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Scepticism.

The immortality of the soul is for us something of such great importance, something which touches us so deeply, that one must have lost every sentiment to be indifferent to it or care not to have a proper understanding of it. All our thoughts and actions should take paths so different, according as there are eternal goods to be hoped for or not, that it is impossible to perform any action with sense and judgment unless we regulate it by the consideration of this point, which should be our primary object in life as it will be our last on quitting it. It is, therefore, our first interest and our bounden duty to instruct ourselves on this subject upon which our whole conduct depends. And hence it is that I make a great difference between such as are not persuaded of this, but who strive with all their power to instruct themselves in it, and those who care nothing about it and who do not even think of it. I cannot but have compassion on those who have allowed themselves to grow up in doubt of it; who look upon its existence as the greatest misfortune, and who make every endeavor to get rid of the thought of it.

But in regard to those who pass their lives without thinking of the soul and its immortality, and who for the only reason that they do not find in themselves the light to direct them, neglect to seek it elsewhere, or to consider thoroughly whether it is one of those opinions which people receive with a credulous simplicity, or whether it is one of those which, though obscure in themselves, have nevertheless a solid and unshaken foundation, these I consider in a light altogether different. Their negligence in an affair which so closely concerns themselves, their eternity, their all, irritates one more than

it moves to compassion; it astonishes and frightens one who sees it in its proper light. To him such indifference is an incongruity, a monstrosity. Nor is he led to such a conclusion through pious zeal or an over-refined spirituality, for he plainly sees that people should have a proper understanding of this matter, were it only on account of their own interest and self-love. For this, one only needs to consider what persons who are the least enlightened see. One need not have a very elevated soul to understand that here below there is no real and solid satisfaction; that our pleasures are but vanity that our evils are great; and lastly that death, which threatens us at every instant, must infallibly place us in a few years at most in the horrible necessity of being either eternally happy or unhappy. There is nothing more real than this, nor is there anything more terrible. Let us indulge in bravado as much as we wish, this is nevertheless the end which awaits the happiest or the most miserable life in this world. If we reflect on this we must confess that there is no joy in this life except in the hope of another; that we are happy only in proportion as we approach to it; and that, as there will no longer be any misfortunes for those who have an entire assurance of eternity, in like manner will there be no happiness for those who have no understanding of it.

It is then assuredly a great evil to be in doubt; but it is at least an indispensable duty to seek light when in this doubt; therefore, he who doubts and does not seek a solution is both very unfortunate and unjust to himself. If with doubt he is tranquil and satisfied, makes profession of it, and is even proud of it, so as to make of such a state a matter of vain-glory, I am at a loss to find terms to qualify such an extravagant creature. How can any real pleasure be found

in such sentiments? what joy can be derived from them? They present nothing but miseries without remedy. What cause of vanity can there be found in seeing oneself in impenetrable obscurity, and how is it possible that any sane person can indulge in such reasoning as this: "I do not know who placed me in this world, neither do I know what the world is; nor what I am myself. I am in ignorance concerning all such things. I know not what my body and my senses are; and my soul, that part of myself which gives existence to my thoughts and words, reflects on everything, and on itself, is not better known to me than all the rest. I behold this frightful space of the universe that encloses me, and I find myself attached to a corner of this vast extension without knowing why I am rather situated in this place than in another, nor why this little time which is given to me to live is assigned to me for this period rather than another of the whole eternity that preceded me, or of that coming after me. On all sides I see but infinities, which enclose me like an atom, and like a shadow which lasts but an instant without ever returning. All I know is that I must soon die; but what I am most ignorant of is this death itself which I cannot escape. As I do not know whence I came, so also am I unconscious whither I go; I only know that when leaving this world I will fall forever either into naught, or into the hands of an angry God, without knowing to which one of these two conditions I shall eternally be allotted. This is my state, full of misery, feebleness and obscurity. And from all this I conclude that I must pass all the days of my life without endeavoring to find out what shall become of me. Perhaps I could find some enlightenment in my doubts; but I neither want to take the pains, nor take a step to find it; and besides treating with contempt those who are taken up with this care, I will, without foresight and without fear, face such a great event, and go joyfully towards death in the incertitude of my future condition?"

Who would wish to have a man who speaks thus for his friend? Who would choose him from among others to consult with him upon his affairs? Who would have recourse to such a one in his afflictions? and, lastly, for what end in life can such a one be destined? In truth, it is glorious for religion to have for its enemies such unreasonable men, and their opposition to it is so extravagant and contemptible that it serves but to establish its principles and truths. Christian faith strives chiefly to establish these two things: the corruption of human nature, and its Redemption by Jesus Christ; and if the

persons above mentioned do not serve to show by the sanctity of their lives the truth of Redemption, they serve to show in a very clear light the corruption of nature by sentiments so unnatural.

Nothing is so important to man as his future state; nothing so dreadful as an eternity of misery; therefore it is most unnatural to see men who pretend to be indifferent to their own destruction for time without end. And these reckless people in regard to eternity are altogether different in regard to other things; they fear even the slightest losses, pains or evils; they endeavor to foresee and guard against them; but when their all-important affair is at stake they seem to know nothing about it, to fear nothing. It is something monstrous to see in the same heart and at the same time such sensibility in regard to the slighted things, and such strange insensibility in regard to the greatest, the most important of all things.

There must be a strange perversion in the nature of man when he can bring himself to glory in such a state as we have above described; it seems as if it should be impossible to find even one who could so overturn the normal state of things. But experience shows us that there are many such, at least in appearance; for the majority of those men disguise themselves, and are not in reality such as they profess to be. There are men so blinded by selfish pride that they imagine everything should be at their dictum; they will acknowledge no superiority, although reason tells them there is such, and hence they endeavor to make themselves and others believe that manliness consists in shaking off the yoke of moral obligations imposed on them by their Creator. In this they strive to imitate such men as Voltaire, who when in health pretended independence, but when sick and fearing the anger of a just God if he died, tried to make a formal retractation and submission. This happening so frequently, it should not be difficult to make these blind followers of such a leader understand how much they abuse themselves in thus seeking esteem on such a false plea. This is not the way to acquire it; nay, I say that amongst persons of the world who judge wisely of things, they know that the only way to succeed in it is to strive to make oneself appear honest, faithful, judicious and capable of serving one's friends with utility, because men naturally love only that which can be useful to them. Now what advantage can there be for us to hear a man say that he has shaken off the yoke of moral responsibility; that he does not believe that there is a God who watches over his actions; that he considers himself as the

only master of his conduct, and that he thinks of rendering no account to any person of it save to himself? Does he think that by doing so he will have moved us to place thenceforward more confidence in him, or that we will expect from him consolation, counsel, or assistance in our difficulties through life? Do such men think they cause us any pleasure by telling us that they strongly cling to the opinion that our soul is nothing but a little wind, or smoke; or that they add anything to the strength of such assertions by making them in a seemingly self-sufficient, haughty tone of voice? Instead of pretending levity, should they not regard it as of the weightiest importance? Instead of pretending to be proud of such indifference, should they not rather speak of it in a sad tone? If they would reflect on it seriously, they would see that their course of reasoning and action is so contrary to good sense, so opposed to honesty, and so far absent from the manners which they look for, that they should tend rather to correct than corrupt those who might have an inclination to imitate them. And when pushed to render an account of their sentiments, and of the reasons they pretend to have for doubting religion, they will say things so feeble and so shallow that they will persuade you of the contrary.

Who would wish to become entangled by sentiments in which one has for companions such despicable creatures? Hence those who but feign these sentiments would be very unfortunate to constrain their natural disposition in order to render themselves the most impertinent of men. If in the bottom of their hearts they are angry not to have more light, let them not dissimulate; the declaration of the truth will not be shameful. There is no shame save in being void of shame. Nothing shows up an extreme feebleness of mind more than the knowledge that a man is without God; nothing shows more a bad disposition of the heart than not to wish the truth of the eternal promises; nothing is more cowardly than to make one's self brave against God. Let sensible people, then, leave such impieties to those who are ill-starred enough to be really capable of them; let them be honest men at least, if they cannot be Christians, and let them recognize that there are but two kinds of persons who can be called reasonable: either those who serve God with all their heart because they know Him, or those who seek Him with all their heart because they do not know Him.

But as to those who live without knowing Him and without seeking Him, they judge themselves, by showing themselves so little worthy of their own care, as not worthy to be cared for

by others; and must have all the charity which they affect to despise in order not to condemn them so as to abandon them to their folly.

P. K.

Address to Prof. Maurice F. Egan, LL.D.

Welcome, indeed! twice welcome, honor'd friend!
We're happy, overjoyed, to see you lend
Your genial presence to our youthful gaze,
The mind diverting from more tedious ways.

