale, I set out with much hope and a great deal of enthusiasm. I had heard the Major term ale "a liquid prevention against profanity," and I thought to give it a trial.

My way lay through a deep and shady ravine; my destination, an old mill site whose dam covered with moss partially stopped the idle flow of a narrow stream. A refreshing breeze made my walk the more pleasing, and on my arrival at the chosen spot I, without further ado, began what in piscatorial parlance is termed casting. From idle talk in the fish stalls of the marketplace I had learned that fishing was always good just above the dam; but in vain did I cast my fly lightly through the water hoping to entice some loved member of the finny tribe to a nibble. From continued casting my wrist became so tired that the labor was no longer one of love, and I became discouraged and all but despondent. Then, memory did me a kind turn by reminding me that the Colonel in the course of his afternoon's remarks had said never to cast against the sunlight. With renewed vigor and greater confidence I began the sport anew casting my fly away from the sun.

I humored myself with a belief in the Colonel's

practical knowledge until my arms ached, and my neck in the change of position had been kissed by the sun's rays until it began to blister. It must have been this painful fact that convinced me that the fish labored not in the heat of the day, but in the solitude of shady nooks under large mayes sought how they might better avoid the hook and line. This was a cruel dawning of light, and sick unto heart I was nigh to become profane when recourse to the luncheon basket restored my spirits. "Downcast spirits," I could hear the Major saying, "should be treated with a spiritual remedy." If the fish toiled not nor swam in the early afternoon I cared not to stand in misery and water vainly endeavoring to persuade them from their watery dells.

Noticing the inviting shade of an oak of at least a century's growth, I sought rest for my wearied body under its wide-spreading arms. Nature quickly asserted its wants for I was soon in a sound sleep. When I awoke and rubbed my eyes, I saw the sun slowly sinking behind the neighboring hills. It neared the time for my return, and turning to pick up my rod I discovered it was gone. This indeed was a sorrowful plight. To return without my rod was to be laughed at, and the day's experience gave but little foundation for a capital yarn. I had started homeward when I noticed, sitting on the mill saw, a ragged urchin of about ten summers. In his hands he held my pole and at the end of the line there dangled a large fish. He did not see me until he had removed the hook, and then it was too late for the little fellow's escape. With a "please sir, I found it," he gave me the rod and started off on a run. I called for him to return. Fearing some dire punishment, either at my hands or those of his parents, he wildly entreated forgiveness, saying, I might have the fish he had caught. I looked them over, and really they were beauties, eight in all, with an average weight of two pounds. Here were spoils as great as any the Major or the Colonel ever returned with. Giving the boy a coin I carefully packed the fish in the luncheon basket and again set on my way with a lighter step. It is with secret satisfaction that I await the time when I will be permitted to renew my acquaintance with the assembly, for then I intend to be heard from.

JOHN B. MEAGHER.

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A carriage road to the top of Pike's Peak has just been completed. It begins at Cascade Cañon, and extends sixteen miles, until it reaches the very summit of the mountain, 14,147 feet above the level of the sea.

## The Pilgrim Fathers.\*

One righteous word for Law—the common will;  
 One living truth of Faith—God regnant still;  
 One primal test of Freedom—all combined;  
 One sacred Revolution—change of mind;  
 One trust unfailing for the night and need—  
 The tyrant-flower shall cast the freedom-seed.

So held they firm, the Fathers aye to be,  
 From Home to Holland, Holland to the sea—  
 Pilgrims for manhood, in their little ship,  
 Hope in each heart and prayer on every lip.  
 They could not live by king-made codes and creeds;  
 They chose the path where every footstep bleeds.  
 Protesting, not rebelling; scorned and banned;  
 Through pains and prisons harried from the land;  
 Through double exile,—till at last they stand  
 Apart from all,—unique, unworldly, true,  
 Selected grain to sow the earth anew;  
 A winnowed part—a saving remnant they;  
 Dreamers who work—adventurers who pray!

What vision led them? Can we test their prayers?  
 Who knows they saw no empire in the West?  
 The later Puritans sought land and gold,  
 And all the treasures that the Spaniard told;  
 What line divides the Pilgrims from the rest?

We know them by the exile that was theirs;  
 Their justice, faith, and fortitude attest;  
 And those long years in Holland, when their band  
 Sought humble living in a stranger's land.  
 They saw their England covered with a weed  
 Of flaunting lordship both in court and creed.  
 With helpless hands they watched the error grow,  
 Pride on the top and impotence below;  
 Indulgent nobles, privileged and strong,  
 A haughty crew to whom all rights belong;  
 The bishops arrogant, the courts impure,  
 The rich conspirators against the poor;  
 The peasant scorned, the artisan despised;  
 The all-supporting workers lowest prized.  
 They marked those evils deepen year by year:  
 The pensions grow, the freeholds disappear,  
 Till England meant but monarch, prelate, peer.  
 At last the Conquest! Now they know the word:  
 The Saxon tenant and the Norman lord!  
 No longer Merrie England: now it meant  
 The payers and the takers of the rent;  
 And rent exacted not from lands alone—  
 All rights and hopes must centre in the throne:  
 Law-tithes for prayer—their souls were not their own!

Then o'er the brim the bitter waters welled;  
 The mind protested and the soul rebelled.  
 And yet, how deep the bowl, how slight the flow!  
 A few brave exiles from their country go;  
 A few strong souls whose rich affections cling,  
 Though cursed by clerics, hunted by the king.  
 Their last sad vision on the Grimsby strand  
 Their wives and children kneeling on the sand.

Then twelve slow years in Holland—changing years—  
 Strange ways of life—strange voices in their ears;  
 The growing children learning foreign speech;  
 And growing, too, within the heart of each  
 A thought of further exile—of a home  
 In some far land—a home for life and death  
 By their hands built, in equity and faith.

And then the preparation—the heart-beat  
 Of wayfarers who may not rest their feet;  
 Their Pastor's blessing—the farewells of some  
 Who stayed in Leyden. Then the sea's wide blue!—

"They sailed," writ one, "and as they sailed they knew  
 That they were Pilgrims!"

On the wintry main  
 God flings their lives as farmers scatter grain.  
 His breath propels the wingéd seed afloat;  
 His tempests swerve to spare the fragile boat;  
 Before His prompting terrors disappear;  
 He points the way while patient seamen steer;  
 Till port is reached, nor North, nor South, but Here!

Here, where the shore was rugged as the waves,  
 Where frozen nature dumb and leafless lay,  
 And no rich meadows bade the Pilgrims stay,  
 Was spread the symbol of the life that saves:  
 To conquer first the outer things; to make  
 Their own advantage, unallied, unbound;  
 Their blood the mortar, building from the ground;  
 Their cares the statutes, making all anew;  
 To learn to trust the many, not the few;  
 To bend the mind to discipline; to break  
 The bonds of old convention, and forget  
 The claims and barriers of class; to face  
 A desert land, a strange and hostile race,  
 And conquer both to friendship by the debt  
 That Nature pays to justice, love, and toil.

Here, on this rock, and on this sterile soil,  
 Began the kingdom not of kings, but men:  
 Began the making of the world again.  
 Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink  
 A new world reached and raised an old-world link,  
 When English hands, by wider vision taught,  
 Threw down the feudal bars the Normans brought,  
 And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,  
 Their ancient freedom of the Wapentake!  
 Here struck the seed—the Pilgrims' roofless town,  
 Where equal rights and equal bonds were set,  
 Where all the people equal-franchised met;  
 Where doom was writ of privilege and crown;  
 Where human breath blew all the idols down;  
 Where crests were nought, where vulture flags were  
 furled,  
 And common men began to own the world!

