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Stanley and the Cross.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

Thro' tangled, tropic forests, dark as night;
Thro' marshes, hiding in their grasses dense
The crawling shapes of death and pestilence;
Thro' leagues of bitter, burning wastes, that blight
With flying sands the stranger's aching sight;
In jungles where each tired and straining sense
Felt the cold threat of savage violence,
They toiled, until, afar, a cross shone bright.

"And then we knew," the great explorer cried,
"We could find comfort on this Christian ground!"
Who is there, Lord, when sick and overtried
With Life's long struggle, hath not likewise found
That where Thy Cross keeps guard, peace, hope and
truth
Keep their sweet gardens in perpetual youth?

—Ave Maria.

Dion and the Sybils.

BY W. LARKIN, '90.

As the drama was the exponent of thought, feeling and manners among the ancient Greeks and Romans, so the novel is the mirror in which are reflected the ideas, life and tendency of modern times. By it great lessons are inculcated, and through it much of good and evil is disseminated throughout the world. But if a good novel strengthens religion, diminishes vice and shames corruption, a bad novel works inconceivable harm in weakening our principles, undermining religion and attacking the very foundation of religion itself. To the former class belongs "Dion and the Sybils"—a work of truly classical merit. Though not his only production, chiefly to this does Miles Gerald Keon owe his present rank among literary men.

And his fame rests on no slight foundation, as a careful study of this, his principal work, will prove.

Born of an ancient Irish family, Miles Gerald Keon was early left an orphan. His father died in 1824 when he was three years old. His mother, overcome by grief, followed the beloved companion of her early days to the grave within a year. Too young to realize the full extent of his misfortunes, he yet betrayed the most lively grief at the loss of his mother whom he loved affectionately. Until his death, which occurred in the year 1875, he was accustomed to speak of her reverently as the highest type of womanhood. He early devoted himself to literature and, no doubt, would have achieved a higher success were it not for the prejudice against his religion and his nationality. But his position as an author should not be underestimated on account of class prejudice, but should be fixed according to the merit of his work; and with this as a test he is sure to rank high.

Of his literary productions "Dion and the Sybils" is the most finished. It is a Christian romance of the time of Augustus. The interest of the plot turns upon the fortunes of a noble young knight, Paulus Æmilius Lepidus, nephew of the ex-triumvir. The opening story presents him travelling with his mother and sister to the imperial court to obtain from Augustus some estates of his father in Campania. He incurs the enmity of Tiberius who has conceived a passion for his sister, but is foiled in his attempt to secure her. He attaches himself to Germanicus and becomes the friend, and afterwards the brother-in-law of Velleius Paterculus who marries his sister. As a reward for his bravery in the German wars he is made military tribune, and finally receives the rank of general. At a

money-lender's he first becomes acquainted with Esther, the noble young Jewess, the heroine of the story. She proved his love for long and bitter years; but not until they had both become Christians was she finally united to him in the land of her fathers.

The author owes much of his success to his pleasing and, at times, even elegant style; but he owes even more to his strength of expression and vividness of description. If the chariot race in "Ben Hur" is a passage of great dramatic interest, is it so life-like, so full of vitality, so strong, or so vivid as the struggle with the Sejan horse? If the former was the victory of the despised Jew over the proud and haughty Roman, the latter was a contest between a wild beast and a demigod. And the feeling that moved the nephew of a triumvir to take the place of the condemned slave was surely more ennobling, more elevating than that which swelled the breast of Ben Hur and prompted him to overthrow his rival.

In "Dion and the Sybils" we find painted, in glowing letters, the noble, lofty character of Germanicus and that of the proud and haughty, yet just and merciful Augustus. There, too, in a few lines are traced the thoughts, feelings and person of Dionysius, the young, learned and wealthy Athenian, who took the imperial court by storm, and gained the hearts of all by his eloquence, learning and nobility.

But we would wrong the author and merit the displeasure of the fair sex were we to pass over the heroine of our novel without further mention. Esther, of the noble house of Maccabeus, albeit a Jewess, tasked all the skill of Keon to portray her graces both of mind and person. No wonder that Paulus Æmilius Lepidus, though a patrician and afterwards a "legatus," fell captive to her charms. But the stern Mosaic Law bound the maiden to her people, and they parted to be united in after years by that law divine which maketh no distinction between Jew and Gentile.

Perhaps nowhere do we get a better pen-portrait of Tiberius before he abandoned himself to the unlicensed profligacy and unrestrained debauchery of his later days. Surely in no other novel do we get a clearer, more definite view of life in the Rome of the early emperors. Yet, despite the excellencies possessed by "Dion and the Sybils"—and they are many—it is not without defects that detract much from its literary value. The characteristic of the book is the profuse use of historical personages; besides Augustus, Tiberius, Germanicus, Sejanus, and the ladies of the imperial family and court, we

meet with the names of Velleus Paterculus, Caligula, Piso and a host of others. The magnificence of the characters he has introduced to us gives his story an air of ambition and pagantry with which he could well have afforded to dispense. Nay, more, he sins against unity of place when he hurries us on to Jerusalem for the closing details of his book. But his powers of imagination and his close acquaintance with antiquity have enabled him to dispense with the machinery for the purpose of attracting interest; whilst his graceful delineation of character and the concern he excites in even his lesser personages redeem his reputation.

The old saying that hard writing makes easy reading may account for the popularity of "Dion and the Sybils." Its author writes a charming style, never growing prosaic, even in his longest descriptions. In the discussion between Dionysius and the wits and philosophers of the imperial court, the subject is treated with such a light, graceful touch that one is as much fascinated by the didactic portion as ordinarily with a love-scene. His union of fact and myth throws an air of probableness around even the most imaginative parts of his story; and this effect is heightened by his close intimacy with all that relates to antiquity. He makes the ideal historical novelist, portraying most vividly the manners and customs of a by-gone age.

While reading "Dion and the Sybils" one could almost imagine himself back in the time of Augustus, amidst the splendors of the imperial court, surrounded by the glory and the shame, the greatness and the littleness of that age which none since has rivalled in material greatness and none in the greatness of its vices.

Thellus, the gladiator and king of the arena, in his impassioned address to Paulus, shows forth in all its terror the cruelty exercised, even at that early period, against the unfortunate members of his profession. Torn from the side of his dying wife, he is forced to fight on the bloody sands against that wife's brother; he hurries back to her death-bed but to hear her cast the most agonizing reproaches on his head as the murderer of her brother. And this is but one out of many passages where the strength of style and force of expression displayed by the author impress on the memory the character of that age more strongly than would any amount of historical reading.

In conclusion we may say that Miles Gerald Keon should rank high among English novelists. It is his misfortune rather than his fault that his works are not more generally known and appreciated. He had the ill-fortune, if so it

may be called, of being contemporaneous with many authors of even higher merit than himself. He was overshadowed by the greatness of Dickens, Thackeray and Lord Lytton. His work paled before these great luminaries of literature as the stars vanish before the morning sun. Yet his was labor well repaid; though his works be read and valued by but few, he has not toiled in vain. In contradistinction to infidel authors, he has set an example to Christian writers, and has fired a beacon that will light on their way all who come after him.

Force.

BY W. MORRISON, '90.

Force, so far as we can see, is but a condition under which matter exists; what this condition is, whether it is a form of motion or not, who knows? but in all probability it is. We cannot arrive at any conclusion when considering the question "what is force?" the nearest we can do is to study its effects, and, by the principle of causation, inquire into its nature.

Force is a power which initiates or accelerates aggregative motion, while it retards or resists separative motion in two or more particles of ponderable matter. Thus, when a piece of iron is left wet, the oxygen of the water unites with it to form a new compound by the *force* of chemical affinity.

Energy is just the opposite of force, resisting or retarding aggregative motion, and initiating or accelerating separative motion. A cannon ball shot upward is prevented from falling by the energy of its upward flight.

Force may be divided according to the different manifestations into mechanical, chemical, electrical and vital.

The chief exhibitions of mechanical or physical force are gravitation and heat—the former being a motion of mass while the latter is a motion of molecules. Gravity urges matter toward a centre, and impels all co-existing bodies toward one another; heat is a rapid oscillation of the molecules composing a body. Centrifugal force is another of the manifestations of physical force. It tends to throw matter from the centre, in a revolving body, as the earth, and is consequently resistant to gravity; if there were neither the one nor the other, a person on taking a slight spring into the air, would go on forever, or until striking some obstruction in the ethereal space, and with the initial velocity. It is a principle called inertia and is a property,

without which matter could hardly be conceived.

Combustion is the form of chemical action, which is a motion of atoms, most familiar to all. In respiration, assimilation and decomposition there is unceasing chemical activity. It is always productive of heat, and from this cause arises animal heat.

Electrical force is entirely mysterious; in fact, we know no more now what it is than our ancestors did centuries ago; we know more of its effects, more how to put it to use if you will, but that is all.

Vital force is still more mysterious. One reason, probably, is that it has not been studied with that enthusiasm which has characterized all efforts at solving the problems of physical and chemical forces.

