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BY RUHTRA.

There is beauty in each fair season
Of the ever-changing year,
In the color and fragrance of summer,
And in winter's Christmas cheer;
In the golden fruitage of autumn
When the harvest-song is rife,—
But the fairest of all is the May-time,
And Youth is the May-time of life.

O the gladsome thrill in the pulses,
The dancing blood in the veins;
O the future glowing with splendor,
And the heart all free from stains!
Let us cling to our youth forever—
'Tis a marvel we all may do,—
For our life will be always May-time
If our hearts be always true.

A Flower from the Garden of American Poetry.

BY FRED. EMIL NEEF, '92.

In the treasury of American literature there is one poem which for purity, beauty and originality is unexcelled by any other American production. I speak of Longfellow's "Evangeline." This poem was written by Longfellow when he was professor of modern languages and belle-lettres in Harvard College. It was, however, not published until the next year, when it appeared with several other poems. Longfellow knew how to appeal to the common affections of his countrymen. This is what made him great. And where does he exercise this inborn power with greater ability than in "Evangeline"? Its story is based on the early history of our country; its characters are the

early settlers; its scenes are the scenes of America's primitive state; its flowers, even, belong to this country's flora. But it is not this alone that makes "Evangeline" such a welcome visitant at the fireside: tender pathos, blended with the calm spirit of religion, finds a key to every heart.

We do not know what actuated Longfellow in the composition of "Evangeline"; neither do we know what things might have influenced him. Nevertheless, we cannot doubt that the events and scenes of his travels in Europe must have influenced him to a certain degree; for instance, he seems to think of the *Angelus* bell, which he had often heard ringing from the belfry of Bruges, when he writes:

"Anon from the belfry
Softly the *Angelus* sounded."

Or, in another place, while describing the close of a merry evening at the home of Evangeline, he says:

"Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine—the village curfew—and
straightway
Rose the guests and departed."

II.

"Evangeline" consists of an introduction and of two other parts, each part being subdivided into five cantos. The whole poem is written in hexameter—a very difficult form of verse. After Longfellow, Arthur Clough and W. D. Howells are the only English poets who have attempted it with success. In "Evangeline" we find that technical correctness is often sacrificed to the more beautiful or more natural expression of some thought. This, however, cannot be called an error in poetry; for if a poem like "Evangeline" were perfect in *technique* it would more easily become monotonous to the reader. Ruggedness and variety are two important qualities in this kind of blank verse.

The story of Evangeline is brief and interesting. Evangeline is the daughter of Benedict Bellefontaine, a farmer of Grand-Pré. She is "the pride of the village," and many seek her love; but at her home no one is so welcome as Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith. They were in childhood taught together by Father Felician from the same book, and they grew up together as brother and sister. Soon the time comes when Evangeline is betrothed to Gabriel. With her betrothal the story fades gradually from happiness into pathos until it ends with a sigh and a groan. King George's edict is read from the altar of the village church. The royal officers lead the Acadians to the mouth of the Gaspereau. From the shore they see their burning homes, and they bid a sad farewell to the once beautiful Grand-Pré. The howling of the flames, the cries of smothering cattle, and the weeping of the Acadians on the strand break the tender heart of Evangeline's aged father.

Now takes place the scene of embarking: sisters are separated from their brothers; children are taken from the arms of their mothers and carried to strange vessels. Thus Evangeline is torn from her lover; and she sees with a heavy heart the vessel on which he was thrown disappear in the gloom of the evening. Years pass by; Evangeline is wandering from wilderness to wilderness, thinking only of the happy days of her childhood in Acadia, and of the one whom she has lost—lost, perhaps, forever. But Providence guides her steps, and she meets Father Felician who is accompanied by several Acadian villagers; together they undertake the difficult task of finding the settlement of Basil, the

blacksmith, who is said to be in Louisiana. The place of destination is reached; Basil is there; but on that very morning his son had departed for the Ozark Mountains to make a living by hunting and by trapping the beaver, because his troubled spirit can no longer endure the calm of a quiet existence. Evangeline cannot wait. The next morning she sets out, and, following her Indian guides, she reaches the Ozark Mountains. Gabriel is not there. Some Indians tell her that they have seen a white hunter on the banks of the Saginaw River. Thither Evangeline wanders, but she finds the hunter's lodge fallen into ruins. She has now no hope or wish in life, but to follow meekly in the footsteps of her Saviour. Going southward she comes to Philadelphia—the city of the Quakers—and there she lives as a Sister of Mercy. It comes to pass that a pestilence breaks out in the city; the hospital of the Sisters of Mercy is daily filled with homeless and friendless sufferers, and then it happens that, at one time while doing her work of charity, Evangeline recognizes Gabriel among the dying. Thus at last they meet each other; but it is their last meeting on earth; for while Evangeline is still kneeling at the bedside, Gabriel dies. And so the story ends.

The scenes of Evangeline's childhood are laid in Acadia—the original name for the peninsula which is now called Nova Scotia. This Peninsula was first settled by the French in 1604. During the one hundred years following the English conquered it at least three times, and as often was it again restored by treaty. After its final cession to England, in 1713, the Acadians, who were of French descent, were allowed to leave the peninsula within two years if they desired; but the majority remained in Nova Scotia. They willingly took the oath of fidelity to the British king, but they refused to take the oath of allegiance to him. Meanwhile, the French, who lost Acadia, settled the Island of Cape Breton, and from there roused the Indians to keep up a constant warfare with the English. The blame of this was thrown upon the innocent Acadians; and, in 1755, on their second refusal to take the oath of allegiance, or to take up arms against the French or their Indian allies, it was determined, at a consultation of the governor and his council, to remove the whole people, and disperse them along the Atlantic coast. Longfellow based his story of "Evangeline" on this episode in American history.

III.

Let us now consider some of the characters of the poem. Benedict Bellefontaine and René

Leblanc are good types of venerable old age. What lines could picture to us more beautifully the aged father of Evangeline than these:

"Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves."

Or, take this extract from the description of René Leblanc:

"Bent like a laboring oar that toils in the surf of the ocean;
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high, and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose with a look of wisdom supernal."

Do we not seem to see the year-worn notary standing before us when we read these lines?

The character of Benedict Bellefontaine is depicted with a slight touch of humor; but Michael, the fiddler, is the jolliest character. Basil the blacksmith, although naturally quick-tempered, seems to be happy at all times, yet he never gives way to joking. Father Felician appears before us as a serious, though loving teacher of his people.

Evangeline is the leading character. Of all the female characters of Longfellow she is the most maiden-like and most angelic. She is a strong woman—a type of womanly devotedness. She loves Gabriel, not for his money, for he is not wealthy; neither does she love him on account of his title, for he is only the son of a blacksmith; but she loves him because he has an honest heart. When on the sea-shore her father dies and her lover is torn from her, she bears her lot with patience. She does not fear to travel through a strange country to seek the wandering Gabriel. When she sees that there is no earthly hope she resolves to give up the remainder of her life to the service of God and her neighbor, and she takes the veil of a Sister of Mercy. Then, when that deadly pestilence breaks out, with holy courage she labors among the sick—moistening the feverish lip, consoling the dying, and closing the eyes of the dead. And, last of all, when she recognizes her own beloved Gabriel among the victims of Death she meekly bows her head and says: "Father, I thank thee!"

IV.

Before beginning the more particular examination of "Evangeline" attention should be directed to the most pathetic bit of description

in the poem; it relates to the last meeting of Gabriel and Evangeline. Who could write lines more touching and more expressive than these:

"And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

"Suddenly, as if arrested by fear, or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder

Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.

Then, there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish

That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man;

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.

"Motionless, senseless, dying he lay, and his spirit, exhausted,

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness—

Darkness of slumber and death—forever sinking and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and, through the hush that succeeded,

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,

'Gabriel! O my beloved!' and died away into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood:

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes, and as slowly he lifted his eyelids

Vanished the vision away; but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a case-ment."

I have said that "Evangeline" appeals to the American heart because the plot is American; and more, because of the clear, yet pathetic

and florid style in which it is written. But what makes the style of "Evangeline" so entertaining? I can only answer it is the author's perfection in little things. Take, for instance, the arrangement of his sentences. If, at times, you find a long sentence you will see that almost invariably it is followed by one or more short ones. Above all, he never distracts the reader's attention from the main idea by the use of irrelative sentences. Besides this, the sentences themselves are artfully constructed. He makes them generally periodic—I mean that in the sentences he keeps the main point in suspense until he has disposed of all the subsidiary members. He rarely uses long sentences, and when he is obliged to use one, occasionally, he takes great care to make it clear. Even his words are carefully selected. They are mostly those words with which we all are familiar—the plain, yet musical Anglo-Saxon derivatives. Little things like these help greatly in making the style of a writer pleasing and effective.