All praise to others of the vanguard then!  
 To Spain, to France; to Baltimore and Penn;  
 To Jesuit, Quaker,—Puritan and Priest;  
 Their toil be crowned—their honors be increased!  
 We slight no true devotion, steal no fame  
 From other shrines to gild the Pilgrims' name.  
 As time selects, we judge their treasures heaped;  
 Their deep foundations laid; their harvests reaped;  
 Their primal mode of liberty; their rules  
 Of civil right; their churches, courts and schools;  
 Their freedom's very secret here laid down,—  
 The spring of government is the little town!  
 They knew that streams must follow to a spring;  
 And no stream flows from township to a king.

Give praise to others, early come or late,  
 For love and labor on our ship of state;  
 But this must stand above all fame and zeal:  
 The Pilgrim Fathers laid the ribs and keel.  
 On their strong lines we base our social health,—  
 The man—the home—the town—the commonwealth!

Unconscious builders? Yea: the conscious fail!  
 Design is impotent if Nature frown.  
 No deathless pile has grown from intellect.  
 Immortal things have God for architect,  
 And men are but the granite He lays down.  
 Unconscious? Yea! They thought it might avail  
 To build a gloomy creed about their lives,  
 To shut out all dissent; but nought survives  
 Of their poor structure; and we know to-day  
 Their mission was less pastoral than lay—  
 More Nation-seed than Gospel-seed were they!

The Faith was theirs: the time had other needs.  
 The salt they bore must sweeten worldly deeds.

\* Poem read at the dedication of a national monument to the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Mass., on the 1st of August.

There was a meaning in the very wind  
That blew them here so few, so poor, so strong,  
To grapple concrete work, not abstract wrong.  
Their saintly Robinson was left behind  
To teach by gentle memory; to shame  
The bigot spirit and the word of flame;  
To write dear mercy in the Pilgrims' law;  
To lead to that wide faith his soul foresaw,—  
That no rejected race in darkness delves;  
There are no Gentiles, but they make themselves;  
That men are one of blood and one of spirit;  
That one is as the whole, and all inherit!

On all the story of a life or race,  
The blessing of a good man leaves its trace.  
Their Pastor's word at Leyden here sufficed:  
"But follow me as I have followed Christ!"  
And, "I believe there is more truth to come!"

O gentle soul, what future age shall sum  
The sweet incentive of thy tender word!  
Thy sigh to hear of conquest by the sword:  
"How happy to convert, and not to slay!"  
When valiant Standish killed the chief at bay.  
To such as thee the Fathers owe their fame;  
The Nation owes a temple to thy name.  
Thy teaching made the Pilgrims kindly, free,—  
All that the later Puritans should be.  
Thy pious instinct marks their destiny.  
Thy love won more than force or arts adroit—  
It writ and kept the deed with Massasoit;  
It earned the welcome Samoset expressed;  
It lived again in Eliot's loving breast;  
It filled the Compact which the Pilgrims signed—  
Immortal scroll! the first where men combined  
From one deep lake of common blood to draw  
All rulers, rights and potencies of law.

When waves of ages have their motive spent  
Thy sermon preaches in this Monument,  
Where Virtue, Courage, Law and Learning sit;  
Calm Faith above them grasping Holy Writ;  
White hand upraised o'er beauteous, trusting eyes,  
And pleading finger pointing to the skies!

The past is theirs—the future ours; and we  
Must learn and teach. O may our record be  
Like theirs, a glory, symbolled in a stone,  
To speak as this speaks of our labors done.  
They had no model; but they left us one.

Severe they were; but let him cast the stone  
Who Christ's dear love dare measure with his own  
Their strict professions were not cant nor pride.  
Who calls them narrow, let his soul be wide!  
Austere, exclusive—ay, but with their faults,  
Their golden probity mankind exalts.  
They never lied in practice, peace or strife;  
They were no hypocrites; their faith was clear;  
They feared too much some sins men ought to fear:  
The lordly arrogance and avarice,  
And vain frivolty's besotting vice;  
The stern enthusiasm of their life  
Impelled too far, and weighed poor nature down;  
They missed God's smile, perhaps, to watch His frown.  
But he who digs for faults shall resurrect  
Their manly virtues born of self-respect.  
How sum their merits? They were true and brave;  
They broke no compact and they owned no slave;  
They had no servile order, no dumb throat;  
They trusted first the universal vote;  
The first were they to practise and instil  
The rule of law and not the rule of will;  
They lived one noble test: who would be freed  
Must give up all to follow duty's lead.  
They made no revolution based on blows,  
But taught one truth that all the planet knows,  
That all men think of, looking on a throne—  
The people may be trusted with their own!

In every land wherever might holds sway  
The Pilgrims' leaven is at work to-day.

The Mayflower's cabin was the chosen womb  
Of light predestined for the nation's gloom.  
God grant that those who tend the sacred flame  
May worthy prove of their Forefathers' name.  
More light has come,—more dangers, too, perplex:  
New prides, new greeds, our high condition vex.  
The Fathers fled from feudal lords, and made  
A freehold state; may we not retrograde  
To lucre-lords and hierarchs of trade.  
May we, as they did, teach in court and school,  
There must be classes, but no class shall rule:  
The sea is sweet, and rots not like the pool.  
Though vast the token of our future glory,  
Though tongue of man hath told not such a story,—  
Surpassing Plato's dream, More's phantasy,—still we  
Have no new principles to keep us free.  
As Nature works with changeless grain on grain,  
The truths the Fathers taught we need again.  
Depart from this, though we may crowd our shelves  
With codes and precepts for each lapse and flaw,  
And patch our moral leaks with statute law,  
We cannot be protected from ourselves!  
Still must we keep in every stroke and vote  
The law of conscience that the Pilgrims wrote;  
Our seal their secret: Liberty can be;  
The State is freedom if the town is free.  
The death of nations in their work began;  
They sowed the seed of federated Man.  
Dead nations were but robber-holds; and we  
The first battalion of Humanity!  
All living nations, while our eagles shine,  
One after one, shall swing into our line;  
Our freeborn heritage shall be the guide  
And bloodless order of their regicide;  
The sea shall join, not limit; mountains stand  
Dividing farm from farm, not land from land.

O People's Voice! when farthest thrones shall hear;  
When teachers own; when thoughtful rabbis know;  
When artist minds in world-wide symbol show;  
When serfs and soldiers their mute faces raise;  
When priests on grand cathedral altars praise;  
When pride and arrogance shall disappear,  
The Pilgrims' Vision is accomplished here!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

### The Next One Hundred Years.

BY P. O'FLAHERTY.

The orators of the Centennial in endeavoring to draw our attention to the past have, in a measure, turned it to the future. While recounting the events, developments and progress of the departed hundred years of our national existence, they have made appear the possibilities of the coming one. It is pleasant, indeed, with a broad-leaved history before our eyes to read and reflect on the things that are no more; but it is more practical to be alive to the interests of the present, and more prudent to study the future. The good chess player is the one who looks ahead to the end of his game; the good business man is the one who figures out the probabilities and possibilities of the future, and the successful nations are those who, living up to the present, strive to realize that which is in store for them.

As proofs of what I say may be taken the

foresightedness of our own statesmen, which procured for us the beautiful territory which we now enjoy, and their shortsightedness which plunged the nation into that terrible internal struggle which so nearly caused its ruin. Had the glorious kingdoms of antiquity, "whose columns strew the wilderness," looked out for what might come, they might still flourish as of yore.

The past century has been one of vast progress and great improvement the world over: old barriers have been broken down; the arts and sciences have been wonderfully developed; commerce has become more steady; old nations have gone down, and new ones have sprung into existence. Altogether, the world is much better and more evenly balanced than ever before; it is now in such a condition that it might easily move forward to what it ought to be.