Energy is divided similarly to force, according as it exists between masses, molecules, atoms, or electrical units, or in life. There are two conditions or states of energy: the potential and the kinetic, they being mutually transformable one into the other.

Any mass, molecule or atom, which is acted upon by a force, yet in not sufficient a degree to produce motion, possesses potential energy, and is said to be in a statical state; no sooner, however, is motion produced, than the potential energy becomes kinetic and is then equivalent to a dynamical state. A ball on an inclined plane possesses potential energy before it has begun to roll, because of the force of gravity; increases the angle of inclination until the motion is started, and all the potential energy is changed into kinetic.

Every particle of matter contains within itself a certain amount of force, whether of one kind or another, which can never be taken from it; you may change it, but that is all. Taking all the atoms of matter together to form the mass of the universe, the force contained therein is a constant, unchangeable quantity. This is a property of matter; inherent in itself, without which it cannot be said to exist, and is known as the persistence of force. Herein there is a difference between force and energy, since matter may be deprived at any time of the latter. A body lying on the ground has no energy; all that it may have had has been dissipated; but it still has within itself the force of gravity which causes it to lie where it is.

The conservation of energy is a demonstrable theorem; it is essentially the fact that the quantity of energy existing in the universe is fixed and constant, and that the different forms or kinds of energy are mutually transformable.

Probably the best example to illustrate the

conservation of energy is the incandescent electric light. By combustion—chemical force—coal is burned and heat produced—a physical force—which changes the water in the boiler to steam; in the cylinder of the engine steam is compressed, and by its expansibility pushes the piston backwards and forwards producing a rotatory motion, another form of physical force; this is communicated to a dynamo and is changed into electricity which, passing along the wire, encounters a resistance in the carbon filament and changes into heat, thus raising the temperature of the carbon to a white heat, and light is the result—another physical force. Following it through we have in order chemical, physical, under two forms; electrical and, finally, physical force again under two forms, the last being different from all preceding.

We have alluded to the dissipation of energy. To explain: whenever a potential energy is changed into the kinetic mode and is not suppressed by any other force before motion has resulted, a certain amount or all of it is dissipated into the ethereal medium. If an upward force is brought to bear upon a stone, before it has become great enough to cause projection the mass contains energy in the potential mode; as soon, however, as motion has begun, the energy becomes kinetic, and when the stone has reached its greatest height it stops, because the energy has all been expended and returns to the earth by virtue of gravity. Now by the principle of the dissipation of energy we account for the energy after it has gone from the stone—of course it cannot be destroyed—and say that it has been scattered, so to speak, into space.

We have spoken of the conservation of energy, showing that any two forces, as heat and electricity were interchangeable; now, following out this principle, we can't say that any two forces are mutually transformable, such as memory and gravitation. Memory is an intellectual act and is a property of the soul, therefore entirely immaterial; on the other hand, gravitation is a universal property of matter and essentially material; we see, therefore that the two forces are opposite in their very natures, and, consequently, correlation is out of the question.

Some treatment of vital force is almost necessary to make a paper on "Force" appear complete; and yet, one who essays to write on it puts himself in imminent danger of treading in the numerous quicksands that line his path. It has been studied very little and with no great success because of the great difficulties to be overcome, and of the unceasing care that has to be

used, since the force acts only inasmuch as the animal or plant is alive.

Life exists either in an animal or a plant, and this vital force is distinguished into animal and vegetable vitality. Chemical compounds or elements are required before vegetable life is possible; while vegetable matter or other animal matter is required to produce animal life. The correlation of chemical and physical forces with vital, is a fact which is not recognized by all. First I will show this to be true in regard to vegetable vitality.

Vegetable matter consists of the elements C, H, O and N with somewhat of SP, combined to form amyloids, starch and sugar, and albuminoids, and is formed in the leaves. CO_2 , H_2O and H_3N are taken into the leaves, and these are decomposed by sunlight, in the presence of chlorophyl and protoplasm; while yet the elements are in a nascent state they recombine, the excess being rejected, and form vegetable matter—a fact which we know takes place under no other conditions.

Now to show the correlation of these forces, sunlight falls on the green leaves and decomposes the matter therein reappearing as nascent chemical affinity, which causes the recombination into organic matter, and exhibiting itself next as vital force.

Matter may be divided into four groups: 1st and lowest, the elements; 2d, the chemical compounds or mineral kingdom; 3d, vegetable matter; 4th animal matter. When matter falls from one group to a lower, it generates enough force to raise some of that lower into the higher, and the two amounts are proportional. When the sun's heat falls on water it causes it to evaporate and reappears as mechanical force lifting it into the clouds, so when the sun's light falls on green leaves it disappears as such and raises matter from the chemical or mineral plane—2—up to the vegetable plane—3—and reappears as vital force.

In the incubation of an egg, heat is required. The shell is so constructed that O is admitted but nutrient matters are not. Heat decomposes the very unstable, albuminous, fatty matters, which falling from plane 4 to plane 2 generate sufficient force to organize on plane 4; CO_2 and H_2O are thrown off so that the chick weighs less than the egg when fresh.

Vital energy cannot survive the body, because all forces existing after disintegration are destructive, whose end is to return the animal matter to the original elements; there is no force to build up what is thus torn down; otherwise the animal would still possess life.

In conclusion, I would say, that inasmuch as what we know about force is necessarily very little—even that little is disputed by some—and as it would require a volume to explain and illustrate it sufficiently, what I have written in this paper can be nothing but essentially elementary.

There are almost as many hypotheses and theories as there are investigators, and the student is, as is very easily seen, hampered to a great extent, in his not being able to choose, with certainty that which is truth leaving the false. To penetrate the bottom of the nature of force, certainly has never been done and we can reasonably say, that so long as man's intellect remains as blunt as it is, the mystery will remain a mystery. The fact is—but rarely admitted—that no one knows anything of force, and the many long, tiresome dissertations are but means of deception, to veil real ignorance.

Books We Have Read.

III.

"THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH."

Longfellow's works are popular; his poetry, though simple, teems with the sweetest of musical sentiment, and is admired equally as much by the true lover of poetic art as by the casual reader. He has combined, most admirably, in his various poems and songs picturesqueness of subject with beauty, softness and symmetry of expression; in picturesqueness he is distinctively American, while at the other attributes of his art too he has proved himself a master-hand. The scope of his thoughts, at the same time, have covered much ground: he has touched the shores of Friendship, Love and Death.

As an interpretation of the meaning of friendship and love we find, perhaps, the most striking example in his "Courtship of Miles Standish." Here are American subjects surrounded, indeed, by all simplicity, yet embellished to such an extent as to make them graceful and fascinating. Early New England life is the foundation on which the story is based; but even out of this rough-hewn stone, Longfellow has chiselled an artistic statue.

On a stormy day in the fall of 1620, an English vessel, the *May-flower*, cast anchor in the vicinity of the present Cape Cod, Massachusetts. It bore a band of English Puritans who, persecuted and down-trodden in their own country, sought a friendly home in the far New World. They considered "Plymouth Rock" a stepping-stone to a free and happier sphere. Their free-

dom, indeed, was unbounded; but with their terrible sufferings and barren and hostile surroundings, happiness was not theirs. They were a persevering, hardy set, however, "with hearts for any fate." Among these patient, enduring people, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," was Miles Standish, a man renowned for his military achievements in his Holland home, and who proudly boasted of an ancient and illustrious lineage. A bold and daring nature, seasoned with steadfast energy and firm determination, were his conspicuous characteristics; these attributes fitted him eminently for the position of military leader of the colony, in which capacity he rendered much valuable service. Although his intellectual qualities were not extremely brilliant he was a good man at heart, and was universally loved and revered. His outward appearance is thus described to us by Longfellow:

"Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic, Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November."

But Miles Standish, even though he could pursue his favorite occupation to his heart's content—that of the leader and the warrior—was an unhappy man. He had been bereft of the idol of his love, his fair sister Rose. The ravaging storms of a Northern winter had attacked her, and, with countless other hardy pilgrims, she had succumbed to the inevitable. Standish is not backward or hesitating in expressing his feelings; but as the plain, blunt and out-spoken warrior that he is, he reasons thuslike with his confidant, the youthful and faithful John Alden:

"'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures. This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it; Every hour in the day I think it, and feel it, and say it. Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla;
She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother
Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming, Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,
Patient, courageous and strong, and said to myself that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven, Two have I seen and known: and the angel whose name is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part."

These are the first symptoms of the love malady that we discover in Miles Standish's peculiar case. Yet one great obstacle lies between him and the attaining of his prize: his courage fails him for once. His military training stands him in no stead, for he himself confesses:

"I can march up to a fortress, and summon the place to surrender;
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not."

Not to be daunted, however, by this diminutive hindrance, goaded on by ardent love, and assured of help from friendly sources, he calls on John Alden to plead his love case at the fair Priscilla's court. Reluctantly, but in the name of sacred friendship, he consents to perform the rather delicate duty; but as a sort of parting shot, to show his hesitancy and fear of ill success, he reminds the practical Standish, using one of the warrior's favorite maxims, that "would he have a thing well done, he must not leave it to others."

