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At the Gate of the Year.

BY J. W. S. NORRIS.

Here, at the gate of the year,
Singing our joyous refrain,
Pause e'er we enter, nor fear
Futurity's sorrow and pain.

How have we tarried along
Culling the flowers as we passed;
Hushed is the sound of the song,
A garland and grave at the last.

Here, at the gate of the year
Folly lies dead, and the bloom,
Dewy and white on his bier,
Tells us fair earth is a tomb.

Yet, thro' the gate of the year
Invitingly bright looks the way;
Joy in the pure atmosphere
Gladdens our senses of clay.

Dreamer and doer and seer,
Mocker and masker and all;
Enter the gate of the year
Free, or in slavery's thrall!

The lowly is monarch, and may
Dream of his empire and throne;
The caitiff is king of a day,
The pearl of the year is his own.

The maid with a sigh in her heart,
The youth with a flame in his breast
May enter, and sorrows depart
While each welcomes Love as a guest.

Oh, beautiful gate of the year!
Thy vista is blooming and bright;
For God and His angels are here,
And He is the Way and the Light!

—Michigan Catholic.

The Hero of '92.

BY FREDERIC E. NEEF.

"The world knew little of the nearing day
When one would come to drive those clouds away
Which, like a veil, hung o'er all nations' eyes,
And hid from view a blooming paradise
Beyond the wide Atlantic."

Six hundred years before the Birth of Christ a party of Phœnicians circumnavigated Africa. A century later the Carthaginians were known to have made frequent voyages to the Balearic Isles, Brittany and Spain; but with the downfall of these maritime nations all desire of navigating unknown seas seemed to have passed away.

The tablet of history had received the impress of fourteen centuries of the Christian era, and the greatest of all voyages remained yet to be made. Europe lay in a state of military exhaustion; France and England were at war; Castile and Aragon battled with the Moors; the empire of the Greeks was tottering and falling; the Turks had beaten Constantinople into the dust.

The dawn of the fifteenth century revealed a bright star in the horizon of future attainments. In Genoa, on the shore of the Mediterranean, there was born in the cottage of the Colombos one whom Providence destined to open the way to lands unknown to civilized Europe. I speak of Cristoforo Colombo, or, as we call him, Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America.*

* It is to the credit of the University of Notre Dame that, while little has been done to honor this illustrious man by America, it has made us prouder than ever of our *Alma Mater* by having the great artist Gregori paint the finest series of mural pictures in this country in his honor

Who would have thought that in future years that sleeping babe would become the greatest of Italy's navigators? Yet long before that child knew the sorrows of manhood, watchful parents saw in him the qualities which foreshadowed his greatness—lofty ambition, untiring energy.

Columbus was keenly sensible to injury; but the impetuosity of his temper was modified by the generosity of his heart. His piety was sincere; it shone ever as a bright diamond from the crown of his virtues. He was a lover of the beauties of nature; in giving accounts of his voyages he often departs from the precise statements of a navigator to indulge in the picturesque expressions of a poet.

Whether circumstances controlled the actions of Columbus, or whether his actions controlled the circumstances is a question well worthy of consideration. If we take into account the numerous incidents favorable to his cause and compare them with those that lay as barriers in his way, we must infer that, to a great extent, circumstances actuated him to undertake his voyage over the stormy Atlantic.

At the age of ten Christopher was sent to the University of Pavia where he studied books on cosmography, history and other sciences. Having grasped a considerable amount of knowledge connected with maritime pursuits, he made his first voyage with his grand-uncle, Colombo. His record for twenty succeeding years is involved in obscurity; but we have strong reasons to believe that the greater portion of this time was spent by him in all kinds of naval undertakings, especially in voyages of exploration and commerce and in military expeditions.

In 1470, one of the ships on which he was sailing took fire while in an engagement with four Venetian galleys off Cape Vincent; Columbus saved himself by swimming two leagues with the assistance of a spar. He then made his way to Lisbon, where his brother Bartholomeo lived as a designer of charts. During his fourteen years' stay in Portugal, he made occasional voyages to the Canary, Madeira and Azore Islands, also to the Portuguese settlements of Africa.

He married Felipa Mõnis de Palestrello, the daughter of a distinguished Italian seaman who was in the service of Prince Henry. After the death of his father-in-law he received the papers and journals which that navigator left behind. This valuable legacy furnished fresh food for the brooding genius of Columbus. Having made a thorough study of all the geographical maps of his time, and conceiving the earth to be a sphere, he concluded that by sailing directly

westward one could reach the eastern shores of Asia. A number of incidents helped to impress this theory more and more deeply on his mind. Plants that were said to grow only in India floated to the Azore Islands from the West; pieces of curiously carved wood had been found drifting from the same direction, and, above all, a boat, driven by westerly winds, had been seen carrying the dead bodies of two men who were much unlike Europeans in appearance.

In order to carry out his designs it was necessary that he should obtain the co-operation of some princely power. Having applied twice to his native state, Genoa, and then to Portugal, Venice and France, he at last asked and received aid from the court of Spain.

Three long months had been spent in preparing for the voyage. On Friday morn, on the third of August, 1492, there was a general gathering of people. All Palos was astir. The day and the hour of the setting sail for the distant Ophir had arrived. Columbus and his crew, having received the sacraments at the monastery of La Rabida, marched in procession to the harbor where three stately ships, the *Santa Maria*, *Nina* and *Pinta*, awaited their coming. Here Father Perez gave them his last blessing. When the scene of parting was over, one hundred and twenty men, with Columbus at their head, boarded the vessels. The canvas spread to the wind and the ships moved slowly from the shore. Men, women and children watched with tearful eyes those snowy sails as they became smaller and smaller until they were lost in the distance; and then they turned away, and went to their homes with saddened hearts.

Side by side the three ships ploughed through the waves of the boundless ocean, until the black shores of Spain could no more be seen in the horizon, and no sound could be heard save the splashing of waters. Thirty-five setting suns had pictured the evening beauty of the Atlantic, and the most distant island known to Europeans was left far, far behind. Even the most hardy began to fear. None ever had ventured so far out on the black deep. The needle of the compass varied; the sky revealed strange constellations; a meteor had fallen within a short distance of the *Santa Maria*. The sailors looked upon these things as warnings from Heaven, and they begged Columbus to go back and tempt Providence no longer. But the Admiral's words were sufficient to dispel their apprehensions, and, appeased, they returned to their posts.

Days passed, and undisturbed they sailed. The September air, for a time, had been so

mild that, as Columbus said, "It wanted but the song of nightingales to make it like the month of April in Andalusia." But the hour had come when the pleasantness of the atmosphere was changed into an oppressive sultriness, and the terrible voice of thunder announced the coming of a fearful storm. The heavens were suddenly darkened by a black mass of rolling clouds amid which the silvery lightning danced; the winds blew fiercely and the waves rose high. Mercilessly the ships were tossed from billow to billow. Every hand was at work, every man was battling for existence. In the *Santa Maria* Columbus might have been seen exhorting a mutinous crew to trust in the Providence of God.

Still raged the furious tempest. Now would the lightning flash in fearful splendor; anon the thunder crashed until the universe seemed to groan, and the echo of that godly voice would reverberate seven times from the hollow heavens; then the steaming billows rose like Alps; then, falling again, they broke asunder and dashed the spray on the decks of the rocking vessels. But suddenly the winds and waves calmed; the mists cleared away; the sun's bright light broke through the clouds, and the elements were again appeased.

Twice the moon passed through all her phases, and still the adventurers were voyaging, guided by Columbus, they knew not where. Their weak hearts seemed to reproach them with the idea of attempting to explore mysterious nature. They feared the wrath of the Almighty Ruler, into whose domains they were intruding. Well might they say to one another: "We are lost—we are lost in the endlessness of creation;" for above they saw naught but the boundless dome of blue, below them the unfathomable deep.

"Columbus is leading us to destruction!" cried one disloyal tongue, and in an instant that cry kindled the fire of mutiny which had so long slept in the bosoms of those unmanly sailors. With drawn swords they rushed into the cabin where their Admiral was studying a chart, and commanded him to turn his course back towards Spain, threatening to throw him overboard if he refused.