In contemplating the wonders of the present—the great things that have been accomplished—we notice that hardly anything is claimed as perfect, and that for every available invention or contrivance a hundred more and greater ones are promised. All who are anyway advanced in age have seen the theories and what was regarded as wild whims of their younger days reduced to practicable realities. Our grandparents would smile and shrug their shoulders at what we never wonder at; so, perhaps, we smile at what our children, or even ourselves later in life, may enjoy and possess.

Progress multiplies progress; one theory produces many others, and one invention perfected helps on to completing many more. What it took ten years to do once, may now be done in a few weeks or days; so, in judging of the future strides of the arts, sciences and education we must not be guided too much by the rate of progress we have witnessed in the past or even that which the present reveals.

Things unforeseen and unthought of are ever brooding to set at naught our calmest speculations and severest judgments. Lord Beaconsfield used to say that it was what was most unexpected that was most sure to occur. Yet, allowing sufficiently for things unforeseen, we still may, if we take time to reflect, arrive at a fair estimate of the next century's probabilities.

The statesmen of the present time, profiting by the experience of others and understanding well the general drift of affairs, are plotting and planning in every way they can for the welfare of their states in times that are to come after them. It is generally understood that a crisis may occur at any moment; and that a great political crisis is fast approaching, the clearest minds never doubt.

Education is the most extreme of all revolutionizers; as a people become more educated they become accordingly more powerful; and a people without education is like a man unarmed and chained, capable of no marked or successful action.

Education teaches more than anything else the propriety of seizing opportunities, and in the seizing of opportunities centres the whole conflict. Moreover, an educated man will not begin to tolerate what an uneducated man would not think of questioning. Education causes people, as well as individuals, to know their power and dignity, and to successfully resist all encroachments on their rights, and remove all obstacles to their welfare.

It is generally understood that in every country, outside of our own, there are things upheld and forced on the majority which are detrimental to the general welfare; and as education becomes more complete and common, the uprising against those unwholesome things may form an interesting epoch in about the middle or latter part of the twentieth century. The increase of population is the one thing more than any other that will affect the history of the future. This had not been much thought of till recently, when some with alarm and some with satisfaction began to consider it. In England it is estimated that this increase will, in the next twenty years, amount to eight millions, and as the present population is judged too great, an encouraged or forced emigration can be the only remedy. What one generation ago were little towns have grown, in many instances, to be populous cities, but not prosperous ones. The rapidly increasing population of Europe is only tied to home by poverty and circumstances, the tendency to rise and emigrate pervades the entire mass. Germany, France and England have long been on the look-out for vacant territory to which they might transport their surplus numbers when it becomes necessary. Russia is determined to have ample space for her people to spread themselves over. Intriguing has been constantly going on between the Czar and various Asiatic potentates which can signify nothing else than increase of dominion for the Czar.

The rush of immigrants to the United States must in time be shut off, thus turning the stream to swell others that are already flowing to different quarters. There have lately been formed two American companies which are encouraged by big concessions from the Persian Government. The object of one of these is to form a network of railroads, telegraphs and telephones through every important district and

village in the land of the Shah. The object of the other is to seek to restore the old-time fertility and productiveness of the country by means of canals, reservoirs, ditches, artesian wells, etc. If these projects are accomplished, it is quite evident that the meagre population of Persia will be too small, thus giving a chance for an inundation of Europeans.

All of Mahometan Asia can be subjected to the same process, and the territory once the seat of the most civilized and numerous peoples of the earth may recover and surpass its ancient magnificence. The nearness of those countries to Europe and the quick means of transit thither make it possible that they may soon become thickly populated with a superior people.

But of all countries waiting for an Aryan avalanche there are none so promising or interesting as the regions by the Congo and the upper Nile. There are indeed here thick forests, swift rivers and lofty mountain chains; but to a people who have been accustomed, as we are, to seeing obstacles like those easily overcome, these will not appear as insurmountable barriers to African development.

South America, too, is interesting, especially in view of October's Conference which is certain to take place. South America is a wonderful, beautiful and fertile land; by nature a dependency upon North America, there is a not very dim outlook that it may become politically dependent. The wonder is that, with all its natural attractions, it has not drawn a greater population to its shores: probably its poor governmental system and its numerous internal dissensions have had their natural bad effect.

The ranges of the Andes teem with silver and golden ores; the Brazilian river-beds sparkle with precious stones; the forests abound with valuable woods that are eagerly sought after on reaching foreign markets. The South American plateaus have, perhaps, the finest and healthiest climate of any land in the world, and the valleys bloom with all the magnificence that ever lighted up the poet's fancy.

If the October Conference fully answers every expectation, many of the difficulties in the way of American capital and enterprise in the South will be removed, so that we may confidently look forward to the time when a splendid civilization will crown the natural richness of this Southern peninsula.

Speaking in a more general way of the tone of the coming one hundred years' civilization, we might hint at the flying machine, the commercial value of Volapük and the grand things to be expected from electricity.

#### Art, Music and Literature.

—A sister of the late Maria Mitchell, the well-known Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, will prepare for the press the "Life and Letters" of the distinguished teacher. Her correspondence is said to be very rich in letters from Herschel, Humboldt and others.

—The manuscript journals of David Livingstone from which his first work, "Missionary Laurels and Researches in South Africa," was compiled, are said to be missing, and his sisters are said to be more anxious for their recovery from the circumstance that Livingstone declared that out of these journals he could write three books as large as the one actually published.

—President Diaz, during the four years of his administration in Mexico, has rendered substantial services to science by encouraging archaeological investigation and taking measures for the preservation of ancient monuments and historical remains. The ruins of Xochicalco and the pyramids of Teotihuacan have been explored, and the searchers rewarded by many interesting discoveries. An archaeological map of the republic has been made, and the palaces of Mitla inclosed, for their preservation, by a great wall.

—Here is an odd reflection from the *Atlantic Monthly*—"No Mothers in Fiction:" "A sick youth was lying in bed, watching with quiet eyes his mother's form moving gently about the room where for weeks she had been ministering to him with tenderest heart and hands. There had been a stillness for a little while, when the boy spoke: 'I wonder why there are no mothers in fiction.' 'Why, there are, dear; there must be,' the mother answered quickly; but when she tried to name one she found that none came at the call. When she related to me the little incident, I, too, immediately said that our memory must be strangely at fault that it did not furnish us with examples in plenty. Maternal love? Why, art was filled with illustrations of it, and so was literature. And yet, on making search, I, too, have failed to find the typical mother where it seems she would be so easily found. I have no large acquaintance with the imaginative literature of any language but our own, and the fiction of other countries may afford examples in this kind of which I know nothing. But recalling the work of our own finest and best-known writers, their treatment of the subject appears both scant and slight. Calling the roll of them from Fielding and Scott to Hawthorne and Hardy, it strikes one as singular that they all omitted to delineate with any peculiar force and beauty a human type which suggests itself so naturally as full of opportunity for artistic representation."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

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Notre Dame, August 17, 1889.

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

*THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:*

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

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

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

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

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

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If a subscriber fail to receive the SCHOLASTIC regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately each time. Those who may miss numbers during the year, and wish to have the volume complete for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

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

—With this number, the SCHOLASTIC begins its twenty-third volume. A copy is sent to all our subscribers of last year, who we hope will inform us, as soon as possible, of their intention to renew for the coming year. It will be the aim of the editors to make the SCHOLASTIC more than ever deserving of the high encomiums with which it has been favored in the past.

