

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 7, 1891.

No. 21.

## To an Absent Friend.

Thou hast parted from those who e'er found thee  
A friend in their joys and their tears;  
Thou hast broken the bright chains that bound thee  
To hearts that have loved thee for years.  
As the torrents that rush down the mountain  
With ruin flood valleys below,  
So the dark streams from Sorrow's deep fountain  
Flood my soul with the waters of woe.

Thou art gone, and in mournfullest measure  
The night-wind is chanting our pain;  
Yet it whispers one note of sweet pleasure,  
'Tis of days when we'll meet once again.  
For the dark clouds all have a fair lining  
Of beauteous and silvery light;  
And the sun of our union is shining  
Through the shadows of absence's night.

R. E. DRAGGE.

## Qualities of Cardinal Newman's Style.

Cardinal Newman is no more! And when with the sounds of the knell were wafted their sorrowful message to the civilized world, all hearts were stirred with mournful reverence. No one needed to say, as Newman closed his career on the stage of life, *vos plaudite*; the applause came spontaneous and from the heart. Men differing most widely in their religious opinions united into one chorus to sing the praise of Cardinal Newman. If there were any discordant voices, they were lost in the harmonious chant of this universal praise.

For this praise, although well merited, it is difficult to assign a precise reason. Is it on account of his humility or on account of his superior talents? As a master of style he was superior to all; as a logician he ranked with the best, and as a deep thinker, few can be named

among his equals. It may be said that none of these qualities, taken separately, are of such a character as would win and retain the popular favor. To all of these, united to the grace of his manners, the sincerity of his eloquence and his hidden virtues, must we ascribe his popularity.

He first came into public notice at Oxford, where he won the admiration of his habitual listeners—not, indeed, by the power of his voice or the grace of his oratory, but by his manifest sincerity. Here he laid the foundation of a style which was afterwards to become the admiration of all English-speaking people. Never did he deliver a sermon without the most careful preparation—writing out on paper every word. It was a rule with him to deliver no sermon which he had not previously written and corrected. In fact, the sermons were never delivered but read from manuscript. In the essays written between 1833 and 1845 we can clearly see the development of his religious convictions. But especially do we notice this in his "Tracts for the Times" which he published before his conversion. They are models of style, and contain the sentiments of a strong-minded man willing to sacrifice all for truth. They show him to be a man who, conscious of the existence of truth, accepts it wherever it is found and proclaims it to his fellow-men. Although the writings of this period are exquisite, and show all the bits of perfect style which make the master, yet they are cold and lack spirit. They are as a statue carved with a strict observance to all the details of perfect form but lacking the breath of life to make them warm.

This life was soon to come. Twelve long years had he sailed on the turbulent ocean of Anglicanism only to be tossed about on its merciless waves. Yet he sailed on in his journey towards Truth, throwing overboard one prejudice

after another. His "Essay on Development" was, as it were, the final crash of a great storm when nature seemed to have mustered all her strength to submerge his barge. All in vain. Lead by a "kindly light"—as its beautiful rays appeared above the horizon—he landed, after a long night spent on a pitiless ocean, on the shores of Truth—he found the haven of rest within the Church which hitherto he had not known, though he was conscious of its existence; here at last all was peace and quiet.

He became a new man. His writings received an unusual warmth, and his eloquence took fire. It was for him, as it were, the coming into a warm climate after enduring the frost and cold of a northern winter. One life had passed into eternity, and he was beginning his second armed with all the knowledge of the first. If he performed many heroic deeds before and wrote much worthy of praise, it was only as a preparation for his future career. The passionate energy which had been seeking for an object found it in preaching the Church of Christ—His visible kingdom on earth. He now became more the object of abuse for his former collaborators whom he had endeavored to lead with him. The incessant attacks of his enemies called forth his best works. The "Apologia pro Vita Sua" shows his character to the minutest detail. The story of his conversion, and the successive steps leading to this point, are told with admirable simplicity and candor. He does not sacrifice truth for rhetorical figures; he uses no Macaulay-like tricks of rhetoric for effect. He is logical, but not tedious. There is no affectation of coarse forms of speech, no unnecessary obtrusion of his personality; his language seems to flow without any restraint, yet always with such a conciseness and grace of narrative as to charm all his readers.

The writings of Newman show his thorough education. Often are we struck by the great number of facts taken from history, politics, law, theology, or his own experience, and with what fitness he applies them to illustrate his subject! By this power of marshalling facts from every branch of learning he could bring a fact, insignificant in itself, to bear upon his subject, thereby strengthening it beyond the reader's expectations. This power is seldom found so fully developed as in Cardinal Newman. Many writers have a tendency to illustrate their subject by facts drawn chiefly from some pet science or study; but very few show such a familiarity with all branches of learning. It is one of his greatest gifts, and seems to be the outgrowth of his peculiar nature. For him

it was a means to make his writings more agreeable, and to make them be understood by almost everyone. They flow from his pen without any effort, and yet they show his well-directed judgment in choosing a fact to suit his subject. The new and strange side lights which he throws upon his subject is something remarkable. Just as we when studying a fine piece of art look at it from different distances, sometimes from the one side, sometimes from the other, in order to see the painting to the best advantage and try, if possible, to discover some hidden beauty, so also does Newman use this power to show us the subject from different aspects.

Newman, like Tennyson, possesses exquisite art. Although Newman did not write an epic or a dirge equal to the "In Memoriam," yet the few verses which he left are sufficient for us to judge. The poems of Newman are all of a religious character. They form a good example of the purity and simplicity of his style, and of the facility in clothing his thought with a pure poetic garb. But his love for Saxon words, as the form for the embodiment of moral truths, gives them a savor of the prosaic, and modifies the inner glow of poetic genius. They possess art in its highest degree in the sense that they conceal art. The simplicity and unaffected frankness which everywhere are so prominent serve to hide this. Tennyson's art is his genius, and he is only sweet when his carefulness is laid aside; Newman laid aside his carefulness and became sweet. His poems are the expressions of an upright heart full of tenderness and love. Newman, in this respect, unites the sweetness of Longfellow with the art of Tennyson. "Lead Kindly Light" is a charming bit of poetry showing the state of Newman's soul when in her greatest doubt. It is full of genuine poetry, pathos and tenderness. One feels after reading the poem that the picture is complete, and should the painter put on another brush of paint he would mar the whole. Newman's descriptions are vivid, showing a careful discrimination between delicate shades of colors. They are not overdone. By a few bold strokes of his brush, apparently at random, he can give us a picture both brilliant and tender.

In the "Dream of Gerontius"—a most pathetic poem—Newman unites his personality with the most perfect art. Virgil took Dante by the hand and led him through the regions of hell; Newman, without any guide, reveals to us, in an unsurpassed way, the experience of a soul on the journey from her death-bed to the feet of her Creator. The poem is, as it were, a preface to the "Divina Commedia"—a guide

to lead us over the abyss between this life and eternity—and if it does not possess all the sublimity proper for a preface to that great epic, yet its purity of diction, elevation of thought—which true poetry alone can inspire—and touching pathos have sufficiently compensated for this deficiency. Although Newman is best in his prose, yet his poetry is worthy of admiration, and will repay study.

Cardinal Newman is the greatest master of English style which this century has seen—as is generally admitted by all his countrymen. The late Mathew Arnold used to say that Newman's power over the language was second only to Shakspeare's. Indeed, now that we are towards the close of the century, we can look over the list of our writers, and no one do we find who, for a master of style, is equal or superior to Cardinal Newman. His originality was striking; his knowledge of the inner man is perfect, and his expression of thought and feeling is in the highest degree artistic because it conceals art. Looking at all his writings as forming one grand picture, we see a picture containing a variety of pleasing forms and colors. One part of the picture is not more polished than the other; neither does the artist seem to have exerted himself in one part more than in the other.

There is no foreign element introduced to convey his ideas. The pompous Latinisms, which came into our language chiefly through the untiring energy of Johnson, had no attraction, nothing to entice the mind of a deep thinker. His style shows that fondness of Saxon words which strengthen and beautify his writings. Johnson brought into our language an abundance of Latin derivatives which supplanted the old Saxon terms; it was Newman's task to rid us of these. Newman looked deeper than the surface, and there he often saw how empty and vague were these Latin terms. They showed a smooth surface, but when sifted were found to be senseless. Newman kept his language absolutely pure. Both by example and by the immense influence wielded did he make our writers sensible of the beauty in the short and expressive terms of our ancestors. No writer has succeeded better than Cardinal Newman in expressing thoughts difficult of expression, and at the same time preserving a scrupulous precision. His ideas are clothed with a well-chosen garb. When a choice lies between the thought and the dress with which to cover the thought, we must always choose the former. Newman was master of the thought and of the word and, as dutiful servants, they obeyed the

voice of their ruler. He always chose his subject with reference to his powers. In none of his works can he be accused of over-straining the compass of his mind by choosing a subject which was not thoroughly treated. Purely philosophical and theological subjects did not really delight Dr. Newman, but the mixed questions of history and morals which really enter into men's minds and constitute the substance of all their beliefs, prejudices and doubts. Here it is where he really touched the hearts of the masses and led them while they were unconscious of his power.