V.

Let us now examine the flowers with which "Evangeline" is interwoven—the figures that transform the pathetic tale into beautiful poetry. "Evangeline" abounds in figures of rare beauty and originality. If we read the lines on the "Burning of Grand-Pré" we will meet a figure which is, in my opinion, the most forcible one in "Evangeline." It may be well to quote here the passage in which it occurs:

"Columns of shining smoke up rose, and flashes of flame
were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn like the quivering
hands of a martyr."

The critic will find that the figure of personification is not frequently used. Nevertheless, a very good example of this figure may be found in the description of the site of Grand-Pré. These are the lines:

" . . . Aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitch their tents, and mists from the mighty
Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley."

There are but few witty figures. The reason for this is because the poem is, in general, pathetic; and if at times a witty figure is used it is only as a kind of relief, or in order to effect a kind of contrast. Such a simile occurs in Benedict's conversation with Basil, when the former says to his friend:

"Never so much thyself art thou as when through the
curling
Smoke of the pipe or forge thy friendly and jovial face
gleams,
Round and red, as the harvest moon through the mist of
the marshes."

It is not fitting that I should give more quotations; for if I attempted to quote every line that

has received some touches of beauty I might as well write out the whole poem.

In connection with this subject it is proper to mention what are called in rhetorical language allusions. There are only two instances of mythological allusion in "Evangeline." It will be perceived that Longfellow seems to prefer the more novel idea of alluding to events in biblical history.

Before concluding, we must not overlook the Anglo-Saxon form of alliteration which is frequent in Longfellow's poetry. This species of rhyme, though never used as a prevailing law in modern English verse, has often a striking and beautiful effect, as is the case in "Evangeline." Take this line:

"As in a church when the chant of the choir at intervals
ceases."

Lines alliterated like the preceding one are scattered everywhere through the poem. There is also another form of alliteration which is used to a great extent by the poet. In this form, if a thing is qualified, only the epithets commence with same sounding letters and combinations.

No one is able to speak correctly of the merits or demerits of an author's work until he has carefully examined it through the powerful optic-glass of the critic, and even then he may err. I have studied "Evangeline," but I do not think it well to give my opinion on the poem as a whole for that reason, and yet more because the tastes of men are so different; nevertheless, I think that every one will agree with me in saying that "Evangeline" is the work which has made the name of Longfellow immortal. Time may deface his epitaph and crumble his tombstone into dust, but his memory shall never pass away. In the dim gloom of the future "Evangeline" will still wander from fireside to fireside to remind us of the poet long departed.

[From the *May Century*.]

Of One We Love or Hate.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

In old Assisi, Francis loved so well
His lady Poverty, that to his heart
He pressed her heart, nor felt the deadly smart
From lips of frost, nor saw the fire of hell
From lurid eyes that fevered Dante's cell,
And parches souls who, hating, feel her dart.
He chose her, and he dwelt with her apart.
The two were one, illumined through Love's spell:
He loved her, and she glowed, a lambent star;
He loved her, and the birds came at his call—
Her frosts were pearls, her face was fair to see.
He sang his lady's praises near and far;
He saw our world as Adam ere the Fall—
So Love transfigures even Poverty.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane on "Life."*

I am delighted to have this opportunity of talking to you. I trust that some of you will remember the two occasions on which I had the pleasure of addressing you last year, and I hope you have not entirely forgotten the two things that then engaged our attention. I remember how, on the first time, I spoke to you about Christian manhood, and what was required to make the true man. The second time I spoke to you of true patriotism, and I tried to impress on you the importance of patriotism. My heart was made glad a few moments ago when I was told by Father Walsh that the few words I spoke to you then still have their effect. I hope you will remember those few words, and may they make you all strive to be true patriots and true men!

There is something still more elementary and fundamental than being a true man or a true patriot. There is a Latin sentence which I trust most of you understand: *Prius esse quam esse talis*—"To be comes before being this or that"; and there is the quintessence that underlies this question how to be a true man and how to be a true patriot. And this is: how to live.

Some persons think life takes care of itself. I suppose you have all heard of the famous character called Topsy. When Topsy was asked "Where were you raised?" she said: "I was not raised at all, I grewed." This is the way that many persons look at life. Now, I am sure, boys, that you know that is a great mistake. Life was never made to take care of itself. If you look on the field that is allowed to grow haphazard, you will observe that the result is weeds, barrenness, ruin and desolation.

Now, this life of ours is capable of most extraordinary development. I remember reading a book, not long since, in which the author, while not being much of a Christian, but being a good, common-sense man, looked at the difference between men and animals, between their intelligence and man's possibilities. "Now," said he, "we hear a great deal about the intelligence of dogs. Well, we know what dogs were three thousand years ago. We know that the dog of that time was just about the same kind of dog as the one of to-day; that he had just about the same kind of instinct, and that he could be taught the same tricks. But look at man. How marvellous his development! You take a man and place him out in the backwoods. He has nothing about him; he has to hew his own wood, plow his own fields, cut down the trees, live among the beasts, and almost live

like them; but after a while some others will come and settle in the same neighborhood, and a little village will be formed; then you notice that that man becomes more civilized. There is an improvement in his condition. After a while the village grows into a town, and you find him marking out and seeking after 'corner lots.' And, because he was one of the first settlers, you find him taking part in the town affairs, and he learns to put on dignified airs. Now, after a while, the town grows into a city, and then you find this man a polished gentleman. You will find him heading a subscription list to build an opera house, and afterwards to have a course of lectures. Then you will see the man and his wife and children listening to discourses on art, science and philosophy."

Now, boys, that shows us the essential difference between any animal that ever was or can be and man. It shows us that the difference is this: that while the animal can be developed only within very narrow confines, there is simply no limit to the possibilities of man's development. Analyzing his development by this plain story, his development will depend on circumstances external to himself. In one word, man has to be cultivated; man has to be educated. So when we ask how we are to live? what is it that constitutes life? what ought it to be? To live as we ought to live depends on this: the right development and the right use of our faculties. And we live a wrong life if we develop our faculties wrongly or use them wrongly.

From this instance that we have been discussing we recognize that the first thing we have to look after is the development of our intelligence. Now, we see all around us that God has stretched three great fields of knowledge with which it is man's business to become acquainted. There is the great field of nature; there is the great field of humanity, there is the great, infinite God. And these three things make up all that exists. The great field of nature, into whose mysteries man so loves to penetrate; the great field of humanity, which, in the book of history, tells such wonderful things as to what men have been and what men have done; and then the great God, and His blessed kingdom, and eternity, into which philosophy gives us a peep, and into which theology introduces us. To that high place man aspires to go; but there is also in nature something worthy of man's aspiration.

You all know how eager we are to become acquainted with nature. Such of you as have begun to study natural science, do you not feel that fascination to know nature, to know the earth, and to know the trees and the flowers, to know the rocks, the animals, the elements, and all the great forces by which nature carries on her operations? You are glad to know that thousands of scientists are at work finding out more and more about nature. Our Father in heaven, who made nature so beautiful and so wonderful, looks upon His children finding out all

* The reader will make allowance for the defects of a hurried stenographic report of this truly admirable lecture. We hope that we have preserved the beautiful thoughts and very practical ideas with which the Rt. Rev. lecturer entertained and instructed his youthful auditors for more than an hour on the morning of the 29th ult.

things in nature, and He is glad. Some people think that the great Father above wants to keep all things of nature in secrecy. Man, sometimes, when he has made an invention, will do all he can to keep other men from finding out his plan, and will take out a patent on it. But the great God never took out a patent on anything. His wish is that His children should grow up and find out all their great Father has made for them. Years ago, when I was a boy, I went with other boys to hear Wendell Phillips deliver his lecture on "The Lost Arts." The lecturer gave us much pleasure; but as he recited so much information which we could find in any cyclopedia, we wondered why he did so. In the conclusion of the lecture we learned the reason, when he asked: "Why have some arts been lost?" Just because some men have locked up their knowledge to keep it from other men." He said that that was all wrong; whatever man knows he ought to know for the welfare of his fellow-beings; and I believe so too. And that is the way with the great God. He wishes us to look into nature and become as well acquainted as we can, and thus we will learn how beautiful and how wonderful He has made all things.

The second field is humanity—man. The knowledge of nature is usually called *Science*; the knowledge of man may well be called *Philosophy*. And now we notice that when we have learned something about nature there is an aspiration in us to learn all we can about man. "The noblest study of mankind is man," says the poet. You know, my boys, that man is called a microcosm, and that the word microcosm means a little universe. Why is he called a microcosm? Because there is in him all that makes up the universe. We share in us all that makes up the rocks, the trees and the soil; we share in us that which makes up the angels; so the noblest thing that you can study after the study of God is the study of man. Man is learned by history and by philosophy. And the more we dive into what men have been and what men have done, the more we learn what men are to do. To well understand the history of the past is the best way to understand the movements of the future and the best way to regulate the movements of the present; but the study of man is nobler, more important, and more useful, for it regulates all human life.

