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No. 22.

My Scrap-Book.

Through my windows steal the moonbeams
On this stilly winter night,
Flooding all my modest chamber
With a soft and chastened light;
Gaily kissing chairs and tables,
Swift illuming darkened nooks,
Robing with a beauteous mantle
Spacious shelves adorned with books.

All the dear familiar volumes,
Friends of many a happy year,
Decked with radiant, silvery binding,
Stand out prominent and clear.
And my gaze, while lightly roaming
O'er the shelves, doth linger long
On an old green-covered scrap-book,
Dearest tome of all the throng.

'Tis a volume unpretentious—
Quaintly formed and rudely bound,—
Naught of tracings ornamental
On its cover may be found.
But the cover's not the index
Of the gems that lie within;
If you scan its well-worn pages,
Much you'll find your praise to win.

Jewels bright that gleam and sparkle,
Noble thoughts that ever live,
Lofty strains of purest diction,
Words that inspiration give;
Gems poetic, fair and lustrous,
Destined to eternal youth,—
Precious nuggets found by toilers
Delving in the mine of truth.

Stinging strokes from pen satiric,
Instances of "biter bit,"
Pages filled with genial humor,
Flashes clear of brilliant wit.
These are some few "things of beauty"
(I could never tell them all)
Scattered through that old green scrap-book
On whose leaves the moonbeams fall.

A. MERLIN.

The Sweetness of Longfellow.

BY J. E. BERRY, '91.

The poems of Longfellow are the reflections of his own great heart, the beauty and simplicity of a life in verse. They are the expressions of a voice deep down in a soul pure and loving. For him it was impossible to write that his being, his very nature, did not unfold itself in his linked words of beauty; the music of his soul mingled with the love of his heart and, rolling into one grand strain, sang itself to earth, a hymn of crystal sweetness. The work is but the man; it is like a stream sparkling in richness and beauty, murmuring the softest music, sweetening life's cup with its purity.

His originality is his sweetness, his sweetness is his poetic art; his technique rests on his fidelity to his inspiration, never sacrificing beauty of thought to elegance of expression. Ever true to his muse, he was ever true to himself, and therein rests his originality; he wrote as his heart spoke, not as prevailing customs dictated. He was contemporary with the sensational school, but its influence had no effect whatever upon him; he took but a true, child-like hold of life, while the authors who unhappily wrote in an intellectually introverted age are, to a great extent, obscure; they evince a sameness, a fruitless attempt to describe that which is vague to them; this inadequacy to express the true mind is characteristic of the finest sensational writing. This characteristic is not to be found in Longfellow, neither in his style nor in the man.

Longfellow trusted but to his own inspirations and abilities, giving to the world that gentle melody whispered in his soul. When trusting entirely to artistic finish he failed, falling into

the rugged and less lovable pathway of Tennyson, cutting poetical statuary and ceasing to be the "Poet of the Heart."

Longfellow was too loving to be a Tennyson or a Byron; as either he would not be loved. If they possessed that subtle influence of Longfellow they would be greater, they would be more charming. That extreme poetic finish, that careful touch, is not natural; it has to be acquired by practice, even by the greatest genius; ceasing to be natural it ceases to be true. That love, which runs as a web of human sympathy through poetry, binding the hearts of men to that of the master, is natural, and being natural is greater than the exquisite technique and artistic finish of Tennyson. To make that artistic touch great, naturalness must be sacrificed, for no poet who poses as a master in this class, is great as a sweet singer. Tennyson has that bluntness of naturalness to such an extent as to make his artistic finish a fault; but no one can deny that he is sublime, is great, is wonderfully beautiful, but not sweet.

The magnetism of Longfellow rests in the broad humanity of his sympathy which commends his poetry to the universal heart, and still leads him not to cynicism, for a cynic is a hateful person, one to make enemies—one to make himself hated and shunned; a cynic in poetry or stern reality is a blot, a snarly being, and no true heart could be such. Longfellow possesses, too, that artistic sense, so exquisite that each of his poems is a literary gem; but he has placed the natural above the artificial, love above art; he does not sacrifice truth for effect, or pureness for expression. He is too loving to be a great artist, too great an artist in his sweetness to be a Tennyson.

Such an art as makes Tennyson the sublime and beautiful is not natural, springing not from a source as inseparable from nature as love. Love is natural to man; but when an acquired perfection sacrifices a natural one the result is loss of truth and elegance; when the heart is subordinate to the cultivated intellect, the effect is not natural. Placing artistic finish above human love makes nature inferior to artificial attainments. This is the ultimate result when elegance of expression predominates.

As a cold-marble worker in verse, chiselling off with master strokes the statue of poetic art, Longfellow does not rank high. He possesses an exquisiteness of touch that has been surpassed only by Tennyson, but which becomes greater when softened by the influence of love; for what is true poetry but the voice of a pure heart, the whisperings of a chaste soul. Poetry

is not love, nor is love poetry. Love is the soul of poetry, without that soul poetry is cold, unfeeling, dead. This well of sweetness bubbled forth in all Longfellow's poems; he never separated poesy from its life-spring. From his works we may judge him; his character is indelibly stamped upon them. That charity of thought, that simplicity of life and loveliness of mind—all are reflected in his poems. His life is a book, read it and you read him.

Tennyson becomes sweet only when that extreme carefulness is laid aside; still he does not exert that influence, that universal sympathy, that Longfellow does. There is a certain something about the former that excludes sweetness; a mechanical air about him that chills the feeling of love; he is too artistic, too labored, to be natural or sincere. It is true he holds the highest place among poets; but has he, in his artistic creations—if you could justly call him a creative poet—given us such pure human sympathy as is in "Evangeline" or "Miles Standish?" Has he sung of more gentle heroines in sweeter harmony than that in which Longfellow has immortalized the Acadian maid and Preciosa? His "Dora," "The Gardener's Daughter" and "Lilian" are poems of love, but they do not appeal to us as such; music runs through "Lilian" and elegance characterizes the others, but that subtle attraction of love, that throb of human sympathy, is not there; we admire but nothing more.

The style of Longfellow is simple, flowing, but possessing that quality of expressing what is his inspiring thought. "Songs that are sung are sweet, but songs unsung are sweeter." If the voice of the poet be true that the beauty of unborn thoughts is too great for earth, that the heavenly harmony of unsung hymns is sweeter than the melody of earthly music, what may we not dream of the sweetness of the all-inspiring words that rang through Longfellow's soul, of the thoughts that were vistas of poetical beauty in his mind; to man was not given that power to clothe in words the beauty of his dream. If such be true, can we not judge what was the sweetness of the thoughts which stirred the soul of Longfellow when reading those links of music which harmonize throughout his songs; beautiful as they are, sweet as is their expression, those unsung melodies were too far above earth to reach us.

Longfellow is eminently a poet of human sympathy; he is the poet of the people, not of the cultivated only; beautifully earnest and sincere, he wins the love of all and the admiration of those who deem, in their prejudices, to criticise his pureness. He was a master in the

literature of all countries, wearing his learning as a beacon light, and treading in the pathway of the noble, not as learned poets had done, trip and fall in the greatness of their own cultivation. He belonged to the rank of those who deemed life as a probation and learning as a gift to lead them to their end—eternal happiness; he was of the *beaux esprits* and bearing his nobleness in his heart not on his tongue. If he was sweet in his verse, his life was sweeter; he rested in the security of a loving home, in the bosom of his country, in the heart of mankind.

The most beautiful of Longfellow's productions is "Evangeline," a poem resplendent with poetic jewels and inspiring with liquid sweetness; "A Gleam of Sunshine" is the realization of its name; it is a gem of love and artistic elegance; "A Rainy Day" is the twin sister of Tennyson's "Break, break, break"; it is the "expression of the inexpressible." "The Reaper and the Flowers" is a poem to soothe the mother's heart bleeding in painful agony for the loss of its idol. The most artistic of Longfellow's works are "Kéramos" and "The Building of the Ship;" "Miles Standish" and "The Spanish Student" are the veils which conceal the sweetness of its heroines who share with "Evangeline" the palm of loving admiration and sympathy.

To appreciate Longfellow is to love him; in his great simplicity he possesses a balm for every wound, consoling, pure, loving; no poet of our day, or of the past, has won the affections of man more than he. He sings of love, fidelity, purity, and even in his more gorgeous passages the simple truth finds its way as a thread of gold.