What must have been the feelings of that great man in this moment of peril! What words must have flown from his soul to force those glittering swords back into their scabbards, and to make those stubborn hearts submit to his will! Unfortunately, no biographer was there to copy that impressive address, and for future generations it will remain a subject of discussion among poets and writers.

On this occasion Columbus was obliged to make a weighty promise. He was to be allowed three days more to sail onward; but if on the third day no land could be seen his noble flesh was to become the food of the monsters of the sea. The first day passed; the second came. Two incidents occurred to elevate his hopes. In the morning a piece of rudely carved wood was picked up by a sailor of the *Pinta*; and in the afternoon a branch of thorn with fresh red berries was found by the *Nina*. Night came on. Columbus cared not for rest; but silently he sat on the deck looking ever westward.

Heavy indeed was his heart with sorrows for the future. And while he was picturing the scenes of sad to-morrow in the darkness of the night, he was suddenly startled at seeing a light in the distance. He called to one of the sailors, but *he* could not see any light. Four hours later, at two o'clock the next day, Friday, October 12, the *Pinta* fired a gun, the signal for land. "Land! Land!" resounded from every mast-top. The magic of that cry roused the sleepers from their dreams, and in a moment every man was on the deck looking westward to catch a glimpse of the dim picture of a strange land.

"Long on the deep the mists of morning lay;
There rose, revealing as they rolled away,
Half-circling hills whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods."

Columbus beheld the newly discovered land and rejoiced. The adventurers, too, saw it and, regretting their former discontent, they fell on their knees before their Admiral to ask his forgiveness. But he bade them arise, saying: "Ask ye pardon, not of me, but of God who has guided us hither!"

As the sun arose, the Admiral with the royal standard of Castile, and the brothers Pinzon bearing each a flag on which was embroidered a green cross, rowed to the shore with music and martial pomp. When they stepped on the beach they knelt down to kiss the earth which they had sought so long. And then arising, Columbus took possession of the island in the name of the crown of Castile, and called it "San Salvador." Then the cross was planted amid the Æolian strains of the *Te Deum*; while the natives watched with timid gaze those mariners whom they believed to be messengers from heaven.

The greatest of all discoveries had been made. What had been so long conjectured was now proven. All men were to be convinced of the sphericity of the earth; the erroneous theories connected with the sea were to mislead the scientist no longer. A great avenue to commerce

was opened, and marine power was transferred from Italy to Spain.

With the great genius who has accomplished all this, let us hasten across the sea to bring the joyful tidings to the people of Castile and Granada. Let us pass over the obstacles which delayed the Admiral's return; let us forget his anxieties and his dread apprehensions; but let us follow him as he enters the harbor of Palos amid the glad cries of a nation that had so long bewailed his departure. Yes, truly, that was a joyous period in the life of Columbus. But, alas! that on that tide of glory should follow a season of tribulations. The poet says:

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny."

This proved to be only too true with Columbus. Scarcely had he trodden those cis-atlantic shores a second time when the charges of slanderers made necessary his return. His arrival in the Spanish court dispelled the clouds of calumny; but they were scattered only to collect again and to cast even a darker shadow over the splendor of his name.

Columbus now made his third voyage to the New World. Though far away from civilized society he fell a victim to the intrigues of the jealous. The sixteenth century dawned on a sad scene in his history. Slanderers had again injured his reputation at the Spanish court, and he was brought to Europe the prisoner of his enemies, and he who had given to Spain a world received from her naught but a chain. Ingratitude, ingratitude! How sharper than the viper's sting is man's ingratitude! Though Columbus was released, through the kind intercession of Isabella, nevertheless ever after he kept these chains as a memorial of the ungratefulness of men.

In 1502 Columbus made his last voyage to the New World, and on his return he found the Queen of Castile, his ever true protectress, lying on her death-bed. When she had passed away, all the fruits of his labors were turned into bitterness by the neglect of a sovereign, by the forgetfulness of a people. And thus, on May 20, 1506, he died, poor and unhonored in a little inn at Valladolid.

Sad, indeed, was the scene of his parting. By his bedside were kneeling his two sons, and a Franciscan priest who was giving him the last absolution. As soon as he had received the rites of religion he took the hands of his sons into his own and spoke to them words of fatherly affection. When he felt that his last moment was approaching, he clasped the crucifix to his breast, exclaiming: "Into thy hands, O Lord,

I commend my spirit!" then, looking once more upon the chains that hung above him, he closed his eyes forever.

Thus, O sage of Genoa, hast thou passed from the presence of the living to the habitation of the dead! No more shall sorrow press her thorns into thy heart; no more shall the haughty claim the garlands which are thine. Hadst thou known the true greatness of thy discovery what visions of glory would have stolen upon thee! Yea, thou art now dead, but the voice that cries from thy tomb shall never be silent; from eternity to eternity it shall echo thy praise.

The Shepherd and the Scullion.

BY P. S.

One bright morning in May, towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, a poor shepherd boy named Peter drove his flocks to the pasture fields for the last time. Although only entering upon his twelfth year, this boy's mind had for several days been employed in planning great things. Having reached the pasture, he knelt down and devoutly recited his *Ave Maria*, recommending himself to the care of the Mother of God, the "Help of Christians"; then casting a glance over the herds that were entrusted to his care, and turning from them to his faithful watch-dog, he wiped the tears from his eyes, commanded the dog to watch the herd, which now he committed to the care of another poor boy, and set out on his long and painful journey. The direction taken by the lad was the road to Florence, the capital of Tuscany, in Italy; for in that place, about a year before, a playmate and faithful friend of his had obtained a situation as scullion in the great palace of Cardinal Sachiti.

Peter, the shepherd, and his friend Thomas, the scullion, were both natives of Cortona, and although the latter had now greatly the advantage, his friend aimed at higher things. Having heard one day of the fame of the Academy of Painters in Florence, Peter from that moment entertained such an unconquerable desire of becoming a painter that he could never banish the thought from his mind.

After many hardships, Peter succeeded in reaching Florence. For a long time he wandered up and down the streets of the great city, until at length he stood before the palace of the benevolent Cardinal. A tempting odor greeted the boy as he passed the kitchen; but, hungry as he was, he deemed it more prudent not to

enter until the noonday repast was ended, when he would probably have a better opportunity of seeing his friend, the scullion. Long did he wait—so long that he had well nigh lost all patience; but at last Thomas appeared.

"For Heaven's sake! Are you Peter, or are you not?" exclaimed the scullion as he saw one so much resembling the friend whom he supposed miles away in Cortona.

"In truth, I am Peter," replied the open-hearted youth. "You must indeed fare well here, Thomas, your countenance is so cheerful and ruddy. You surely are well fed!"

"That is true," rejoined Thomas; "the Cardinal is so kind-hearted that he would not allow any of his servants to want for anything. But what is the object of your coming to Florence?"

"I wish to become a painter," responded the shepherd boy.

"You—a painter!—a painter!" asked Thomas, amazed at the singular idea of his friend; "far better were it for you to look about for a situation like mine; at any rate, as a scullion you would never run the risk of starving," he added, in a tone of expostulation.

"Do you always get enough to eat?" inquired Peter.

"To be sure, I do, and even more than I can eat," said Thomas.

"That being the case, I think I can find means to satisfy my hunger; now, if you divide your dinner with me, I think both of us will have enough," said Peter.

"An excellent idea! You must surely have been inspired with the thought," said Thomas, exultingly; "with all my heart and in all brotherly love will I give you enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger."

"Many thanks to you, Thomas!" cried Peter, joyfully. "Truly, the Madonna and St. Peter, my patron and guardian, have looked down upon me compassionately. And as I have tasted neither food nor drink to-day, we will be able to begin our plan this very evening."

"Be it so! come right away with me," said the scullion, cordially and benevolently.

Without any more ado, he led his friend to the top of the palace, where they entered one of the mansard rooms in which Thomas had his quarters; here was also a fine large bed. Said he: "Peter, look here! the half of this bed shall be yours. Sit down now and rest yourself while I get you something to eat."

Thomas soon returned with the remnants of a recent banquet. Peter raised his eyes towards heaven, thanking God, the benefactor and helper of the poor. He forgot all his former toils and

hardships as he partook of the food before him. Thomas stood by and watched the gratification of his friend with undissembled joy. "I am lord and master of all this," he said, encouragingly; "of what is left I am at full liberty to dispose as I think fit. These remnants are distributed among the poor. As you are a member of the fraternity, why should you not also have a share of them?"

