

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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No. 12.

A Preface for My Scrap-Book.

Dear reader, with pleasure I lend you a treasure
That excels beyond measure all volumes I've seen;
But before you begin it, allow me a minute
To tell you what's in it, and make all serene.

'Tis a varied collection, I've made on reflection,
From a quite choice selection of jewels of thought;
And I'm in a position to say in addition,
'Tis a *unique* edition that cannot be bought.

You'll descry in its pages the wisdom of ages,
Condensed by such sages as Billings and Ward;
You'll find brilliant orations with vivid narrations
And bright scintillations from Wit's flexile sword.

There are sketches historical, truths metaphorical,
And phantasmagorical scenes from real life;
There are facts scientific and stories prolific
Of monsters terrific in submarine strife.

Are you fond of fair flowers culled from Poesy's bowers?
You may revel for hours in this garden of song
Where thoughts most harmonious and fancies sym-
phonious
In numbers euphonious move gently along.

Should your wayward volition incline to tradition
Oft a strange superstition your desire will feed,
While for matter levitical, grave, or political
Unless hypercritical, you'll find what you need.

But to all numeration their *must* be cessation,—
Too great prolongation is surely not best—
So I'll skip over fiction, robed in elegant diction,
And impelled by conviction; I'll—give you a rest.

OUELLE I. SHUDSMYLE.

—THERE is nothing which more strongly at-
tracts and binds a heart than deeds of kindness;
and the heart which is insensible to them is a
bad heart.—*Golden Sands.*

Papal Sovereignty.

I.

The question under consideration is a purely historical one. It is unnecessary, therefore, in treating it, to call on imagination to weave for us brilliant or paradoxical theories. The temporal power of the popes, however obscured it may be now, is before us as a fact. It subsisted to our own day—perhaps the only landmark that could carry us back to the past of more than a thousand years ago. In treating such a question, therefore, there is no need to have recourse to fancy. Every assertion made can and must be grounded on facts; and every theory advanced must bring forward facts to substantiate it. It shall, therefore, be our endeavor to prove that the temporal authority so long wielded by the popes was legitimately acquired; that it was exercised for the benefit of their subjects in particular and of mankind in general; and, finally, that the same reasons that necessitated its establishment in the past still urge its continuance in the future.

It is a grave mistake to imagine that the popes at one bound sprang from a position of complete dependence to one of absolute dominion, and that they owed all to the liberality of the Carlovingian dynasty. The temporal power of the popes was the work of centuries. Its roots had been cast into the earth long before the protecting arm of Constantine had drawn forth Christianity from the obscurity of the catacombs. The popes seemed to be ever pushed forward by an invisible hand to grander destinies. This is so true that one of the fiercest persecutors of the Church—the Emperor Decius—after the martyrdom of Pope Fabian, exclaimed: “Rather another Cæsar in the army than another Pon-

tiff in Rome!" This gradual growth of papal authority constitutes one of the most singular spectacles afforded by history.

II.

Constantine closes the bloody era of persecution; but he, too, seems to feel that a pontiff and an emperor cannot co-exist in Rome. The emperor yields, and the seat of the empire is transferred to the shores of the Bosphorus. In thus retiring from Rome, Constantine seems to have traced out to future rulers a duty which Providence expects them to discharge. Sixteen centuries have passed away and as yet no power, other than that of the popes, has ever succeeded in permanently establishing itself in Rome.

Theodosius divides the empire between his two sons, but Honorius remains at Milan. The Heruli overturn the empire of the West, but Odoacer fixes his capital at Ravenna. The Goths in their turn are masters of Italy, but Theodoric never enters the Eternal City. Belisarius and Narses reassert the authority of the emperor of Constantinople, but no exarch ever interferes with the city of the pontiffs. The Lombards become the leading power of the Peninsula, but Alboin rules from Pavia, and all the misfortunes of his successors arise from their interference with Rome. Charlemagne is crowned at Rome Emperor of the West, but only to carry elsewhere the burden and responsibilities of his high functions.

The emperors of the Holy Roman Empire—the Othos, and the Lothaires, and the Fredericks—appear at Rome, sometimes as enemies, sometimes as protectors, but always as strangers. From Constantine to Humbert I. it is a remarkable fact that no dynasty other than that of the popes has ever enjoyed a quarter of a century of stability on the throne of the Cæsars.

When a fact is justified by so long a history, we have no need to examine whether the donation of Rome and the adjacent town to the popes, attributed to Constantine, is authentic. The Middle Ages believed in its authenticity; but the criticism of modern times seems disposed to reject it. The donation of Constantine may be false; but at least it bears witness to the general sentiment of mankind during more than six centuries. We may, if we see fit, deny the existence of a title which erudition rejects; but what we cannot deny is that after the departure of the emperor the pope became the first citizen of Rome; that, little by little, his power absorbed all others. As the authority of the emperors declined, that of the popes took deep root.

When the hordes of Alaric swooped down on

the Eternal City; when on all sides the barbarians burst through the barriers which the Cæsars during three centuries had been raising against them, the hierarchy of the Church was the only power left standing. For three centuries she had struggled against the superstition of pagan Rome, and now a new duty awaited her. She alone was able to encourage and to direct the efforts of humanity. She had appropriated the treasures of science, poetry and eloquence which antiquity left her, and now she appeared strong and enlightened, without a rival for the government of the world.

III.

To form an adequate idea of the beneficial influence of the popes in these ages of violence, we must call to mind the chaotic state of Europe immediately after the downfall of the Roman Empire. The Franks and Burgundians had crossed the Rhine, and were occupying the fairest provinces of Gaul. The Vandals, whose very name, after fourteen centuries, still evokes ideas of pillage and bloodshed, had settled beyond the Pyrenees, till, vanquished by the Visigoths, they in turn had flung themselves on the fairest province of Africa. Fresh swarms of barbarians, apparently springing from the earth, seemed ever impelled onward by some mysterious but irresistible influence till at length there appeared on the scene the dread "scourge of God" Himself—Attila, king of the Huns.

Attila sweeps down from the fastnesses of the North. Carnage and desolation everywhere mark his footsteps. He glories in deeming himself the minister of the Almighty's vengeance, and swears that from the Caspian to the Pillars of Hercules, and from the frozen deserts of Siberia to the sunny plains of Italy and Spain, the whole world shall bear eternal testimony of his passage. A countless multitude, subdued by his sword, follows in his train like the dust-cloud raised by his war chariot. He sees the ruin of city after city, the desolation of the fairest provinces of the ancient world. But all as yet is nothing. It is to Rome, he proclaims, that his destiny calls him; in the ashes of the Eternal City his hatred can alone be appeased—her columns overthrown; her altars profaned, her children in chains,—such must be the monuments that to the end of time shall attest the fury and barbarity of Attila. Like the Angel of Destruction he sweeps down on the fair fields of Italy. The whole world stands aghast. No human power is able or daring enough to face the barbarian. They look to the throne for some prop for tottering society; but the

throne is swayed by princes unworthy of the name, or by women unworthy of empire. Alone the great Leo dares fight the battles of civilization. He announces to the fierce Hun that his sword is broken and his mission ended. The Scourge of God shrinks from before the Almighty's minister. Attila sounds the retreat for his fierce hordes, and peace is established between civilization and barbarism. Three years later we find Leo once more in the breach confronting Genseric and his Vandals, and once more his timely intervention prevents Rome from disappearing from the face of the earth.

It was by services such as these—it was by showing themselves all-powerful when all other powers had failed—that the popes won over the hearts of men an influence which no other sovereigns could ever hope to exert,—an influence which made them kings in fact, long before they laid claim, or rather long before peoples forced them to lay claim, to royal dignity.

St. Leo virtually established the sovereignty of his successors. And what more glorious title to reign over a people than the fact of having snatched them from ruin and preserved them from death? The popes became the sovereigns of Rome only because they had been its saviors and defenders. We have only to look into the records of history to see how few the dynasties that have established or aggrandized themselves by legitimate or even justifiable means. What established the Tudors and Brunswicks and Plantagenets in England? What enthroned the Bourbons in Madrid? Why does the crescent now wave from the towers of St. Sophia? When was treaty so solemn as to be held binding against the dictates of interest? when oath so sacred as not to be disregarded at the promptings of expedience? Ireland may answer; Greece may answer; Poland, bleeding and prostrate, may tell how vain are the appeals of justice, how powerless the arguments of right, when confronted with the logic of force.

