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Sonnet.*

BY HENRY C. MURPHY, '93.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the noisy world, doth spend his days!
In doing this he leaves the proud displays
Of pomp and power that tend but to deprave.

And sweeter are the mournings of the dove
That doth unwittingly my mind upraise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays,—
Than palaces where earthly lust is love.

O sweet, how sweet is Zephyr's gentle breath,
And rural sights that my glad eyes behold,
Than vain applause from sordid mobs beneath
The soul that loves not only rank and gold!
Full is the world of pride that true men slight;
Our sylvan groves have only pure delight.

The Novel.

BY C. A. PAQUETTE, '91.

Lichtenberg once said that it was the good fortune of the ancients to write before the great art of writing ill had been invented. Possibly he foresaw the country overflowed with that plague of plagues, the modern society novel. Certain it is that there never was so much encouragement held out to poor writers as at present. The public is ever on the watch, and eagerly awaits the appearance of the latest novel that they may read, or, more correctly, devour it, and be ready for the next. That the novel has greatly deteriorated in worth needs no argument.

To talk about the novel is easy; to give an exact definition of it is somewhat difficult; for everything, from the creations of a Thackeray

to the social dukes and lords of the "Duchess," from the masterpieces of a Hawthorne to the wonderful beings of an "Old Sleuth,"—all are included in the general name of *Novel*. It is a rather modern institution, this novel. Following in the footsteps of the satire, it became the literary expression of an age, just as the satire followed the drama before it.

In the year 1740 the first novel was written by Richardson under the name of "Pamela." This new departure in literature created much wonder, and was so successful that about seven years later the same author brought out another—"Clarissa Harlowe." I was looking for this book with the honest intention of reading it; but on hearing that it was in eight volumes I gave up the idea. So much attention was drawn by these novels in the world of letters that in a short time several new novels by different authors appeared, and attracted considerable notice. Of course, from its very form the novel was sure to become popular, as the characters were, or, rather, were supposed to be, taken from real life. The people in these novels, whether prince or beggar, saint or sinner—generally the latter—moved about like automata and talked in ominous, polysyllabic words that inspire one with awe. They were ridiculously overdrawn; but I suppose the people read, and exclaimed admiringly: "How natural!" just as they do now. Unfortunately, the early novelists, anxious to satisfy their readers, chose to portray the wicked part of life. Of course, it was the spirit of the times, and everybody read them; but most people would now be shocked to see a young lady reading the works of Fielding, Smollet, or Sterne. It needed the refining influence of some of the later novelists to put an end to the looseness, not only of writings, but even of morals, public and private.

* Suggested by Horace's "Odi Profanum Vulgus."

Sir Walter Scott gave the first impulse to this great reform; but it was not until Thackeray and Dickens came that the novel really marked an epoch in letters. They clothed their novels with a reality that one could perceive—a reality that shocked no delicacy, and that conveyed a lesson. Take Thackeray, for instance: do we not feel that he has placed before us in all his works a mirror of life? We often meet with a Major Pendennis, who is so devoted to society that he takes a person's social standing as a criterion of excellence. Becky Sharp is so true to nature that the name is given to any deceitful, intriguing female. It is the same with Dickens. Though he has not the consummate skill of Thackeray, yet his personages are real, so real that you could recognize them at once should you meet them in the walks of life.

Compare these characters with those you meet in the "society novel." I have one before me just now. The writer gravely announces his intention of describing the heroine. The only virtue of his description is that it is brief. He says that she—Hilda is her name—has magnificent golden tresses, and lovely blue eyes. This is all. She is exempt from the ordinary properties of length, breadth and thickness that are essential to the existence of common clay. She is above all this. Of course, she was in love—they always are. He is a handsome young man of athletic mould. They become engaged and the wedding-day is set. A young lord is invited to attend the ceremony. Hilda starts a flirtation with the young lord and—"just for fun"—she breaks off the engagement. Like all other novels of the kind, everything is set right in the end.

During the holiday season I met one of these novel-reading persons. At the time, she was busy reading some paper-covered book. If my memory serves me right, it was entitled "Wilful Winnie." She kindly offered to let me have the book, and, through curiosity, I read it. Of course, it was the old, old story of chance meeting, love, quarrel, reconciliation and happiness. Now, how much of real life is there in all that? "Not much," some might answer; "but whence does the harm come?" The harm arises from that very fact; there is no reality whatsoever in these novels. They leave such an influence on the habitual novel-reader that he—oftener she—is firmly convinced that these things really do take place in life. The young lady just mentioned had no higher ambition than to meet a real lord—an honest American citizen wasn't good enough for her (I'm not here actuated in my remarks by personal motives). She admitted that she preferred the "Duchess" to

Thackeray, and "Bertha M. Clay" to Hawthorne. After such a confession, can anybody say that the society novel is harmless? Through them we acquire false ideas of life, and, what is worse, we stifle all taste for good literature. But let us at least be thankful that the life of a modern society novel is short. Like a fungus-plant, it springs up in a single night, lives for a day, and dies. Some one has said that a good book is a gift of God, while a bad one can generally be credited to his Satanic Majesty. If we are to judge from effects, this must be true; for the good or bad that can be done by a novel is incalculable.

When one has read a good novel does he not lay it down with a feeling that he is a better man for it? If the story draws tears to our eyes it is not tears of sympathy because hard-hearted Miss Vavasour will not listen to the tender appeals of Lord Clarendon, it is because we weep with Mrs. Pendennis when she believes Arthur guilty, and the author has touched an answering chord in the reader's heart. Thackeray makes you rejoice at the happiness of the honest, and with him you hate the vicious. He never tries to right wrong; and when he introduces crime in any way it is only to compare it with virtue. Novels are not merely for amusement, they are for a higher purpose. They should prove a friend to virtue, an enemy to vice, and a guide to higher thoughts. Good literature, it is true, is not always a sure safeguard for morals. George Eliot held that literature was the only guide to a good life; but her life by no means proved the assertion. Literature without religion, while it may cultivate a man's intellect, will not make him virtuous for virtue's sake. Books—novels especially—should not be read for the sake of the story; they should be studied for the lesson contained therein. The worth of a novel can be tested by the impression it leaves on the reader. If after reading it he feels moved to nobler thoughts and aspirations, he may feel assured that the book is good, and that it has accomplished its mission.

There is a novel out called "Cæsar's Column." It is written on the same plan as Bellamy's "Looking Backward." The author projects himself a century forward into the future, and goes on to show that under the present conflict between capital and labor a revolution will arise that will be universal; that things will come to pass when the law will be a thing of the past, civilization fade away, and men return to that savage state where the "survival of the fittest" will be the order of the day. The book is a blow aimed at some of the economic ques-

tions of the day. Though Mr. Donnelly has greatly exaggerated the case, yet there are arguments that will bear serious reflection. But in speaking of such works, I am treading on political ground; and as politics are completely beyond me, I must drop my pen.

An Episode of the Reign of Nero.

BY JOSEPH JUST, '92.

Rome lies clothed in the splendor of a beautiful evening in autumn. The mild rays of the setting sun are reflected in ruby tints from the burnished arches of Nero's golden palace. Patricians in small groups walk leisurely in the porticoes which surround the *Thermæ*, and exchange opinions on the races which the night before had attracted a great multitude to the pleasure gardens of the emperor. Veiled matrons, with their comely daughters, whom the tropical sun had shut up in their apartments during the day, have retreated to the flat roofs of their houses where they sit and rest and breathe the cool, soft air. The streets below are thronged alike with *grande*es and tradesmen. Here and there a strange-colored garment tells of travellers from afar, contributing to the picturesqueness of the scene, and suggesting a thought of the city's greatness.

In the throngs that swell the Appian Way, a careful observer might mark two men in rich gowns and engaged in lively conversation. The one, C. Calpurnius Piso, a patrician of distinction, is in the flower of manhood; the other, M. Annaeus the poet, is a handsome youth of twenty-five. Elbowing their way through the dense crowd, they enter a mansion of magnificent architecture on the outskirts of the city. They cross the *atrium*, pass through several apartments, and we next see them seated on a tastefully wrought veranda of marble and porphyry. Below extends an orchard where blushing roses and waxen lilies cluster about the orange and cherry-tree (since its transplantation from the Orient by Crassus, this tree supplied the tables of the nobility). The Tiber hurries its yellow waters through emerald meadows, and off yonder in the distance the purple hills bound the horizon. The two men had often sat together in confidential conversation at this spot, admiring the enchanting view. Yet, even now, after so many repeated visits, their gaze is riveted upon the same picture, so charming is it at the approach of twilight.

Presently Claudius, Lucan's favorite slave, serves a luncheon and, bowing low, retires.

"Come, dearest Piso, and refresh thyself," begins Lucan, the owner of the villa.

"Good Lucan, urge me not. I cannot eat now, for my soul overflows with wrath at the cruelties exercised against honest citizens."

"Well, well! there is no profit in worrying for wrongs endured. The tyrannical proceedings of which we spoke on our way hither are surely sufficient to dishearten any man; but a brave Roman, such as thou art, fights against his emotions, and comes out superior, like the eagle which our dauntless Cæsar carried to the confines of Anglia."