Then, above that, comes the knowledge of God,—the highest realm of knowledge. While we study nature, while we study man, we find that there is a finger pointing upward and telling us that if nature is wonderful, and if man is wonderful, O how wonderful must He be who has made man! The poet tells us that we ought to look through nature up to nature's God. And if in the future you have the happiness of studying St. Thomas Aquinas, you will find that is what he does. All the time he looks through nature up to nature's God.

Here, then, are the three great realms of

knowledge—the knowledge of nature, the knowledge of man, and the knowledge of God—making us scientists, making us philosophers, making us theologians.

You have all heard of Cardinal Newman. Now, one of the things for which he labored was to impress upon the minds of others that all truth is like a tree with many branches, growing in symmetry and unity. The next thing is this: that as truth is one, so the intellect ought to be developed to recognize truth in its unity and its symmetry. It is a bad thing for anything to be developed *lopsided*,—if a thing is lopsided it will not stand. It is only when a thing is developed symmetrically all around that it can stand. So it is with man's intellect; it ought to be developed all around with a knowledge of nature, a knowledge of man and a knowledge of God. This is what we call a philosophical intellect; it stands in the middle and sees nature, sees man and sees God. It takes in all the relations from a middle adjustment, and man becomes philosophically minded in proportion as he is able to look into all of these great realms of knowledge.

Now, there are some people who are so taken up with the natural that they become lopsided, and tumble into materialism; and there are others so taken up with the supernatural as to forget the natural and the human, and they tumble over into mysticism and idealism; but the true scientist, the true philosopher, the true theologian combine all these.

Now comes the question: What is the use of all this intellectual development? what is the use of knowing so much? what is the use of knowing anything at all? Why do you want to know things? Why, the only use of knowledge is to tell you what to do. Suppose you knew everything in the world, but simply sat there and did nothing, your knowledge would be useless. Knowledge, therefore, must be put into practice.

This brings us to the consideration of the HEART. It is not what a man knows that makes him a good man or a bad man: it is a man's heart that makes him good or bad. Lord Bacon has been called the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind. Now, who would like to have that written on his tombstone! What made him mean? It was because he loved his mean, small, insignificant self. You have read of Napoleon the great. I firmly believe that Napoleon was one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived, and I firmly believe that he was one of the smallest men that ever lived. Why? Simply because he loved that which was in him, but had no love for God or man. What was said of Bacon may be said more truly of Napoleon—that he was the greatest, the meanest of mankind. I do not believe he became a great man until his last years in St. Helena, when he looked back and said: "I was a fool." And there it was that he spoke those sentences about Our Lord. Do you know the distinction he made between himself, Alexander and all great men? "Cæsar was

great," he said, "Alexander was great, I am great; but Christ was the only one that was loved by all mankind." Ah! there is where it comes. Nothing can be loved except what loves. When I see a man with a great genius taken up with nothing but himself I feel that that man never will be loved. Napoleon's soldiers loved him, but mankind never did. I have a picture of Napoleon that I esteem highly. It is a picture of Napoleon on his deathbed. It was sketched by his physician, and it was painted by a member of a family who loved him very much. When they held a great fair in Alsace-Lorraine it was presented as a great attraction. This photograph of mine is a copy of the portrait. It represents Napoleon on his deathbed, and on his breast he holds a Maltese cross. There, in his last agony, he recognized that God had given him a heart; then he loved something more than himself. He knew that love was symbolized in the cross; he had no crucifix, so he took his Maltese cross; there he showed that at last he had a heart.

Now, boys, all this knowledge of nature, of man and of God has for its object the development of the heart. We ought to love nature; we ought to love our fellow-man, and we ought to love God. *Ignoti nulla cupido*. I suppose you can all understand that: "There is no love for what we don't know." That is why you are taught to know: that you may know how to love. "Then" you may say: "What is the use of knowing if you don't love?" You are right. The reason why we should know nature is to love nature; and the reason why you should know man is to love man; and the reason why you should know God is to love God.

When a man loves nature very much we call him a poet. It is the heart which feels the thrills of nature. When a man has that kind of a heart, and when he goes out into the fields, and when he looks upon the sunshine and trees, and hears the songs of the birds, and feels the power of the sun, and feels all the thrills of nature about him, that man has in him something of a poet; and if he will develop it he will be a poet. Man is made to know man in order to love man; and when he really loves man we call him a philanthropist: a philanthropist is a man who loves mankind. And in the history of mankind there are none who stand higher in human estimation than those we call philanthropists. Why should we know God? In order to love Him. Suppose man knows God, but does not love Him. The Apostle says: "The devil knows God and trembles." The devil knows and believes, but he does not love. Ah! boys, that is what makes the devil. The devil is a being who knows but does not love. Any man who knows a great deal but does not love is a devil in human flesh. Why does the sun pour forth its light? It is not only to produce light but to produce warmth, and it is warmth that produces life. It is the love in our hearts that produces life.

When you love nature as you ought you are a poet; when you love man as you ought you are a philanthropist, and when you love God as you ought you are a saint.

The noblest man that loves is the saint. The true saint loves God and man and nature. You have heard of St. Francis of Assisi. Don't you remember how he loved nature? One of the sweetest poems that I ever read is the poem that this dear saint wrote in honor of the sun. He wrote an ode in which he calls the sun his brother. He felt a kinship to all that exists; he felt that kinship thrilling through his whole being. When he looked at the sun and the moon and the stars he called the sun his brother, the moon his sister and the stars his cousins. All were relatives of his. The true saint is not so taken up with God that he has forgotten to love his fellow-man and nature. If he does not love his fellow-man he is not a saint, and if he does not love nature he is not the right kind of a saint. I love St. Francis of Assisi and I love St. Francis de Sales, for they had hearts that loved everything just as God loves everything. And that is the difference between a saint and a devil. The saint is a man who loves everything, and the devil is a being who loves nothing.

Now, you might ask what is the end and aim of all this? I will tell you. We must know nature and love nature to be king of nature. You remember the words of the Bible where the wise man says: "Thou hast made man, O God, to Thine own image, and Thou hast placed him a little lower than the angels, and Thou hast placed him above all the works of Thy hands." Man is the king of all the lower creatures. Now, what does that mean? It means, in the first place, my boys, that you must never be subject to lower nature, that you must always stand above it. Love it, but never be subject to it. Man's spiritual nature elevates him above all that is below him. He must feel his kinship to it all, but he must never be its slave. Now, this lower nature is constantly striving to make man its slave. When a boy begins to feel in his heart appetites and inclinations, it is his lower nature that is trying to become master of his soul; it is the lower nature that is trying to enslave him. What must he do? He must say to his body: "Look here, I love you because God made you, and I will treat you well if you treat me well; but if you try to enslave me I will lay whip on you just as soon as I would on a horse or a mule, and I will make you subject to me." That is what St. Paul meant when he said: "I chastise my body and bring it into subjection." What would you think of a man who would ride a horse or a mule and let the animal govern him. You would say "that man is a fool; he ought to be the mule and the mule ought to be the man." Sometimes the appetite becomes stubborn; then you must whip it and treat it as a mule or a jackass. St. Francis loved his own body; but when he found that his body was

(Continued on page 542.)

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—Very Rev. Father General Sorin, accompanied by Rev. Father Zahm, left Notre Dame on Thursday last for Paris to visit the houses of the Community in France. Father General, we are glad to say, has greatly improved in health during the past few months, and it is hoped that this sea-voyage will have the good effect of bringing about a complete and permanent restoration to his old-time vigor and activity. The heartfelt wishes and fervent prayers of his children in the Community and the University are with the venerable Founder during his absence, that the journey which he has undertaken may be attended with a successful and happy issue.

—In many of the principal cities of the Union the municipal authorities have prohibited the posting of indecent show-bills. This action has commended itself to all good citizens, and is rapidly extending throughout the country. Our neighboring city, South Bend, is not as yet one of the principal cities as regards population, but it should be so as regards morality; and in a movement such as the one indicated it should be at the head. Now, we regret to say, there are, at the present writing, displayed in South Bend show-bills indecent beyond mention. Perhaps, some action on the part of the citizens is required.