The record of the popes is perhaps the only historical exception to this general principle. Here we have no annals of battles and sieges and treaties and usurpations; no records of unjust coalitions, or of ambition deluging mankind in blood. It is the ascendancy that justice and piety inevitably enjoy; the voluntary tribute that justice and sanctity never fail to command. It is an uninterrupted record of benefits winning from grateful peoples, if not the fealty of subjects—which it may not have been in their power to grant,—at least the tacit acknowledgment of claims incompatible with anything but royal authority.

Visigoth and Heruli and Hun and Ostrogoth and Lombard follow one another in rapid succession, and the popes, who have witnessed the rise of their ephemeral domination, are likewise fated to be the spectators of their downfall. In the evershifting quicksands of political fluctuation, the Church of Rome seemed the only oasis which offered any appearance of stability; in the deluge of confusion and bloodshed which overwhelmed the ancient world, the patrimony of Peter seemed the only Ararat of security on which the ark of justice and liberty might rest.

During the frightful calamities attendant on the downfall of the Western Empire, the popes were ever the bulwarks of right, the invincible champions of order, the only protectors of the weak against the mighty. What wonder, then, that grateful peoples should have entrusted to them powers which were certain never to be misapplied? For three centuries before the days of Pepin the popes were kings *de facto*; and in bestowing upon them the title and insignia of royalty, the Carlovingian princes merely acted in conformity with the needs and demands of the age.

IV.

To understand the causes which led to the intervention of the Franks, and to justify that intervention, one needs but to glance rapidly over the state of Italy in the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries. Since the days of Belisarius and Narses the popes had been nominally subject to the emperor of Constantinople. I say nominally subject, not because they ever sought to free themselves from this allegiance, but because the Greek empire was too weak to make its influence felt over the Peninsula. The relations between the papacy and the empire were generally strained; and it seemed to be the policy of the emperors that they should invariably remain so. At the time when it clearly seemed to be their duty to conciliate the pontiffs, we find them pursuing the very contrary course. In time of war the pope—a mere subject—is abandoned to his own resources. In time of peace he is persecuted in the interests of the dominant heresy; for it seemed to be the imprescriptible right of every emperor to have his pet heresy, whose doctrines must naturally be propagated in the time-honored way, by the sword of persecution. Exarchs are sent into Italy as representatives of the emperor, who render themselves ridiculous by their pretensions, or odious by their violence. If the enemy is at the gates, the popes must organize the defence, fortify and garrison cities, recruit soldiers, and protect and relieve the suffering people; when

peace returns, the exarch seems to have for principal mission to interfere with the freedom of their election, and even not unfrequently to conspire against their lives. This picture may appear overdrawn, and yet it scarcely does justice to the reality.

From the time of Narses the Lombards had effected a settlement in Italy. Conscious of their strength, they wished to extend their domination over the whole peninsula. Hence a state of endless warfare. The popes for two centuries were left almost entirely to their own resources, and most manfully did they battle in the cause of civilization and for the integrity of the empire.

Let us take, for instance, the case of the great Gregory. We find him for thirteen years the real, though not the nominal, leader of Italy. We see him sometimes organizing means of defence and raising armies; sometimes endeavoring to repair the evils of Lombard aggression; sometimes—but generally in vain—invoking the aid of the exarch of Ravenna; sometimes even treating for peace in his own name, or at least facilitating the success of negotiations. His authority is respected both by Greek and barbarian, and his intervention is solicited by both. The Lombard offers him peace separately, but his answer is that his duty to the emperor forbids this. Universal confidence made of him during his entire pontificate the arbiter of peace and war, and of Rome the centre of a government which began to the satisfaction of the whole world.

Twenty-four popes occupied the pontifical throne during the century that followed the death of Gregory; but his policy was invariably adhered to, and never was the necessity of the temporal power so clearly felt.

Let us only give as examples of the services that they rendered to Italy and the empire that John VI. delivered Rome only by purchasing peace at his own expense; and that John VII. has not only influence enough to protect Rome against the barbarians, but even to secure the restitution of certain contested territories.

During this same seventh century how do the emperors testify to their appreciation of the services rendered by the pontiffs? Scarcely have the popes secured the tranquillity of Italy when persecution in one form or another invariably begins. Greek subtlety seems to exhaust itself in the invention of heresies, and to propagate them the Greek emperors seem disposed to proceed to any extremes of violence. We need only call to mind the fate of Martin II., dragged from Rome, scourged in Constantinople

and left to die in exile in 650; the sacking of Rome by the orders of Constans in 663, when even the most venerated sanctuaries, which had escaped the fury of Goth and Vandal, were desecrated by command of the grandson of the great Heraclius; the attempt to carry off Sergius to Constantinople in chains,—an attempt which is frustrated only by an uprising of the Roman people in favor of the pontiff, when the exarch owed his own safety to the prayers of his persecuted victim; the outrages offered to John VI. and John VII., who, in spite of all their services are saved from assassination only by the means which had preserved Sergius. It was not in the nature of things that such a state of affairs should be of long duration.

The Romans were accustoming themselves to regard as their only ruler him to whom they had recourse in their difficulties, and not the tyrant, whose influence, if exerted at all, seemed to be exerted only for their ruin.

If the popes—as the accusation is sometimes made—had been actuated solely by selfish or ambitious motives, what would have been easier for them than to accept the crown from the hands of the people, who three times rose up in arms to defend them from unjust aggression? And yet, in spite of all the persecutions they underwent, nothing can be clearer than their constant submission to the emperors. Their authority, which every day increased, seemed to be exercised but for the sake of retaining in the hands of the emperors a sceptre which was every day becoming weaker. It was the evils of the age alone, says Gibbon, that compelled the pope to reign.

“When, on the one hand, heresy, armed with all the imperial power, endeavored to introduce itself into Italy, and, on the other, Italy seemed able to ward off heresy only by revolt against the sovereign, Pope Gregory II. found means to discharge two duties which at that time appeared incompatible. As the intrepid head of the Church, he constantly opposed the execution of an edict contrary to the practice of Christianity. He used all his efforts to dissuade the emperor from his impious designs; he confirmed the people in the resolution of rejecting commands which they could not obey without betraying their religion. But at the same time, as a faithful subject of the prince, he persisted himself and kept the people within the bounds of due loyalty; he crushed the spirit of revolt; and, notwithstanding the plots of the emperor himself against his life, like a truly apostolic prelate, superior to sentiments of vengeance and of fear, he was generous enough

to preserve for his sovereign Italy, which was on the point of escaping from his grasp."

V.

Matters finally came to a crisis towards the middle of the eighth century. The Lombards were then governed by one of the most restless men that even that restless nation had yet known—Luitprand. The throne of Constantinople was at the same time filled by a man whose character presents a strange compound of the madman and the demoniac—Leo the Isaurian, the fiercest advocate of that fiercest of Eastern heresies—Iconoclasm. Between the two the popes must be hemmed in by insurmountable difficulties. Treaties were powerless to bind the Lombard, reason equally powerless to influence the Greek. What were the popes to do? Luitprand overruns the Greek provinces and marches his troops on Rome. Leo, unable to retain a footing in the peninsula, manifests still deeper resentment towards the pope for disregarding his senseless edict about image-breaking, than towards the Lombards for depriving him of Ravenna. Among other encouragements held out by him to the pontiffs to continue the struggle, were documents like the following: "I shall march upon Rome; I shall break the statue of St. Peter, and drag to Constantinople Gregory loaded with chains, even as my predecessor, Constantius, treated Martin."

In this wretched state of affairs the Romans saw no resource but in imploring the aid of the French. To this end Pope Gregory III. wrote many urgent letters and, in 741, sent a solemn embassy to urge his petition more effectually. In virtue of a decree adopted by the Lords of Rome, the pope says in his letter that "the Roman people, renouncing the dominion of the emperor, brought Charles [Martel] to come to their defence, and had recourse to his invincible protection."