"If I only had work!" said Peter, emptying the last bowl, "I should like to copy a painting of some saint!"

"But," interrupted Thomas suddenly, "have you any money to buy paper, paint, and other necessities?"

"Money!—Not one cent! As I turned my steps towards this place I thought that you, being scullion to so large a palace as this, must have lots of money, and that you surely would not let a friend and country-man of yours go without some," responded Peter.

Thomas smiled. "As regards food, I can supply you abundantly; but as for money, I am as poor as you are now; my apprenticeship is not yet near its end; I have three long years yet to serve, and after that I will receive wages."

This was not just as Peter had wished it; still it was his firm resolution to become a painter, and the words of his friend did not in the least discourage him in the purpose on which he had set his mind.

"The Madonna will surely help me, as she never forsakes one who has a good work for his object. Under her protection I have placed my hopes," said he. In fact, the very next morning he found the first means of commencing the great object he had in view. The walls of the room given him by Thomas were white as snow; he managed to collect a great many pieces of charcoal. Thomas helped him also. Work was now begun. The walls were ornamented with what Thomas styled "scribbling"; but, as sole critic, he always lavished praise on Peter and encouraged him.

Thomas being one day presented with some money, he immediately gave it to Peter, and thus the first paper, paint and brush were obtained. Peter nearly became ecstatic over it. When morning dawned, Peter rose, said his prayers devoutly, went from place to place, and from church to church, wherever any paintings were to be seen, and after spending the whole day in this manner, and nearly starved at night, he turned his steps homeward, partook of his rations, said his prayers devoutly, and retired. This routine continued for a period of about two years, during which Peter found excellent

opportunities of progressing in his art. During the two years he had filled all the walls of his room with paintings, each one surpassing the other, till at length his host never cared to eat even the most delicate victuals with him, but was busy in admiring his guest's paintings. As he had filled the walls only with charcoal sketches, Peter easily obliterated his first attempts, and thus had again the blank walls for further progress. He now undertook real, genuine paintings.

But affairs soon took a new and unexpected turn. The Cardinal proposed a change in the construction of his palace. For this purpose he and the architect went through the building, even to the garret. They examined one room after the other until the Cardinal came to his scullion's room. On entering, he and the architect were amazed at sight of the numerous and gorgeous paintings with which the ceiling and walls were decorated. The Cardinal knew not how it was, as he had never visited this part of his residence before. He called for the scullion, whom he now judged to be a superior person on account of the progress and diligence displayed in the mural paintings.

Thomas feared that he was to give an account of these "scribblings," as he still called his friend's pictures, and the summons frightened him not a little. Tremblingly he entered the Cardinal's apartment, but almost lost all presence of mind when his master said: "Thomas, I can no longer keep you in my service as a scullion."

The poor boy, not understanding what the words implied, and thinking himself and his friend deprived of all, cast himself at the Cardinal's feet, saying: "Alas! your Eminence, what will become of poor Peter if I be discharged?" The Cardinal was amazed as much, if not more, at the words of Thomas as the latter was terrified by those of the Cardinal. And then Sachiti discovered that it was not his scullion, but the scullion's friend, who had been living in his palace for the past few years, who had produced these great works. The Cardinal laughed heartily, and forgave his generous servant; he ordered him to send the *mastro* to his cabinet as soon as he should come again to the palace. But when evening came, Peter, although during the whole term of his residence there was never known to have missed a single night, did not appear.

One day after another passed; a week, two weeks passed by, before Peter appeared again. The Cardinal had sent trusty messengers all over Florence, whose duty it was to search in

every place and corner of the city for Peter, but he was nowhere to be found. Where could he have been tarrying all this while? The Cardinal at last received information of Peter as being with the monks in a monastery, several hours' distance from Florence, who had given him permission to copy one of the paintings of the world-renowned Raphael in their chapel. The Cardinal had him forthwith brought to his residence, where he received him kindly, and then placed him under an excellent teacher in Rome.

Peter, in thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin, who had ever been his guide in all his prosperity, trials and hardships, now, having risen to the rank of *mastro*, set about the work of decorating the "Casa di Loreto" by his widely renowned "Birth of Christ."

Fifty years later there lived two aged men together in one of the grandest palatial residences in Florence. The one enjoyed the reputation of being "the greatest of painters," the other, "the truest of friends." The two grey-heads were Pietro da Cortona, or as he styled it, Berettini, and Thomas, the scullion. Pietro was born in 1596; he was a painter and an architect; he studied under Andrea Comodi and Baccio Ciappi, in Rome. Pope Alexander VII raised him to the order of "Knight of the Golden Spur," in recognition of the decoration of the Colonnade in the Church *Della Pace*. In 1669 he died and was buried in the Church of St. Luke, in Rome. The altar of this church was decorated by him in honor of St. Martina. The true merit of this altar consists in the beautiful alternating colors, which neither before nor since have been surpassed.

Science, Literature and Art.

—Thirty German sculptors are working on thirty new monuments to Emperor William I.

—The President of the French Republic is a literary man, and has translated into French "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet" and "A Winter's Tale."

—The ex-Emperor of Brazil is a member of the Paris Academy of Sciences under the name of Dom Pedro de Alcantara. He had been in the habit of sending reports to the Academy from his observatory at Rio Janeiro. He has many friends among European scientists.

—It is said in Washington that Secretary Blaine spends an hour or two every day on literary work. He is engaged upon some histor-

ical treatise, the subject of which is not known. Mr. Blaine has been much pleased at the success of his book, "Twenty Years of Congress," and seeks for further literary laurels.

—An important work will shortly be issued anonymously by the Lippincotts which is destined to excite wide-spread interest in political circles and perhaps cause as much discussion regarding its authorship as the celebrated letters of Junius. It is entitled "Justice and Jurisprudence," "an inquiry concerning the constitutional limitations of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments."

—A recent poem by John G. Whittier is in striking contrast to Tennyson's "Locksley Hall Fifty Years After." The English Laureate sounded a pessimistic note and seemed to intimate that life was useless and the world in a hopeless state. The cheery New Englander, on the other hand, has grown mellow with age and taken an optimistic view of existence. "Whatever perished with my ships I only know the best remains," he sings. Surely the world is better for such words.—*Catholic News*.

—It is reported that a most interesting find was made the other day in St. Peter's Church at Rome. Some workmen were repairing the flooring under Michael Angelo's great picture of "Moses Parting the Waters of the Red Sea," and in the course of their labors they discovered an extremely ancient and perfect Mosaic pavement many feet below the present floor. Archæologists and literary men, as well as artists, are wildly excited over the unexpected remnant of the ancient temple of Jupiter, on the ruins of which St. Peter's Church was built.

—The famous Strauss Orchestra of Vienna will come to this country sometime during May. This orchestra has been under the direction of the Strauss family of waltz and light opera composers for many years, it having been brought into being by Joseph Strauss, and successively led by his three sons, Joseph, Johann and Edward; for more than thirty years. Its present leader, Edward, has been in charge of the orchestra for fifteen years, and by him the orchestra will be conducted in America. To hear the Strauss music, as interpreted by its authors, will, without doubt, give to it a hitherto undeveloped charm.

—The Barye exhibition at the American Art Galleries, New York, which has been viewed by at least one hundred thousand persons, will close next Wednesday. It is said that in March, when the six months' bond with the Government will expire, the *Angelus* will probably be taken to England for exhibition. It will then be brought back to New York and kept there. The American Art Association has purchased a plot of ground on 42d street, between Broadway and Sixth avenue, and upon this they intend to build a handsome art gallery in which the *Angelus* will be hung. The new galleries will be named the *Angelus*.

College Gossip.

—Cambridge University of England has three eight-oared crews in practice. The intention is to keep them at their work and choose later on the best men for the final selection for the crew to meet Oxford University in the spring.

—A small Californian was reciting the table of liquid measures the other day in an Oakland school, and this is what he said: "Two pints make ah qua-art, fo-ur qua-arts makes ah gallon, sixty-five gal-lons makes ah—ma-akes ah—ah—makes a hedgehog."