Hail! youth's preceptor, treasure to the land
That bore thee, risen to thy prestige grand,
What joy to us to come within the range
Of minds like yours that shine so brightly strange!

We see in you the loyal Christian man,
The wielder of a sacred pow'r that can
Protect and guide a nation; thine's a name
'Mong authors, scholars, teachers, known to fame.

When other mem'ries shall have pass'd away,
Thine will remain, still proof against decay,
In offspring of thy mind, for on the page
Of burnished lit'rature you've gain'd the age.

Happy are they whose minds you daily fill
With wholesome thoughts, and love of truth instil
Into their natures, giving with delight,
As flow'rs their balmy fragrance breathe at night.

We, too, feel pleas'd, and we to-night rejoice
Being thus favor'd with a lecture choice
From you, good Sir, whom nature kindly made
A type for minds ascending learning's grade.

With pride we see you in St. Viateur's hall;
With joy we greet you—teachers, students, all;
We know you've come, 'tis you we've lately sought,
To plant in us the seeds of your rich thought.

Let's hope they'll fall on warm and genial soil,
Where germinating, the sweet buds may smile
Themselves to blossom, presage of the store
Of golden, ripen'd fruit, the gain of lore.

In truth, kind Sir, you're not a stranger here;
We know you well, we hold you ever dear;
We've read your writings, we've discours'd your muse,
We know your worth, we see your noble views.

—*St. Viateur's College Journal.*

Chemical Changes.

When a bar of iron is drawn out into a wire finer than the finest hair, or when it is rolled into sheets of exceeding tenuity, or when it becomes magnetized, it acquires different properties; but at the same time the iron itself remains unchanged, and could be recognized by anyone as iron. These different changes of iron are called physical changes, and cause no change to take place in the molecules, and they retain their integrity throughout. But when this same piece of iron is left in the air for some time it becomes covered with a yellowish red

powder which has none of the properties of, and is essentially different from, iron, being a compound of oxygen and iron. In the same way when wood and coal are burned in the air they are converted into that aeriform substance called smoke, which has none of the properties of either wood or coal, but is, like iron, a compound of oxygen, and the chief constituent of wood and coal carbon. Such changes as these latter are known as chemical changes, and cause a disturbance in the molecules.

A chemical change has been properly defined as a combination of two or more elements to form a compound, or compounds, which have none of the properties of their constituents. They are divided into two great classes—the synthetical and the analytical. A chemical change which is caused by a combination of two or more substances is called a synthesis, and one which is caused by a decomposition of a substance is called an analysis. These changes are equally common in practical chemistry, and are governed by three important laws, namely: (1) The law of conservation of mass. According to this law the amount of matter is not altered by a chemical change. (2) The law of definite proportions. According to this, the composition of every chemical compound is always the same. (3) The law of multiple proportions. According to this, the different quantities of any element which combine with a fixed quantity of any other element bear a simple ratio to one another.

To understand well these laws is one of the first and most necessary requirements to begin the study of chemical changes. The only theory which can give us any key to these three laws is that theory which was thought of in a qualitative way by Democritus, Epicurus and Lucretius long ago, and by Kirwan in 1783, as well as by Higgins in 1789; hinted at by John Dalton in a memoir read before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society in 1803, and was finally brought forward along with the law of multiple proportions, upon which it was founded by a friend of Dalton's—Prof. Thomson, of Glasgow, in 1807. Dalton published it himself in a remarkable book, entitled "A New System of Chemical Philosophy" in 1808. Its name was the Atomic Theory, and it maintained that all matter is composed of small particles called molecules; that these molecules were composed of indivisible particles of the elements only, which were called atoms; that these atoms united to form molecules of different compounds. These atoms were given weights which were obtained by cautious experiments, and were called atomic weights.

Chemical changes are supposed to take place between these atoms and molecules, and a system of formulas and symbols was afterwards started by means of which one could calculate the reactions as in mathematics. This theory soon gained great favor with the scientists of the day, and is now the basis of all theoretical chemistry. It has made the field wider for chemical research, and has been the cause of the discovery of a great many new laws, such as the law of Valence, which governs the limit of combination between the elements, and is of immense importance in the calculation of chemical formulas; and Mendelegiff's great periodic law which makes a systematic classification of the elements according to their atomic weights and properties possible; and several others, all of equal importance. The weights of these atoms are obtained according to the law of Avogadro and the method of Raoult, and are a sort of specific gravity as referred to hydrogen as a standard. Valence, it must be remembered, is not a constant property of the elements; some having one valence and others having different ones altogether.

The chemical formulas of compounds are made up of a series of letters representing each element, and are intended to be molecular formulas; that is, to represent the molecular constitution of the compounds. A simple synthetical or analytical reaction, as above defined, is seldom, if ever, realized in nature. Almost every chemical process is attended both with the breaking up of molecules and the regrouping of the scattered atoms to form new molecules; that is, it involves both synthesis and analysis.

While there is, undoubtedly, something very confusing in the number of compounds of the various elements, when these are interpreted in the light of the atomic theory, the laws of valence and the great periodic law, the study of them is much simplified, and those elements which seemed to have no connection whatever are found to be constituent parts of a general system.

All chemical changes may be classified into three more direct classes than the first mentioned, namely, those which consist in direct combination, as when water acts on common lime, caustic lime is formed and is the only result of the change; those which consist in direct decomposition, as when chlorate of potash is heated, chlorate of potash and oxygen gas are formed, and are the only results of the change; and those which involve the interaction of two or more compounds and the formation

of two or more compounds. These latter go under the name of metathesis, and are by far the most common kind. In fact, there is very little essential difference between this kind and the other two mentioned; for example, when the element potassium is acted upon by hydrochloric acid, potassium, chloride and hydrogen gas are the results.

The primary cause of all chemical reactions is an attraction which exerts itself in different degrees according to the nature of the elements taking part. When elements or compounds are brought together, the tendency is to form the most stable compounds which can be formed by them under the conditions, as in the reaction given above, where potassium and hydrochloric acid act on one another; potassium, chloride and hydrogen gas are the most stable compounds which can be formed by potassium and hydrochloric acid. The reason why this is so can only be laid to chemical affinities. It is evident that this affinity is exerted more strongly between some elements than between others; as has been noticed, chlorine has more affinity for potassium than for hydrogen, because it dropped hydrogen to combine with potassium. Very little is known of this attractive force, as it is a very difficult operation to make measurements regarding it.

For a typical chemical reaction suppose two compounds AB and CD act upon each other in the gaseous conditions to form BC and CD. A has an affinity for B and for D; C has an affinity for D and for B; there should then be acting the affinities of A for B and of A for D; of C for D and of C for B. All act simultaneously, and an equilibrium is established. Here four possible compounds are formed, the quantity of each depending upon the strength of the various affinities. The same may be applied to a case where the substances act in solution, and a soluble product is the result; the reaction is not complete in any one direction, but an equilibrium is established between the four possible compounds. If the product is insoluble—a precipitate or volatile, a gas—the reaction may be, and usually is, complete, as the insoluble and gaseous product is removed as rapidly as formed.

The products of a chemical change are markedly influenced by the relative masses of the reacting substances. As an example of this, when nitrate of potash is acted upon by sulphuric acid, potassium, sulphate and nitric acid are the results of the reaction; and if the nitric acid forms in great excess it will act on potassium sulphate, and will form potassium nitrate and sulphuric acid—the original substance.

Considerable attention has been given of late to mass action, and it has led to the establishment of this law: chemical action is proportional to the active mass of each substance taking part in the change. Heat is always the result of a chemical change. It is stated that when one molecule of hydrogen combines with a molecule of chlorine to form two molecules of hydrochloric acid enough heat is generated to raise one pound of water to 97° of temperature. Light is frequently the result.

Chemical decomposition is divided into three classes, namely: dissociation, electrolysis and, in a few cases, concussion; that is, by mechanical disturbance of the mass, the very instability of the compounds which make this kind of decomposition possible, prevent any lucrative study of these phenomena.

Dissociation is decomposition by means of heat; an example of this kind takes place when ammonium chloride is heated, the results being ammonia gas and hydrochloric acid, this kind of decomposition is explained in the kinetic theory of gases. According to this theory, the molecules of a gas are constantly in motion; and the greater the heat applied to them, the greater the velocity they attain; and as they are moving in every direction there is an incessant colliding with a constant decomposition of the molecules. This takes place in solution as well as in gases.

Electrolysis is the decomposition of a compound by means of an electric current, as is illustrated in the decomposition of water. The hydrogen of a compound always appears at the negative pole of the battery. In electro-metallurgy, the metal is always deposited at the same pole. The elements are sometimes classed electro-positive and electro-negative, according to the pole at which they are deposited. This kind of decomposition is shown where an electric current passes through a solution of sulphate of copper. Copper is deposited at the negative pole; the radical sulphur forms sulphuric acid with water, and oxygen is liberated at the positive pole. The other class of chemical decomposition is seen in the case of violent explosives, such as nitro-glycerin, nitrogen, iodide, and a few others.