This conduct of the pope and of the Roman lords can easily be justified by the maxims of constitutional law universally admitted. A people abandoned by its former government, and unjustly oppressed by its neighbors, has unquestionably a right to elect a head who will be able to defend them; the natural law which in a similar case, justifies a private individual in calling on the aid of his fellow man, applies equally to a whole nation. "All admit," says Puffendorf, "that the subjects of a monarch, when they find themselves on the brink of ruin, without any help to be expected from their master, can place themselves under another prince."* "No part of the state," says Grotius,

"has the right of detaching itself from the body, unless by not doing so it be exposed to manifest destruction; for all human institutions appear to suppose a tacit exception for the case of extreme necessity, which reduces all things to the law of nature."* In support of this assertion Grotius cites a passage from St. Augustine which is equally express: "Among all nations submission to the yoke of a conqueror has been preferred to extermination by resisting to the last: it is the voice of nature."†

Charles Martel was preparing to march to Italy when he was suddenly surprised by death, a little after the departure of the ambassadors. Luitprand also was removed by death, but this did not put an end to the machinations of the Lombards. Astolphus, successor of Luitprand, seeing nothing but the city of Rome capable of checking the progress of his conquests, concentrated all his forces against it. Pope Stephen II. first endeavored to negotiate with Astolphus. At first these negotiations promised to be successful; but they were broken off by the perfidy of Astolphus, who, after signing a treaty of peace, returned almost immediately to the siege of Rome. In this extremity the pope, having in vain solicited succor from the emperor, saw no other resource for himself and his people than to implore the assistance of the king of France, after the example of his predecessors, Gregory II., Gregory III., and Zachary. Pepin immediately sent ambassadors to Astolphus demanding "the restitution of the cities and territories taken by him or by his predecessors from the Roman Church and republic." On the refusal of Astolphus, Pepin marched into Italy, in 754, at the head of a numerous army, annihilated the Lombards, and pursued Astolphus himself to Pavia, which he closely invested. The Lombard prince, seeing no other resource, offered to come to terms, and promised on oath to restore without delay to the Church and to the Roman republic the city of Ravenna and many others. It was thus that Pepin established, or rather recognized and confirmed, the temporal sovereignty which long before, by virtue of the free choice of the people, the pope had enjoyed over the provinces abandoned by their former legitimate sovereigns. It may be remarked here that Pepin never pretended to make a grant or donation in the strict sense to the Church and to the Roman republic, but to restore to them what had been unjustly seized by the Lombards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, lib. ii., c. vi., § 5.

† *De Civ. Dei*, lib., xviii., c. ii., n. I. (Oper. tom. VII.)

* *De Jure Nat. et Gent.*, lib. vii., c. vii., § 4.

Ad Danielelem.

At fifty years a beard he grows,—
 His youth begins where ours ends,—
 His life the greater virtue shows
 As time with its true current blends.
 A little care, a tear or so,—
 A sober sigh,—but may he grow
 More like himself as seasons flow—
 This is the wish of all his friends.

E.

NOVEMBER 13, 1890.

The Dramas of Aubrey de Vere.

BY B. M. HUGHES.

Among the great poets of our age we may mention the name of one who, in lyric sweetness and loftiness of thought, ranks among the greatest—Aubrey de Vere. He was born in Ireland in 1814, and his writings seem to be imbued with the bardic spirit which characterized that country in ancient times. The residence, "Curragh Chase," was the birthplace of several generations of the De Veres, and it was here Aubrey de Vere wrote the "Ode to the Daffodils," one of the sweetest lyrics of modern times.

"Curragh Chase" was a fit birthplace for this great poet. Nature had strewn her charms with a lavish hand; flowers in rich profusion mingled their brilliancy with the perfume of the orchard, and here it was that Aubrey de Vere found the subjects upon which many beautiful sonnets and lyrics have been written.

Much can be written of the beauty of his verses. Wordsworth once said: "They are the most perfect of the age;" but our object is to consider the dramas of Aubrey de Vere's production—"Alexander the Great," a dramatic poem, and "St. Thomas of Canterbury." These dramas were not written for the stage, but for the closet.

"Alexander the Great" was written in 1874, and, in company with its companion piece, has heralded forth the name of Aubrey de Vere, and has made it famous in the literary annals of the nineteenth century. Few persons can read this poem without agreeing with the criticism given by the *Spectator*, that "it is a book that ought to make a reputation." The treatment is in a strong, masterly style. De Vere so paints his characters as to conform with the age and time, and with a keen insight of seeing the subtle motives and hidden intricacies of character. Great things are attempted in this poem and great things are accomplished. De Vere had to contend with great difficulties both in mat-

and form. The choice of his subject-matter was an unhappy one; for in this practical age of ours, the majority will not feel much sympathy for a hero whose history is mythical if not misty.

The story of "Alexander the Great" is not a new one; and the history of his conquest has been issued in both prose and verse; but the author has made it a poem entirely beautiful and altogether successful. This drama approaches so near an acting drama that it is difficult to see why it should not have been called by that name. It possesses much dramatic power, particularly in the death-bed scene at its close, which is one of the finest bits of acting that is seen on the stage. But the play would hardly succeed there, as the thoughts are too concentrated and too metaphysical; the reasoning too close, and the expression too pithily defined to catch the ear of the public.

De Vere has portrayed the hero from beginning to end in a most artistic development of a succession of scenes, and in verse the careful purity of whose rhythm is ever present. His treatment of the "Macedonian Madman" is more favorable than generally received. Alexander has more lucid moments, and has not "warred and drank all day," as many writers present him. Such a manner of life would not be consistent with one who was the "conqueror of conquerors." De Vere has shown his hero to be possessed of a profundity of thought concerning the great questions that agitate mankind. Perhaps the correctness of the writer's estimate of Alexander is a slightly flattered one, and no one can but thank him for his estimate. Many beautiful features are noticeable, but the visit of Alexander to Jerusalem is one of the portions of this drama that contains the sweetest poetry and thought profound. It is seldom we meet with rhythm so even, and such a liberal translation. One of the sweetest gems of all De Vere's poetry is the song sung by some Hebrews, which Alexander listened to while lying on his barge on Lake Pallacopus, near Babylon:

"We sate beside the Babylonian river
 Within the conqueror's bounds, weeping we sate;
 We hung our harps upon the trees that quiver
 Above the rushing waters desolate.

A song they claimed—the men our task who meted—
 A song of Sion, sing us exiled band,
 For song they sued, in pride around us seated;
 How can we sing in a stranger's land?"

In the properties of tenderness and picturesque Aubrey de Vere's "St. Thomas of Canterbury" is wanting; but it possesses others

that are more desirable—loftiness and purity of thought. This drama could only have been greater if it had been touched by the hand of the most delicate master of technique—Tennyson. In it we find no anti-climax, no disappointment. Perhaps the skeptical may miss the tenderness and picturesqueness in De Vere's treatment of his subject; but still the loftiness and grandeur of the thought stand out in bold relief. The giant oak of the forest is not more noble if the violets have sought protection around its base; so it is with this work, which needs no embellishments to make it greater. "St. Thomas of Canterbury" is treated with a thorough understanding of the historical time of St. Thomas and his relations with the great chancellor. Aubrey de Vere shows with truthfulness and clearness the whole character of St. Thomas, and has not distorted it for the sake of effect. The author comprehended well the character of the great saint, and that the key must be found in a supernatural way. The scene of the signing of the customs by St. Thomas is treated with a keen perception and an admirable reticence. De Vere's consummate skill in building up bit by bit the Archbishop's character is in keeping with the one given him by other writers, and is well worth a careful analysis. The primate moulded his conduct by opinions offered by his servants, and used them as a guide.

The characterization by De Vere of Llewellyn, the Welsh cross-bearer, is given with a delicate touch:

"The tables groaned with gold; I scorned the pageant:
The Norman pirates and the Saxon boors
Sat round and fed—I hated them alike
We Britons alone tread our native soil."

The portrayal of Queen Eleanor is tempered with mercy and truth. The passage where she turns to a *trouvère*, and asks him to sing—and he begins his song with this verse—

"I make not songs, but only find
Love following still the circling sun
His carol casts on every wind,
And other singers is there none,"

is a fine setting of a thought which has received the approval of many poets."