—John Boyle O'Reilly's poem, which we print in this issue, is one of those marvellous combinations of fine and perfect technique, strength and tact that make him unique among our poets. No other poet could have written as he has written, and there is no other poet, except Whittier, who could have been asked, with justice, to write on such an occasion. Mr. O'Reilly has availed himself of all a poet's license in glorifying a group of the most severe and uninteresting Roundheads who ever made life mis-

erable for their neighbors. Nevertheless, we owe the Puritans one debt of gratitude,—they were the reason for this magnificent burst of music, which has the delicacy of Beethoven and the strength of Mozart. The opening lines "catch one by the throat" at once, and, in spite of the character of the theme, the poet's genius carries us irresistibly to the final crash of harmony at the close. Mr. O'Reilly has made it possible for us to think of the Puritans with some degree of pleasure. We know, however, where Dante would have put them.

—The forty-sixth collegiate year is about to begin. The friends of Notre Dame throughout the country will be pleased to learn that her prospects were never brighter. For many years her career has been one of constantly widening success and prosperity, and the scholastic year so soon to open gives more than fair promise of being the most brilliantly successful that she has ever known. That the institution is every year taking deeper root in the favor of the American public is a fact which the record of the past ten years places outside the sphere of question or controversy. And while properly grateful for the success with which their efforts have been crowned, the Faculty realize that success has not been stumbled upon in the past, and that, unless fully deserved, it cannot be counted upon in the future.

The American public is quick to judge a tree by its fruits, a theory by its practical consequences and an institution of learning by the results of its teaching. This is the test to which Notre Dame has ever confidently appealed, and by which only she wishes to be judged. She has aimed to be progressive in the true sense of the word. She has not been so hopelessly bound to old systems, programmes and traditions as not to realize that new wants may necessitate an occasional recasting and broadening of her curriculum of studies. But, while sparing no effort and hesitating at no expense to offer her students constantly increasing advantages and facilities in every department of useful knowledge, she will cling with greater tenacity than ever to the two things which may be justly considered the secret of her past success: her effort to bind students and Faculty with links of confidence and affection that can never be broken, and her efforts to send forth from her halls only thorough Christian gentlemen.

—A great deal is said of the pleasure which

students feel on leaving college for their homes. That they do enjoy great pleasure in leaving the college walls, starting amid the cheers and "God-speed-you" of their companions, is true. The hearts of the young men throb with joy, eager to return to the loved ones at home. Yet, true and deep as this joy is, we doubt whether it be more deep or sincere than the joy which fills these same students on their return to college after an absence of two months.

They are sorrowful as they leave home, no doubt: for they leave their parents and other loving members of the family; they separate from friends and companions of their earliest boyhood to be absent for ten long months. But though they have the tenderest of love for all these, and though they keep the memory of them warm in their hearts, as is right and proper, yet they cannot but help being filled with joy as they near the precincts of the college, because they know that there they will meet other warm friends, their companions in class in former years. They know that they will meet that boon companion with whom they pulled an oar the spring before; they know that they will meet the young athlete with whom they batted the ball on the diamond field; they know that they will grasp the hand of that earnest student with whom they joined in honest rivalry in class; and this knowledge gives them a pleasure almost as sweet as man can know.

It matters not to the student returning to college that he has a year of labor before him; that he has Greek roots to learn and Latin themes to write; that he has problems to solve and mysteries of science to explore: he has the knowledge that he has good friends and true to work with him in class and enjoy his recreation-day by flood and field. He has performed hard work in years gone by, storing his mind with knowledge, and he is prepared to do the same again. But he does not let his thoughts dwell on these things alone, but thinks also of the joy which will thrill his soul when heartfelt greetings are given. Yes, there are few occasions which afford more sincere pleasure than that of returning to college after the summer vacation.

But this joy is felt more fully and perfectly when all the "old boys" return on the opening day. Then all are fresh from home, and going together to the college, or meeting others who have arrived the same day by other trains, the feeling of good will and pleasure reaches its highest.

All who would enjoy to its fullest extent the pleasure of the return to college should manage to get back on the 3d of September.

#### Sisters of the Holy Cross.

The following is an extract from a communication which appeared last week in the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee:

"It has been pretty generally published that the splendid Order of "Sisters of the Holy Cross" has been recently solemnly approved in Rome. But in these publications I fail to see a very important item, viz., that in connection with this approbation, the venerable Father Sorin of Notre Dame, was, by a special decree issued at Rome, the same time, confirmed for life as their Ecclesiastical Superior."

The omission referred to is indeed an important one, and we are to a great extent responsible for it, inasmuch as we were the first to publish the news of the approbation of the Order by the Holy See. However, the omission on our part is explicable; for nothing was changed in the general administration, and all here naturally looked to Father General as their Superior. Still it should be recorded that, at the same time with the decree of approbation, Very Rev. E. Sorin was, by the Sacred Congregation at Rome, confirmed for life in his position as Ecclesiastical Superior of the Sisters of Holy Cross. This was an exceptional privilege, but in his case we may say, a right due to him because of his close relationship with the inception, government and development of the Community in the United States.

In the history of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, dating back nearly a half century, we find a chapter full of interest. In this chapter are recorded many of the greatest struggles and severest trials of the Very Rev. Edward Sorin. As prosperous business men, who are "away up in the millions," love to dwell on the early history of their struggles with poverty and various obstacles over which they finally triumphed, so the early history of the Sisters of the Holy Cross must be to Very Rev. Edward Sorin a source of the greatest pleasure: not because the beginning was so small and the trials so numerous, but because the finger of God can be traced from the very cradle of this prosperous Community to the present day.

Looking at the Community such as it was found here in 1843, it would require a prophet to tell that there was for it any future. In the month of May, 1843—the month dedicated to Our Blessed Mother—four Sisters left France for a wilderness to them entirely unknown except by name. These Sisters were: Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, Sister Mary of Calvary, Sister Mary of Bethlehem—who were not pro-

fessed *Religieuses*, but with a perpetual vow of obedience—and a novice, Sister Mary of Nazareth. With these, as a nucleus, the Very Rev. Father Sorin commenced to build up a mighty structure. One can see that the commencement had no human grounds for success. The names, however, of these four good Sisters were very significant as persons destined to be instruments in God's hands to make at least a beginning of their Community in the New World. To the human eye it may seem that these four accomplished only a small portion of the work developed since; but God knows how to estimate, better than we do, the very act of their coming,—an act that required heroic virtue and a self-sacrifice most acceptable to Him.

These four Sisters remained at Notre Dame until 1845, when they moved to Bertrand to prepare the way for an academy. This they did under Father Sorin's direction.

But it seems marvellous to tell it! To start an academy! What had they? Nothing! When they arrived in Bertrand, about five or six miles north of Notre Dame, to begin their work, they found but one spoon in their possession. In this school of hardship, the Very Rev. Father Sorin shared more than any, since he had the care and responsibility; and every pang of sorrow or privation that touched the hearts of his spiritual children passed first through his own sympathetic heart, so great was his anxiety for their welfare, the honor of God and His Blessed Mother.

All future success, under God, depended on the exertions they would make then. There was nothing to encourage, except the cheerful, hopeful, enthusiastic soul of Father Sorin. The Sisters did not even know the language of the country, and Father Sorin became their teacher. They could see nothing except poverty and privation on every side. Buried, as it were, in a forest of America, far from railroads, far from steamboats, far from civilization, and farther still from home and relatives, they could cry out with the children of Israel, who said to Moses: "Perhaps there were no graves in Egypt, therefore thou hast brought us to die in the wilderness" (Exodus, xiv, 11). But a word from their valiant leader was enough to establish perfect confidence. The intrepidity of his heart imparted to those timid children of God a heroism that would have done honor to a Roman warrior. Their hardships seemed to vanish; their anxieties were at an end; and in the light of faith, so forcibly pictured to their pure minds by their faithful Father in Christ, they saw countless souls, yet unborn, looking up to them for consolation and strength.

