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No. 1.

An Introduction to the Study of Dante.*

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I.

Whether you will read the Divine Comedy of Dante, or whether you will study it, you must prepare yourself by considering carefully the circumstances of Dante's life and of his times. There is no great poem which deserves greater attention than this. It is an epic of the highest kind; it is of no nation, of no country. Like Rome, it belongs to the Christian world. And yet there is so much in it that is local and peculiar to the fourteenth century that if one neglects the historical preparation necessary for the proper point of view, one will find it tiresome, or merely skim it over that one may not appear to be ignorant. It is just as dishonest to pretend to read an author you have not read—because people expect you to have read him—as to pretend that you wear gold when your ornaments are of some inferior metal. Honesty and simplicity in literary matters, as in all others, should be cultivated by the student who wants to be solidly grounded rather than showy.

Dante made the Italian language possible. Before his time the vulgar tongue was despised; it was, in fact, a collection of dialects which, like the pebbles you find in the beds of streams, had been torn from their original rock, the Latin, and pounded into new forms. Dante loved the people; he asked why should the learned man who ate every day of the bread of science not give some to the poor who stood without? Why should not there be one great Italian language in which the fruits of knowl-

edge could be conserved for the benefit of the people at large? He believed in Italian unity, but not the unity which is crushing everything beautiful and true in Italy under the goat-hoofs of utilitarianism and infidelity. He believed, as the greatest patriots of his time believed, that Italy should be one under the joint rule of the Pope and the Emperor. The Emperor, in whom the prerogatives of imperial Rome were thought to reside, was a German; but in the fourteenth century the Italians scarcely considered the Germans as aliens, whereas the French were looked on—strange as it may seem—as not only foreigners, but dangerous foreigners.

The condition of Italy at Dante's birth, in 1265, was almost intolerable. Every city was torn by factions. The arts had progressed, commerce had enriched the great merchants, learning was revered and sought after, Christianity had become part of the life of the people, and its glories shone everywhere; but there were many who rebelled, not against its teachings, but against its practices. The soft-coated leopard and the cunning she-wolf are the symbols by which Dante typifies, in the introduction to the *Inferno*, the besetting sins of Italian life. These symbolized lust and avarice. The faith of the Italian people was almost childlike. The Florentine women of Dante's time talked about Our Lady as if she lived in the next house, and the little children would have taken it as a matter of course if the Infant Jesus had joined them at their games. Among the rulers of the people there were few who did not believe in the teaching of the Church. Even that Messer Cavalcanti, the father of Dante's dearest friend, whom he puts into the circle reserved for heretics, was probably no more of an unbeliever than his son, who made a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella. But many

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of the great men of the time did not let their faith influence their actions; hence we read of horrible crimes committed by nobles who would not refuse to kneel at the Elevation, and who probably would have killed any one who so refused to kneel. Like the devils, they believed and trembled, and yet went on in satisfying their ambition and avarice. They sinned against light.

Dante saw with horror the condition of his country. The two great factions were the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. Dante was really neither a Guelph nor a Ghibelline, though he was apparently attached to both parties at different times. He was willing to accept any party based on Christian principles which would bring peace to Italy. The Guelphs were looked on as the party of the Pope; the Ghibelline as that of the Emperor. When the Pope, in order to save his states, was obliged to call in the assistance of Charles of Valois, Dante, who had gone on a mission to protest against what was considered a foreign interference, became apparently a Ghibelline—but it must not be understood that Dante, in welcoming Henry of Luxemburg into Italy and praying for his government, meant that he should seize the states of the Pope, or fail to do him reverence. Not at all. The ideal government of Dante was one on which the Pope and the Emperor should rule the world together, the Church filling the state with the spirit of charity, and the state fostering the people, informed by the gifts of the Holy Ghost.

This was not only Dante's idea, but the idea of some of the most devout men of the Middle Ages. It never became more than an idea, however; but Dante was an exile for it. He learned the truth of the words which he puts into the mouth of one of his ancestors in the *Paradiso*:

"Thou shalt prove
How salt the savor is of others' bread,
How hard the passage, to descend and climb
By others' stairs."

To study Dante, to imbibe his spirit, one need not know Italian. Nor indeed would it be possible for any of you, at your age, to know Italian well enough to read the works of Dante with thorough comprehension; for the Italian of Dante is not the easy language of Goldoni or even of parts of Manzoni. You would need careful instructors and commentators to get at the spirit of Dante, even if you knew Italian very well.

But you may imbibe his spirit without knowing the Italian language. You will never ap-

preciate all the strength, all the beauty, all the sonorous music of his style in English; yet if you have Carey's or Longfellow's translation and the Rev. Dr. Hettinger's "*Divina Commedia*," you may begin with the assurance that you will be a thousand times repaid for your trouble—which may seem great at first. And if the study of the *Divina Commedia* lead you to acquire the language which Dante almost created, you will have one more talent, burnished and shining, to offer to Our Lord when He asks you if you have done your best with His gifts.

II.

The real name of Dante was, as you know, Durante dei Alighieri,—Dante being a contraction of Durante; he was born in May, 1265. His father was a professor of law in Florence. He died when Dante had reached his ninth year, and the care of his education was left to his mother, Bella.

Madame Campan, in her "*Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVI.*," tells us—or rather her editor tells us—that Napoleon I. once asked her what France most needed. She answered, "Mothers." And in the lives of all great men we find that the prevailing influence for making them great was that of their mother. When one reads history one finds the truth of this on almost every page. It applies equally to daughters as well as sons. This very Marie Antoinette, whose undeserved death filled the world with horror, owed some of the defects—they were scarcely faults—that led to it to the fact that her mother, the great Marie Thérèse, was too much absorbed in the cares of state to consider carefully the education of her daughters.

But the mother of Dante devoted herself to the education of her son. She determined that if he was so fortunate as to have a thirst for knowledge he should know the springs from which he could slake it. And she soon found that Dante panted after it as the hart pants for the fresh fountains. So grateful was Dante that he exclaims in later life:

"Blest was she in whom
Thou wast conceived!"

Dante attended the great universities of Padua and Bologna, and he even went to Paris and Oxford. He learned grammar, rhetoric, dialectics, arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy; he learned Latin, but little Greek; he perfected himself in the philosophy and the theology of St. Thomas Aquinas—which is the sum of all philosophy and theology. He read many times Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Statius, and the other great poets of Rome. Virgil he took

as his model. Virgil he believed—although apparently of the pagans—had prophesied the coming of Our Lord; for he had said, in his fifth Eclogue, that a golden Being should descend from heaven:

“His cradle shall with rising flowers be crowned,
The serpent's brood shall die; the sacred ground
Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to bear,
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.”

This is one of the reasons why Dante selects Virgil as his guide in the *Inferno*; Dr. Hettinger gives the other reasons:

“Virgil is the poet of the Roman Empire, which was designed by God to lead men to temporal happiness by the precepts of reason, as the papacy was to guide them to eternal bliss by the teaching of faith.” Virgil, too, in Dante's eyes, represented reason, and he had described in the *Æneid* the horrible torments of the lost souls in the pagan lower world. These, then, are the reasons that caused Dante to be guided by Virgil in his descent to hell.

So wide was the fame of Dante, even while he lived, that once a peasant woman, seeing him pass, said to her neighbor: “There is he who has gone down to hell to bring messages to those above.”

“One would know it to look at him,” answered her neighbor, “for the fires have bronzed his cheeks and crisped his hair.”

Dante was well versed in all the sciences and arts of his time; he was even a skilful chemist. He was always from his youth serious, noble, and, in spite of the deepest grief and bitter disappointment, solemnly serene. We know much of his life, even more than we know of Chaucer's, whose poems were influenced by him, and who died seventy-nine years after Dante, and a hundred times more than we know of Shakspeare's. He left us an intimate record of his early thoughts and impressions in his *Vita Nuova*, the first of his works. It shows us how a new life dawned on him when he saw Beatrice; the title of this diary of his—for we may almost call it so—means the dawn, the new day, the “new life” rather than the early life. We shall return to this again.