"Speak not of former glory, friend, for it makes me compare the present wretched state of the empire with its fame in times agone. Ever since Agrippina secured the throne for her son, the laurel that surrounds the brow of mighty Rome has withered. Thousands of freemen who before his reign enjoyed immense possessions now live in dire poverty. The laws of justice and hospitality are no longer observed. The poor are trodden under foot and weighed down by taxes. The ancestral property of the Fathers is consumed in sumptuous banquets at which his majesty sits and carelessly bids his courtiers draw up new lists of proscription. But it is a personal calamity which now makes the blood boil in my veins."

"What, Piso, the tyrant dared to satisfy his thirst for blood or confiscation on thy family? Oh! speak, and may thy words like flaming swords enkindle my anger! Too long already have we borne the yoke of the monster. His inhumanity we experience daily. Why does not Father Tiber roll from out his bed and swallow up the now fettered mistress of the world? Or, rather, why do not honest men revolt and send the tyrant to his doom? Come, confide to me the cause which brings such sorrow to thy manly heart."

Piso drained a goblet of old Falernian, then, drawing nearer, he began: "Last evening Nero had again illuminated his gardens with human torches, and this time fifty Christians were the unhappy victims of his cruelty."

"Would he were mistaken for a Christian and sentenced to be burned alive! I dare say he would thus shine more brightly than he will on the pages of history. But I shall interrupt thee no more."

"The poor Christians writhed in their pains, still no complaint fell from their lips. Nero, on a costly chariot, competed for the prize in driving with some famous athletes who well knew that to save their lives they must allow themselves to be worsted. My son Lentulus, who a

few days ago returned from Rhodes where he had studied rhetoric under Apollonius Molo, chanced to be among the crowd that watched the contest. When Nero had reached the goal far ahead of his rivals the spectators cheered and manifested their admiration in every manner. Lentulus alone disdained to applaud the imperial victor, and was soon denounced to him by the informers whom the jealous ruler kept stationed among the mass. Guards were ordered to arrest my son, and in a moment he stood before the emperor. 'We hear, young man,' began the indignant monarch, 'that after witnessing our success in racing thou didst not applaud, but in thy countenance didst express disgust. Are we well informed?'

"Aye, my lord,' Lentulus replied; 'for know that I, a true Roman, stoop not to pander to the folly of a brutal master.'

"Gods! Who taught thee such language? Thou knowest who we are because thou callest us master. Speak. What is thy name?'

"My words but voice the feelings of my heart. Ever since thou hast assumed the purple—that ill becomes thee—I heard, though far away, of thy barbarous deeds, and I loathe thee on their account; nay, had I the power, this my glorious land would not crouch so at the feet of a monster. My name thou shalt not know lest thou injure my family. I am lately come from a famed seat of learning where I spent many years, and so these mean courtiers cannot inform thee.'

"Oh! we see. Even small snakes have their poison. The proscription lists were not complete, it seems. However, it is not yet too late. Lictors, that torch has almost burned to the ground—it was a boy. As it is our divine will that this celebration continue with good light, put this young rebel in the Christian's place.'

"And so, dear Lucan, my great-hearted boy was bound to the stake with his hands behind his back, while black pitch was poured over his head and set on fire to the great delight of the tyrant."

"Alas! bereaved father, what art thou to do? How long shall we groan in these chains?"

"No longer, friend, than we are willing. A handful of resolute men could overthrow this disgraceful administration, and give the reigns of government unto a worthier. And why should not we, particularly interested in the welfare of Rome, be the leaders. Our aristocratic birth makes us rank among the chief men of the state, and thousands look up to us. With thee as helper, and great Jove as protector, I shall bring about the wished-for change of rulers."

"Noble Piso, I am at thy service. All my possessions, titles, friends, relatives—nay, my life, I will sacrifice for the good of the state."

"May the gods reward thee, Lucan. But Thetis has by this time greeted Phœbus at the end of his course through the skies. That blush in the West shows that another day has been added to the ocean of the past. I must leave immediately, for I love not well to grope my way homeward and jostle with strangers in the dark. Good night! Come to my dwelling tomorrow, and we shall give our project more thought."

"Good night, my Piso, and may Morpheus bring thee sweet dreams! Fare thee well!"

Music.

The effect of music upon the minds of the ancients is well known from their writings and traditions. The story of Orpheus moving the rocks and swaying the passions of the wild animals, and Ulysses, on his long and adventurous journey, forcing himself and his crew not to be overcome by the sweet-toned voices and melodic strains of the syrens, requires no special comment. With these nations, poetry and music were inseparable. The poets sang their verses before the people when they had assembled from all parts of Greece to witness the Olympian games. Their feastings were accompanied by the many strains of the lyre; their worship of the gods was incomplete without song, and their funeral processions were made impressive by mournful music. On account of their deep reverence for music, they readily associated with it powers which it could not possess. Although these stories are exaggerations, yet they give us an idea of its powerful influences among the ancients. By these nations, noble and manly music was considered as invigorating the spirit and inciting it to great deeds; while the strains of the sportive and sensuous lute were considered as degrading our noble spirit and robbing us of our self-control.

The comprehension of music depends on the development of a faculty of our rational nature. Something else is needed besides the musical apparatus of our ear and brain-centre, namely, a refined and cultivated soul. Animals have these physical organs and an instinctive appreciation of sounds; but they cannot distinguish melody. In some animals this sense seems to be more developed than in others, but in no case are they able to distinguish one melody from another.

In philosophy, poetry, architecture and sculpture, Greece has no superior; and in music it would, perhaps, have been above us too had the Greeks possessed the instruments which we have. It remained for modern inventive genius to give us instruments which should develop our musical faculties. Although our mental capacity has not yet reached its highest state of cultivation, yet we may expect an almost unlimited advance, by each generation building upon the stage which its predecessor had reached, and thus continuing until the end is reached.

Our age is referred to by many writers as a time far superior to the eras of antiquity; yet, when we compare them, many points arise where we are inferior. This, however, is not the case in music, since the simple melodies of the ancients have given way to the more harmonious and intricate measures of the moderns. By moderns I have especial reference to the musicians of the last two hundred years.

Are we of the nineteenth century moved as much by music as the ancients, or has music lost some of its magic? This question is often asked, and, as regards, both its parts, frequently answered in the negative. It seems natural to suppose that with the rapid strides made by this art in modern times there has also been a corresponding increase in its emotional character. There are some who deny this despite the daily observations and proofs recorded in the lives of our great musicians. Joseph Haydn tells us how he was affected when, for the first time, he heard the "Creation":

"One moment I was cold as ice, and the next I seemed on fire; and more than once I feared I should have a stroke."

Again, Berlioz, in his essay on music, minutely describes not only his own feelings on hearing great master-pieces, but even cites examples of its effects upon others who were well versed in the art. And yet we hear some say—I am happy they are few—that "it is on savages that music exerts its greatest influence."

Men frequently judge the effects of music more by the wild gesticulations of the auditors than by the calm expressions of the interior emotions which are produced. At the sound of the drum Indians begin to dance, gesticulate, and twist their bodies in all shapes; while we, apart from the influences of warlike association, or military manœuvres, would consider it no more than a dull noise. Who does not know the effects of a harmonicon upon a dog? He will begin to whine and rush towards the person with the instrument. Yet no one would therefore say that the influence of music on the Indian and the

dog is greater than on the civilized Caucasian. If demonstrativeness be a criterion by which to judge musical feelings, then the ignorant audience, who keeps time with the orchestra when it plays "Yankee Doodle," or who roars and stamps at the pranks of a vulgar horse-show in a variety theatre, has a keener appreciation of music and humor than the educated men who, in their libraries, enjoy the masterpieces of music and literature with no other expression of approbation than an occasional smile or *exquisite*.

But if music has the power to soften the heart and influence our actions, how is it that the Dahowans, as African tourists relate, are the most cruel of all negroes? and yet they are most passionately fond of music. Or, to cite a more familiar example. Roman history tells us that the great tyrant and monster, Nero, after setting fire to the city, relieved his ears from the moanings and lamentations of his subjects by music. Moreover, everyone knows what a number of vagabonds and so-called music teachers, that scarcely know the difference between a polka and a waltz, are generally included in our list of *musicians*.

These are well-known facts, and are often used as arguments against music. But these arguments are based on a popular error. The petty rhymester, who, his "eye in fine frenzy rolling," writes sonnets on spring and summer, would not be considered a poet. No one would think of taking the life of such a man as a standard by which to judge the lives of true poets. Yet when men judge musicians by these vagabonds and *music teachers* they estimate the character of real musicians by such men. In every profession there are quacks, and no one thinks of judging the profession at large by them; but it remains for music to have heaped on its shoulders the sins of members that, properly speaking, are not within its fold.

It may be well to consider what music is in itself. All attempts at defining it have failed. However, it is certainly a moral force and, as such, it influences our passions. This influence is wielded to raise our aspirations towards higher and nobler deeds and to lead us away from depraving pleasures. Although its powers may be strong enough to counteract some demoralizing influences, yet we should not be surprised when it fails to produce its salutary results.