His life was a song, nor sweeter bard ere struck the chord of human love; and as the light grew dim, as the white locks clung softly to the drooping head, the song wailed itself into a dirge which sang his soul to heaven, while the echo of his life stole softly into the heart of man.

Tennyson may be great, admiration may be his share, but give me the poet of the heart. He who can steal into the soul and soothe its pain, he who can win the love of mortal, shall live, loving and loved, until the works of the poetic sculptor's art, though they be more beautiful than Nature itself, shall freeze in their stony grandeur, and in the statue of a name stand as a monument, lifeless, loveless.

THE POET wrote: "I send you my latest poem fused in the crucible of thought." The editor wrote: "I beg to refuse it."—*Free Press*.

Schopenhauer and Pessimism.

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

V.

If, according to Schopenhauer, everything in nature can be reduced to will, what is his opinion concerning the subject of the will—the human soul? On this point his doctrine is very clear and positive. Contrary to Maine de Biran, he denies human personality, and openly ridicules those who are simple enough to represent the soul as a real being:

"The starting point of my system," he says, "consists in setting aside the hypothesis of that simple self, or the so-called immaterial substance, subjectively conscious; the intellect, indeed, is essentially physical; and, as it belongs to the phenomenal world, it also has its destiny. It is the will that connects and keeps together thoughts and representations; that spreads over them the shades of its character, dispositions and interests; that guides attention and holds in its hand the thread of the motives by which memory is stirred up together with the association of ideas."

Kant had called the inner sense "the synthetical unity of a perception"; Schopenhauer finds it clearer and more ingenious to define the thinking power to be "the centralizing focus of cerebral activity." For him it is a kind of indivisible point, but no substance, only a state; self-knowledge and consciousness regard the will as the image, the mirror, and its reality is only apparent. These are, certainly, strange ideas, extravagant fancies; still we have no right to be more severe than the author himself who asks pardon for his misgivings. But we fear that he felt very little contrition when making the following confession:

"I readily declare that all the statements which have just been made are but images and comparisons; nay, to some extent, mere hypotheses. Yes, when rising to such heights, the eye grows dim and the head dizzy."

Still, even in that obscure part of his works there is a very remarkable chapter wherein the theory of perception is thoroughly set forth and expressed in the clearest style. We read therein that "the senses are its material, not its efficient, cause, as they prepare it partly without ever realizing it." Certainly neither Aristotle nor the Angelic Doctor ever spoke more correctly. Then he goes on to say that a perception takes place only when the intellect, being aware of the change experienced by the organs, tries to find the cause of it; and this happens without any reflection, by a purely spontaneous act. But what about reason? Is it the faculty of the supersensible, sitting on a metaphysical tripod to utter oracles? No; this is a mistake. Reason

only reduces to dry abstractions what is received from the concrete intuitions of a living intellect. How miserable an echo of the so-called divine inspirations! How foolish human reasoning in its short-lived and pretentious wisdom! How proud and hollow that artificial philosophy that claims to unravel for us the mysteries of the true, the beautiful and the good!

Man's free will or moral liberty is even more harshly treated, for if Schopenhauer is to be believed, it is but an appearance. To maintain that a man once placed in a determined situation may have two ways of acting is simply absurd. That iron chain of causes, held down by the inflexible hand of an inevitable fate, is made up of all phenomena, human actions as well as other events. "*A priori*, everyone of us imagines that he is free, and, being able to begin anew another kind of life, could gradually become a different man; but *a posteriori*, when enlightened by experience, he sees with amazement that he is really a slave to necessity; that, in spite of all good resolutions, he cannot change his conduct, being compelled even to the end of his life to keep up the same character which he condemns, and to play down to the catastrophe the part first imposed on him." Daily, undeniable facts show the contrary, but system-mongers take little account of positive facts.

VI.

But all the attacks made so far by Schopenhauer were only trifling skirmishes compared with the fierce battle which he fought against the sensibility; here the enemy kept in store his most dreadful weapons, and Pessimism appears on this field of battle armed cap-à-pie. It is an easy task for a Pessimist to show that there is not one human life which is not an uninterrupted chain of suffering. He might have graphically described hospitals, lazarettos, dissecting rooms, prisons, instruments of torture, slave-pens; he might have taken us down to those gloomy hovels where misery hides from the gaze of curiosity, and cast a glance at all the bodily punishments of martyrs or the moral pains of man on earth which Dante had only to sketch out to give us an idea of hell. But all this Schopenhauer rejects with indignation as scarcely worthy of a novelist, and he undertakes to convince us by an exact demonstration and the cold analysis of what men style pleasure and pain. Many years ago Plato, under the shape of a graceful apologue, had shown the close connection existing between these two facts of the human soul: What is the greatest suffering but to be deprived of the sweetest joy?

Is not always pain the antecedent of pleasure? And is it not after losing a good that its worth is the better understood? In short, can it be truly said that contentment is always fleeting, sorrow long lasting, and that, as Petrarch has it, "a thousand pleasures are not worth one pain?"

These are subjects in which Schopenhauer's dark temper delights. Still, it cannot be doubted that pleasure as well as pain is an act and a positive reality. Who can help smiling at the sunshine, or feeling glad and cheerful when walking through blossoming fields? Who would dare to call in question the happiness a mother enjoys as she looks on her babe in its cradle, or that of an innocent child praying for a parent lost and found again? It is true, Schopenhauer was a melancholy bachelor, whose heart, in ceasing to be pure, ceased to believe in God, and could not easily love the marvels of nature. Therefore, pleasure for him was not only vain and deceitful, but even dangerous, because it nourishes in man the love of life and conceals its disappointments. Had he known French, he would have greatly admired these lines of a sensual poet:

"Tantale dans un fleur a soif et ne peut boire:

Tu ris? Change de nom, sa fable est ton histoire,"

for, he says, "all satisfaction coming from man or nature is like to an alms given to a beggar to keep up till the morrow his pitiful existence."

VII.

It seems that the most glorious triumph for that radical pessimist is desire. According to him, every desire is painful, since the soul places its happiness in an object which, far from being possessed, is seldom to be had. In that foolish pursuit we meet enemies and companions, but the former frighten infinitely more than the latter console. And yet, the expectation of happiness is better than its possession. For, even though our desire were to be realized, we soon feel the emptiness of our aspirations, and the repose of a soul fully satisfied would be like death before time, the fruit of which is *ennui*. Thus, happiness is constantly consigned to the future or the past, and "the present for us is but an imperceptible cloud which the wind drives above our heads through an endless plain bathed in a delusive sunshine." Is it correct to say that man unceasingly fluctuates between desire and spleen, these two poles of his disenchanting existence? No; it is false that every desire is painful, for the mixture of fear and contentment, instead of being a hindrance to pleasure, is rather its condiment, so long as the desire does not degenerate into imperious

want or wild passion. It is also false that every effort of the will is hard on human nature, for the remark has often been made that any pleasure we purchase by an effort far surpasses the gratification that we enjoy unexpectedly and owe, as it were, to good luck. Does not a man feel prouder and happier after being the industrious artisan of his fortune, even through many obstacles and contradictions, than when he receives it on a sudden by the death of his parents or the liberality of a friend? Is not virtue and, still more, holiness, the fruit of personal exertion which an honest man or a saint beholds as the just reward of his constant exertions and untiring patience? Man, like everything else in nature, is born to work, and labor is a law of duty as well as a source of pleasure, before being a pain or a punishment. An effort is painful only when checked or thwarted, excessive or fruitless; for man is as skilful in creating as in overcoming difficulties. Does not daily experience show that labor, whether it be manual or mental, is a wonderful means not only to raise man's courage and comfort, but also to develop his abilities, cheer his heart and ennoble his moral character? This is so true that Schopenhauer, once forgetting himself and his system, wrote this line: "I do believe that our deepest and sweetest enjoyment consists in the use and consciousness of our forces."