Let us rejoice that it is our lot to live in the century which produced so noble a spirit. Ours is the tongue which his genius enriched with matchless writings. He has followed for many years the shining of the "Kindly Light" until he was brought to the doors of a better world. Conscious of a life spent in self-sacrifice and piety, he could truly say with his dying breath: "All is sunshine."

C. S. BURGER, '91.

#### Schopenhauer and Pessimism.

BY REV. S. FITTE, C. S. C.

#### III.

The touchstone of all Philosophy is God, or, more exactly, the idea man forms of Him. Until a satisfactory answer has been given to the question what is God? we think it next to impossible to account for the origin, the nature and destiny of matter or man. According to Schopenhauer the universe is but an idea, or representation. But is there any real cause to determine it?

"As when the sun rises," he says, "the whole world springs from darkness, so, too, as soon as the intellect appears, the world of causes shines forth, and the anarchy of obscure sensations is succeeded by the reflex kingdom over which rules the principle of causality." Moreover, the forms of thought, such as time, space and causality—which were still regarded as essential to nature, even after the sceptical criticism of Kant—become for him "the same as the forms of nature itself, so that no reality can actually exist beyond the regular succession of phenomena unceasingly displayed before the looking-glass of brain-consciousness." Instinctively wiser than all his reasonings, the master had left indeterminate the existence of the permanent, necessary being amid the gigantic ruins of facts contingent and transitory, nor did he dare "to

exorcise forever the ghost of the infinite 'which like Banquo's' will not down." Bolder and more radical, the disciple is not satisfied with taking away the name of God from his system, nor even with seemingly recognizing Him in an abstract will, without intelligence or goodness, but he creates in his morbid imagination some kind of an incomprehensible artisan, the cause of delusions and the source of sorrows. Before calumniating human nature he takes pleasure in blaspheming the merciful power of the Almighty. Can there be anything less philosophical, or more contrary to good common sense, than the idea of a blind, unconscious force creating the world out of sheer malice in its own image, or of an eternal principle essentially bad and taking pleasure in making others unhappy? These are, however, the follies and stupidities which were successfully taught in the full light of the nineteenth century, and which, after exciting the wild enthusiasm of many Germans, attempt now to find a way into our country by means of nauseous novels!

After doing away with the idea of God, and making an act of faith in the mysterious genius of evil—which he borrowed from the Persian dualism or the pantheistic Buddhism—Schopenhauer endeavors to break up the circle of an inevitable necessity within which he had shut himself; and this he pretends to do by making a new and strange appeal to the will. Up to this time everybody understood by will a power which, under the guidance of the intellect, enables us to determine. Not so with Schopenhauer: "The will is the *a priori* knowledge of the body," and the body itself nothing but "the *a posteriori* knowledge of the will." In other words, "the body is given us as a resting-point for our will." Need we remark that the identification of the body with the will—which is the metaphysical basis of the whole system—is simply absurd? When, indeed, does the will assert itself more emphatically than in the victorious struggle man sustains against revenge or guilty desire? What interest can our physical organism take in that spiritual triumph? Moreover, is it true that I perceive my existence only in the act of the will? Does not my thought, my memory, my reasoning teach me that I am a real being and do not need a kick to be convinced that I am not a ghost? It is indeed a strange perversion of language to make desire and passion stand for the will itself, and all kinds of emotions for that noble power which man possesses whereby he forms resolutions and can resist temptations.

The human will, everywhere present and

always consistent with itself, is the metaphysical substratum of all phenomena; it is to be found underlying all the forces of nature. "It is the only soul that animates the universe; hence we may observe it in the energy which gives growth and beauty to plants, crystalizes minerals and directs the magnetic needle to the north, showing itself sometimes in the form of attraction or repulsion, combination or decomposition; sometimes in the shape of gravitation to carry the stone towards the centre of the earth, as the earth itself is carried towards the sun." Nature, indeed, proceeds as we act ourselves—in a state of blind tendency ruling over brute matter; the will grows more and more perfect through the indefinite series of organized beings till it reaches man in whom it attains to the highest degree of objectivity, when it becomes a conscious force amazed at its own works. "As it is manifested in minerals and vegetables by their different properties, so is it emphatically asserted in man by character; the distance may appear to be immense, but in reality it is only in degree, not in kind."

In what is asserted in the foregoing paragraph, Schopenhauer, as well as all modern evolutionists, merely develop a method known and followed by ancient philosophers and especially by Epicurus in which they would have us believe that even the lowest phenomena of physiology are the most striking proofs of intelligence and will.

But what relation is there between the workman, struggling against his work, and a stone; between the soldier fighting or even dying for his country and a flag; between the immortal plays of Shakspeare and types in a printing-office; between the devotion of a mother, or a martyr, and the waves of the sea or the roaring of a lion? Is it possible, without giving the lie to analogies and doing violence to human language, to attribute to one and the same cause effects so completely different? If my will is identical with matter, how is it that I am not as able to command the stars as I do my body, or to move the heavens as easily as I move my limbs? The will—which is defined "an active reason"—does not remind us in any way of the functions which our reasonable activity observes in brute matter or even in animals. Kant himself says: "To speak exactly, the organization of nature has nothing in common with any of the causes which we know, still less with our will." But Schopenhauer goes still farther; according to him, plants are endowed with an "initial consciousness," and this may remind us of Taine saluting with a pious veneration the

large trees of a forest as though they were a band of near relatives. Again, between man and animals there is identity of organism; therefore identity of essence. The only privilege we possess over them is that of conceiving abstract ideas; this is, however, a trifling accident. We should rather envy the calm quietude which they owe to their blessed ignorance. "Man does not know his brothers any more; he is foolish enough to believe that they thoroughly differ from him, and in order to confirm and justify his folly he condescends to give them the glorious name of brutes."

After writing some most sublime verses that seem to have been inspired by the Book of Job, Victor Hugo, in his "Contemplations," concludes his ideal description of the warlike steed by these contemptible lines:

"Et l'on voit lentement s'éteindre, humble et terni,  
Son œil plein des stupeurs sombres de l'infini,  
Où luit vaguement l'âme effrayante des choses."

So, too, did Schopenhauer repeat, with slightly sarcastic earnestness, that he beheld in the adorable eyes of his dog an immortal principle of life. It is related that having met an orang-outang at the fair of Frankfort, he did not fail to go every day and pay a visit to that representative of the ancestors of the human race. Deeply moved by the sad countenance of the lonely monkey, he seriously compared the look of that unhappy being, standing still on the frontiers of mankind, to the melancholy look of Moses before the Promised Land. It is easy to understand the so-called scientific process of those new philosophers. They take pleasure in stripping man of all his *prestige*, call in question his most undeniable prerogatives, lower and discredit his noblest faculties, and when their evil work is accomplished they cry out with a triumphant air: behold the man! Instead of exclaiming with the poet, full of gladness and immortality,

"L'homme est un dieu tombé qui se souvient des cieux," they dwell with delight upon man's errors and vices, and represent him as a castaway of nature, doomed to live a miserable life, always deceived, never comforted, shut up in a dark dungeon where everything is trickery and delusion when it is not pain and sorrow. No wonder, then, that Pessimism is knocking at their door, together with its inseparable companions melancholy, complaint and despair!

#### IV.

If we mistake not, even this strange materialism is but the logical application of a more fundamental principle which forms the basis of

the whole system built up by Schopenhauer. Let us try to reach the corner-stone of the edifice and point out the most original ideas of its fantastic architect. By almost all philosophers in antiquity and modern times before Kant, the will is always looked upon as subsequent and subordinate to the intelligence which enlightens and guides it, whilst the sphere of reflection, the proper domain of the philosophic spirit, is raised far above the region of spontaneity. Schopenhauer undertook to change all that, and to establish his own philosophy on the two most radical foundations of instinct and irresponsibility. As was stated before, he challenges the intelligence to vie with the unconscious activity of instinct for which he seems to profess an admiration so great that he has scarcely any praise left for genius itself. He would almost congratulate plants and stones on having escaped from mistakes and deceitful appearances. No doubt, spontaneity is in man a more general fact than reflection, and not less worthy of the attention of all philosophers. So far Schopenhauer is right. But not content with declaring that intuitive knowledge is "the most perfect, the clear and genuine source of our science," he writes a long chapter to point out in detail all the defects inherent in the intellect. In his opinion, it is but an external faculty which, entirely confined to the world of phenomena, reaches but the surface of objects, and never goes beyond a superficial view of man himself. A mere accident, a kind of tool, or slave, to help or rather to hinder the will, it is, after all, nothing but "a function of the brain, whilst the whole of man consists in the functions of the will. Knowledge is a means of preservation for both individuals and species, as well as any other organ or as the sensibility in animals. For this is worth proclaiming: "Bad brains are the rule, good brains an exception; eminent brains are scarce, and genius a miracle."