Music is essentially a language of emotions. It is well known that certain tones and cadences can be used to express grief; others to express joy; others to express affection; others to inspire feelings of reverence, and still others to express triumph or martial order. These and other

feelings of the human heart are vividly expressed and rendered more intense. To compose a single air requires no great musical genius; but to arrange the prime emotion by elaborations into structures that have additional charms, due to artfully-arranged contrasts and repetitions, in such a manner as to leave the melody undisturbed is the mark of real musical genius. These men preserve the decorative beauty without losing the emotional meaning. They do not sacrifice the emotion for the sake of beautiful cadences, but employ cadences only in so far as they contribute to intensify the emotion. But this power is not the property of everyone. The mastery of a language that is soul-inspiring and arouses our noble feelings can only be acquired by a musical genius.

Music can impart only good impulses; for, as Dr. Johnson says, "Music is the only sensual pleasure without vice." In this respect it is even superior to poetry, although no one would dare to place music above poetry. Both strive for the beautiful. But whereas poetry, from time to time, is interspersed with bits of immoral sentiments that may take root in the plastic nature of some, music, on the other hand, can do nothing of this, since it alone, of all the arts, can give sensual pleasure without vice. Children are susceptible to music long before they understand poetry; and if, in some cases, children delight to recite poetry it is more the musical jingle of the rhyme that attracts their attention than the qualities of the verse, which perhaps they do not understand. The charms of a cradle song subdue the impatience and anger of a child and prevent him later in life from being habitually cross or vicious.

There is an interior relation existing between music and poetry. The swing and rhythm of a lyric add to the general effect of the poem, and often serve to bring before our eyes more vividly the described picture. But no one would say that poets are musicians, or musicians, poets; yet musicians are poets in so far as they express our feelings in the language of sound. Have you never noticed how literature has given food to great musicians for masterpieces? The light and lyrical drama of "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" has been the source of inspiration for the genius of a Mendelssohn to compose an opera. Words are said to encumber music and to clog the image. The mental energy that is expended in following the words detracts so much power from the force that is required to produce the tone picture. They are useful to a composer in so far as they serve to awaken trains of emotions which music is all-powerful to deepen; and while they are spoken, the music has already passed into the depths of feeling

beyond the control of words. A practical illustration can be obtained in operas where often the leading singer is a foreigner and renders his part in a foreign language, yet we can understand him. The Bible, the greatest of all poems, and the source whence we may draw many an inspiration, has given more food for musical compositions than any other book. Where is anything more soul-inspiring than the "Creation" by Haydn, or that sublime oratorio the "Messiah" by the immortal genius, Handel?

What does all this show? It shows that the nobler feelings of man can be expressed in music as well as in poetry. If it is on account of the inability on the part of those considering music as degrading to understand such masterpieces, that such charges are made, they can readily be excused; but if it is on account of their ignorance of the existence of such masterpieces that these charges are made, then their ignorance, though lamentable, is their own refutation.

Shelley says of music:

"It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart."

The value of music as a tonic is very often disregarded. When worn out by mental exertions we can refresh ourselves by listening to an opera or concert. Physiologists tell us that in the different parts of the brain various kinds of operations are performed, and that, in order to rest them we need not cease altogether, but merely apply ourselves to another kind of work. No one can work continually without any cessation from labor. This would indeed be a life of misery if there were no means of enjoyment—no matter whence we draw the pleasures provided they are legitimate.

Man, by his very nature, seeks to intersperse the toils and hardships of this life with pleasures, and not to labor continually without an occasional alleviation from his toil. Since this is so, should we not encourage enjoyments which are honorable and at the same time ennobling? The Puritans made a serious mistake when they took from their churches all works of art and silenced the organ. Evidently they did not discriminate between pleasures which have a tendency to excess and those which are really harmless. All innocent pleasures should be encouraged, and especially music, because it is not only ennobling, but also rests our brain when fatigued with the day's labor. The petty annoyances that frequently are the result of our own peevish temper are more easily forgotten while relating them to the piano; and we may find consolation by playing some favorite theme. Shakspeare well understood the value of music as a tonic when *Lucentio*, in "The Taming of the Shrew" (Act III., Scene I.), says to *Hortensio*:—

"Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony."

CLEMENT S. BURGER, '92.

Letters from the Archives of Bishops'
Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.

XIV.

[Letter written by Rt. Rev. Bishop Rosati of St. Louis to Very Rev. John Timon, Vicar-General of Buffalo.]

"ROME, Nov. 14th, 1840.

"VERY DEAR AND REV. SIR:

"I have received four of your letters, and already answered some of them. I thank you for your attention, and request you to continue to write to me frequently and give me all the details that might be interesting. I shall not leave Italy before the end of May next, therefore you may send your letters to Rome at the Propaganda, and it will save me expenses; then to Paris at our house. I have, if I do not mistake, already informed you that I have sent some money to Mr. Leduc for the purpose of continuing the building of the seminary and Trinity Church. So far I have not got over my incapacity of begging, and, of course, I have received nothing except from the Association of Lyons and our most honored father the Lupi General. I have little prospect of doing better, therefore we must create resources at home. I have been everywhere received with the greatest kindness and respect. Our own kind brethren of the Congregation (Lazarists) have treated me with the greatest affection, and had I not received any other compensation for my journey to Europe, this would have amply satisfied me. But I cannot describe here what my countrymen of Sora have done to show the satisfaction they felt at seeing me. My brother and some others of the family had been waiting for my arrival at home three weeks. After a few days' stay at Rome I went with them to Sora. Half way we met with other relations and friends. At Veroli, an episcopal city of the States of the Pope, only twelve miles from Sora, some clergymen went to meet us some miles from the city, took me in their carriage, and, arrived at the city, we went to the Cathedral where I was received at the door by some Canons. At the house where I stopped I was visited by the governor, the *Gonfalonier* or Mayor of the city, the Vicar-General (the Bishop was absent), the Chapter, etc., and greeted by a band of music.

"The next day we continued our journey and visited the famous Abbey of Casamarii and were received by the abbot and monks who are of the order of La Trappe; then we passed the confines and entered into the kingdom of Naples; others from Sora met us here. As we passed below the first village of the diocese all the bells rang; a mile further, we arrived at a most beautiful town called the Isola of Sora, only three miles from Sora, one of the most delightful ports that can be seen; the town, containing about five thousand inhabitants, is an island formed by the branches of the Garigliano which are divided at the upper end by some rocks on which a splendid palace is built; one of the branches forms a perpendicular cascade of about a hundred feet, and the other a great many cascades on an inclined plane. These two branches reunite before the town in which there are a great many factories of fine cloth and paper mills on a new plan. The surrounding country—partly hills and partly plain—is covered with olive trees, vineyards and rich fields. Here we found the vicar-general of the bishop who took out my cross, and most kindly requested me by the commission of the bishop to consider myself as in my own diocese, and make use of all the bishop's powers. With him were several canons of the cathedral, the mayor of the city, and a great many other citizens. I had to get into a beautiful carriage which the bishop had sent me with his servant in a gala dress, and, accompanied by a great many other carriages, we rode through one of the most beautiful plains on a fine road, and soon arrived at Sora. At the gates of the city a crowd of people, a band of music, amongst the sound of all the bells of the city, accompanied us to the cathedral

where the canons, in their choral dress, were waiting at the door. We went to adore the Blessed Sacrament; the bishop came to the church and received me as a brother most affectionately. After having spent a few minutes with him in his palace I went to my brother's house, accompanied by all the above-mentioned cortege. Here I found only three of those whom I had left before I went to America; but in their place thirteen children of my brother and six of my sisters. In the evening the streets were illuminated; music, etc. I had to say Mass in every church and then the canons in attendance. The next Sunday I assisted pontifically at High Mass for the feast of the Compassion of the Blessed Virgin. The other Sunday I attended at the Congregation of the poor of which I had been received a member when I was twelve years old. I said Mass and preached to a crowd of people. The same day I was received a member of the other congregations—one of the Blessed Virgin and another of the Sacconi. All my time in Sora was taken up by visits, etc.

"You know me, and therefore you may imagine how I must have been among all these honors. However, I was pleased with the affection of my countrymen, although I would have dispensed with receiving so many honors. After two weeks I went to Naples, where I found Mr. Luty, who had gone there to see the miracle of St. Januarius—which he really saw, to his great satisfaction. Our gentlemen (the Lazarists) received me as true brothers. I visited St. Alphonsus and St. Philomena and saw the liquefaction of the blood of St. Louis Gonzaga. Having spent two weeks in Naples I returned to Sora where I assisted pontifically at the feast of St. Philomena, and heard music that made me feel that I was in Italy. I returned to Rome at the end of October, and brought with me one of my nephews, about twenty years old, who has since joined the Congregation. Last Sunday I made the usual discourse at his reception at Monte Cavallo. There is there also one of my nephews, my sister's son, who has finished his noviceship, and is studying philosophy. We are expecting daily three other young gentlemen from Sora who are to be received into the Congregation.

