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The Life after Death.

AS TREATED BY DANTE, ROSSETTI AND NEWMAN.

BY JOSEPH E. BERRY, '91.

The existence of a great hereafter, of a life beyond the troubled flood of death, has been expounded in theology and philosophy. In regard to such a life it is the belief of Christians that it exists either in paradise or in hell. It is not our purpose in this theme to advance any arguments to prove what is to Christian men a certainty; but we shall speak of the literary and religious treatment of this belief by others. Great and theological as may be its flavor, still two noted singers of the Homeric Muse have immortalized themselves by their treatment of this immortal subject, while a third has dipped vaguely into its mysterious certainties, and clothed his intense view in raiment of flashing color and startling metaphor.

By the life after death we mean that existence—terrible in its immensity and awful in its eternity—upon which the soul enters after its probation on earth—that is to say, the purely spiritual life, the life of the soul as existing in heaven or in hell.

That mortals know nothing, except through revelation, of the spiritual kingdom of God, is admitted by its spirituality; but, having indelibly stamped upon the soul the divine assurance of such an existence, man, in his semi-angelic state, has drawn from his soul inspirations which, according to the intensity of his intellectual cultivation, give him ideas of this existence—knowable, yet unknown,—ideas which, more or less, associate earth with paradise, men with

angels, and God, a Superior Being, with a mortal form. Thus artists have endeavored to place upon canvas that image of God which they have conceived; and, though sometimes reaching an expression above earthly, still that reproduced idea is of mortal mould; for spirits, being immaterial, cannot be represented as material. We are mortals because of immortals existing. We, having no sensible view of heaven—that is with bodily eyes—in consequence cannot associate ideas with that which has not been perceived. Our ideas are of material bodies; our conceived heavens are material, more or less, and our angels are mortals with wings.

If this life were revealed to all men, if they were able to perceive with bodily eyes this existence, we would have then but one idea of this spiritual life, and the ideas of men would coincide. But a remarkable proof for our assertion is the fact that, though believing implicitly in the existence of such a life, our notions of it are so different that, it seems, each man has a heaven of his own make. No man has ever conceived ideas of anything whatever, but that those ideas were of material origin, except when he was in ecstasy.

I.—DANTE.

Returning now to the subject proper of our essay, we come first to the sublime Dante, first in order of the three, and to some first in his treatment of this subject.

Of Dante as a man it is unnecessary to speak; he is a book truly known only to an appreciative student; for to know him through his works necessitates hard, unremitting study. His life is eminently a study of religious as well as profane history; it is romantic in being a strange combination of his vicissitudes, of his predomi-

nant failures, of his checkered career, of his nobleness in extreme social degradation, of his ultimate poverty and exile, and of his final sublime glory. Truly, he is the "philosopher of poets and the poet of philosophers." A warm lover of nature and of the Church, he became a loving advocate of mankind, a noble sympathizer of humanity; having tasted the bitterness of life's cup and of the world's ice, he knew the pain that others felt. We can better treat the man through his work, for he is in his work living as no other poet ever lived before or since; he poured his soul and its aspirations into his work, and there they exist sublime as well as immortal. Of no other writer in prose or verse, ancient or modern, can it be said that he had ever reached the sublimity of the sublime.

Now to his monumental piece of colossal greatness. The true meaning of the "*Divina Commedia*," or, more correctly speaking, the purpose of it, was to point out man's way to temporal and eternal happiness. It is pre-eminently a religious poem, but it is allegorically constructed throughout. Man's reason, combined with that great gift of God, the free will, by overcoming the animal desires, the appetites of the flesh, leads him to temporal happiness, and ultimately raises him to moral freedom by the free exercise of the natural virtues. Faith prepares him for the supernatural virtues and enables him to attain his final end, true happiness, which is the vision of God. But man is a factor in a great society, the brotherhood of man, and the thought is inevitable what kind of government will more truly enable him to attain this end; thus politics hold an essential place in the "*Commedia*."

It has been truly said that "there is no single poem in the whole range of human composition which for importance of subject, elevation of thought, earnestness of conviction, or corresponding perfection of execution, can bear comparison with Dante's great epic." In his conception Dante had in view the spiritual side of creation, and in so working he shows us the age in which he lived; whatever is most individual or transitory finds its counterpart, with a wonderful harmony in the universal and eternal; the most sublime of those conceived visions are brought to us in earthly, living, palpitating forms, clothed in plastic fulness. Dante does not trace for us the other world in shadowy, imperceivable outlines; his hell does not fade into the sulphur fumes of its fire, nor is his paradise lost in the brilliancy of its beauty, but they stand out bold, earthly, incisive.

It is a noticeable fact that when a language

first adapts itself to poetry, the effusions are secular. Not so with Dante and his loving, flute-like, mother-tongue which stole its music from his inspiration and its beauty from his vision. Christian love and purity, religious sentiments and religious charity prompted the first accents of the new-born tongue. From its first breath of poetical sweetness it was purely Christian.