No man of sense can restrain a smile on reading such whimsical remarks. Were he to believe Schopenhauer he would be tempted to look upon the human race as a monstrous collection of cranks or lunatics. It is, indeed, more than passing strange that the same man who takes the greatest pleasure in jesting about the "dark baggage of miracles, which every religion drags along in its train," fails to realize that the creation of brain and thought by "an all-powerful will which does not know what it is doing" is the most stupendous of all miracles. What shall we think of that wonderful will "compelled to curse itself as soon as from the depth of unconscious darkness it broke forth towards



the light of science"? How was it that it suddenly woke up in the bosom of eternity to the fantastical dream of matter and man? Can this be called wisdom or insanity?

On the other hand, Schopenhauer compares, in an ingenious manner, the will to a sovereign to whom all the intellectual faculties, like the various ministers of a cabinet, submit all kinds of plans. We may accept the comparison, on the condition that we have within ourselves a constitutional monarchy where, according to the well-known definition, "The king reigns but governs not." The author himself considers any high development of the intellect as an insuperable obstacle to energy of will and firmness of character. No doubt these faculties, here placed in absolute contrast, are distinct, but not at all incompatible, and, to quote but two of the most conspicuous men of our age, how would it be possible to call in question the loftiness of views and constancy of resolution in Napoleon and Cardinal Newman?

Lastly, even though the intellect should, through some good fortune or other, succeed in discovering all the secrets of nature, still nature itself, which was made without the help of knowledge, can never be known; for the human mind understands only the relations, never the essence, of things, being but the handmaid of the will. This is, indeed, a strange theory; but though Schopenhauer may regard it with pride, is he its real inventor, and is it with reason that his admirers declare him worthy of having his name handed down to posterity? Perhaps a few sentences of Plato gave him the idea, still more the following assertion of Clement of Alexandria:

"*Ἄν' λογικαὶ δυνάμεις τοῦ θούλεσθαι διάκονοι πεφύκασιν.*"

He may have known also that Duns Scotus defends against St. Thomas the pre-eminence of the will over the intellect of God; but it was not certainly to draw therefrom a system like in the least to Schopenhauer's. Still farther from it stands Descartes' Rationalism by which the will is subordinate to, and even identified with, thought. On the contrary, Spinoza, the idealistic pantheist, is logically adduced to proclaim the identity of will and intelligence; hence the philosopher of Frankfort does not try to conceal the great obligations under which he lies to the apostate Jew of Amsterdam.

Again, for the "Critique of Pure Reason" by Kant, Schopenhauer reserves all his admiration, and there is an infinite distance between moral liberty, placed by the former in the presence of duty, and that merely physical impulse, or blind energy, regarded by the latter as the sole essence

of the universe. It is evident that the prominent character of Fichte's philosophy is the preponderance of the will over the intellect. For him the essence of self consists "in absolute independence" testified by the will, "which never rests, having an unceasing tendency to produce." Schelling himself, though hostile to Fichte, seems to profess the same doctrine when he writes: "In conclusion, there is no other being than the will. This is the first being eternal, infinite, asserting and creating itself: to find that supreme expression is true philosophy. Still, he is strikingly at variance with Schopenhauer when adding: "Liberty is the final and positive concept of the absolute."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### The Air and Its Work.

When we begin to consider the world around us, one of the first things to attract our attention is the air—that invisible envelope which surrounds the earth like an ocean. Air is made up of one constant fluid, or gas, called nitrogen, mingled with smaller quantities of certain other gases, the most important of which are oxygen, the vapor of water and carbonic dioxide, or the gas that oxygen and carbon commonly form when they unite. This great ocean of the air enfolds the whole world. It is densest at the surface, and grows thinner as it rises above the earth until, at a height of about fifty miles, it is so thin that it cannot well be called air at all. But there is no definite limit to the air; it grows thinner and thinner until it becomes space or ether. There are good reasons for believing that this air is composed of innumerable small particles, all dancing to and fro with great speed. They move so swiftly that they would soon work away from the earth were they not all held down to the surface by its attraction.

Although the air is invisible, yet it is a real, material substance. Swing your hand rapidly to and fro, and you feel the air offering a resistance. Again, we notice that when the air is heated it rises. Look at the column of smoke over a chimney: it ascends because it is heated. Wind is the result of warm or cold air. Hot or warm air is lighter than cold air. Physicists tell us that heat expands bodies. It is this expansion of air, or the separation of its particles further from each other, which makes it less dense or heavy than cold air in which the particles lie more closely together. As a consequence of this difference of density, the light, warm air rises and the cold air falls. One can

easily satisfy himself of the truth of this by experiment. Take a poker and heat the end of it in the fire until it is red hot; withdraw it, and gently bring some small bits of very light paper, or some other light substance, a few inches above the heated surface, the bits of paper will be at once carried up into the air. This happens because the air heated by the poker immediately rises, and its place is taken by colder air which, as it is warmed, also ascends. The upward currents of air grow feebler as the iron cools, and cease when it is of the same temperature as the surrounding air.

What happens in a small way in the experiment mentioned takes place on a far grander scale in nature. Both land and water are heated by the sun's rays, and the same change in the air then takes place of which we have spoken. The layer of air next the heated earth becomes warm itself. As it thereby grows lighter it ascends, and its place is taken by colder air which immediately flows in. This influx causes a circulation of the air which is called wind.

At times one may easily observe how wind arises. Suppose, for instance, that during the summer you spend some time at the sea-coast. In the morning and early part of the day a gentle wind will often be noticed blowing from the land out to sea; as the day advances and the heat increases this wind dies away; but after awhile, when the day is beginning to sink towards evening, another breeze may be noticed springing up from the opposite quarter and blowing with a delicious coolness from the sea to the land. These breezes are the result of the unequal heating and cooling of the sea and land.

But the important fact about the air is that it is always in motion; such a thing as a perfectly still air is unknown. Ceaseless motion possesses it everywhere and at all times, and thus the air is prepared for the important duty of carrying water from the seas to the lands. The heat of the sun passes as easily through the air as its light, and falling on the seas so warms them that they give a good deal of vapor to the air; this in turn, by the motion of the air currents, is borne off over the lands where it falls in the shape of rain, so that the first duty of the air is that of a rain-carrier, bringing the water back from the ocean to the land as fast as it flows out through the rivers. When we look on a river like the Mississippi or the Amazon, its mighty tide rushing into the ocean, we may see in the heavens above the channel through which the winds are constantly carrying the same waters, first up from the sea to the height of several miles, then in the sailing clouds, along

through the air for, it may be, thousands of miles to the lands where it falls as rain. This circle of the waters has been traversed thousands of times by every atom of water in the world. On this endless journey of the waters depends the whole system of feeding the life of the sea and land. Life on land could not endure without rain, and there could be no sea life unless the rivers brought back to the ocean the things that are stored in the rocks of the land.

The next important work of the air is to provide, as it were, a blanket to keep out the outer cold. Life, as we know, cannot exist when water is constantly frozen. About ten miles above the earth there is, and always has been, a cold temperature below zero. But for the air this cold would descend and remain upon the earth.

Yet another and a very important work of the air is to supply oxygen to animals and carbon to plants. Both these gases are borne on the air, but in different proportions. As the air goes by animals and plants, they take what they need of these gases. The animal takes the oxygen by means of its breathing organs, and gives back to the air carbonic-dioxide. The plant takes this carbon and oxygen combined, separates the two, and gives back the oxygen to be carried until it is needed by animals. Even in the sea, every plant receives its carbon from this gas, which is mingled in the water, and every animal breathes by taking the air that is always similarly mingled in the oceans. If we boil water and then put a fish or any other water animal in it, it will die; for the boiling drives out the air that is in the water. If we pour the boiled water from one vessel to another a few times the air will be again commingled with it, and the creatures will be able to breathe.

Thus we see that the mighty envelope of air with which the earth is enclosed serves as a medium of exchange in the work of the world. Into it, after death, the animals and plants cast the store of materials which they took from it while alive. If they decay on the surface of the earth, they quickly give it back; if they are buried as fossils, these substances taken from the air may be converted into coal or petroleum, and only after a long time return to the great storehouse of the air to be ready for the use of other living things. In this way from the most remote periods of time the air has always been ready to lend the things that make up the organisms of animals and plants, taking them back in time for the use of other creatures.