—Students of English, as well as students of architecture and building, will be interested in a recommendation recently made by the Secretary of the American institute of Architects to the editors of Webster's Dictionary regarding the technical use of the words "supervise" and "superintend," in architecture. He calls attention to the fact that "in their specifications, contracts, and other documents, the architectural profession is accustomed to make a distinction between the words 'supervise' and 'superintend.' They use the former word to express the general and intermittent oversight given by an architect with special reference to masses and main features in the manual execution, in brick, stone, wood, or what not, of the various designs which have first been created from his brain, on the drawing board and in the specification; and they use the word 'superintend' to express the constant and close attention to detail given, when called for under the contract, by some subordinate to each structure erected from such designs." He suggests that this fact should be noted in future editions of the dictionary.—*Sun*.

—The famous old estate at South Yonkers, near New York city, known as Valentine Hill, has been purchased by Archbishop Corrigan as a site for a seminary. The estate includes sixty acres, and was sold for \$70,500. It has been in the hands of the Valentine family since 1687, when the ancestor of the Valentines in this country took possession of it under a leasehold. It was purchased outright by Thomas Valentine, great-grandfather of the present occupant, after the Revolution. The old homestead contains materials that were used in the original house built in 1687. The Hill was an important place during the Revolution, and was held much of the time by one or the other of the contending forces. Washington had his headquarters there for some time, and the British commander followed him there after the battle of White Plains and remained for some time. Ground for the seminary buildings will be broken in a short time. The main building, which will be erected first, will be of stone, 600 feet long by 200 deep, with accommodations for 1000 students. It will stand upon the plateau, 329 feet above tidewater, with an outlook in all directions, over the Hudson on the west and across the sound to Long Island on the east.

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—We are all glad to hear that our Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne who was dangerously ill with pneumonia at the beginning of the week is rapidly recovering. This joyful news is a happy response to the many fervent prayers that have been and are offered up that Bishop Dwenger may enjoy many more years of health and strength to continue, in his exalted sphere, the noble work of advancing the cause of religion and education.

—The *Catholic Review* of this week presents a timely plea for "three most important factors in modern education—the gymnasium, the reading-room and the library." It says that, as a general thing, these three are neglected in our Catholic colleges, "the first two oftenest." The *Review* continues:

"The more we study the conditions of the time, the more are we convinced of the necessity of thoroughly equipped gymnasiums, reading-rooms and libraries, whose position in the colleges shall be as strong, useful and well-defined as any professorship. The Protestant and secular institutions of Europe and America have already admitted and provided for this idea in part, but our Catholic institutions, with very few exceptions, continue in the same humdrum fashion of teaching as little as they possibly can outside of text-books."

Whether or no this statement be exact in regard to the condition of Catholic colleges, it certainly does not apply to Notre Dame. Here, besides two large libraries and two gymnasiums, each of the "Halls" of the University has its reading-room, well supplied with Catholic and secular papers and magazines of the day. The principle which has ever actuated the authorities of the Institution, as has been often noted in these columns, has been to provide the best means for assuring a thorough education—mental, moral and physical—to those entrusted to their care. And we cordially invite the Editor of the *Review* to visit our *Alma Mater* and judge

for himself how well this has been done. The *Review* says, further:

"We repeat here, and we shall repeat it as often as necessary, that the American boy of 1890 is trained under a system which was really intended for the French boy of 1750. This system possesses in peace our convents, academies, colleges and seminaries, nor is there any indication that there will be a change for the better within the next twenty-five years."

If there is one thing more than another that has characterized Notre Dame, and contributed greatly to its development and success, it is its Americanism. Although by birth and education a Frenchman, the venerable Founder, Very Rev. Father Sorin, from his first advent to our shores, has been distinctively American in the best sense of the word. An American by adoption, he is one in mind and heart, having from the beginning manifested his love for the American character and American institutions. Father Sorin not only gave his best affections to his adopted country, but instilled the same into the hearts of his associates. Hence we may say that Notre Dame never was a foreign institution, but one in which every American felt himself at home.

Self-Control.

One cause of much that is detrimental to man's natural happiness here below is a bad temper; hence it becomes a matter of necessity to keep it in subjection and never let it get the mastery over us. Reason should, by all means, govern, so that we may never be drawn away and made to appear anything but what we should be, by any impulse of passion.

We sometimes, strange to say, hear persons declare that they have a very bad temper; that it is easily aroused, and when aroused, there is nothing they are not liable to do. All this might be termed silliness, did we not know that those very same persons are the first to blame or censure such a defect in others; that were they to hear others talk in this way they would simply laugh at their folly, and tell them in plain terms that he who is not able to govern himself cannot be considered to take any pains to eradicate his faults or defects. Hence this goes to show very well that were a person to judge himself as he is accustomed to judge others, there would not be half the dissensions or troubles that now exist between men. What one man blames in another, he excuses in himself; and so he considers unpardonable in another what is simply the result of nature in himself. This surely cannot be good reasoning. If a man pardons a fault in himself, he

must surely pardon that same thing in his neighbor; nature is the same in both cases.

It must be admitted, however, that a greater effort must be made by some than by others, in order to overcome their nature. Many, it is true, are born with a violent temper, and it requires no little care, no little suppression on the part of the person that is affected in order to bring it under subjection, and not let it carry him wherever it may please. Still the acquiring of self-control is possible, and not only possible, but quite easy if the right means be used.

We read that the amiable St. Francis de Sales was one of those who in youth suffered much from a quickness of temper; but we are told also that as soon as he was capable of detecting this defect he spared no pains for its eradication. And his success was complete; for he not only overcame it in a pre-eminent degree, but was distinguished as a man of extraordinary meekness and amiability. Thus it is that it becomes a shame to hear a man of good sense and reason excuse himself in a very peculiar kind of way for his liability to go off into sudden fits and bursts of anger, without any reason whatever perhaps, and all this, to be sure, because he is hot-tempered! Now it may be justly said that a bad temper is a sure sign of an uncultivated mind—a mind that was not bent or rectified when young; a mind, too, that was, perhaps, flattered by vanity and never kept in any way under control to its higher powers; the lower or the more animal powers always keeping to themselves the control. And the results are those outbursts of passion that in no way honor the person subject to them.

It may, however, be said that when one who happens to be born with an uncommonly bad temper arrives at man's estate, it is very hard for him to cure himself of such a temper, if he has not constantly made efforts and, to a certain extent, subdued it in his early days. It is more easy to bend the twig than to bend the tree; and if the mind is not formed when young, it becomes a very hard and difficult task to form it when old. The mind, then, in order to be freed from the influence of the evil passions of our nature, must be cultivated. This is in fact the only means to insure the promotion of peace, happiness and contentment. An uncultivated mind is something that cannot be very well analyzed—something stubborn, inflexible and, to say the least, anything but becoming in man; for, being destined to live in society, in the enjoyment of social life, it becomes by all means a necessity for a man to form a part of that society, and this cannot be done if he is not what he

ought to be—a social and a cultivated being.

It is indeed something remarkable that ill-temper, or rather ill-governed temper, runs in families, and its effects are found in them. The child inherits it from his parents; it has its evil effects upon him; the children of this child receive it also as their portion, and so on until the most sad results often follow—results which invariably afflict the family for generations. Now the better to avoid such sad results, recourse should be had to the instilling of virtue in the mind of the young, as in this way the ill-governed temper which so often shows itself in men may be easily conquered, and in place of exhibiting to the world a mind tarnished by uncontrollable passions, they will, on the contrary, be models of meekness—a quality so much admired and respected in all.

It is also of importance to be able, sometimes at least, to distinguish by certain marks those of a well regulated interior from those that are not. There are some who need but look at a man to know what he is; that distinguishing quality is immediately apparent to them. But this is not the case with all. A man who is humble has a perfect mastery over himself, and in order to find this out, various means may be employed. All know that it is very easy to wound pride, but a proud man cannot be humble; therefore, where pride is found humility is not, and *vice versa*. The greatest accomplishment of man, then, is to be able to govern himself, and he who is deficient in this respect can never hope to attain to any position of respect and authority among his fellow-men.

C.

Affectation.