Nay, more: it is even in the exercise of the thinking powers that the German pessimist claims to have found arguments in favor of our unhappy condition. Too well known are the eloquent considerations of Pascal in his "Pensées" concerning the weakness of man and human reason. Without so much as alluding to the "roseau pensant" so forcibly depicted by the French philosopher, Schopenhauer would assert, time and again, that man is to be pitied in proportion to his learning, because the more he knows, the more keenly does he feel and realize his misfortune and powerlessness. But whilst the former, after exclaiming in a fit of sublime despair, "*Nous ne savons le tout de rien*," throws himself with blind confidence into the arms of Revelation, the latter, sinking under the weight of cowardly despondency, denies God, duty and the life to come, together with science, progress and civilization. "The ignorant," he says, "either knows nothing about the problems for the solution of which the scientist toils and groans hopelessly, or he persuades himself that the erroneous result which he can reach must be regarded as altogether satisfactory for the present life." He may quote with bitter irony the text of Ecclesiastes: "*Qui auget scientiam,*

addit et laborem"; but he ought never to forget the practical interpretation found in the *Εἰρηνα* of Archimedes, the ideal delights of genuine poets, the ineffable joys of true scientists, and the divine ecstasies of sages and saints. Has not the author of the "Imitation" given a peremptory answer to all this sophistry when he wrote these golden lines: "*Ubi amatur non laboratur, vel si laboratur, labor ipse amatur?*"

In short—and this is Schopenhauer's conclusion—pain is an essential of life. "It does not invade us from without, but everyone of us feels within himself its inexhaustible source." Whereupon, not so deep as, but more sarcastic than Pascal, he represents all men greedy of life and nevertheless busy all the time with creating new diversions to kill that time which they covet so eagerly. What is the earth? An inn open to each one of us to spend therein a few hours of a feverish night haunted by foolish visions and evil dreams. What is history? The long, heavy and confused dream of mankind. By a singular refinement of cruelty, our philosophy, teaching that everything is derived from one essence only, requires also that every man should consider as his own and take upon himself all the sorrows of the world. Nay, the distinction between him that inflicts sufferings and him that is doomed to bear it is merely an accident, and such an accident cannot reach the will which is at the bottom of both; persecutor and victim are identical. It follows, then, that life is but "a natural history of pain," which can thus be summed up: to will without motives, to struggle always, to suffer everywhere.

For a Buddhist human life was a dream, but for Schopenhauer it is a nightmare which terminates in death and annihilation. Poets made of it a charming idyl, but he turned it into a dark tragedy. By a last irony of fate it always contains the most dramatic sorrows; but still we men are, in spite of ourselves, but vulgar characters of comedy. The tragical poets lead their hero to his goal through a thousand trials and calamities: sometimes he is defeated, and in this case we witness the horror of the catastrophe; sometimes he triumphs, and in that case the curtain falls before we have seen him enter into the full possession of his victory. Such was that philosopher of old, who noticed in the foolish pretention of things and men to live an individual life a crying crime and a violent usurpation justly punished by death.

VIII.

That these pages of Schopenhauer's works which have just been analyzed sparkle here

and there with more than one deep observation can easily be granted. An illustrious critic of our day goes so far as to compare pessimists to diseased minds to which their morbid state gives at times a marvellous perspicacity and, so to speak, an insight of earthly vicissitudes and human sadness. But, after all, we soon get tired of reading such repulsive recriminations; they are, indeed, quibbles set forth by a lawyer who, having to defend a bad case, and not satisfied with drawing from doubtful facts contestable arguments, borrows some whimsical fancies from his delirious imagination, always willing and ready to attack human nature with all kinds of weapons, provided he succeed in exposing all its shortcomings and weaknesses.

But we might ask a simple question: If human life is nothing else than the auxiliary and the indefatigable purveyor of death, whence does it come that its reign continues to flourish here below without interruption; and still nothing can make us believe that its final destruction will ever take place? How is it that the experience of so many centuries never revealed to any living being its true meaning, nor pointed out for future generations its aim and end? Listen to the wise and deeply philosophical answer given by Schopenhauer and reproduced by his disciples in every shape and form: it is because the unconscious wants to live, and in order to succeed, it makes use of all possible means, and is not ashamed to resort to the wildest calculations! The universe, indeed, should be but a chaos, and yet we notice that a beautiful harmony reigns throughout all its parts. Why so? Because that harmony was necessary for the lasting existence of the world and its different creatures, which would all have perished long ago if disorder had ever prevailed. The unconscious does not care if individuals are unhappy. Its sole anxiety is the preservation of species; and, to insure it more efficiently, it entertains in all living beings the most extraordinary illusions. Love is regarded as the first and sweetest of all pleasures; still, love serves but to immortalize suffering. In truth, the genius of species constantly invoked by Schopenhauer has nothing in common with home or the angel of the fireside. "Those who love, blinded by a stupid instinct, not only work up their own misfortune, but throw in the world and bequeath to posterity the imperishable seeds of pain and sorrow. Therefore sadness and torture is the inevitable conclusion of every real romance; and there is a grand irony in that trick of the will, always the same and never conquered, which, in order to attain its end, succeeds in making individual

selfishness believe that man, when indulging in love, is going to plunge himself in an ocean of delights, while in reality he foolishly sacrifices himself, soul and body, for the perpetuation of the human race." Such theories, or rather such silly imaginations, may be exposed; to refute them would be labor lost.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Short Stories by Beginners.

TWELVE YEARS LATER.

I.

"Yes, everything is going wrong, and it is all on account of him. He took from me that which I most desired, and I hate him for it. What a poor, little valedictory address! Hear the prompter telling him what to say. Oh, I wish I had never met him, and then he would never be in my way! And why was I not chosen instead of him? He shall suffer for this yet. 'Farewell!' What an empty form of speech! I, at least, have not parted with him yet, and too soon shall he know it."

These were only a few of the thoughts that were surging through the mind of William Halton as he sat among his fellow-graduates at St. Maur's University, listening to the valedictory address, or rather thinking of him who was delivering it. There he sat filled with hatred for one who had always trusted him as a friend. His mind was burning with indignation, and the keen disappointment which he felt was almost unbearable. The beautiful strains of music which floated through the spacious hall, as the orchestra played its parting "Home, Sweet Home," were harsh sounds to his unwilling ear. He took little time to consider the matter, and pronounced judgment against Louis without the slightest reason. He thought of himself first of all; an injury had been done him, and he foolishly let his passions lead him on.

But it must not be supposed that this hatred had arisen all at once. On the contrary, William had secretly cherished an ill-feeling towards his companion ever since the latter had been appointed valedictorian; but not until the day that the address was delivered was he carried away by his feelings. He longed for revenge. Little did Louis think that a person whom he believed to be his closest friend in life was, from that hour, associating with him but to deceive him and to lead him to his ruin. Nothing of this did he then perceive, nor for years afterwards.

Louis and William became acquainted with each other at St. Maur's, and from that time until their graduation were firm friends. Both had spent their boyhood days in Detroit, Mich.; but while at home had never become known to each other. William was the oldest of a large family. His mother had been dead for three years, and his father, John Halton, was a respectable and influential citizen of Detroit. Although a man of moderate means, he managed to keep William at college until his graduation.

Louis Barklove, on the other hand, was the sole heir to an immense fortune. His father was killed in a railway accident in 1870. Mrs. Barklove followed her husband to the grave five years later. Louis was then almost twenty years old, and the money, which amounted to \$100,000, was put in stock in the Detroit Fifteenth National Bank. He would be able to finish his course in another year, and so returned to St. Maur's where he was graduated with high honors.

William, in his outburst of passion, had not forgotten what was before him. He did not as yet know how he would be revenged, nor did he care. First of all, he would keep track of Louis, and the rest he would leave to fate, or else wait until it would become necessary to act.

That they were both going to Detroit together was a settled fact. Louis had no longer a home, but William readily asked him to come to his. His meeting with Louis, after the exercises at college were over, cost him a slight effort, but he was soon able to return to his old jovial manner. They conversed freely on their way home, talking of this person or that until they came to themselves. William had not made up his mind exactly what he would turn to after the vacation was over. He thought that if he could get a good position he would take it. Louis, who was now left alone in the world to take care of himself, had already formed plans, though they were somewhat indefinite. He would be of age on Oct. 3, and would then be able to claim the money which was left him at his mother's death. This he would take to Chicago and invest it in some paying establishment or other; at any rate, he intended to put it to the best use possible. He often tried to imagine his name standing out in the history of future American literature; but how he was to attain that end he had not yet decided.

Two weeks in Detroit sped quickly by, and Louis left the Halton residence to go South. He had some distant relatives in New Orleans, and the remainder of his vacation was spent

in visiting these and in travelling through the country, stopping a day here and there to see some of his friends whom he had known at St. Maur's.

In Detroit, Mr. Halton, a clever and energetic man, was looking out for a place of employment for his son. His influence was used to the best advantage, and he soon succeeded in obtaining for William the position of cashier in the Fifteenth National Bank of the city.