—An item appeared in a Chicago paper a few days ago, and has been extensively copied, to the effect that the original crucifix of Columbus is, or will be soon, in the possession of the University. We do not believe that such a crucifix exists; at any rate, no one here knows anything of its whereabouts. There is in the College parlor an oil-painting of an old and remarkable Spanish crucifix which was supposed to have been brought to Mexico about the year 1624 by the early missionaries, and discovered in 1860 in the ruins of an old mission near Tucson, Arizona. The painting was made a few years ago, and presented to Very Rev. Father General Sorin. The original is, we think, in the possession of Maj. Dallas, U. S. A.

—One of the most enjoyable events of the scholastic year was the concert given by the University Band on last Saturday afternoon. The programme was rich and varied, and the different numbers were given with a skill and excellence remarkable for purely amateur talent. It was, we believe, the first time in the history of the College that its Band undertook to give such a concert, and the success which attended the efforts of the organization on this occasion speaks volumes for the earnestness, good will and artistic proficiency of the members, as well as the painstaking and careful training of their worthy Director. They were assisted by the vocal societies, under the direction of Prof. Liscombe. "The Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust," with Band accompaniment, was particularly well received, as were also the "Quartette" numbers and the solo of Mr. F. A. McCabe. The flute solo by Mr. Bachrach and the piano number by Mr. Tivnen were well executed, and merited *encores* from the delighted audience.

The members were grouped with good effect upon the stage, and appeared to advantage in their bright, new uniforms. All their numbers were enthusiastically applauded, but the "Anvil Polka"—with "real, live" anvils, struck with a precision and an ear for effect that marked the musical artist—"captured the popular vote," and was *encored* repeatedly.

Rev. President Walsh expressed his pleasure at the success of the concert and congratulated the players. He then introduced the Rev. Dr. Robinson, of Chicopee, Mass., who arose and, after expressing his surprise and pleasure on this his first visit to the University, of which he had heard and read so much, spoke in his own happy style on the charms of music, praised the work of the Band, and concluded with a few words of earnest, practical advice to the students. He was heartily applauded, and all retired with naught but words of the highest praise for the Band and its gifted leader.

—Last Thursday, the Feast of the Ascension, was a day long to be remembered by at least a portion of our little community. Twenty-five students of Carroll and St. Edward's Halls had been for some time under instruction for First Communion, and now the day had approached when they were to receive for the first time the Body of Our Lord. The day dawned fair, and the soft, glad sunshine seemed typical of the joy that filled their souls. At half-past eight o'clock a long procession of the acolytes, militia and clergy, headed by the cross-bearer

entered the College parlors where the young communicants were in waiting; these were soon added to the procession of students which then wended its way to the main entrance of the church and up the central aisle. The Rev. President Walsh, as celebrant of the Mass, and Fathers French and Connor as deacon and subdeacon, all vested in gold, then advanced to the foot of the altar and began the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The beautiful and inspiring music which the choir furnished was altogether in keeping with the solemnity and splendor of the occasion. At the proper time the "prayers before Communion" were recited in a clear, loud voice by one of the young communicants. When the sanctuary bell announced that the happiest moment of their lives had arrived they marched with slow and solemn pace to the foot of the altar and received there their good God who had flooded their souls with sunshine and brought them so much felicity. The Rev. Father French had preached, during the Mass, a sermon of rare power and beauty. He told them how pure they should be to receive their Lord, and how much joy He would bring to their hearts. They now felt the truth of the preacher's words, and their souls were filled with restfulness.

The entire ceremony was marked by all the grandeur which the Church permits on such occasions, and no pains were spared to make the memory of the day sink deep into their hearts. After some time spent in fervent thanksgiving the young communicants retired to the refectory where an abundant and choice repast had been prepared.

At Vespers the happy group were again gathered together, and the ceremony of the renovation of Baptismal vows followed. Very Rev. Father Corby, Provincial of the Congregation, received their promise to "renounce the devil with all his works and pomps." After this the clergy returned to the sacristy to prepare for another important function.

The Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, D. D., ordinary of this diocese, was unfortunately too ill to undertake a journey hither to confer Confirmation, and the sacrament was administered by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Rademacher, Bishop of Nashville. This genial prelate who is remembered with affection by many priests of this diocese, of whose number he had formerly been, entered the sacristy about half-past two, and after vesting proceeded in cope and mitre to the sanctuary. After a short prayer the Bishop arose and spoke some minutes upon the dignity and efficacy of the sacrament that was to be conferred. He is a remarkably effective speaker, and made a deep impression

on his hearers. When he had finished he seated himself before the high altar and administered Confirmation to sixty students, including many of those who had made their First Communion on that day. At the conclusion of this solemn function the Bishop asked the prayers of the congregation for the newly confirmed. He then officiated at the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and with this the impressive services closed.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane on "Life."

(Continued from page 539.)

stubborn and wanted to have its own way he called it a jackass, and he used to say to his body: "Look here, brother jackass, I will make a bargain with you. Now, I find that you are stubborn and so I will have to treat you very harshly. I will give you a hard time as long as you live, but I will give you happiness for eternity in heaven."

Boys, is it not a pity to see so many men who have lost control of themselves? When you go along the streets in our large cities and see so many faces full of sensuality, you say: "They have allowed nature to enslave them." Now, boys, you have to be one or the other; you must be king of nature or you must be its slave.

When I was a boy, growing up in Baltimore, I saw boys around me, and I heard a boy say: "I wish I had a chew of tobacco; I would give my dinner for a chew of tobacco." It occurred to me that the boy was a slave to tobacco. I said to myself: with the help of God I will never be such a slave; so, I said, I will do without a chew of tobacco. I heard another boy saying: "I wish I had a drink of whiskey." I said: surely, that boy is a slave. A slave to what? A slave to a drink of whiskey. And I said: with the help of God I will never be a slave to a thing like that. Then I found people slaves to this or that habit, and I said: I will never be a slave, but with God's blessing I will be a free man. Now, boys, that is the way to stand above nature, and to keep it under your feet, and say: "I will be master." And once nature is willing to keep its place then you can be very kind to it; but you must be always on your guard against it.

There are some people nowadays who are so forgetful of man's dignity as king of nature that they seem to make more fuss over animals than they do over man himself. I believe, for instance, in the organization which they call the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. A man who is cruel to a dog or to a man is not fit to be a man. I hate cruelty anywhere. But when the interest in animals goes to extremes, it becomes maudlin and absurd. The other day I read about a woman living in Boston who had a banquet for her cats. She had several pet cats herself, and she issued invitations to about twenty cats in the neighbor-

hood to come and take dinner. And the cats came and brought their keepers along. The table was set with dishes and napkins and elaborate decorations. Everything went on smoothly until one of the tomcats, noticing his neighbor having a dish that he thought he ought to have, began fighting for it. Then all the harmony of the banquet was broken up until the fighters were put out, when everything went on in the usual way. There is another lady living near Boston,—in that region of vast ideas,—who has established a hospital at Brighton for infirm cats. When people drive things to such an extreme as that it is ridiculous. I believe in treating animals with kindness and gentleness, with commiseration and sympathy, but I don't believe in making ourselves fools in that way; and I don't believe in man ever forgetting that God has made him king of all lower creatures. Whether it be the happiness of material enjoyments, or whatever nature offers to him, he ought to take it all as his inferior.

Why are we to love man? We are to love him to feel that each of us is every man's brother. Why did the Son of God become man? One of the chief objects was to make all mankind brothers: You have read ancient history, and you have read how in ancient times all the nations of the earth were ranged against one another; how men, instead of deploring that fact, took an insane pride in the savage strifes in which they killed one another. Is not this the case still to a great extent? Christ came into the world to put an end to all hostilities; to make us all know that we all come from the same Father, and that we are all brothers. The object of the Christian religion is to make us all brethren in Christ.

Boys, you will be called on when you are grown men to solve what are called the problems of the day: the economic problems, the social problems, and all those problems which decide what are to be the relations of man with man, of capital with labor, and of employer with employee. Remember, boys, there is only one basis on which these problems can be solved, and that is the basis of the BROTHERHOOD of all Mankind. Until a man realizes and appreciates that all men are his brothers, he will never treat them as he ought. Until the employer feels that the man who labors for him is his brother, he is going to look on that laborer as a tool in dealing with him. This is not a brotherly sentiment. It is the sentiment of the man who says: "I will get all I can out of you, and I will give you just as little as I can." The only thing that can make the social adjustment of the world right is the principle that all men are brothers. The objects that we are to have before us in history and in learning all about human relations is that we ought to cultivate in our hearts that love of man which will make us feel that every man is our brother. I hope you all know what altruism means. It is a kind of social philosophy that men are talking about to-day. It means to

live for others. And the true spirit that the Son of God puts into the hearts of those who learn from Him human fraternity is that as our divine Saviour came to belong to us, to live for us, so it ought also be the ambition of every man to live for others, and to be a blessing to mankind. Why should we love God? To be God's children. By nature we are God's creatures; by nature that is all we can aspire to, to be God's little creatures; but by the Christian religion we are made God's children. The apostle says: "You have received the spirit of adoption of sons, whereby we cry: Abba, Father." Christ, our Saviour, crowned His work by teaching us to look up to the infinite God of all creatures and say: "Our Father, who art in heaven." There is the highest aim of true human life: to be king of nature, and to be brother of humanity, and to be a child of God. When life is developed in that way, and when man knows how to love, that is a true life—that is the way to live right. And it is the only way in which life is worth living.