It is never lawful for anyone to pretend to be what he is not. God has given to all their own peculiar qualifications, which they can never lay aside to assume those which are not truly their own, without acting contrary to the order of things, and being guilty, at least, of some imperfection. Affectation is anything but manly, becoming, or elevating in its nature. What good, we might ask, does anyone derive from pretending to be what he is not? A man may affect, may assume, may put on an air of something which is as far from him as one pole is from another; and all this only goes to show a want of the beauty natural, so to speak, to what is genuine and real. What pleasure or what good can be derived from looking upon an artificial man—a man who has thrown aside or concealed the reality, and assumed a false appearance?

It is a principle, admitted by all, that whatever is not obtained by fair means brings no good either to the obtainer or to the society of which he forms a part.

There is not, nor can there be, any excuse for a man's striving to pass himself off for the opposite of what he is; for, were he to succeed, he could be called nothing else than a deceiver and a hypocrite,—a discredit to humanity and a shame to himself.

Affectation may be said to have its origin in vanity—a source from which arise many defects detrimental to mankind—

“Sin with vanity hath filled the works of men.”

Vanity is indeed closely allied to sin; they are seldom found separated in a certain class of individuals, who seem to have been created for no other purpose than to admire and contemplate their own fancied greatness, their own attainments and personal accomplishments,—a class of persons who are so inflated by the grand idea which they have of themselves that had they not some generous friend to tell them, “once in a while,” what they are, they would, in all probability, put themselves upon the altar of ostentation to be perpetually admired and honored by their own personal selves and encouraged by others whom they falsely imagine to be worshippers at their shrine.

Narrow-mindedness is another source which gives rise to affectation. People afflicted with this disease can see no farther than their nose; they are idealists, in a certain sense; there is no objectivity for them; there is no reality beyond their own minds; their ideals are themselves; they alone are perfect; they alone correspond to that notion which is in them of their own intellectual creations.

Again, those who assume an affected air are, invariably, not on good terms with their neighbors, from the fact that the latter easily see that they are imposed upon, and consequently their feelings become hurt; the little pride which may also be in them becomes wounded, and the result is anything but good fellowship. It seems to be natural to man to strive to hold his position in society, to keep that place for which he has been designed by Him who rules and governs all things; and when anyone infringes on this right,—when anyone endeavors to walk over him, as it were, by an assumed authority—something that can lay no claim to reality—then it is that opposition is shown, and the man with the assumed air gains for himself nothing but the contempt and hatred of him over whom he wished to pass—whom he wished to excel.

Affectation is exposed in a manner worthy

of itself by comparing it with its opposite. This can be done by simply taking a man in whom this defect is found and contrasting him with another who is altogether natural and genuine in his character. The one wins the esteem and confidence of his fellow-men; while the other breeds nothing in the breasts of his companions, or those with whom he may come in contact, save disdain, contempt and suspicion. That simplicity which so adorns the minds of men is altogether wanting in the one who is, as it were, in disguise, wearing a double character, and is anything but what he pretends to be; while in the other, the opposite ennobling qualities constitute his character, and render him a man beyond reproach or suspicion. He is what is expected of him—a man, and not the appearance of one.

A character which is affected has been justly compared to a palace built of ice; in the distance, and especially when the sun's rays fall upon it, it appears to be something magnificent, and built of the most precious material—gold; but, alas! on coming in closer proximity to the structure and examining it closely, we see how much we were deceived! It had the appearance, it is true, of something good; but what is an appearance? It becomes now all the more worthless in our eyes; we consider it void of praise or merit, of any real or distinguishing feature. It is ice, and nothing more. And so it is with the man whose character is affected: its beauty vanishes before the noon-day sun; its glories fall to the ground; all that remains, all that constitutes that character which had so great an appearance, is affectation—a something which is not.

Man is, indeed, foolish to deceive himself; to mar the really fine qualities that he may possess, by any act of his own; to tarnish his reputation and character by something which is so silly, so ungrounded, and so opposed to real happiness and true enjoyment.

There ought to be in all a desire to act rightly; to feign or pretend nothing, but always to keep on the straight course that is open to those who, by manliness, uprightness and force of true character, are an honor to the society in which they move, a source of pleasure to their companions, and of peace and contentment to themselves. “Be wise in time that you may be wise in eternity,” should be ever before our minds; and if we have something to reproach ourselves with on this head, we should endeavor to repair it by every means within our reach, and live for the future as we ought.

B. C.

Exchanges.

—The *College Message* appears in holiday garb and with the usual amount of entertaining literature.

—*Moore's Hill Collegian* is a new exchange which, judging from the number before us, ought to have a wide circulation.

—Why does the *Northwestern* curtail our name? We think it a very pretty name, and feel relieved to see it appear in full.

—"Hunting in the Adirondacks" is the title of a well-written article in the current *Adelphian*. The present number also contains some creditable short stories.

—*Albert College Times* is a "young un" from Belleville, Ontario. The *Times* has plenty of time for improvement, and we hope soon to see it add a few more pages to its interesting contents.

—The Christmas number of the *Fordham Monthly* presents some very tastily artistic work together with its usual literary *bon mots*. "A Study in History" paints an eccentric people in a highly entertaining manner.

—There is a good article in the *Wabash* entitled "Premature Commencement Days." It sets forth the disadvantages of hasty graduation, though, in our opinion, it fails to appreciate the difference between European and American methods of education.

—The third number of the *Mount* comes to us surcharged with bright literary articles on all subjects. It is published at Mt. de Chantal, near Wheeling, and is sure to succeed. Christmas receives full attention in this number of the *Mount*, and an article on "A War-Time Christmas" is done in particularly good style.

—They are making things 'owl at Ottawa University. Athletic sports have so frenzied the student body that the exchange editor has actually taken to poetry. The latest number of the *Owl* is the Christmas edition, and is double the ordinary size. Ottawa boys take plenty of time to do things, and they do them well.

—*College and School*, the new publication that aims at looking after our higher schools and colleges, has been heartily welcomed by the press in general. Its object is, to a certain extent, unique, and its field of labor so extensive as to leave no room for sameness of matter. It is a bright little magazine with every prospect of success.

—The *University Quarterly*, from New York University, is a well-edited publication. In the November number of that paper, however, we read that "THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has two fine selections worthy of praise. They are 'The Ages of Faith' and 'Stray Leaves from a Vacation Diary.'" Both articles named above are *original*, not *selected*.

Personal.

—Mr. Philip Funcke, of Denver, Col., recently visited his three sons at the University.

—Mr. and Mrs. Packard, of Denver, Col., were among the recent visitors to the College.

—Christopher Burger, M. D., '71, has a large medical practice in Brooklyn, New York.

—Rev. J. B. McGrath, '80, is now the efficient assistant rector of St. Veronica's Church, West street, New York city.

—Mrs. J. Roper, of Alamosa, Col., paid a pleasant visit to the College during the week to see her son in the Junior department.

—A. L. Colyar, '82, is a prominent lawyer of Nashville, Tenn., and meeting with well-deserved success in the practice of his profession.

—Charles Berdell, '74, so favorably remembered by the old students as one of the bright stars of the St. Cecilia Society, is practising law in Denver, Col.

—Rev. John Adelsperger, C. S. C., of St. Isidore's College, New Orleans, La., was a recent visitor to Notre Dame and heartily greeted by many old friends.

—Rev. John R. Dinnen, '66, the popular and zealous Rector of St. Bernard's Church, Crawfordsville, Ind., was a welcome visitor to the College last Wednesday.

—Among the visitors to the College during the week were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Hoffman, Winamac, Ind.; N. Martin, Nashville, Tenn.; P. W. Gibbons, Minneapolis, Minn.; M. Henoch, LaPorte, Ind.; Mrs. H. Gilman and Mrs. C. Swan, Elkhart, Ind.

—Mr. John O'Neill, of Boston, Mass., traveling on business to Kansas and Missouri, called to see his brother Hugh O'Neill at Notre Dame on Saturday last. He was delighted with the College and surroundings. Mr. O'Neill will always be a welcome visitor.

—*The Daily Times* of Cleveland, Ohio, refers to Vernon H. Burke (Scientific and Law, 87,) as one of the most successful and promising young lawyers of that city. It comments most favorably upon his recent success in probably the most important criminal case tried in the county last year.