Aubrey de Vere's "St. Thomas of Canterbury" is a work without a flaw. Perspecuity, truthfulness and choice diction are among the characteristics of this work. But the author's reputation was established before this great work appeared. "Alexander the Great" gave to De Vere a reputation as a dramatic poet, and he needed no other effort to crown his success. He is a true poet. No rank has been fixed for him; perhaps he does not possess all the attri-

butes attributed to others, but he does possess the qualities most admired. His loftiness of thought, his untiring devotion to art, his worthy diction will procure a place of highest distinction as a poet for the name of Aubrey de Vere.

College Gossip.

—SHE: "How tanned you are!"

HE: "Yes; I have belonged to a Browning Society all summer."—*Ex.*

—The University of California receives from the State one mill on every \$100 of property valuation—this source of revenue alone footing up \$100,000.—*Ex.*

—The largest bell in America is in the parish church in Montreal, Canada, and weighs 19,400 pounds. Notre Dame University has the next, which weighs 16,000 pounds, and has been heard at a distance of twenty-seven miles.

—At the recent diocesan school board meeting in La Crosse, Wis., it was learned that since the last meeting of the board nine new schools had been opened in the diocese, and the number of scholars in attendance at the parochial schools increased by nearly 1,000.

—The substance of our query
Simply stated, would be this:
Is it anybody's business
What another's business is?
If it is, or if it isn't,
We would really like to know;
For we're certain, if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.

—*Ex.*

—The Foley Guild, an association composed of the Catholic students at the Michigan University, Ann Arbor, begins the new scholastic year with an addition of thirty members. It was organized for literary and social purposes, and to promote a feeling of fellowship amongst the students of the Catholic faith. Although but a year old, it has by its energy and rapid growth attained a prominent position among the student organizations of the University. The Guild is under the patronage of Bishop Foley, of Detroit, by whom it is heartily supported.

—True Christians, irrespective of creed, acknowledge the necessity of educating the children in religion as well as in the ordinary learning of the school. At the Music Hall meeting of Oct. 29, Rev. Dr. Plumb stated with great distinctness: "For any son of mine I should greatly prefer that he should be a good Roman Catholic than that he should go about the world without any religion, as an infidel or an agnostic." The same evening Bishop Keane, in his address in St. Paul's Church, Cambridge, said: "While I do not believe that any form of Protestantism is as true as the Catholic religion, yet I would rather have a child reared in any form of Protestantism than have it reared without religion."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, November 22, 1890.

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.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains: choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

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

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

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—Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan has made Professor Edwards the recipient of a magnificent large solid silver medal showing the exterior and interior of the cathedral of Philadelphia. The workmanship displayed on the medal is exquisitely artistic. Connoisseurs say it is the finest medal ever struck at the United States mint. We take the following extract from a letter accompanying the gift:

"I was delighted with my visit to Notre Dame. It surpassed what I expected, and I expected much. Please to give my kindest regards to the venerable and active Father General Sorin and all his efficient army and young soldiers, especially the little recruits in St. Edward's Hall, and accept my best thanks for all your attentions to me during my stay.

"Yours very faithfully in *D'no*,

"✠ P. J. RYAN, *Archbp. Phila.*"

—We have been favored with a copy of some "Leaflets" from *Our Lady's Journal*—a manuscript paper issued by the pupils of St. Mary's Academy, Austin, Texas. The *Journal* reflects great credit upon the talented young editresses, and gives evidence of the thorough training which they receive. We take the liberty of reproducing the following bright little "leaf":

"In the Congregation of the Holy Cross for the past fifty years the Feast of St. Edward, King and Confessor, has been celebrated with the utmost brilliancy and enthusiasm. Some

may ask for what reason? It is because St. Edward is the patron of the venerable Founder of the Congregation in America—the Very Reverend Superior General Sorin. To him not only the Congregation but the entire educational world is deeply indebted. Two among the most prominent educational institutions in the United States—Notre Dame University and St. Mary's Academy—were planted, nourished, and have been constantly directed by him, up to the present time. Under his supervision numerous academies, colleges and parochial schools have also been established and provided with teachers and maintained in prosperity. In the name of St. Mary's at Austin, Texas, *Our Lady's Journal* extends warm congratulations to the venerable benefactor."

—The visit of Dr. John Gilmary Shea to Notre Dame has been the source of the keenest delight to students, Faculty and Community, all of whom, from the smallest Minim to the venerable Founder of our University, felt honored to have so distinguished a personage in our midst. Doctor Shea's visit will be particularly remembered by the students of the classes of Modern History who had the privilege of listening to an account of the early settlements of New York, and the causes which led to English supremacy in what is now known as the United States. The learned historian was astonished at the magnitude of the archives connected with the Bishops' Memorial Hall, and he said in justice to himself and his greatest work—the "History of the Catholic Church in the United States,"—he would be compelled to return to Notre Dame to spend some months in examining the precious documents and manuscripts gathered from all the dioceses of our country. From sittings Professor Gregori succeeded in painting a wonderfully life-like portrait of Dr. Shea for Professor Edwards, who ordered it as a companion piece to the portrait of Dr. Orestes A. Brownson.

Higher Education.

At the present day there is a tendency to depreciate those higher branches of education which characterize the scholar—a tendency to place merit rather in dress than in the mind. The dollar, and not mental development, is that by which the present judges; but, happily, the taste of the age is not to be taken as the standard; and the time will come when the rich man will be forgotten, and the scholar, the man of worth, of true refinement, will have his merit

weighed in the scale of justice, and will receive the praise due him; but he will long since have vanished from earth, and have furnished another proof of the old saying that "he who would be praised must first die." Then, when both have died, mankind expects no further succor from either; and justice—equal justice—is done to both; each receives his meed of praise. And he who has contributed to the real benefit of the human race—who has by the greatness of his mind proved himself worthy the praise and gratitude of mankind—is thus adjudged by the historian, and his name is inscribed upon his immortal pages, there to remain as a monument of his greatness for the admiration of men.

It is not wealth that influences the critic and historian in his judgment of the man, but mental refinement and worth. And as education is the great source of mental refinement, it becomes us, to some extent, to speak thereon, though it is a subject that every schoolboy has written upon many times, perhaps; but we trust it will be deemed a sufficient apology for us if, instead of speaking of it in general, we particularize, and speak more of some of those branches which, in our opinion, tend more than others to mental refinement.

In glancing back over the pages of modern literature, we are not a little surprised on finding so many classical scholars among the names inscribed thereon. Those men whose names hold the higher places in the catalogue of fame have, with very few exceptions, been men who knew their Latin and Greek. And when we find among them one who was not a classical scholar, we feel a regret that he did not know those two noble languages, that his genius might have been enhanced and his writings, which bespeak great natural talents, have placed him higher in the scale of authors and caused his name to shine forth more brilliantly. Thus do we say of Bunyan. It does not answer to merely have read the translations of the great geniuses of antiquity; for though the sentiments may, to a great extent, be preserved in the translations, the language does not conform, and the translation holds the same relation to the original as does the photograph to the individual: the varied expression of countenance are not present; and the translator, instead of stamping the translation with the likeness of the author, has left the impress of his own mind. Besides, that nicety of expression, beauty and refinement are worn away in the process of translation; and the translation itself, to make the best of it, is labored and imperfect. The genius of one language does not suit the literature of another.

Then, again, those authors who have come down to us have so much pith in their writings that they are well worth our attention. It is this which has kept them above the surface, and caused them to flow gently down the stream of time until now when we are reaping great profit from them. But we need go no further in endeavoring to bring the value of the classics into general appreciation than to say that all great men do and have highly commended their study to the student. And why should we discuss their utility when they themselves have asserted it? The great generals, statesmen, orators, poets, philosophers, historians and essayists, have nearly all been men of classical attainments. These are the men to whom the country looks to render her signal service in time of need.

It is by the scholars of a country that the country is judged, and takes her rank among the nations of the globe. Thus, at the present day do we acknowledge the first place to Germany. And where do we find more learned men? Though we cannot praise the tendency of education in Germany, we cannot help acknowledging the great service her scholars have rendered to philology and many of the other sciences. Alexander von Humboldt, Müller, Schlegel, and a multitude of others scarcely less eminent, are men whose names reflect honor upon Germany, and to whom she owes the high rank which she now holds among nations.