"I must now speak of the audiences I have received from the Pope. The first was at Castel Gondolfo, although he had ordered that no one should be admitted because he was to return home the next day. When he was told I was there he graciously granted admittance. As soon as he saw me he got up, went toward me and, not giving me time to make the usual genuflection, he embraced me, and kept me long between his arms, and addressed to me the most affectionate words. He bade me sit down, and put on my *calotte* (skull cap); spoke of the American Church in the most loving manner, and in terms of the highest estimation, read to me the encyclical letter which was afterwards published, and kept me three-quarters of an hour. I asked his blessing for all the diocese, the clergy, the nuns and Sisters of Charity. 'I shall speak of them,' said he, 'in the Encyclical letter.' He gave orders that we should remain at dinner with the prelates of his court and the officers of his guard. I had the second audience on the 4th inst. I presented to his Holiness the Indian Biography, with which he was very much pleased, and they have all admired the work and the progress which the arts have made in America. He spoke again to me very highly of the American Church, and as I went in he went to one of the sides of the halls; and, not knowing what he would do, I remained standing. He took a large stool, brought it near his table and bade me sit down. He expressed his great satisfaction for our council, the letter written to the Archbishops of Cologne and Posen, the Pastoral letter and all the faithful. The decrees of our Provincial Council have been read with pleasure. They will soon receive the solemn approbation. Our brethren here have heard with pleasure of our establishments in America. Mr. Durando shows the greatest interest for them. By this time I suppose the new colony of one priest, two subdeacons and a clergyman and a Brother sent by him must be arrived. At Naples there are several who wish to go, but the visitor seems to be unwilling. Pray for

Your most affectionate

✠ JOSEPH, Bp. of St. Louis.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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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 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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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—A dispatch from New York to Very Rev. Father Provincial, received on Saturday, stated that Very Rev. Father General Sorin had sailed that day on the steamship *La Gascogne*. We hope to record next week the reception of a cable dispatch announcing his safe arrival on the shores of *la belle France*.

—Anent poor Ireland's present troubles, the burning words of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane cannot too frequently be repeated:

"Ireland's banner will trail in the dust till pure hands raise it aloft again. The land of purity of life demands a man of pure life to say to her millions: 'Follow me.'"

—Hon. William J. Onahan, LL. D., of Chicago, has again added to the treasures he has for years been placing in the Lemonnier Library of our University. This time his gift is more than royal: it comprises "The National Manuscripts of Ireland" in five large folio volumes. Without doubt, this is the most important and valuable work relating to the illustration of Irish History ever published. It contains facsimiles of the most celebrated of the early illuminated books, notably the "Book of Kells." One cannot examine these works without becoming enthusiastic over the exquisite workmanship displayed. Moreover, a great desire is awakened to know more of the period and the genius they so splendidly illustrate.

—It is a fact worthy of note that no kings or rulers in this world have been so noted for their piety and learning as the popes of Rome. We know of no nation whose rulers have ever been famous for their wisdom. There are many which have had geniuses guiding the destinies of the state; but for every genius who has

adorned the throne there have been eight or ten who have had little or no ability. But few nations have had saints for rulers; and for every saint they have had many and many a sinner—and great sinners at that. But such has not been the case with Rome. She has had for her rulers a succession of men who were at once models of piety, morality and learning. It is impossible for us to mention one Pope who was not highly educated; while all of them favored learning much more than did any earthly ruler. As to their morality, there is no succession of bishops in any See containing so many canonized saints. The number of popes against whom aught can be said may be counted very quickly; and in the great number of Sovereign Pontiffs it is more a matter of wonder that there were not more whose lives were bad than that there should be any at all. Out of more than 250 Popes, not more than three or four can be called bad. What other succession of kings, or princes, or bishops—of rulers either temporal or spiritual—can show such a record? Not one. Bad kings have disgraced the thrones of all nations; ignorant kings have been rulers in every clime. Bad bishops are to be found in the succession to schismatic sees in England, in Prussia, and in nearly every country. But in Rome there never was an ignorant Pope, and not more than two bad ones,—and this in a regular succession *running back eighteen hundred years*. Truly, it is an evidence of the truth of our religion that God has always given to its rulers at once enlightened and pious.

—An eminent Presbyterian minister—the Rev. Dr. Briggs—was recently appointed to the chair of Biblical Theology in one of the leading seminaries supported by his denomination. In his inaugural address he gave expression to views which have been discovered to be in conflict with the Presbyterian "Confession of Faith," and he is now on trial on charge of "heresy." His "views" tend to show the rational outcome of the religious spirit of the age, that the only choice left for thinking minds in our time is between Catholicity and infidelity. But, lest we may be thought to be going beyond our province in this matter, we quote the following editorial from the *N. Y. Sun* of the 14th inst., *apropos* of the subject:

"The remarks of the Rev. Mr. Elliott of the Paulist Fathers on the case of Dr. Briggs, as published in *The Sun* of yesterday, are very striking. They may amaze the Protestant followers of Dr. Briggs; but they are sound.

"They are that the new Biblical theology of this Presbyterian professor is substantially the Roman Catholic doctrine: and that logically his home must be in that Church.

"The theory of Dr. Briggs requires that if the authority of the Bible is to remain, the Scriptures must have an infallible interpreter. That is the Roman Catholic teaching. He says that the sources of Divine truth are the Bible, the Church, and reason. That is the Roman Catholic doctrine.

"According to the view of Dr. Briggs, the Bible must have an infallible interpretation to be itself infallible. If it contains errors due to the imperfections of its human transcribers, there must be an infallible authority to discover them and separate them from its truths, or the book can be no positive and authoritative basis for the faith of men. If it is left for the individual to make the discrimination, he can accept or reject what he pleases, and every man can make a religion for himself. The authority of the Bible is destroyed.

"According to the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church, its own infallibility makes its interpretation of the Scriptures infallible, absolute truth, and thus settles the question for everybody. The views of Prof. Briggs tend to an individualism which precludes the possibility of an organic Church and a dogmatic theology, or they lead straight to the Church of Rome. In other words, they lead to the religious philosophy of Unitarianism or to the positive theology of Catholicism.

"He and his followers must take one road or the other. They cannot remain as they are."

The "Ave Maria."

It must be a source of gratification to Very Rev. Father General to witness the ever-increasing popularity and constantly enlarging circulation of our contemporary, the *Ave Maria*—a magazine which he established here in 1865, and of which he was the first editor. Its beginnings were small indeed, and there were obstacles to its success which would have discouraged a less resolute man—one less devoted to the Blessed Virgin Mary, of whom Father Sorin has always been a whole-hearted champion. But these have been happily surmounted, and the *Ave Maria* now ranks among the most popular and widely circulated Catholic periodicals in the world. It has readers almost everywhere, and their number steadily increases year by year.

After it was well established Father Sorin resigned the editor's chair to the late Rev. Neal H. Gillespie, C. S. C., at one time Vice-President and Director of Studies at the University, who continued to hold the position until his last illness in 1874. He was succeeded by a committee of four priests of the Congregation, presided over by the learned Father Colovin, who had been appointed President of Notre Dame as successor to the lamented Father Lemonnier. In 1875 the *Ave Maria* was entrusted to the Rev. D. E. Hudson who still continues to edit it. Under his management it has been enlarged and improved in various ways, and we are pleased to hear that four more pages are soon to be added to its weekly edition, and still other improvements made. As evidence of the high standing of the *Ave Maria* we quote the follow-

ing appreciation from the *Caxton Review* of Bruges, Belgium, congratulating the venerable founder, etc.:

"From Notre Dame, Indiana, we have received a large and handsome volume of over six hundred pages, appropriately bound in blue and gold, clearly printed, and adorned with several full-page engravings of celebrated pictures of the Blessed Virgin. Such is the aspect of the thirty-first half-yearly volume of the *Ave Maria*, the Catholic Family magazine devoted to the honor of Our Lady. This volume contains the issues of the magazine during the last six months of last year. The contents are extremely varied and uniformly interesting. The serials are readable, and though this may seem faint praise, we do not mean it as such. We could name so many magazines in which the serials are unreadable and utter rubbish. Each number contains a 'Youth's Department,' which forms a useful, and to young folk welcome, feature in this periodical. The historical papers contributed by the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D., are exceptionally good. Descriptions of various shrines of Our Lady, and of favors obtained by Her intercession are numerous as becomes the title of the magazine; but of other kinds of reading there is ample store. The poetry is above the average of that appearing in even high-class monthlies; nor is it of that incomprehensible character of versification which people pretend to admire because they dare not avow that they do not understand it. We have often thought what a useful thing it would be were some of our modern versifiers required to write out in plain, straightforward prose what they sing so confusedly. It would save their readers a deal of trouble, and display their powers of thought, or lack of them.

"Dr. Egan's 'Chats with Good Listeners' contributed to this volume are very entertaining. There is much in these papers worth quoting did our space allow of it. We particularly enjoyed reading the one on 'Clutches at Culture,' and we quite agree with Dr. Egan in regretting the days when, 'if we were ignorant of Tolstoi and Ibsen, —if Meredith and Browning did not form constant subjects of discussion,—we were satisfied with Dickens and Thackeray,' and believed with Emerson that true culture meant simplicity. 'Clutching after Culture,' Dr. Egan aptly remarks, 'by people who do not know what culture means adds a new hardship to life. . . . You visit a friend. His daughters talk Ibsen without knowing anything about Ibsen, whose stuff most people read in the French translations ten years ago without finding much in it but hopelessness and modern paganism. And they clutch at the wretched Bashkirtseff, and they show unintelligible photographs, and they play the 'dominant seventh,' and tell you how content they would be always to live where the tonic chord forever sounded! Do you love Botticelli? Are you wrapt by the meanings of Sordello? Have you studied the tone-colors in Browning? Have you felt the ecstasy that filled the piper that played before Moses? And so on. You long for one breath of honesty, one touch of simplicity; you are tired of opinions which are borrowed or reflected. And to be told that culture means pessimism, hopelessness, morbidness, and everything except that which elevates us nearer to God, is an affront to intelligence and a relapse into barbarism.'