We have but touched on the principal works which the air accomplishes; but it is enough to show us that this invisible element plays a most important part in the work of the world's formation.

J. C. K.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Notre Dame, February 7, 1891.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Yesterday (Friday) was the seventy-seventh anniversary of the birthday of the Very Rev. Father General Sorin, the venerable Founder of Notre Dame. To the great joy of the students, his spiritual children and all friends of *Alma Mater*, Father General completes his seventy-seventh year in the enjoyment of health, and with the old-time clearness of mind and activity of physical manhood. Especially since his happy recovery from the severe illness, from which he suffered during the summer and fall, each succeeding day has marked a renewal of strength and activity, and gives every indication of a Heaven-blessed response to the prayers and good wishes of countless devoted souls, that the venerable Founder of Notre Dame may be spared for many years to come to guide the destinies and witness still more glorious triumphs of the work of his life.

## The Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair.

As our readers may know, at the meeting of the representatives of Catholic colleges held some months ago in Chicago, under the presidency of Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, a committee was appointed to prepare a report by which to secure the active co-operation of all Catholic Educational Institutions in the country with a view to presenting a suitable exhibit at the World's Fair. This report has been published and extensively circulated through the press. A copy of the same was submitted to the Director General of the Exposition, and it may be interesting to note his reply, which is as follows:

REV. A. E. HIGGINS, S. J.,  
PROF. M. F. EGAN, LL. D., } Committee.  
HON. W. J. ONAHAN, LL. D., }

GENTLEMEN:—The report of your Committee relative to a Catholic educational exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition is before me. After careful perusal of the same I am prepared to say that you can make one of the most interesting displays ever seen in this country, and one which can be enjoyed by all persons, regardless of race or creed, who are interested in educational matters.

Assuring you of my earnest co-operation in any way within my power, believe me

Very respectfully yours,

GEO. R. DAVIS,

Director-General.

## More About the "Eleventh Commandment."

The editorial of last week was a very practical exposition of a subject which merits more attention than it usually receives. However, the advice given, though very true as far as it was stated, might be liable to misinterpretation, were it removed from the sphere in which it was considered and made of general application.

"Mind your own business" is a proverb which unquestionably contains sterling advice; but, like most other proverbs, it is but a half-truth, and, to become practically applicable, requires the limitation of its complemental precept: "Love your neighbor as yourself." The latter commandment, indeed, is incomparably preferable as the guiding principle of our action towards our fellow-men, as it implicitly contains all of truth, and explicitly rejects all of falsehood to be found in the former.

We say falsehood, advisedly; for if the advice "mind your own business" means, as on the face of it it does, that we should occupy ourselves exclusively with matters concerning our own proper individuality, and take no interest in, pay no attention to, the affairs of others, it is clear that the advice is unchristian and immoral. We see a neighbor's cattle in his field of grain, for instance, and, minding our own business, refrain from informing him of the fact; we see that neighbor himself about to commit suicide, and, in strict observance of the "eleventh commandment," allow him to complete the fatal act; we observe a neighbor's son in dissolute and riotous company, taking the initial plunge into a life of debauchery and crime, and, "letting other people's business alone," we fail to warn the father of the young man's danger,—this is plainly to neglect the performance of obvious duty. In these and all similar cases the rule of action should be the precept of fraternal charity, and not the letter of the "eleventh commandment."

Apart, however, from the frequent conflict of this proverb with the divinely ordained law of charity, there is a fallacy in the words "your own business" as understood by a very large class of persons. "Mind your own business" is often told to people who are actually following the advice at the time when it is given. The man who labors under the impression that, while living in the midst of his fellows, his acts concern himself alone as exclusively as though he were dwelling in solitude on a desert island, makes a mistake. If, for instance, we belong to one of our college societies, and find that one



of our fellow-members is conducting himself in a manner calculated to throw discredit on our organization, it is quite within the sphere of our legitimate "business" to protest against his conduct. If, in a hotel, an amateur flute-player occupies a room adjacent to ours, and persists in making the night air hideous with distorted cacophony, we are minding our business in endeavoring to restrain his misguided ardor. In a tenement building one of the inmates may take a fancy to decorate his apartment with disreputable hangings. That is his affair so long as he contents himself with his own apartment; but should he disfigure a public stairway by placing thereon these unseemly hangings, then his action becomes the business of those whose tastes are offended and whose comfort is lessened by the gratification of his caprice. In a word, as social beings, what we are pleased to term our own peculiar business often becomes that of those by whom we are surrounded, and hence our neighbors are frequently justified in minding not only their own, but our business also. A.

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#### World's Fairs as Peace Promoters.

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It was in the summer of 1851 that the first World's Fair was formally opened in Hyde Park, London. For months,—years, even—preparations had been going on. In the face of what had at first seemed insuperable obstacles, the products in art and manufacture of all countries had been gathered together. There was a vast concourse of people, drawn from every region under heaven. All London was on tiptoe with expectancy, and enthusiasts fancied the millenium was come. For not since the days of the great Bonaparte—days whose stormy strife, at sight of the "Iron Duke," was still vividly recalled—had a great war broken in upon the earth's peace. For thirty-six years the world had jogged merrily along, and men began to think it would be ever so. A new era was about to dawn, and the opening of the exhibition, in the words of an eminent statesman of the day, was to be the "Opening of the Festival of the long reign of Peace."

The truth is, however, that what with wars and mutterings of war, the world has scarcely drawn a peaceful breath since. The *Coup-d'état*, only a few months later, gave France a second experience of Napoleonic rule; then came the sanguinary scenes in the Crimea, the Sepoy Insurrection, the Franco-Sardinian tilt with Austria, and our own four years' struggle, quickly

followed by the Prussia-Austrian duel, the tremendous conflict between France and Germany and the Turko-Russian war of 1877. The intervals were, as a rule, filled in by struggles of lesser consequence. And although the past decade can boast of no great armed strife, yet such immense standing armies have been maintained, the "war-scares" have been so frequent, and the attitude of some of the first nations of civilization has been at times—in instances, uninterruptedly—so hostile, that, to say the least, Europe cannot be said to have enjoyed the fruits of a substantial peace. And yet half a score of world's fairs have been held since that memorable first one in '51.

These thoughts have been suggested by recent "leaders" in some of our most influential dailies anent the great Chicago Fair. Carried away by their enthusiasm, such journals close their eyes to the facts of history in endeavoring to persuade us that these international fairs are fast eliminating war from civilized society. From a theoretic standpoint, one would be inclined to think, it is true, that as the different families of men got to know each other the better, there would be less likelihood of a serious falling out. With our free exchange of goods and thoughts, the constantly-increasing intercourse of races, and, above all, our many cosmopolitan gatherings, there is a strong temptation to believe that universal and enduring peace may yet prove more than visionary. The picture is certainly a pleasing one; no one, hardly, but would welcome the reality. But not until the cold facts and unerring lessons of experience are thrust aside, can a hope of its speedy realization be reasonably entertained.

War is a punishment for primeval sin. A necessary consequence of the clouding of the intellect and the proneness to passion after Adam's fall, it has ever been, and ever must needs be, the final arbitrament of all mundane disputes. Not without reason did the grim old "hero of Atlanta" refuse to subscribe to the motto that the pen is mightier than the sword. We may, indeed, hope that as men grow better, as they continue to progress in the moral path, an appeal to the sword may be had less often; but the only power capable of giving and revivifying the necessary moral impulse is Christianity, and the heart of Christianity is the Church. For weeks preceding the first fierce outburst of battle, Bismark, in the Franco-Prussian war, was bored by delegates from Congresses of Peace; and we all remember the Peace Congress, representing twenty-one States, which, just before the beginning of the great Rebellion, moved

heaven and earth to avert the dreaded fray. No; world's fairs and peace congresses strike not at the root of the evil, and, praiseworthy though the effort be, the effect is transient. Only the Church can still man's fell passions, can mould the races into loving brotherhood;—the Church whose bells, long ages ago, proclaimed the "Truce of God," and which, turning the swords of savages to sickles, has preached through all the centuries the doctrine of "Peace on earth to men of good will." B.

#### The Literary Endowments of the Popes.

In no succession of rulers do we behold such morality, virtue and learning as in the list of Popes who have succeeded to the chair of St. Peter. Of the morality of the Popes we have the evidence of all history and the confession of notable Protestant writers. Of their literary endowments permit us to say a few words.