Dante is the poet of the Christian and Catholic conception of the universe, spiritual and material: "Catholic dogma is the divine light which inspired his mighty genius and illuminated the three kingdoms of hell, purgatory and paradise."

Thus we see that the formal inspiration of the wonderful "*Divina Commedia*," was pure theology—that study of such stern, dry, but exquisite appreciation. Dante was a theologian. St. Thomas Aquinas, his teacher, inspired him by his immense "*Summa*"; and, in fact, his whole "*Divina Commedia*" is a poetical "*Summa*" and himself "a poetic Thomas Aquinas."

According to the teachers of that day, "all things earthly, every expression of human knowledge and art, are rays of light from God, the eternal truth and love." This teaching is the foundation of Christian philosophy, and forms the central idea of the "*Commedia*" round which the minors turn; it is the key-note of the whole epic.

"That which dies not
And that which can die are but each the beam
Of that idea which our Sovereign Sire engendereth."*

Dante rises higher and higher in his sublime strain, reaching that height of thought and expression which brings heaven nearer to earth than man has ever done. Sublime is weak for some of those passages which seem to keep the other life forever before our mortal gaze. They carry our souls from us, and to the more sensitive student their grandeur leaves him exhausted, while returning perception carries us to the littleness of earth and the consciousness of our state of ignorance. Dante undertook to sing the praises of the Godhead, and succeeded as no poet has ever done; still he comes to those stages when he is not sufficiently immortal to go farther; when human thought fails him, Heaven fails to vouchsafe to him a knowledge which would place him with the angels.

"At this point, o'erpower'd, I fail,
Unequal to my theme . . .
My course here bounded as each artist's is
When it doth touch the limit of his skill."†

Throughout his whole "*Commedia*" he has a strain which tells of the arduous task which he

* Paradise, xiii.

† Paradise, xxx.

has undertaken, of the immensity of his theme, and of his thirst for knowledge to treat it. He is inadequate to the task, powerless in its mighty philosophy, insignificant in its wonderful certainties; known as existing, the belief explained, still poetry and the inspired poet's vision is incapable of treating it. Has Dante failed to picture to us the hell of the damned, the paradise of the elect? In one sense, yes. Yes, for those who cannot study him; no, for those who know him. As we remarked, it is but the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church which are the fundamental truths upon which the great colossal "Commedia" rests, and as such it involves secular terms and mysticisms requiring ardent study to find the true sense. We become involved in almost insurmountable difficulties in order to lay bare the true meaning of divine revelation. It requires a student of theology to understand theology, and such is required of those who would understand Dante in his true sense and see with him the vision of his soul. Even its mode of treatment presents innumerable and insuperable difficulties. The style is, perhaps, heavy and obscure, still it is marked with the temperament of the man; it is adapted to the subject, and eminently dry even in its most sublime passages.

The whole poem is a vision—a vision of the threefold realms of the other world: hell, purgatory and heaven. It is styled a comedy which means a pastoral song. It is a "poetic encyclopædia of Western civilization;" it is not an epic of a single nation, but of humanity, of the lost and redeemed. Dante, writing of the inward meaning of his epic, says: "It is to be noted that this work has not only one single meaning but many meanings; the first is called the literal sense, the second the allegorical or moral."

The work, then, taken in its literal sense, is the state of souls after death, on which the whole structure turns; "the literal sense, therefore, is merely the form in which he embodies the supreme ideas of God's government, the purpose of the world and of man, and the aims of the Church and State." We may dispose of his treatment of the literal meaning in a few words; for explaining it in full would involve long, stern and dry dissertations in logic, philosophy and theology.

To treat of the allegorical meaning of the "Commedia" would be to write a book; so, in consequence, but a hasty glance is only necessary, for our essay properly speaks only of the literal sense.

From the time he enters purgatory to his admission to the Beatific Vision is exactly seven

days, the symbolized meaning of which number is "rest in God." The wood in which he loses himself is the intellectual, political and moral ruin of mankind. He endeavors to get out, but is barred by three beasts, which he conquers. These three animals are the panther of lust, the lion of pride and the she-wolf of avarice.

Thus Virgil is chosen as a guide to typify that by philosophy and earthly science in general we are led to a higher knowledge and to the possession of eternal truth. In a few words Doctor Hettinger sums up the true, full allegorical meaning. Having devoted a chapter to it, he says: "The explanation of the poem, which we have given is the tradition of five hundred years. Man, in the person of Dante, is the subject. He is hindered by sin from advancing in the path of virtue, until Divine Wisdom—Beatrice—having taken Reason—Virgil—into her service, goes forth to rescue him. Deeply moved by the terrible penalties of hell and its lessons of the hideousness of sin, Dante is purified by contrition and penance, and at length conducted by Beatrice into the joys of paradise." Also there is an historical and political interpretation in this allegorical meaning which involves the principal character and incidents of the great struggle of the Guelphs and Ghibelines. According to many of his commentators, Dante's true allegorical meaning is the victory of the empire over the followers of the Guelphs and of the Pope. Members of the opposing faction go so far as to assert that he threw Guelphs into hell and Ghibelines into heaven, showing thereby his hatred for those who exiled him; this is false as well as unjust. In Dante's treatment he has kindly assisted Ghibelines into the presence of his Satanic Majesty as well as placing Guelphs with the elect.