"Among articles of literary interest in this volume of the *Ave Maria* are two on 'Devotion to Mary in Modern German Poetry,' unsigned, and one on 'St. Bernard and our Blessed Lady,' by the Rev. W. H. Kent—a valuable and timely account of the Saint and his writings, for this year is celebrated the eight hundredth anniversary of St. Bernard's birth. Of St. Bernard's devotion to Our Lady, Father Kent remarks that it 'was not without its influence on the age in which he lived and labored. It was his mission to soften what was harsh and stern in that rough, warlike age. As Cardinal Newman sang of his own St. Philip, he came with

"his low tones of tenderness
To melt a noble, stubborn race."

It was his mission also to withstand the pride of men impatient of the yoke of authority; and especially that most dangerous form, the pride of intellect. And how

could he teach these needful lessons of tenderness and humility better or more effectually than by this very devotion to Mary?' We live in an age which, if outwardly more polished, is, nevertheless, 'harsh and stern' and 'warlike' and full to overflowing with 'the pride of intellect.' We need 'lessons of tenderness and humility.' In continuing St. Bernard's teaching, as it were, by devoting itself to honor the Blessed Virgin, the *Ave Maria* recommends itself in the best of all ways to the generous support of all English-speaking Catholics throughout the world."

The School Question.

The ordinary non-Catholic, when he considers the relation of the Catholic Church to the problem of general education, finds himself face to face with an imaginary solid phalanx marching forward to sweep the American public-school system off the face of the land. As he has been taught that the American school system—by which he means, of course, the system of common education in vogue in parts of the United States—is a glorious thing, and in some way responsible for the prosperity of this country, he resents this imaginary attempt to reduce the people to that condition of barbarism which existed before children were fed in equal doses from the big public-school spoon. In searching literature for an illustration of this process of education, one finds it in dear Mrs. Squeers's impartial distribution of sulphur and molasses to her husband's pupils at Dotheboys' Hall.

Even the extraordinary non-Catholic, while having doubts about the splendor of our school system, has greater doubts about the intentions of the Church. He has a vague belief that Catholics, who may be individually very reasonable and almost indistinguishable from other Americans, will, at a moment's notice, form into close ranks behind mitres and crosiers, and capture the public schools, or destroy them for the greater political glory of the Church. Usually it does not enter our friend's mind to imagine that the American citizen preferring the Catholic faith has any vital, personal, human interest in the educational question. If the public schools are good enough for the Methodist, the Congregationalist, the Agnostic, why does the Catholic object to them otherwise than because Rome, for purposes of political aggrandizement, insists that he shall keep his children out of them, if possible? This is his question.

It must be confessed that lay members of the Church take little trouble to answer it. They have got into the habit of forcing the burden of representing them on the shoulders of their bishops and priests. It is a very bad habit, and one that has created dry-rot in the social life of older countries. It leads to a condition of indolent cynicism which destroys alike true religion and true patriotism. There are times when laymen must speak for themselves out of the fullness of faithful and pure hearts. They are the fathers of children; on them rests the responsibility of making the family a firmer factor for the good of the race. The bishops and priests

teach and direct and, at times, lead; they are the spiritual fathers of the people; but the heaviest responsibility is on the natural fathers, who can not shift it from themselves. The Catholic religion recognizes this so deeply that her priests will not administer the regenerating Sacrament of Baptism to a child without parental consent; thus the parent is admitted to have greater power over his child than that of life and death. Parental rights are paramount.

Another reason why we Catholic laymen seem to have so little to say on subjects of a religious complexion is that our creed fits us so closely that it is part of ourselves. It is not a hair shirt but a very easy vestment. Nothing is gained, except discomfort, by trying to force it on others whom it might not fit, and who might get tired of it. And, believing, as we do, that religion is, first of all, a matter of correspondence between God's grace and man's will, we have, perhaps, a well-founded distrust of our efforts towards the conversion of people whose invincible ignorance in matters spiritual may be a stronger plea for them at the throne of mercy than that enlightenment by which many of us profit so little. Speaking for myself, I know non-Catholics whom I never meet without intense admiration for their elevation of thought and action, or without intense self-abasement and regret that I, walking in all the splendor of the Spouse of Jesus Christ, am so much less worthy of the gift of faith. I wish earnestly that to the lustre of their virtues were added the consolations and safeguards which the Church gives to her children. I hope that they are Catholics of the invisible Church and one with the visible Church in the Communion of Saints.

Knowing, as most Catholics do, many Protestants of the highest character, the Catholic is neither aggressive nor apologetic. He is easy and comfortable in his relations with men who respect his belief; he leaves the expression of religious truth to his spiritual instructors; he believes in the omnipotent power of prayer, although his fear of seeming to imitate the prevalent religious cant may induce him to say nothing about it. But, nevertheless, he holds that the most precious possession his children can have is that of faith in Christianity. And Christianity in all its fullness, in all the perfection of its divine evolution through the centuries since the coming of Our Lord, is held and taught only by the Church.

Now, much as he may admire his Protestant friends of naturally good dispositions, environed by circumstances which strengthen their natural goodness, he asks: How can their children, surrounded by the atmosphere of a time and a language permeated with the influence of neo-paganism, retain Christian morality without deep faith in Christian dogmas as safeguards for the practice of that morality? Public-school education does not supply these; the Sunday schools are in the long run useless, and the old-fashioned orthodox Protestant family training

has irretrievably gone out of fashion. It was a good thing while it lasted, but it had no qualities of permanency. It admitted the right of private judgment in religion—of private interpretation of the Scriptures—and “all went loose,” as the Germans say. Besides, its Calvinism brought about reaction.

Rationalism in Germany and agnosticism in England are logical conclusions from the free thought in matters of religion enjoined by Protestantism; infidelity in France and Italy is a revolt against the Church which commands “Credo” to be the final answer to all doubts concerning the divine origin of Christianity, or the divine inspiration of the Scriptures. The irresistible tendency of Protestantism is to revert to its original element—to the element of human protest against dogmatic restrictions and supernatural claims. The tendency of the time is to explain the supernatural by the preternatural. It is easy to believe that science can work a miracle, but very hard to believe that God can work it directly, unaided by science.

In view of this tendency, which permeates literature, which pushes itself forward in the lecture-hall, and even into the pulpit, which colors the matter and manner of the newspaper writer, and reporter, which is the energy of the time and the breath of its nostrils, where can a father turn if he believes that the infallible Christian faith, taught by the infallible Church, is the only salvation and safeguard for his children? Where is he to turn for that strengthening of character, spiritual and moral, which he feels his children must have in order to save themselves and to be conservative Christian forces in society? He cannot depend on family teaching only, for fathers are busy and mothers careworn. Such teaching, at best, would be intermittent. He knows that an hour a week in the Sunday-school devoted to the preservation of the religion which Christ died to promulgate, which is the only refuge from anarchy, and despair, and destruction, is like a mere scratch on the surface of that *tabula rasa*—the child’s heart. He knows that a school, public or private, in which the only acknowledgment of the great force, that raised earth to heaven and brought heaven to earth, is the recitation of the Lord’s Prayer and the perfunctory reading of a translation of a book that, humanly speaking, is contradictory and incomprehensible, cannot fill his child with a sense of the preciousness of Christianity, of admiration for its awful mysteries, of reverence for its rites, or arm him with that safeguard of safeguards—the habit of frequenting the confessional. A Catholic would rather see his only son die in the flower of youth than know certainly that that son would never use the means provided by the Church for the cleansing of his soul from the sins which kill its life.

This has been said to show that Catholic laymen have the most profound interest in the question of education. They do not submit to

a double tax for school purposes merely out of “pure cussedness,” nor out of “blind obedience” to the voice of Rome. The voice of Rome is the voice of God and their own consciences; but if Rome had not spoken, no thoughtful Catholic could conscientiously accept entirely secular education for his children; therefore the present public-school system does not satisfy him. He strains every nerve to send his children to Catholic schools. When this is impossible, he does the best he can.

Primarily, he cares nothing for the aggrandizement of what is called the political power of the Church. He knows there are men—professional politicians—only too willing to avail themselves of the prestige that may be acquired by seeming to be the familiars of prelates of the Church—men who use this association, as women anxious to get into “society” use their “church connections” and charitable plans, for purposes of their own. And he knows, too, that, while a prelate or a priest may accept in his charitable efforts the help of such men, the priest or prelate is obliged to take the risk of seeming to have political affiliations, because it is impossible to snub a politician who is so kind to the orphans and so anxious for the glory of God’s house. One may distrust the Greeks when they bear gifts; but it is sometimes impossible to kick them out, for the gifts might go with them. And gifts, when there are churches to be supported, and hospitals to be founded, and schools to be built, and asylums to be freed from debt, and orphans to be brought up in the belief and practice of Christianity, are not to be neglected, unless they are plainly the wages of sin.