—We are glad to note that William T. Ball '77 is meeting with the full measure of success so generously promised by his ability and energy while a student at Notre Dame. He now conducts the largest cooperage business in Chicago, at Nos. 39 to 47 Illinois Street. In a recent election his popularity was attested in a most striking manner. Candidate for an important office, he was the only person elected on his ticket (the Republican) on the "North Side."

—Rev. Luke J. Evers, '79, is the able assistant rector of St. Catherine's Church, West 153d street, New York city. Father Evers is very enthusiastic about the success of "old Notre

Dame," and faithfully promises that he will bring a large delegation of Eastern friends to visit our college home next Commencement. He says that many of the old students in the East are anxious to form an Alumni branch in New York city, and those of the "old boys" who may think well of the idea ought to communicate with Father Evers and try to arrange for such an organization. An annual banquet in one of the principal cities of the East would be an excellent plan to bring them together, and renew the friendship of former days. We feel assured that some of the resident members of the Alumni would be willing to sacrifice themselves to the interests of the Eastern contingent and try to be in attendance. There are enough of old students of Notre Dame in the East to establish a flourishing branch, and we hope that the suggestion made by the New York boys will be carried into effect.

—During a recent visit to New York city, one of the members of the Faculty had the pleasure of spending a few days with Rev. John F. Fitzharris, '69, the esteemed rector of St. Veronica's Church. Father Fitzharris is at present engaged in the erection of a new church which promises to be one of the finest in the down-town portion of the city. So rapidly has this newly-created parish grown in membership that the assistance of three other priests has been found necessary to administer to its spiritual wants. Father John takes great interest in the steady progress and advancement of his *Alma Mater*, and likes to talk of the old times and the "old boys" who passed through their college curriculum way back in the sixties. Visitors from Notre Dame are always received by him with that genuine *Caed mille failthe!* which is always characteristic of a soul truly noble. We congratulate Father Fitzharris on the success that has attended his ministerial labors in the great metropolis; and that he may be spared many years to continue the good work is the sincere wish of his many friends now at Notre Dame and of those who in the days of yore trod with him these hallowed grounds.

Obituary.

CHARLES RHEINBERGER (*Law*), '87.

We have learned with sorrow the intelligence of the death of Mr. Charles Rheinberger, one of the bright students of the Law Department of the University in the class of '87. The sad event occurred at his residence in Nauvoo, Ill., on the 27th ult. The following touching tribute to his memory is from the pen of his worthy Pastor:

"NAUVOO, ILL., Dec. 31, 1889.—Last Christmas night I stood by the bedside of a young man whom little more than twenty-two years ago I had baptized, whom I had instructed in his religious duties from his very childhood, to whom I imparted his first pardon in God's holy name, to whom, after due preparation, I had given his first

Holy Communion, and by whose side I stood when the bishop conferred on him Confirmation. For many years he had come regularly each morning from his distant home to serve my Mass so faithfully and well. Having with marked ability finished his studies in the school of the city, he entered the Law Course at the University of Notre Dame. On June 23, 1886, I revisited the University after an absence of twenty-five years, to see my friend receive the reward of his distinguished merits. On his return home the hearty congratulations of his fond parents, relations and many friends awaited him.

"After a much-needed rest his youthful ambition urged him to go West. At Grant, Neb., he entered upon the duties of his profession with Mr. Logan for whom he entertained a high esteem. His endearing qualities of mind and heart soon gained him many friends. December 27, 1888, he came home with glad and joyful heart to spend the holidays with relations and friends. Oh! little did he then think that on that same day the following year he would die. Such is human life! Shortly after he had gone back to Grant his health began to fail, and a few months ago he was obliged to return home again. All that medical skill and the tender care of anxious and affectionate relatives and kind friends could do, joined with fervent prayer in his behalf, was employed to relieve his sufferings and if possible to avert death.

"On December the 8th he received Holy Communion, and, as he had requested, was enrolled in the Young Men's Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. During his illness he was frequently strengthened by the holy sacraments, and appeared cheerful and resigned to the holy will of God. Christmas night he received with all possible fervor the Holy Viaticum and was anointed. Thanksgiving over, I arose and bending over him, said: 'Charlie, I must now go to church to prepare for the first Mass, which I will offer up for you.' 'Thanks,' he said, feebly, and taking my hand he added, with a smile: 'Father, I wish you a merry Christmas!' On the feast of St. John, the 27th of Dec., the sound of the noon *Angelus* bell had just died away when Charlie, retaining full consciousness to the last, calmly and peacefully passed to his eternal reward.

"On Monday morning the Young Men's Sodality, numbering about seventy, headed by the processional cross and band, marched to the home of their lamented friend and companion. The usual prayers being said, all took a last and lingering look at the remains before they should be finally hid from human eyes. The funeral cortege soon began to move amid the tolling of the bell and the mournful, but soft and solemn strains of the funeral dirge. After the *Requiem*, the remains were blessed, and a few words of consolation addressed by the pastor to the bereaved parents and to the vast assembly of sympathizing friends, who had come from far and near, filling the church to its utmost capacity. In the same order as before, the funeral cortege marched to the cemetery, where we laid the mortal remains of Charles Rheinberger to rest, in the fond hope that we shall meet again in the home of our heavenly Father.

"H. I. R."

THOMAS A. DALY, M. D., '66.

Yesterday (Friday) evening we received the sad news of the death of Dr. Thomas A. Daly, of the Class of '66, who departed this life at his residence in Rochester, N. Y., on the 2d inst., in the forty-second year of his age. Dr. Daly entered the University of Notre Dame in 1860, at the age of twelve, and distinguished himself by his good behavior and studious application. In June, 1866, he graduated with high honors in the Classical Course. Afterwards he devoted himself to the study of medicine which he made his life profession. While at College he was highly esteemed by his fellow-students for his many amiable qualities, and was looked upon

by his teachers as a favorite pupil. The sterling qualities which won for him this esteem and confidence he carried with him into the pursuit of the important profession which he adopted. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

- All aboard!
- Nearly all are back.
- Prepare your essays.
- Fine spring weather.
- Homer P. has returned.
- Look out for examinations.
- The little study hall is no more.
- Classes are in full working order.
- Logic competition next Wednesday.
- The Juniors anxiously await the 30th.
- The hero of the "Safety" is back again.
- Let somebody oil that wind-mill, please.
- J. B. is still sporting with the Boies in Iowa.
- Look out for Burns' oration Wednesday.
- Are we to have a January thaw? It's all thaw.
- The Juniors have another representative in Sorin Hall.
- Locals are scarce—everything quiet after the holidays.
- Competitions will be held next week in the collegiate course.
- Of course we had our usual "rec" day shower Thursday.
- Navigation remains open. There's not a speck of ice on the lakes.
- Did you ever see such lovely weather for Indiana in your life? Never!
- The examination of the Theological students was held on Thursday last.
- It is reported that the elocution class will give an entertainment on the 31st.
- Rev. Vice-President Zahm returned from the "Far West" last Tuesday evening.
- Many favorable comments have reached us in regard to our Christmas issue. Look out for the Easter number.
- There are some roosters in the neighborhood that are in imminent danger of seeing the "necks twirled." See?
- The semi-annual examinations will begin on Monday, Jan. 26. The Boards of Examiners will be published next week.
- It is very probable that in the near future the Thompson-Houston arc light will be substituted for the Vanderpoel system.
- Some improvements have been made in the Junior "gym" during the last three weeks. They must be seen to be appreciated.
- A collection of artistic miniature portraits of all the Popes, from St. Peter to Leo XIII. has been placed in Bishops' Memorial Hall.

—Many new students have made their appearance since the holidays. The prospects are that the attendance during the coming session will be unusually large.

—Electric lights illuminate the streets of South Bend as far as Notre Dame avenue. They should be carried further up the avenue, at least as far as the city limits.

—The January number of *The Magazine of Poetry* will contain a biographical sketch of Professor Egan, with selections from his books—"Preludes" and "Songs and Sonnets."

—Anyone who may have the following numbers of the *Catholic American* would confer a favor on the Librarian by sending them to him: No. 24, Vol. V.; and Nos. 4-14, Vol. VI.

—The Baltimore *Mirror* will please accept our thanks for the friendly notice of our Christmas number. A long career of usefulness, we trust, may be the lot of our esteemed contemporary.

—The 16th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Wednesday evening. Masters C. Scherrer, C. Fitzgerald and C. Priestly were elected to membership. An interesting programme will be carried out at the next meeting.