III.

Another great poet, but one whose uncertain grasp on the “eternal verities” made him pause below the clouds through which Dante soared to the utmost heights, represented sinful man saved by the intercession of woman. This was Goethe. But Goethe, who could neither understand the Christian meaning of sin or repentance, tells us that Faust was saved without acknowl-

edging how deeply he had sinned against God; for with Goethe sin is a mere experience, while with Dante the Catholic, sin is a blight that eats and corrodes the soul as acid eats and corrodes metal. Nevertheless, Goethe gets near enough to the belief of the Church—which is met half way by the hearts of all mankind—that Womanhood, pure and blessed, is the co-redemptrix of the world. In the *Divine Comedy* we find this doctrine so theologically true, so poetically true, flowering in all luxuriance. It could not be otherwise, for Dante's grand epic is the one great epic of Christianity.

Dante praises his mother, and then Beatrice; but, above all, Our Blessed Lady. It is to the influence of holy womanhood that he owes all that is great in himself, and he is never tired of proclaiming the truth.

IV.

Dante's exile came about because he too hotly struggled for the idea of government, which I have explained in the beginning of this lecture. That it was an impracticable idea, events showed; he never, in all his enthusiasm for the emperor, dreamed of infringing on the temporal power of the popes; the Florentines, particularly that faction of the Guelphs called the Neri, or Blacks, found him fanatical, and while he was absent on a mission to Pope Boniface VIII. the gates of the beloved city, “beautiful Florence,” were closed against him. He was exiled; never again should he join the gay festivals, or sit and cap sonnets with the brilliant group of friends who made a circle famous in all Italy; never again was he to see his wife, Gemma Donati, who was shut within the gates. Later his sons joined him in exile. He travelled from place to place, the greatest poet the world ever saw; a theologian so subtle that he was put, without remonstrance, by an enthusiastic painter among the Doctors of the Church; a sage, almost a prophet, and yet, like Homer, he was dependent on others for his bread. He wandered from court to court for eighteen years, now at Padua, then at Bologna; now with Can Grande at Verona, again with Guido da Polenta at Ravenna. And the Italian courts of the fourteenth century, though there was some learning there and great splendor, were not congenial places for a man of Dante's refinement. Even the princes indulged in rough and silly jokes. A chronicler tells us why Dante left the court of the great prince Can Grande. It was because of one of those rude, practical jokes. The prince, in a jolly humor, had ordered that all the bones left by the guests at a banquet

should be piled at Dante's plate. Then Can Grande—whose name Can resembles the Italian word *cane*, a dog—said: "How much meat Dante consumes!" "Were I a dog (*cane*)," Dante said, "you would not find so many bones!" Petrarca gives another version of the story. According to this, Can Grande asked Dante one day why he and the rest of his court found so much more pleasure in the antics of jugglers and buffoons than in his conversation. "It is easily explained," said the poet, "like loves like."

But these were the least of the afflictions that made him know how bitter it is to eat another's bread, when love does not give the bread. This feeling of dependence was the most irksome of all tortures to the proud and sensitive soul of the poet. He calls himself "justly disdainful"; the valley of humiliation must always be trodden by those whose pride needs chastening by God; and Dante's feet were pierced with the sharp stones of this valley until the very hour of his death. The last blow he received was the worst of all. Florence the beautiful, Florence the beloved, would not take him within its gates, except under the most humiliating conditions, with which he refused to comply. In 1321, he was sent by Ravenna as ambassador to Venice. The Venetians would not receive him, and he went back to the last city of his exile to die. His death took place on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, "after he had received," says Boccaccio, "all the last Holy Sacraments according to the rites of the Church."

And so Dante died; Guido da Polenta and the people of Ravenna regretted him, and there were mourners in Italy. But as yet the world did not know what it had lost by his death and gained by his work. He seemed to have failed. Born in comfort—for Dante was neither rich nor poor,—blessed with the opportunity of acquiring all the learning of his time, surrounded by friends, like his brother poet, Cavalcanti, he surrendered all happiness for an idea, and this idea was the progress of his country in Christianity and the good that flows from Christianity.

V.

In meditating on Dante's life we shall see that out of his apparent failure came his real success; out of his suffering, his greatest gain; for suffering—as we cannot learn too soon—has its ministry: it is the fire that burns away the earthly particles in us and leaves only the spirit; and so it was to Dante. Out of his tribulations, out of his exile, out of his humiliations, arose

that great Christian epic, the *Divina Commedia*.

It must be remembered that if Dante was the supremest poetic flower of the Middle Ages, it was left for our age to discover it. Our century has done more to make Dante known and appreciated than the fifteenth, the sixteenth, the seventeenth or the eighteenth.

Dante's mind was naturally noble, and while his countrymen turned towards the lighter lyrics of Petrarca and were influenced by the secular traditions of Italian poetry, Dante felt that St. Francis d'Assisi and the religious poets of the Franciscan Order were more to him than the whole band of writers of *concetti*, who made sonnets to their "mistresses' eyebrows," to be sung to the tinkling of the mandolin or guitar. His eyes had the sweep of the eagle; the night-ingales might press their bosoms against imaginary thorns and thrill forth sweet plaints, but he would soar above the storm clouds to the very feet of God Himself.

In the strict sense the *Divina Commedia* is not an epic, since Dante appears in it as a narrator; but, nevertheless, we may call it the epic of humanity. Dante named it simply a comedy and others added the epithet divine. The word comedy is derived from the Greek words, meaning a country song. A comedy, in Dante's time, meant not only a play for the stage, but a simply told narrative ending happily. A comedy always ends happily; and the *Divina Commedia*, beginning among the unutterable horrors of Hell, glides into the lesser torments of Purgatory, and finally rests happily in Paradise. It consists of one hundred *canti*, or songs. Thirty-three are devoted to the infernal regions and thirty-three to Purgatory and Paradise each.

The important works of Dante, besides the great one, are an essay on the Italian language, the *Vita Nuova* and the *Convito*, or banquet. With the last, we need only to concern ourselves enough to learn that it is like the *Vita Nuova*, a mixture of prose and poetry. It is modelled in form on the *Symposium* of Plato. It was intended by Dante to be a popular encyclopedia in which science, always informed and enlightened by religion, should be taught to the common people in their own language.

VI.

I have spoken of the influence of pure and exalted womanhood on Dante's life and genius. He is particularly the poet of the Blessed Virgin, and after her, the poet of Beatrice. Beatrice symbolizes divine love and wisdom. Dante tells us in the *Vita Nuova* how he met her. It was in May, 1274. She was a little girl, entering

her ninth year, and she wore a dress of red—the color of the Holy Ghost. He was charmed by her modest and gentle look, her exalted piety and her sweetness which seemed to him angelic. She did not speak to him or he to her. But she ever afterwards remained to him as the model of high virtues, so great is the power of holiness over all that comes near it. He saw her again nine years later, and so exalted did she seem, as she courteously saluted him, that he wrote his first sonnet in her honor. He seldom saw her again; she died at the age of twenty-four; but he remembered her as the handmaid of the Blessed Virgin, whom he calls the Queen of Glory. Beatrice, after her death, became to Dante the figure of divine love and wisdom. When he was tempted to forget what he owed to God she seemed to come to him and lead him back; she appeared before him in the red dress and as the little girl of nine. The *Commedia* was written in her honor, and during those long years of exile it was his consolation and she was his guide.