So to develop the intellect as to know nature, to know man and to know God; so to develop the heart as to love nature, to love man and to love God; and so to use our life, and so to use our faculties as to be king of nature and children of the great God, that is true philosophy.

Boys, if that is true of philosophy, it is also true of religion. The only end and object of religion is to bind us, to tie us, to link us to nature, to man and to God. You know the etymology of the word religion. It comes from the Latin word *religio*. It means to *link* to *tie*—to tie a man to nature; to tie him to man; to tie him to God. True religious men, like St. Francis of Assisi, love nature, love man and love God.

Now, boys, this is a long talk I have given you, and a rather dry talk, because the consideration of life and the right way to live is dry work. But if you will bear this talk in your minds, and if you will write it down in your hearts, with the resolution that you are going to live a right life, then this talk will bring forth good fruit. And in years from now, when I am a white-haired, decrepit old man, and some of you, who are boys here now, should ever happen to meet me somewhere and say: "Bishop, do you remember that talk you gave us about a right life? I believe there is something in life, and I can look upon nature and love it; and I can look upon man and say to man you are my brother, and I can look up to God and say You are my Father," O boys, then, truly, I shall be happy! When our Father calls us up to Him, may you be able to say: "Father, from the time that I learned what life was I have tried never to be a fool; I have always tried to live as I ought to." Come, boys, let us live so that we will never be ashamed of our life. When we meet in heaven one day let us be able to shake hands and say: "Thank God, we have lived, and, thank God, we have lived aright."

Books and Periodicals.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for May contains important articles in two notable illustrated series, the first of "The Great Streets of the World," and the second of the "Ocean Steamship" articles. A. B. Frost has made eighteen drawings for the "Broadway" article, which are as complete an interpretation of the varied life of that thoroughfare as Richard Harding Davis's picturesque and vivid text. Skilful artists, like Metcalf, Zogbaum, Denman, Broughton, and Villiers make the steamship article attractive and elaborate in illustration. The fiction contains the conclusion of the serial, "Jerry," and the first of a two-part story, "An Alabama Courtship," by F. J. Stimson ("J. S. of Dale"), the author of "Guerndale" and "First Harvests." In addition there are two complete short stories—"A Fragment of a Play," by Mary Tappan Wright, and "A Toledo Blade," by T. R. Sullivan. There are also a short illustrated article by E. H. House on the "Japanese Temples of Ise" which for nearly two thousand years have been re-created in every detail at intervals of twenty years; a carefully prepared paper on "Shakspeare as an actor"—a phase of his career which is generally overlooked; and a brief and amusing essay on "Dream-Poetry," with curious examples of verses composed in dreams.

—*St. Nicholas* for May presents a very tempting table of contents, beginning with an imaginative poem, "Morning," by the late Emily Dickinson, whose work has been so cordially praised by the critics. Nora Perry's "Siege of Calais," a ballad with striking illustrations by Birch, will delight little students of history, who will also read the second paper on "The Land of Pluck," by Mrs. Dodge, with keen delight, supplemented as it is by two very interesting letters on Holland, in the letter-box Department. J. O. Davidson, the marine artist, has written and fully illustrated a short serial of adventure entitled, "Chan Ok," which describes the capture of a noted Chinese pirate of the present day; it is based on fact, and, indeed, but a few months ago a steamer was destroyed by these piratical Chinese outlaws in the very waters wherein the action is supposed to take place. Among other attractions we find a clever bit of verse with pictures by Margaret Johnson, in which children of different nationalities extol their native foods; a verse by John Albee, called "The Manners of Sheep"; an allegory, "A Lesson in Happiness," by W. J. Henderson; "My Microscope," an article on some interesting objects in minute life, by M. V. Worstell; an amusing dialogue by Oliver Herford, "The Professor and the White Violet," and two slightly didactic pieces, "A Turning-Point," and "A Diet of Candy."

—The May *Century* begins a new volume, and in it are begun several new features of what it calls its "summer campaign." "The Squirrel

Inn," by Frank R. Stockton, is one of the principal and most popular of these new features. The "Inn" itself is carefully depicted in a picture which is the joint product of the artistic skill and ingenuity of both the author and Mr. Frost, the illustrator. Mr. Frost brings out also several of the principal characters of the story—which promises to be one of the most curious and characteristic of Mr. Stockton's inventions. The long-promised papers (two in number) on the Court of the Czar Nicholas I., are now begun, the frontispiece of the magazine being a portrait of the Emperor Nicholas. These papers are by the late George Mifflin Dallas, in his day one of the most distinguished statesmen of the country. A brief sketch of his life appropriately accompanies this paper. Mr. Dallas describes minutely the social movement and the luxury of the court. He tells of "A Dramatic Visit from the Emperor," who came to see him *incog.*, on the minister's arrival. "A Court Presentation," the "Burning of the Winter Palace," "The Russian New Year's," etc. "Pioneer Mining Life in California" is a description from personal experience of adventures and mining methods in 1849 on the tributaries of the Sacramento River and of the Trinity. It is a day-to-day description of the conditions of mining life in '49 and '50. The writer is the Hon. E. G. Waite, Secretary of State of California, and the narrative is supplemented by illustrations of a typical character and by caricatures of the time. Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason's articles on the "Salons of the Empire and Restoration" are concluded in the present number of the *Century* with a paper on some of the most prominent women of France, including Madame de Genlis, Madame de Rémusat, Madame Récamier and Madame Swetchine, whose pictures, with others, are given. Among the separate papers none is more striking than that of F. Hopkinson Smith, who made a special trip to Bulgaria to gather impressions for the *Century*. Mr. Smith entitles his paper "A Bulgarian Opera Bouffe," and illustrates it not only with photographs of prominent persons but with sketches from his own pencil. Mr. Smith's paper, though not professing to be a deep study of the situation, throws a great deal of light on current affairs. Mr. Fraser of *The Century* Art Department prefaces with a few words a novel feature of magazine illustration, namely, a little picture-gallery taken from a recent "Exhibition of Artists' Scraps and Sketches" in the Fellowship Club, and sprinkled over six pages of the magazine without intermediate letterpress, except titles of pictures. Other interesting papers are those on "Visible Sound" by the English singer, Mrs. Margaret Watts Hughes, with comment by Mrs. S. B. Herrick of *The Century* staff. Mrs. Hughes succeeded in producing with her voice and preserving a number of shapes of flowers, etc. The experiments are described by the singer, and their origin is scientifically explained by Mrs. Herrick, who describes also other experiments.

Local Items.

- 'Rah for the Band!
- Congress is all right.
- Comrades! Comrades!
- Go ahead mit de moosik!
- The Band suits are nobby.
- The picnic season is at hand.
- Charlie says: "Brass isn't all right."
- The South Bend men were all tired.
- Our sporty lawn-makers have all left.
- The dandelion is in great demand by the literary men.
- B. Leopold announces that ice cream will be "on tap" next week.
- Father Mohun is a worthy successor of Father Lilly of ye olden times.
- George Gilbert wears the medal for drilling this week. This is the third week that he wears it.
- Our thanks are due to Prof. O'Dea and Mr. L. J. Herman for the full report of Bishop Keane's lecture, which appears in this issue.
- Rev. H. Robinson, D.D., Chicopee, Mass., passed a few days during the week in a very welcome and pleasant visit to the University.
- Master Funke showed his ability to perform the military tactics last Sunday evening, and in consequence wears the Sorin Cadet medal.
- The illumination at Holy Cross Seminary Sunday night was superb. The great cross made of Chinese lanterns was especially magnificent.
- That "Anvil" chorus was simply immense. No little credit for its happy reception is due to the musical taste of the Monarch of the anvil and drum.
- The quartette have begun practising a new and beautiful song, written for them by John Howard Payne, entitled "Home, Sweet Home!" They will sing it on June 23.
- Rev. R. Maher, C. S. C., left on Thursday last for Ireland, whither he goes on business for the Community. His hosts of friends wish him *un bon voyage* and speedy return.
- The base-ball teams have in Michael J. Kelly an efficient trainer. Mr. Kelly has refused offers from all the leading clubs, and he states that he will remain with us until June.
- A life-size, full-length, standing portrait in oil of the late Most Rev. Archbishop Allemany, of San Francisco, has been added to the collections in the Bishops' Memorial Hall.
- The live-stock show at the "County Fair" was the chief point of interest to the "Grads." It brought to their minds the words of the old song: "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood!"
- The students presented a strange appearance during the cold snap. One Senior's make-up consisted of lawn tennis shoes, loud spring trousers, a heavy winter overcoat, and, to "top" all, a straw hat!