Nevertheless, none of us desires great material possessions for the Church or the religious orders of the Church; nor that the Church and State in this country shall be united; neither do we want a prelate of the Church, whose kingdom is not of this earth, to be a political ruler in the land. In fact, we do not think of these things at all. We are prouder of Newman and Manning and Gibbons and Lavigerie than of Richelieu or Wolsey. We have read history with some advantage, and we know that the Old World has less to teach than our New World has to learn; but that here, of all countries, the Christian Church is most untrammelled, most free, most respected, because she is least involved in the changing and treacherous sands of politics. We do desire religious and practical education for our children; and it is impossible to get either in the public schools, which are the creation of mediocrity for the perpetuation of mediocrities. We must have religious schools, for our children must be Catholics in order to be Christians; and, therefore, with limited means, and at the cost of sacrifices, we are assisting our bishops and priests to form Catholic schools, which, in time, may lose their worst fault—their similarity to the public schools so far as the practical part of education is concerned.—MAURICE F. EGAN in “North-American Review.”

Personal.

—Rev. F. Veniard, C. S. C., Rector of St. Louis' Church, Besançon, Ind., was a welcome visitor to Notre Dame during the week.

—The Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., our esteemed Professor of Philosophy and Master of Novices at Notre Dame, commemorated his patronal festival on the 13th inst. His host of friends unite in cordial wishes of *ad multos annos!*

—Married at St. John's Church, Johnstown, Pa., May 12, Mr. John Larkin (Law '84), and Miss Lizzie Conrad. The SCHOLASTIC, of which Mr. Larkin was formerly one of ye efficient Eds., unites with his hosts of friends in wishing him and his bride a happy journey through life.

—We regret to learn that the Rev. W. P. Condon, C. S. C., Rector of St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wis., and formerly Prefect of Discipline in the University, has been called to Canada through the serious illness of his esteemed father at Petersboro, Ont.

—A dispatch received from Evansville, Ind., on Wednesday last, conveyed the sad intelligence of the death of the grandfather of John E. Fendrich, '85. The deceased was an upright, Christian gentleman, well known through his largeness of heart and generosity and fervent zeal and piety in the cause of religion and charity. He was loved and honored by all with whom he was associated. May he rest in peace!

—Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Vice-President of the University, is now accompanying the Very Rev. Father General Sorin on his official visit to the houses of the Community of Holy Cross in France. We take pleasure in reproducing from the *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia the following appreciation of the lectures recently delivered by Father Zahm at the Catholic University of Washington:

"During the month of April, at the Catholic University, Rev. J. A. Zahm, Professor of Physics in the University of Notre Dame, delivered a course of six lectures on the 'Philosophy of Musical Sounds.' These lectures proved to be amongst the most interesting that have been delivered in the course inaugurated at the University, as was attested by the crowded audiences that greeted the lecturer at each appearance. Scarcely any branch of the physical sciences has been so thoroughly and so successfully investigated during recent years as the subject of acoustics; many of those who had laid aside their physics only a few years since were astonished, on this occasion, to find some of their accepted theories completely upset by the result of very recent investigations. These lectures, though given in a 'popular course,' did not cease to be deeply scientific, and to deal in a masterly manner with some of the most complex problems in the domain of acoustics. Father Zahm displayed the rare faculty of setting forth the facts of nature in a manner that made them as interesting to the unscientific as to the scientific. He brought with him his own equipment of physical apparatus, and many of the most important and most successful of his experiments were only possible to one so completely equipped as he is. The cabinet of acoustic apparatus used during the course of these lectures is one of the most complete, if not the most complete, to be found in America to-day. It included many of the delicate pieces of mechanism that have enabled the wonderful

König to make some of his most recent researches in the hitherto unexplored departments of this subject; and by this means our Washington scientists were given the opportunity to investigate some of the unsettled and disputed phenomena of sound. Father Zahm's reputation as a scientist and a lecturer is well established in non-Catholic as well as Catholic circles; and the fact that in him we possess one of the best equipped scientists in the country to-day is one of the strongest refutations of the charge that our Catholic educational institutions do not keep pace with the scientific progress of the age."

Local Items.

—He will play.

—He won't play.

—Pull! pull! I mean stroke!

—George's white mustache.

—Our spring poet has left us.

—Co. "A" contains *the people*.

—"Dutch" has a "charley horse."

—Three cheers! then—out of sight.

—What's the matter with the brick-carriers?

—Pillows to right of them, pillows to left of them.

—"Red Rogue" is entering upon his second childhood.

—"Barb wire fences are dangerous." Thereby hangs a *tail*.

—Woodard showed us how he dodged the man with the ball.

—"Fox" has made his appearance again after his hibernation.

—John says that he is not "Moriturus," though he manifests a passion for rondeaus.

—Hennessy's defeat as Brotherhood Captain is to be deplored. He would have made a wonderful general.

—The brick-carriers working on the new academy building last Wednesday were adepts(?) in their profession.

—That young man from town likes *romantic* scenery if we can judge from his long musings on the banks of the lower lake.

—We are happy to announce that Prof. McCue has quite recovered from his painful illness and will soon be with us again.

—The "Monarch" gag drove everyone who read it distracted. Wm. O'B. and "Fitz" have gone raving mad, and others are being closely watched by keepers.

—The 'Varsity team will play the "west ends" of South Bend on the M. L. S. grounds, during the coming week. A full score of the game will be published in our next issue.

—The would-be *magnum opus*
Till now did not appear,
Nor will it for some time yet
To judge from what we hear.

—The elite lawn-tennis club would like to hear from any club in the University, or surrounding cities, desiring to play championship

games. Address all communications to O. Sullivan or W. O'Brien, Sorin Hall.

—TO THE ONE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: *Second Notice*.—Will the gentleman who took Vol. XXII. of the SCHOLASTIC from our sanctum kindly return the same!

—The cold season is over. Still Jim's famous facial appendage has not suffered the loss of any of its rubescence. His numerous friends are devoting much discussion to the mysterious cause of the symptoms.

—Sorin Hall still holds the tennis championship. Their players on Tuesday last defeated McGonigle and Gillon of Brownson Hall by a score of two sets to none. In the afternoon of the same day, Messrs. Joslyn and Murphy lost two sets to the expert "shorties." Cavanagh and Fitzgibbon were defeated by L. Gillon and Murphy on Wednesday.

—St. Edward's Park again appears adorned in all the radiant beauty which has so often made it the object of attraction to every visitor. The rich and rare flowers in all their varied species, which during the winter had been stored in a neighboring hot-house, have been set out in an artistic designs and make the Park a most pleasing sight.

—The grove encircling St. Joseph's Novitiate, north of the Lake, is rapidly becoming one of the most delightful spots in Notre Dame. From the beautiful lawn in front of the building, to the rich and ornamental gardens on the side and the rear, the most æsthetic observer cannot fail to be pleased with all that meets the eye. The many improvements made speak loudly in praise of the energetic and well-directed administration of the genial Master of Novices, and the devotedness of his able corps of co-workers.

—The second nines of Brownson Hall played their first championship game on Tuesday afternoon. Excitement ranged at fever heat, and each side strove hard to win. Errors lost the game for Doherty's "Blues." The features of the game consisted of the elegant pitching of Hubbard who struck out eleven men out of a possible twenty-four, and with proper support the result might have been different. The batting of Arends may be included in the list of features, as also the playing of M. McGrath, and his "Reds."

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 REDS:—1 1 1 2 3 2 2 1 *=13
 BLUES:—1 0 0 0 2 1 1 3 2=10

—BOAT CLUB.—The captains of the six-oared boats, Messrs. Daniels and Sanford, have chosen their crews, and are coaching them for the June races. The crews are as follows: *Evangeline*—Rebillot, Stroke; Weakland, No. 5; Woodard, No. 4; A. Lancaster, No. 3; Sanford, No. 2 and Captain; McGonigle, Bow; Robinson, Coxswain. *Minnehaha*—Daniels, Stroke; R. Sinnott, No. 5; Hoover, No. 4; Hackett, No. 3; Wright, No. 2; F. Sullivan, Bow; P. Murphy, Coxswain.—Ben-
 nie's pedal extremities were too long for active

service so he "got"—Mr. Castenado has been promoted from the exalted position of 1st soup to 2d assistant commodore. Commodore Coady has secured a valuable aid in this obese gentleman.—C. T. is small, but—oh, my! His crew deserve great credit for their *fine* work.

—The festival of St. Stanislaus was celebrated on last Wednesday with special solemnity at the Novitiate, it being the feast day of the Rev. Father Fitte, C. S. C., Master of Novices. A beautiful and touching address was read by Mr. J. Just, and at its conclusion, Father Fitte spoke at some length thanking the Novices for their kind remembrance of him, and assuring them of his deep regard for them and his interest in their welfare. A sumptuous repast was prepared at noon, and the rest of the day was spent in various kinds of amusements. The Novices will long remember the day as one of the happiest of the year.