Although as deep and terse as is the "Commedia," still there is scarcely any one who has in any degree a literary education that does not know his *Inferno*; they can scarcely be wholly ignorant of its greatness, its human interest, its appealing sympathies—some who do not remember its sublime and affecting pictures. Those who have laboriously studied the whole poem, who have acquired a keen appreciation of its beauties, its humanity, its sublimity, have concurred in preferring the *Inferno* to the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*. Genius as Dante was, he became the mighty genius that has crowned him in the *Inferno*; he fixes our gaze on figures, appalling, revolting, terrible, but so true, so life-like, so horribly earthly, that, once seen, they refuse to be forgotten. The greatness of the

Inferno does not detract from the definiteness and impressiveness of the imagery of the *Paradiso* the wonderment of its sublimity, but the *Inferno* deals with what we are familiar; its symbols are of pain and suffering which we know by the bitterness of experience. We have painfully appreciated the torments of heat and cold, the cruel agony of a broken heart; we know that these punishments are but the symbols of sin; we feel, as we descend into this awful world, and in these tormented spirits see the evils of every species expressed, our own guilt. Heaven is our natural end, it is true; we all strive to reach it, but it is beyond our experience. "None but a spirit like that of Dante, elevated and chastened by conflict and suffering, could so depict the joy, the ardent and loving aspirations, the heavenly beauty of saints in glory; and only amid unceasing wrestling and striving after higher things can we hope to feel as he felt."

Hell is a city of woe wherein, like a raving pack of maddened spirits, are thrown the undecided and indolent, the heathen heroes, the sensual, the avaricious and the prodigal, the heretics, the murderers, the suicides, the blasphemers, the fraudulent, the flatters, the hypocrits and the sowers of heresy and revolt. All these, in different circles, swell the damned multitude of hell, and countless hosts chant in burning wails the curses of the lost.

Ah, how different is it in purgatory, the antithesis of hell! In the latter, the deeper we go, the more heinous are the sins chastised. In the former, the higher we mount, the lighter the sins being purged away; in the latter, the souls are condemned to eternal—"O Lord! eternal"—torments; in the former, till the mercy of God is shown and His justice satisfied; in the latter, night reigns eternal, illuminated only by the fiery battlements of the infernal city: woes, blasphemies, curses, cries, lamentation and howls resound; seas of seething pitch, of burning waves, or of hard frozen ice meet the eye; while in purgatory, daylight reigns, music of heavenly harmony and hymns of angelic sweetness, greet the ear and woods of cooling shade meet the eye. Into hell there is an entrance, there is no exit; into purgatory there is both. Of the *Paradiso*, we will but quote a passage eminently fitting and covering all to be of use to us; for a true appreciation of the *Paradiso* requires an earnest student. "It transcends our comprehension," and, as a result, is comparatively little known. Heaven, with its happiness, is so sublime that we cannot know it; it is far beyond the knowledge of mortals and the eye of the most pure; it

necessitates a terrible and severe training of the intellectual faculties, of the imagination, to comprehend the mere idea of a heaven like to a Christian's as described by Dante. The joy of the redeemed, the depth and pureness of their love, their hymns and canticles of adoration and intense praise, their life of contemplation of the Beatific Vision, their immersion in and knowledge of the mysteries of the Divine Godhead,—all cannot be conceived, even inadequately, without some previous strenuous training of the mind and intellect. Dante knew this, and declares that only a few chosen souls can follow him. If such be the declaration of the spirit of this great comedy—if he who saw in his vision the known but unknowable—how can we ever expect to imbibe the fruitful truth, the intense love, the radiant beauty of paradise? how can we conceive of a greatness which knows no words for expression? Half the terrors of hell were lost when the divine poet in his mortality attempted to tie his thought to paper; half the beauty of paradise faded from his visional eye when to earth he wished to chain its greatness. Is it a true paradise? We must say it is a wonderful, beautiful, divine heaven, but true—who can say? As founded on theology, yes; in description, who knows?

In the *Paradiso* the unfathomable mysteries of nature are to find their solution; can we, untrained, unstudied, imbibe of its depths? "Few and chosen souls can follow him." The poem is likewise allegorical, as was the *Inferno*, but more deep, more profound, more definite in its teaching.