In speaking on this subject we will pass over the great efforts of St. Hilary, Stephen V., Nicholas V. and others, in establishing libraries at Rome. We will pass over the efforts of the learned Pope Damasus, Leo X. and others in assembling at Rome the learned of all nations. We will pass over the efforts of all the Popes in making Rome not only the mistress of souls, but also the mistress of all science and learning and art. We will speak a few words only of the literary labors of the Popes themselves. Leo the Great, when Attila and Genseric, backed by the barbarous Huns and Vandals, marched on Rome for plunder and vengeance, overawed them by his eloquence. The one contented himself with pillage only; the other drew off altogether his troops. St. Gregory the Great, though the calamities which overspread Italy were enormous, yet devoted his leisure hours to the composition of a moral treatise on Job. This work has, and rightfully, been esteemed as one of the most valuable treatises of the Holy Fathers. He also wrote a work on the Pastoral Office, which was held in such repute on account of the intimate knowledge of human nature which he displays that it was translated into Greek. It is to be found still in the hands of our clergymen. He encouraged his bishops in the cultivation of the liberal arts, but would not allow them to neglect, in so doing, the duties of their high stations. It may be said that he directed the efforts of his subjects more to the promotion of sacred literature than profane. The same may be said of those who preceded him and those who came after him. But this

does not derogate from the great honor due them. Man's first duty is to promote the cause of religion and morality, then let the lighter affairs of the world be encouraged.

Leo II. was well versed in ancient literature. Benedict II. was famous for his knowledge of the Scriptures. He was also an accomplished musician. John V. was a learned Bishop, and John VII. was noted for his eloquence. Gregory II. had a thorough knowledge of the sacred writings and was famous for his graces of elocution. Gregory III. has been praised for his acquaintance with the Greek and Latin languages. St. Zachary translated the dialogues of St. Gregory the Great into Greek. Adrian I. replied with much erudition to the Caroline books. Leo III., Sergius II., St. Nicholas I. and Stephen VI., rose far superior to the ages in which they lived by the profoundness of their erudition and their singular eloquence. St. Gregory VII. and other Popes did their utmost to open schools in all parts of Christendom for the diffusion of knowledge and the promotion of religion.

Pope Gelasius was noted for the purity of his Latin. Honorius II., Lucius II. and Alexander III. were conspicuous for their knowledge of the Scriptures. This is evident from their writings. Alexander at one time, before his elevation, filled the chair of Holy Scriptures in the University of Bologna. Urban VIII. and Alexander VII. were writers of poetry. Sylvester II. was eminent as a mathematician. Gregory XIII. it was who corrected the Calendar. Benedict XIV. was the author of many works, the best known of which is his "Treatise on Heroic Virtue."

We have but spoken slightly of the abilities of these Popes; had we the space we might have said much more. But what we have said goes to show that some Popes have been well versed in literature. Did we wish to write a list of *unlearned* Popes, we would have to follow the example of the celebrated traveller writing a chapter on the snakes of Ireland. There never was an ignorant Pope of Rome.

We have not said much of the encouragement given to letters and the arts by the Sovereign Pontiffs. In doing so it would have been necessary to commence with those Pontiffs who lived before Constantine, and follow the list to the present day. Every one of the successors of St. Peter has shown his great love for literature and the arts by opening schools; and by rewarding men of genius. When we have gone over the lives of the popes, the history of the Church, or indeed the history of the world, we

are forced to say, as we said in the beginning of this little article, that "in no succession of rulers do we behold such morality, virtue and learning as in the list of Popes who have succeeded to the Chair of St. Peter." C.

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#### Self-Command.

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The great business of life is that of self-control, since without it every other advantage is lost. The conqueror of empires, if not master of his ambition, if he has not learned self-command, is but a slave.

Alexander, Xerxes, Napoleon, expert in military tactics and successful in their application, were captives beneath the iron sceptre of their pampered love of power, which they never sought to restrain. Origen, Tertullian and Lammennais, mighty in eloquence, erudition and theological knowledge, were weak because under the dominion of pride; whilst the list of literary celebrities who have electrified the world with "thoughts that glow and words that burn," of politicians who have outwitted the wisest, of artists who have infused the cold canvas and marble with the grandeur of their genius, is almost endless; and yet of this vast number—who though envied for their skill in commanding the passions of others,—how many were in abject servitude to their own?

Since, then, genius, learning, influence, are worse than useless without the power of self-control, every youth with an upright conscience will not fail to exert himself to obtain this power. Imagine Spartan stoicism refined and purified by Christian faith, and you have the example of the sway that the superior powers of the soul should exert over the impulses of the human spirit. Christian self-command elevates the standard of the Spartan, takes from it the merely animal motives, and imparts the highest possible character to every act. It is this self-command which it is our object to recommend.

To succumb to our own inclinations takes away the vigor of the soul; and the more debased those inclinations, the more effeminate and helpless does the spirit become; whilst to triumph over ourselves gives soundness to principle and renders us superior to our surroundings. In this world of changing fortunes, where a man is to-day a prince and to-morrow a beggar, this is indeed a most important lesson to acquire.

We know it is the custom to regard whatever is not absolutely sinful, as in itself quite innocent; but the young person who is in earnest to make the most of life will accept no such easy rule.

Created to a supernatural destiny, he would deem himself as mercenary, as insulting the Giver of that sublime destiny, should he not convert indifferent actions into means for improvement. He will hoard the maxims of strict virtue as the miser does his gold; and any one who either by precept or example detracts from the practice of those maxims, he will treat as his worst enemy. He who yields to his appetites and passions, with the declaration that he is unable to help himself, is no more nor less than a moral coward. His manhood has departed. He is not brave enough to resist, and has given up the contest. The throne of habit has been usurped by evil; and his holy angel guardian, dishonored and rejected, is no more recognized. He yields because he wills,—not because he must; for it would be impious to believe that God had ever imposed this necessity upon any of His creatures.

We have said that to triumph over ourselves gives soundness to principle and renders us superior to our surroundings. This is consolation alike to the hero and to the saint. It is encouragement also to those who are engaged in the strife which we all must sustain against the foes who beset us on every side. And what is this triumph but self-abnegation, regardlessness of personal satisfaction—for the attainment of a nobler purpose: namely, that of moral independence; an independence imparted and strengthened by charity? But hold! are we not representing the means as superior to the end? We trust not,—but only demonstrating that selfishness, even in a refined sense, would incite us to the practice of self-command and the corresponding virtues. We are showing the advantages from a practical point of view.

Self-gratification is a merely animal impulse, whilst self-sacrifice is obedience to the noblest suggestions of our being. It distinguishes man from inferior creatures: and yet how many wrong themselves by giving free rein to the instincts they hold in common with the brute, whilst they crush those heavenly tendencies which render them "but little lower than the angels!"

The human soul is so constituted as never to rest in evil; hence all satisfaction derived from vitiating practices is short-lived, and followed by remorse. Peace, interior tranquillity, which no misfortune can disturb, is the product of self-command. Happy they who learn this lesson, for they are proof alike against the keen shafts of adversity and the flattering dangers of prosperity. They have discovered the secret of happiness, and are in possession of the surest passport to eternal bliss. F.

## Local Items.

- “Mystery!”
- “Ye vocal class” still waves.
- “William Penn” is still rampant.
- “Barbarossa” says it’s the water.
- The base-ball boom is just starting.
- “My assistants will now light two candles.”
- “Fritz” still holds class among the rustics.
- Some of the Seniors are strong Parnellites.
- Don’t mind, Promoters; “*il se fâche, donc il a tort.*”
- Tableau! More red fire; but, guard the window-panes!
- Next Wednesday is Ash-Wednesday—the beginning of Lent.
- The “bloody shirt” still waves; but justice is sure, and she’ll have her innings shortly.
- The choir rendered the beautiful and devotional Mass on Monday in its best manner.
- We have been unable to find any foundation for the report that Sorin Hall is subject to ghostly visits.
- An interesting phenomenon on St. Joseph’s Lake—at one end a boat race, at the other a skating match.
- Freddie wants it distinctly understood that he does not belong to the Anties. Appearances are often deceitful.
- The illustrated lecture on Geology was a treat. We hope the reverend lecturer will find time to favor us again.
- Strange that our football men have been heard of so seldom thus far, seeing that the winter has been so favorable for the sport.
- It has been suggested that individuals with pedestrian propensities should select for their nocturnal peregrinations some spot other than the “back porch” of the College.
- All were glad to see Prof. Albert Zahm moving around during the week, inspecting Mechanic’s Hall, etc. Prof. Zahm is fast recovering from his recent prolonged and very severe illness.
- One of our local scientists had a narrow escape from an explosion in Science Hall recently. It was not the old story of kerosene and fire, but it was remarkably like it. Tyros should beware of alcohol.
- One of the most interesting and instructive lectures of the year was that delivered on Thursday of last week by the Rev. A. M. Kirsch, Professor of Natural Science. We had depended upon some one to make a report, but—he failed us. ’Twas ever thus!
- Examinations in the Novitiate were held on Thursday, the 29th ult. The Board, which consisted of the Rev. Fathers Walsh, Fitte and French, Bros. John Chrysostom and Theogene, and Messrs. De Groot, Burns and Just, expressed great satisfaction at the results.