—On Thursday of last week a solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of EDWARD GORMAN, who died on the 20th ult., was celebrated in the college church. Rev. M. J. Regan officiated, and all the students attended in a body.

—The following item, now going the rounds of the press, will be perused with interest by the many friends of Dr. Egan of the University:

"The highest price ever paid to any Catholic author by a Catholic magazine was received by Maurice F. Egan for his new novel 'A Marriage of Reason.' The sum paid was \$1000."

—A number of new trees—arbor vitæ and other species—have been planted around the University grounds, in the Community cemetery, and at St. Joseph's Novitiate. These trees are from "Pretty Lake Nursery" at Plymouth, Ind., which is owned and directed by Mr. William Holland, an experienced horticulturist, whose specimens have met with the highest encomiums wherever they have been received. The beauty of the landscape has been greatly enhanced by this addition.

—Great games of base-ball are being played on every "rec" day, and some of the hits and stops made smack strongly of true professionalism. It is well worth while to witness these games, and, no doubt, the championship contests will be the closest had for many a year. We give the score by innings of the last practice game by Brownson Hall:

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
REDS:—	2	0	0	0	2	0	3	0	=7
BLUES:—	3	3	0	0	1	1	0	1	=9

—A very interesting game was played between the second nine Seniors, and first nine M. L. S. The feature of the game was Van Huffel, and Falvey's batting.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
M. L. S.:—	0	1	1	2	1	1	2	1	=10
SENIORS:—	0	0	2	1	1	1	1	1	=7

Another game was played between the second nine M. L. S. and a nine from South Bend. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
M. L. S.:—	0	2	0	1	1	1	0	0	=6
SOUTH BEND:—	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	3	=5

—The matched games of tennis for the championship of the University were played Thursday afternoon. Messrs. Wright and P. Murphy represented Sorin Hall, while J. McKee and L. Sanford were the claimants for Brownson Hall. The first set played was an easy victory for Brownson Hall, their side winning six games to Sorin Hall's two. Sorin Hall won the second set by a score of six games to three. The third and deciding set was close and exciting; the Sorin Hall men, however, played in fine form and won by a score of six to four. The victors have been challenged by Messrs. McGonigle and L. Gillon of Brownson Hall, and the games will be played next Thursday, May 14. The tennis cranks of both halls are endeavoring to organize a tournament; if they succeed in their efforts some fine games will result.

—A very interesting letter has been received from the Rev. M. P. Fallize, C.S.C., formerly a member of the College Faculty, and now a missionary in Bengal, India. He speaks of the arrival there of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Louage, C.S.C., Bishop of Dacca, of whose consecration we spoke in a previous number. Mgr. Louage arrived in Calcutta on the 6th of March, after a pleasant voyage of twenty-six days, during which he was treated with the utmost courtesy by the Captain of the steamship. After a rest of a few days with the Archbishop of Calcutta he left for Dacca, which he reached on March 10, and was received with the highest honors by the civic authorities, and escorted to the church in triumphant procession by great numbers of the clergy and laity. Addresses of welcome were read, to which Mgr. Louage feelingly responded, concluding with the touching words: "I have come to remain with you. I have come to join your good priests and become a true missionary." This auspicious opening augurs well for the success of the indefatigable zeal of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Louage, whom may Heaven bless in his new sphere of labor.

—LAW DEPARTMENT.—Col. William Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department, was called to Chicago Monday and Thursday on a very important case which is now being tried in that city.—Prof. Hoynes is now lecturing on "Common Law Pleadings" in the morning, and "Real Estate" in the afternoon.—On Tuesday, the 12th, Mr. Hugh O'Neill will read his thesis on "Evidences" before the members of the Law class.—In the University Moot-Court, last Wednesday evening, the case of Daniel Cameron *vs.* the city of South Bend came up for hearing before Judge Hoynes. This was an action in ejectment. The plaintiff complained and alleged: that, in 1850, he hired as agent Peter Cameron to sell a tract of land situated in the central part of the city of South Bend; that the agent, as a means of enhancing the value of the land, donated part of it to the city to be used as a public square; that the agent was unauthorized to do so; that the city has continued to withhold possession of the land for more than forty years; that he demands possession, and prays the court for judgment to the amount of \$5000. Mr. B. Tivnen appeared as attorney for the plaintiff, Mr. T. J. McConlogue for the defendant. Mr. McConlogue based his arguments on the Statute of Limitations, and made a very exhaustive argument on behalf of his contention. Mr. B. Tivnen very ably contended that there was no intention of such dedication, and that the Statute did not apply. The case was long, and involved some complicated legal points. The judge charged the jury at considerable length. The jury returned a verdict for defendant.

—FIFTY-FIRST SESSION OF CONGRESS:—Our law makers have all departed; they have gone to the east, to the west, to the north and to the south, and left behind them nothing but disappointed creditors. Before they left, however,

they allowed the public to attend their final meeting, which was held on Sunday evening, May 3. The visitors were many, and testified their appreciation of the success of the congressmen by frequent and hearty applause. The speaker, Mr. J. B. Sullivan, opened the meeting, and spoke for a short time upon the work done by the Congress this year. The roll was called, and the minutes read by Secretary H. C. Murphy, and House Bill 21370 was put before the House.

House of Representatives, }
Fifty-first Congress. } HOUSE BILL 21370.

A BILL TO REGULATE EDUCATION:—*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:* That all healthy children in the United States between the ages of eight and thirteen years shall spend, at least, three consecutive months of each of these years studying the elementary branches of learning—namely, reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geography and U. S. History—at a school, college, academy or seminary, where these aforesaid elementary branches shall be taught in the English language. *Be it further enacted:* That the provisions of this act shall be enforced as the legislatures of the various states may direct.

The debate was opened by Mr. Dacy (Ill.), who took the affirmative side of the question. He was followed by Mr. Berry (La.), who maintained that such a law was an absolute necessity, and spoke eloquently at some length. Mr. J. A. Wright (Arizona) next took the floor and by good reasoning broke down Mr. Berry's fabric. Mr. Blackman (Minn.) thought that the country needed such a law, and showed great skill in bringing forth evidence to prove this. Mr. Fleming (Colorado), of base drum fame, spoke for some time, and was followed by Mr. Dechant. The latter gentleman had good arguments and convinced many that the bill was needed. Mr. McGrath spoke of the bill as a "monument of granite that would withstand the ravages of time"; while Mr. Fitzgibbon (Ohio) declared that it was made of clay, and would crush in its fall both its maker and its friends. Mr. F. claimed that the House had no right to legislate in the matter. Mr. Paquette (Mich.) brought forward the cry of tyranny and oppression. He held that the law would be contrary to our proud boast of Liberty. Mr. Lancaster (Kentucky) maintained that the bill was a perfect one, and Mr. Murphy (Ill.) disagreed with him. Messrs. Ragan, Coady and Hackett all attacked the bill in good speeches. Mr. J. B. Sullivan (Iowa) closed the debate with an eloquent and forcible speech. He defended the bill with great zest and attacked its supporters impartially. Rev. Father Walsh said a few words to the meeting, after which Father O'Neill closed the exercises.

—The following is the programme of the concert given by the University Cornet Band in Washington Hall last Saturday evening:

PART I.

1. Overture—"Tournament," (Boyer).....Band
2. Soldiers' Chorus (*Faust*).....Glee Club and Band
3. Fantasia (Flute)—*Theo. Böh*m.....B. C. Bachrach
4. The Village Chimes—*Round*.....Brass Quartette
5. "Evening" (Vocal Quartette),.... Messrs. J. E. Berry
F. J. Sullivan, W. Hackett, E. Schaack.