Dante depicts the glory and magnitude of the elect with the same originality and imaginative power; the spiritual are everywhere clothed in forms, wonderful, beautiful, but never beyond the refinement of divine things. Even in the joys, the visions of paradise, he still remembers the world. Sincere, noble and earnest in his purpose, even in the sublime radiance which swells the limitless mystic rose, he still holds up to us the iniquities of his countrymen; he condemns with his severe indignation the least perceptible fault that comes to his perception, no matter how lordly or noble the offender.

Need we travel with him through the symbolical circles of paradise? Need we attempt—what mortals, ill-chosen and weak, dare not—to follow him into the divine presence of Mary and her Son? Not only does space deny us, but that inspiration which should fill the soul with finer sentiments fails us, and the glorious vision of Dante should be left to the study of him

who would seek truth, consolation and sublimity.

We can form no appreciation of the "Divina Commedia," much less understand its deep significance, without some knowledge of the theology of St. Thomas. I have said before that the "Commedia" was a poetical "Summa," and we may say with equal truth that the purest commentary of Dante is the writings of St. Thomas. Theology is its prime mover, its foundation, its subject, and the source of the larger part of its conception, of its richest and most fruitful imagery. Theology is at the very root, the very fountain head, of all that he encounters in his journey through the three kingdoms, be it beauty or faintness, radiance or darkness, joy or sorrow, purity or sin, confidence or fear; it is a vast harmony of exquisite strains, each a melody from the touch of a master-hand and an inspired soul; astronomy, politics, history, social disorders, ancient mythology and mediæval legendary lore, philosophy and theology, in each perfect, in all a master. There is interwoven in this myriad-colored web a paramount and wonderfully fascinating element of purest interest; the whole poem gives us beautifully idealized the culture, physical and intellectual, of the mediæval Christian world.

Dante was pre-eminently a theologian; not one of superficial knowledge, but a master of that stern, living study which sets forth the doctrines of the Church, and makes known the foundations of Faith as revealed by Christ Himself. He had comprehended the most pregnant of Catholic doctrine, treated its intricate problems with almost faultless correctness, and mastered its most subtle distinctions. "Were all the libraries in the world destroyed, and the Holy Scriptures with them, the whole Catholic system of doctrine and morals might be almost reconstructed out of the "Divina Commedia."

In his theology we must distinguish its matter, method and form; but in the "Commedia" this is almost impossible, for the three are so completely interwoven in its wonderful unity that we know not whether we are held by the sublimity of the thought, the majesty yet delicacy of the arguments, or the exquisite poetry.

In conclusion, the "Divina Commedia" is a wonderful production of a sublime subject, a marvelous treatment of an invisible world. None but the immortal Dante could see the majesty of God, and reveal to us in poor human expression the inexpressible. Such a theme as the "Commedia" is too deep for us; to contemplate the mysteries of heaven, even with the poet, is too difficult for our intelligence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Exile's Dream.

Sweet Erin, loveliest land beyond the seas,
Whose shores are kissed by ocean's scented breeze,
Round thy fair bowers I passed my happiest days;
On thy green fields I loved to write my lays.

Dear native land! majestic in thy needs,
It swells my heart to read thy noble deeds;
It grieves my soul to see around thee thrown
The tyrant's bonds which make thee sigh and moan.

Thus mused an exile in a foreign clime—
A country where no tyrants cast their slime—
As he sat pond'ring on the things of old,
And on the tear-dewed tales he oft heard told,
Of how poor Erin tugged to break her chains,
And how she failed, but kept her cause from stains.

Soon was his spirit in the land of dreams,
There where are seen joy's brightest beams.
He sleeps; and angel's hands remove the veil;
He sees! he sees! his own dear Innisfail.
There lay dear Erin, wrapped in beauteous green,
Her fields bedecked with flowers of fairest sheen;

The sylvan pipers sing their song of praise,
And over all the larks pour forth their lays
Whose sound re-echo through the flow'ry dells,
Like the sweet tinkling of the vesper bells.
The blooming hawthorn, dressed as if a bride
In snow-white blossoms, stands in stately pride;
Perfumes the valleys with its pleasant breath,
And glows with dew-drops as the glistening heath.

Peace seemed to smile o'er all this happy vale,
While in rapture drank from sleep's deep pail.
Ere he had feasted on this lovely sight,
A form appeared, in beauty dazzling bright.
'Twas Erin's guardian, who through long years
Had watched her cause and sorrowed o'er her tears;
But now she came to tell from God above
That He was mindful of this country's love.
Her faith and justice, purity unstained,
And ev'ry virtue which has yet been named.

The angel form unfurls a flag of green
'Pon which was written, plainly to be seen,
In golden letters wrought with tender care,
"Dear land, I love thee, and I made thee fair.
I thy faith tried I found it as a rock,
That stands unflinchingly the tempest's shock.
I sent thee famine, this to try thy strength;
Thou wert not feeble, this I saw at length.
Look up, dear land, thy children plead for thee,
And I must hear, whoever asks of Me;
Be free again; no more shall shackles bind,
Thou truest daughter that I e'er could find."