At any rate, be it for good or for evil, Alden sets out on his embassy from the wooer to the wooed; "his heart hangs heavy with anxiety and fear, as he realizes the immensity of the debt he has contracted to discharge. But believing that, "he who does the best his circumstances allow, does well," he lays his friend's claims and aspirations before the coveted Priscilla, "the type of the Puritan maiden." But Priscilla is not so coy or subtle as to render a decision at the very first hearing of the case; she listens to the plaintive and heartfelt words of the pleader of Miles Standish's cause; to refuse bluntly would be cruel; to immediately acquiesce would be rash, she reasons; yet she does not admire the style of wooing which Miles Standish had adopted; her ideas of wife-winning do not coincide with his, and finally she ends up the love interview, not exactly with a refusal of Miles Standish's proffered suit, but with this to John Alden: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" As may be imagined, the news of Priscilla's determination falls harshly on the ears of the hopeful Standish; he suspects treachery on the part of the zealous Alden, and

"All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion, E'en as a hand grenade, that scatters destruction around it."

He ends the stormy talk with Alden with the direful threat:

"Let there be nothing between us, save war and implacable hatred!"

Alden is bewildered and grieved to be the victim of such unfortunate circumstances. To suffer the tortures of the guilty, yet innocent,

is more than he can bear. He resolves to drown his sorrows by sailing back to his native England; but the unseen spirit of Priscilla has a hold on him that it is fain to relinquish; love, deep and heartfelt, deters him from his determination; while musing to himself whether

"'Tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of trouble,
And, by opposing, end them,"

he meets with Priscilla unexpectedly, though not exactly, unwillingly; of course the match is then and there arranged, and soon glad wedding chimes ring out in Plymouth town!

The union of Priscilla and John Alden was a fit one; two characters so similar in "thoughts, words and deeds" could well hope for matrimonial blessedness, and the bliss that ought but falls to "two hearts that beat as one."

A fit close to this most interesting of Longfellow's stories is the touching speech of forgiveness and well-wishing that the gruff Miles Standish delivers to the newly-wedded two. Although disappointed in love, his friendship and honor overcame his sorrow, when he remembers having sent John Alden to plead his cause, that "only the brave deserve the fair."

The courtship of Miles Standish was written in 1858, and constituted the poet's seventh volume. Treating strictly of American subjects and surroundings, the popularity it has earned is well deserved. F. W. WILE, '92.

Exchanges.

—The *Florida School Journal* may contain some good things, but it is certainly the most poorly printed and carelessly gotten up of our exchanges.

—The *Vidette* from the Illinois State Normal University, is a new comer to our sanctum. It is a substantial looking paper and apparently carefully edited.

—Queer idea that the exchange editor of the *Washburn Argo* has of an exchange column. We confess that we fail to see the propriety of putting a quotation from John Ruskin in a column headed "Exchange."

—Among all our exchanges the *Campus* is unique in the kind and quality of its literary matter. Its exchange department is edited with a critical acumen that makes much toward the symmetrical excellence of the paper.

—The February *Owl* has an excellent review of D'Israeli's *Tancred*. The writer saw fit to break away from the traditionary methods of book reviewing and has in consequence produced a *critique* unusually fresh and interesting.

—The *University Mirror* in its March issue has

a very sensible article on "The Value and Use of a Dictionary." There is no single text-book so useful to the student as a dictionary; but, unfortunately, this is a truth many students fail to appreciate.

—The best feature of *The Wesleyan Hatchet* is its editorial department. Its leaders are timely and forceful. The literary columns of the *Hatchet* are open to unfavorable criticism; but as the issue before us is Vol. I., No. I, we are disposed to defer judgment until its literary standard is filed by future numbers.

—Some of our exchanges are trying to galvanize into life a poem which has lain buried for nearly ten years. It begins thus:

"My pony, 'tis of thee,
Emblem of liberty,
To thee I sing."

—It is truly a novelty, nowadays, to find anyone who is in favor of the unrestricted immigration of the Chinese. However, such a person discovers himself in the March *Adelphian*. In an article on "John Chinaman," a writer in that magazine favors throwing open our gates to the almond-eyed celestial, because, as he avers, the Chinese discovered America, invented gunpowder and the art of printing; because they never form labor unions or indulge in strikes; are generally mild and peaceable, and are no worse than the Irish, Germans or Italians. Who will attempt to refute arguments so incontrovertible?

—How is this for a characterization of history? We quote from the serial story of "Orator vs. Athlete," in the February issue of the *Wooster Collegian*:

"History with its uncoverings of the past and its discoverings of the future; with its shares of the was, its cares for the is, its bewares for the to come; with its tales of friendship, its stories of hates; with its clash of arms, its jars of conflicting principles; with its tragedies of blood, its comedies of blunders; with its ceaseless action, its mighty powers; with its awful realities, its terrible fatalities; with its lessons, its prophecies and its warnings; this history Choat Parkson loved to read."

Poor Choat! How the dear fellow would have revelled in the bizarre rhapsodies of Amelie Rives Chandler!

College Gossip.

—The American school of Athens has received the authorization of the Greek Government to conduct excavations at Platea.

—The *Boston Herald* offers two prizes of \$600 and \$400 to this year's graduates of high schools and academies for essays in English literature.

—Two college boys were guessing each other's ages. "To judge by your immature and amateur jokes, you're about sixteen," said Bill. "To judge by your antique and mossy jests, you're about 200," replied Bob, and honors were easy.

—*Providence Telegram*.

—When at Oxford, recently, Mr. Gladstone breakfasted one morning with Mr. Bryce in Oriel College. On entering the common room, he

said that it was in that room, sixty-two years ago, that he first met Cardinal Newman, whom he has met in all only six times.

—The competitive examination for eight resident house physicians, to serve at the county hospital, took place March 10, 11 and 12. The result was decided as follows: Chicago Medical College, with ten candidates, obtained five positions: the first, third, fourth, sixth and seventh. The Rush Medical College, with eighteen candidates, obtained three positions: the second, fifth and eighth. The college of Physicians and Surgeons and the Woman's Medical College obtained no positions.—*Chicago Daily News*.

—A committee, among the members of which are Lord Salisbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Earl Granville, and the Vice-Chancellors of Oxford, Cambridge, London, and Dublin Universities, has been formed to collect and forward gifts of books to the Toronto University, whose library was recently destroyed by the fire which consumed the University buildings. All the British universities, the British Museum, and a number of private firms and individuals have promised to assist the committee. The Allan and Dominion lines have promised to carry the gifts free to Canada.—*Catholic Review*.

—The boys attending the schools of the Brothers of the Holy Cross in Rev. Father Burke's parish delighted their friends on Tuesday evening in an entertainment of more than the ordinary merit. In every exhibition given, from that of the Minims who sang splendidly, up to the admirably acted drama by the senior boys, there was evidence of the most careful and, we are glad to add, the most successful training on the part of the good Brothers. After a complimentary address to the venerable and beloved pastor, read by Master C. J. Short—a boy of great talent and promise—a miscellaneous programme was gone through. The exhibition drill, by a picked squad of School Cadets, was deservedly applauded, and the singing of Masters W. Ryan and W. Hartigan was greatly admired. The second part was dramatic and opened with a three-act piece entitled "The Malediction." We have rarely seen a performance, even by professionals, that pleased us more. Every character was sustained almost to perfection. As an evidence of the Brothers' skill as teachers of elocution, it spoke volumes. A special word of praise is due to Masters Short, Chambers, Gilmartin and Lambert; while Master Rogers proved himself a perfect little comedian, and kept the audience laughing through the entire piece. It should have been stated that the drama was introduced by a prologue which was excellently spoken by Master W. T. Daley. The drama was followed by a one-act farce, "The Great Elixir." This was a most laughable production, all the parts being well sustained, and sent the people home in good humor. The entertainment was repeated on Wednesday and Thursday evenings.—*Chicago Catholic Home*.

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JOSEPH E. BERRY, '91. D. BARRETT, '90,

—It is a deplorable fact that interest in the study of the classics is beginning to wane. The masterpieces of Grecian and Latin literature are no longer read with the same avidity as in times past. A century ago an education was considered incomplete without a familiar knowledge of the Iliad and Odyssey, or the Odes of Horace and the Satires of the great Juvenal. To-day the classics are, to a great extent, optional in our universities. This forebodes no good. Little by little, the educational institutions of the day are loosening from the moorings of the past.

—Prohibition as a means of suppressing intemperance is quite generally considered to be a failure. Maine, Iowa, Ohio, and Kansas have enacted statutory prohibition, and in these states, instead of diminishing, the sale of intoxicants has actually increased. The people who sought the enactment of these laws were the first to repudiate them. It is foreign to man's nature to be made moral by force. True temperance principles appeal to the reason. The temperance crusade inaugurated by Father Matthew has done more to suppress intemperance and lessen misery and crime than all the prohibitory laws ever enacted. Moral persuasion is the only solution of this problem.