—A gentleman residing in the Lake Superior region recently called on Prof. Hoynes and asked him to take charge of an important suit involving the title to land worth about \$30,000. The remoteness of the place of trial is the great obstacle in the way of taking it.

—The many readers of the SCHOLASTIC would be very much pleased to be treated to articles written by the contributors of former years. Let everyone understand that the columns of this paper are open to the "old students" as well as to those now in attendance at the University. We are only too glad to receive contributions from former students; but, unhappily, from press of business perhaps, they discontinue writing for the old college paper after leaving Notre Dame. Which one of the old contributors will be the first to mail us an article?

—The *Ave Maria*, with the beginning of the year, entered upon its thirtieth volume with the brightest prospects and under more encouraging auspices than at any time since its publication was begun. The announcement for the present year indicates that fresh efforts will be made to render it more acceptable to its readers whose number, at home and abroad, is steadily increasing. The *Ave Maria*, in the pursuit of its high object—the spread of devotion to the Blessed Virgin—stands in the foremost rank of the literary periodicals of the day, numbering, as it does, among its contributors the best writers in the language. It should be in every English-speaking Catholic household throughout the world.

—A public debate will be given by members of the Law Debating Society in Washington Hall on next Thursday evening beginning at five

o'clock. The question for debate is: "Resolved that Imprisonment for Life should be substituted for Capital Punishment."

—The Director of Bishops' Memorial Hall is indebted to Major H. F. Brownson, LL. D., of Detroit, Mich., for a number of valuable manuscripts; to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Glorieux, of Idaho, for a large silver medal of the Vatican Council; to Bro. Bernard for a portrait of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ludden, of Syracuse, N. Y.

—While in Chicago, during the holiday season, Prof. Hoynes purchased a large number of books for the Law library. This is now well supplied with all the leading text-books and reports. These books are constantly available to students of the Law department for purposes of reference and study. The facilities for studying law at Notre Dame were never better than they are at present. Nowhere can students acquire a more thorough and practical knowledge of the profession.

—The *Chicago Law Journal* is now owned and edited by the Hon. John Gibbons, '69. Under his management it has been enlarged and greatly improved. He has infused new life into it and materially increased its circulation. It now ranks prominently among the leading law publications of the country. Its contributors comprise several of the ablest jurists in the United States. Mr. Gibbons is a man of extensive learning, indomitable energy and great natural ability. As a lawyer, he stands among the ablest in the West, and has an extensive and lucrative practice in Illinois and Iowa.

—A MONUMENT TO PROF. LYONS.—Mr. William T. Ball, '77, of Chicago, has headed a movement for the erection of a monument in honor of the late Prof. Lyons. He writes Prof. Hoynes, treasurer of the fund, that he has already collected \$203. It may be as well to suggest to subscribers who have not yet handed in their contributions that definite action should speedily be taken in the matter of procuring a suitable marble shaft and placing it over the grave of their old friend. Needless to state that tardiness on their part necessarily defers action. They may communicate either with Mr. Ball, 39 Illinois street, Chicago, or Prof. Hoynes, Notre Dame. It may be thought well to publish at a later date the names of the subscribers and the sums they respectively pay.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Adelsperger, Ahlrichs, Anderson, Brubaker, Blodgett, Berry, Bailey, Burns, Barrett, Benz, Burger, Combe, Cassidy, S. Campbell, L. Chute, F. Chute, Cooney, E. Campbell, Coder, Cosgrove, Delany, Dyer, Darroch, Daniels, Fitzgibbon, P. Fleming, Ford, Fisk, Fehr, Fack, J. Flynn, Garfias, Gough, Houlihan; Herman, Healy, B. Hughes, E. Hughes, Hoover, Hepburn, Hynes, J. S. Johnson, J. A. Johnson, Inman, Karasynski, Kearns, Keenan, J. King, Kohlman, R. King, Lesner, Lair, Lancaster, W. Larkin, Lane, Leonard, Lehman, Louisell, McWil-

liams, McKeon, McKee, McAlister, McDonald, McPhee, McConlogue, Mackey, Morrison, J. McGrath, M. McGrath, McConnell, W. O'Neill, H. O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Shea, Parker, Powers, Paradis, Pyplacz, H. Prichard, Portilla, Paquette, Prudhomme, Perkins, Phillips, C. Roberts, Rebillot, Ramsey, W. Roberts, Robinson, Schwarz, J. Sinnott, N. Sinnott, Scherrer, Wade, Walsh, Zimmerman, Zinn.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Blumenthal, J. Brady, T. T. Brady, T. Brady, W. Brady, Burns, Bruel, Bradley, B. Bates, E. Bates, Barger, Barclay, Crandall, Coll, Cohn, Campbell, Delany, Doig, Drumm, De Lormier, Fleming, J. M. Flannigan, J. H. Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, Field, Gibert, Gerlach, Garrison, Gross, Grund, W. Hasenfuss, O. Hasenfuss, Hambaugh, Hack, Hesse, Hann, Healy, Hagus, Hague, Hannin, Heller, Jacobs, Kearney, Keough, Lenard, Lowenstein, Lamberton, Mackey, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, Mainzer, Merz, Mier, Mitchell, L. Monarch, D. Monarch, McCartney, A. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, W. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, F. McKee, E. McKee, McIvers, F. Neef, Neenan, A. Neef, Nockles, Healy, O'Rourke, Otis, O'Mara, Putnam, Priestly, Quinlan, Rice, Roper, Rowsey, Rarig, Stanton, Spurgeon, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Seerey, Sokup, Snyder, Scherrer, Spalding, Siebert, Stapleton, Swan, Smith, Sutter, Theime, Welch, Wile, Weise, Walsh, T. Whalen, Ward, E. Whalen, White, Wolff, Wertheimer, Young, Youngerman, Zinn, O'Brien.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayers, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Blake, T. Burns, J. Burns, Barbour, Browning, Cornell, Crandall, W. Connor, C. Connor, Covert, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Coquillard, Croke, Clark, Durand, Dench, Elkin, Evers, Eckler, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Fischer, Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, E. Furthman, W. Furthman, C. Furthman, G. Funke, Flynn, Girardin, Greene, Gilbert, D. Gilkison, Grant, C. Griggs, J. Griggs, Girsch, Hill, Henneberry, Hoffman, Hamilton, Hendry, Holbrook, Jonquet, Krollman, Keeler, King, Klaner, Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, Lonnberry, H. Lamberton, C. Lamberton, Levi, Loonie, Loomis, Maternes, Marr, Mattas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, McCarthy, Marre, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, O'Neill, L. Paul, C. Paul, Pellenz, C. Packard, J. Packard, Pierce, Roberts, Ronning, Ryan, Stone, Seidensticker, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Washburne, Wilcox, Wever, Walsh, Weber, Witkowsky, G. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler, C. Zoehrlaut.

1890.—"Sunshine and Moonlight."—1890.

The "Boys and Girls of America," and adults as well, who have read the instructive pages of "Watt-Stephen" (1885), "Voltigal" (1886), "Petroleum" (1887), "Coal and Coke" (1888) and "Iron and Steel," (1889), will be pleased to know that the latest and brightest of the famous Rock Island series, "Sunshine and Moonlight" (1890), now confidently awaits that chorus of approval which welcomed each of its predecessors.

"A Man" invites the attention of his inquisitive boy and girl visitors this year to wonders in the heavens above, revealed by the telescope. He tells them all about the sun, moon, planets, satellites, fixed stars, comets and their movements, and explains the laws by which they are governed. The achievements of science in the field of astronomical research are presented in language so clear as to be easily understood by all readers. The book fascinates, while it elevates and improves.

"Sunshine and Moonlight" comprises 112 pages, profusely illustrated with choice engravings. Its covers are ornamented with appropriate designs, beautifully printed in colors. Practically, it is a holiday gift to the patrons and friends of the Rock Island Route, and will be sent post-paid to any part of the world (as also previous issues if desired) at the nominal price of ten (10) cents per copy. Write your address plainly, and inclose ten (10) cents in stamps or coin, to Jno. Sebastian, G. T. & P. A., Chicago.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Mr. L. Tong, of South Bend, has our warm thanks for a supply of calendars for the new year.