GEO. O'BRIEN.

CARDINAL GIBBONS, speaking on the subject of "Liberty," on Sunday, March 8, said: "What will it avail a man to be honored abroad as a public citizen if in the interior of his home and in the sanctuary of his heart he is the slave of his passions?"

The Flowers of St. Patrick.

The traditions and monuments which are bound up with the beautiful legend of *Les Fleurs de St. Patrice*, are, historically, as important as they are poetical. The subjoined account is from the pen of Mgr. Chevallier, President of the Archæological Society of Tourrain, and it was sent to the writer by his lamented friend, M. Fleurat, Curé de St. Patrice.

We have already observed how, in Ireland, natural monuments are a distinguishing feature of St. Patrick's history, and it is certainly very remarkable that the same characteristic should attach to the record of his life in France, where, year after year, thousands come to gather those winter flowers which are believed to be an undying witness of St. Patrick's connection with St. Martin of Tours.

It seems as if nature would fain repay Saint Patrick for the way in which he had honored the inanimate creation when he made high mountains his altars, and "bound to himself" the elements as attendants in the service of his Lord.

"On the banks of the Loire, a few leagues from Tours, a very remarkable phenomenon is repeated year by year, and from time immemorial, one concerning which science as yet has given no satisfactory explanation. This phenomenon, too little known, consists in the blossoming, in the midst of the rigors of winter, of the blackthorn, *prunus spinosa*, commonly called the sloe. We have lately verified this circumstance with our own eyes, and can vouch for its truth without fear of contradiction. We can appeal to the testimony of thousands who at the end of December in each year are eye-witnesses to its repetition, and we have ourselves gathered these extraordinary flowers. This remarkable shrub is to be found at *St. Patrice*, upon the slope of a hill not far from the Chateau de Rochecotte. The circulation of the sap, which should be suspended in winter, is plainly revealed by the moist state of the bark, which easily separates from the wood which it covers. The buds swell, the flowers expand as in the month of April, and cover the boughs with odorous and snow-like flowers, while a few leaves more timidly venture to expose their delicate verdure to the icy north wind. Shall I venture to add? to the flowers succeed the fruit, and at the beginning of January a small berry appears attached to a long peduncle in the midst of the withered and discolored petals which soon shrivel and dry up.

"This singular growth of flowers is almost unknown, although it has been repeated every year from time immemorial. The oldest inhabitants of *St. Patrice* have always seen it take place at a fixed period of the year, no matter how severe the season may be; and such has also been the ancient tradition of their forefathers, while the legend we are about to relate appears to attribute a very remote origin to the

fact; but as the shrub itself appears quite young, it is probable that it is renewed from the roots. However, this phenomenon is limited to the locality and to the shrub in question. Cuttings transplanted elsewhere have only blossomed in the spring, and the hawthorns which grow amidst the sloes do not manifest any circulation of sap.

"The incredulous will object that, after all, this circumstance is not more extraordinary than the flowering of the lilac in November, when the buds by an unwary mistake suppose that, in the still mild temperature, they have found the soft breath of spring. Our readers must not be deceived; the blackthorn of St. Patrick grows, develops and bears fruit in the midst of the rigors of winter in the most icy temperature. This year the flowers were in bloom from Christmas till the first of January, that is, at a time when the thermometer was almost always below freezing point. Although growing on the slope of a hill, this shrub is in no way sheltered from the north wind, its branches are encrusted with hoar-frost; the icy northeast wind blows violently amongst them, and it often happens that the shrub is loaded at one and the same time with the snow of winter and the snow of its own flowers."

(The author refutes the hypothesis of the proximity of a thermal spring; the ground, he observes, remains covered with snow, and the other shrubs do not blossom.)

"The inhabitants of *St. Patrice* record an ancient tradition, which in its simplicity is full of freshness and poetry. St. Patrick, it is said, being on his way from Ireland to join St. Martin in Gaul, attracted by the fame of that Saint's sanctity and miracles, and having arrived at the bank of the Loire, near the spot where the church now bearing his name has been built, rested under a shrub. It was Christmas time when the cold was intense. In honor of the Saint, the shrub expanded its branches, and, shaking off the snow which rested on them, by an unheard-of prodigy arrayed itself in flowers white as the snow itself. St. Patrick crossed the Loire on his cloak, and on reaching the opposite bank another blackthorn under which he rested at once burst out into flowers. Since that time, says the chronicle, the two shrubs have never ceased to blossom at Christmas in honor of St. Patrick."

When the present writer visited *St. Patrice* in August, 1881, he was struck by the extraordinary beauty and luxuriance of the foliage of the tree: it was so dense from the ground upwards that it was impossible to distinguish the stem, and he could understand how, when it flowers at Christmas, it supplies the country round with trophies of St. Patrick. It also appears that they are objects of religious veneration, as we learn that M. Dupont always kept a branch of the *Fleurs de St. Patrice* hung up in his room. The whole neighborhood is redolent of Saint Patrick. The railway stops at the *Station St.*

Patrice, the *Commune* is also named after the Saint, while at about thirty yards from the tree stands the ancient parish church dedicated to the Apostle of Ireland. From the style of its architecture it is clear that this church dates from the tenth or eleventh century, and in the *Cartulaire de l'Abbaye de Noyers*, beginning with the year 1035, we find no less than thirty charters relating to this church and the parish and cemetery attached to it.—From "*The Life of St. Patrick*" by the Rev. W. B. Morris.

Ivanhoe.

Ivanhoe is a work of fiction from the pen of that famous poet and novelist Sir Walter Scott. The book vividly recalls to our mind the condition of England during the reign of Richard I., called Cœur de Lion. The Normans had not been on the throne many years, and the Saxons had not become accustomed to their rule. The Normans treated the Saxons as little better than slaves. The plot of the book is said by some to be founded on facts, while it is denied by others.

Fact or not, the plot is well laid. Ivanhoe is disinherited by Cedric his father—an old Saxon lord, who entertained the idea of replacing the Saxon dynasty by the marriage of his ward Rowena and Athelstane, both being descendants of Saxon kings. Ivanhoe was disinherited because he wanted to marry Rowena. When he leaves home he goes to the Crusades with Richard. After a few years he returns unknown to the relations. He enters a tournament under the cognomen of Disinherited. He won the prize on the first day; on the second he is leader of one party and Bois Guilbert, the best lance in England, is leader of the other. Ivanhoe's party wins, but he is wounded. He is recognized, but disappears. He is taken care of by a beautiful Jewess named Rebecca. On the night following, Cedric, Rowena, Athelstane and the old Jew Isaac, and Rebecca are taken prisoners while on their way home by De Bracy, a Norman knight, who wished to marry Rowena. They are taken to the castle of Front de Bœuf. This castle is stormed and taken by Robin Hood, his archers and a knight in a black suit of armor whom no one knew. During this siege occurs one of the most beautiful acts of heroism in the book. A jester, Wamba, belonging to Cedric, offers to go into the castle in the disguise of a priest for the purpose of spying. He changes clothes with his old master knowing he will be killed; but he would rather die than to see his master.

Can there be conceived a more beautiful act than what was done by this poor, half-witted slave? After the castle is taken all are found safe but Athelstane and Rebecca. It is thought that the former is killed. Accordingly all repair to his house to hold funeral-obsequies. Here the black knight makes himself known as

Richard and demands from Cedric the fulfilment of a promise made him after the siege. Cedric says that he will fulfil it. The king then says that he wishes Ivanhoe again to be taken back. All is suddenly thrown into confusion by the return of Athelstane. Ivanhoe receives word that his benefactress is to be put to death as a sorceress unless a knight appears by a certain time who is willing to champion her cause. Although not fully recovered from his wound, he flies to her aid; Richard follows him. Rebecca had been conveyed to the preceptory of Templestowe by Bois Guilbert. She is found by the Grand-master, who, being very strict in his religious views, condemns her as a witch. Nothing can save her but a knight conquering Bois Guilbert. Ivanhoe gets there just in time. Although both he and his horse are much fatigued, he proceeds to battle. Bois Guilbert is killed by the hand of God; Ivanhoe returns and is married to Rowena.

Ivanhoe is a character skilfully drawn, but rather unreal. The idea of a mere stripling conquering in one day five of the best lances, is absurd. The author has made a beautiful character of Rowena. She is all that comprise the ideal woman. The last scene between her and Rebecca shows the compassion that a happy woman has for an unhappy one. Rebecca, although a Jewess, is none the less a true woman. This last scene portrays a Jewess altogether different from what they were then thought to be.