—The newspaper of to-day is not what the newspaper was a century ago. At that time any man of ordinary mental culture who had laid in a stock of opprobrious epithets for his rival across the way and an equally large supply of pretty phrases with which to deck his admirers, might conduct a city newspaper, and if he offered a creditable news-budget, his sub-

scribers would see little to be desired. But in our day the press is an acknowledged power in forming public opinion and in shaping the destinies of a nation. Men who are wholly engrossed in commerce, for example, have not the leisure to form any opinions of their own. As regularly, then, as they breakfast, they take up a newspaper to learn what they ought to think of current questions. How important it is, therefore, that the men who are to guide this mighty engine should be well prepared, and from the beginning; for no man ever found himself too thoroughly or too quickly *qualified* for any profession that was worth following. Nowadays college students have no excuse for neglecting this part of their education. Nearly every college and university in America supports a publication of some sort to which students are permitted and expected to contribute. Even those of us who are not preparing for a journalistic career should not fail to take this opportunity of airing our views; for in this age every American writes a book just as every American is expected to make a speech upon the slightest provocation. Let us, then, appreciate the advantages that lie within our reach. Let us cultivate facility and richness of expression. And the best way to acquire the quality of expression is by furnishing the college paper with carefully-written articles on interesting subjects.

St. Edward's, Austin, Texas.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

Your correspondent reached the capital of Texas this afternoon as the King of Day was urging on his flaming chariot towards the Pacific's golden shores. Thermometer, 68° in the shade. After calling on Rev. Peter Lauth, C.S.C., an old and tried friend, I made a hasty inspection of the State Capitol, which is but a few blocks distant from St. Mary's Church. The view from the highest gallery of the dome was grand and enchanting. Like Rome, Austin is built on seven hills which slope gently to the Colorado River. These picturesque hills, crowned with noble public buildings, educational, eleemosynary, for governmental or municipal purposes, schools, colleges, academies and churches—which the setting sun bathed in a flood of gold and purple, the undulating lines of the distant and darkling horizon—presented a scenic panorama, which would have enkindled in the soul of a Thompson, a Byron or a Bryant such poetical flames as would have forever illumined with glory the Lone Star State.

The day following I accompanied Very Rev. Father Provincial, C. S. C., on a visit to St. Edward's College, an institution conducted by

Religious of the Holy Cross. The college is situated three miles south of the city. It stands *vis-à-vis* of the capitol, on an elevated plateau at the edge of a live-oak grove, and is on a level with the Corinthian colonnade which surrounds the dome of the magnificent state building; the valley of the Colorado River lies between the town and the hill upon which the college is located.

Leaving the city, we crossed the Colorado on a very high, long and narrow bridge. The waters of the river were so low that a small steam-boat of the lightest draught—the only one on the river here—could not navigate the shallow stream, and had remained for weeks tied up at her landing. But do not trust the treacherous flood. As the heavy rainfalls on the mountains to the north gather their strength from a thousand hilly rivulets in the channel of the river, the tiny stream becomes a tidal wave, rising as high and running as rapidly as the tide in the Bay of Fundy, sweeping before it every obstacle that opposes its course. Crossing the river, we soon enter Fairview Park. This embryonic pleasure ground runs several miles along a plateau diversified with small hills, and comprises a large residence tract for the moneyed classes. A few years ago it was a wild woodland waste, but an enterprising northern man, Chas. S. Newing, who had an eye to the “eternal fitness of things,” bought it at a moderate price and began its transformation into a “thing of beauty,” which is “a joy forever.”

I was surprised at the progress made within a few years by St. Isidore's at New Orleans; but on driving up in front of St. Edward's at Austin I could scarce credit my eyes. There stood the central structure of the college—completed and occupied about a year ago—a magnificent edifice in modern Gothic style, built of beautiful white Texan limestone, four stories in height and giving 110x50 feet in the clear. The wings, to be soon added, will each be 80x45 feet, so that the plan, when completed, will give a total frontage of 200 feet, with a depth of 80 and 50.

Rev. P. J. Hurth, C. S. C., President, tendered us a cordial welcome. “Rec” was asked and given, of course. After mutual greetings and a cross-fire of interrogatories regarding the *personnel*, progress and prospects of Notre Dame and St. Edward's, amid the dissolving cloud-wreaths and aroma from a few good specimens of *legitimo vuelta abajo reina, Habana*, we made a tour of inspection through the buildings and the surrounding grounds. The first story is 10 feet high in the clear, and is used for dining-rooms, lavatories, etc. The second is 14 feet high in the clear, and is chiefly occupied by class rooms. The third which is about the same height from the floor to the ceiling, is reserved for private rooms. The fourth, 12 feet high, is divided off into dormitories for the Seniors. The attic is used as a trunk-room. The corridors are spacious—double stairways run from the basement

to the central tower on the top of the edifice. Special attention has been given to light and ventilation. The school furniture is of the latest pattern. The roof is of the best slate. The view from the college cupola is equal, if not superior, to that from the dome of the capitol. It commands the city, the finely-wooded valley of the Colorado and of hills rising tier upon tier in the blue horizon at a distance of thirty miles. A large frame building in the rear—the main edifice of the old college—serves as classrooms and dormitories for the Juniors and Minims. The domestic departments—kitchen, dining-room, laundry and infirmary—are under the management of the good Sisters of the Holy Cross, whose kindness and unswerving devotion to duty afford the students all the comforts of home-life. The Sisters live in some of the old college wooden buildings which are situated, together with the farm houses, barns, stables and sheds, about a mile distant on a beautiful rising ground. The college property covers 600 acres of fine farming and pasture land; cattle, grain, fruits and vegetables, all for home consumption, are raised in abundance, so that the students' regimen is most substantial, wholesome and agreeable. The agricultural department of the establishment is scientifically conducted by one of the Brothers of Holy Cross, who will soon preside over a model farm, a Western Chatauqua that Horace Greeley would envy. Nature has done much for the locality, and art is supplementing its natural advantages. Owing to the admirable hygiene of the Institution and the ozone which the breezes from the Gulf of Mexico bear on their wings as a healing balm, the health of the students is phenomenal. As I beheld the robust young beef-heads on the college grounds, I could not help thinking of *auld lang syne* when the Very Rev. Provincial and myself were students grappling with Greek particles—the *pons asinorum* of Euclid, antilogarithms, the arithmetical calculus—and took for our diet at the old college infirmary, under the gentle ministrations of good Sister Crucifixion:

Powders and pills,
Emetics and squills;
Cathartics and oil,
The malaria to foil;
Tons of blue-mass,
Bromide of potass;
To save us a pass
To lone Cedar Grove,
Where pensive shades rove.
Now, to save an inscription,
Take the following prescription:*

The compound dose would knock John L. out in the first bout, so that persons of ordinary calibre had better confine themselves to a small

* The formidable prescription is a compound of Ol. Ricini, Jalap, Aloe et Canell, Inf. Senna Co., Hyd. chl. mite, Fl. Ext. Ipecac. When you take, mix and shake. And if you shuffle off the mortal coil, you're free from worriment and earthly toil. [We regret that, owing to the limited capacities of our establishment, we cannot give it with full display of type. ED.]

potion. I could not but envy the elasticity and vigor of those young Texan rangers who have never experienced the sad satisfaction of the Hoosier "shakes."

Our next move was to the broad campus on which over a hundred collegians were engaged in athletic sports or in looking at the friendly games of their *confrères*. The freshmen and "preps" were playing a game of base-ball. It was interesting from start to finish. As Father Provincial appeared, they gave a cheer and then limbered up to work. The fielding and batting were superb. Pitchers, catchers, fielders, short stop, first, second and third bases—all did excellent service. There were many meritorious points, especially the cannon-ball delivery of a tall, rectangular, slab-sided Texan. There was only one two-bagger. The freshmen had the advantage in bunching their hits. The score stood:

Freshies, 7; Preps, 2. Base-hits: Freshies, 6; Preps, 4. Errors: Freshies, 3; Preps, none. Runs earned: Freshies, 4. Left on Bases: Freshies, 7; Preps, 4. Time, 2 hours. Umpire, Bro. Kilian.

In very truth, Anson's Colts, the Clevelands, the Brooklyns, or the St. Louis Browns would have enjoyed the spirited contest. In another part of the field was a lawn-tennis tournament, in which good playing and hard driving were exhibited by our young amateurs. "Deuce" and "vantage" were called several times. The Juniors were engaged in a fast and furious game of football. The quarter-backs, half-backs and rushers played like veterans and showed some very smart work. But what principally attracted the attention of our Northern tenderfeet was a race between three of the country day-scholars on their sleepy-looking, but mighty tough and vicious broncos. There was much bucking and spurring at the start, but the animals soon woke up to business and made a couple of heats in a good time without breaking. Colonel Bill Cody and his cow-boys would have whooped with delight had they seen the spurring, whipping and heard the yelling on the home stretch. A young gentleman, whose acquaintance with ranches and cow ponies was evidently defective, asked for a ride on the winning animal. He was helped into the saddle and warned to look out for a broken scone. "Get up, Cyclone!" a touch of the whip, a buck-jump; our daring circus-rider was landed on the neck of this Western Bucephalus—another buck-jump and hoist sent him turning a somersault into space, like a flying comet. It will take this juvenile equestrian a few days to recover from the contusions inflicted on his anatomy. If the reverend, learned, eloquent and amiable President of Notre Dame will agree to keep a few of those bucking broncos for the use of his students, I shall guarantee an infallible specific for dyspepsia, big-head or ventosity. I'm afraid some of the talented young gentlemen would exclaim with the Englishman on the plains as he bit the dust: "'E's a good 'oss, but he lopes too blooming 'igh."