William felt that this was a new obstacle placed in his way. He intended to go to Chicago and there, if possible, ruin Louis, either by being the cause of his failure in business, or in advising him wrongly. During the vacation they had held a close correspondence, and William fell back upon the hope that, by continuing this communication with him, he could afterwards easily keep track of Louis. William accepted the position, and on the second Monday in September took his place in the bank. In looking over the books he came across the entry which stated that Louis Barklove's entire fortune of \$100,000 was in the bank. He stopped and thought for a few minutes. His face was covered first by a curious smile. His right hand was unconsciously lifted to his hair which he lightly caught in his fingers. The hand suddenly closed and dropped slowly but determinedly upon the desk. His face had assumed a stern appearance; his brows were knit and his eyes stared vacantly at the desk before him. He looked at the book once more, read the entry carefully, and slowly turned the leaves. His mind was fixed; the chance for his revenge had come and he took it. William was in his place the following day; but when the office doors closed in the evening he went forth carrying with him his revenge—he had robbed the bank, and, knowing this, he knew he had ruined Louis.

II.

Years rolled by; Louis was now a man of about forty years of age. The cruel revenge taken against him by his unfaithful companion had brought about its desired result. He was ruined from the start. The bank, too, had failed. The thief had not yet been caught. Louis had not forgotten; he remembered the treachery, and the low and toilsome life which he had been compelled to live was a mockery to the future he had often planned for himself while at college. At least he had never imagined himself in his present condition.

One cold night in December he was returning to his home. The days were short and the

(Continued on page 345.)

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Notre Dame, February 14, 1891.

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

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

—We are indebted to our esteemed contemporary, the *Niagara Index*, for the information that the *Annex* has been making some remarks about us lately. We regret that we have not been privileged to see the articles referred to. The *Annex*, we are informed, used to be a regular visitor to the SCHOLASTIC sanctum; but since last September we have received only one number. That issue was very peaceful, and, we regret to say, did not honor us with even a mention of our name. And that reminds us, said number was addressed, "Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind." and came to us by the merest accident. The *Annex*, formerly the *Courier*, and the SCHOLASTIC are old acquaintances, and it should know our name and where we live.

—Among the saints whose lives illumine the pages of the Church's history and form the bright jewels in the crown with which she is adorned before the world, there are models for every age and rank and condition of life. The great exemplar for Christian youth, and especially the student, is that presented in the life and character of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. He was born in the year 1568 of rich and noble parents, and when he grew up he abandoned the brightest worldly prospects, and chose to consecrate himself to God in the service of religion. He died at the early age of twenty-three, in consequence

of exposure attendant upon his heroic ministrations to the sick during the time of a plague.

His festival this year, on June 21, will therefore mark the third centenary of his holy death, and the Holy Father has taken occasion to issue a letter commending to all Christian youth the life and virtues of the Saint, and granting most precious spiritual privileges in connection with the celebration of his festival. The Sovereign Pontiff shows how the life and career of St. Aloysius furnishes Christian youth with many lessons: teaching them with what vigilance they should watch over the innocence and integrity of their own lives; with what perseverance they should chasten their bodies in order to restrain their passions; how it behooves them to disdain riches and honors; in what spirit and with what energy they should devote themselves to learning and to the fulfilment of all the other duties and obligations of their age. In a word, all who have at heart their best interests, who would wish to take their position in life, honored by their fellow-men and pleasing in the sight of their Creator, will study and seek to imitate the example set by St. Aloysius.

Scientific Theories and the Church.

Since the time of the Reformation, and even at the present day, it has been and is the favorite argument of those fettered with the trammels of prejudice—the enemies of the Catholic Church—that the Church has always been hostile to science, and that it has been her all-engrossing care to keep the world in darkness and ignorance. But the Catholic Church has, on the contrary, ever been the most munificent patron of the arts and sciences, and to her is the world indebted for a great part of the discoveries of modern science. She has not only preserved the rare works of art and science, but her children in their antiquarian researches have brought forth the ancient manuscripts from the obscurity in which time and neglect had buried them.

The Roman Pontiffs, on their part, have always been the most beneficent patrons of science, and have ever evinced a most generous zeal for the promotion of knowledge. In face of these facts, those pretended friends of science in modern times will reiterate and endeavor to perpetuate their favorite falsehood. Chateaubriand, with that characteristic beauty of which his pages are so prolific, says: "Christian Rome might be considered as a capacious harbor in which all the wrecks of the arts were collected

and preserved. Constantinople falls under the Turkish yoke, and the Church immediately opens a thousand honorable retreats to the illustrious fugitives of Athens and Byzantium. Cardinals expend their fortunes in researches among the ruins of Greece and in the purchase of manuscripts. So glorious did the age of Leo X. appear to the learned Bartholemi that at first he preferred it to the age of Pericles for the subject of his great work." They who say that the Catholic Church is an enemy of science forget that for the sublime writings of Homer and of many of the pagan writers they are indebted to the children of her whom they malign.

The most conservative spirit has ever manifested itself in all the orders of the Church. What nation, what people, what sect, has constantly defended and preserved science for a space of eighteen hundred years with such a noble generosity as she has exhibited for the development of science and education.

But to the question whether the Church is inimical to scientific theories or not, after a mature examination, conducted with all the scrutiny impartial critics can command, the inevitable and constant conclusion is that she is not only not hostile to the theories of true science, but, on the contrary, that she has always cherished them with a noble ardor. This is not a mere assertion, founded on imaginary premises. Search history from the time her Divine Founder established her on an immovable rock up to the present day; mark the innumerable repositories of science which she has formed in those great universities which illuminated with the blessed torch of Religion and Science the paths where barbarism and ignorance had held sway before, and you will have incontestible proofs of her fostering care of the sciences.

There is one case which has always been a subject upon which the prejudiced have wasted their efforts to show to the world that the Catholic Church was diametrically opposed to a theory which forms the basis of modern astronomy. The case in point is this, that the Church opposed the theory of Galileo through a spirit of (pretended) hostility to science. Galileo was arraigned before the tribunals of Rome not as an astronomer, but as a bad theologian. He was censured not for declaring that the earth revolved around the sun, but for *obstinately* declaring that his opinion was contained in the Bible, and pretending that the ecclesiastical authorities should publish a decision to this effect. Guiccardini and the Marquis of Nicoli, both disciples of Galileo, attest that such are the facts, and they are also so stated in the letters

of the distinguished astronomer himself. Tycho Brahe at this time still denied the motion of the earth round the sun, and would not a higher degree of proficiency in the science of astronomy naturally be expected in Tycho Brahe than in an obscure Roman priest—Copernicus? In corroboration of the fact that the Church was not hostile to this theory, when divested of the religious character which Galileo pretended belonged to it, it is well known that it was taught in the universities. Cardinal Cuza, who was eminently distinguished for his learning and piety, and who died in 1454, taught without censure the same astronomical system which afterwards formed the pretended charge against Galileo,—a fact which corroborates the above-mentioned assertion that the question in Galileo's case was of a purely theological nature. It is entirely unnecessary to add more instances to show that the Catholic Church has been the faithful guardian of true science. It is useless to show the glaring falsity of the Darwinian theory, which is so repugnant to Catholicity and even to the spirit of Christianity in general.

The Church has always been the protector of true science; for her schools, her monasteries and universities have been the bulwarks of science where the votaries of science, despite their religious convictions, received a friendly welcome. She is the magnanimous patron of true science, and the effusions of her impassioned genius are the brightest gems in the cabinet of science.

L. M. P.

Twelve Years Later.

(Continued from page 343.)

evenings quickly passed into night. The piercing wind cut his face as he walked along the slippery street. A brisk snow-storm had quickly arisen and, thickening in its fall, soon made every place comparatively dark. The wind grew stronger, and the dim street lamps gave only a faint light through the snow as it whirled past with the angry storm.

Louis began to feel his great misfortune, and almost cursed the man who had brought him to such a life of misery. He was walking at a rapid rate, with his face downwards to avoid the fury of the wind and snow, when he came upon a man lying upon the side-walk. Stooping down, he tried to lift him, and as he did so the man turned and handed him a letter, telling him to put it in the mail box that was near by. But Louis thrust it into his pocket and employed both his hands in trying to place the man upon

his knee. For a second or two he stopped in his movements, his hands began to loosen in their grasp, and he stared blankly at the face before him. The color in his face began to change; his cheeks burned with anger, and his hands began again to close in their hold. Slowly and determinedly he lifted the man from his knee and, throwing him back against the hard wall, he uttered these words between his teeth: "William Halton, perish as you have lived—a thief!"