It is hard to distinguish which one of these two noble women Scott designed as his heroine. Both are painted as the most beautiful pictures of noble womanhood. If there is any difference I think Rebecca has the advantage. Locksley or Robin Hood is a noble specimen of manhood. The jester is the most comical character in the book. The author surely did not have much respect for religion. Of all the religious characters there is not one in the book worthy of the reader's respect. Friar Tuck is a low, brutal robber; Prior de Amger is a man of no good impulses; he is deceitful, and would betray his best friend for a butt of wine. The Templars are merely a mask for a band of robbers. The most beautiful part of the book is the tower scene in which Rebecca stands at a window and tells the wounded Ivanhoe how the battle goes. She is so accurate in her description that Ivanhoe knows as much about the battle as if he himself was at the window. Rebecca uses the prettiest language of any character. The whole book may well be said to abound in beautiful language and figures of speech. Ivanhoe is not Scott's best work, but it is well up in the front ranks.

J. D. CLAYTON, '94.

THE man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. No matter how much wealth a man possesses, he can neither be contented nor happy without occupation.

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

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

The Lætare Medal.

On last Sunday afternoon the ceremony announced in the SCHOLASTIC took place at the Archbishopal residence, adjoining the Cathedral, in Philadelphia when the Lætare Medal of the University was presented at the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan to the Hon. Daniel Dougherty as a mark of special tribute to the ability and worth of the man and the distinguished services rendered to the American Catholic public. Prof. M. F. Egan had conveyed the medal to the Archbishop, and, as the representative of the University, read the address published last week. The ceremony was held after the dinner given by his Grace to Mr. Dougherty and Prof. Egan and a number of the members of the clergy present by invitation. After Prof. Egan's address, the Archbishop spoke briefly in making the presentation, saying that it gave him the greatest pleasure to have been chosen the intermediary of the Faculty of the institution on the occasion. He added that the words of the address met with his cordial approval, and that he was delighted to see one of his dearest friends so highly honored and his services so properly appreciated.

In reply, Mr. Dougherty said: "This distinction, coming to me from the honored Faculty of the University of Notre Dame, and brought to me by such a dear friend as Maurice Egan, is rendered doubly precious by being presented to me by his Grace, the Archbishop of Philadelphia, whom I love and reverence with every faculty of my mind and heart. I can only say, as to the sentiments of the address, that I feel like the poor publican and must cry out: 'God be

merciful to me.' If I have not deserved them, as I humbly acknowledge, I do hope that whatever of life still remains to me I may always prove myself a true Catholic and a true American."

The Festival of the Gael.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY! Surely, it is the most remarkable, from many points of view, of all the three hundred and sixty-five in the calendar. Imagine a stranger from some other planet—the case is not supposable for an inhabitant of earth—arriving in any considerable city of the world on Tuesday next, and asking what is meant by the celebration, the religious services, the procession of green-badged thousands, the stirring music, the crowded banquet-halls, and the speeches so enthusiastically applauded? He is told that it is St. Patrick's Day. "And who is St. Patrick?"—"A saint who died fourteen hundred years ago, and the patron of Ireland."—"What is Ireland?"—"A little island about three thousand miles from America." When the stranger would learn in response to further inquiries that Ireland is not, and, for seven centuries, has not been an independent nation; that her population is scarcely five millions, although her national holiday is celebrated by five times that number scattered through every civilized country of the world; that three-fourths of these millions who honor her festival have never visited her shores, nor seen the shamrock so proudly worn growing on its native heath,—he might be pardoned for concluding that Ireland is a strange country and the Irish a strange people.

Were he an analyst of Irish character—even a comparatively shallow analyst—he would understand the phenomenon of St. Patrick's Day; for he would know that the love of the Irish emigrant for the land that gave him birth is a passion that distance but intensifies, and one which, its vigor all undiminished, he bequeaths to his children and their heirs forever. Looking on the thousands who wear the shamrock, he would appreciate the fact that, whether sons of Ireland, or of Ireland's sons, whether the silvery streams, the velvety turf, the sparkling lakes, the verdant glens, the hoary round towers, and the ruined abbeys of Erin come back to them as memories or as traditions, they feel that they can truthfully say to her:

"And still we turn, with hearts that burn,
In tender love to you, Dear Land,
In tender love to you."

To all through whose veins courses a single

drop of Irish blood, affection for the land of their fathers is an inheritance of their earliest years; and as in perusing her annals the drama of her national life becomes gradually unfolded to their view, the value of the inheritance grows more and more enhanced. For they are proud of Ireland's record,—proud of the ancient civilization that adorned Hibernia when more than half the nations of modern Europe were but wandering tribes and barbarous hordes,—proud of the unrivalled splendor of her golden age, when sanctity and scholarship found in Erin a refuge elsewhere sought in vain,—proud of the martial glory of the years that followed, when the invincible Northmen recoiled before her impetuous defenders and were swept from the sea-girdled isle forever,—proud of the dauntless valor that for centuries kept at bay the Norman invader, and dyed a thousand battlefields with foemen's blood,

"Ere the Emerald gem of the Western world
Was set in the crown of the stranger,"—

aye, and proud, too, of the fortitude, the heroism, and the unswerving fidelity to principle that gleam like myriad stars through the murky canopy of her penal night. And though Ireland lost her crown of nationhood, they still find cause for pride in that she has never lost her national instincts, has never proved a quiescent slave.

Every decade of the baleful seventy that have elapsed since the phrase "poor Ireland" first gained a meaning, has heard her protest against oppression; and more than one of those decades have seen eruptions whose fury proved too well that the volcano of Irish discontent was anything but extinct. Never wanting to Erin have been valorous sons, noble with the nobility of truth; sons who held

"That it becomes no man to nurse despair,
But in the teeth of clinched antagonisms
To follow up the worthiest till he die."

Their worthiest was the endeavor to strike the shackles from off their mother's limbs; and that thousands of them followed it, even to the cannon's mouth, the scaffold's beam, or the dungeon-cell, the world bears witness and Irish hearts attest. Men, looking at the surface of their work, say they failed; but in the fullest and deepest sense of the word they succeeded. No life whose aim is noble, whose battles are fought on the side of truth and justice and freedom, is ever a failure. No martyred child of liberty has ever died in vain. The form of Emmet robbed the scaffold of its ignominy while he was yet in the flush of his youthful manhood; yet who shall say that his life and death have not engendered to Ireland as many

patriot hearts as ever throbbed responsive to the master touch of O'Connell. The men of '98 and '48 may have employed means less prudent than their motives were pure, but one thing they did achieve:

Freedom's censer they swung, and the coals they kept
burning
Were the womb whence sprang forth the bright flames
of to-day.

Others of Erin's sons in later times have believed and believe that as mind is mightier than matter, so ideas are more potent than swords, and that public opinion can effect wider and more lasting breaches in the ramparts of injustice than can the combined artilleries of the world. So thought O'Connell—and the monster dragon, British misrule, reeled before his onslaught; so think the present Irish party, and, wounded unto death, that dragon totters to its speedy fall.

Yes, the centuried struggle finally draws near its end. The actual disunion that prevails among the representatives of Ireland may, perhaps, merit the epithet, calamitous, but surely only in a relative sense. That disunion may prove a temporary hindrance to victory, it will never become a permanent obstacle. At most the crowning of Ireland's hopes has been retarded; no student of the Irish question, in the phases that have been developed during the past decade, will claim that she has sustained an irreparable loss. The right and truth and justice of Ireland's cause remain unaffected by the recent imbroglio, and that cause has made such giant strides since 1880 that the moral downfall of a hundred Parnells could not permanently obstruct its triumphal progress. True, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick"; but hope deferred is not hope abandoned; and no veteran of three-score who grieves over this temporary halt in Erin's march to Home Rule need falter in his hope of yet seeing

"Ireland as she ought to be—
Great, glorious and FREE!"

A. B.

What Poetry is not.

Each standard definition of poetry is complete for ordinary propositions, but all are exhausted when greater accuracy is sought. Poetry is the "product of an excited imagination"; it is "What has oft been thought before, but ne'er so well expressed"; it is the "expression of the inexpressible." It is all of these and none of these, for it is more; and the better way to tell what it is would be to tell what it is not.

There is a great deal of moral verse that is

badly written, and there is perhaps more well-written verse that is sadly immoral. But neither the one nor the other of these is poetry; for the first offends against expression, the next against thought. Immorality never has the quality of true poetry; and when Byron begins to be indecent, he ceases to be poetic. If a man has badness in him, he should get it out; but he should never let it go into verse, for no matter how artistic the immodest thought, it is unworthy of both forms of literature. Amiability or overwhelming merit is not an apology for wrongdoing, because viciousness is more contemptible when it gives evidence of greater power. It is extravagant to think that a man's life-work will ever be estimated by anything but the good it does. Shakspeare is most refreshing where he is most chaste; and the best word we have for Wordsworth is that he was always pure. Rossetti might be remembered and respected if he were not paltry; but bad verse nourishes corruption, and corruption cannot live. Excellence is degraded when it is associated with anything vulgar, and the only aim that is worthy of a clever poet is honest, persevering adherence to the noblest sentiments of man.