6. The Anvil Polka—*Parlow*..... Band
 PART II.
 7. Valse (Piano)—*Wienniaowski*..... B. Tivnen
 8. Return of Spring—*Round*..... Brass Quartette
 9. Song—"The Lone Grave"..... F. B. McCabe
 10. Waltz—"Emmeline,"—*Wade*..... Band
 11. "Simple Simon."..... Vocal Quartette
 12. Medley—*Ferrazzi*..... Band
 13. Clayton's Grand March..... Band

—A South Bend team of nine picked men made their appearance on our ball-field the other afternoon, and looked as though they were here for the purpose of annihilating our 'Varsity team. Their misjudgment in this matter was entirely unlooked for, as the appended score will show. The batting of the 'Varsity nine was distinctly a feature in which J. Combe, with his home run, McCabe with his three-baggers, followed in the excellent style of Murphy and Krembs, who have been keeping their eyes on the ball lately for two and three beggars. Then the superb pitching of J. Smith, who held his opponents down to three puny hits, ably supported by J. Combe, is the next and most important feature. Following is the score:

NOTRE DAME.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCabe, r. f.	6	5	5	1	0	1	0
Combe, c.	6	4	4	1	12	8	0
Krembs, 2d b.	4	4	3	2	5	2	0
Keenan, 3d b.	4	1	1	3	2	1	2
Gillon, l. f.	2	1	1	3	0	0	0
Scholfield, l. f.	3	0	1	1	0	0	0
Murphy, s. s.	5	4	3	2	1	1	1
Fleming, c. f.	6	1	0	1	0	0	0
Covert, 1st b.	4	1	0	1	7	0	1
Smith, p.	4	3	1	1	0	16	0
Totals	44	24	19	16	27	29	4
SOUTH BEND.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Johnson, s. s.	4	0	2	0	0	2	0
N. McCabe, 2d b.	4	1	1	0	1	5	1
B. McCabe, c. and l. f.	4	1	0	0	5	0	0
Coleman, 1st b.	3	0	0	0	11	0	1
Hogue, 3d b. and c.	3	0	0	0	3	1	1
Guthrie, p. c. and 3d b.	2	1	0	2	2	6	0
Cary, c. f. and p.	2	0	0	0	0	0	2
Powell, r. f. and l. f.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Buckley, p. r. f.	3	0	0	0	1	4	0
Totals	28	3	3	2	24	18	6

Earned runs: Notre Dame, 8. *Two base hits:* Combe, Krembs. *Three base hits:* McCabe (2), Murphy. *Home run:* Combe. *Sacrifice hits:* Fleming (3), Murphy, Scholfield, Keenan, Combe. *Bases on balls:* Keenan (2), Gillon, Covert, Smith, Colman, Cary. *Hit by pitched ball:* Krembs, Covert, Guthrie. *Struck out:* Gillon, Covert (2), Smith (2), Johnson, N. McCabe (2), Colman (2), Hogue (3), Guthrie, Cary, Powell, (2), Buckley (3). *Passed balls:* Combe, 1; Guthrie, 1; Hogue, 1; McCabe, 3. *Wild Pitches:* Cary, 1; Buckley, 1; Guthrie, 1. *Time of Game:* two hours and ten minutes. *Umpires,* C. Ott, W. Bell. *Scorers,* W. Hennessy and E. Decker.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
SOUTH BEND:—	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2—3
NOTRE DAME:—	1	4	6	0	6	4	0	3	*—24

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Burger, Berry, Blackman, Brady, Bachrach, Brelsford, Cartier, L. Chute, F. Chute, Daniels, Du Brul, Fitzgibbon, Gillon, Hackett, Hummer, Hoover, Lonergan, P. Murphy, McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, Prichard, Paquette, Rothert, O. Sullivan, C. Scheerer, Schaack, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, E. Scheerer, J. B. Sullivan, Tivnen, Vurpillat, Wright.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Bundy, Blameuser, Benz, Brookfield, Brown, Cassidy, Correll, Combe, Corrigan, Coady, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, Chilcote, Dechant, Dacy, Delany, Fleming, T. Flannigan, L. Gillon, Green, P. Gillon, Hennessy, Heard, Hauskee, Houlihan, Hubbard, Johnson, Joslyn, Jacobs, Kearns, J. King, Karasynski,

Kellner, Krembs, M. Kelly, T. King, Kennedy, Lesner, Layton, Lorie, Langan, G. Lancaster, Manly, Mug, Mitchell, Monarch, Maurus, Magnus, McAuliff, H. Murphy, McDonnell, J. McKee, F. McKee, McConlogue, McErlain, F. Murphy, McCallan, F. McCabe, McGinnis, O'Shea, G. O'Brien, Otero, Powers, Phillips, Rebillot, Rudd, Robinson, Ragan, Stanton, J. F. Sullinan, Scholfield, Sanford, Spalding, Soran, Vurpillat, Vital, White, Walsh, Wood, Weakland, Yenn, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Burns, Boland, Ball, E. Bates, T. Brady, Bachrach, Boyd, Brown, Beaud, Chassaing, Cole, Carney, Coe, Collman, Connelly, Connell, Collins, Connors, Cummings, Corry, Clarke, Cheney, Dion, Drumm, Delany, Dierkes, Dolan, Des Garennes, Ellwanger, Fitzgerald, Foley, Farrell, Falk, Alfred Funke, Fales, Gibert, G. Gilbert, Gibson, Gerlach, Gifford, J. Greene, Grund, A. Greene, Hagus, Hahn, Hack, Hake, Hoerr, Jackson, Keogh, Kearney, Kennedy, Keith, Leonard, Luther, W. Lorie, La Moure, S. Mitchell, H. Mitchell, Mattox, Morrison, Monarch, Martin, Miller, Murphy, Minor, W. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, A. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, Miles, MacLeod, Nichols, Neef, O'Neill, O'Rourke, O'Meara, Orton, Palmer, Prichard, Pope, Quinlan, Russell, Renesch, Roper, Roberts, W. Regan, Rice, Shimp, Slevin, Scallen, Smith, Sullivan, Suess, Treff, Tong, Teeter, Thornton, Thome, Tod, Thomas, Taylor, Wellington, Weinman, Wolff, Welch, Yates, Zinn, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Mimes.)

Masters Allen, Ayers, F. Brown, O. Brown, Blumenthal, Bixby, Burns, Blake, Cornell, Coon, Curry, Croke, Crandall, Chapoton, Cross, O. Crepeau, E. Crepeau, E. Christ, Corry, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Drant, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, Durand, Ezekiel, C. Furthmann, E. Furthmann, Fuller, Fossick, Funke, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, W. Freeman, J. Freeman, Girsch, Griesheimer, Gavin, Hoffman, Healy, Hathaway, Hamilton, Howell, Higginson, Jones, King, Krollman, Kinney, Kuehl, Kern, Keeler, Lawton, Loughran, Londoner, Loomis, Lonergan, Levi, Lounsbery, T. Lowrey, G. Lowrey, Langevin, Lee, Langley, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Lawrence, McPhee, McCarthy, Maternes, McIntyre, McPhillips, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Marre, MacLeod, McGinley, Nichols, Otero, O'Neill, O'Connor, Pieser, Pellenz, Paul, Patier, Platts, Ronning, Ransome, Roesing, Rose, Russell, Stephens, G. Scheerer, W. Scheerer, Steele, Thomas, Trankle, Trujillo, Vorhang, Wolf, Wilcox, White, Washburne, Windmuller, Warburton, Young, Zoehrlaut.

In the Holy Cross Chapel at Nightfall.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Like the slow pulsing of a dying heart—
 A heart that loves and labors to the last,—
 The light throbs before the shrine, apart,
 A spark of heaven's glory unsurpass'd.

Lone star amid the gloom! soft, sombre shades
 Enwrap the chapel with mysterious air;
 Deep silence all the hallowed place pervades.
 Unbroken, save by gently-whispered prayer.

And, thro' the darkness, incense of delight,
 From shrine and altar, floats the fragrant breath
 Of hidden flow'rs discoursing all the night
 Of sweet self-sacrifice and votive death.

O black-robed Sisters, gliding to and fro,
 Or kneeling motionless, here may ye find
 Your symbols in the red lamp's glow,
 And in the flowers, by dim shadows shrined.

Be ours, like yours, the life of pure desire,
 Wafting its sweetness unto God alone,
 Or, like the oil that feeds the sacred fire,
 Consumed by love before His altar throne!

—*The Church News.*

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The opening words of the *Salve Regina* formed the text chosen by Rev. Father Hudson for a beautiful instruction on Tuesday evening.

—Expressions of sincere sympathy, on the part of teachers and pupils, are extended Miss Julia Naughton, whose father departed this life on Tuesday last in New York city. Prayers shall not be wanting for the repose of his soul, and for strength and comfort for the members of his bereaved family.

—Rev. Father Scherer opened the May devotions with an instruction appropriate to the beautiful season, and on Monday evening gave a sermon on the "Hail Mary." The Children of Mary, in this their own Mother's month, have special observances in her honor, and their fidelity and earnestness are sources of edification to all.