About five o'clock in the afternoon, a brilliant

reception was given to Rev. Father Provincial in one of the college halls, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, dialogues, declamations of original compositions both grave and gay, and original characterizations. There was a pentecostal conglomeration of nationalities in the orchestra—American *pursang*, Irish, German, French, Italian and Mexican or Spanish—yet all were kept in perfect harmony by the potent spell of Melpomene. Addresses were read in English, Latin, Greek, French, German, Spanish, Italian and the Hebrew and Celtic tongues. The good Father was astonished and delighted at all that he heard and saw, and exclaimed, *sub rosa*, with the Queen of Sheba: "I have found that the half hath not been told me!" At the close of a very entertaining programme the Very Rev. gentleman addressed the students at length with his usual fervor and eloquence, eulogizing their proficiency and conduct, exhorting to fidelity and diligence in their studies, laying down such rules of life and action as would ensure success in the various professions they might adopt, and congratulating their professors upon the brilliant results of their labors. After this the good Father made a short and specific reply to each of the addresses in the very language in which it was written, although he had to pause occasionally in manipulating the languages of Homer, Calderon, David and Ollam Fohdla.

He began his remarks in reply to the English address by quoting Hamlet's exclamation: "What a piece of work is man!" and developed the Danish Prince's conception by pointing out in the spheres of art, science, and religion the wonderful works achieved by the descendants of Adam, though "fallen from their high estate." He then dwelt on the unlimited possibilities opened to heart and head, to intellect and will if properly cultivated and directed to the "true, the good, the beautiful"—to the Eternal Fountain of all life and light. In response to the German address, he quoted St. Paul: „Wer nicht arbeitet soll nicht essen," to show that industry is the road to success in temporal and spiritual matters; whereas idleness is the bane of body and mind. Die Ameise sorgt schon im Sommer für ihre Nahrung im Winter. His Latin text was: *Per aspera ad astra*. Trial and self-sacrifice are the conditions of good in the moral as in the physical world; no cross, no crown; no suffering, no renown; no woe, no wealth; no exercise, no health. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*. In Greek the maxim chosen was: τὸ καλὸν ἐστὶ μέτρον τοῦ θείου, οὐχ ὁ χρόνος, proving that virtue, truth and justice, not the accidents of power, place or wealth, were the standard of human excellence and the only source of solid happiness in time as in eternity. In Dutch his topic was: *Tyd und Vlydt*. Perseverance and labor overcome all difficulties. Genius which is but an aptitude for certain pursuits, or a superior faculty of generalization, is nothing without labor. Demosthenes and D'Israeli, Homer, Dante, Shakspeare and Newton reached their

proud eminence in the temple of fame only by many long years of the hardest work. In French he descanted on the proverb: *L'auteur d'un bien-fait est celui qui en reçoit les plus doux fruits*;—which he fortified by texts from Ecclesiastes, Saint Paul and St. James, relating to charity, good works and brotherly love. Benevolence and active sympathy with suffering humanity form the brightest page in the brief annals of our lives and afford us the sweetest consolation in the solemn hour of death. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, thou shalt find it again." In Gaelic he alluded to the proverb as old as Brian Boroihme: *Shin Fein linn Fein*, and dilated on the necessity of union, organization and harmony as the sources of strength, peace and prosperity, saying that as long as the people of the United States respected the motto on their escutcheon, *E pluribus unum*, this country would be the seat of liberty and plenty, invincible in war, peerless in peace. In Spanish he mentioned the saying: *El que tiene sabiduria, tiene prudencia; el qui que tiene prudencia es sabio*—which he confirmed by the Scripture text that we should be "wise as serpents, but gentle as doves." In Italian he spoke approvingly of the adage: *Di il vero et affronterai il diavolo*, and exhorted the young gentlemen present to be always men of unswerving principle, of moral stamina; to have backbone, and not be mere jelly-fish in the struggle for existence; to have the courage to say "no" to all that is wrong or unjust, no matter how seductive or apparently advantageous. "Fear God and keep His Commandments;" for, as Solomon says, "this is the whole man." The polyglot discourse made a profound impression upon the students. If they observe the wise maxims propounded, they will become honest and useful citizens of the Republic, and worthy sons of their devoted *Alma Mater*. S.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, Feb. 28, 1890.

Local Items.

- March winds!
- That Banquet was grand.
- Company "B" glories in a *garrison*.
- Orders for spring clothing will be next in order.
- The St. Cecilians will hold a special meeting to-night.
- Such romantic news as *that* should never be kept so quiet, '91!
- The Junior Base-ball Association continues to flourish. Long may it live!
- Those who intend to enter the Oratorical Contest should hand in their names to Rev. Father Morrissey before Easter.
- The Staff was entertained by Prof. Egan and Mr. Coyne last Wednesday, to whom they return grateful acknowledgments.
- Mr. A. E. Leonard desires to announce

that he will accept the captaincy of the "new steamer" should he chance to be elected to that position.

—That little dormitory, once the pride and glory of those few young, innocent Juniors, has gone where the woodbine twineth. They sleep the sleep of the plebeians now.

—The second nine Juniors contains such brilliant names of the base-ball world as Spalding and Anson; surely with such famous managers at the helm the second nine is on the road to glory.

—The Code of Indiana makes it an indictable offence to hold a banquet without inviting the newspaper fraternity. We say this for the benefit of several parties who have made themselves liable.

—The impersonation of *Agostino* by Mr. T. M. Sanford in the recent play, "The Triumph of Justice," was cleverly done and has elicited complimentary remarks upon all sides. As the son of the Baron, his rendering of the part showed decided dramatic art.

—The Junior Base-ball Association held their regular weekly meeting on Thursday afternoon. Miscellaneous business was transacted. Messrs. Ibold and Boyd, and Spalding and Anson have been elected temporary captains of the first and second nines respectively.

—Very Rev. Father General made the Minims a very pleasant visit on Tuesday. He inquired very particularly about their health, application to study, etc., and was delighted with the good report the teachers gave of his "princes." The affectionate interest that Very Rev. Father General takes in the Minims does much to ennoble their character and to make them, what they really are, the happiest of Notre Dame's five hundred students.

—"Resolved: That a bad companion is more pernicious than a bad book" was the subject discussed last Sunday by the Leonine Society, Holy Cross Seminary. The affirmative side of the question was well sustained by Messrs. Lauth and McDonnell; T. Riley and J. Boone presented the arguments for the negative, which were clear-cut and solid. The debate was characterized throughout by rare earnestness and forcible expression, and the young gentlemen deserve great credit for the care with which they prepared themselves for the contest. The decision was in favor of the affirmative.

—The fifteenth regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held Wednesday evening, March 26, President Col. Wm. Hoynes in the chair. After the roll-call the minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. The society returned a vote of thanks to the committee on arrangements for the last public debates, as an appreciation of the able manner in which they had been conducted. The debate "Resolved: That the Australian system realizes an important reform in the manner of voting and should be adopted by all the states," was

then argued by Messrs. Reedy and Hummer on the affirmative, and by Messrs. McKeon and Crall on the negative. The chair decided in favor of the affirmative, and also complimented all the gentlemen on their improvement in speaking. Mr. Reedy surprised his friends by his clear and forcible address, this being his first effort.

—One of the most eloquent speeches delivered at the Irish-American Club Banquet, on St. Patrick's Day, was that of Mr. John J. Fitzgibbon, of '62, who made a memorable response to the toast: "Ireland a Nation."

—At the ordination recently held at Kankakee, Ill., by Most Rev. P. J. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago, Mr. T. J. Solon, of '81, received Minor Orders. Mr. Solon has the congratulations of his numerous friends at Notre Dame, all of whom heartily wish that he may soon realize his brightest expectations in the attainment of the sublime dignity of the priesthood.

—Rev. President Walsh, who had been examining the classes in St. Edward's Hall, visited the first Grammar class last week. Mr. W. P. Coyne, of Dublin, accompanied him and expressed his surprise at the intelligent manner in which the Minims acquitted themselves. The members of the class in general did themselves credit, but Rev. President Walsh and Mr. Coyne made special mention of James O'Neill, Eli Elkin, Walter Marr, Adair Greene, Charles Connor, James Loonie, Edward Falvey and Hampton Durand for their correct answers.