The right rendering of truth is an inestimable merit, and according to the dignity of the truths he makes us feel we recognize the power of the poet. But truth should not be selfish, for selfishness is the prerogative of savage poetasters; nevertheless, good poets are often disgraced by indelicacy. And if at times Burns were less obtrusive, he would seem more sincere, and some of his tavern verse might put on the dignity of poetry. There is nothing essentially evil in that a poet should confide his tender sentiments to us; however, it is often thought that the author of "Locksley Hall" is not Tennyson the true poet, but rather the poetic Mr. Tennyson. When we find the wasted features of the author staring at us from his every page we begin to feel uncomfortable, and pay more attention to the features than the verse. That poem is a masterpiece which makes us disregard the writer and acknowledge the excellence of what he wrote, and the poem that does anything else fails of its mission. How many have attended in the reading to whether Milton wrote "Paradise Lost," or not? It is a wonderful epic; it bears the stamp of genius; but death may take the genius, if he leaves us the epic.

Satire is censure in a mild way; it is one of the superior forms of poetry; but sarcasm—the product of a soul embittered—is worse than worthless, it is intolerable. Everybody respects

Pope in the "Rape of the Lock," because in this poem he rises to the blessedness of peacemaker; but when he rants at his enemies, making poetry suffer, he prostitutes his powers, and nobody respects him. Pope must have led a savage life; he did very little good, because he was always bent on prosecuting some little scheme of vengeance; he thought nothing of losing a capital supper to get even with some wretched critic. Now a poet ought to be the most tender-hearted soul on earth, and he is so whenever he is true to his art. How noble literature would be if every poet were like Shakspeare, never selfish; or like Longfellow, always amiable.

A pessimist is an unoffending sort of person, generally witless, who amuses himself by offering dyspeptic reflections on the misery in which "we live and move and have our being." Sometimes, alack, he makes indifferent verse in which he announces his intention of treating all men with unqualified contempt. Of course, it may be truer to think that nobody knows anything, but it is more tolerant to say that everybody knows something. Life is one of the best things we have in this world, and if the other world offers nothing better, we might as well live it out cheerfully. None of our poets are best when they are pessimistic, and yet it seems that mere versifiers are only good when they are heaping contempt on themselves. Fortunately, pessimists, like poets, are born, although there is some reason in these latter days to fear that Edison can make them.

Inseparable with the creation of any really great work is the critical appreciation of it; indeed, honest criticism may be said to produce power since it produces confidence, for confidence is the chief stimulant of power. He who forms a just judgment of a poem makes the writer independent, gives him the heart to rear high monuments of undying thought, and destroys the curse of art, conventionalism. Moreover, it is true—nay, it is almost a truism—that only the wise can fully comprehend the wise, and it is necessary, too, for the sake of the unlearned, that criticism be cultivated. The appreciative critic distinguishes mere technicalities from the simple, powerful strokes of the master, and herein his dignity is little less than the poet's: the one gives us a study, the other aids us in study. It is difficult to say to which we are more indebted; but next to the divine mission which the poet has to make a great work we must esteem the critic's task to make a work great.

T. A. CRUMLEY.

Consecration of the Rt. Rev. A. Louage, C. S. C.

Translated from the Annales de Saint Joseph.

On Sunday, January 11th, the consecration of Mgr. Augustine Louage, Bishop of Dacca, Eastern Bengal, took place at the College of Ste. Croix, Neuilly, Paris. The new bishop is a member of the Congregation of Holy Cross, in which, for upwards of twenty years, he devoted himself to the education and direction of youth with indefatigable zeal and the most happy results. He was at one time also a most zealous missionary. The colonial seminary of the Holy Ghost preserves the name of the Abbé Louage in its registers of sacristans and masters of ceremonies. It was there he made his studies and was trained in the spirit of the priesthood by the venerable Liebermann. He was afterwards sent to the Isle of Bourbon, then to the Isle of Maurice and to the Antilles, giving himself with particular earnestness to the training of the young. He subsequently arrived in the United States where he founded the ecclesiastical seminary of Wheeling, West Virginia.

Shortly after this he entered the Congregation of Holy Cross, where his piety and talents were soon remarked, and he became successively Master of Novices at Notre Dame, Indiana, and Provincial of Canada. For the past three years he directed the Province of France until Leo XIII. called him to fulfil a laborious and difficult duty in Eastern Bengal, where since 1842 the religious of Holy Cross have been engaged in missionary work. His humility caused him to protest for a long time against the desire of the Sovereign Pontiff; but this desire became a formal decision, and he accepted the honor which the court of Rome designed for him. He embarked on Feb. 8, at Marseilles, on the *Melbourne* bound for Calcutta.

The festival of the Epiphany—the solemnity being observed on Sunday—was very appropriately chosen for the consecration of such a bishop, and more than one fitting reflection might be made during the ceremony. As Kings came from the East to celebrate the birth of the Saviour, so by a happy coincidence Asia and Africa were represented on the present occasion. Two missionary bishops, Mgr. Thomas, ex-delegate of the Holy See to Persia, Archbishop of Andrinopolis, and Mgr. Dubouin, Bishop of Raphance in Senegambia, were present to salute and lead to the altar one who was soon to share in their difficulties and dangers among the infidels. Mgr. Fabre, Archbishop of Montreal and the friend of Mgr. Louage, conferred the episcopal dignity upon the religious whose eminent qualities he could appreciate better than any other.

Among those present, besides the family of the new bishop, were the pastors of Passy and Neuilly, the Commissioner-General of Canada and the Marquis of Bassano. With the religious of Neuilly were the Rev. F. Steunon, Master of

Novices at Angers; Brothers John Baptist, Phileas, Alexis, Superiors at Meslay, Craon, Ernee, delegates of the Province of Ste. Croix in France. The sister of the new bishop, an humble daughter of St. Francis, could not attend; but she was present in spirit, and prayed to Heaven to bless her brother who, like herself, was habituated to sacrifice.

The students of Neuilly, together with those of Vesinet, filled the chapel, which was gaily decorated with banners of red velvet and golden borders and adorned with the armorial of bishops. The respectful affection of the friends of Mgr. Louage had thoughtfully presented him with those insignia of his new functions. Turcoing sent him an ornament embroidered by the Ladies of the Confraternity of Lourdes and bearing the arms of his native country; from Ste. Croix he received a precious mitre and crozier, and a relative sent a pastoral ring. Finally, the pectoral cross, which for many years had been worn by Mgr. Belouino, whose memory is dear at Ste. Croix, was placed upon the breast of Mgr. Louage. And thus two episcopal hearts will have beaten beneath the same sign of salvation, borne by them to distant nations. On bequeathing this cross to the College at Neuilly, Mgr. Belouino was far from thinking that it would be destined for the work of the missions; and thus how great must have been the emotion of the new bishop as he received at the foot of the altar this souvenir of a former prelate who now sleeps peacefully in the Lord.

When Mgr. Louage, clothed in his episcopal robes, passed through the assembled throng giving his first pontifical blessing, every head was bowed, and when he returned, with the assistant bishops to take possession of the episcopal throne, all eyes were fixed upon him with an expression of filial devotion. At the sight of this humble religious raised to the dignity of the fullness of the priesthood, relatives and friends shed tears of joy.

The solemn benediction of the bishop was still more moving. When he intoned the words *Sit nomen Domini benedictum*, his voice trembled with emotion and showed the depth of his affection for those whom he was blessing for the last time. These sentiments of the heart will remain impressed upon the motto and the arms of Mgr. Louage. His motto is an expression of the heart: *In cruce salus*; it is the proclamation that he will carry to the pagan peoples of the luxurious East. The arms are a cross of gold on an azure field with two silver anchors and a silver key with the monogram of the Blessed Virgin.

The cross and the anchors are the seal of his Community of Holy Cross to which he is ever devoted. The monogram of the Blessed Virgin recalls, with the English magazine—the *Ave Maria*, published by the Religious of the Holy Cross, at Notre Dame, Ind.—the Catholic University founded in the United States in 1840 by the Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General

of the Congregation, who, to his great regret, was unable to be present and witness the new functions of his son in Religion.

After the ceremony of consecration, the numerous guests repaired to the large dining-room which had been magnificently decorated. The walls were covered with armorial bearings, among which were those of Leo XIII., Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, the apostolic nuncio, the bishops present, Mgr. Belouino and Mgr. Dufal, the predecessor of Mgr. Louage in the See of Dacca. There were also several inscriptions among which was one very happily placed under the portrait of Leo XIII., *Euntes docete*.