In an incredibly short time the Institution grew marvellously. Ladies of distinction—educators, and especially well versed in the English language—captivated by the novelty of the work so well begun in the forest, or, to speak more correctly, sent by Providence, joined the holy Sisterhood. A number of young Sisters were at once sent to France, and other places, to perfect themselves in certain branches of the Fine Arts. At length St. Mary's Academy, Bertrand, Mich., was soon known and celebrated all over the country. The grounds upon which St. Mary's Academy now stands were purchased in 1856, and in the vacation of 1857 all moved to the present location at Notre Dame, Ind., one mile west of the University.

Since these times of which we speak, St. Mary's has been multiplied fifty times over and over. From one small house in Bertrand, Mich., there are now about fifty; from four Sisters, they now number about 700; from five pupils, found in the Academy then, they are numbered to-day, not by hundreds but by thousands—in Houses established all over the country, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific.

Nor is the usefulness of these excellent Sisters confined to academies and schools. It is also found in hospitals, orphan asylums, colleges, infirmaries, and wherever God's honor and charity demand their services. Even during the late war they provided for the dying soldiers, and administered to the wants, spiritual and temporal, of hundreds of invalids placed under their skilful care by the United States' Government. In a word, from a very modest beginning, the Sisters of the Holy Cross, under the prudent zeal and wise direction of Very Rev. E. Sorin, stand to-day as one of the most efficient bodies of religious in America. Their piety, devotedness, industry, and activity can be "equalled only by the few, and surpassed by none."

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#### Books and Periodicals.

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GERMAN FOR AMERICANS. A PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR SELF-INSTRUCTION AND FOR COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS. By Dr. Jacob Mayer. Philadelphia: I. Kohler, 911 Arch Street. 1889.

The method followed in this work will be found well adapted to facilitate the complete, thorough study of German. The pronunciation given with each word; the grammatical rules, though simple in form and comparatively few in number, still covering the whole ground; the various tables and lists to be used for reference as well as for information; the collection of

phrases and dialogues, specially arranged with a view to the needs of the student; the vocabulary with nouns classified according to gender; the English and German proverbs in their mutual adaptation; the infallible rules to determine the gender of nouns:—these are some of the principal points of excellence that mark the work and commend it to the favor of the American friends of the German tongue.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Notre Dame. New York: William H. Sadlier, 11 Barclay St.

Most of these lectures appeared at different times in the SCHOLASTIC shortly after their delivery. Those who enjoyed their perusal will be glad to learn that they have been republished in a more permanent form. The book is dedicated "to the pupils, past and present of Catholic colleges, academies and schools in the United States." It is a work which will delight the old and instruct the young student of literature everywhere. The author is so well known and holds such a high position in the world of letters that it is unnecessary for us to attempt to speak of the excellence of his work, or to show how profitable it will be found by the youthful mind. Suffice it to mention the subjects of the lectures, which are as follows: 1, Literature as a Factor in Life; 2, Chaucer: Some Glimpses of his Time, his Life and his Friends; 3, The Real Meaning of Æsthetics; 4, Southwell, Crashaw and Habbington; 5, An Introduction to the Study of Tennyson; 6, Two Dramas by Tennyson and Aubrey de Vere; 7, Some Women Writers; 8, Literature and Manners. The book is issued in neat style by the publishers, and well deserves a wide circulation.

—With the August number *The Forum* completes its seventh volume. The leading article in this number is by Mr. John G. Carlisle, Speaker of the House of Representatives, on "The Republican Program." He explains and defends the Cleveland Administration especially as regards the expenditures of public money, and predicts that the public patience will be exhausted with the extravagance of the present Administration before it closes. The article contains a balance sheet showing the expenditures of the Cleveland Administration. Another political article is by ex-Gov. Hoadly, of Ohio, on "Methods of Ballot Reform," which is an explanation of the advantages and the defects of the Australian system, a summary of the experiments with it made thus far in the United States, and an argument for publicity about campaign expenses. Many forcible incidents are quoted to show the need of such publicity.

—The August *St. Nicholas* begins with one of Mary Hallock Foote's inimitable drawings. It contains a full and interesting article by Dr. Jastrow, concerning the late Miss Laura Bridgman with a portrait, an exceedingly good likeness. George Wharton Edwards's story, "Little Menan Light," will be found to furnish pathos

for the girl readers, heroism for the boys, and some excellent bits of character study for their elders—all will enjoy the illustrations. Miss Howells, already known by her sketches (a very pleasing one appeared in *St. Nicholas* for July), contributes a bit of verse called "Sweet Peas." Dr. Charles S. Robinson offers to mathematicians some curious speculations as to the present value of "An Egyptian Girl's Gold Necklace," if its value is regarded as having increased at compound interest for over 3000 years. There are many other pieces, perhaps as worthy of mention, and the usual interesting departments, and all the delightful abundance of pictures without which the magazine would not be *St. Nicholas*.

—The Midsummer number of *The Art Amateur* is before us, as bright and attractive as ever. Two excellent colored plates are given away with this number: "Carnations," by Dagon, and "Illuminated initials," from French manuscripts of the XIII century. The frontispiece, a very masterly decorative design, after Boucher, representing "Earth," is the first series of four which will be published consecutively. Among the large number of full-sized working designs given with this number, are Designs for Embroidery, Brass Hammering and Splash Towels, while Egyptian Lotus, Wild Iris and Orchids are arranged for China Painting. In the Atelier, the articles on "Pen-drawing for Photo-Engraving" and "Painting Wild Flowers" are continued, together with several other articles of interest to the art student. To those interested in china painting, we would recommend a perusal of "Letters to a Young Lady," while Amateur Photographers can gain information from Burbank's "Talks." A special feature of this August number is a full and comprehensive tabulated report of the Secrétan Sale in Paris. Montezuma in "My Note Book," and Theodore Child, in the "Paris Exposition," very fully and conclusively describe the pictures at the Paris Centennial Exposition.

—*Wide Awake* for August is an open air number, full of things to be done out-of-doors; geologizing (by Prof. Frederick Starr); boating (by Miss Guiney) and the making of wild-flower books (by Miss Harris)—it is a pity that the bread-making, which Mrs. White describes as the Boston Public schoolgirls do it, could not be carried on out-of-doors also. The number is largely written by travellers and sight-seers. Mrs. General Frémont describes her "Camping near the Giant Trees" in the early California days. Miss Risley Seward, "In the Meadows at Trianon," writes of a somewhat peculiar visit she made to the famous playground of Marie Antoinette and her Court, with a glimpse of those great Frenchmen, Thiers and Laboulaye. Mrs. Humphrey in "Queen Mary's Child-Garden" gives an account of a day she spent last year on the islet of Inchmahome where Mary, Queen of Scots abode for a time when she was a little girl. "Fishing in Tweed and Yarrow," with its

beautiful engravings of the historic river scenery, is a most readable fishing paper by Andrew Lang and will set all anglers wild, young or old. Then there is a touching melodious ballad by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford of that saddest journeyer, John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

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Personal.

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—Rev. J. T. O'Connell, Cleveland, and Rev. F. D. Jennings, Jefferson, Ohio, were welcome visitors to the College last Tuesday.

—Revs. D. J. Spillard, Condon, O'Keefe, Toohey, Klein, Hurth and Rodgers were among the welcome visitors during vacation.

—Prof. William Hoynes, of the Law Department, has been engaged in several important cases in Chicago during the past few weeks.

—Rev. T. O'Sullivan, '58, and Mr. John J. Fitzgibbons, '60, of Chicago, made a very pleasant visit to the College on Thursday of last week.

—Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D., '86, Rector of St. James' Church, Wilkesburg, Pa., celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his ordination on the 4th inst. *Ad multos annos!*

—Walter D. Cannon, of '78, holds a lucrative Government position in Washington. He writes to one of his former Professors expressing the most kindly remembrances of Notre Dame, and hopes to pay a visit soon to *Alma Mater*. He will be welcome.

—Prof. J. F. Edwards, after having travelled through Germany, is now sojourning in the Eternal City the guest of Mgr. Straniero. We are glad to learn that Prof. Edwards has greatly improved in health during his vacation and will soon be with us once again.

—Notre Dame has been well represented at the Paris Exposition. Besides Prof. Stace, who is one of the U. S. Commissioners, the great show was visited by Profs. Edwards, Zahm and O'Dea, and Messrs. Leo Scherrer and Alvin Daniels of the Junior department.

—During the past two months the Faculty have been scattered far and wide. Rev. J. A. Zahm has thoroughly explored the "Far West"; Rev. A. Morrissey has been visiting the distant East; Father Stoffel has explored St. Joseph's County; Father Kirsch has been rustivating amid the sylvan dells of Wisconsin; B. Emmanuel and Prof. Egan took in the East on their vacation; while Bros. Paul and Marcellinus devoted their attention to the great Northwest; Bros. Alexander and Celestine enjoyed the genial hospitality of Sacred Heart College, Watertown, others have made flying trips to neighboring localities for business and recreation.

—Rev. J. B. Crawley, '59, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Laporte, Ind., celebrated the Silver Jubilee, or twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination on Tuesday, Aug. 6. The occasion was

one of great rejoicing, and a large number of priests of the diocese with the Rt. Rev. Bishop attended. The Laporte *Herald* says:

"The exercises of the day began with solemn High Mass, with Father Crawley as celebrant, Father Hagerty, South Bend, as deacon; Father Kelly, Lebanon, subdeacon; Father Mönch, Plymouth, Master of Ceremonies; Very Rev. F. Brammer, V. G., and Rev. E. Koenig, Assistants at the Bishop's throne. The church was crowded, quite a number of Protestants being present. The edifice was beautifully and appropriately decorated, and a handsome throne for the Bishop's use was erected in the sanctuary. The music was of a high order and in strict keeping with the occasion. The spectacle when all the priests had taken position about the altar was very impressive. The beautiful flowers, the lighted tapers, the vestments, the music, the silent worshippers combined to form a scene that was at once grand and inspiring. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Walsh, President of Notre Dame University, from the text: 'Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor.' He spoke for thirty-five minutes, in the course of his remarks paying a fine tribute to the reverend father whose jubilee was being celebrated. Like all of Father Walsh's efforts, the sermon was an eloquent one. The services lasted two hours. At their conclusion the priests, preceded by a number of little girls, wearing crowns of flowers, and carrying a beautiful banner containing an inscription appropriate to the occasion, marched from the church through the front entrance to the street, and thence to the pastor's residence."

In union with Father Crawley's numerous friends at Notre Dame, the SCHOLASTIC extends heartiest congratulations and best wishes for many such happy anniversaries.

—Prof. Egan is one of the committee of organization of the Catholic Congress, to be held this year in the city of Baltimore, November 11, 12. This congress is coincident with the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy of the United States, which is to be celebrated with befitting pomp and ceremony under happy auspices in Baltimore. It is, therefore, naturally expected to bring together an imposing assemblage of the hierarchy and clergy, as well as a large concourse of the Catholic laity, who will be eager to take part in an event so interesting in itself, and so impressive and suggestive in its religious and historic significance.

That the Catholic laymen in the United States should hold at the same time and place a general meeting or congress would seem appropriate. When the suggestion of such a meeting was happily conceived and put forth, it was everywhere met with expressions of warm approval. It was felt that a congress of the Catholics of the United States, called without reference to national or local lines, on a broad and generous platform, could not fail to be productive of good results.

It would demonstrate the unity of the entire Catholic body in all that concerns the principles of our holy Religion; the harmony, mutual attachment and good will subsisting among the different orders in the Church—the hierarchy, the clergy and the laity—and it would, moreover, afford an opportunity to testify in a public manner the loyalty of the Catholics of the United States to the Constitution and laws of

the land, to which they have invariably been loyal in the past, and may, with equal confidence, be relied on to be faithful and devoted in the future.

—Thomas E. Hooley, '75, died at Chicago on the 13th inst., after a lingering illness. He was a student in the Preparatory department of the University from '71 to '75, and during his college life was a general favorite with his professors and fellow-students. His after career is best expressed by writers in the Chicago papers who speak in the highest terms of his pleasant, affable manner and uniform courtesy to all with whom he came in contact. His amiable character gained for him many warm friends who will miss him and regret his untimely death. The deceased was the adopted son of Richard M. Hooley, the well-known theatrical manager of Chicago. His real name was Thomas E. Pendergrast. Many friends at Notre Dame extend heartfelt sympathy to the relatives of the deceased. May he rest in peace!

#### Local Items.

- Volume XXIII.
- Hope I see you.
- The irrepressible small boy is sure to loom up on all public occasions.
- Prof. Egan's villa on Notre Dame Avenue is now nearly ready for occupancy.
- The Class of '90 will be one of the largest classes graduated from the University in many years.
- Rev. J. D. Coleman, C. S. C., has been appointed assistant to Rev. P. W. Condon, of St. Bernard's Church at Watertown, Wis.
- Rev. J. Gleason, C. S. C., of South Bend, Ind., succeeds Father Spillard as pastor of St. Joseph's Church at Richwood, Wis.
- We have resumed telephonic communication with South Bend and other cities within a radius of forty miles. Everything is serene now.
- Bro. Leander will again be numbered with the College Faculty this year; he will be replaced in St. Pius' School, Chicago, by Bro. Marcellus.
- Stones have been hauled for the foundations of the new tailor-shop. This is an indication that work will begin upon the structure at an early date.
- ERRATUM.—In the Alumni Poem published in our Commencement number, the word "rapid" in the 4th line of the 14th verse should read "vapid."
- The abundant rains of the summer have kept vegetation fresh and flourishing. Notre Dame never looked more beautiful than it does at present.
- Indications point to a very large attendance

next session. According to all appearances there will be few vacancies in Sorin Hall or any other department.

—The steam-house will soon be enlarged to make room for the new boiler which is needed by the demand for heat in the increasing number of buildings.

—"Hamlet," after a few weeks of vacation at one of the eastern pleasure resorts, has returned bright and cheerful, to resume operations for the coming year.

—Rev. President Walsh spent a few days in Cleveland last week in attendance upon the Nineteenth Annual Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

—Rev. V. O'Rorke with the members of his Congregation at Paw Paw, Mich., joined the "Pilgrims" on the 13th inst. Father O'Rorke sang the High Mass on the occasion.

—A part of the third story of the Infirmary building has been refitted and elegantly decorated, and set apart for a chapel. This will correspond with the location of the old-time chapel in the building before the fire.

—Rev. L. J. L'Etourneau, C. S. C., recently chaplain of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., has been appointed Master of Novices at St. Joseph's Novitiate—a position which he formerly held for many years with great efficiency and success.

—It gives us the greatest pleasure to chronicle the return to Notre Dame of an old friend, the Rev. T. Maher, C. S. C., who for upwards of thirty years was the genial secretary of the students' office. He has now assumed charge of the post-office at Notre Dame.

—On July 23d, Messrs. N. Warken, J. Kirsch, P. J. O'Connell, A. Zubowitz, W. Connor and F. Reuter received minor orders at the hands of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger in the college church. We congratulate the Rev. gentlemen, and express the hope that this preliminary step will lead to the speedy realization of their aims in the sacred dignity of the priesthood.