Aloft the Angel flew as lark at morn
Ere glen re-echoes to the noise of horn.
The exile woke; no angel could he see.
"I hope," he said, "that dream fulfilled will be."

MCB.

CUSTOM will often bind one to the good as well as to the evil effects of any long-established system.—*Whately.*

Comets.

BY E. M. HOOVER, '93.

In the twinkling of an eye, flashing out from the depth of the infinite space which surrounds our world, come those mysterious celestial bodies, the comets, which in all ages and in all times have been the subject of so much speculation on the part of the astronomer. Countless millions of these eccentric bodies are doubtless scattered throughout the realms of the infinite, some of which become permanent attendants upon the sun, while others merely approach it in the course of their erratic flights through space, sweep swiftly around it and, with incredible velocity, wing their flight far into the fathomless space from which they emerged, perhaps never again to become visible to the human eye.

"The extraordinary appearance and anomalous character of these meteors, the apparent irregularity of their movements, the suddenness with which they blaze into the firmament, the gigantic trains of light which they throw out as they approach the sun, the frightful velocity with which they whirl around that body, and the sudden diminution of their glory as they recede from it, till they seem to be extinguished in the primeval darkness from which they emerged—all these circumstances, combined with the mystery in which their real nature is shrouded, have caused these knight-errants of astronomy to be regarded at all times with the deepest interest, generally not unmingled with superstitious dread."

In fact, for centuries they have been looked upon by all classes as portending some great crisis or revolution in the affairs of men. One was thought to have presaged the assassination of Julius Cæsar; another—the comet of 1056—was regarded as a propitious omen for William the Conqueror. A most extraordinary comet made its appearance in the heavens at the time of the Saracenic invasion of Christendom. As the hordes of the Crescent swept on in their irresistible course, spreading devastation on all sides and reddening the rivers with Christian blood, the comet waxed brighter and brighter, till at last it filled half the sky with its splendor, and hung for nights over doomed Constantinople in the guise of a blazing scimitar. Although the superstitious terrors which generally hailed the advent of a comet have now been dispelled, yet the mystery which surrounds them still remains; for our knowledge of the composition of their constituent parts is almost all conjecture. Before the discovery of the law of universal gravitation, comets were looked upon as anomalous bodies, of whose motion it was impossible to take any account. By some philosophers they were regarded as meteors

kindled into a blaze in the earth's atmosphere, and when once extinguished they were lost forever; others looked upon them as permanent bodies, revolving in orbits far above the moon, and reappearing at the end of long but certain intervals. Kepler supposed them to be living creatures travelling through space with will and purpose, and moving in straight lines. Long after this, when it was discovered that, under the influence of gravity, any revolving body would describe one of the four curves—the circle, ellipse, parabola or hyperbola—Rebeleus suggested and Doerfl proved that the orbits of comets are parabolas; and it at once became plain that the eccentric movements of these bodies could be perfectly represented by giving to them orbits of the parabolic or hyperbolic form, the sun being located in the focus of the curve.

Newton now took up the problem, and soon worked out a method by which the elements of a comet orbit can be determined from observation. Soon after this Halley, using this method and computing the parabolic orbits of all the comets for which he could find the needed observations, found that a series of brilliant comets having nearly the same orbits, had appeared at intervals of seventy-five years; he concluded that these were different appearances of one and the same comet, the orbit not being really parabolic but elliptical, and he predicted its return, which actually occurred in 1759—the first of periodic comets.

When we come to examine the physical constitution of the comets, we find some of the most baffling problems in the whole range of astronomy—problems which as yet have received no satisfactory solution; while they are subject to gravitational attraction, they are also acted on by powerful repulsive forces coming from the sun. They shine in part by reflected light and are in part self-luminous. They are the bulkiest bodies known, some of them being thousands of times larger than the sun; but their actual mass is small, so small, in fact, that a writer on the subject says that "a comet properly packed could be carried about in a man's pocket." Generally speaking, comets are divided into two separate and well-defined parts—the head and the tail. In the head we find that essential part of a comet; that which is always present and gives it its name is the comic, a hazy cloud of faintly shining matter, usually spherical or oval in shape; next we have the nucleus. This is a bright, star-like object near the centre of the coma; in some cases it is double or even multiple; it is not found in all

comets, but generally makes its appearance on the approach of that body to the sun; it is believed to consist wholly of incandescent gas, which is explained by the fact that in the head of a comet, where its component fragments are crowded most closely together, there must be very frequent and violent collisions between these particles, and the heat generated by these unpact convert them into vapor. The tail of a comet is a bright train of light which precedes or follows that body. Comets' tails may be divided into three types: long, straight rays, curved, plume-like trains, and short, stubby brushes violently curved, differing from each other in the amount of the sun's repulsive action on the matter of which they are composed.