At the beginning of the repast the President of the Academic Society of the College delivered a very feeling address of welcome to the bishops present and of felicitation to the newly consecrated bishop whom the students had so long revered as their father and friend. A cordial response was made by the Most Rev. Archbishop Fabre of Montreal. The memory of the day and its important ceremony will remain indelibly impressed upon the minds and hearts of the Students of Ste. Croix.

Local Items.

—Where is the school?

—Mike is a capital Farmer.

—Where! O where! is ye little cat gone?

—"Who built dat ark? Brudder No—ah!"

—Joe is making progress in autophotography.

—The personality of the architect of the ark is now an open secret.

—No wonder that there is a draught when Jim and "Fox" argue.

—Joe has become an expert billiard-player. Practice makes perfect.

—Charlie is magnanimous because there is nothing small about his *sole*.

—The night-hawk still goeth at large, notwithstanding he stole the cigar.

—Accost not ye scribe from ye upper window, it is an onslaught on his dignity.

—The formation of the local Temperance Society has received much attention from our exchanges.

—Mr. Thomas E. Simms, '79, of Springfield, Ky., was a very welcome visitor to the College during the week.

—The last competitive drill in Co. "B" was won by W. Ellwanger. The preceding drill was won by C. Gilbert.

—We are requested to announce that there will be no interruption of class-work at Easter. No leave of absence can be granted to students at that time.

—Next Tuesday is St. Patrick's Day. Solemn High Mass will be sung in the College Church,

and the panegyric of the Saint preached by the Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C.

—Next Tuesday afternoon a musical, literary and dramatic entertainment will be given by the members of the Columbian Society in celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

—We are pleased to notice that our clever young friend, Mr. J. Francis Sullivan, has secured an associate editorship on the *College-Man*—a paper devoted to student life and work in the principal colleges throughout the country.

—Thursday next is the Feast of St. Joseph, one of the patronal festivals of the Community. There will be Solemn High Mass and sermon in the College Church. The festival will be kept with particular solemnity at St. Joseph's Novitiate.

—Many of the students are taking great interest in Tarducci's "Life of Columbus," lately translated into English by Henry F. Brownson, LL. D., of Detroit. The work is published in two volumes and illustrated with twelve full-length engravings after Professor Gregori's celebrated mural paintings in the University of Notre Dame.

—Last week our veteran Brother Francis Xavier buried in Cedar Grove Cemetery, Notre Dame, Chippa, an Indian reputed to be nearly one hundred and fifty years old. He was one of the very few aborigines remaining in this part of the country, and formerly belonged to the Tribe of Miamis who lived in the neighborhood of Fort Wayne.

—Last Thursday afternoon the Rev. Father Zahm treated the students and Faculty to another of his charming lectures on subjects of travel. On this occasion Great Britain was his theme, and he treated it in his usual happy style. We would like to speak of the lecture at some length, but as our scribe was unavoidably absent, we were unable to obtain full particulars.

—The celebration of Lætare Sunday by especial exercises has come to be an established custom of the Leonine Society. On last Sunday, therefore, in compliment to Very Rev. Provincial Corby, a special programme, consisting of vocal music and elocutionary selections, had been arranged, and the excellent manner in which the various parts were rendered, merits more than passing comment. The exercises were opened by the Quartette in a selection which gave evidence of rare talent and careful preparation. Mr. M. Donahue then appeared in "The Landlord's Visit," and evoked much applause, his manner leaving nothing to be desired. He was followed by J. O'Rourke who reproduced with striking reality one of the most harrowing scenes enacted during famous "Ninety-eight." "The Thief on the Cross" was Mr. J. Maguire's theme, and he treated it in such a manner as to lend new interest to that well-known incident. "Balshazzar" was strikingly rendered by P. Quinn who is evidently possessed of considerable elocutionary power.

Mr. H. Santon entered fully into the spirit of "The Boy Hero" whose noble sacrifice of self saved a hundred lives. The last bit of elocution on the programme was "The Legend of the Organ-Builder," and its recitation by Mr. T. Crumley has rarely been excelled at Notre Dame. With a sweet and touching "Ave Maria" the night's entertainment came to a close, and Father Corby rose and congratulated the young participants. Rev. President Walsh also spoke in eulogistic terms of the evening's exercises, and exhorted his hearers to even greater efforts.

—PHILOSOPHER'S DAY:—It is doubtful if ever in the history of the University St. Thomas Aquinas' day was celebrated with greater joy by the philosophers and logicians than on last Saturday. The "beautiful" covered the earth to a depth of three or four inches; the weather was far from being disagreeable, and the students were in the best of spirits. It had been arranged that, contrary to the usual custom, the observance of the day would consist of a banquet furnished by the very worthy Professor of Philosophy, Father Fitte, and a trip to our little neighbor on the north, the city of Niles. Accordingly as the deep-toned church bell gave notice that one o'clock had come, a joyous band was gathered in the refectory of the Novitiate. Father Fitte had promised a feast worthy of the day, and his promise was more than fulfilled. After all had done ample justice to the bounteous hospitality, President Walsh spoke eloquently for several minutes on the great Doctor whose day was being celebrated. Father Fitte made a few happy remarks, and the first part of the day's program was disposed of. After returning to the reception room the philosophers were shown through the Novitiate. What strikes the beholder with the greatest force, while passing through the large, well-ventilated rooms, is the rigorous simplicity and spotless cleanliness met with on every side. The chapel with its beautiful new altar well deserves the lavish encomiums bestowed upon it. The building is in every way worthy of its name, and the manner in which its affairs are conducted reflects great credit upon it. Hardly had the building been explored and preparations made for a comfortable smoke before the sleighs drew up in front, and all, regardless of dignity, hastily jumped into them. The start was made to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" donated free of charge by the vocal class, and with light hearts and merry voices the party set out for Niles. But cutting through three inches of snow was found not so pleasant as anticipated, and it was resolved to return to South Bend and change vehicles.

The ride to Niles was devoid of special interest. Bertrand was passed safely: the old town was still enjoying the sweet slumber that has enveloped it for the last twenty years. A cordial reception from small boys with large snowballs awaited the dignified disciples of Aristotle as they entered the city of Niles. Dividing up into

bands of four and five the philosophers went out to look at the tall buildings. Tiring of this those educationally inclined turned towards the school-house and were soon lost sight of behind the large wooden doors; the temperance advocates wished to get up an open air meeting, but were voted down; the singers serenaded the inhabitants and sounds that "would melt the ear of Pluto" were emitted from many throats.

But the longest day has its end, and when night's sable curtain covered the earth, the signal was given for the return trip. Before going, however, a farewell concert was given in front of the Bond House, and then with banners flying and melody flowing the wagons slowly started out of the town. Not one philosopher or logician retired that night before voting inwardly that the day was the happiest of the present year, and that their glorious time was mainly due to their kind Professor, Rev. Father Fitte; to him they tender, one and all, sincere and hearty thanks, for his noble graciousness to them.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

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

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Blameuser, Benz, Brookfield, Bell, Brown, Cassidy, Castenado, Correll, Combe, T. Coady, P. Coady, Corrigan, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, Cahill, Chilcote, Dechant, Devanny, Frizzelle, J. Flannigan, T. Flannigan, Franks, L. Gillon, Gruber, Grothous, Gaffey, P. Gillon, Gorman, Heard, Hauskee, Houlihan, Hagan, Heineman, Jacobs, Kearns, J. King, Karasynski, Krembs, M. Kelly, T. King, E. Kelly, Lesner, Layton, Langan, G. Lancaster, McGrath, Manly, Mitchell, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McDonnell, F. McKee, J. McKee, McErlain, McConlogue, F. Murphy, J. Murphy, McCallan, Moshier, F. McCabe, McGinnis, Newman, Olde, O'Shea, Powers, Phillips, Roberts, Robinson, Ragan, J. F. Sullivan, Stanton, Scholfield, Sanford, Spalding, Soran, Vidal,* Vital.