—The regular meeting of the Philodemics took place on Saturday evening. In the absence of Mr. Brelsford, Mr. L. Chute called the body to order; but after the reading of the minutes he was succeeded by Mr. Fitzgibbons, who presided over the Congress during the election of a chairman. The meeting being pretty well advanced when Mr. Sullivan, the duly elected chairman, was seated, he was enabled to gain but little advantage for his party by his elevation. House Bill No. 5 brought up Mr. Berry, who spoke until the Congress adjourned. The object of the Democrats of the House in this meeting was delay; and if we can call the attainment of an object a victory, surely the Democrats deserve the palm.

—The subjects for the second series of essays in the graduating class were given out during the week. The Classics have their choice of the following: (1) Compare the Greeks with the Romans, in Statesmanship, Art and Literature; (2) The Olympic Games and their Influence on the National Character; (3) What brought about the Decay of the Latin Language after the Age of Augustus; (4) *Per Aspera ad Astra*.

In the course of Letters the subjects are as follows: (1) International Copyright and American Literature; (2) François Millet and the *Angelus*; (3) Gregori and his work at Notre Dame; (4) The Dream of Gerontius.

Aspirants for degrees in the Courses of Science

and Civil Engineering will discuss the following: (1) Recents in Fossils; (2) Infusoria; (3) Life as a factor in rock-making.

—Notre Dame University bestowed its Lætare Medal this year on the Hon. William J. Onahan, of Chicago. Catholics everywhere will applaud the selection. In practical devotion to his Faith and country, Mr. Onahan has few peers among American Catholic laymen. His labors in the interests of Catholic colonization, temperance and popular education are well known. He gave invaluable aid to the great Jesuit Missionary, the lamented Father Arnold Damen, in building up the Church in Chicago. His national influence and popularity marked him as the proper chairman on organization for the first American Catholic Congress, and the success of the Congress, so largely due to his ability, unselfishness and tact, proved the wisdom of the choice. Chicagoans recognized the probity and public spirit of Mr. Onahan, so conspicuously manifested in his long service as City Comptroller, by making him Treasurer of the World's Exposition Fund.—*Boston Pilot*.

—THE COLUMBIAN BANQUET:—Last Sunday the Columbians held their annual banquet under the direction of their Rev. President, Father Regan. It is unnecessary to say that it was a grand success; the *menu* was excellent in quality and quantity, and all enjoyed themselves.

After the inner man had been satiated, Mr. J. W. Ford, as toast-master, read the following toasts:

"OUR COUNTRY—May her future be as her past, upward and onward."

Rev. A. Morrissey, C.S.C., responded. Father Morrissey, so well known as a finished orator, spoke in glowing terms of the prosperity of our country. He spoke of the bond of friendship and the unity of love existing between our own glorious country and dear old Ireland. He said that "the efforts of our Government had ever been to promote the interests of the people and by the people. Our arms have ever been open to an oppressed sister country, and to no country more than Ireland has the love and sympathy of the American people been extended."

"THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME—Yearly growing in beauty and in magnitude—may her progress be attended by the same cheering success that has distinguished her rise."

Mr. McKeon (Law, '90), an active member of the Columbians, responded. He spoke in elegant and loving terms of the past history of the University, paying a beautiful tribute to its venerable Founder. In his usual happy way, he exhorted his fellow-Columbians to stand by their *Alma Mater* and nobly to bear the dignity of being numbered among her sons. He did justice to himself, and upheld the high degree of success that has marked the history of his association. Mr. McKeon deserves special praise for the able manner in which he responded to his toast.

"THE COLUMBIANS—May the spirit that has animated their past preside with renewed vigor over the future."

Responded to by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, Vice-President of the University, in his usual happy style. He stated that he had been here nearly a quarter of a century; but in the course of that time he felt that there had never been a better entertainment at Notre Dame than that recently given by the Columbians, and accordingly believed that the present association was entitled to great praise and honor. If the energy and determination for success which had characterized the efforts of the young men in the preparation of this play would but follow them in their college and worldly life, he predicted for them a glorious and successful career. He cited for them the example of Edison, the famous electrician, whose simple determination has made his name famous and revered throughout the civilized world. The remarks of the Rev. Vice-President were of a most interesting and instructive character.

THE BOAT CLUB.

After two weeks of quiet and rest, our reporter again sallied forth to gather local opinions. This time he declared that he would investigate the boat club prospects, and after several days of "investigating" has again put himself under the care of a physician. Owing to the interest taken in the boat club, however, it has been decided to print his report.

As before, he opened the campaign in the yard, choosing as his victim Mr. T. Coady, who claims the honor of being the first sufferer from "spring fever" this year.

When the reporter approached T. Coady, that gentleman politely informed him that he wasn't posted.

"Who have been mentioned for captains of the crews, Tom?"

"Don't know."

"Who are your choices?"

"Haven't any."

"Well, haven't you heard some names mentioned? The public are thirsting for news. The press should supply this, and you fail in your duty as a public-spirited citizen when you withhold anything of interest from the public."

After the reporter had read the riot act to him, Tom stroked his delicate mustache caressingly, and thus began: "Oh, if that's how the thing stands, I'll come to terms; you may report me as saying that L. Chute, O. Jackson and T. McKeon have been mentioned for captains of the first crews; and H. Schwartz, L. Mithen and G. Slim for the second crews."

"Who is your choice for commodore?"

"The yard has been talking of Tom McKeon, but if F. Fehr concludes to run again, I don't think he will have any opposition."

"Is there going to be any feeling between the yard and the hall in the selection of captains and crews?"

"No, I think not—at least not upon our part. We are always ready to meet them half way; but, say, there's Stafford Campbell, he can give you all the latest tips."

Thanking Mr. Coady for his information, the knight of the shears proceeded to corral Mr. Campbell and open fire.

"Who will captain the crews this season, Staff?"

"I think Tom Coady and O. Jackson will be selected for the four-oared boats, and it seems to be the general impression that H. L. Mithen and Geo. Slim will manage the *Minnehaha* and *Evangeline*."

"What kind of crews will there be this year? Of course, you intend to row?"

"Yes, I think I shall pull. We have as good material this season as ever, some exceptionally good men. Geo. Slim an old time oarsman has returned to the University and, I understand, expects to row. With the advantage

of his skill and experience we can beat all former records."

"Who is your choice for commodore?"

"I am in favor of T. McKeon."

"Will there be any additions or improvements in the naval accoutrements the coming season?"

"Yes, sir, we expect to complete and furnish the boat-house and also purchase several new boats."

Just then Mr. Luke Mithen, the local oracle, hove in sight and the SCHOLASTIC man requested him to steer into quiet waters and cast anchor long enough to give a few tips upon naval affairs.

"Who have been mentioned as possible candidates of the various crews?"

"I can't say very authoritatively. Messrs. McKeon, L. Chute, Jackson and T. Coady are mentioned for the four-oared boats, and if they should all conclude to run it would, undoubtedly, make the contest complicated and embarrassing. I don't know who are running for the other captaincy."

"You have been mentioned for commodore."

"Yes, I know; but I don't think I'll run. You may say, however, that I would much prefer the office of Treasurer, and with a little urging could be induced to announce myself as a candidate."

"Will the number of boats be increased this year?"

"Very materially. The contract has already been let for four race and two sail boats, and I also understand that the director is negotiating with eastern parties for the purchase of a small steamer."

The reporter found Hal Jewett in his room at the Hall comfortably ensconced in an easy chair studiously perusing Mr. Bellamy's latest. Mr. Jewett was in a happy vein and prepared to talk in several volumes.

"What do you think of the prospect for crews this year, Hal?"

"Let me give you a straight tip. We are going to have splendid crews this year. All the 'old men' will row, and there is Geo. Slim, a phenomenal oarsman, in addition. Why, I tell you we will have better crews than Notre Dame has seen for years."

"Who are your choice for captains?"

"I think Tom Coady and L. Chute will be elected for the four-oared and L. Mithen and Geo. Slim for the six-oared boats."

"Who is your choice for commodore?"

"Fehr; but if he should decline to run, I would favor T. McKeon."

"Will there be any contest between the yard and the Hall?"

"No, I don't think so; at least there shouldn't be."

"What about the purchase of sail boats and a steamer?"

"The matter has been discussed; but I don't think any definite action has been taken yet. However, it is my opinion that before the season is over we will have some kind of a sailing craft."

Mr. Kelly was found reading a paper in the "White Cap" club room, and after giving the scribe a comfortable seat he asked him the nature of his business. Blushing at his own temerity, the SCHOLASTIC man blurted out:

"Mike, who will captain the crews this spring?"

"My dear boy," smilingly replied the victim, "that is exactly what I want to know. It is one of the prize questions; but if my word is worth anything it will unhesitatingly be given to Frank Fehr and Tom Coady, and Mithen and Schwartz. They are the people."

"Maybe. But who will be commodore?"

"Ah! That's easier. Tom McKeon will have that if it does not interfere with the practice of his ball nine. With these fellows at the helm we will be all right as we have material for four good crews."

"Will you run for commodore?" "No: my studies take up all my spare time."

"Are there any improvements in the club you could suggest?"