The tails of comets are supposed to be made up of continuous matter in the form of some raregaseous substance. According to Bredichini, the long, straight rays are composed of hydrogen; those of the second type of some hydrocarbon gas, and the short, stubby, violently curved type of no vapor. It is a peculiarly noticeable feature that the heads and tails of comets are affected in a strange manner as they approach to, or recede from, the sun. In the case of the head, there is a contraction on its advance, instead of an expansion as would naturally be expected; this change is especially conspicuous in Euckes' comet; when this body first comes into sight at a distance of 130,000,000 miles from the sun, it has a diameter of 300,000 miles. When it is near perihelion, at a distance of 33,000,000 miles from the sun, its diameter shrinks to 12,000 miles, and its volume becomes less than .0001 of what it was when first seen. As it recedes it expands, and resumes its original dimensions. On the other hand, the tail, as it approaches the sun, becomes enormously increased in size; this is accounted for by that well-known law of Physics that heat expands.

As regards the nature of comets, we have but little definite knowledge; quite a number of hypotheses have been advanced by different philosophers, but they are merely conjectures. Newton's theory appears to be the most probable—that a comet is composed of a vast assemblage of solid particles of unknown size and widely separated, each particle carrying with it an envelope of gas in which light is produced either by electric discharges between the particles, or by some other light-evolving action due to the sun's influence.

In considering the origin of these wandering bodies we find that Laplace's nebular hypothesis is the only theory as yet that gives a scientific

explanation of them. It is, briefly, as follows:

"The original chaotic condition of the matter of all suns and worlds was nebulous, like the matter composing the tails of comets. Under the laws of gravitation this nebulous fluid, scattered throughout all space, commences to condense toward certain centres; the particles moving toward these central points, not meeting with equal velocities and in opposite directions, a motion of rotation is generated in the entire fluid mass, which in figure approximates the spherical form. The spherical figure once formed, and rotation commenced, it is not difficult to conceive how a system of planets might be produced from this rotating mass. If, by radiation of heat, this nebulous mass should gradually contract in size, then a well-known law of rotating bodies would insure an increased velocity of rotation. This might continue until the centrifugal force, which increases rapidly with the velocity of the revolving body, would finally come to be superior to the force of gravity at the equator, and from this region a belt of nebulous fluid would thus be detached in the form of a ring, which would be left in space by the shrinking away of the central globe. The ring thus left would generally coalesce into a globular form, and thus would present a planet with an orbit nearly, if not quite circular, lying in a plane nearly coincident with the plane of the equator of the central body, and revolving in its orbit in the same direction in which the central globe rotates on its axis. As the globe gradually contracts, its velocity of rotation continually increasing, another ring of matter may be thrown off and another planet formed, and so on until the cohesion of the particles of the central mass may finally be able to resist any further change, and the process ceases. The planetary masses, while in the act of cooling and condensing, may produce satellites in the same manner, and by the operation of the same laws by which they were themselves formed. Granting the formation of a single sun by the nebular theory, we account at once for the formation of all other suns and systems throughout all space; and according to the advocates of this theory, the comets have their origin in masses of nebulous matter occupying positions intermediate between two or more great centres and held nearly in equilibrium, until finally the attraction of some one centre predominates, and this uncondensed, filmy mass commences slowly to descend toward its controlling orb."

This theory of Laplace is most generally received by all scientific men, though, as said before, it is conjectural. But as antiquity predicted that the time would come when the comets would be traced in their career, their periods revealed and their orbits ascertained, so we may confidently hope that at no very distant day all the mysteries which surround these chaotic worlds will be fully revealed, and a knowledge of their physical condition will reward the long study and deep research to which the human mind has devoted its energies.

BLOTTING paper was in use, by that name, so far back as 1465. The use of sand lasted up to the end of the last century in England, and still obtains in Italy.

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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 now enters upon the TWENTY-FIFTH 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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Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

If a subscriber fails to receive the SCHOLASTIC regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately each time. Those who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the volume complete for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases early application should be made at the office of publication as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—The classes in the University were organized on Tuesday last, and are now in good working order. The attendance was quite large for the opening day, and is constantly increasing. The prospects for the present scholastic year are unusually bright and promising.

—The prospectus published at the head of this column indicates the nature and object of our college paper. We desire, however, to call the attention of parents and friends of the students to the special interest which the SCHOLASTIC must have for them. It is the medium through which is conveyed each week an account of events transpiring at Notre Dame, together with a report of the progress made by their sons in class, and their conduct in general. After the first week there appear in each succeeding issue of the paper the "Rolls of Honor," "Class Honors" and "List of Excellence," in which are found the names of those students whose

deportment, progress and proficiency in their classes deserve special mention. It will thus be readily seen that our paper possesses a more than ordinary interest for parents and friends, supplying them with information which oftentimes it would be difficult otherwise to receive.