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Messrs. Anson, Bergland, Burns, Ball, E. Bates, Brady, B. Bates, Bachrach, Browning, Boyd, Brown, Beaud, C. Bower, Casey, Chassaing, Cole, Carney, Coe, Connolly, Corry, Cahn, Cheney, Du Bois, Dion, Drumm, Dorsey, Delany, Eagan, Ellwanger, Foley, Fitzgerald, Farrell, Falk, Arthur Funke, Fleming, Fales, Gibert, G. Gilbert, H. Gilbert, Gibson, Gerlach, J. Greene, A. Greene, Gifford, Grund, Garennes des, Hagus, Hahn, Hack, Hake, Hoerr, Kearney, Kennedy, Kick, Kaumeyer, Leonard, Luther, La Moure, H. Mitchell, E. Mitchell, Mattox, Marr, Miller, Murphy, McCartney, W. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, A. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, Neef, O'Neill, O'Rourke, O'Meara, Orton, Payne, Palmer, Prichard, Pope, Quinlan, Renesch, Roper, Rend, Shimp, Spurgeon, Schillo, Slevin, Smith, Sutter, Sullivan, Treff, Thornton, Teeter, Todd, Taylor, Wellington, Wolff, Welch, Yingst, Zinn, Zoehrlaut, Jackson.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

Masters Allen, Ball, O. Brown, Bixby, Blumenthal, Burns, Blake, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Cornell, Coon, Curry, Crandall, Chapaton, Cross, Croke, Crepeaw, A. Coquillard, Christ, Corry, J. Coquillard, Drant, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, Durand, Everest, C. Furthmann, E.

* Omitted by mistake the last two weeks.

Furthmann, Fuller, Fischer, Fossick, W. Finnerty, Freeman, Gavin, Hoffman, Higginson, Howell, Jones, King, Kinney, Krollman, Kuehl, Kern, Keeler, Londoner, B. Loomis, Langevin, Lonergan, Lounsbery, G. Lowrey, Levi, T. Lowrey, Lee, Langley, W. LaMoure, Lawrence, E. LaMoure, McCarthy, Maternes, McIntyre, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Marre, McLeod, Nichols, O'Connor, Oatman, Otero, Pieser, Pellenz, Paul, Patier, Platts, Ransome, Rose, Russell, Roesing, Stephens, G. Scheerer, W. Scheerer, Steele, Trujillo, Trankle, Vorhang, Wolf, Wilcox, White, Washburne, Windmuller, Young, Zoehrlaut.

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List of Excellence.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Latin—Messrs. Manly, Hannin, Carney, Weakland; *Greek*—Messrs. Hennessy, Morris, Lauth, Dechant, Leo, Flynn, Quinn, Miskiewitz; *German*—Messrs. Rothert, Whitehead, Hahn, Ball, Kearney, Zeitler; *Algebra*—Messrs. Weakland, Flynn, Gallagher, Murray, McCabe; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. F. McCabe, Singler, Dierkes, Du Bois, Iwaszewski; *Grammar*—Messrs. McErlain, Dunlap, O. Johnson, J. Browne, Connolly, Pope, Smoger; *Reading*—Messrs. Norton, S. O'Brien, Vidal, Fales; *Orthography*—Messrs. Kick, Todd, Molitor, Zoehrlaut, Norton, S. O'Brien; *French*—C. Gillon, Neef, Des Garennes, Joslyn.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-Keeping—Messrs. Frizzelle, McCartney, Rebillott, Ball, Moshier, E. Smith; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. T. Greene, Newman, Welch, Frizzelle, Des Garennes, J. Girsch; *Grammar*—Messrs. Ball, O'Rourke, Hahn; *Orthography*—Messrs. Frizzelle, J. Greene, Gifford, Kelly, M. McGrath; *Reading*—Messrs. F. McCabe, Kelly, McGrath, Richardson.

Letters from the Archives of Bishops' Memorial Hall.

II.

[The following letter was written by Rt. Rev. John B. Purcell, second Bishop of Cincinnati, to Rt. Rev. Anthony Blanc, second Bishop of New Orleans. This interesting document has been presented to the Archives by Most Rev. Francis Janssens, D. D., present Archbishop of New Orleans:]

"DAYTON, OHIO, Jan. 15, 1849.

"RT. REV. AND DEAR FRIEND:

"Your ever grateful and my first ordained and most dear son, Rev. H. D. Juncker, with whom I am sojourn-

ing, after dedicating the new church of St. Joseph, yesterday, furnishes me paper, ink and pen to answer your last kind favor. God spare and aid your clergy, and above all yourself, in the arduous labors imposed on you by your sublime devotion in attending to the sick of cholera and other maladies. I hope Sisters Regina and Serena are safe, and all the good daughters of St. Vincent. You can scarcely credit the story of my singular motive for being from home about the time that your letter reached Cincinnati. A Mexican family from Puebla came with the American army to Cincinnati; as their having sold whatever their grocery afforded to the Americans during their stay in Puebla, and otherwise been friendly with them through the head of the family who was a German Catholic who had been in the United States, attracted the jealousy of the Mexican authorities and seemed likely to expose them to vexation and oppression if they remained in Mexico after the Americans had left. Well! A young woman of this family was lately on a visit to the house of Captain Lowe, of Batavia, twenty miles from Cincinnati, with whom her family had become acquainted in Puebla; and on her return to Cincinnati, she informed us that Captain Lowe showed her, between the leaves of a book a 'Consecrated Host' which he had brought from Mexico; you may imagine what our feelings were when we heard this—especially as we had every reason to believe the truth of the story related by the Mexican girl, whose tears, while she related it, attested her faith and her consternation. I immediately started off, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Wood to Batavia where Providence having arranged all things to honor our success, I was presented by the son (in the absence of his father who was dining with a Judge Feshlock, his father-in-law,) a Protestant church of England prayer-book, in which at the words of the psalm 'Bless the Lord O my soul' was the Host—a large one such as priests use at Mass—broken in two. Was it consecrated? was it not? This I could not tell; but at any rate, though not fasting, I consumed it on the spot. The prodigious mystery itself was insulted by the impious comments and profane jests of which this 'consecrated Wafer' (so called) was made the occasion, and it was indispensable to put an end to the desecration. Captain Lowe came home as soon as sent for; I told him plainly what I had done; and, though disconcerted and abashed, he received us politely. I asked him for the history of the host, and he said that a Mexican officer was mortally wounded and that as the priest in a carriage was taking to him the Sacrament, a shell burst near the carriage, (launched by the Americans) tore the carriage to pieces and killed the priest, and that an English gentleman, named Jamison, picked up the host and gave it to him. It might have been that it was in the absence of any other taken from the ostensorium, or that it was only an altar bread which the priest was taking with him to say Mass. At all events, it was our duty to save what it was—or what it was thought to be—from irreverence. We felt as if a mountain was taken from our breasts when we had done so.

"And now, beloved friend, can you learn anything from me of the circumstances of the death of a man named Fagin from Cincinnati, who died a few weeks ago in New Orleans, and whose body was brought to Cincinnati for interment in our cemetery? He was in our church and received the blessed ashes on last Ash-Wednesday. He was worth twenty or thirty thousand dollars, and intended as he is reported to have said, to leave his property to the Church. Some merchant in New Orleans—I presume a Protestant—was charged by him on his death-bed with the settlement of his affairs. A lawsuit was lately decided against me for property bought by Bishop Fenwick seventeen years ago, for \$1700, for which he got what turns out to have been a defective deed. The property is now worth upwards of \$60,000!! *Deo gratias!* And as 'God tempers the wind for the shorn lamb,' a wealthy Catholic has just made me a conveyance of property worth \$21,000, to go towards endowing my seminary. Adieu. I have occupied too much of your time. Pray for

"Your devoted brother *in æternum*,

"✠ J. B., Bp. Cin."

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—At the last meeting of St. Angela's Literary Society, Miss Mary Roberts was elected to the office of President, and Miss M. Wagner to that of Vice-President.

—The First and Second Senior classes took part in the reception held last week, at which the Misses Gibbons, Bassett and Buck rendered the musical and literary features of the evening.

—Several interesting competitions have been held lately in the various classes; among them may be mentioned a spirited contest in the First Preparatory Grammar Class, the officers of which were Mary Roberts and Nellie Moore, ably assisted by M. Clifford, M. Galvin, F. Soper and H. Pengeman.

—After the distribution of "points" on Sunday evening, Rev. Father Scherer took occasion to compliment Miss C. Hurley on the excellence of her essay, which appeared in last week's SCHOLASTIC. He said the sentiments embodied in the composition on "Home" should be the sentiments of every devoted daughter.

—There is something about a sleigh-ride that gives it a special charm to young people; the merry sound of bells and the invigorating, frosty air seem to combine in lending a fascination to that form of enjoyment, as was evidenced by the eagerness with which the graduates made preparations, on Thursday last, for their first sleigh-ride this season. On the same day the Minims, not awed by Mr. Shickey's "prancing steeds" and gaily ornamented conveyance, enjoyed a long ride, snugly ensconced in a straw-lined "Bob-sleigh."

—The Christian Art Society devoted its last meeting to a study of Overbeck, whose life, charmingly sketched by Miss Eliza Allen Starr, was read by the Misses Crane and Hamilton. A paper on early Christian art was next read by Miss Hurff, after which copies of Overbeck's works were examined and their characteristics considered. The pupils of the Art department are privileged in the opportunities afforded to acquire a knowledge of eminent artists, as copies from the works of nearly all the masters are to be found in St. Luke's Studio collections, and the Library is provided with the best works on art and artists.