In descending, the man's head struck the hard wall and the sidewalk almost simultaneously. Louis stood back in astonishment; a strange feeling stole over him, and he began to repent of his terrible deed. He looked at the man and tried to move him, but it was all to no avail. There lay William to all appearances dead, and there stood Louis with that awful word ringing in his ears—a *murderer*!

The snow was still falling thicker and thicker, and Louis, taking advantage of the darkness, turned and fled. He reached home, he knew not how. Every sound seemed to him to be some one coming to his house to arrest him. The whole occurrence passed through his mind over and over again, but he was too much disturbed to think. His hands wandered idly into his pocket and he drew forth a letter. It was the same one that he was told to put into the mail box; but what was his surprise to find that it was addressed to himself. Tearing off the envelope he read as follows:

"DETROIT, MICH., December 20, 1888.

"LOUIS BARKLOVE:

"Twelve years ago, one who claimed to be your bosom friend—one who passed his youth in the same *Alma Mater* with you—blasted your prospects for a happy life. It is useless to ask if you remember William Halton, the deceitful classmate and the thief who stole your patrimony. And now, after years spent in recklessness and dissipation, I have returned to make the retribution which lies in my power. When I robbed you of your inheritance it was not for the money, but for revenge. You may not understand this assertion; but let us go back to the commencement day at St. Maur's University in the summer of 1876. From the time we first met there, we became staunch friends, but I was always jealous-minded and headstrong; to see a classmate rise above me was a bitter sight for me; and when, a short time before our graduation, I learned that you had been selected to deliver the valedictory address, my most ambitious hope was crushed. In my disappointment and foolish anger I blamed you for it all, and at the same moment that I was complimenting you upon your efforts after you had delivered it, I was planning for your ruin, at least for revenge. After you had spent a few weeks at my home you went South. As a faithful friend you corresponded with me, and as a traitor and deceiver I answered your letters. But, as you remember, the time for my revenge came; as cashier in the Fifteenth National Bank I learned

that your entire fortune had been invested in its stock, and all I had to do was to take all that was in reach and thus ruin not only you but also the bank. This is the history of my crime. The rest I withhold until our meeting. I will simply state here that I wish to return to you all that I have and own, for I have heard that the banker has died and no one knows of his having any relations. The money is still in Europe and has increased wonderfully since it came into my possession, but now it is yours again. I have been a consumptive for some time and, seeing my end was near, I confessed my awful sin to a good priest, and resolved to be at peace with my God and with my neighbor.

I can no longer call you my friend, or dare to say that I am yours, but sign my name—a name so detestable in your sight. God forgive me!

WILLIAM HALTON.

P. S.—To-morrow afternoon I shall call at your home to settle matters."

Louis read the letter over and over until a feeling of shame came upon him for what he had done. If William were only alive he would forgive him a hundred times. "No, he could not be dead then, I was only mistaken," he said to himself. He started to read the letter again when a new thought occurred to him. He hastily snatched up his hat, put the letter in his pocket and was again at the place he left William apparently dead, but he was not to be seen. Louis returned to his home with a sad heart. He knew not what to think. His hope was blasted, and he felt that the deed was done.

III.

The following morning he rose at an early hour and started into the city to learn what he could about William. He strolled into a hotel and while there found out that a certain John Morton had come there on the previous night. He went out late in the afternoon and since then had not been seen at the hotel. At last Louis went to the hospital and there found him alive, but suffering much from his fall. He had a slight headache, and his leg was in a bad condition; it had been sprained in his first fall. The effect of the second fall was simply to knock him senseless. The meeting of Louis and William was most sad. They were no longer foolish college boys but men; and each had learned a lesson. The one learned the folly of his rash judgment and the other the value of money.

William told Louis his whole history after he had robbed his friend, which was simply an enlargement of that given in his letter, but for the benefit of the reader we will add what occurred after the letter was written.

He did not as yet know whether or not Louis was living, and therefore resolved to take a walk through the city and inquire for him before posting the letter. He went to that part of the

city where Louis had formerly been known, and after some inquiries found that it was about a half an hour's walk distant. Much time could be spared by taking a conveyance, but he had no need to hurry himself, and besides he wished to take a look at the city and see the changes in it since he left. He went along slowly making many deviations from his route and took much more time than he had expected. In fact, he had been out an hour before he had reached the place.

It was a very unsubstantial building, and was little more than what he had been prepared to see. Passing around it he took another street. A brisk wind was blowing and the snow had begun to fall; added to this was the slippery condition in which the side walks were, a thing which put a person in constant danger of falling. William would readily have taken a conveyance if it were then at hand, but none was to be had. The street lamps were lighted, but burned low. The howling wind increased and impeded his progress. The thick falling snow added to the ghostly appearance which nature had so suddenly taken.

William was entering a part of the city where dwellings were few and where the large factories towered up in defiance of all the fury of the wind. There was a stone wall on his right and a hard slippery side walk beneath. He had passed the lamp post only a few yards when remembering the letter, he turned to put it into the mail box. But in doing so he slipped and fell. His head struck against the bottom of the wall and knocked him senseless; his leg felt as if broken when he came to, but no one was in sight. Just how long he remained there he did not know. Here it was that Louis had come suddenly upon him, and in the same place he left him to die. Assistance soon came, and he was carried to the hospital.

William had but few days to live. The doctors said that his consumption was in its last stages, and that if he wished anything to be done before his death he had better see to it. Matters were soon settled between William and Louis. All the property became his again. In about a month he went to Europe to see where it was invested, and finding that it was a very profitable one he sent for his whole family to come also. He is still living in London enjoying the fortune which Providence had returned to him in so strange a manner. He does not regret the few years he spent among the lower classes. He is a charitable man, and no one will go hungry from his door.

M. A. QUINLAN, '93.

Local Items.

- Lent.
- Lay on, Macduff!
- Make William *Tell*.
- The Thespians next week.
- Look out for "William Tell!"
- As a last resource, he has joined the military.
- Great enthusiasm at that meeting Wednesday night!
- The classes in Drawing are very largely attended this term.
- Competitions in the Collegiate Course are being held this week.
- How does a printer differ from a school-boy? He doesn't like *pie*.
- Base-ball has engaged the attention of some of the students of Sorin Hall.
- National airs are the predominating ones at present in our musical parlors.
- Positive, "wait"; comparative, "waiter"; superlative, "Get up and get it yourself."
- Preparations are in progress for a splendid entertainment on "Birthington's Washday."
- He is training down to 100 so as to be in good trim for the opening of the spring games.
- A large number of recruits has been added to the different branches of our military companies.
- The Thespians, Columbians and Philopatrians will next appear in regular order. Success to them!
- After dinner prize-fights are now the rage. For particulars inquire of the Sorin Hall contortionist.
- He said that it became absolutely necessary for him to sign, as the means used were irresistible.
- The subjects for the second series of Graduation Essays in the various courses will be published next week.
- Yes, he is a Christian, but he took a terrible revenge, and now his victims wander about with vacant eye and downcast air.
- The essays read by the debaters at the last meeting of the St. Cecilians received merited praise from the Rev. President.
- Master Zoehrlaut, of the Sorin Cadets, has been appointed Corporal, being the successful candidate in the late competitive drill.
- The military companies took advantage of the nice weather on Thursday morning last and went through their evolutions on the campus.
- Many of the students availed themselves of the recreation hours to visit the Blessed Sacrament during the Forty Hours' Devotion.
- Among the visitors during the past week was Joseph Brady who spent a few days with his brother James, a prominent member of Sorin Hall.

—As Washington's Birthday falls on Sunday, the celebration will take place on Tuesday, the 24th inst., when a literary, musical and dramatic entertainment will be given in Washington Hall by the members of the Thespian Society.

—The enthusiasm that characterized the spelling classes of Carroll Hall during last session still remains unabated. At a lively contest in the first class last Saturday, Master Gerlach was victor, having "spelled down" the other forty-nine members of the class.

—The members of the 2d Course of Christian Doctrine of Brownson Hall are deserving of no little praise for the handsome flowers placed on the altar during the devotion of the Forty Hours'. May He in whose honor they were presented reward these young men a hundredfold!