Beatrice represents Divine Knowledge, servant of the Queen of Heaven. Her throne in heaven is nearest that of Rachel. She is called in the *Commedia* "she who leads unto God." She is named "blessed." Through her Dante lives in Faith, and when Faith is done she will lead him to the blessed vision of God.

The *Divina Commedia* is, for the young and even for many who are not young, very hard reading. It is not easily understood; you cannot *read* it; you must study it; it yields its sweetness, like roses in the depths of a thorny and darkened forest, only to those who search. As Dr. Hettinger says, the two first cantos of the poem contain the leading idea of the whole work and give the key to it. It is impossible in this lecture to do more than allude to the *Inferno*, which is the most interesting of the three parts of the great poem. It is full of symbolism, and some knowledge of this symbolism must be acquired before the poem can be studied with satisfaction. You know already that there was a real Beatrice Portinari; you know that after her death she became in Dante's mind the symbol of divine love and grace; you know that the *Divina Commedia* consists of three visions—of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise; you know that there was a real Beatrice and an imaginary Beatrice. And so there is a literal meaning and an allegorical meaning. Dante, whom Raphael in the *Disputa* puts among the Doctors of the Church, was saturated with the allegorical meaning of the Scriptures; similarly, we find in his poems much that is allegorical.

Dante himself is man; sin stops his way upward until Beatrice, "having taken Reason, Virgil, into her service, goes forth to rescue him." He sees Hell in all its horrors by the light of Divine Knowledge and of Reason, and turns affrighted from sin to be purified by Purgatory and finally led by Beatrice to Heaven.

The politics of Dante's time have a great place in his poem; but he is not a fanatical partisan of either the Guelphs or the Ghibellines. He puts both into his *Inferno*. And we must not imagine that Dante saw with inspired eyes when he placed certain persons in the devouring and never-ceasing flames. When Dante wrote the *Inferno*, Pope Celestine V. had resigned the Papal throne. He did this from supernatural motives then unknown, and he had not yet been canonized. Dante puts him in the *Inferno*, and says:

"I saw
And knew the shade of him who, to base fear
Yielding, abjured his high estate."

Dante was fallible, and made rash judgments principally where his political enemies were concerned, but he makes no fault in theology. He begins his knowledge by learning to fear God. Let us take the first canto of the *Inferno* and study it, in Carey's translation.

VII.

Dante goes in his vision into Hell on the Feast of the Annunciation of Our Blessed Lady, 1301. According to the Florentine reckoning, this was both Good Friday and New Year's Day, and thus the date had a threefold meaning. Dante imagines himself in a dark wood; he endeavors to climb a mountain, but he is prevented by sin, typified by a leopard, or lust; a lion, pride; and a she-wolf, avarice. The symbolism of these beasts is taken from Jeremias. In "heart-gripping" anguish Dante saw the form of one

"Whose voice seemed faint from long disuse of speech."
In fear:

"Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud,
"Spirit or living man! whate'er thou be."

Dante discovers that this shade is Virgil, who foretold the coming of Our Lord, and who offers to show Dante Hell and later Purgatory. Virgil says that he cannot lead Dante to Paradise,

"for that Almighty King
Who reigns above, a rebel to His law,
Adjudges me."

Dante says:

"In the midway of this our mortal life,"

which means that he had just completed his thirty-fifth year. Beatrice (Divine Knowledge) had sent Virgil (Reason) to Dante's relief,

and Virgil, who was in Limbo—where the spirits of Pagans of his character are neither in glory nor in punishment, and where the souls of unbaptized children are—gladly obeyed. But Dante still fears. Virgil tells him that Our Blessed Lady, Saint Lucia and Beatrice watch over him. Courageous, he says:

"As florets by the frosty air of night
Bent down, when day has blanched their leaves,
Rise all unfolded on their wing stems,
So was my fainting vigor new restored."

In the third canto, Dante and Virgil reach the gate of Hell, and read there the awful warning:

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate"—
"All hope abandon ye who enter here."

Dante and Virgil hear lamentations, and Dante weeps.

"Various tongues
Horrible language, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds
Made up the tumult that forever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stained,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies."

Dante is sick with horror; he asks:

"O master, what is this I hear? What race
Are these who seem so overcome with woe?"

Virgil answers that here are the souls of those who, like the neutral angels, that neither joined Satan in rebellion nor fought against him, were neither for God nor against Him in this world, and now they loudly cry out for the death that never comes. Descending in the fifth canto to Limbo, Dante finds the souls of those who have lived virtuously, but have never been baptized either actually, by anticipation, or by martyrdom. There is Julia, the daughter of Julius Cæsar and the wife of Pompey; Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchii, Socrates and Plato, Zeno, Orpheus, the inventor of music, and many other pagans who lived before the coming of Christ.

In the fifth canto, he sees the unhappy ones who have destroyed the life of their souls by sins against the Sixth Commandment. They are tossed about on high winds that never cease to blow:

"A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn
By warring winds. The stormy blast of Hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirl'd round and dashed amain with sore annoy."

—"As in large troops
And multitudinous when winter reigns,
The starlings on their wings are borne abroad;
So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.
It drives them: hope of rest to solace them
Is none."

There was Helen of Troy, and with her Cleopatra and Dido, the Queen of Carthage. There

were Francesca da Rimini, who had sinned from the reading of a bad book. Her words are more beautiful and pathetic in Italian than in English. She recalls the past and says, feeling her present torments:

"No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy when misery is at hand."

The original thought of this Dante probably found in Latin. Chaucer imitated it, and so did many other English poets. But Tennyson has put it into the sweetest line of all:

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

In the sixth canto are the gluttons. Here is Cerberus, the three-headed dog, rending the sinners with his bloody jaws, and a continual rain of discolored sleet and hail falls upon them.

We go on with Dante and Virgil to other and more horrible regions where the sins of the intellect are punished. We find among those who have denied God on earth the father of Dante's earliest friend, the poet Cavalcanti, though father and son were both poets. Cavalcanti asks after his son. Dante replies, and the father, misunderstanding him and believing that his son is dead, sinks back into the depths, for the damned, unlike the souls in Purgatory and Paradise, have no communion with the good on earth.

In the seventh canto are the murderers submerged in torrents of boiling blood, measured according to their crime. The tyrants, defined by St. Thomas as those who drive men into slavery, are there. Beings, half-horse, half-man, shoot arrows into them. There is Attila; there apart, is one who stabbed Henry of Cornwall at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. There Alexander and a crowd of the murderers of men.

As we go on, the stupendous sublimity and awfulness of Dante's descriptions increase. We know that he is well protected through the intercession of that Blessed Lady who is his patroness, by Beatrice and by Santa Lucia, (Divine Light); and yet we join in his fears. It is the feeling of suspense, as well as the poet's intense human pity for those who suffer, that makes the *Inferno* less interesting than the more tumultuous *Purgatorio* or the serene *Paradiso*.

VIII.

To study the *Divina Commedia*, to scan it line by line, to hunt out each historical allusion, to learn to appreciate its Christian teaching, is to gain an education such as the study of no other book, except the Bible, can give. We know how Dante looked, for his portraits are fine and authentic. We know his solemn, bay-crowned

head; his eyes that seem to have lost all human experience in profound peace. "Our poet," wrote one who knew him, "was of middle stature, and in his advancing years stooped somewhat as he walked. His demeanor was grave and composed; his dress, at that time simple and dignified, as became his age. His face was oval, his nose aquiline, his eyes rather large than small, his under-lip somewhat projecting; his complexion was dark; his beard and hair thick, black and curly; his whole aspect earnest and thoughtful. The great Michael Angelo wrote of him:

— "his works were ill and late
Known by that head, devoid of thanks and sense,
Which scants its favors only to the best;
Yet would that I were he, mine, too, his fate;
For his hard exile, with his excellence,
I would exchange all this world's happiest!"