—Students of ’81 will be pleased to learn that Samuel P. Terry is doing a thriving business at Rochester, Ind. He now pleads guilty to playing tricks on travellers while at College, but wishes it to be distinctly understood that he never stole that cake. Samuel paid a flying visit to the College on last Monday.

—An unique collection of books has lately been added to the store of literary treasures at Notre Dame. A dozen large boxes of rare tomes and war documents arrived with a grand flourish of trumpets last Monday, and have since been shelved. We caution cart-drivers, however, to beware of the cement walks.

—Two students who manifested a special liking for each other were always together. One day the younger of them committed a great folly, and was for that reason called *silly* by a professor. Indignant at this epithet, he told his friend of the humiliation. “Well,” said this one, soothingly, “if you are Scylla, I must be Charybdis.”

—At the parochial Mass, sung last Sunday by Rev. Joseph C. Kirsch, C. S. C., an eloquent sermon on the Gospel of the day was delivered by Rev. Wm. R. Connor. It was his first appearance in the pulpit, and his discourse was an agreeable surprise to all his friends. We congratulate the reverend gentleman, and hope we may have the pleasure of hearing him frequently.

—A beautiful new railing has been set in the basement chapel before the grand altar erected in commemoration of Father Granger’s Golden Jubilee. The chapel is now being painted by Bro. Frederick, and when the various improvements that are contemplated have been made, it will be one of the most attractive spots at Notre Dame, and a perpetual inspiration to prayer and piety.

—The Elocution classes are very large this session, and there is good reason to believe that the contest in June will be unusually interesting and entertaining. The members of the classes are all working with a will—a fact which shows that they are taking every advantage of the skilful training of their teacher. We extend greeting to the Euglossians, and hope to hear from them soon.

—The Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., Miss. Ap., returned to Notre Dame last week after an absence of one year, during which he had been engaged in collecting material for his great work on “The Catholic Chaplains and Sisters of the late War.” Yesterday (Friday) Father Cooney left for Connersville, Ind., where he will deliver an important lecture to-morrow (Sunday). On his return the reverend gentleman will at once begin the preparation of his great work for the press.

—The thirteenth regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus’ Philopatrian Association was held Wednesday evening, Feb. 4. Master A. Neef gave a lengthy and interesting account of the life of Robert E. Lee; Master J. Girsch delivered

a eulogy on Abraham Lincoln; Master Dierkes amused his hearers with a humorous selection which was well rendered. Masters J. Egan, R. Slevin, C. Bergland, R. Keith, and L. Teeters, were elected to members. The rest of the evening was devoted to the discussion of private business.

—Prof. O'Dea and Neal Ewing, of Notre Dame University, being members of a college faculty, are, of course, above the ground-hog superstition. They were heard to say at the breakfast table on "ground-hog day" that the *Arctomys monax*, the ground-hog of natural history, didn't know any more about the weather than the sausage—the ground-hog of commerce—they were eating. This morning they jumped out of bed and took their usual three-mile "constitutional" walk. When they returned to the university all that medical science could do for their frozen ears was done. The ground-hog who saw his shadow was vindicated, and the Professors are sudden but earnest converts to ground-hog theory.—*South Bend Tribune*.

—The regular weekly meeting of the Philo-demic Society was held last Saturday evening, President J. B. Sullivan in the chair. Committees were appointed to confer with the Law Society with the view of uniting the two associations. The fact that a large number of new members were admitted shows that the students favor the scheme of holding a congress. After disposing of the regular society business, the first session of the 51st congress was called to order by chairman J. B. Sullivan (Dem). The members of the "Farmers Alliance" created no little amusement during the reading of apportionment of members. They claimed that F. M. B. A. was not mentioned; but on being informed that their appearance sufficiently proclaimed their party they became silent, and sighed for the farm, disgusted at their first experience in the legislature. A bill on education was introduced by C. Cavanagh (F. A.) and laid over. There being no quorum present the members adjourned to meet on Feb. 8.

—On yesterday (Friday) morning the members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Society gave an entertainment in St. Edward's Hall in honor of the seventy-seventh anniversary of the birthday of the Very Rev. Father General Sorin. The venerable Founder graciously presided on the occasion and was accompanied by the Revs. President Walsh, Fathers Granger, Zahm, Fitte, Morrissey, Regan, O'Neill and others. All who took part did credit to themselves and their teachers. The following is the

## PROGRAMME:

March—*Dressler*..... H. Durand  
 Birthday Song..... Vocal Class  
 Address..... J. O'Neill, F. Cornell, R. Ball  
 Husarenabzug (Duet) *Cooper*..... F. Brown, J. Maternes  
 "Isn't it Strange?"..... Minims  
 Coasting—*D. Ferrol*..... P. Stephens  
 A Bird Story..... Minims  
 Dialogue—"Photographer"..... *Fenno*  
 Photographer—Mr. Collodium..... F. Brown

Gumbo, a Countryman..... T. Finnerty  
 Adolphus, Photographer's Attendant..... W. Crawford  
 Danse Ecossaise—*Baker* (Trio Piano), F. Cornell, W. Hamilton, C. Krollman.

He Couldn't Say "No"..... P. Stephens  
 "The King in the Ulster Coat"..... *E. Browning*  
 W. Crawford.

The Classical Parson—*J. Hall*..... T. Finnerty  
 The Indian Drum (Chorus)—*Bishop*..... Vocal Class  
 Sir Rudolph of Hapsburg..... J. O'Neill  
 "Magnificat"—*Webbe*..... Vocal Class

Very Rev. Father General thanked the Minims in the most affectionate terms and said that when he was only six months old he was for some days at the point of death; if he had died then he would be in heaven ever since; but the joy the Minims gave him makes a heaven for him here. Their entertainment did them honor and made him feel prouder than ever of them. Rev. President Walsh followed in a few appropriate remarks saying that the good wishes of the Minims expressed the sentiments of all Father General's friends on this happy occasion. Father Zahm also spoke, and all retired well pleased with the Sorins' entertainment.

—Rev. Father Zahm, whose interesting lectures are always a notable feature of the scholastic year, entertained the students with a pictorial trip through Constantinople last Thursday afternoon. At 5 o'clock a large audience was assembled in Washington Hall, and Father Zahm, after the necessary preliminaries, announced himself as guide through "one of the most interesting cities in the world." The first scene represented the harbor of Constantinople; then came a succession of, views illustrating the numerous magnificent mosques, fountains, turrets and palaces for which the city is so famous. Their odd architecture and "humped" domes never fail to interest Americans whose temperament is best expressed by the Gothic arch and pointed spire. The grand new palace of the Sultan was viewed and reviewed until the great pile of buildings, perched one upon another seemingly, appeared as familiar as the Music Hall or the Gymnasium. The historic monuments of the "Sublime Porte," the natural and artificial beauties that distinguish portions of it; the ténement quarter, with its dirty, narrow lanes, its nameless streets—abounding in dogs and numberless houses crowded with children—all these aspects of Turkish life were exhibited with such reality and impressiveness as to charm all present. A short trip through the art gallery now seemed in order, for the hour had slipped away unconsciously, and it was nearly supper-time. A series of bas-reliefs and statues afforded great delight and elicited storms of applause from the audience. As a pleasing *finale*, numerous comical incidents were portrayed, to the great amusement of the younger auditors and, perhaps, of the elders too. With Father Zahm as *compagnon de voyage*, no journey could fail of interest, and the hearty plaudits with which the successive scenes were greeted proved how keen was the enjoyment which the lecture afforded all present.



## Roll of Honor.

## SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Burger, Berry, Blackman, Brady, Brelsford, Cartier, Clayton, F. Chute, Cavanagh, L. Chute, Daniels, Du Brul, Fitzgibbon, Hackett, Hummer, Murphy, McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, Paquette, Prichard, Schaack, O. Sullivan, C. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, E. Scherrer, J. B. Sullivan, Tivnen, Vurpillat.

## BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Bundy, Blameuser, Bell, Burch, Brown, Castenado, Cassidy, Crall, Combe, Correll, Corrigan, J. Crowley, P. Crowley, Cahill, Chilcote, T. Coady, P. Coady, Dechant, Dacy, Cartier, Devanny, Dunlap, Frizzelle, T. Flannigan, Franks, L. Gillon, Gaffey, Green, Gruber, Gorman, Heard, Hauske, Houlihan, Hagan, Hayes, J. Johnson, Joslyn, O. Johnson, Kearns, Karasynski, Krembs, M. Kelly, T. King, E. Kelly, Lesner, Layton, Langan, Lindeke, A. Lancaster, G. Lancaster, McGrath, Manly, Mug, Mitchell, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, H. Murphy, McDonnell, J. McKee, F. McKee, McErlain, F. Murphy, J. Murphy, McCallan, McCabe, Mozier, Newman, O'Shea, G. O'Brien, Otero, S. O'Brien, O'Kane,\* Powers, Phillips, Parker, Richardson, Roper, Rebillot, Rudd, Roberts, Robinson, Ragan, Stanton, J. F. Sullivan, Scholfield, Sanford, Smith, Spalding, Soran, Tracey, Vurpillat, Vidal, White, Wood, Weakland, Yenn, Zeitler.

## CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ayer, Bergland, Burns, Boland, Ball, E. Bates, Brady, Blumenthal, Browning, Boyd, B. Bates, Beaud, Brown, Casey, Cole, Carney, Collman, Connolly, Connell, Collins, Connors, Cummings, Chassing, Corry, Cahn, Dierkes, Du Bois, Drumm, Davidson, Delany, Dempsey, Dorsey, Ellwanger, Eagan, Foley, Fitzgerald, Flannigan, Falk, Falvey, Farrell, Arthur Funke, Fleming, Gibert, Gerlach, J. Greene, Garennes De, Gibson, G. Gilbert, Gifford, A. Greene, Hill, Hannin, Hack, Hagus, Hake, Hahn, Jackson, Keough, Kearney, Kennedy, Kanmeyer, Langevin, Lorie, Leonard, Luther, La More, H. Mitchell, Mattox, McCartney, A. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, F. McDonnell, McLeod, Monarch, S. Mitchell, E. Mitchell, Miller, Murphy, Miner, W. Nichols, Neef, O'Rourke, Orton, O'Mara, Pope, Pena Dela, Pomeroy, Prichard, Payne, Palmer, Quinlan, Russell, Renesh, W. Regan, Roper, Scallan, Spurgeon, Schillo, E. Smith, Sutter, Treff, Tong, Teeter, Thornton, Wellington, Weinman, Wolff, Welch, Yingst, Zoehrlaut, Zinn.

## ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Ayers, Allen, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown Bixby, Blumenthal, Burns, Blake, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Cornell, Coon, Curry, Crandall, Chapaton, Cross, Croke, Christ, Crepeaw, Correy, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Durand, Drant, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, Ezekiel, Everest, E. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, Fuller, Fischer, Fossick, Funke, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Freeman, Girardin, Griesheimer, Hoffman, Hathaway, Hamilton, Higginson, Howell, Jonquet, Jones, King, Kinney, Krollman, Kuehl, Kern, Keeler, Loomis, Lounsbery, Lonergan, Levi, G. Lowrey, T. Lowrey, Langevin, Lee, Langley, W. LaMoire, E. LaMoire, Londoner, McPhee, Maternes, R. McIntyre, McPhillips, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Marre, McLeod, Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, O'Connor, Otero, Pieser, Paul, Patterson, Platts, Ronning, Ransome, W. Rose, Russell, Roesing, Stephens, Girsch, Steele, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stone, Trujillo, Trankle, Vorhang, Wolf, Wilcox, White, Washburne, Windmuller, Young, Zoehrlaut.

\* Omitted by mistake last week.

## Class Honors.

## PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. Cassidy, Schwarz, Kearns, Crall, McCallen, O. Johnson, McErlain, Zeitler, Layton, Phillips, J. Mc-

Cabe, Mozier, M. McGrath, Hayes, Field, Norton, Walsh, W. Hauske, P. Coady, H. Heineman, C. L. Murphy, S. O'Brien, G. Lancaster, Miller, Lesner, Corrigan, Gaffey, E. Brown, Burch, T. King, Houlihan, P. Regan, Dunlap, Hagan, T. Flanagan, W. Nichols, Bergland, Yingst, Des Garennes, Burns, Renesch, Gibson, G. Gilbert, Gifford, Teeters, Connell, H. Gilbert, Connolly, Jackson, F. Roberts, W. Lorie, Kick, Pope, Chassaing, Anson, J. Murphy, J. Browne, D. Monarch, A. DeLormier, Falvey, H. Mitchell, A. Regan.

## List of Excellence.

## PREPARATORY COURSE.

*Latin*—Messrs. Maurus,\* Combe, Neef, Phillips, Yenn, Weakland; *Greek*—Messrs. Morris, T. Hennessy, Dechant, Miskiewitz; *Algebra*—Messrs. Flynn, Murray, Corrigan, Walsh; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. McGrath, Des Garennes, Boone, Davidson, Hayes, G. Vital, Teeters; *Grammar*—Messrs. McGrath, Heineman, McErlain, F. Roberts, W. Dunlap, Hagan, Martin, Farrell, Bachrach, Scallen; *Reading*—Messrs. Mozier, Norton, S. O'Brien, Scallen, Schaffele; *Orthography*—Messrs. Norton, S. O'Brien, Gibson, Scallen.

## Red Blanketty Blankets for Sale.

TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE P. OF P. C.:

We are much obliged to the "Culture" Society for their kind advertisement. We offer for sale the much-coveted articles which have attracted the close attention of "Culture." As we ourselves are getting more cultured, the "eye-sore Red Blanketty Blankets" will hardly come up to our new standard of culture, though our "eyes" have not been "sored" yet. We offer them at a reduced price, as, no doubt, the treasury of the "Culture" is rather slim. Please call and strike a bargain; or, if you prefer, we will take in exchange a brand-new pair of "Red Blanketty Blankets." The prophet has proved himself a "false prophet" as our eyes are sharper than ever, and there is not the remotest danger of our dying from the "Red Blanketty Blankets." In conclusion, we would respectfully call your kind attention to the "title" of the article on page 311 of last week's SCHOLASTIC.

Respectfully,

THE CANARY BIRDS

of the Northwestern District.

P. S. The "doctoring" of the red blankets has added much volume to our voices. We sing all day like nightingales.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.—We were but little prepared for the storm that beat about our devoted head after the publication of the excellent parody on the well-known *Aria* from "The Mikado," which appeared in our last week's issue. We have received several communications on the subject, but we give place only to the foregoing, and declare that no further reference to the matter can appear in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC. It seems that a decidedly local "hit" was made by the poem in question, and, no doubt, our "æstnetes" can promote their cause without the aid of the press.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—In the recent drawing for the "politeness cross" the lucky Junior was Marie Scherrer.

—Since the late examination in the language course, the Misses Sarah Wile and Sadie Call were promoted to the third French class.

—A most welcome visitor to St. Mary's during the past week was Mrs. Annie Johnson Graham formerly an esteemed pupil of the Academy.

—The Feast of the Purification was observed by the usual ceremony of the blessing of the candles, followed by a few appropriate and impressive remarks from the Rev. chaplain, after which High Mass was celebrated.

—The much-dreaded examinations are now happily over, and, in view of the satisfactory results, those participating have reason to congratulate themselves. At this season particularly the conscientious and painstaking pupil may well rejoice; for by her intelligent replies and modest demeanor she wins the approval of her teacher, while reflecting credit upon herself. And why cannot all be of this number? Diligent study is the spell that wins admittance to the charmed circle, and surely this is within the power of all. Then, on the threshold of a new session, let each one resolve to begin *now* to prepare for the ordeal that its close is sure to bring, thus will the June examinations be robbed of all their terrors.

—The examination of instrumental and vocal music, presided over by the Superioress of the Academy and the Directress of the musical department, closed in a most satisfactory manner. The first three evenings were devoted entirely to hand position, finger training and technical exercises, which pave the way towards the exactions of a perfect technic by productiveness of good intonation. As the majority of pupils in these classes passed this trying ordeal for the first time at St. Mary's, due allowance was rendered for "fright"; the examiners, composed of the music-teaching faculty, knowing well how to distinguish fear from habitual false sounds. The bulletins sent to parents mark the pupils' standing in the various classes; and the careful reorganization of classes given elsewhere prove the gratifying result of faithful practice, leaving a margin for still greater improvement during the second session.

### Apples of Hesperides.

Bright, amid the luxuriant foliage of a veritable "garden of the gods," hung the apples of Hesperides. How beautiful, how inviting they appeared to Hercules as he contemplated the object of his perilous journey! Many difficulties had beset his path of conquest; at every

step some new trial had met him; but now he could see the prize gleaming just beyond his reach, guarded by a huge dragon; one more effort and the golden fruit was his. Not more temptingly luscious, not more inviting to the masterful hand of Hercules, were these apples than are the thousand objects life holds out to the human heart. Freedom, love, peace, fame, wealth are the apples we seek.

Before the eyes of young America gleamed most tempting fruit, the path that led thereto was over battlefields; sorrow and death imperilled the way; the dragon War guarded the prize, but the valiant patriots did not waver, and the reward was Freedom. Yet, alas! the apples bore the mark of the life blood of the country's bravest sons.