—The Novitiate representation of Bethlehem is most artistically arranged, and yet art has not been allowed to interfere with devotional effects.

—The serious illness of Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger is a matter of earnest solicitude to all at St. Mary's, and many prayers are daily offered for his speedy recovery.

—A new musical game, "Allegrando," has been a source of much interest among the music pupils; its object is to familiarize students with the value of rests, notes, etc.

—The semi-annual examinations begin very soon; first the music classes are examined, then Christian doctrine and the languages, after which the session's work in the English branches is reviewed.

—The Art department boasts a large and interesting class; new models and studies are constantly being added, and everything is done to promote the progress of the pupils. The large and convenient desks lately procured for the studio are a great improvement, and conduce much to the comfort of the young artists.

—Many little acts of thoughtful kindness on the part of the pupils during the past few weeks show what a beautiful spirit is that inculcated by the mysteries of Bethlehem. At Christmas time the words of Christ, "Inasmuch as you did it to the least of My brethren, you did it unto Me," seem to have a special significance, and God's poor become doubly dear.

—This is the season when schoolgirls resolve to keep a diary; one is procured, and for two or three days every item, important or otherwise, is faithfully recorded; then a few days go by without an entry, when the pages are filled from memory. By degrees the good work ceases, and by February, the book is used as a register of poetical quotations, historical dates, notes in literature and French phrases.

—St. Edward's reading-room is a favorite resort for the members of the advanced classes, who find more pleasure in a book, or in study, than in dancing, singing and talking, to which amusements the other two Senior recreation halls are devoted. The little library is well patronized, and the volumes most in demand are the works of Irving, Father Faber, Miss Starr, Agnes Strickland, History of England by Macaulay, and the lives of great musicians.

—The visitors for the past week were: Rev. J. Dinnen, Crawfordsville, Ind.; P. O'Sullivan, Valparaiso, Ind.; C. W. Maher, Fort Dodge, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Colburn, Westfield,

N. Y.; E. Peck, Portland, N. Y.; J. A. Goodley, Mrs. M. L. Goodley, Cambridge, Ill.; Mrs. M. Malloney, Elmira, N. Y.; Mrs. J. Smyth, Mrs. B. Wickersheim, Chicago; F. T. Otis, Fort Meade, S. D.; A. W. Calderwood, E. Saginaw, Mich.; Mrs. E. M. Jones, Topeka, Kansas.

—On the Feast of the Epiphany High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Maher. In the evening blessed cake was distributed; Rev. Father L'Etourneau will please accept thanks for the same. The custom of blessing bread or cake on the 6th of January is an old French one, which is probably derived from an ancient Roman festival held in honor of Saturn. Some attribute the custom to a feast kept in commemoration of the miraculous multiplication of loaves by our Blessed Lord.

—Last week the Seniors, Juniors and Minims were treated to a surprise in the form of a delightful ride. At 1.30 p. m. on Thursday, Mr. Sheeky and his efficient corps of assistants arrived with a collection of vehicles that need no description. "The more, the merrier" was the motto of the hour, and in a few moments all the pupils were settled, and omnibus, wagonette and carriages rolled down the avenue. The day was an ideal one, and after a two hours' ride, with bright faces and merry laughter and song, the party returned, bearing roses on their cheeks far more precious than the loveliest of June buds.

Egotism.

History records that Cæsar, in passing through a small village of the Alps, remarked: "I would rather be first here than second in Rome," and many are the moral reflections given to the world, based on this saying as a text; and yet, does it not express the sentiments of nine-tenths of humanity? To be a sort of an Eiffel tower among men is an ambition that underlies much that is set down as energy, philanthropy or patriotism. Everywhere are forces brought to bear in order to promote the interests of self; and in all walks of life does egotism constitute itself the centre of a system made up of admiring followers.

The indwelling of this vice is generally made known by its offspring—boasting and selfishness; the first ever vaunts its own doings, and is never better satisfied than when relating some wonderful personal experience. The other is never content save when enjoying all that pertains to ease and comfort; others may be incommoded, but that is of small moment so long as self is comfortable. Whether in public or in private life, the egotist affects high motives, and, under the guise of devotion to a cause, works for his own advancement. Far and wide are the seeds of

this spirit sown, and "men do not gather grapes from thorns."

Does the politician of to-day seek only the good of his country or party? Too many lessons have taught us that the contrary is the case, and that often self-aggrandizement is the only object in view when official questions are under discussion. From the days of Alcibiades to these of "anarchists," in the majority of instances, ambition has been the real actuating spirit of enterprises tending towards the so-called amelioration of social evils. To feel that one holds in his mind's grasp the panacea of earth's ills is surely egotism profound. The woman of fashion spends days and nights planning how she will convince the world that her rightful position in society is that of leader; health, home, duty,—all are sacrificed at the shrine of egotism.

In the opening flower is often found the canker-worm, so in lives of children do we sometimes see manifestations of self-love. The school-room is a field on which it is often displayed, and nothing can be more disastrous to the formation of a truly noble character. Eager study and an absorbing interest in school duties is, alas! often but the expression of an innate desire to excel, and an over-weening confidence in one's power to do so.

The daily actions of literary men, the disputes between masters in any of the arts, the severe criticisms of brothers in profession, all prove that egotism is an ingredient in the composition of human nature; so what is to be done? Is there no hopeful view of the situation? The same stream carries life and death; so with self-love, it often spurs us on to efforts that without this confidence in self we would never attempt; it may prevent us from doing that which would lower our standard of self-respect, and even if self is the principal object in view when we strive to accomplish great deeds, some good must accrue to others. Were diffidence to reign supreme, many of us would be content to sit by the roadside of life, not making any effort to add to the prosperity of self or those around us.

If we would only remember that "every best gift and every perfect gift is from above," there would be no danger to be apprehended from thoughts of vain-glory; then would he who is vested with authority remember that he is but the minister of a power from the God of power, and he who is subject would cherish the words of wisdom: "There is no power but from God." Verily, were egotism rooted from the hearts of men, the dawn of an Utopian era would break upon the world!

MARY DAVIS (*Class '90*).

Acrostic.

[*From 3d Senior class paper.*]

Sheltered refuge, where our youth
Armed may be with shield of truth,
In the world to take our place!
Never may our deeds efface
Thoughts of your enduring love.

May we ever keep at heart,
All the lessons you impart,
Raising ever unto God
Yearning souls; and tho' the rod
Smite us, may we look above!

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ash, Ansbach, Bogner, Butler, Cunningham, Coll, M. Davis, Deutch, Dennison, D. Davis, Dorsey, Ernest, G. Green, Ganong, Healey, K. Hurley, C. Hurley, Hurff, Hagus, Hull, Hepburn, Lauth, Leavick, Moore, Maher, McCarthy, M. McHugh, Marley, Norris, O'Brien, Otis, Penburthy, K. Ryan, A. Ryan, Regan, Rinehart, Reilly, Smith, Hughes.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses M. Burns, E. Burns, Black, M. Davis, B. Davis, Ernest, Hickey, Meskill, O'Mara, Patrick, Pellinz, Regan, Reeves, Scherrer, Sweeney, Wood.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Dennison, Finnerty, McCarthy, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, C. Porteous.

Books and Periodicals.

—In the January *Century*, the next to the last instalment of "The Life of Lincoln" appears. This instalment contains a graphic account of Lincoln's last day and his assassination; also a chapter on the fate of the assassins and a description of the mourning pageant. There is a portrait of Andrew Johnson, a diagram of the box in Ford's Theatre, a fac-simile of a play-bill found in the President's box, a picture of the funeral-car and of the monument at Springfield. Supplementary papers by other hands are printed on the pursuit and death of John Wilkes Booth. The latter papers are by two Confederate officers who met Booth and Herold in their flight, and by a Union officer who commanded the cavalry that captured the fugitives. The frontispiece of this number is a portrait of Prof. James Bryce, the author of "The American Commonwealth." Accompanying the portrait is a sketch of Professor Bryce's life. A notable paper is Miss Amelia B. Edward's account of the recent very extraordinary discoveries at Rubastis, in Egypt. One stone of these ruins is almost sixty-one centuries old, and Rubastis is as ancient as the earth itself used to be considered. All the monuments reproduced in this article are now for the first time published.