It is not always easy to settle the position of a poet among poets. If the Sacred Scriptures were not directly inspired by God, they would still remain in the first place as poems of exalted splendor. *Job* and *Isaias* are the greatest of all great poems, more sublime than Homer's and more human than Homer's; sublime as Dante's and greater than Dante's, only because the mystical touch of the fire of the Holy Spirit has touched them. After *Job* and *Isaias*, I do not fear to put the *Divina Commedia* of Dante.

Books and Periodicals.

—In taking up the September *Wide Awake*, both the juveniles and the elders will turn at once to Mr. Ward's Andover serial; the chapters in this issue ought to be read in every college in the land. "Doc's" death-bed is a fearful warning to those students who think "hazing" a manly kind of "lark;" the dog "Calvin's" doings give the necessary sunny relief in these chapters. C. E. Garland has a capital story in this number, "The Last Baseball of the Season." Preston Lee Otis gives a strong story, too, of Southern life, entitled "Rijane." "My Friend, Ah Ging," a San Francisco story by G. Adams, will interest the boys, and reads like a true tale. "The Quest of the Whipping-Boy" ends in this number. "Four Fire-Buckets," by Mary Bolles Branch, is a good lesson for officious little girls. There are several unusually fine illustrated papers in the number.

—It is because "The Anglomaniacs" presents a novel aspect of New York life with uncommon pith and wit that the third part, in the August number of *The Century*, will be probably that portion of the magazine to which most readers will first turn. They will find a crisis approaching in the devotion to Miss Lily Floyd-Curtis of Lord Melrose, and look rather keenly

for a solution in the concluding installment, in September. In the new chapter of Mrs. Barr's striking novel, "Friend Olivia," the heroine sets sail for America with her father, who goes in search of religious freedom and converts. The short story of the number, "The Emancipation of Joseph Peloubet," by John Elliott Curran, introduces a Frenchman who turns his back in disgust on the Second Empire, starts a newspaper in New York, which advocates emancipation of the slaves, and collapses, and who then returns to his trade of baking until the breaking out of the war, when he enlists, and his ideals are realized and his life is sacrificed.

—*St. Nicholas* has a charming frontispiece for August. It is an illustration by Birch to the serial story "Lady Jane," and shows the former dancing-master, who has become a greengrocer, recalling his triumphs in teaching the pretty heroine the elaborate steps in vogue during his youth. The story itself is delightful. Some of the summary features are "The White Mountain Coaching Parade" of decorated tally-hos in competition for prizes, described in a sketchy way by Helen Marshall North; "A Lesson of the Sea," by W. J. Henderson, a simple bit of strong descriptive writing; "A Remarkable Boat Race," wherein Walter Camp describes the Atlanta-Yale race and its sensational feature—the leaping from the boat of Yale's stroke after he had broken his oar; "The Sea Princess," a pretty picture described in musical verse by the artist Miss Katharine Pyle; "Cupid and Crab," an odd little fancy of the sea-shore, daintily illustrated by Albertine Wheelan Randall; "The Audacious Kitten," one of Oliver Herford's jests with pen and pencil. The serials are continued effectively, and the African and Base-ball papers are of the usual interest.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for August is a Fiction number containing six short stories, five of them illustrated. As is usual in this magazine, a number of entirely new writers are brought forward with stories of striking originality. They show great variety of scene and subject, and include a Newspaper story, a tale of Army life, a California story, a Maine woods story, and a New York City story, besides Mr. Bunner's capital burlesque modernization of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." There is also the beginning of Part Second of the remarkable onymous serial, "Jerry," which brings the hero to manhood and opens his adventurous career. In this new phase of the novel the writer exhibits virile characteristics which were not demanded in the pathetic descriptions of Jerry's youth. The fiction idea of the number is further carried out in the very richly illustrated article by the Blashfields on "The Paris of the Three Musketeers." The veteran London publisher and close friend of Stanley, Mr. Edward Marston, tells, with striking illustrations made at Cairo, "How Stanley Wrote His Book." There are also poems by Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Andrew Lang.

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

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

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

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

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

—We begin to-day our twenty-fourth volume. The success of past years gives us every reason to hope that our many friends, scattered throughout the West, and, for that matter, through the East, will rally in even greater force than ever before, and enable us to make greater improvements in the get-up of the paper.

We have the satisfaction of knowing that not one single subscriber has complained of the SCHOLASTIC during the past year, and we trust that we will be able to give the same general satisfaction the coming one. We count upon many of our old contributors to continue to assist us, and trust that others of equal ability will be added to the list. We are not content to depend on our old friends alone. Whenever we discover talent in the College we will endeavor to enlist it in behalf of the SCHOLASTIC. This paper is the students' paper. It is to them what the daily paper is to the citizen. Their interests are its interests, and as the development of talent is a matter of interest to the

possessor of it, we trust that we may be the means of bringing out ability in students who may hereafter shine in the world. We hope that all the students will recognize this fact, and that those young men attending class here who are gifted with a pleasing style in writing will not confine themselves to the duties required of them in the class-room, but will make frequent use of the columns of our paper. Through it they are able to let their friends and relatives see their improvement at college.

The old students should also feel an interest in the SCHOLASTIC, for it is to them a weekly chronicle of the events which transpire at the place where they have spent many happy hours and formed friendships which will last for life. It is to them a strong bond which unites them with the strength of steel to their *Alma Mater* and brings back to them all the dear recollections of youth.

Let, then, all our friends interest themselves in the success of the SCHOLASTIC and do their best to double the circulation it now possesses. To do this, let them above all renew their subscriptions, and see that those who have never subscribed have their names placed on our list. If to make a good, readable paper, the only things required are good will and determination they may rest assured that we will give them what they ask.

—In the death of Cardinal Newman, which occurred on the 11th inst., a most striking figure in the religious and literary world passed away. Among the many noble men who have adorned the present age there was not one who ranked higher, whether for greatness of character or literary ability than John Henry Newman. As a theologian, philosopher, lecturer, critic, essayist, sacred orator, he occupied a high and commanding position before the world. And to these titles to the regard of his fellow-men he added another—he belonged to the band of

“Those rare souls—

Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world.”

His death has called forth from distinguished men of all creeds the most eloquent tributes to his greatness and worth. But to the Christian heart his memory will be most enduring through the simplicity of faith and sincerity of character manifested in his life and permeating all his writings. His example has already wrought great influence for good and will continue so to do for years to come. The honors of the Cardinalate, received nearly ten years ago, came as the Church's seal of approbation on his life.

work and the foreshadowing of the glorious words we may well hope he has heard from His Divine Lord and Master: *Euge, serve bonc et fidelis*. May he rest in peace!

* * *

Many a heart was shocked by the sad tidings of the sudden death of John Boyle O'Reilly, which occurred on the 10th inst. As the Editor of the *Boston Pilot* and a poet he was distinguished in the world of literature, while his patriotic zeal in the cause of his native country and his efforts on all occasions in behalf of the down-trodden and oppressed of every race endeared him to all true lovers of liberty and Christian charity. He was a devoted son of the Church, a true and consistent Catholic, and enjoyed the confidence and friendship of the most prominent members of the clergy throughout the land. In his death the Church has lost an able defender, the cause of liberty a most powerful advocate, and the literary world a bright and shining light; but never were words more sincerely uttered than these: "May our loss be his gain." May he rest in peace!

At College.

Going to college is usually considered a step of no little importance; and those who take that view of the case are certainly quite right in their judgment. However, the importance of the fact does not consist so much in *going* to college as it does in *doing* what one ought to do while there.

Passing over as unworthy of notice those few cases in which young men go to college with a view to spending their time in a sort of systematic indolence, we may safely say that all who enter college do so for the purpose of learning something useful, and of developing their minds in such a manner as to fit themselves to become during life not only successful but also useful members of society. The important question is, how this work of preparation for a useful life is to be done.