Fame! what a story of fulfilled and of blighted hopes, of life-long toil and endeavor is embodied in the word! It is the incentive that urges the warrior on even to the cannon's mouth, the scientist to deeper research and study, the philosopher to profounder thought. It is the poet's and the painter's dream. Coveted indeed is the fruit, and only herculean efforts obtain these apples of Hesperides. The poet in his study leans his head upon his hand; his pen is held suspended; the paper lies unheeded on the desk; ever-changeful Fancy holds his gaze entranced; and over the crests of the waving trees, above the blue hills towering in the distance, she paints a brilliant picture. The troubled scenes around, nights of weary sleeplessness, when burning thoughts coursed through his brain, fade into oblivion; the turmoil of daily life is hushed in the contemplation of this sight. He sees the world listening in silent wonder to the words that flow from the lips of his muse, and, above all these, in clear and radiant letters, is his own name wreathed with laurels and immortelles. This is to be the crowning of his labor.

Fame led Demosthenes to the shores of the restless sea to speak above the roar of the troubled waters; for Cicero she opened the time-dimmed books of antiquity. Many trials, many failures, followed in rapid succession, but at last came the reward. Yet were not the apples of Cicero bitter with ingratitude? And did not those of Demosthenes taste of persecution and of the oil that for many nights illumined the lonely cell where he toiled so faithfully?

No fruit is more enticing than that of fortune, as at every view the rich gold gives forth new gleams; indeed the world holds out no more resistless allurements to men than wealth. When the pursuit of riches is guided by the star of a

noble purpose, the best elements of man's nature are exercised; but when abased by the stain of mean ambition, then is hideous avarice portrayed. The desire of worldly possessions actuates men in every sphere of life. To a laboring father wealth means brightness and comfort in his humble home. To those who tread in poverty's footsteps it signifies warmth and food. To the rich it means greater power and luxury. Ah! when it is the gratification of self that leads men to riches then, surely, need the dragon guard the golden apples with watchful care.

Thus we meet in every of path life those whose type is found in Hercules. Before them hangs the fruit which to them means success. Their every ambition is to defy all obstacles, and, with the dragon of opposition lying vanquished and slain at their feet, to claim the long-sought and coveted "apples of Hesperides."

THEDE BALCH (Class '91).

### Roll of Honor.

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

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Bassett, Bunbury, E. Burns, A. Butler, Brady, Black, Bonebrake, Bogart, Currier, Coleman, Charles, Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, Cowan, Crilly, Carpenter, Call, Dority, Du Bois, Davis, Dempsey, Mary Donehue, M. Donehue, Dougherty, Eisenstädt, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, Fehr, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Galvin, Good, Horner, Hurff, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Mollie Hess, Minnie Hess, Hanson, Hunt, Hopkins, G. Johnson, D. Johnson, Kimmell, Kirley, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Kinney, Lynch, Lauth, Lewis, Ludwig, F. Moore, McFarland, N. Morse, K. Morse, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, M. Moore, M. Murphy, E. Murphy, Murison, N. Moore, McGuire, Nickel, Norris, Niemann, O. O'Brien, C. O'Brien, O'Leary, Pengemann, Quinlan, Quinn, M. Roberts, Root, Rizer, Ryder, Spurgeon, M. Smyth, Sena, Tipton, Tod, Tausig, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Whitmore, Wolff, Young, Zahm.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Augustin, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. Bachrach, Bartholomew, M. Burns, Coady, Clifford, Cooper, M. Davis, Dennison, B. Davis, Doble, Fossick, Gilmore, A. Girsch, B. Germain, P. Germain, Hamilton, K. Hickey, Holmes, Hammond, Kasper, Kellner, Kelly, McLaughlin, Meskill, O'Mara, Palmer, Quealy, Rosing, Reeves, Scherrer, Soper, J. Smyth, Schaefer, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Tormey, Van Liew, Wurzburg, Wagner, White, Young.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

### CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

#### REORGANIZATION OF MUSIC CLASSES FOR THE SECOND SESSION.

TO GRADUATE IN JUNE—Misses O. O'Brien, Dority. Promoted to under Graduating Class—Miss Gibbons.

PROMOTED TO 1ST CLASS—Miss S. Ludwig.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Deutsch,\* McFarland.\* Promoted to this div.—Miss C. Hurley.

2D CLASS—Miss L. Nickel.\* Promoted to this Class, Misses N. Morse, A. Ryan.

PROMOTED TO 2D DIV.—Miss A. Tormey.

3D CLASS—Misses Quealy,\* Currier. Promoted to this Class, Misses Wurzburg, Dempsey, Coleman. Classed, Miss Ryder.

PROMOTED TO 3D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses D. Davis, M. Roberts, Young, Thirds, Doble, M. Smyth, Haitz.

4TH CLASS—Misses B. Du Bois, Fehr,\* Balch,\* Fitzpatrick. Classed, Miss E. Murphy.

PROMOTED TO 4TH CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Bero, G. Roberts, Kellner, Maude Hess, M. Brady.

5TH CLASS—Misses Kimmell,\* Churchill,\* E. Burns,\* K. Ryan,\* Eisenstädt, Adelsperger,\* Mary Donehue, R. Van Mourick.\* Promoted to this Class, Misses Bassett, E. Kasper, N. Moore, Dennison, Dreyer, Quinn, L. Du Bois, Dougherty, Spurgeon, Root. Classed, Miss B. Germain.

5TH CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Sanford, Bradford, E. Davis,\* Charles, Clayton, Reeves,\* C. O'Brien, Boos, M. Davis,\* Niemann, Sena, Hutchinson,\* McCune,\* O'Mara, S. Hamilton,\* Pengemann, Mollie Hess. Promoted to this Class, Misses Allen, Augustin, Evoy, M. Burns, L. Holmes, G. Winstandley, Hunt, Galvin, Graumann, M. J. Byrnes, Minnie Hess. Classed, Miss F. Carpenter.

6TH CLASS—Misses Daley, M. H. Bachrach, Soper,\* Margaret Donehue,\* B. Quinlan,\* A. Cooper, Kelly, A. Moynahan, Fossick, M. Wagner,\* Kenny, Witskowski. Classed, Miss C. Rosing. Promoted to this Class, Misses C. Yong, E. Smyth, Howe, O'Leary, M. Moore, Palmer, Black, Murison, Green, Norris, Lynch, Zahm.

6TH CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses R. Butler,\* Hopkins, M. Cooper, E. Wagner,\* Rose,\* Tod, Kieffer, McCormack, M. Murphy. Promoted to this div.—Misses M. J. Bachrach, Van Liew, Hammond, B. Winstandley, M. Moynahan, L. Meskill. Classed, Misses P. Germain, Leahy, Cohoon.

7TH CLASS—Misses Bartholomew, Gilmore, Good, J. Smyth,\* Kirley, G. Cowan, H. Van Mourick, Kingsbaker. Classed, Misses Naughton, Farwell, Louisa Holmes, D. Johnson, F. McCarthy. Promoted to this Class, Misses Hickey, K. Hamilton, C. Kasper, Culp.

7TH CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses L. McPhillips, Windsor. Promoted to this div.—Misses M. Hamilton, Schaefer, G. White, Mestling.

PROMOTED TO 8TH CLASS—Misses L. Adelsperger, D. Otero. Classed, E. Schaefer.

9TH CLASS—Misses Crandall,\* Eldred.\* Promoted to this Class, Misses Finnerty, McKenna.

N. B.—Pupils with names marked \* were promoted in September:

#### ORGAN.

Miss M. Schermerhorn.

#### VIOLIN.

Misses Bogart, B. Du Bois, Hanson.

#### HARP.

Misses L. Du Bois, Sena, Fitzpatrick.

#### GUITAR.

Misses Hughes, Clifford, R. Butler.

#### MANDOLIN.

Misses Hughes, Deutsch, B. Du Bois, S. Smyth, Nickel. Classed, R. Doble.

#### BANJO.

Miss A. Ryan.

#### VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Miss I. Horner.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Balch, Wile.

2D CLASS—Miss R. Bassett.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Eisenstädt, Allen, Howe, E. Murphy.

3D CLASS—Misses McFarland, Buck, D. Johnson.

3D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Hutchinson, Coleman, C. Gibbons, M. Smyth, Haitz, Bonebrake.

4TH CLASS—Misses L. Du Bois, B. Du Bois, Quinlan, S. Hamilton, M. Moore, M. Burns, M. Hess, Clayton, F. Carpenter, Ryder, Neimann, L. Young, L. Kasper, Soper, Van Liew, Kieffer.

5TH CLASS—Misses B. Winstandley, G. Winstandley, Patier, Boos, Sena, Leahy.