Though the classical scholars of a country tend much to enhance the esteem of other people for that nation, and go a great way to give to her the title "seat of learning," still within the last century a branch of education, which before was valued but little, has so advanced as to claim the attention of all who would lay a just claim to the name of a *scholar*. This is Natural History. The wonders that the study and investigation of the natural sciences has laid open to the eyes of mankind are truly astonishing; and it is with justice that the scientist has been assigned a high place among the scholars and learned men of the world. The service he renders religion, mankind and his country in laying open the history of the rocks therein, and exposing her mineral resources, are no longer to be called in question. And justly may mankind feel proud of such men as Cuvier, Agassiz, Dana, Lyell and others who have signalized and made themselves eminent by the zeal with which they have applied themselves to scientific research, and the great and more than satisfactory results that have attended their investigations.

While thus the scholar makes himself beneficial to his country and mankind, there is to him a pleasure even beyond the gratification of being thus a useful member of society. The philologist has his delight and self-gratification in observing the similarity that exists between the different languages of a family, and between the different families of language themselves, tracing each back to its parent stock, and deducing the conclusion in his own mind that the time must have been when "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech." The classical scholar reads the "Tale of Troy" time and time again, and is enchanted with the simplicity, grandeur and sublimity of the narrative. The naturalist picks up a little bone, and a whole animal is pictured before his mind's eye; a stone, and the history of its formation is opened before him, and he reads therefrom; he beholds the rocks of the different ages, and the wonders of the creation are exposed to his view. What pleasure must not these things afford the man of learning, who is able, to some extent, to appreciate them! What sublime conceptions and grand ideas must they not call up in his mind! Yet, grand as these pleasures are, they are of the innocent order, and such as cannot fail to awaken in the mind of the truly wise and learned a great reverence for Him who at His simple word made all things thus. Such men care little or nothing for the opinion of the world, and little about temporary fame; they labor for truth, and unconsciously build their temple of fame in the mind of posterity, where their merits will be rightly judged and their labors appreciated. But, alas! men are not all of this class. Some, instead of using their knowledge for the cause of *religion* and *truth*, use it rather to shake the faith of men, and remove the necessity of a Creator. To such is the old saying, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," very applicable. They have lost sight of the Creator in admiring the wonders of His works. Such men have not the "beginning of wisdom," and cannot justly be called scholars, for the word scholar necessarily implies wisdom to some extent. This, however, depends greatly upon the institution at which the individual is educated; for if the institution administers a "godless education," as, alas! too many do, do not cause religion and education to walk side by side, hand in hand, the graduate is either indifferent on the subject of religion or is an infidel.

As we have seen, the influence the scholar may exercise upon the minds of men is very great, for the "pen is mightier than the sword," and when wielded by a man of learning is eminently

so. The part he has to play, then, is an important one, and great and honorable are the responsibilities that devolve upon him. Whether he play it well or not, posterity is to judge and the historian to chronicle; he may do much good or evil according as he uses those powers which God has given him and which education has developed.

G.

What is Human Reason?

We intended, gentle and intelligent reader of the SCHOLASTIC, to bid you adieu, at least for awhile; but as our definition of reason is criticised and not considered appropriate, the nature of the case demands that we should explain that reason is an intuition of principles, or the faculty of the mind by which it sees self-evident truths. We must, therefore, beg your forbearance, and ask you to examine with us this important and, I may say, practical subject. The investigation may appear dry and insipid to you; but as the word "reason" is on the lips of every one, it, at least, ought to excite our interest to know its full import as far as it can be known. Mathematics, too, if you wish, is a dry and insipid study; yet the diligent student spends years to acquire a knowledge of that science, and his labors afford him pleasure. In like manner, philosophy, in its higher order, should create an interest, and induce us to strive to master its principles. Influenced by these considerations, I hope you will have the patience to read this short thesis on reason.

One of the elements of reason is self-evident truth, and without it there can be no reason; therefore, in order to understand what reason is we must know what truth is. St. Augustin defines truth as follows: "Truth is that which is." But we are naturally led to inquire what is meant by this definition; and hence we must analyze it in order to have a correct notion of truth. Truth, or that which is, must be a reality or a being, otherwise it could not exist. Every reality must have essence; the essence of a thing is that which makes it what it is and cannot suffer it to be otherwise; as, for instance, the four sides and four right angles constitute the essence of a square. In every essence the attributes constituting it must harmonize; for if there is a disagreement of attributes there can be no essence, no reality, and consequently no existence; and thus a triangle with four sides and five angles cannot exist; there must, then, be harmony in truth; or rather truth must be harmony.

Besides, as God is a Being of infinite intelli-

gence, He must have the exemplary ideas, uncreated forms, or metaphysical essences in His mind of everything He created and of things possible; and what He created, He created according to His eternal ideas. The ideas in the Divine mind must be realities, otherwise they could not exist; for there can be no existence without realities. But as there can be no realities without essence, they are therefore metaphysical or uncreated essences, and must have attributes constituting them; and the attributes must harmonize, otherwise the essences could not exist. But as these ideas, uncreated forms, or essences, are in God, they are God; for what is in God is not created, but eternal, and therefore God, or rather they are the essence of God; and, as the attributes constituting them, or the attributes constituting the Divine essence, must harmonize, the harmony, then, in the Divine essence is the truth, or truth is the harmony in the Divine essence; hence truth is immutable and eternal.

We find truth in the supernatural as well as in the natural order; but in each order truth cannot change, because in each order its nature must be the same as it is the harmony in the Divine essence, as we have seen. We cannot see the harmony in truth appertaining to the supernatural order; but can only know it by revelation, or on the authority of God revealing it; for otherwise we would place supernatural truth on the same level with science, and consequently destroy faith itself, which, as St. Paul tells us, is *substantia rerum sperandarum*—"the substance of things hoped for." Hence, truth of this kind does not belong to the domain of reason, but to supernatural religion, and consequently does not concern us here, for we are dealing with truth in the natural order, or rather with first principles or self-evident truth.

It is an undeniable fact that we see or know the harmony in self-evident truth, as is evident from the empirical fact of thought. It is equally true that we cannot see the harmony of the first principles or of self-evident truth in the Divine essence, for that would be to see God in His essence which no man can see and live; it is a privilege reserved only for the inhabitants of heaven.

The question, then, presents itself: how can we see the harmony in the first principles or in self-evident truth? We answer, with St. Thomas, by means of the similitude. St. Thomas says, as we have seen in the preceding article, that everyone experiences in himself that when he strives to understand anything, he forms similitudes by way of examples which he inspects in

order that he may comprehend what he wishes to understand. Hence also, when we wish to understand anything we propose examples from which we can form similitudes, *phantasmata*, so that we may be able to understand what we propose to the intellect. And hence he concludes that it is impossible for the intellect, in its present state, united with a passible body, to actually understand anything, unless it makes use of similitudes.* The Holy Doctor says that it is impossible for the intellect to understand anything unless it makes use of similitudes. He here uses a universal proposition, from which we must conclude that we can only see or know the first principles, or self-evident truths, by means of their similitude. Furthermore, this appears still more evident from Zigliara, the exponent of the philosophy of St. Thomas. He says:

"Without doubt, there is no proportion of entity or perfection between sensible and spiritual things, but particularly no proportion between God and sensible things, because the former are of a far inferior nature to the latter. There is, nevertheless, a connection of relation between them, because sensible things are the effect of a cause that is spiritual the highest degree, namely of God, whom we can certainly know without the aid of any one to teach us. We have proved in ontology, that from every effect the cause—existence—and in some manner the nature of the cause can be known. Therefore, he says quoting St. Thomas: From material things, we can acquire some cognition of immaterial things, but not a perfect cognition, because there is no sufficient proportion between material and spiritual things." (Vol. II., p. 282.)

This warrants our conclusion. It is evident, then, from St. Thomas that we must have a similitude of the first principles or of self-evident truths, and that we can see their harmony only by means of their similitude, and hence one of its elements must be harmony. But evidently the similitude must be something real, otherwise it would be nothing, and not the means by which the truth is brought to the intellect. But it is clear that the similitude is not the truth itself, or the first principles, which it presents to the intellect; it must, therefore, be something created. It cannot be created by the intellect, for the mind cannot produce existences out of nothing; then it must be created by Being and not only created, but upheld or preserved by Being in His creative act, for Zigliara truly teaches that preservation is creation continued.