—All mail matter intended for students in the University should be addressed simply Notre Dame, Ind., with the name of the Hall to which the student is assigned. We have our own Post Office here, and to add South Bend is not only unnecessary, but oftentimes the cause of great inconvenience and delay. Then, to facilitate the delivery of the mail, the name of the "Hall" should be added to the address. There are four "Halls" in the University: Sorin Hall, Brownson Hall, Carroll Hall, and St. Edward's Hall. - In Sorin Hall reside the students of the Senior and Junior years, and the Law department; Brownson Hall is set apart for students of the Sophomore and Freshman years and the Commercial department; Carroll Hall is devoted to the students of the Preparatory department, and St. Edward's Hall is the college of the Minims, or students under thirteen. It is earnestly desired that all correspondents will take notice of the foregoing, and address letters, papers, etc., accordingly—*e. g.*, Mr. John Jones, Sorin Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.

—Last week was one of great anxiety to all at Notre Dame on account of the serious illness of the beloved founder, the Very Rev. Father General Sorin. For some days in the early part of the week his precious life was despaired of, but since then, to the great joy of all, his illness has taken a favorable turn; and now we are happy to say that there is every prospect of a speedy recovery and the prolongation of a life so dear to everyone here. The many telegrams and letters of inquiry and sympathy received show how widespread was the anxiety experienced lest the work of a great life should be ended; but it is with pleasure we give the assurance that the venerable Father Founder is now out of danger, and rapidly recovering from his illness. As might be expected, owing to his advanced years, he is still very weak; but we are confident that the prayers of the friends of Notre Dame, united with those of his spiritual children, will secure to the venerable Superior a restoration to health and strength which will enable him to continue for many years to come the glorious work to which his life's labors have been dedicated.

Individual Responsibility.

Everywhere one meets this admonition, "Be a gentleman;" yet the incentive to this gentlemanly suavity seems to be lost sight of, or at least not insisted upon. One thing a student has most to fear here at college is the loss of his own individuality, for upon it rests the whole superstructure of his education. He cannot work earnestly without an all-abiding sense of the motive which impels him. It is an inherent property of our nature, this necessity for an incentive to action; and the incentive which should urge one forward through his whole life is the knowledge that he is a *man*.

The student at college has come far away from home and all its gentle, restraining influences; he is apt to think that he is eliminated, for the time being, from the necessity of acting the part of a man; apt to fancy himself a boy, and to recall again his crude, childish notions of his prefects and professors, and to regard them as school-room tyrants rather than friends, and the lessons they assign him as odious tasks from which if he can escape he has gained so much. True, a moment's reflection will show him such is *not* the case, but he doesn't stop for that moment to think; and all the time he goes on drowning his individuality and unfitting instead of educating himself for the part he will shortly be called upon to play in what he will find to be no comedy but a stern, real drama. There is a tendency in the human mind to indolence, which leads man to shirk responsibility; and if he can make himself believe that here in college one has no social responsibility he is very apt to do it. But it is false; each one has a responsibility resting upon him, and he cannot escape it: the necessity of doing right because it is right.

College is but a miniature world,—the rehearsal where we prepare for the great play; and if we rehearse but indifferently here, is it reasonable to suppose we will do any better when we come before the audience? One of the very worst and most injurious ideas one can form is that experience is the best teacher. Experience is not an educator. It is but an *ultimatum*, if you have disregarded your legitimate instructors, and never aids you save by humiliating you. True, you are taught; but of what avail is your experience, as the same train of circumstances seldom or never recurs. Your bought wisdom becomes like Franklin's whistle, bought dear and utterly useless. If you wait for experience to teach you politeness, to teach you responsibility, to teach you that you are

not a cipher, but a man, you will many a time, in the midst of tribulations, regret that you had not learned the lesson earlier and from a legitimate teacher.

Learn, then, to be a man—and politeness, everything else, in fact, follows as a consequence. Develop your individuality, and gain the confidence of your superiors, and school-restraint ceases to become irksome. Never leave it possible for anyone to mistake either yourself for another, or your actions for another's.

D.

[From *The Ave Maria*.]

Notre Dame.

In the third decade of the present century the Very Rev. S. T. Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States, was performing missionary work throughout a field almost coextensive with the Northwestern territory. In his travels throughout Northern Indiana he was impressed with the natural beauties of a tract of forest land on the banks of the St. Joseph River. With true missionary insight, he recognized the possibilities of so admirable a site, and determined to secure it for a future college. In 1830 he accordingly purchased the tract, consisting of six hundred acres, from the Government, paying the very moderate sum of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.

Even at that early period the locality seems to have been consecrated to religion, being known to the converted Indians and the few Catholic settlers as St. Mary's of the Lake, while by non-Catholics it was simply called the Lake. Father Badin made it the centre of the scattered missions in Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan, and such it continued to be for many subsequent years. Two other illustrious missionaries contributed to render this district consecrated ground, in the estimation of fervent Catholics—the Rev. L. de Seille and the Rev. B. Petit, men whose holy lives and saintly deaths edified their contemporaries and perpetuated their remembrance among the faithful of the West. Of the eminent success they achieved in their efforts to convert the Pottawatomie Indians, the register of baptisms preserved at Notre Dame furnishes abundant proof.