—The Class of '91 presented the third number of *Rosa Mystica* on Lætare Sunday. The paper was well edited and reflected much credit on the writers. The principal articles were: "Devotion to St. Joseph"; "Class Criticism"; "Looking Backward"; "The Sleigh Ride"; "A Mathematical View of School-life"; a notice of Rev. Father Fitte's lecture, and a tribute to Very Rev. Father General. The paper was well read by Miss J. Currier and Miss K. Hurley. While much of the matter in the various class papers

is local in its interest, there can be no doubt as to the benefits arising from their composition. Talent which might otherwise remain latent is developed, when the members of a class work together for the common good, and co-operation serves to strengthen the bonds of union and kindness, thus adding to the joys of school-life.

—Mr. Ruskin, in writing on lectures, says: "To-day, everybody wants to *hear*, nobody to *think*." True as this may be as a general assertion, it loses its application in particular cases, as was evident on Thursday last, when Rev. Father Fitte delivered his second lecture on "Moral Liberty." To hear the reverend speaker was to think; for in clear, forcible and elegant language he presented the various points bearing upon the subject of free-will, stating the arguments urged by fatalists, and demonstrating the truth that man holds a power in the exercise of which the Almighty Giver of this gift does not interfere. An opportunity such as was afforded the classes privileged to attend the lecture is a rare one, and its value cannot be overestimated; for one's whole life must be influenced by convictions fully established under the guidance of so able, so earnest a teacher as Rev. Father Fitte.

Monuments.

It has been said that the poet voices the sentiments of the human heart; and yet, musical as are the lines and poetic the thought embodied in the following stanza, there are few whose spirit would echo the wish therein implied:

"O Memory! thou lingering murmur
Within joy's broken shell,
Why have I not, in losing all,
Lost thee as well?"

What is the meaning of the little spray of forget-me-not, lovingly pressed into the hand of a friend at parting, or the wreath of immortelles sacredly placed on the bier of the dead? The massive pyramids, the stately obelisks, the delicately carved memorials in Westminster are not more significant. They are all expressions of that innate desire of man to be remembered. Men in all ages have evinced this desire, though perhaps in varied degrees. Was it not that they might live in the memory of their descendants that the dwellers in "the fertile land of Senaar" formed the design of building the Tower of Babel? Sesostriis marked his course of conquest by monuments bearing his name; and down the long ages has history traced her fortunes in books of stone.

The memorial raised to the honor of the Spartan heroes of Thermopylæ, and the little

white stones that mark the last resting-place of the soldiers who sleep at Arlington are alike in the lesson they teach—gratitude and heroism. Looking upon them we cannot but feel grateful that they who rest beneath shed their blood in a noble cause, and that spirit of thanksgiving must awaken aspirations towards that which is worthy; such are the sentiments that go to make heroes. What American could gaze unmoved at the shaft which a nation raised in honor of the great, noble Washington! Surely it is a monitor that speaks to the hearts of all, inculcating the highest type of manhood and patriotism.

Eloquent as are such monuments, there are others which mark lofty principles, ennobling qualities,—memorials which kindle the light of faith in darkened hearts, awaken sweet sympathies in the souls of men, and lead the inhabitants of earth to the gates of the celestial city. These voices that speak of by-gone days come not from the carved marble or granite, but from the pages of books. Ah! such monuments, when they breathe of the spirit of Christ, when they bear the impress of truth and love, reach to the very throne of God, and far and wide is their influence exerted on His creatures. Enduring are such mementos, for truth is undying.

Side by side with these monuments may we place those reared for "sweet charity's" sake—refuges for the needy, the sick; asylums for the unfortunate; homes for the homeless—these are the works that shall not burn as stubble when the fabrics of the world are tried by fire.

Gleaming white amid the trees in the "cities of the dead" are memorials that mark the resting-place of dear ones, and which are but too often the sign of desolation in hearts left to mourn; but how much more touching is the memorial of a life consecrated by sorrow, devoted to the assuagement of others' grief in memory of her own! Such monuments perish not.

On all sides do we behold actions crystallized into memories that can never pass away; for example is a powerful factor in the erection of those greatest of all monuments—noble, self-sacrificing lives that will cause those who come under their influence to strive after the "better gifts," and thus perpetuate the work of Christ upon earth. Such memorials are built only with much pain, and require the sharp chiselling of misfortune in preparing the materials employed; but what matter if the cypress leaves twine around it? it will one day reach the blue dome above, when in Heaven's light the sad cypress leaves will be changed to the laurels of victory.

CATHERINE HURLEY (*Class '91*).

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Allen, Balch, Buck, Bassett, Bero, Bunbury, E. Burns, A. Butler, Brady, Bogart, Currier, Coleman, Charles, Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, Crilly, Call, Carpenter, Crane, Calderwood, Dority, Dennison, L. Du Bois, B. Du Bois, M. Donehue, Margaret Donehue, Evoy, Fehr, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Gibbons, Green, Good, Galvin, Grauman, I. Horner, C. Hurley, Hurff, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Minnie Hess, Mollie Hess, Holmes, Hutchinson, Hanson, Hunt, Hopkins, Haight, D. Johnson, Kimmell, Kirley, Kingsbaker, Kinney, Kiernan, Lynch, Lauth, Ludwig, Leahy, F. Moore, McFarland, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, M. Murphy, M. Moore, McCormack, Mullaney, N. Moore, McGuire, McPhillips, E. Murphy, Nacey, Nickel, Norris, Niemann, Naughton, O'Leary, Patier, Pengemann, Quinlan, Quinn, C. Ryan, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Root, Rizer, Ryder, Ripley, Robinson, D. Spurgeon, M. Smyth, Sanford, Sena, Singler, Seeley, Tipton, Tod, Tormey, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Wile, Witkowsky, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, M. Wagner, Whitmore, Wolffe, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustin, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. G. Bachrach, Bartholomew, M. Burns, Clifford, Coady, M. Davis, Doble, B. Davis, Fossick, Gilmore, B. Germain, P. Germain, Hickey, Holmes, Kellner, Kelly, Meskill, Mestling, O'Mara, Palmer, E. Quealy, Roesing, Reeves, Soper, E. Shaffer, M. Scherrer, S. Smyth, L. Schaefer, N. Smyth, Seeley, Van Liew, Wurzburg, E. Wagner, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS.—Misses Balch, Clarke, Currier, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, Moore, N. Morse, McFarland, O'Brien, Van Mourick.

1ST SENIOR CLASS.—Misses Fitzpatrick, Griffith, K. Morse, Nickel, Thirds, Wile, Nacey, Hamilton, Crane, E. Murphy, Haight, Nester, Quealy.

2D SENIOR CLASS.—Misses Bassett, Coleman, Dennison, Gibbons, Haitz, Howe, Lynch, M. Moynahan, M. Murphy, A. Ryan, C. Ryan, Spurgeon, Allen.

3D SENIOR CLASS.—Misses Bero, Charles, Clayton, Cohoon, Dempsey, Donehue, Mary Donehue, Eisenstädt, Green, Kimmell, Kirley, Norris, M. Patier, Quinlan, M. Smith, Zahm, Calderwood, Robinson, A. Tormey.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses Brady, M. Cooper, Carpenter, Farwell, Galvin, Good, Grauman, Holmes, Hutchinson, Kiernan, McCormack, N. Moore, Mullaney, Pengemann, Roberts, E. Seeley, H. Van Mourick, M. Wagner, Clifford, O'Mara, Wurzburg, Soper.

2D PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses Bogart, A. Cowan, Dougherty, Evoy, Fehr, Hunt, Johnson, Kasper, Kieffer, M. Fitzsimmons, S. McGuire, A. Moynahan, Neimann, Naughton, Leahy, C. O'Brien, O'Leary, Quinn, Ripley, Rizer, Tipton, Tod, Whitmore, Wolff, Young, M. G. Bachrach, A. Seeley, M. Davis, B. Davis, Gilmore, Kelly, S. Meskill, Scherrer, S. Smyth, E. Wagner.

3D PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses Hopkins, Ryder, Sena, Singler, Palmer.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses L. Adelsperger, Bartholomew, Fossick, Hickey, Kellner, C. Young, E. Smyth, Van Liew, P. Germain.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS.—Misses M. G. Bachrach, Coady, Schaefer, J. Smyth, White.

2D JUNIOR CLASS.—Misses Crandall, L. Mestling, M. McLoughlin, Eldred, M. Egan, Finnerty, M. Hamilton, McKenna, Otero, Girsch, N. Young.