—On Wednesday last—Ash-Wednesday—the solemn ceremony of the distribution of ashes took place before the High Mass in the college church. The celebrant was the Rev. Father French assisted by Rev. Fathers Czusko and Reuter as deacon and subdeacon. An appropriate sermon was preached by Father French.

—The following is a correct list of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of Company "B": Fred Chute, Captain; J. McGrath, 1st Lieutenant; F. Schillo, 2d Lieutenant; M. Hannon, Orderly Sergeant; J. Ayer, 1st Sergeant; W. Yenn, 2d Sergeant; C. Fleming, 3d Sergeant; E. Du Brul, 4th Sergeant; G. Anson, C. Scherrer, N. Luther and L. Thome, Corporals.

—Very Rev. Father Provincial Corby returned on Monday last from his annual visit to the Houses of the Congregation in the South. He reports prosperity in all the Institutions which he officially visited. From Cincinnati, Ohio, he passed down to New Orleans on the popular Route—"The beautiful Queen and Crescent RR."—and speaks in the highest terms of the accommodations provided and the attention of the gentlemanly officials, whom he found exceedingly courteous.

—The banquet tendered by the Fire Department of Crookston, Minn., to its retiring chief, Mr. E. W. Wile, '80, is reported as the grandest affair of the kind ever given in that city. We are glad to see an old and esteemed student receive well-earned honors. Mr. E. W. Wile will in future have charge of his father's business in Laporte, Ind. Mr. Jacob Wile, Sr., an old-tried friend of Notre Dame is, obliged to retire from business, we regret to say, on account of ill health. We hope it will be only temporary.

—The beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was begun in the College Church on Sunday last and solemnly closed on Tuesday evening. The Catholic students approached the Holy Table in a body and made regular visits of adoration during the time of the solemn Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. On Tuesday evening the exercises terminated with the chanting of the Litany of the Saints, the procession and Bene-

diction. The grand altar was beautifully decorated and resplendent with myriads of lights.

—A meeting of the Columbians was held on Thursday evening, Feb. 5, for the purpose of electing officers for the session just opened. After a spirited contest the following officers were selected: Director, Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C.; President, Prof. E. M. Gallagher; 1st Vice-President, J. M. Manly, 2d Vice-President, L. Sanford; Recording Secretary, J. King; Corresponding Secretary, L. Monarch; Treasurer, F. Powers; Censor, H. Wood; Sergeant-at-Arms, R. Frizzelle; Critic, A. Ahlrichs. The President appointed as the programme committee, Messrs. McKee, Dacey, McConlogue, Allen and O'Neill. The name of Mr. Ahlrichs was presented for membership and accepted. The Rev. Fathers Walsh, French and Mohun, Professors Edwards and Liscombe were unanimously elected as honorary members.

—The first regular meeting of the Notre Dame Chapter of the Agassiz Association was held on Wednesday, Feb. 4th. The committee on constitution and by-laws, appointed at the preliminary meeting, reported a draft for the consideration of the chapter. The members having discussed each article separately and after making several amendments the constitution and by-laws were unanimously adopted. The election of officers then took place and resulted as follows: President, Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C.; Vice-President, Rev. Joseph Kirsch, C. S. C.; Recording Secretary, O. Rothert; Corresponding Secretary, F. Powers; Treasurer, J. Combe; Censor, V. Vurpillat. Rev. A. M. Kirsch, in a few well chosen words, spoke of the bright future of the chapter, and showed that the association would be a source of pleasure to the members.

—The members of Company "B," Carroll Hall, are deserving of great praise for the lively interest manifested in everything that conduces to their success. As a further incentive to strict attention and close observation of all the details of military tactics, Captain Fred. B. Chute has had a beautiful silver medal struck, to be competed for every drill morning by all the privates, and to be worn by the successful candidate as a recognition of progress in military manoeuvres. The first drill for this prize was held last Monday morning, the 9th inst., and at times was very spirited. The commanding officers found it very difficult to give commands that would stagger the youthful aspirants, and to many of the visitors the fine points on which the boys were retired were not at all observed. Master Ellwanger, of Dubuque, Iowa, carried off the prize. The next competitive drill promises to be very exciting. May the best man win!

—In the Moot-court Monday the case of John Elan *vs.* Arthur Hunter was called, Messrs. Vurpillat and O'Neill appearing for the plaintiff and Messrs. Dunbar and Crall for the defendant, Judge Brick presiding. It was a replevin suit brought by the plaintiff to obtain pos-

session of a horse, said to be unlawfully held by the defendant under a title absolutely invalid. The court held that the defendant's title was good, and accordingly rendered judgment in his favor.

The grand jury, impanelled at the January term of court, returned an indictment against John Jones for false pretense, and Feb. 9 was set apart for the day of trial, Messrs. Vurpillat and Cassidy appearing for the State, and Messrs. Tivnen and Manly for the defense, Judge Brick presiding. After the reading of the indictment by Clerk Houlihan, the prisoner pleaded "not guilty." But few witnesses were called, and after their examination Mr. Cassidy opened the case for the State in a very powerful argument. Messrs. Tivnen and Manly then followed in regular order for the defense, making very able arguments. Mr. Vurpillat closed the case for the State, after which the judge charged the jury who, after being out but a short time, returned a verdict of not guilty, and the prisoner was discharged.

—Notre Dame has renewed its membership for the ensuing year in the Catholic Total Abstinence Union. A society devoted to the cause of temperance was organized last Wednesday night. The willing spirit manifested by the students, the enthusiasm displayed in the meeting, and the large number who were enrolled the first night, promise well for the future of the organization. Over fifty students solemnly pledged themselves to abstain from the use of intoxicants, and the prospects are bright for increasing this number to beyond the century mark before the close of the scholastic year. The following are the officers elected for this session: Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh; President, C. J. Gillon; Vice-President, C. T. Cavanagh; Recording Secretary, M. Cassidy; Corresponding Secretary, J. Fitzgibbon; Treasurer, W. O'Brien. The Corresponding Secretary was instructed to enter immediately into negotiations with the Secretary of the C. T. A. U. for the purpose of joining the Union. A committee consisting of Messrs. Gillon, Cavanagh and Cassidy was appointed to wait on Rev. Father French and invite him to address the society next Wednesday night. Messrs. Cavanagh, Manly, H. Murphy and Fitzgibbon were appointed to deliver short discourses on topics relating to temperance. After deciding on the time for holding the meeting, which will be the third Wednesday of each month, the society adjourned.

—The St. Cecilians held their thirteenth regular meeting of the second session on Wednesday evening, Vice-President Boyd presiding on account of the absence of the President in the earlier part of the meeting. After the reading of the minutes, which were adopted, the regular exercises began. The Historian, Mr. E. DuBrul, read an interesting and carefully written criticism on the previous meeting, followed by an