The student is not expected to understand how to proceed in the work of his own education—for otherwise he would not need to place himself under the direction of others, and yet every student on entering college should have at least a general plan of action, determined on in his own mind, and use the assistance of others only in the execution of that plan. Experience, however, proves that many students, perhaps a majority of them, have no *definite* object in view when they go to college beyond that gen-

eral wish to *learn*, and finding so many things to learn they either overburden themselves with studies in the vague hope of learning all at once, and thus expose themselves to serious physical injury from excessive labor, or they become discouraged on seeing all there is to be learned, and the folly of attempting to embrace the entire field of knowledge at once, and yet not knowing precisely what special branches of study it would be most advantageous to them to cultivate, they become desultory in their studies, and their minds are constantly distracted by a desire to change from one thing to another, as if they wished to get a taste of each science in turn, without mastering any. In either of these cases they fail in a greater or less degree to attain the object for which they entered college, however good their intentions may be, or however sincere may be their desire to become solidly educated.

* * *

Education has three grand departments: moral, intellectual and physical. Our moral education consists in the development of the moral sentiments, such as veneration, benevolence, conscientiousness, etc., and in controlling the passions. This department cannot be neglected by any one who wishes to become a useful member of society; but as it belongs specially to the religious teacher—although in its general principles it belongs equally to the school-room—we will not dwell upon it for the present. Physical education, though often sadly neglected, is nevertheless sufficiently understood to justify our passing it over also for the present. We propose, therefore, to speak of intellectual education, as it constitutes the special object of school-room instruction.

Intellectual education, so far as the school or college is concerned, consists in developing the powers and faculties of the mind by a systematic drill in the principles of the various arts and sciences. It may be complete and comprise all the principles which underlie the fabric of human knowledge, or it may be partial, embracing only certain departments of knowledge; finally, a partial education may be general in its character, and embrace the primary principles of all branches of knowledge, or it may be special and include only those branches which pertain specially to some particular avocation in life.

A complete education is by all means to be preferred, when time and means permit the young student to pursue a full course of study, and for those who desire to secure the superior advantages of this species of education, the only

wise plan is to begin with the lowest branches of study and proceed gradually to those of a higher grade, applying the mind at one time only to those studies which have a close natural affinity to one another, and above all never trying to grasp too much at a time. A complete education prepares a man for general usefulness, and enables him in after life to take a leading part in any enterprise of utility or refinement.

B.

A Catholic Educational Exhibit in the World's Columbian Exposition.

The note of busy preparation for the coming Columbian Exposition in Chicago, May, 1893, is to be seen all over the country; and even in distant lands we read of plans being laid and exhibits in course of preparation for the great Exposition. Already—before even the site has been determined on, before a plan has been drawn for the buildings—applications for space in great number are streaming into the directors. These applications are made in behalf of States claiming allotment of ground for independent buildings, and from institutions and individuals seeking space in the main buildings of the Exposition for special or general exhibits. No matter how ample and capacious the buildings provided by the commission in charge, it is evident that the demand for "space" will have gone beyond the possible resources of the Exhibition long before the date fixed for the opening.

One of the most important departments in the World's Columbian Exposition will be the educational exhibit. It will deservedly occupy the foremost place in public interest, and will be entitled to, and no doubt allotted, ample and fitting quarters, commensurate with its magnitude and importance. The educational system of the United States will be illustrated in all its details from the *kindergarten* and primary common school to the high school and college; and from these up to the higher courses and classes of the John Hopkins, Harvard and Yale Colleges.

We may be sure that no effort or expense will be spared to make these exhibits and this department full and complete in every respect. This is to be desired and expected. The special importance justly attaching to this department of the Fair, and the wide interest that will be felt in it, certainly justify the most liberal concessions in space and the most generous efforts as well as outlay in the work of preparation.

The interest in this department will not be limited to the United States or to America. Our foreign visitors will feel a particular eagerness to examine the methods and results of our much vaunted public school and educational system,—so far at least as these can be demonstrated in a public exposition. They can hardly fail to convey a valuable and an instructive lesson to the thoughtful investigator.

And this brings me to the purpose and point of the present article. What plans and preparations are being made by our Catholic schools, academies and colleges to take part in the coming Exposition? Assuredly the Catholic educational system of the United States will have part, and a very important part, in this educational exhibit. The whole system of school and college work must be seen, and, if possible, in all its details. I am sure I do not exaggerate the importance of the Catholic school system in this country in claiming for it a prominent place and position in any educational exhibit that shall be made. But the warrant for this claim will depend in large measure on the unity of the exhibit. When we take into account the great number of the parochial schools, the numerous colleges and academies supported by the Catholic Church in the United States, it is easy to conceive how splendid and comprehensive an exhibit could be prepared that would fairly illustrate the work of Catholic education in this country.

This cannot be done without preparation, nor can it be done effectively without concert of action. Is it not time to take the initiative? And who shall begin the work? As to the parochial schools, I should say the Christian Brothers; the Jesuits, naturally, would take the lead as to the colleges. And the academies? I will not venture to suggest the community that ought to initiate the undertaking.

When recently visiting a well-known academy in the West I ventured to broach to the superior of the institution the subject of an exhibit of the educational work of the school, the reply was: "But we have nothing to show, and no means or time to prepare anything worth exhibiting." While the remark was being made we were shown through the apartments, where the young ladies were at work preparing for the annual exhibition, then near at hand. There were to be seen on every hand exquisite embroideries, delicately hand-painted, in every variety known to woman's touch and taste; excellent studies in crayon and in color; admirable and beautiful displays in calligraphy, and a hundred other attractive objects that gave evidence of the

painstaking training and high cultivation for which the academy is noted. It was natural to suggest that of what was before our eyes alone an interesting and valuable exhibit could be made. And this seemed a revelation to the lady superior, who, I suppose, saw nothing remarkable in the display that to the eyes of a worldling was in fact a surprising and suggestive exhibit.

What is required for such an exhibition as that of the World's Fair, I assume, is the everyday work of the school, the academy, and the college. Of course the highest and best results of that work cannot be placed "on exhibition"—the religious and moral results produced in the character of the pupil. Nevertheless, the panoramic display of methods, of study, discipline, together with the work of the scholars, cannot fail to impress the visitors. The Christian Brothers, I am told, won honorable mention and notice in the Philadelphia International Exposition; as did also the Ladies of the Sacred Heart for educational exhibits in the New Orleans Fair. Why not, then, have a united display on the part of the entire Catholic educational system in the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago?

Apart from the ordinary incentive of contributing to the interest and attractions of the Exposition itself, and of taking our full part in its exhibits as we may, there is the higher and stronger motive of showing the American people and the world what the Catholic Church has done and is steadily and loyally doing in the cause of education—in the training of the youth of the country, and in the formation of the mental and moral character of so vast a number of those who are to enter into its life, and who are to aid in moulding and shaping its destinies. The importance of the opportunity cannot be overestimated, and certainly should not be overlooked, nor action too long delayed.

Who will take the necessary initiative? What teaching order or community will promptly set the example for the others? I lately suggested that honored Notre Dame "was always in the front." Why not now take the lead in this important undertaking?—*Hon. W. F. Onahan in the "Ave Maria."*

Personal.

—Rev. M. J. Regan is visiting friends and relatives in Ireland.

—Prof. Maurice F. Egan is enjoying his vacation at Marquette, Mich.—"in the sneezeless land."

—Prof. Stace flashed upon the scene one day

last week, but soon disappeared to continue his vacation tour.

—Among the distinguished clergymen who visited the College during vacation were Rev. Fathers Valentine and Valerian, O. S. B., of Chicago, Ill.

—Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., Professor of Philosophy, has been appointed to the important office of Master of Novices—a position which he is well qualified to fill with great success. The "grads" will be pleased to learn that he will continue his classes in the University.

—Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., lately of St. Joseph's College, Memramcook, N. B., will be numbered among the Faculty of the University during the coming year. Father O'Neill is distinguished as a *littérateur*, and will prove a valuable acquisition to the professorial corps.

—Bro. Lawrence, C. S. C., for a number of years Prefect of the Junior Department of the University, will enter a new sphere of labor this year, acting as agent for the *Ave Maria* on the Pacific Coast. His place as chief Prefect will be very acceptably filled by Bro. Urban, C. S. C.

—A most welcome visitor to Notre Dame a few weeks ago was the Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco. His Grace had been in attendance upon the Archiepiscopal Council in Boston, and on his way back to his See stopped to visit his *Alma Mater*. Archbishop Riordan was in excellent health and greatly enjoyed his visit, as did also his numerous friends at Notre Dame by whom he is admired and esteemed.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin, Very Rev. A. Granger and Rev. President Walsh are passing a few weeks at the College of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis. The health of Father General and Father Granger has been very poor during the summer; but we are glad to say that a great improvement has been experienced through the change of climate. All at Notre Dame hope that the amelioration will continue until a complete recovery is effected. Father General's telegram, on the Feast of the Assumption, gave great joy to all, expressing as it did the paternal affection of the venerable Founder for his spiritual children, with whom he is ever united in heart and soul.

—The Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., of Notre Dame, is a Michigan man from Monroe, and may be named among the many brave and brilliant heroes whom that city sent to the service and defence of the Union. He served through the war first as chaplain of the 35th, Indiana, and then as chaplain for the Indiana troops at large. He is now collecting materials—in addition to his own experiences—for a book which will be a record of the work of Catholic chaplains, Sisters and nurses during the war on both sides of the line. He has already collected a great mass of material and is still engaged in the work of collection. Washington is, of course, the chief reservoir of facts and

data concerning the war, and Father Cooney is now there engaged in the work of gathering and collecting materials for his book. He is stopping at old St. Peter's, on East Capitol Hill, where the great Father O'Boyle was pastor during the war and before he was changed to St. Mathew's, and where Father O'Sullivan was pastor before he became Bishop of Mobile.

We have received a letter from Father Cooney in which he tells us of his plans regarding his book and of the efforts he is making to have it a full and complete record of Catholic work in the war. On the day previous to the date of his letter, Father Cooney returned from a visit to Norfolk, Richmond and Fredericksburg, the scene of the brutal and fatal order of Burnside, who sent his army into the very jaws of death, especially Meagher's Brigade. He went over the battlefield with a guide who knew all about the battle. He gathered some very valuable information in Virginia and spent several days in the State Library at Richmond, examining the archives relating to the war. Father Cooney intends to spend some time in Washington examining the records of the war. He does not intend to exclude from his book mention of non-Catholic labors coming within the line of Catholic efforts during the war. The lady secretary of the Hospital service during the war is now making a report for him of the labors of hospital nurses, and he intends also to notice the labors of the "Christian Commission" for the benefit and comfort of the soldiers in the war. Father Cooney desires to make the work of general interest, and as comprehensive as possible.

Many books have been published about the work of individual Protestants and Protestant organizations, but very little, if anything, has been published about the labors of Catholic chaplains, Sisters and nurses whose works were of genuine merit. It would be a great shame to allow these to be forgotten—it would be a shame not to publish them for the greater glory of God and the honor of our holy religion, which alone can send true soldiers of the Cross into the field of strife and suffering. We copy in another place in this issue a report (slightly changed and corrected) of an interview had with Father Cooney in Washington by an intelligent correspondent of the Baltimore Catholic *Mirror*, relating to his book and his services in the war of the great rebellion. The report as published in the *Mirror* styled Father Cooney the "Fighting Chaplain." This title was a surprise to Father Cooney, for he never heard of it, applied to him, until he saw it in the *Mirror*. Though the title was meant to be complimentary, Father Cooney does not desire it and says it is not correct. His fighting in the capacity of chaplain was of the spiritual kind, for the souls of the soldiers committed to his charge, though even this fighting was done, much of it at least, on the battlefields where men fought and died.—*Michigan Catholic*.

Obituary.

BRO. VINCENT, C. S. C.

On Wednesday, July 23, the venerable Brother Vincent passed peacefully from earth in the ninety-third year of his age. He was one of the six religious who, in 1841, accompanied the Very Rev. Father General Sorin from France to the shores of this Western world. Ever since that time he had been the associate of the venerable Founder of Notre Dame in the great work which he inaugurated and has carried to such a successful issue. For many long years Brother Vincent had directed and watched over the formation of the religious spirit in the youthful candidates in the novitiate, and the lessons inspired by his piety and beautiful example left a deep and lasting impression, and contributed materially to the infusion of that zeal and devotion which have made the Congregation of Holy Cross, in the United States, so happily successful in the attainment of its mission. When advancing years deprived him of physical strength, he still continued a model to his fellow religious whose work he aided by the power of the prayers with which he was constantly occupied. His was a life full of years and merits, and we may have every confidence that it has been fittingly rewarded by that glory and joy which await the good and faithful servant. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

- Here we are again.
- Vacation will soon be over.
- Classes will be opened on Tuesday, Sept. 9.
- St. Edward's Park presents a beautiful appearance and is the admiration of every visitor.
- The fresco-work in the interior of the extension to the church is admired by all who have seen it.
- Painters, decorators and others are busy in the various buildings, preparing everything for the opening on the 9th of September.
- Work on the *Palais d'Industrie* has been rapidly pushed forward during the vacation. In a few weeks it will be ready for occupancy.
- The Index to Vol. XXIII. of the SCHOLASTIC is ready. To those who have preserved their numbers for binding it will be sent free on application.
- The new building for the School of Mechanical Engineering is now under roof. It is expected that it will be completed about the middle of September.
- Mr. J. Murphy, C. S. C., of the Faculty of the University, and Brothers Hubert and Wendelinus made their religious profession on the Feast of the Assumption.

—Everyone should see the propriety of entering college when the classes begin. Those who do not enter at that time lose, of course, the benefit of the instructions in proportion to the length of their absence. Classes will begin on the 9th of September. Let everyone be on time.

—Among the welcome visitors during the vacation were the various regiments of the State, who held their annual encampment in South Bend during the week beginning August 3. A very pleasant day was spent on the 5th inst. on the University grounds and heartily enjoyed by ye brave soldier boys. Gov. Hovey, owing to press of business, was obliged to defer his visit until early in the fall.

—The Feast of the *Portiuncula*, Aug. 2, was observed this year with all due solemnity, crowds of the faithful assembling to avail themselves of the great spiritual privileges to be gained at Notre Dame. The throng was easily accommodated, as the indulgence which had been attached for so many years to the little chapel at the Professed House had been transferred to the large Church of the Sacred Heart.

—The priests of the diocese of Fort Wayne are spending the week at Notre Dame, engaged in the exercises of their biennial retreat under the direction of the Very Rev. F. Wayrich, C. SS. R. The Rt. Rev. Bishop is expected to arrive to-morrow (Friday) evening, after a long sojourn in New Mexico on account of ill health. We all hope the good Bishop will return greatly improved and soon enjoy a complete restoration to his wonted health and vigor.

—Very Rev. Father General leaves a pleasing memento of his visit to the College of the Sacred Heart at Watertown in the beautiful new chapel which he has ordered to be added to the college buildings at his expense. This generous act on the part of the venerable Superior attests his appreciation of the good work already accomplished by the energetic President and the able Faculty of the College and his desire to encourage them in their labors.