—THE PICNIC.—Thursday, May 14, 1891, will mark an epoch in the military annals of Notre Dame. For some time past the members of Cos. "A" and "B" have been longing anxiously for the approaching picnic. The day dawned rather cloudy, and, in fact, the air was hazy throughout, resembling much an Indian summer day; but withal, it was just the day for outside enjoyment. At 9 a. m., the two companies were in marching order, keeping time to the martial strains of the University Cornet Band, under the able leadership of Rev. Father Mohun. The marching column picked its way to a beautiful spot down on the St. Joseph River—about two miles from the University. The rendezvous reached, students and guests scattered in divers directions. Fishing in the St. Joe is considered especially good, and soon the disciples of Walton might be seen lining the grassy bank intently watching the slightest motion of the painted bobber, or formulating the outline of a fish-story that was to astonish the natives. It is said there is a vein of poetry and romance in every nature, be it ever so prosaic; but the mastery of piscatorial romance evinced by some of the fishermen was simply appalling, and the reporter stood aghast. At 1 p. m., dinner was announced. Appetites had been whetted by the walk—if students' appetites need any whetting—and it is scarce necessary to remark the eatables were soon stowed away. The scene was quite army like. Seated here and there upon the grass were groups of boys partaking of their meal, arms stacked meanwhile before them—prepared they were for any signal of danger. At five o'clock the notes of the band called in the stragglers, and they soon fell in line for dress parade. After the parade three competitive drills were held, W. Woodard, of Co. "A," winning two, and J. Scallen, of Co. "B," the other. Immediately after the drill lunch was served, and the order was then given to break camp and march home. Throughout the day the Band rendered some fine selections, and these were among the most agreeable features of the occasion.

Besides the members of Cos. "A" and "B," the picnic was graced by the presence of Rev. Fathers Walsh, Morrissey, Regan, Mohun and P. O'Connell; Bros. Marcellinus, Emmanuel, Leander, Gregory and Albius; and Profs. Hoynes, Edwards and Gallagher. All unite in saying that the picnic was a splendid success; and it was due to the superb management of the genial chaplain of the Hoynes' Light Guards, Rev. M. J. Regan, that it was so. To the Rev. gentleman, Bro. Marcellinus and others, who so kindly contributed to make the affair a pleasant one, the companies return their cordial and sincere thanks.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Blackman, Brady, Bachrach, Cartier, Chute, F. Chute, Daniels, Du Brul, Fitzgibbon, Hackett, Hummer, Lonergan, P. Murphy, McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, Rothert, Schaack, O. Sullivan, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, E. Scheerer, J. B. Sullivan, Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Aarons, Ahlrichs, Blameuser, Bell, Brookfield, Benz, Brown, Cassidy, Correll, Combe, Coady, Corrigan, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, Covert, Chilcote, Dechant, Delany, Frizzelle, Fleming, T. Flannigan, Franks, L. Gillon, Green, Gaffey, Hawthorn, Heard, Hauskee, Johnson, Jacobs, Kearns, J. King, Karasynski, Krembs, M. Kelly, T. King, E. Kelly, Kennedy, Layton, Langan, A. Lancaster, G. Lancaster, Mozier, McCabe, Manly, Mug, Mitchell, Maurus, Magnus, McAuliff, McDonnell, J. McKee, F. McKee, McConlogue, Miller, McErlain, F. Murphy, J. Murphy, McCallan, F. Moshier, F. McCabe, O'Shea, S. O'Brien, Powers, Phillips, Priestly, Rebillot, Ragan, J. F. Sullivan, Scholfield, Sanford, Spalding, Soran, Vurpillat, Vidal, Vital, White, Weakland, Yenn, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Anson, Bergland, Burns, Ball, E. Bates, T. Brady, B. Bates, Bachrach, Boyd, Brown, Beaud, Bower, Casey, Chassaing, Cole, Carney, Coe, Collman, Connelly, Collins, Connors, Cummings, Corry, Clarke, Cheney, Dion, Drumm Dorsey, Delany, Dempsey, Dierkes, Dolan, Des Garennes, Eagan, Foley, Farrell, Alfred Funke, Falvey, Fleming, Gibert, G. Gilbert, H. Gilbert, Gibson, Girsch, Gifford, J. Greene, Greene, A. Grund, Hagus, Hahn, Hack, Hake, Hoerr, Jackson, Keogh, Kearney, Kennedy, Kick, Keith, Kaumeyer, Langevin, Leonard, Luther, La Moure, E. Mitchell, H. Mitchell, Mattox, Morrison, Martin, Marr, Miller, Murphy, Minor, McCartney, W. McDonnell, A. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, Miles, Neef, Nichols, O'Neill, O'Rourke, O'Meara, Orton, Payne, Palmer, Prichard, Pope, Quinlan, Renesch, Roberts, Roper, A. Regan, Rice, Shimp, Slevin, Scallen, Smith, Sullivan, Treff, Tong, Thorn, Teeter, Thomas, Tod, Taylor, Wellington, Weinman, Wolff, Welch, Zinn, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.—(Minims.)

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.

Class Honors.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Messrs. Curtis, Delaney, Devanny, Ellwanger, Frizzelle, J. Greene, T. Green, Mug, Hawthorne, Kleiser, McCartney, Mitchell, Nichols, Newman, O'Rourke, Rebillot, Roper, Weinman, Ball, W. Bates, Cummings, Chilcote, Johnson, F. Murphy, J. Murphy, Moshier, Soran, Tracy, Vidal, Welch, Connors, Franks, Hubbard, Langevin.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. Heineman, Kearns, Karasynski, McCallen, Zeitler, Phillips, J. McCabe, M. McGrath, F. McCabe, Norton, Walsh, Hauskee, McGonigle, C. Murphy, S. O'Brien, P. Coady, G. Lancaster, Lesner, Gaffey, E. Brown, T. King, Ragan, Dunlap, T. Flanagan, Cassidy, Houlihan, Gibert, Miller, Molitor, Foley, Mott, Nichols, Yingst, Bergland, Dierkes, Des Garennes, Scallen, Coe, La Moure, V. Sullivan, Gibson, A. McPhillips, Bachrach, Tod, Marr, J. McPhillips, G. Gilbert, C. Corry, Gifford, Teeters, Connell, Connolly, Jackson, F. Roberts, H. Martin, Luther, Chassaing, Anson, J. Murphy, Browne, De Lormier, Slevin.

List of Excellence.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-Keeping—Messrs. T. Green, J. Murphy, Moshier; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Weinman, Murray, Girsch, Des Garennes, Frizzelle, Jackson, Mitchell, Van Hoffel; *Grammar*—Messrs. Ball, Ellwanger, Hahn, J. Murphy, O'Rourke, Yenn, T. Green; *Reading*—Messrs. M. McGrath, M. Kelly, Richardson, F. McCabe, Schefflee; *Orthography*—Messrs. Frizzelle, Cahill, Moore.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Latin—Messrs. Yenn, V. Vurpillat, Weakland; *Greek*—Messrs. Hennessy, Lauth, Morris, Miskiewitz, Dechant, Flynn, Leo; *Algebra*—Messrs. Murray, McCartney; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. F. McCabe, Singler, Dunlap; *Grammar*—Messrs. Dunlap, Tracy, Norton, W. Bachrach; *Reading*—Messrs. Norton, S. O'Brien; *Orthography*—Messrs. Norton, S. O'Brien, Vital.

Charity.

When you meet with one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame,
Guard thine every look and action,
Speak no word of heartless blame,
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may soil thy goodly name.

When you meet with one pursuing
Ways the lost have wandered in,
Working out his own undoing
With his recklessness and sin,
Think, if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain?
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win thee back to truth again?

There are spots that bear no flowers;
Not because the soil is bad,
But the summer's genial showers
Never make their bosom glad;
Better have an act that's kindly
Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than by judging others blindly,
Doom the innocent to pain.—*Ex.*

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The members of the Art Society found in Raphael a most interesting subject of study and discussion at their last meeting. His life, works and times were dwelt upon, after which copies of his masterpieces were examined and explained.

—The Academic meeting of Sunday last was presided over by Very Rev. Father Corby. After the reading of the averages in studies and conduct Miss M. Hurff recited "The Last Benediction" in a most praiseworthy manner, and little Anne Eliza Dennison read a French selection with good accent and pleasing inflection.

—In the songs of joy attendant upon the Feast of the Ascension there was a note of sorrow, for on the evening of that day Very Rev. Father General, accompanied by Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., took his departure for Europe. The only consoling thought is that he may by this trip derive much benefit as regards health and strength, and for this end many prayers shall be offered.

—The fulfilment of episcopal duties obliged Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher to leave St. Mary's immediately after the ceremony of Confirmation on Thursday last, but he returned on the 8th and remained until Saturday, celebrating the Community Mass on that day. Accompanied by Rev. Father Bleckman, of Michigan City, and Rev. Father Scherer, the Rt. Rev. Bishop visited the various departments of the Academy and Convent; showing special favor to the members of the Novitiate, by giving them a most interesting account of his visit to the Holy Land. It is sincerely hoped that St. Mary's may soon again have the honor of a visit from the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Nashville.