Reason must have a subject—the mind,—and an object, first principles—a copula or the similitude of truth, by means of which the truth is conveyed to the intellect as is evident from this article. Hence we think our definition of reason holds—an intuition of principles.

L. I. MILLER.

Obituary.

—BROTHER FELIX, C. S. C., known in the world as Denis White, departed this life on the 20th inst. The deceased religious was a Prefect in the Minim department last year, and was loved by his youthful charges on account of his kindly disposition. The funeral services took place this (Saturday) morning, and were attended by the Minims in a body. May he rest in peace!

—It is our painful duty to announce the death of one of Notre Dame's brightest students of '86-'87. JAMES MILLARD HAMPTON, for two years an honor to Carroll Hall and to the University, died on the 14th inst., at Colorado Springs, of consumption. The short period which marked his commercial studies at the University proved him to be a gentleman, an honest scholar and a Christian. He possessed a deep sympathy for those who needed it; charity in thought and kindness in action. Handsome of person and bright of intellect, he won friends by his prepossessing manner; kept the friendship given him, and returned it with his own unalloyed. His future was as bright as could be wished for; prospects of true usefulness in this life were before him; and having prepared himself for the fray, he entered it at an early age to make a name and a home for himself. He was of the type of promising manliness that characterized little Wallace Williamson; these two ornaments to mankind were the truest and kindest of friends; and now, before the halo of innocence has floated from their school-days, they have gone to rest. Friends on earth, they were parted to be friends in heaven. Leaving Notre Dame, James Hampton entered the National Bank of Cattlesburg, Ky., where, until about five months ago, he was book-keeper. But consumption laying hold of him he left for Colorado to seek the relief denied him at home; but too late in seeking this relief, he was too late in finding it, and at the bright, happy, promising age of eighteen he passed away, leaving the memory of his gentle life as a boon to his sorrowing relations and friends.

To his bereaved parents and relatives do we extend our heartfelt sympathy in their loss of a son and hope. His life on earth is the herald of his reward in heaven. Kindness to all was his motto, and his reward will be according to his works. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

- Turnups!
- How far can you jump?
- Hunting and the hunters!
- Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day.
- Impossibility does not imply insincerity.
- They will take to the stage on Thanksgiving Day.

—The Grads. have already commenced on their essays.

—Our latest novel: "South Bend, or the Football Player."

—Competitions are being held this week in the Collegiate Course.

—It's a mystery! Are they practising in the art of warfare, or what?

—The College band holds its regular rehearsals on Thursdays and Sundays.

—The gay and festive turkey beginneth to prepare for the "necks twirled."

—The Carrolls indulge in a regular old-time game of football every "rec" day.

—The Columbians hold their regular meetings on Thursday evening in their own society room.

—We are still waiting to hear that music box give forth its melodious tunes as it did in the first part of the session.

—The regular work of the Law Debating Society was resumed last Wednesday, the Rev. Father Walsh presiding.

—If the writer of "A Suggestion" had given us his name, his communication would receive the attention it justly merits.

—With such grand weather as we have had on the last two "rec" days, petitions for a change from Thursday are not in order.

—The meeting of the Philopatrians on last Wednesday evening was a lively one. It was held in the Juniors' reading parlors.

—Hon. William J. Onahan, LL. D., Comptroller of the city of Chicago, arrived at Notre Dame Saturday to spend Sunday with his friend, Doctor Shea.

—The old game of football finds many patrons amongst the students of all departments. The Senior campus was the scene of a lively game last Thursday.

—The classes in Orthography in the Junior department have become so large of late that it has been found necessary to make another division in the first class.

—In the essay on "Lamennais," concluded last week, on page 162, 22 lines from the end of the first column read: "The mind cannot act, cannot reason without first principles."

—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Those who question the truth of Keat's assertion should witness the daily greetings of the "Coruscator" and the "gentleman from Angers."

—A large number of festive nimrods, under the leadership of our genial Bro. Marcellinus, spent last Thursday at St. Joseph's Farm, and returned laden with a big supply of game.

—A grand reception was tendered Dr. John Gilmary Shea and his estimable daughter at the Lilacs on Tuesday evening last by our esteemed Professor of English literature, Maurice Francis Egan.

—At the last meeting of the St. Cecilians, the new constitution and bye-laws of that organiza-

tion were discussed. Very interesting remarks were made by some of the members as to the question of life membership.

—A stereopticon entertainment was to have been given in the Opera House last Thursday afternoon, but owing to the beautiful weather and the advantage taken of it by the students, it was postponed to some future date.

—The attention of the students is directed to the fact that fine, ready-made overcoats, at very cheap prices, can be secured at the new tailor-shop. Those who wish overcoats made to order can be accommodated, and the best of satisfaction given.

—Doctor John Gilmary Shea, accompanied by Very Rev. Provincial Corby and Professor Edwards, visited St. Joseph's Novitiate Monday, where they were royally entertained by Rev. Father Fitte. They also visited Rev. Father French, Director of Holy Cross Seminary, where the distinguished visitor was introduced to the young men of that institution.

—The essays for graduation in the various courses of the University have been given out. The Classical and Literary men will discuss any of the following: "The Poems of Clarence Mangam"; "The Qualities of Cardinal Newman's Style"; "Lingard, Macaulay and Carlyle as Historians"; A poem in English blank verse on the legend of the "Holy Grail."

—The Director of the Historical department lately received from Rome three valuable portraits executed by Signor Cannevale of the Eternal City. The portraits are life-size, and represent Cardinal Capaltri, Cardinal Franchi and Cardinal Simeoni, princes of the Church, who have been intimately connected with the history and progress of Catholicity in the United States.

—The Sorin Hall base-ball aggregation came over Thursday afternoon to the Brownson Hall diamond to show the Brownsonites how to handle the sphere. How badly they fared may be seen by the following score, though many good plays were made by both sides:

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
SORIN HALL:—	0	2	1	0	0	0	2	0	2=7
BROWNSON HALL:—	2	1	0	0	2	1	1	1	0=8

—The affability of the genial Archbishop Ryan was the source of the greatest pleasure to all who met him during his recent visit to Notre Dame. Among his *bon-mots* we may mention the following: The venerable Superior-General, as he greeted the Archbishop on his arrival, was about to kneel and receive his blessing, when the prelate gently restrained him and smilingly said: "Why, Father General! You must not kneel. You know a *Patriarch* is above even an Archbishop."

—Another great football game took place on Thursday afternoon in the old familiar style; and, needless to say, it afforded great amusement and enjoyment to the participants. This time the *Blues* or Will Cartier's side, distinguished

themselves and *extinguished* the *Reds*. Many of the boys had an opportunity to show what they were made of, and a number of fine rushes resulted. C. Gillon, as usual, was perfectly at home in the game and greatly strengthened the *Blues*. The Sorinites, who took part in the game, especially those wearing the blue ribbon, all played with a dash and vim that was sure to win.

—The two first nines of the University played their last championship game of the season on the Brownson Hall grounds on Monday afternoon, the score resulting in a tie. There were no very remarkable plays, except in base-running, in which Dacy—one of the champion runners of the University—carried off the laurels. Three strikes being called on him, he darted away like a flash; and an error having been made by the first-base man, he circled the bases, and but for an unfortunate tangling of his feet, ten yards from home, he would have scored.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5
BLUES:—	2	2	0	0	1=5
REDS:—	2	2	0	0	2=6

—The St. Cecilia Philomathean Association held its eleventh regular meeting Wednesday evening. After the transaction of the regular business of the evening the name of Mr. D. Casey was proposed for membership, and he was elected by the unanimous vote of the society. Professor J. F. Edwards, whose name as Honorary President of the association was omitted by mistake from the catalogue of last year, was unanimously elected to that office for the present term. The remainder of the evening was taken up by an impromptu debate, at the end of which a few words were said concerning a play which it is intended that the St. Cecilians will give some time in the future. The society is in a flourishing condition, and at present numbers among its members twenty-eight of the most able boys of the Junior department.