"Why, yes. Among other things we should have a separate pier for the pleasure boats, and then a tub race or swimming race should be down on the programme for Commencement for those who do not row. Brannick, Jno. Cooke and others could take part and make it interesting. But, say, did you hear about Louis Chute? Mr. Hagerty has been training him all winter. Yes, sir, and

Ike and Apples will join the club. I trained Ike last fall and he'll make a great No. 2. Well, if you *have* to go, all right." And he took up his newspaper again.

As the reporter was passing the law room he met Mr. McKeon who was figuring on his chances in the base-ball arena. He was busy and did not want to be disturbed, but yielded to the influence of "star."

"Well; Coady and Jackson, and Pim and Youngerman will be the bosses. I am in for commodore myself and do not want to discuss my opponents in the race. He should be an old member."

"What do you think of the crews?"

"If the boys will row and not loaf around, we'll have good crews; everyone who can should row, it is a duty they owe to—"

"Will you row?"

"No, I,—that is—why, you see—O say, get out of here, I'm too busy to be bothered." And as he would say nothing more, the scribe withdrew.

Mr. Hepburn was full of the boat club matter when he was approached. He grew enthusiastic over it and did not need any questions after he was started.

"Why, say, where have you been? Prudhomme is going to captain one of the crews and I am running for the other. Frank Fehr is our commodore sure. The crews will be good ones. Know that fellow Slim? Well, you should; he is a daisy and no mistake. Why, he can pull stroke against Fehr and beat him. But there are a few things we need badly; among them are new boats; they should be procured immediately. Then we ought to fix up the second floor into a gymnasium, bring down that piano and have a club room there for winter time. These things ought to be attended to next fall at the latest. But you must excuse me now as I have to go to that Democratic caucus. Hear how we were snowed under Saturday night? It was horrible! I guess we had better throw up the sponge. Well, good-bye."

The reporter then set out in search of Mr. Bronson, and after considerable inquiry found him on the campus. He seemed glad to see the scribe and greeted him with a jovial "How are they coming, Ed?" After informing the gentleman that everything was progressing very slowly, he "braced" him on the boat club question.

"Who will be elected captains, Ross?"

"In my opinion, L. Chute and McKeon will be the ones chosen to captain the four-oared crews. Mithen and Schwartz will take charge of the six-oared barges."

"Who will be commodore?"

"Work is going on at present in behalf of Tom Coady, and the wire-pullers report that they are meeting with great success."

"What kind of crews will there be?" continued the inquisitive one.

"Well, from present indications I would say that there will be no crews. Nevertheless we shall elect captains and keep up appearances. And now, that warm weather is here, it seems logical for us to purchase a base-burner so that the members could enjoy themselves next winter. We should also move the piano down; there is no absolute need of a carpet or lace curtains at present."

"Will you row, or run for anything?"

"I row? I guess not, I don't relish a ducking every day as was my ill-luck last fall. Besides, I shall play ball and shall have my hands full. What, you aren't going? Well, so long. Say, have you seen Fitzgibbons since last Saturday evening? He's been in hiding ever since."

Mr. Prudhomme announces that he is open to engagements as coxswain. Has had lots of experience and his terms are reasonable.

A select committee from the smoking room met the reporter at this point and carried him out of the yard.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Blodgett, Bovett, Burns, Barrett, H. Brannick, Benz, Burger, Brelsford, Bachrach, Combe, Cassin, Cassidy, G. Cooke, C. Cavanagh, L. Chute, F. Chute, E. Coady, T. Coady, P. Coady, Dorsey, Davis,

Dennis, Dyer, Jas. Dougherty, Daniels, Dunkel, Fitzgibbon, Fehr, J. Flynn, E. Fleming, Garfias, Gibbons, Gough, Houlihan, Herman, Heard, Hackett, Hummer, Hempler, Hoover, Hayes, Hepburn, Higgie, J. A. Johnson, Karasynski, Kearns, J. King, Krembs, F. Kelly, Kohlman, J. Kelly, Kunart, Lesner, Langan, Lair, W. Larkin, Lane, F. Long, L. Long, Leonard, Latson, McAuliff, McKee, McPhee, Mithen, Mackey, Morrison, Metzger, Mandrue, J. Newman, H. O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Shea, Powers, Paradis, H. Prichard, Prudhomme Paris, Reynolds, Rothert, Roberts, Steiger, Schaack, D. J. Sullivan, Standard, Stanton, O. Sullivan, V. J. Vurpillat,* F. Vurpillat,* Wright.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Anson, Adler, Aarons, B. Bates, E. Bates, J. Brady, T. M. Brady, T. T. Brady, W. Brady, Bruel, Boyd, Blumenthal, Bradley, Barclay, Burns, Crandall, Collman, E. Connors, Collins, Coe, E. DuBrul, Dion, Delany, Doig, Dempsey, DeLormier, Elder, J. M. Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, Field, Fleming, Garrison, Gross, Galen, Grund, Howard, Hannin, Hambaugh, Hesse, Hahn, P. Healy, Hague, Heller, Halthusen, Hoerr, Higgie, Jacobs, Jewett, Kearney, L. Kehoe, Keough, V. Kehoe, J. Leonard, Lenard, Lambertson, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, D. Monarch, L. Monarch, Merz, Mitchell, Martin, Mier, McCartney, Jas. McPhillips, Jos. McPhillips, A. McPhillips, F. McKee, McNally, McIvers, F. Neef, A. Neef, Neenan, Nester, O'Rourke, O'Mara, Putnam, Pomeroy, M. Quinlan, Quill, Roper, Rowsey, Stanton, Spurgeon, F. Schillo, C. Schillo, Scott, Seerey, Sokup, Scherrer, Sutter, Spalding, Stapleton, Treff, Tivnen, Tetard, Welch, Weston, Weitzel, Weise, Ward, E. Whalen, T. Whalen, Wolff, White, Wertheimer.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayres, Adler, Ball, F. Brown, O. Brown, Blake, Burns, Barbour, Browning, Beirs, Bixby, Cornell, Crandall, W. Connor, C. Connor, Covert, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Coquillard, Crane, Croke, Durand, Elkin, Eckler, Ezekiel, W. Finnerty, T. Finnerty, Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, E. Furthman, W. Furthman, Funke, Flynn, Girardin, Greene, Gilbert, D. Gilkison, A. Gilkison, Grant, J. Griggs, C. Griggs, Girsch, Hill, Henneberry, Hoffman, Hamilton, Hendry, Holbrook, Jonquet, Krollman, King, Keeler, Kuehl, Klaner, Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, C. Lamberton, Lonnberry, H. Lamberton, Loonie, Loomis, Levi, Marr, Mattas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, Morrison, Mosier, Marre, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, Priestly, Paul, C. Packard, J. Packard, Roberts, Ronning, Ryan, Stone, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Washburne, Wever, Walsh, Wilcox, Weber, Wolfe, Wilson, C. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Class Honors.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. Parker, F. Flynn, C. Flynn, Karasynski, P. Houlihan, Phillips, Pyplatz, Bovett, Kunert, Tivnen, D. Sullivan, Crall, J. Cavanagh, A. Neef, Dion, De Lorimer, Tinsley, Kearney, W. Burns, Lenard, Seerey, Welch, J. Leonard, F. McDonnell, Weise, Quill, Jacobs, O'Meara, A. Prichard, Wolff, Bergland.

List of Excellence.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Latin—Messrs. J. Brady, Ibold, J. King, P. Murphy, Weitzel, Dyer, Merz, H. O'Neill, Blackman, A. Neef, D. Philips; *Algebra*—Messrs. Hennesy, T. Coady, Heard, Dillon, Krembs, Latson, F. Flynn, Hayes, Wade; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Parker, F. Murphy, Bos, Boone, McNally; *Grammar*—Messrs. Benz, F. Murphy, Standard, Burns, Bergland, T. Whalen, Hambaugh; *Reading*—Messrs. E. Whalen, Neenan, Hull; *Orthography*—Messrs. Coe, F. Weise, McNally, Neenan; *Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Ahlrichs, Kearns, Conroy, Hagus, Weise, Dion.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Very Rev. Father General gave his usual instruction to the Children of Mary on Monday morning; his subject was "the Annunciation," and he advocated special and pious visits to the Chapel of Loreto.

—The First Preparatories, under the efficient leadership of the Misses Churchill and Schaefer, held a competition in Arithmetic last week. Those deserving special mention are the Misses Lauth, Fosdick, Pugsley, Burdick, Green, Ernest, Smyth, Reeves, Dempsey, Lewis and Penburthy.

—The month dedicated to St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church, has been a season of special devotion; his shrine has been visited daily by eager petitioners for graces spiritual and temporal. St. Teresa's injunction, "Go to Joseph," has been faithfully obeyed, and many a heart has been gladdened by answers to fervent prayer.

—The Second Preparatory class displays a praiseworthy zeal in the art of composition; all the members show decided talent, to encourage which a prize was lately offered to the one who would write the best essay on a given subject. Those deserving special notice were written by the Misses G. Rentfrow, M. Clifford, Farwell and Wurzburg.