—The little Chapel of Loreto was the scene of a most interesting ceremony on the morning of Thursday, the Feast of the Ascension, namely, the investiture of nine young ladies as Sisters of the Holy Cross. Loreto, the fac-simile of the *Santa Casa*—the house wherein dwelt the Virgin of virgins—was a picture of beauty. The altar with its myriad lights, rich candelabra, fragrant flowers—chaste callas against a background of ferns, roses just blushing into color drooping close to the tabernacle—the many votive lamps around Our Lady's shrine,—all seemed especially appropriate to the occasion. At an early hour the candidates, attired as brides, knelt before the altar, and Very Rev. Father General, assisted by Rev. J. A. Zahm, performed the impressive rite. Touching, indeed, was it as Father General, patriarchal in appearance, bestowed the insignia of their office as "soldiers in the army of the Lord," on young souls who are to continue the good work begun,

as Ecclesiastical Superior, so many years ago by him who has grown old in the service of the sanctuary. The names of those who received the holy habit are: Miss Sheeran (Sister M. Avita), Miss Taberski (Sister M. Bronislaus), Miss Glennon (Sister M. Dymyna), Miss Fogarty (Sister M. Zenobia), Miss Hanley (Sister Mary Cletus), Miss Berresford (Sister M. Dula), Miss Reidy (Sister M. Everildis), Miss Geraghty (Sister M. Galla), Miss Macher (Sister Mary Ethelrida).

May is Queen.

A low-voiced, fleet-winged herald from afar
Drew near when fickle April held her sway,
These tidings bringing to the sovereign's ear:
"I am the south breeze, messenger of May.

"Thy subjects, O fair Queen! are, like thyself,
Untrue, and swayed by change, e'en as thou art;
One moment art thou smiling; but ere yet
That smile has fully dawned, the fresh tears start.

"And so, thy subjects, being wearied thus
Of all thy moods, have ceased to love thee more;
Sweet May, thy sister, they have chosen queen:
Behold in me her herald sent before."

Then April, slow descending from her throne,
'Mid tears she twines around her brow sad rue;
But, glancing back, a rainbow glorious sends
As, smiling through her tears, she sighs: "Adieu!"

As when from out the bud a full-blown rose
Emergeth in its wealth of beauty rare,
So from the rosebud April, bloometh May,
In nature's twelve-month chaplet, flower most fair.

With winged feet she speeds through wood and vale,
While tiny blossoms, clad in colors gay,
Spring forth from sheltering earth at her approach,
And, trembling, nod a welcome to Queen May.

Attendant zephyrs sport about her path,
And, joining forces, in their elfish glee,
They bow the branches of the stately trees;
Then, laughing, fill the woods with melody.

At last her journey ended, radiant May
Ascends the dais where pale April ruled;
Beside the singing streamlet is her throne,
Within a haunt by gentle zephyrs cooled.

With generous hand her gifts she scatters wide,—
The joyous song of birds and perfumes rare,
Gold bars of sunshine, diamonds of dew,—
And all alike this lavish bounty share.

Then all unite in rendering praise to her!
Ye blossoms, let your dainty incense rise,
Borne by the breezes to their sovereign's throne,
Ye birds, trill forth your carols to the skies!
And don, ye forest trees, your robes of green,
For May, the fairest child of spring, is queen!

KITTY MORSE

(First Senior Class).

The Feast of the Ascension.

On the morning of the Feast of the Ascension light and color glowed within the convent chapel, where were assembled the Sisters and pupils to assist at the august Sacrifice of the Mass; and close to the sanctuary knelt those who were to receive for the first time the Body and Blood of Christ in the Holy Eucharist.

The Rev. chaplain of Saint Mary's was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass, at which Rev. Father Hudson delivered a beautiful sermon which made all hearts burn with a new love for Him who is the Living Bread. As the great moment drew near, the closing words of the *Agnus Dei* sung by the choir—*Dona nobis pacem*—seemed to call forth from the hearts of the communicants the "Acts" read by one of their number. They then approached the altar, and there received the Sacred Communion, the silence scarce broken by the soft strains from the choir in the words of the centurion of old,

"O Lord, I am not worthy
That Thou shouldst come to me,
But speak the words of comfort,
My spirit healed shall be!"

Those to whom May 7, 1891, was thus made memorable were the Misses L. Griffith, A. Moynahan, M. Moore, M. Kinney, K. Coady, D. Otero, A. Cowan, G. Cowan, K. Charles, L. McPhillips and J. Hammond. The solemn renewal of their Baptismal vows took place before the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

In the evening, Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Walsh, Spillard, Scherer and Johannes, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of twenty-two. The instruction given by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, in which he exhorted all to so live as not to grieve the Holy Spirit by venial sin, nor to extinguish His life in the soul by mortal sin, shall long be remembered.

After a day so rich in graces, surely our Heavenly Mother must have crowned all with her blessing, as from young hearts ascended the evening hymn, with its touching invocation to her as its last strain—*Ave Maria, audi nos!*

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Buck, M. Byrnes, Black, Clarke, Currier, Coleman, Charles, Churchill, Cowan, Crilly, Carpenter, Cooper, Crane, Calderwood, Dority, Dennison, L. Du Bois, B. Du Bois, Dempsey, M. Donehue, Margaret Donehue, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, Fitzsimmons, Griffith, Gibbons, Green, Galvin, Hamilton, Horner, C. Hurley, M. Hurff, Hughes, Haiz, Howe, Minnie Hess, Mollie Hess, Maude Hess, Hutchinson, Hunt, Hopkins, Haight, G. Johnson, D. Johnson, Kirley, Kieffer, Kingsbaker, Kinney, Kiernan, Lynch, Lauth, Ludwig, Leahy, F. Moore, Mc-

Farland, N. Morse, M. Moynahan, A. Moynahan, M. Murphy, M. Moore, McCormack, McCune, N. Moore, S. McGuire, McPhillips, E. Murphy, Nacey, Norris, Niemann, O. O'Brien, O'Leary, Patier, Pengemann, Quinn, A. Ryan, M. Roberts, Root, Rizer, Robbins, Ryder, Ripley, Robinson, D. Spurgeon, Smyth, Sena, Tipton, Tod, R. Van Mourick, H. Van Mourick, Wagner, Whitmore, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustin, M. H. Bachrach, Boos, M. G. Bachrach, Clifford, Cowan, Coady, Crandall, Dreyer, Fossick, B. Germain, Gilmore, Hammond, L. Holmes, C. Kasper, Kelly, Mestling, O'Mara, Quealy, Shaffer, Scherrer, A. Seeley, J. Smyth, Soper, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Van Liew, Wurzburg, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

1ST CLASS—Misses G. Clarke, E. Murphy.

2D CLASS—Misses M. Smyth, M. Roberts.

3D CLASS—Misses McGuire, Kimmell, Nacey, Thirds.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses K. Morse, E. Dennison.

2D CLASS—Misses Gibbons, Balch, Hurff, D. Davis, Bero, Nester, Lynch, Howe.

3D CLASS—Misses Sanford, Bassett, Fitzpatrick, Dennison, A. Ryan, Dempsey, G. Roberts, M. Hess, Maude Hess, Byrnes, Murison, Tod, Tormey, Wile, S. Hamilton.

2D Div.—Misses M. Burns, E. Burns, Young, Evoy, M. Moore, Hickey.

1TH CLASS—Misses Buck, Breen, McCormack, Clayton, Doble, Galvin, Hanson, Smyth, Wagner, Eisenstädt, L. Holmes, Brady, Bunbury, Gilmore, Fitzsimmons, N. Moore, Charles, M. Donehue, H. Van Mourick, Kelly, Pengemann, Whitmore, K. Ryan, Call, Kenny, Sena, Whitowski, Carpenter.

5TH CLASS—Misses K. Hamilton, L. McPhillips, Egan, M. Hamilton, B. Windsor.

GERMAN.

2D CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses Lauth, Quealy, K. Morse, F. Moore.

2D Div.—Misses S. Ludwig, Wile, Spurgeon, Nacey, Mollie Hess.

3D CLASS—Misses L. Adelsperger, L. Eisenstädt, M. Wagner, Kellner, M. G. Bachrach.

1TH CLASS—Misses O'Mara, Green, Churchill, Boos, Augustin, C. Kasper, Dreyer, L. Kasper, Kingsbaker.

5TH CLASS—Misses Kirley, Haiz, E. Dennison, Farwell, Schaefer, C. Young, Witkowski, M. H. Bachrach, Quinlan, Cohoon.

2D Div.—Misses E. Seeley, G. Johnson, Ryder, G. Winstandley, L. Adelsperger, B. Winstandley, Bartholomew.

It is not always the valedictorian or best scholar in a class that achieves the greatest renown in after years. Yet the good pupil at school usually is the successful man in after life. Rufus Choate easily graduated from Dartmouth with a perfect mark. Daniel Webster graduated from the same college and ranked second in his class. John C. Calhoun led his class at Yale, and President Dwight said of him: "That young man has talent enough to be president of the United States." Salmon P. Chase took high rank at Dartmouth, and so did Franklin Pierce. Charles Sumner and William Pitt Fessenden were prominent in college, as also were Prescott, Palfrey and Bancroft.—*Catholic Citizen*.