—The fifth regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society was held Thursday evening, November 6, President Gallagher in the chair. Lamar Monarch read a well-written criticism on the previous meeting. The literary programme of the evening was opened by L. B. Davis, who read an excellent essay on "The life and public services of Thomas Jefferson." R. M. Spalding was the next on the programme, and, in a well-worded essay, paid many beautiful tributes to Abraham Lincoln. Lamar H. Monarch then, in his usual pleasing style, delivered a declamation, entitled "The Parting of Marmion and Douglas." After the reading of selections by Messrs. Correll, Walsh and Sanford, which were well received, the exercises of a very successful meeting were brought to a close.—The sixth weekly meeting was held Wednesday evening, Nov. 12, with President Gallagher in the chair. A. Ahlrichs read a criticism on the previous meeting. The subject for discussion during the evening was: "Resolved, that strikes are beneficial to workingmen." Messrs. Carroll

and Flynn ably defended the negative side of the question; and many good arguments in favor of the affirmative were brought out by P. Coady and J. Flannigan. Mr. John Kearns read a paper on "The Benefits of Education," the composition of which is praiseworthy. Mr. G. Paris delivered a declamation in an admirable manner. An essay on "John G. Carlisle," by C. Rudd, was an interesting feature of the program.

—Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D., delighted the alumnæ and friends of the Holy Angels' Academy, yesterday afternoon with one of his charming lectures on Italian literature. His subject was entitled "An Introduction to Dante," and it is needless to say that the address was replete with historic charm, personal interest, pleasing anecdote, sparkling wit and graceful phraseology. The gifted lecturer has the art of making vivid all his thoughts, and the spirit of the renaissance was potent in the presentation of the great Italian poet. Mr. Egan is now the Professor of English Literature in the University of Notre Dame, and as such has added fresh laurels to his literary fame. Not only does he stand in the very front rank of Catholic *littérateurs*, but in the foremost nonsectarian magazines his contributions are always warmly welcomed. We owe his present visit to Buffalo to the kind offices of Miss Elizabeth Cronyn, whose father's guest Mr. Egan will be during his stay in the city. . . .

The delightful informal talk which Dr. Egan gave to the members of the Fortnightly Reading Circle at Le Couteulx Hall on Edward street last Thursday evening, will not soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to be present. The hall was crowded by the friends and invited guests of the members, among whom were the Rt. Rev. Bishop and several of the clergy; and for upwards of an hour they listened entranced to the famous American *littérateur* as he familiarly discoursed upon the social and intellectual conditions of our Catholic life, and graphically pointed out from his varied and manifold experience many salutary needs and deplorable defects.

After Mr. Egan's discourse, a reception was held and another hour delightfully spent in social converse. On Friday, accompanied by Father Cronin, the distinguished Professor visited the Falls and charmed the young ladies at Loreto Convent with a chat about novels, novelists and their humorous methods of manufacturing the marketable commodity.—*Buffalo Union and Times*.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. A. Ahlrichs, Allen, Burger, Berry, Blackman, Brady, Bachrach, Bovett, Cavanagh, Cartier, Clayton, L. Chute, F. Chute, Daniels, DuBrul, Fitzgibbon, Gillon, Hackett, Hummer, Herman, Hoover, Hempler, Howard, Murphy, Morrison, McGrath,* Neef, O'Neill, W. O'Brien,

* Omitted by mistake the last four weeks.

Prichard, Paquette, Prudhomme, Rothert, Reynolds, O'Sullivan, Schaack, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, E. Scherrer, J. B. Sullivan, Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. E. Ahlrichs, Aarons, Bundy, Blameuser, Barclay, Benz, Burch, Cassidy, Carroll, T. Coady, P. Coady, Cottey, J. Crowley, P. Crowley, Dechant, Dela Pena, Devanney, Dunlap, Fleming, Gruber, Gaffey, Heinemann, Hennessy, Houlihan, Henry, Johnson, Jacobs, Kearns, J. King, Karasynski, Kelly, T. King, Lesner, Layton, Long, Manley, Mitchell, Monarch, Mahaney, Maurus, McAuliff, Murphy, McDonnell, F. McKee, J. McKee, McConlogue, McGonigle, McErlain, J. Newman, Olde, O'Shea, G. O'Brien, S. O'Brien, Powers, Philips, Rebillot, Robinson, Stanton, Schwarz, J. F. Sullivan, Scholfield, Sanford, Steiger, Smith, Spalding, Vidal, Vital, Wood, Wall, Weakland, Yenn.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Anson, Bergland, Booher, Burns, Boland, Ball, E. Bates, Brady, Browning, Boyd, B. Bates, Boyle, Casey, Cole, Carney, C. Connor, W. Connor, Cregier, Connolly, Connell, Collins, Coll, Connors, Cummings, Chassaing, DuBois, Drumm, Davidson, Delany, Dempsey, Dorsey, De Lormier, Eckler, Ellwanger, Foley, Fitzgerald, Falk, Flannigan, Arthur Funke, Fox, Falvey, Gibert, Gerlach, Gillon, J. Greene, G. Gilbert, Girsch, Gifford, A. Greene, Glass, Hack, Hagus, Hoerr, Hake, Hahn, Howard, Jackson, Jewett, Kearney, Kanmeyer, Langevin, Lorie, Leonard, Luther, Mitchell, Mattox, Martin, McCartney, Marr, A. McPhillips, H. Nichols, W. Nichols, Neef, O'Rourke, O'Neill, Orton, O'Mara, Pope, Pena Dela, Payne, Pomeroy, Palmer, Prichard, Quill, Quinlan, Regan, Roberts, Roper, Schillo, Stapleton, Sutter, E. Smith, Treff, Tong, Tucker, Thorn, Teeter, Thornton, Weinmann, Wellington, Wolff, Welch, Yingst, Zoehrlaut, Zinn, Mattes.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Allen, Ayers, Ball, F. Brown, O. Brown, Bixby, Blumenthal, Burns, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Cornell, Coon, Curry, Chapoton, Cross, Croke, Christ, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, Drant, Everst, Ezekiel, C. Furthmann, W. Furthmann, E. Furthmann, Fuller, Fischer, Fossick, Funke, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Freeman, Girardin, Girsch, Griesheimer, Hoffman, Hathaway, Haddican, Hamilton, Higginson, Henneberry, Howell, Jonquet, King, Krollman, Kuehl, Kern, Keeler, Loomis, Lonergan, Levi, Lounsbury, T. Lowrey, G. Lowrey, Langley, Longevin, McPhee, MacDevitt, Myers, Maternes, McGuire, McIntyre, McPhillips, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Marre, Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, O'Connor, Otero, Priestly, Pellenz, Pieser, Paul, Ransome, Ronning, Rose, Russell, Stephens, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Steele, Stone, Trujillo, Trankle, Vorhang, Wolf, Wilcox, Warburton, White, Washburne, Windmuller, Zoehrlaut.

The Tongue.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith:
"A lengthy tongue, an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead:
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart:
"The tongue's great store-house is the heart."

From Hebrew wit this maxim sprung:
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole:
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

—*Chicago Globe*.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Dr. John Gilmary Shea and daughter were among the welcome visitors to St. Mary's last week.

—Miss E. Wright, Chicago, Ill., and Miss A. Wurzburg, Detroit, both pupils for several years spent a few days of last week at the Academy.

—The beautiful centre table of polished wood, hand-carved, which ornaments the Academy parlor is much admired. It is the gift of Dr. J. Berteling, of Notre Dame University, to whom warm thanks are extended.

—On Sunday evening, Rev. Walter P. Elliott, C. S. P., opened the exercises of the annual retreat for the Catholic pupils, which closed on Thursday morning. Most edifying dispositions seemed manifest, and under the direction of the eminent Paulist, the work was crowned with success, which it is to be hoped may bring lasting blessings on all who took part.

—Friday, the 14th inst., was an ideal autumn day, and advantage was taken of the beautiful weather to enjoy Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan's holiday. A late sleep and a long ramble took up most of the morning, and the afternoon was occupied in a variety of ways; but whether needlework, painting, reading or playing was indulged in, all felt at the close of the day that it had been most enjoyable, and that a vote of thanks was due Archbishop Ryan.