—The lecture course for the scholastic year has been exceptionally fine, and has embraced a wide range of subjects interesting and instructive. The names of the lecturers, among whom may be mentioned Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of the University, Rev. Father Fitte, C. S. C., and Dr. M. F. Egan, are ample assurance that St. Mary's young ladies have reason to congratulate themselves on the advantages afforded them.

—Very Rev. Father General, as usual, presided the Academic meeting of Sunday last. Rev. Father Walsh, C. S. C., Rev. Father Robinson, of Boston, Mass., and St. Mary's Rev. Chaplain also honored the young ladies by their presence. After the reading of the "points," Miss E. Quealy presented a German selection from Schiller, and Miss K. Hurley read an essay on "The Month of Mary." A few words from Very Rev. Father General, and Rev. Father Walsh introduced Rev. Father Robinson who charmed all by his remarks, felicitous in matter and manner.

—On Thursday, April 30, as mentioned in last week's SCHOLASTIC, Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., delivered a lecture on a theme fraught with special interest, namely, John Boyle O'Reilly. There are characters, though rare, with whose spirit the best qualities of all men are in sympathy; such a one was the subject of Father O'Neill's able lecture. In words that gave life and vigor to the narrative, the reverend lecturer briefly sketched the early life and the political career of the "exiled poet," vibrating the tenderest chords of feeling by glimpses of character felt rather than seen. He next dwelt upon his qualifications as a journalist, a novelist and a poet, after which O'Reilly as a man and a Christian was considered. From the key-note, which told of a warm appreciation of the subject, to the last grand chord—a eulogy and a prayer for the soul of the great Irish-American

—the audience was held by the charm of the poet's checkered career so vividly portrayed by the reverend lecturer, whose spirit of patriotism and poetic feeling suggested no slight resemblance to him who was so graphically pictured—the earnest, great-hearted John Boyle O'Reilly.

May.

In sylvan glades the flowers as censers gleam,
And breathe sweet perfume 'mid the notes of praise
That ring for Flora, goddess fair of spring.
Her leafy shrine is near a crystal stream,
Reflecting nature's worshippers that pass—
Bright maids and youths and priests with laurel crowned—
The gorgeous hues of raiment and the gleam
Of golden censers swung by children fair.
The waving trees give glimpses swift of skies
Where azure tints are seen; and round the shrine
Sweet-scented violets of heaven's hue
Upon the forest carpet rest, content
To but caress the feet of priests who chant
The praises of the deity of spring.
The air is sweetly vocal with the strains
Of feathered songsters, trilling forth their praise
Of May, the month to Flora consecrate.
So bowed the bards and druid priests of old
Before the shrine of Nature, placing there,
As offering meet, the peerless month of May.

And now, as then, the year's most favored month
In nature's fairest flowers resplendent glows,
And balmy breezes still the hope unfold
Of hidden warmth in summer's glorious heart.
How fitting that in love we dedicate
The brightest month to her who most is like
The fairest flowers of May! Who did portray
The violet's sweet humility and love
Of solitude 'mid paths unseen, obscure;
The beauty and the spotless purity
Of lilies fair whose radiant whiteness is
But shadow of our Mother's stainless heart!

At every shrine where Jesus is adored
O'er all the land, His Mother's name is praised;
Her loving children gather at her feet,
And with the beauties that fair nature yields,
Their hearts are offered unto Mary blest;
And humbly kneeling, youthful lips implore
That she will prove her gentle Mother love
And for her faithful children intercede.

HELEN A. NACEY
(First Senior Class).

The Month of Mary.

Vernal airs have stirred the poet's Æolian harp-strings, and of sweet May he sings! The earth, teeming with gladness, the perfume-laden breezes that tell of the violet's birth, the choir of feathered minstrels, trilling notes of praise from rosy dawn to dewy eve, the orchard boughs in a glory of blossoms, snowy white here, and blushing into color there, the music of rip-

pling waters—all these are charms of May.

Verily, is it a period of enchantment! and from time immemorial have its flowers and songs and perfumes rendered the month sacred; for among pagans its wealth of beauty was dedicated to Flora. To her were offered the loveliest days of spring, and to the music of nature were joined canticles of praise in her honor.

Christianity, leading men from nature to nature's God, has built for us a worthier shrine for earth's offerings within the sanctuary of the Catholic Church. It is at the foot of God's altar, and that of His Blessed Mother, that we lay our brightest garlands, be they flowers of the field, or of the heart. The Immaculate Virgin has ever been the noblest theme of the Catholic poet, and the true love knot that adorns the chivalric knight of the Church is the blue badge, symbolic of fidelity to Mary, the Queen of Heaven. In May the earth—cursed in the sin of Eve—seems to forget the words of wrath pronounced over her, and arrays herself in beauty in honor of the second Eve. She sends forth gentle reminders of Our Lady's virtues, and mirrors in her flowers the sweet humility, the modesty, the purity and the charity of that "Lily among Thorns." Nor is it in one country, or among one race, that May is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Long years ago, under Italia's blue skies, was formally instituted the devotion of the month of Mary; and wherever the Cross of Christ has been carried by the Catholic missionary, there, too, have been sung the praises of His Mother. Here, at loved St. Mary's, from the first day of the year, until the chimes ring out its glad return, there is no day on which the Mother of God is not honored in word and in deed. But the spring-tide brings with it to all hearts a renewal of fervor in Our Blessed Mother's service, and May is essentially her month. In the Chapel of Loreto, as dusk steals upon the earth, the serenity of Nazareth broods over the assembled lovers of Mary, and Gabriel's salutation—*Ave, gratia plena*,—is borne on wings of prayer to the courts of heaven. Then comes the Act of Consecration, sweet in its repetition, crowned by the benediction of her Son from His abiding place in the tabernacle.

Beautiful month of May! Its first days are shadowed by the Cross, and its last day finds us—where all joy and all sorrow should lead us—near the sweet heart of Mary, and in that sanctuary we learn the treasures of grace to be found in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to whose month—June—we are led by May.

K. HURLEY, *Class '91.*

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, R. Butler, Brady, Black, Bogart, Clarke, Currier, Coleman, Charles, Churchill, Clayton, Crilly, Calderwood, Dority, L. Du Bois, Dempsey, M. Donehue, Margaret Donehue, Daley, Evoy, Eisenstädt, Fitzsimmons, Gibbons, Green, Galvin, Grauman, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, Hughes, Haitz, Howe, Minnie Hess, Hunt, Hopkins, Haight, G. Johnson, Kimmell, Kirley, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Kasper, Kinney, Kiernan, Lauth, Ludwig, F. Moore, McFarland, N. Morse, K. Morse, M. Murphy, McCormack, M. Moore, N. Moore, McPhillips, McCarthy, E. Murphy, Norris, Niemann, C. O'Brien, O'Leary, Patier, Quinlan, Quinn, G. Roberts, M. Roberts, Rizer, Ryder, Robbins, Robinson, Spurgeon, Smyth, Sena, Seeley, Tipton, Tod, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Witkowsky, G. Winstandley, Wolff, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. G. Bachrach, Bartholomew, Clifford, Cowan, Coady, Cooper, B. Davis, Doble, Fossick, B. Germain, Gilmore, Hickey, L. Holmes, C. Kasper, Kellner, Kelly, Meskill, Quealy, Schaefer, J. Smyth, Soper, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, A. Tormey, Van Liew, Wurzburg, White, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

Class Honors.

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

1ST SENIOR CLASS.—Misses K. Morse, Nickel, Thirds, Wile, Nacey, Crane, D. Johnson, E. Murphy, Haight, L. Nester, Quealy.

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

3D SENIOR CLASS.—Misses R. Butler, Charles, Churchill, Clayton, Cohoon, D. Davis, Dempsey, Mary Donehue, Eisenstaedt, Lauth, Lewis, Ludwig, Kirley, M. Moore, E. Norris, Pugsley, Quinlan, Sanford, B. Winstandley, Zahm, Calderwood, Robinson, A. Tormey, Reeves.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses M. Byrnes, Brady, Carpenter, Farwell, Galvin, Good, Grauman, Maude Hess, Mollie Hess, Minnie Hess, L. Holmes, Hutchinson, M. Kinney, Kiernan, McCormack, N. Moore, Mullaney, A. Pengemann, E. Seeley, H. Van Mourick, M. Wagner, Witkowski, N. Wurzburg, Clifford, Soper, O'Mara.

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

3D PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses L. Crilly, Daley, B. Kingsbaker, McPhillips, Ryder, Sena.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY CLASS.—Misses Black, Robbins, L. Adelsperger, Bartholomew, Culp, M. Cooper, A. Cowan, A. E. Dennison, Doble, Fossick, B. Germain, P. Germain, C. Hamilton, L. Holmes, Hickey, Kellner, C. Young.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS.—Misses M. G. Bachrach, Schaefer, Schaffer, White.

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