—A dispatch to the *Chicago Tribune*, dated August 16, contained the following interesting item:

"At the midsummer handicap games of the Detroit Athletic club to-day the entries were heavy in all events and the contests were spirited. Harry Jewett of Chicago, a Notre Dame student, won the 100 yards race from a field of 18 from the scratch, and an hour later broke the American hop-step-and-jump record. The record has been 44 feet 5 inches. Although Jewett broke it at Ann Arbor last May in the mud by making 44 feet 8 inches, this was never certified. On the first attempt he made 44 feet 8¼ inches, furnishing amateurs a new record. His hop was 17 feet. An affidavit establishing Jewett's claim to the record will at once be forwarded East."

—The annual pilgrimage of the congregation of St. Augustine's Church, Kalamazoo, Mich., to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes at Notre Dame, took place on the 13th inst. They were accompanied this year by the parishes of Battle Creek and Jackson, making in all an assembly of more than one thousand persons, under the direction of Very Rev. Dean O'Brien, Rector at

Kalamazoo. The Pilgrims arrived by a special train on the Michigan Central RR., stopping at Notre Dame station at ten o'clock. A procession was then formed, and as the rosary was recited and hymns sung, the line of march was taken up to the Church of the Sacred Heart, where solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. J. H. McManus, '72, of Battle Creek, and an appropriate sermon preached by the Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C. During the day the numerous chapels were visited, and at five o'clock solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament fittingly crowned the exercises.

—The Novices were treated to a splendid picnic on Monday, Aug. 18, which was a source of pleasure and edification to all concerned. Leaving home about half-past eight o'clock they soon arrived at a beautiful spot near the Academy, and after a comfortable romp through the woods, preparations were made for dinner. Under the skilful directions of Bro. Lucian a delicious repast was served, and was pronounced by the *connoisseurs* present to be the best picnic-dinner they had ever encountered. After the meal there were games, fishing, etc. Supper came in due time, and then as a suitable *finale* a grand chorus of over fifty voices chanted the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and the *Cor Mariæ Immaculatum*. The day was pronounced to be a complete success; or, as a facetious observer, who was of the party, expressed it, "a wholesome mixture of plenty and piety." The novices return thanks to Rev. Father Fitte, Bros. John, Theogene, Lucian, Felix and Raymond.

—The *Catholic Review*, in commenting upon the address of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding at the late Commencement of St. Mary's Academy, among other timely and well expressed remarks, said:

"The Catholic doctrine of the intellectual rights of women could not have been pronounced more appropriately in any other spot in the United States. The Sisters of Holy Cross have been distinguished, from the foundation of their society, for their thorough comprehension of the educational needs of American Catholic women. They have had for director the venerable Father Sorin, born in the land of a Dupanloup, who has contributed to modern literature the best volume written on women's education; and they have received from the wise and saintly spirit of Father Sorin that judicious and enlightened stimulation in things intellectual which has made their schools noted wherever they have been opened; and they are to be found now in Washington, in Texas, in many of the central states, and as far west as Utah. They had for the immediate head of their Community for many years a great woman, Mother Angela, whose vision was far-seeing and whose own intellect was unusually well trained.

—The Feast of the Assumption was celebrated at Notre Dame with the usual pomp and splendor. Rev. Father Fitte celebrated High Mass, assisted by Rev. W. Connor as deacon and Rev. P. O'Connell as subdeacon. After solemn Vespers a procession was formed which wound its way out of the church, along St. Joseph's Lake. A stop was made before the Novitiate where a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin was enshrined amid flowers and lights.

Special prayers were offered and the procession continued on through the surrounding groves, to the tomb of the Blessed Virgin on the grounds of the Scholasticate. Here an antiphon was chanted and an appropriate prayer said, after which the procession returned to the church, where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given.

It was indeed an edifying and beautiful spectacle to see so many persons of all nations assembled by a common faith to do honor to the Mother of God. Before the procession started out, Rev. Father Hudson delivered a characteristic and eloquent sermon explanatory of the devotion to the Mother of God and the ceremony of the day. After the sermon the procession was formed. It was headed by a seminarian carrying a silver cross, and by two acolytes with lighted candles in massive silver candlesticks. Then followed the students and apprentices, carrying beautiful banners of blue and white, properly decorated with embroidery and paintings of saints and angels. Next in line were the Brothers of the Holy Cross, about one hundred and fifty in number, with uncovered heads, repeating the prayers of the Rosary. These were followed by the Minims, in crimson cassock and lace surplice, carrying banners of various colors, preceding the Rev. clergy, who accompanied the dignitaries of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. The centre of the procession was occupied by a pure white statue of Our Lady on a pedestal of silver and gold, carried by four young Levites in lace and surplices with white gloves. Then followed four hundred Sisters, professed and novices, from St. Mary's Convent and neighboring religious institutions. The procession was closed by hundreds of the pious laity from South Bend, Lowell and other parishes. The line of march was spanned by arches decorated in beautiful and chaste design.

The Commencement Season.

Editor Catholic Citizen:—The Commencement season is a very busy one. A person would wish that the closing exercises took place at greater intervals so that he might take in more of them, for they are very instructive as well as pleasing and encouraging.

Take St. Francis Xavier's, for instance, in New York. The boys are about to repeat their wonderful rendering of the Latin play, "The Captives," which has been already given in English by them as well as in the original. In addition they will put a short Greek comedy on the classic stage of their beautiful theatre. How happily changed since the first Commencement thirty-seven years ago, which took place with one graduate in the low-ceiled basement of the old church. Let not the boys of to-day boast over much, however. That one graduate still glorifies his *Alma Mater* as a scholar and a graduate. You in the Northwest heard him

at Bishop Richter's consecration. Need I name Henry Brann?

With St. Francis Xavier's, which is my own mother (and, by the way, her Latin play alone ought to show certain Catholic neighbors of yours how grossly mistaken they are in putting Protestant colleges above ours), I wish to couple Notre Dame, of Indiana. What a pity we may not accept the invitation to her boundless Western hospitality, kiss the hand of her venerable Founder, salute her enterprising managers and cultured professors, and listen to the strong, fresh utterances that ever flow from the lips of Peoria's Bishop.

However, though our presence is required here at our own Commencement, we take occasion to praise Notre Dame. Not for anything she has done for us, but for the noble Christian example she has given. In what?

In this: that thinking the senior students ought to be gradually educated into self-discipline by getting each one a private room, she built a house for them and gives them each a private room *without asking one cent extra for the privilege*.

This is what I call becoming in the Republic of Letters.

How nobly it contrasts with certain institutions one hears of, where money is the key that unlocks the doors of such private rooms!

Surely in our Catholic colleges good conduct alone, or reasons of age or health or class requirements should be reasons for granting some student such an exceptional privilege, and the brilliant, exemplary young man or boy should not be put to the blush, and forced to accept stricter discipline or inferior accommodations, merely because he has less money than others, who may be his inferiors in every other respect.

I remember once finding myself on the ball-ground of a college when a bell rang and some of the players left the field.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"That's for lunch," was the answer.

"Well, why don't they all go?"

"Because it's *an extra*."

I noticed, too, that some boys went to the pump for a drink, while others retired to the house. Where are these going?" I asked.

"Oh! they're going to get coffee."

"Does their health require this?"

"No, but they pay for it."

Let any one imagine if such discipline tend to promote good-feeling and fellowship among the students! And just think of the effect on temperance! Of course, 'twas only coffee, as well as I recollect. But coffee is a stimulant, was unnecessary, to say the least, and developed a thirst for stronger drinks. In the very case I recall one of the "gentlemen who paid extra for coffee" turned out a failure and a drunkard.

I don't think they do this at Notre Dame.

[REV.] EDWARD MCSWEENEY.

MT. ST. MARY'S, June 23, 1890.

—*Milwaukee Citizen*.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The kind services of Rev. Father Hudson, C. S. C., during vacation, have been of timely assistance to Rev. Father Scherer, St. Mary's esteemed Chaplain.