essay on Oliver Wendell Homes by F. Cummings. A. Nester gave an interesting history of the city of Marquette, and revealed to his fellow St. Cecilians the fact that the State of Michigan has a renowned city in the North. The debate next came in order—"Resolved, that a Course of literature is more advantageous to the student than one in mathematics." On the affirmative side of the question were: Messrs. F. Carney, J. Delany, Green and A. Funke, their opponents being Messrs. D. Casey, Wolf, Burns, and J. Kearney. Mr. Carney opened the debate, and spoke at some length on literature and its advantages. Mr. Casey, his honorable opponent, next took the floor and tried to overwhelm Mr. Carney's arguments; J. Delany—our young orator—then arose, and brought forth arguments from the time of Adam to the present day, showing that literature is the mother of science, and should be preferred to a course of mathematics. After the debate, the Rev. President congratulated the young debaters on their papers and the manner in which they were delivered. A place in the SCHOLASTIC will be found for some of the papers. The decision of the debate will be handed in at the next regular meeting.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Burger, Berry, Blackman, Brady, Bachrach, Brelsford, L. Chute, F. Chute, Cavanagh, Du Brul, Fitzgibbon, Hummer, Hoover, Murphy, McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, W. O'Brien, Prichard, Paquette, Rothert, Schaack, O. Sullivan, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, E. Scherrer, J. B. Sullivan, Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Blameuser, Burch, Brookfield, Brown, Cassidy, Crall, Combe, Correll, T. Coady, P. Coady, Corrigan, Cartier, J. Crowley, P. Crowley, Chalcote, Dechant, Dela Pena, Dahler, Dacy, Devanny, Dunlap, Frizzelle, Field, Fleming, T. Flannigan, Franks, L. Gillon, Gruber, Green, Gaffey, P. Gillon, Gorman, Hawthorne, Heard, Hauske, Houlihan, Hubbard, Heineman, Hagan, Hayes, J. Johnson, Joslyn, Jacobs, O. Johnson, Kearns, J. King, Karasynski, Krembs, M. Kelly, T. King, E. Kelly, Lesner, Layton, Lorie, Lindeke, G. Lancaster, McGrath, Manly, Mug, Mitchell, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, Magnus, H. Murphy, McDonnell, J. McKee, F. McKee, McGonigle, McConlogue, Millea, McErlain, C. Murphy, J. Murphy, McCallan, Newman, Norton, O'Shea, G. O'Brien, Otero, S. O'Brien, Powers, Richardson, Rebillot, Rudd, Roberts, Ragan, Stanton, J. F. Sullivan, Schwarz, Scholfield, Sanchez, Sanford, Smith, Spalding, Soran, Tracey, Vurpillat, Vital, White, Weakland, Yenn, Youngerman, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ayer, Bergland, Burns, Boland, E. Bates, B. Bates, Brady, Boyd, Brown, Beaud, Casey, Chassaing, Cole, Coe, Connolly, Connell, Connors, Cummings, Corry, Cheney, Du Bois, Drumm, Dorsey, Delany, Ellwanger, Eagan, Foley, Fitzgerald, Falk, Alfred Funke, Falvey, Fales, Gibert, G. Gilbert, Girsch, Gerlach, Gifford, J. Greene, A. Greene, Grund, Garennes des, Hagus, Hahn, Hake, Hannin, Jackson, Kearney, Kennedy, Kaumeyer, Keith, Langevin, Leonard, Luther, Lorie, La Moure, S. Mitchell, H. Mitchell, E. Mitchell, Mattox, Morrison, Monarch, Martin, Miller, Murphy, Minor, McCartney, W. McDonnell, A. McPhillips, McPhillips, McDonough, W. Nichols, Neef, O'Neill, O'Rourke, Orton, Payne, Pomeroy, Palmer, Pope, Pena de la, Quinlan, Renesch,

W. Regan, Shimp, Spurgeon, Schillo, Slevin, Scallen, E. Smith, Sutter, Sullivan, Scheffele, Tong, Thorn, Teeter, Thornton, Thome, Todd, Wellington, Weinman, Wolff, Welch, Yates, Zinn, Zoehrlaut.

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. La-Moure, E. La-Moure, 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.

Class Honors.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Messrs. Delany, Devanny, Ellwanger, Frizzelle, J. Greene, T. Green, M. Kelly, Mug, McCartney, H. Mitchell, J. Newman, Parker, Rebillot, Santer, Stanton, Treff, Wall, Weinman, Ball, Chilcote, Johnson, E. Kelly, F. Murphy, J. Murphy, E. Smith, Welch.

List of Excellence.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-Keeping—Messrs. Ellwanger, Frizzelle, Mug, Santer, Stanton, Ball, W. Bates, Welch, E. Smith, E. Connors; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Delany, Frizzelle, H. Mitchell, J. Newman, W. Bates, Des Garennes, Welch, Aarons, M. Kelly; *Grammar*—Messrs. F. O'Rourke, E. Smith; *Orthography*—Messrs. J. Green, Frizzelle, Gifford; *Geography*—Messrs. Dunlap, Ellwanger, Gerlach, O'Neill; *United States History*—Messrs. Hagan, McCabe, Ellwanger.

A Boy's Essay on the Cat.

Mr. H. T. Barker, in his amusing papers on schools and education, gives the following essay as authentic:

The Cat.—The house cat is a fourlegged quadruped, the legs as usuerl being at the corners. It is what is sometimes called a tame animal, though it feeds on mice and other birds of prey. Its colours are striped, tortus-shell, black, also black and white, and uthers. When it is happy it does not bark, but breathes through its nose instead of its mouth, but I cant remember the name they call the noise. It is a little word, but I cant think of it, and it is wrong to copy. Cats also mow, which you have all herd. When you stroke this tame quadruped by drawing your hand along its back, it cock ups its tale like a ruler, so as you cant get no further. Never stroke the hairs acrost, as it makes all cats scat like mad. Its tail is about too foot long, and its legs about one each. Never stroke a cat under the belly, as it is very unhelthy.

Dont teeze cats, for, firstly, it is wrong so to do, and 2nd, cats have clawses which is longer than people think. Cats have 9 liveses, but which is seldom required in this country because of Christianity. Men cats are allus called Tom, and girl cats Puss or Tiss; but, queer as you may think, all little cats are called kittens, which is a wrong name which oughter be changed. This tame quadruped can see in the dark, so rats stand no chants, much less mice.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Miss Agnes Mullaney, of the Senior department, was last Saturday called home by a telegram, announcing the alarming illness of her brother. Later advices gave the sad news of his death. The young lady and her bereaved family have the sympathy of all the Sisters and pupils of St. Mary's.

—At the Academic meeting on Sunday, Feb. 8, Miss D. Deutsch read a short selection from the French in a very pleasing manner; she was followed by Miss L. Farwell in a recitation entitled "Our Bairn." Rev. Father Scherer, who presided, expressed gratification at the large number of pupils studying the languages.

—Those who visited St. Luke's Studio on *soirée* day were amply repaid by the various art exhibits that on all sides met the gaze,—tangible proof that the past session has been one of serious labor. Judging from the specimens presented, the art pupils recognize the importance of continual practice in the drawing of blocks, balls, etc. The correctness at which they have arrived in the way of outline and shading was shown in the really fine pencillings of shells, profiles, books, flowers, and other familiar objects, all so important in giving the pupil a knowledge of perspective and the laws of light and shade. Among the studies in crayon, an arm—the work of Miss I. Horner—was particularly commended for its truth to nature, and perfection of finish, as well as the bust of Minerva, by Miss K. Hurley, with the truly artistic drapery of the background. The exhibits in oil, deserving special mention, were a begonia, by Miss M. Murphy, and an ear of corn, the work of Miss E. Tipton, each evincing talent on the part of the respective young ladies. Two pieces in pastil, a calla and a cluster of roses, merited favorable comment, together with the work in water colors, by Miss M. Hurff. Among the pencillings, those giving evidence of special skill and application, were the work of the Misses Kimmell, Bassett, Fitzpatrick, Dempsey, Hamilton and Clifford. In a word, the display was highly creditable to the art pupils, who are to be congratulated that their work merited the commendation of so competent a critic as Prof. Gregori himself.

—The entertainment given on Friday, Feb. 6, known as *soirée*, was also a birthday offering to Very Rev. Father General, who honored the occasion by his presence, together with Very Rev. Father Granger, Rev. Fathers Walsh, French, O'Neill, Scherer, and Quigley. Among the other guests present were Profs. Edwards and Gregori of the University, Mr. J. Wile, of Laporte, Ind., Mrs. Atkinson and Miss Fannie Gregori. The programme, both as to its literary and musical features an exceptionally fine one,

opened after the chorus by the vocal class with a recitation, "The King and His Subject." The latter was in the form of an allegory, into which the story of the life of St. Mary's venerable Founder was deftly woven, and described in language poetic and beautiful. The sentiment of the poem was finely interpreted by Miss Hurff, who sustained her well-merited reputation as a graceful elocutionist. The English Essay—"Lear and Cordelia," which appears in another column—was a thoughtful and touching effort, and one that reflected great credit on the writer, Miss Currier. These, together with a graceful tribute in the musical accents of France in honor of the venerated guest, read by Miss Balch, and a German essay of much merit, by Miss K. Morse, closed the literary part of the programme.

At the close, Very Rev. Father General expressed the pleasure afforded him by the entertainment, naming the Rev. President of the University to speak more at length. Needless to say, the graceful effort of the Rev. speaker, faultless in style and sentiment, will not soon be forgotten.

Vocal and Instrumental Music at the Semi-Annual Soiree.

The opening chorus, "Taunhäuser" (Wagner), was effective and brilliant; as sung by the full vocal class, it proved at once that the entertainment was in reality a public examination on which, in a measure, the success of the second session largely depends. Success in February gives hope to teachers and renewed exertion to pupils. Instrumental training and vocal culture demand years, with unfaltering patience, therefore commendation is freely given when deserved. The young vocalists must feel gratified, since they are really on the road to earn the approval, not alone of loving friends, but of critical listeners on Commencement day.