—An interesting contest was held in the Third Senior class last week in which those taking part showed all the enthusiasm attendant upon the old-time spelling match. Besides spelling the words proposed, they were analyzed—the root, prefixes and suffixes being pointed out from which the literal meaning was deduced, after which the signification of common usage was given. The palm of excellence was awarded Miss L. Norris. Those who closely contested for this honor were the Misses Chase, Lauth, M. Roberts, Clayton, D. Davis and S. Dempsey.

—A merchant does not feel more interest in his accounts at the close of the week than do the pupils in their weekly average as read out each Sunday evening in presence of Very Rev. Father General, the Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Father Zahm, the teachers and other visitors. However monotonous a written account of such meetings may become, the academic reunions are always of importance to the earnest student. The averages attained last week by the majority were most gratifying, and speak well for the spirit of study. On Sunday last Miss Hurff recited Miss Donnelly's poem "Unseen, yet Seen"; bringing out the beautiful lesson it contains in a charming manner. Very Rev. Father General then spoke a few words referring to the retreat, congratulating the young ladies on the advantages they enjoy in being privileged to assist at such an exercise.

Feast of the Presentation.

The misty grey of early dawn stole in,
And softly crept into each shadowed nook,
Then, as with gentle hand, unclasped the bars
That night with star-gemmed key had firmly locked.
Within the shadows knelt Christ's chosen ones,
Their sombre veils bespeaking veiled hearts;
Before them bending, young and fervent souls
Of novices were deep in earnest prayer;
And clustered round the altar with bowed heads,
Knelt those whom Christ loved best of all on earth,
The children, whom He gathered round His knee
Before the weary days of Calvary dawned.

The marble altar decked with flowers bright
And tapers tall gleamed out, a beauteous throne
For Him who held the heart of each one there.
A holy hush pervaded all the place;
The brightening rays up gathered as they passed
Through windows-stained, soft tints as 'twere of heaven,
And crimson rich, and gleams of mellow gold
Just touched the bowed heads, then softly stole
And lingered near the place of sacrifice.
When lo! a silvery bell's sweet tones were heard,
And then the lips of priest soft whispered words
That dropped from Christ's own lips so long ago—
Soft words that thrilled through heaven's highest courts
And rang above angelic voices sweet.
O mystery sublime! those whispered words
Of humble priest were heard by Jesus' Heart,
And He, the God of heaven, came down to earth
And rested in the trembling hand of him,
Who with poor, human words had bade Him come.

Then eagerly each heart bowed low and cried:
"O Lord I am unworthy of Thy love,
But speak the word, my spirit healed shall be!"
A hushed and holy silence, like a spell,
Was over all; then—happiness untold!
The God of heaven, the Fount of love divine,
Was borne from dwelling-place upon the shrine,
To rest within each heart; and oh! the thrill,
Akin to heaven's joy, that filled each soul!
A myriad angels fluttered round and knelt
To worship at the shrines where Jesus dwelt;
And Mary smiled, and in her mother-love
Made presentation new of each young heart.

Oh, blessed morning! when, with souls all free
From stain of sin, there came the King to bless!
Loved Mother Mary, may we ne'er forget
Our presentation gift to Him—our hearts;
And may they e'er be His, till at His feet
He crowns our lives, and makes us His for aye!

CLOSE OF THE RETREAT, 1890.

Success and Failure.

Man's life is as a balance into which Providence pours all that goes to make the years. Sometimes the scale-pan, that contains what the world calls prosperity, hangs low, and he who holds the measure is called a successful man; at other times the weight of adversity bears down on the scale-pan and the beam marks failure. In each person's career does destiny preside over

the balance, and in each case are the elements put into the scales different from those present in all others.

When entering upon the duties and responsibilities of real life, each one puts to himself this question: "How shall I win success?" and the answer to that query depends largely upon what he considers success. The student eagerly searches in fields of knowledge; he gleans from the harvests garnered into books by those who have gone before him; high into the scale-pan he heaps his treasure, and the measure of his knowledge is to him the measure of his success.

The merchant strives by every means to extend his business relations; no avenue that leads to wealth is left untried; and as the golden returns bear down the balance, the world congratulates him on his success. The aspirant to political preferment seeks the influence of those in power; he solicits the votes of his friends, and, all these outweighing his opponent's efforts, he enjoys the delights of success, and is elected to the coveted position. Even the pleasure-seeker watches with careful eye the oscillations of the balance-bar, as into one side of the scale he puts the joys of life—laughter and song, friendship and love—and as the voice of pleasure rings loud, the needle turns to the word success.

No matter what the object may be which constitutes success, perseverance and energy are the surest means of attaining it, as daily experience amply proves. The measure of fame which came to Tennyson would not have been his had he succumbed to criticism as Keats did; and in every walk of life we may find apposite illustrations which serve to demonstrate the necessity of persevering efforts if one would wear the crown awarded to success.

To some the hand of Providence seems to bestow but sorrows: poverty, sickness and want make of life a failure; and so persistently does the scale-pan keep low under its weight of adversity that the fulcrum grows rusty, and it seems almost impossible for the bar to mark even an equilibrium. This brings before us the consideration of the effects of success, and we find ourselves wondering if it would be well to enjoy uninterrupted success.

In knowledge is there both good and evil; wealth has its snares; political offices bring grave responsibilities, and the fruit of pleasure is often as "Dead Sea fruit," beautiful to behold, but ashes within. Many a fine character has been hopelessly ruined by too much success, as many a vessel has been kept from reaching its port by floating idly in a dead calm. Alas! Cadmean victories abound in the world, and in

the glory of triumph men forget to count their losses; and so intent are they upon the success laden scale-pan that they take no notice of that which is seemingly outweighed.

It is hard to believe that failure is often better than success, and yet such is the case. Adelaide Procter tells us, in her own sweet words:

"Glorious it may be to be wearing
The crown of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail, has won
A crown whose lustre is not less."

Yes, many a hero would have remained in the rank and file of commonplace men, but for the stimulation lent by failure.

Success may be sweet and failure bitter; but whichever comes to our scale, let us bear in mind that earth's weights and those of eternity are not the same, and only that which outlasts time will be taken into account when the great day of reckoning will decide for aye whether life has been a failure or a success.

MILICENT HURFF (*Class '91*).

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Allen, Balch, Bassett, Bunsbury, E. Burns, R. Butler, Beach, Brady, Breen, Bradford, Black, Bonebrake, Clarke, Coleman, Charles, Churchill, Chase, Cohoon, Campbell, Cowan, Crilly, Cooke, Call, Dority, Deutsch, Dennison, L. Du Bois, B. Du Bois, D. Davis, M. Donehue, Mary Donehue, Eisenstädt, Evoy, Farwell, Feltr, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Gibbons, Galvin, Good, Grauman, Hamilton, Horner, C. Hurley, Hurff, K. Hurley, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Maude Hess, Mollie Hess, Minnie Hess, Holmes, Hutchinson, Hunt, Hopkins, Johnson, T. Kimmell, Kirley, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Kasper, Kinney, Lauth, Lewis, Ludwig, F. Moore, N. Morse, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, Murphy, McCormack, Mullaney, N. Moore, McGuire, McPhillips, Nacey, Nickel, Norris, Niemann, Naughton, O. O'Brien, O'Leary, C. O'Brien, Patier, Pengemann, Quinlan Quinn, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Rentfrow, Rizer, Ruger, Stokes, Spurgeon, M. Smyth, M. Schermerhorn, N. Schermerhorn, Sena, Thirds, Tipton, Tod, H. Van Mourick, R. Van Mourick, Violette, Wile, Witkowski, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Whitmore, Wolffe, Waldron, Young, Zahm, Murrison.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustin, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. Bachrach, Bartholomew, M. Burns, Coady, Clifford, M. Davis, A. E. Dennison, Doble, Fossick, Gilmore, Girsch, K. Hamilton, Hickey, Holmes, Hammond, C. Kasper, Kellner, Kelly, Meskill, Mabbs, O'Mara, Quealy, Reeves, M. Scherrer, Soper, J. Smyth, Schaefer, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Tormey, Van Liew, Wurzburg, Wagner, White.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Eldred, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Hamilton, Henry, McPhillips, McCarthy, McKenna, Otero, L. Smith, V. Smith, Windsor.

THE possession of friends is the purest happiness and the greatest source of sweetness in life.—*Golden Sands*.