—St. Mary's had the honor of entertaining for a short time during vacation Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Janssens, New Orleans, La.

—Charming letters, breathing a spirit of grateful affection, bring the pleasing intelligence that many of the old pupils are "homesick" for St. Mary's, and are making preparations to return early in September, ready for another year of diligent study.

—Over a hundred and fifty volumes representing the best literature of the times, have lately been added to the library; among them may be mentioned "The Library of American Literature," in ten volumes, by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackey Hutchinson. A number of standard works have been procured for the French and the German departments.

—A special correspondent, in writing to the Colorado papers last June, spoke very highly of the pupils from the Centennial State, and concluded with these words: "I shall always think that in the bright *parterre* of pupils at St. Mary's no brighter, sweeter blossoms were there than those transplanted from Colorado's soil to that of Indiana." We trust Rev. Father Zahm's special train will bring many such flowers for the scholastic year 1890-91.

—The exercises of the annual Retreat, conducted by Rev. J. McGeough, C. SS. R., closed on the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, when a most impressive ceremony took place, namely, the investiture of thirteen young ladies in the habit of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and the religious profession of two novices. The early morning sun streamed in through the richly colored window which represents Our Lady's Assumption, and cast a glory over all the church. Very Rev. Father General's absence was a source of regret to all, but it was also an incentive to special prayers for his speedy and complete restoration to health. Very Rev. Father Corby, C. S. C., officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers L'Etourneau, Scherer, McGeough, and Bruton. Father McGeough delivered a touching sermon, appropriate to the solemn occasion, after which the candidates, arrayed as brides, received the holy habit. The names of the newly received novices are: Miss Jelinek, known in religion as Sister M. Leota, Miss Jarecefski (Sister M. Carita), Miss Fennel (Sister M. Dolorita), Miss Cuddihy (Sister M. Anne), Miss Hanly (Sister M. Isadora), Miss McCambridge (Sister M. Josephita), Miss Cul-

len (Sister M. Laurinda), Miss Kelly (Sister M. Agnesia), Miss Schoeni (Sister M. Illuminata), Miss Long (Sister Rosita), Miss White (Sister M. Elba), Miss Williams (Sister M. Giovanna), Miss Backmann (Sister M. Eustochium). The beautiful ceremony of reception over, Sister M. Bethany and Sister M. Marina made their religious profession. The exercises were followed by Solemn High Mass and the singing of the *Te Deum*.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

A mighty heart is hushed and Azrael
Hath borne to God a precious golden sheaf,
In which is perfect blossom, fruit and leaf—
The garnered harvest, wealth of deeds done well.
He sleeps beside the sea whose billows swell
Like throbbings of a human heart in grief;
They moan a *requiem* over rock and reef
And break on Erin's shore, a funeral knell.

O poet's heart! thy songs shall live for aye,
Thy patriot arm shall still uphold the right;
Thy Christian life endure till time shall cease—
The true, the beautiful pass not away.
Our tears make prayer—mayst thou in realms of light,
O poet, patriot, Christian—rest in peace!

Reflected Light.

"God said: 'Let there be light, and there was light.'"

Where can we find, in Christian or pagan literature, a more sublime sentence? Down through the ages has that divine *fiat* rolled in waves of God-given light, renewing itself in every sunrise, writing itself in the glorious heavens, and finding a new firmament in every dewdrop, from which it beams forth in prismatic beauty. Filled with awe, we regard the wondrous effects of light, and our spirit cries out with the Blind Bard:

"Hail, holy light!
Offspring of Heaven's first-born,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite."

Light, as we learn from the inspired Book, has ever been the favorite medium for the manifestation of the Creator to His creatures. We find the consoling promise of God to His chosen people in the many-tinted bow of the covenant; we hear the voice of the Almighty addressed to Moses in the light surrounding the burning bush; we see His guiding hand in the luminous cloud leading the Israelites of old; we tremble at His power as exhibited in the

lightning of Mt. Sinai; with the Apostles, we hide our faces when we behold the transfiguration on Mt. Thabor, and with Mary Magdalene, we clasp the cross as we meditate on the darkness of the first Good Friday, when the Light of the world seemed eclipsed.

Surrounded by light as we are, let us examine its nature and effects. Scientists have given us numerous treatises on its propagation and laws; they have analyzed the rays coming from the different heavenly bodies; they have determined the distance, course, velocity and intensity of these celestial rays, and yet every day does the science which treats of light, like a precious gem, present a new facet to the student's gaze.

Contemplating the illimitable realms of the firmament, the bodies composing the planetary system, the infinite number of orbs which bedeck the evening sky, penetrating with the telescope into more distant regions of space, and beholding "ten thousand times ten thousand of these bright luminaries" shining in all their splendor, we are awed. When we think that the vast assemblage of stars and suns is but a small part of Jehovah's empire—when we see the omnipotence of God symbolized in the fructifying rays of the sun, and the calmness and benignity of the Creator beaming forth in the mild light of the moon, then do we begin to feel the sublimity of God's goodness appearing to our dim vision through the heavenly gift of light.

In a figurative sense light has been likened to everything that reflects divinity, purity and uprightness; hence the Christian religion is but a reflection of the divine light shed by Our Lord during His life on earth. What wonderful effects have been produced in nineteen centuries by the constant light of Christianity! It has made man obedient and childlike; it has banished the unholy rites of paganism with all the cruelties which accompanied them; through the vicars of Christ it has humanized the world and elevated every nation to whom the word of God has been preached; the advanced state of the arts and sciences, the civilization which surrounds us, the good order and well-being of society, the knowledge we now see so widely diffused, are the results of this divine reflection.

A great school has been likened to a light shedding the rays of its culture and refinement through the mists of ignorance and depravity; and the master minds in every branch of human knowledge are as reflectors in spreading intelligence throughout the world. It is not too much to say that the statesman who devotes his life to the welfare of his countrymen, that the orator who from unselfish motives proclaims lib-

erty, and by his eloquence sways the multitude in favor of just enactments, that the hero who in defense of his country strives nobly, that the careworn scholar or teacher who pursues the study of science and consumes his youth and life in such a walk of duty, that the historian who records the events of the world, so that lives and acts of the present may be guided by the reflections of the past, that the minister of God who proclaims salvation to man, that every unknown heroine clad in the garb of a Sister of Charity, and every follower of Father Damien who has made his century renowned for self-sacrificing deeds—each and all are repositories from which light may be drawn to be reflected from age to age. Every heroic deed, every token of abnegation, besides reflecting credit on its author, becomes a light which throws out radiant hues from which poor humanity may draw inspiration.

The graduates of every university or academy are but the reflections thrown off by their *Alma Mater*, and to them belongs the God-given task of casting upon the world a portion of that light which precept and example have shed into their souls; and, faithfully accomplishing this duty, they carry out the divine injunction: "So let your light shine before men that, seeing your good works, they may glorify your Father who is in Heaven."

ELIZABETH HEALY.

St. Mary's Academy, Salt Lake City.

There have been many commencements in the inter-mountain and coast regions this season, but only one of the St. Mary's kind. This popular institution has just closed another year of its useful and prosperous career, and in many respects the best in its history. The fifteenth annual commencement will be recorded on one of its brightest pages, and will live fresh and green in the memory of all who were present for long years to come.

Every part of the programme, from beginning to its close, gave evidence of excellent training and care of pupils and judgment in their control. It was pleasing in every particular, and the concurrent testimony of those present credit it with being the best ever rendered by the school, even to the parts of the juveniles and the minims. . . .

Interspersed in different parts of the programme came the distribution of premiums, prizes and medals, and many a fond parent's heart swelled with pride when his or her daughter advanced before the footlights and received from His Excellency Gov. Thomas, a gold medal for the honors faithfully won.—*Idaho News*.