—The many friends of Prof. Stace, especially the old students, will be glad to learn that his health has been so much improved by his trip to Europe that he will be able to resume his professional duties with the beginning of the session. He sails to-day (Saturday) from the Old World to return to his old home in the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

—Signor Gregori is now in Chicago engaged in decorating with rich paintings the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Chicago, of which the Rev. Dr. Butler is Rector. One of the immense frescos will represent the Eternal Father and the Saviour of the world with two adoring angels. On his return to Notre Dame Prof. Gregori will finish the great paintings designed for the new Catholic University at Washington.

—The students of '88-'89 will be pleased to hear that very few changes have been made in

the *personnel* of the institution. Old friends and favorites will be ready to greet the boys on their return.

—Work on the new seminary has progressed during the vacation and is now rapidly approaching completion. The building occupies one of the most beautiful sites at Notre Dame, and is itself a very attractive structure.

—The solemn dedication of the new and beautiful college of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis., will take place on the 4th of September. The erection of this imposing structure is due to the energy and enterprise of the esteemed President, Rev. John O'Keeffe, C. S. C.

—Next Tuesday, the 20th inst., will be the anniversary of the death of Prof. Lyons. The prayers of many a friend will be offered up on that day for the repose of his soul. The celebration of the solemn anniversary requiem Mass will be deferred until shortly after the opening of the scholastic year.

—Great work has been done in Science Hall during the vacation. New casings, shelves, etc., have been placed in position, and the rotunda completely refitted, through the exertions of the indefatigable janitor, Bro. Benedict. The hall is now provided with all the facilities for a complete study of science, and in this respect Notre Dame is unsurpassed by any other institution in the land.

—Improvement all along the line is the watchword during the vacation months. The College walls and halls have received a thorough overhauling and have been made to glisten and glow in varied splendor. One of the marked improvements is the change by which the whole system of sewerage has been perfected. Conduits have been constructed and pipes laid leading all the way to the river. The towers in the rear of the main building have also been reconstructed on a new and improved plan.

—The students' office has been thoroughly renovated and refitted. The decorations are tasteful and ornamental, while the shelves, cases, etc., are such as to please the eye while satisfying the requirements of utility and convenience. It is said, however, that the "SCHOLASTIC box," which has graced the walls for, lo! these many years, does not harmonize with the *motif* of the new decorations. We hope to be able to conform to the demands of the rigid school of art and procure a new box. We think that we may safely announce that the boys on their return will see that "box" still proudly waving over the same old spot.

—The University of Notre Dame has honored itself in conferring the degree of LL. D. on three gentlemen who well deserve it. These gentlemen are Charles A. Dana, Augustin Daly and George Dering Wolff. Mr. Wolff is now, we believe, the Dean of the Catholic Editorial College in America; Augustin Daly has done more than any other human living to remove that reproach from the stage which has made it loath-

some for many centuries, and Charles Dana has fought for truth and justice and showed his sympathy for the Church in her struggle against evil in spite of man and devil. We congratulate the University and the gentlemen honored by such a University.—*Union and Times* (Buffalo).

—A very large and imposing pilgrimage visited Notre Dame on the 23th inst. It was made up of members of St. Mary's Congregation, Kalamazoo, under the direction of Rev. F. O'Brien, Rector, and Rev. W. Ryan, assistant, and St. James' Congregation, Battle Creek, under the direction of Rev. J. H. McManus, '72, Rector. The pilgrims, in number about 1100, arrived at St. Mary's station, on the M. C. RR. about half-past ten a. m., and, forming in ranks, wended their way processionally to the college church. Solemn High Mass was then sung, and a very eloquent discourse pronounced by Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C. In the afternoon, about half-past four, Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, the exercises of the day closing with the singing of the *Te Deum*, after which the pilgrims marched to the station and took the train for their homes. The excellent order prevailing in such a large body, the air of recollection and piety which seemed to pervade all, made a very edifying impression.

—The Festival of the Assumption, August 15, the most beautiful of all the festivals in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was celebrated with befitting solemnity at Notre Dame. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Provincial Corby, assisted by Rev. Fathers Moran and Wagner as deacon and subdeacon. A very impressive sermon on the honor due to the Mother of God because of her exalted dignity, was preached by Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C. At about half past eleven, a large body of pilgrims—about 500 in number—from St. Mary's parish, Jackson, Mich., arrived, led by their esteemed Rector, Rev. J. W. Melaney. The "pilgrims' Mass" was celebrated by Rev. J. Mohun, C. S. C., and they were eloquently addressed by Rev. S. Fitte. In the afternoon after Vespers, the solemn procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin took place. The statue of the Queen of Heaven, beautifully decorated, was borne by four Levites, and escorted by an immense throng composed of the students, the religious of the community, members of the congregation, and the "pilgrims" from Jackson. The procession wended its way from the church, around St. Joseph's Lake stopping at various shrines where hymns were sung in honor of the Blessed Virgin. During the procession appropriate music was discoursed by St. Hedwig's Polish Band of South Bend. When all had returned to the church, Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, thus fittingly closing the beautiful services of a day that will be long remembered by all who participated in its celebration, and who must have been deeply impressed by the lively faith and devotion manifested throughout.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Letters, applications, etc., predict a large number of pupils for the year '89-'90.

—The class-rooms and study-hall are in the hands of painters and carpenters, so that all will be ready for September 2.

—The pupils remaining at St. Mary's during vacation spent the 13th inst. at St. Patrick's Farm, they report a most enjoyable time.

—Several of St. Mary's pupils of last year are spending the summer in Europe. Among them are the Misses M. Papin, L. Nelson and A. Rowley.

—Miss Laura Ducey's essay, "Peaceful Conquests," read at the Commencement exercises, June 19th, appeared in the columns of the *Colorado Catholic*.

—Last year's pupils will be glad to learn that Lillie Hamilton, who was so ill when school closed, is recovering her strength, and will soon be as well as ever; she is now in Texas.

—At the recent General Chapter of the Sisters of Holy Cross, Mother M. Annunciata was elected to the office of assistant Mother-General, and reappointed to her old position of Directress of the Academy.

—Among the many visitors who express their admiration of the beautiful Chapel of Our Lady of Loreto, there are few who pass unnoticed the marble altars, the work of T. Mullen & Son, 527 W. Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.

—The first General Chapter of the Community, since the approval of the Rules, was held at the close of the annual retreat. Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger presided the deliberations of the Chapter and the election of the Mother General and her assistants. He honored St. Mary's by another visit on the 8th of August.

—Vacation joys do not banish all thoughts of school and teachers, if letters are indicative of remembrance. Every mail brings messages of grateful affection and promises of renewed diligence during the coming year. Such assurances from St. Mary's children are indeed pleasing, and a warm welcome awaits each and all.

—It will be a pleasure to all to know that Very Rev. Father General is eagerly awaiting the return of the pupils; his interest in each one is so manifest that his smile and blessing are a source of real happiness, and it is hoped that "St. Mary's best friends" will be true to their pledge, so that this scholastic year may find Very Rev. Father General's desires gratified as regards the number and the quality of the pupils.