—After the reading of the "points" on Sunday, March 23, Miss Stella Hamilton, in clear, sweet tones, recited Longfellow's poem, "The Old Clock on the Stairs," and Miss S. Crane rendered with fine effect "The Fall of Babylon." Father General then made a few timely remarks on the importance to be attached to the study of Elocution, and exhorted all to make good use of the few remaining days of Lent in order to secure the blessings of Heaven.

The Feast of the Annunciation.

Although the day on which the Church commemorates the annunciation to the Blessed Virgin Mary of her glorious destiny as Mother of God is not a holyday of obligation, it is to all at St. Mary's a day of special devotion a—feast of the heart. The little Chapel of Loreto, enriched with indulgences, has, ever since its erection, been a favorite shrine, and from early morning until the evening shades fall upon it may be found there fervent petitioners at Mary's feet; but on the Feast of the Annunciation, the sacred edifice was taxed in order to receive the many who visited the fac-simile of the house in which Gabriel's message was delivered.

Very Rev. Father General celebrated the

community Mass, at which all received Holy Communion; Rev. Father Maher was the celebrant of the high Mass; the singing was excellent, and the "Ave Maria," sung at the *Offertory*, was worthy of special praise.

To many who noticed the changing lights that fell through the rich windows, there was a charming symbolism to be traced in the fact that the first rays of the morning sun that stole in through the window of the Immaculate Conception, fell with full radiance on that representing the Annunciation, immediately over the high altar, there broke in softest tints over the marble altar whereon rested the Divine Word. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament closed the beautiful festival.

Our Lady of Sorrows.

There are innumerable shrines of our Blessed Mother where she is honored by her children, and in each heart is there some special title under which loving invocations go speeding to heaven's Queen. Some there are who love to dwell on thoughts of her Immaculate Conception; others consider her as kneeling to receive Gabriel's message; again, she is honored as crowned in paradise; but to the poor, weary sojourner in this vale of tears, what title could inspire more confidence in Mary's succor than that of "Our Lady of Sorrows?"

Sorrow is the heritage of the human race; to all does it come; every day do we meet the cross in some shape—little disappointments, unfulfilled hopes, or grasped only to prove vain, sad awakenings from happy illusions,—all these are the lot of each one. Then there are real crosses; perhaps death comes, and one near and dear lies cold and unresponsive to our caresses; the last look has to be taken, then the daily round of duties comes, and each one presses heavy on our aching heart. Sympathy is but mockery—who can feel as we feel? No one ever suffered the grief we have experienced. No one? Ah! yes, there is one whose whole life was a martyrdom; and to her may we go, knowing that in the sanctuary of her pierced heart we will find sorrow before which ours seems like joy. Let us follow her as she enters the Temple and meets holy Simeon; listen to the venerable Prophet as he raises his voice to pronounce those words that lived in Mary's heart for three and thirty years: "Thy own soul a sword, shall pierce."

From that day the shadow of Calvary hung over her; she watched the steps of her Son, and

knew each one was bringing nearer the end; she saw those rosy palms as they caressed her cheek wet with blood; and, tangled in his locks, she beheld thorns. Who could fathom her sorrow during the "three days' loss?" And when the crowing act of Christ's ministry was at hand, can we wonder at the words sobbed out by the Church, as she speaks of Mary's woe: "All you who pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow."

At the foot of the cross she stood, and witnessed the sacrifice which was to redeem the world. O Death! never again shalt thou have a victim like to that thou hadst then! Picture Mary as she receives the sacred Body of her Son into her arms; behold her as she kisses the stone that covers the tomb, and think what desolation must have come over her as she prepared to return to that home which had been sanctified by the presence of Jesus! "Sorrow widens great hearts, just as it contracts little ones." Wide, indeed, then was the heart of her who received us as her children when Christ's dying voice said: "Woman, behold thy Son!" and so great is that heart now, there is room therein for all our wounded feelings, all our failures and all our sorrows.

When our burden seems heaviest, let us look at our loved Queen, our Mother, as she was when she left the garden of sepulture. Beautifully does Father Faber draw the picture of her woe, and the apathy of the world; he says: "Eve going forth from Eden was not more sorrow-laden and bore with her into the unpeopled earth a heart less broken and less desolate. That woe-worn woman is the strength of the Church, the Queen of the Apostles, the true Mother of the outspread world over which the blue mantle of darkness is falling fast and silently. Sleep on, tired world! Sleep on beneath the paschal moon and the stars that are brightening as it sets, thy Mother's heart watches and wakes for thee!"

ELIZABETH HEALY (Class '90).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Ansbach, Ahlrichs, Bates, Bernhart, Bogner, Bero, Bovett, Beck, Barry, Cunningham, Cooper, Coll, Curtis, Crilly, Churchill, M. Cochrane, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, Dennison, S. Dempsey, Dorsey, Donahue, Dolan, English, Flannery, Fosdick, Farwell, Green, Ganong, Gordon, Hammond, Healey, Horner, H. Hanson, Holt, Hagus, Harmes, A. Hanson, Hellmann, Hale, Hutchinson, Haight, Hughes, Hemelspeck, Kelso, Koopmann, Kimmell, Lauth, McFarland, F. Moore, K. Morse, Maher, McCarthy, McCune, Mullaney, Marley, M. Moore, Norris, Nacy, Otis, Patier, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Roberts, Rose, Rinn, Rentfrow, Reilly, Stapleton, D. Spurgeon,

Schiltz, Studebaker, Schaefer, Schrock, N. Schermerhorn, M. Schermerhorn, Van Mourick, Violette, Wurzburg.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burdick, E. Burns, Black, M. Burns, Clifford, Cooke, M. Davis, B. Davis, Evoy, Girsch, Hickey, Kasper, Levy, McGuire, Meskill, Mestling, A. O'Brien, O'Mara, Patrick, Palmer, Philion, Quealy, Regan, Ruger, Shirey, M. Scherrer, Soper, J. Smyth, Sweeney, A. Tormey, E. Wagner, I. Waldron, M. Wagner, Wood, Wright, N. Wurzburg, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Coady, A. E. Dennison, Eldred, M. Egan, H. Girsch, M. Hamilton, A. McCarthy, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Porteous, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Bates, Davis, Flannery, Hammond, Healy.

FIRST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Balch, Clarke, Currier, Fitzpatrick, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, McFarland, Moore, Morse, O'Brien, Van Mourick, Curtis, Deutsch, English, Gordon.

SECOND SENIOR CLASS—Misses Adelsperger, Ansbach, Crane, Davis, Hamilton, K. Morse, Nacey, Nester, Nickel, Otis, Piper, Stapleton, Thirds, Violette, Quealy.

THIRD SENIOR CLASS—Misses Bernhart, Bogner, Cunningham, Dennison, Holt, Haight, Hepburn, Hughes, A. Ryan, C. Ryan, Spurgeon.

FIRST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Bero, Butler, Churchill, Donahue, Davis, Green, Fosdick, Hale, Hull, Kelso, Kimmell, Lauth, Lewis, McCarthy, M. McHugh, Murison, Moore, Norris, Patier, Pugsley, Regan, Rinehart, Schaefer, Wurzburg, Ernest, M. Burns, L. Reeves, Tormey.

SECOND PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Byrnes, L. Bovett, Cochrane, Cooper, Farwell, Hagus, M. Harmes, Hutchinson, Koopman, McCune, Mullaney, Rentfrow, Rinn, Schermerhorn, Barry, Clifford, O'Mara, Philion, Soper, Wagner, Wurzburg.

THIRD PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses A. Ahlrichs, Ganong, Reilly.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Schermerhorn, Black, M. Davis, E. Davis, Meskill, A. O'Brien, Patrick, Regan, Ruger, Sweeney, Young, McHugh, Smyth, McGuire, Wagner, Evoy.

FIRST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Hickey, Holmes, Mabbs, Shirey, Waldron, Wood, Wright, Adelsperger, Hamilton, McHugh, Smyth, Dennison.

SECOND JUNIOR CLASS—Misses E. Ernest, Crandall, Porteous, Hamilton, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, K. Coady, Eldred.

BOOK-KEEPING.

Misses Cunningham, A. Ansbach, D. Davis, Violette, Bogner, Harmes, Maher, Dorsey, Tormey, Donahue.

PHONOGRAPHY.

Misses K. Hurley, Deutsch, Cunningham, De Montcourt, Cochrane.

[From the Boston Pilot.]

Palm-Sunday.

It was the land that did Thee such despite,
O Christ, Our Lord! That welcomed Thee with palms,
With loud hosannas and loud-ringing psalms,
—Then sudden swept Thee on to Calvary's height!
Not thus disloyal was the constant sea;
That still doth sing Thy glory and Thy praise,
As in the dawn of fair creation's days,
And render unchecked homage unto Thee.
That still doth own Thy presence and Thy sway;
Unto the silent watches of the stars,
And morn fresh burst from out their silver bars,
Proclaiming Thy glad power from day to day;
And naming Thee the God whom we adore,
Who is, and was, and shall be, evermore!

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.