Schubert-Liszt's "Wanderer," played by Miss C. Gibbons on the piano—a piece difficult to render on account of its various emotions, descriptive of voyage, despondency, hope tinged by a presentiment of finding on his return, instead of a loved mother—a silent grave. To express such ideas of music language in quick succession, consequent to the few pages of the subject, was a severe test. Miss Gibbons, by careful study, seized the interpretation, showing that her talent—by future labor—will be able to reach a high point of musical skill.

"Sancta Maria," a vocal trio, was a charming change in the varied program. Miss Hughes who possesses a promising low-toned voice took the initiative followed by a short concerted passage, in which Miss Wile and Miss Horner showed the compass of their fine voices. Miss Horner being the leading soprano, her high tones floating sweetly above without effort. A *crescendo* unison, of parts brought forth power; and the blending of the softening *diminuendo* gave a graceful finish, in which the purity of

chromatic sounds showed the just intonations of the Misses Horner, Wile and Hughes.

Miss Dority executed beautifully the C sharp minor "Polonaise" of Chopin. The first energetic chords rang like metal struck with aplomb, and then relapsed suddenly into the exquisitely tender shades which abound in Chopin's soulful measures. Seldom, indeed, are elegant breathing tones truthfully given even by professionals. The rapt attention of the listeners gave sufficient proof that Miss Dority had well studied the requirements of her selection.

The "Aria," sung by Miss Horner, contained work of brilliant vocalization well suited to her flexible voice, which shows a steady improvement. It is not the singing of a few songs, which marks vocal culture, but the gradual formation of perfect tones—true, firm, whether loud or soft, smoothed to a polish, which glide forth without effort,—these give natural beauty to song which calls forth sympathetic pleasure. Miss Horner's number was accompanied on the piano by Miss O'Brien, on the violin by Miss B. Du Bois.

Miss O'Brien's piano solo closed the instrumental division of the programme with "Rhapsodie No. 1," by Liszt, which is seldom heard in this country. It being, in fact, the nucleus of all his rhapsodies—which hold their place in concert music through their extreme demands on "technique." Brilliant, daring, fitful, restless changes of unexpected harmonies; pathetic moanings heard almost with fear; one feels they are but covering a hidden volcanic action ready at any moment to scatter the better promptings of human emotion. These are the prevailing themes of all Hungarian rhapsodies. Miss O'Brien is making herself at home in the various styles of artistic playing, and with her companion, Miss Dority, must show the June audience that to gain the Conservatory Medal means a high degree of merit built on a solid foundation.

Schumann's dashing chorus, "Gipsy Life," accompanied by Miss Deutsch, brought before us again the same merry faces, showing plainly, this was the last, and that they were ready for recreation after keeping still so long. The chorus, so piquant and gay, was given with *vim*; with Schumann one must, however, be on the alert; as he is always ready to surprise a careless one by a sudden strict, or variable movement "Gipsy Life" should be heard frequently; it demands energy, and we must admit this requirement was met by the vocal class.

Lear and Cordelia.

When Adam and Eve bent in loving tenderness over their first-born their hearts thrilled with the instincts of parental love, and in all ages since has this love, like a gleam of Eden's sunshine, found a resting place in the heart of every devoted parent. Touch the chord that sings of this inborn gift of God, the music is

ever the same, and Shakspeare, in his story of King Lear, pays homage to this truth. With keenest interest do we follow the fortunes of the English king whose character as a father makes us forget his royalty; and when we behold him heart-hungry for a pledge of love from his daughters we are roused to sympathy, and long to give the comfort of our affection to the eager old man. How pitiful the question: "Tell me, my daughters, which of you doth love me most?" Regan and Goneril are loud in their demonstrations, and, knowing their utter falseness, the noble Cordelia makes simple reply: "I love your Majesty according to my duty, nor more nor less;" and poor, foolish Lear, blind to their avarice, divides his possessions between the two older daughters, and his youngest goes forth from her father's home her heart burning 'neath the words: "Therefore be-gone without our grace, our love, our benison!" The base ingratitude implanted in the hearts of Regan and Goneril now asserts itself, and their father, bent with the weight of years, is cruelly turned from their doors, and, maddened with grief, is left to the mercy of the elements. When affliction weighs heavy on those we truly love then it is that past neglect is forgotten. With her tender heart bleeding for the decrepid old father forsaken by those he trusted, Cordelia, in all the strength of forgiving tenderness, comes forward and lays at his feet a love that runs as the "still waters"—a devotion which in its simplicity is indeed sublime.

This beautiful play touches a chord of sympathy in every soul, not because the unfolding of the plot holds one spell-bound, but because the tenderest phases of the human heart have been sketched by the pen of a master who could penetrate into the hidden recesses of nature, and appreciate its secret workings. God, in His infinite bounty, has implanted the love of kindred deep in every human breast; and, strong as are these ties of affection, how weak, how impotent they are in the light of a mother's love—that love which makes amends for every defect, covers every error, "extinguishes every resentment," and which is, in a word, undying! Its warmth has come to all, for there is no soul so forlorn, so unhappy as to have to say: "A mother's love has never loved me!" Heaven may have claimed the mother's soul ere her loved one's eyes had learned to brighten at her approach, but from realms above does she still exercise her sweet office of motherhood. History breathes of its holy influence, and poets have sung its praise. This love is a light caught from Divinity and reflected in the soul; and the love of a father is not less strong. Napoleon would have died for his son, and Cromwell, in his deep sorrow at the death of his idolized daughter, shows us that even in his busy political career the tender relations of home and family were always the same. These ties are woven of strands that come from the heart of the parent but which are not complete without the corres-

ponding threads that bind the young heart to those whose every pulsation is one of parental love. They have cared for us in helpless infancy, and gratitude is but the natural fruit of their devotion. And where shall we find a perfect type of filial affection? Ah! in the life of Him in whom all that is noble is exemplified; in the life of Him of whom it is written: "And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

Long before the time of King Lear had the lesson inculcated by the God-Man been forgotten, and the heart history of many a parent to-day would but repeat the sad story told us by Shakspeare. Poor old King Lear, forsaken and wandering alone in the storm, feels not the merciless elements, and he exclaims in his anguish of heart: "The tempest in my mind doth from my senses take all feeling else," and then in sorrowful reproach he moans: "Oh Regan! Goneril! Your kind, old father, whose frank heart gave all!" Into his trust not the shadow of a doubt had been allowed to creep, and, when the very fount of gratitude within their hearts had proved but stone, he might well say: "Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

Shall this reproach ever ring in the soul of a child of St. Mary's? Nay, may each one feel that this prayer ascendeth from the lips of her parents: "I thank Thee, O God! that Thou hast given me a daughter whose hand shall smooth my dying pillow, and whose grateful heart shall be raised in loving prayer for me when I shall be numbered with the silent dead!"

JENNIE C. CURRIER.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Allen, Balch, Bassett, Bunbury, E. Burns, Brady, Bonebrake, Bogart, Currier, Coleman, Charles, Churchill, Cohoon, Cowan, Crilly, Cooper, Carpenter, Deutsch, L. Du Bois, B. Du Bois, Davis, Margaret Donehue, Dougherty, Daley, Eisenstadt, Evoy, Fehr, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Gibbons, Galvin, Good, Grauman, Hamilton, M. Hurff, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Mollie Hess, Minnie Hess, Hutchinson, Hanson, Hunt, Hopkins, G. Johnson, D. Johnson, Kimmell, Kirley, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Kasper, Kinney, Kierman, Lauth, Lewis, Ludwig, F. Moore, McFarland, N. Morse, K. Morse, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, M. Murphy, M. Moore, McCormack, N. Moore, McGuire, McPhillips, McCarthy, E. Murphy, L. Norris, Niemann, O'Leary, Pugsley, Quinn, C. Ryan, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Root, Rizer, Ryder, Robbins, Ripley, Spurgeon, M. Smyth, Sena, Seeley, Singler, Tipton, Tod, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Wile, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Whitmore, Wolffe, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. Burns, M. Clifford, Crandall, M. Cooper, M. Davis, Fossick, B. Germain, N. Gilmore, P. Germain, K. Hickey, Holmes, Hammond, C. Kasper, Kellner, Kelly, Meskill, O'Mara, Quealy, Rosing, Reeves, L. Schaefer, J. Smyth, Soper, S. Smyth, Seeley, L. Schaefer, Van Liew, Wurzburg, Wagner, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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