—Among the visitors during vacation were Rev. T. Galligan, Rev. M. J. Fitzsimmons, Rev. T. O'Sullivan, Chicago; Rev. F. McManus, New York City; Rev. A. B. Oechtering, Mishawaka, Ind.; Rev. Father Hughes, Washington, D. C.;

Rev. J. L. Mangan, Joliet, Ill.; Rev. J. A. Hemlock, Morris, Ill.; Rev. Father Bleckmann, Michigan City, Ind.; Rev. C. Sweeney, Cairo, Ill.; Rev. G. A. Jennings, Jefferson, Ohio; Rev. J. T. O'Connell, Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. J. P. McManus, Battle Creek, Mich.; Rev. V. O'Rourke, Paw Paw, Mich.; Mrs. E. A. Chapatin, Miss J. Baubien, Detroit, Mich.; G. A. McCabe, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dennison, Mrs. J. Bryson, Miss M. Bryson, J. J. Fitzgibbon, Chicago, Ill.; Miss K. Young, New York City; Miss O. Tong, Mrs. W. N. Schindler, Mishawaka, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. W. Weld, Rockford; Mr. and Mrs. M. McKenna, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Egan, Notre Dame; Mrs. H. Finck, Peoria, Ill.; A. M. Denison, M. D., Columbus, Ohio; Rev. L. Moench, Plymouth, Ind.; Miss W. Gavin, Miss L. Morris, Chicago.

—Sunday, July 21, the day on which closed the annual retreat, conducted by Rev. Father Finlay, S. J., was marked by the impressive ceremonies of religious reception and profession. Twelve young ladies received the white veil, as novices in the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, at the hands of Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, assisted by Rev. Fathers L'Etourneau and Saulnier. At six a. m., the Community formed in procession and, followed by the aspirants attired as brides, entered the chapel, where, after the Gradual of the Mass, the investiture took place. Those who received the holy Habit were: Miss Malone (Sister M. Emma), Miss Thomas (Sister M. Manuelita), Miss A. O'Connor (Sister M. Zita), Miss Murphy (Sister M. Pancratius), Miss E. Quinn (Sister M. Laudes), Miss Lawlis (Sister M. Edna), Miss Moynihan (Sister M. Julitta), Miss M. O'Connor (Sister M. Benita), Miss McElligott (Sister M. Allodia), Miss M. Burns (Sister M. Irma); Miss O'Sullivan (Sister M. Dolores), Miss Brady (Sister M. Zeno).

—During Commencement week many old pupils visited their *Alma Mater*. Among them were: Mrs. F. Leroy, '86, Streator, Ill.; Mrs. H. V. Hayes, '74, Mrs. F. Taylor, Mrs. J. B. Crummy, Mrs. J. H. McElroy, '75, Miss E. Rosing, '81, Mrs. F. Bennett, '81, Miss A. Walsh, '75, Miss M. Walsh, Miss B. Snowhook, '87, Miss N. Quill, Miss M. C. Lyons, Mrs. N. Wilson, Chicago, Ill.; Miss M. Ducey, Miss K. Ducey, Detroit, Mich.; Miss L. Carney, '86, Marinette, Wis.; Miss C. Ginz, '84, Miss B. Snowhook, '87, Miss M. Sullivan, '87, Miss F. Sullivan, South Bend, Ind.; Miss A. Shephard, '87, Arlington, Neb.; Miss A. Harris, '78, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss A. Gavan, Lafayette, Ind.; Miss A. Gordon, Elkhart, Ind.; Miss M. F. Murphy, '87, Woodstock, Ill.; Mrs. D. B. Foley, '86, St. Louis; Miss A. English, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. A. J. Mullen, Jr., Miss K. Donnelly, Michigan City; Miss N. Meehan, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss M. Coghlin, Toledo, Ohio; Miss H. Rose, La Grange, Ind.; Mrs. Judge Hammond, Rensselaer, Ind.; Mrs. Reidinger, Marquette, Mich.; Miss A. Livingston, South Bend, Ind.; Miss I. Zahm, Huntington, Ind.

## Driftwood.

Historians delve into musty manuscripts for an account of scenes enacted centuries ago; antiquarians meditate for hours over an old carving, and read therein the history of things long gone; the art student scans the masterpieces of years ago to learn the animating spirit of those minds which furnished the world with their creations. Yet the volumes of history, the rare old carvings and the masterpieces over which the student lingers, though powerful in relating stories of the past, rival not nature in whose every object dwells a tale, be it sad or joyful. The thriving city, the rural village, the stately ship riding over the waves, tell of man's progress; yet the very driftwood on time's shores gives a history deeper, grander—the history of hearts and souls.

Let us walk along the white glistening sands, and watch the waves as they ripple caressingly, bearing messages to the smiling land from the ocean. Near by stands a fisherman's humble cot, and at the door sits the housewife mending the nets; on the beach play the happy children, their little pink feet moving here and there mid the tangled seaweed, playing, as it were, with the lapping waves. Now and then, a seagull wings its rapid flight above our heads, and pauses not till it reaches the light-house far out at sea. Gliding over the glassy waves are numberless white sails; gaily ride the ships, as if sure of being welcomed on another shore, thinking not of ships that left the same sunlit harbor never more to return, and whose last farewells are echoed by every wave that caresses the sands.

Strewn along the beach are pieces of driftwood, kissed by the waves. We will take up this bit of carved wood: to the unthinking, it says nothing; to the thoughtful mind, it is as a page of some old volume, in which is inscribed a life's story. It portrays a parting, with all its bitterness; in fancy, it carries the mind far off upon stormy seas; it tells of a shipwreck, of waiting hearts, of hopes never realized.

But is it only the ocean that bears this driftwood, these wrecks? Is it only the seashore that receives them? No, they are found in every part of the world—wrecks far sadder than those of lost ships—the wrecks of human hearts, of human souls. Though short may be our stay in life, there is a mission for each one, a certain sphere in which each should work out the great end of being; but how few think of this: men carelessly throw themselves into life's depths, and are overwhelmed and wrecked.

Nature has implanted in the soul of man an undying love for all that is good and noble, and his will is free. Yet, here is the rock which has caused so many souls to lie as driftwood on time's shores. Day after day, hour after hour, sits the gambler, fast dealing out the cards to his opponent; but faster still does he deal out that which should nourish his family in their desolate home; faster, too, does he send his soul to dire destruction; his aged parents, their white heads bowed with sorrow, find respite from disgrace in the grave. Let us enter the busy streets where we hope to meet sunlight and pleasure; are there no wrecked lives to be found there? Scarcely have we taken a step when our eyes fall on one of those unfortunate beings, who for years has been the object of laughter to foes, and of shame and disgrace to friends and relatives. He has wrecked his life by quenching his thirst from the poisonous cup; he has found that

"In the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,  
Fell adders' hiss, and poisonous serpents roll."

Far out in the ocean of life stand the rocks of pride and ambition, which have wrecked the lives of kings and the lives of nations. The Roman emperors of old thought little of seeing flow through the streets of their cities, channels of Christian blood, so long as their passions were gratified and the gods were pleased. Napoleon was carried on the waves of success, but drifted a wreck to the shores of St. Helena.

Yes, wrecks are everywhere; but saddest of all are those we do not see. In many a mother's heart are there wrecked hopes that tell of a daughter's indifference. Happily, from such wrecks spring sweet flowers of prayer and trust in God, that hide the sad history from earthly eyes.

Let us but learn the divine meanings of all things around us, and even what to our minds seems evil will serve to raise our thoughts to Heaven. God's sunlight kisses the storm-beaten wrecks on the shore, just as His love brightens the hearts that have suffered; and each wreck is fraught with a lesson to men's souls, and shows the way to the harbor of eternity.

LETICIA MEEHAN (*Class '89*).

"GOOD Fortune is a fickle maiden,  
Always anxious to be gone;  
She strokes the curls upon your forehead,  
Gives a light kiss and flutters on.

"Misfortune, though, is in no hurry;  
She clasps you fondly to her breast;  
She comes to stay, and brings her knitting,  
Sits by your bed for a long rest."

—Heine.