The six hundred acres purchased by Father Badin in 1830 had been conveyed by deed to the Right Rev. Bishop of Vincennes, who cordially approved of the design of establishing thereon an educational institution. In 1842 this prelate took the initiatory step in the realization of his plans by offering the tract known as St. Mary's of the Lake to the Rev. Edward Sorin, on condition that the latter should, within a certain specified time, erect and maintain a building to serve as a college. Father Sorin, a priest of the Congregation of Holy Cross—a teaching and missionary Society founded in France during

the closing years of the last century,—and six Brothers of the same community, had in the preceding year accepted the invitation of Bishop De la Hailandière to establish a branch of their Congregation in his Diocese of Vincennes, and during some months had resided at St. Peter's, about thirty miles from that city. The project of founding an educational institution in the heart of these Western wilds could scarcely have been entrusted to more capable or willing hands. The young priest of Holy Cross was full of enlightened zeal; he possessed the faculty of inspiring his collaborators with his own spirit of indomitable perseverance, and he had unlimited confidence in God and the Blessed Virgin.

The Bishop's offer was at once accepted; and on the 26th of November, 1842, Father Sorin and his companions first looked upon the snow-covered landscape which was to be transformed, within half a century, into perhaps the most beautiful sanctuary of religion, the arts and sciences to be found in the Western hemisphere. Ten acres of the six hundred had been reclaimed from nature; the rest, with the exception of two little lakes—St. Mary's and St. Joseph's,—was covered with "oak-openings." On the bank of St. Mary's Lake was a log church, twenty feet by forty; and adjoining it a frame residence of still smaller dimensions. An exquisite picture by the eminent Italian artist Signor Gregori, in St. Edward's Hall of the University, vividly portrays this scene of 1842. An esteemed contributor of *The Ave Maria** has said of it: "This work shows us the foundation of Notre Dame. It is the dawn of a bitter cold November day; snow covers the ground, and the gray light of early morning fills the woodlands, and tinges with pale yellow the frozen lake and the branches of dried scarlet oak trees. In the foreground Father Sorin stands, surrounded by Indians. Covered with their blankets and brodered deer-skins, they are giving him their best-loved treasures—only copper rings or bits of glass beads; but, seen in the light of faith, no gem of Ophir could be more 'offering divine.' In the distance is their humble mission chapel, its cross clearly defined against the gray sky. A group of religious, enveloped in their long black cloaks, stand gazing upon the pathetic scene."

Thus, at the beginning of an unusually long and severe winter, the little colony—a priest and six Brothers—found themselves in possession of abundance of wild land, and but little else, save their own bodily strength, generous devotedness, and unbounded trust in Providence. Notwithstanding the determination of Father Sorin to proceed at once with the erection of a college, it was August, 1843, before the cornerstone of the first collegiate edifice was laid. Before the setting in of winter the building was under roof, and during the next spring it was completed. A few students had already been

gathered together, and had occupied a building put up in 1843—the present farm-house. From this they were now removed to the college proper. The first Commencement exercises were held in June, 1844; and during the same year the State Legislature of Indiana conferred upon the institution a charter with the title and privileges of a University. Meantime the name of the place had been changed from St. Mary's to Notre Dame du Lac, an appellation that has since been abbreviated to Notre Dame. The institution is thus properly forty-nine years old, and assuredly no one will deny that its growth and development have been remarkable.

It is not our purpose to trace its development at length: our limited space will allow us to do no more than indicate the general features of the steady and constant progress. The same year that saw the establishment of the University witnessed also the organization of a Manual Labor School; and since that time hundreds of apprentices have learned therein the trades of carpenter, blacksmith, shoemaker, tailor, machinist, etc. As the years rolled on, the number of students increased from the two or three who were present at the first Commencement to three, four, five and even six hundred. The members of the community grew proportionately, and Notre Dame was soon in a position to furnish professorial staffs to other colleges established by the Congregation of Holy Cross in Louisiana, Texas, Ohio, and Wisconsin. For years past, also, numerous parochial academies and schools in various States have been under the control of the Brothers of Holy Cross.

The greatest reverse suffered by the Congregation was the fire in April, 1879. On the twenty-third of that month five of the college buildings were totally destroyed, and with them the scientific apparatus and the contents of libraries and museums. We have called it a reverse: perhaps "disguised blessing" would be the more appropriate term; for the fire marked the opening of an era of unprecedented prosperity. The smoking ruins which in April seemed to be the grave of a splendid enterprise had been replaced by September of the same year by the magnificent main building which forms the nucleus of the new Notre Dame. The usual entrance of students took place in September, so that an apparently overwhelming disaster interrupted in reality the sessional studies for only two months. Since 1879 additional buildings have been constructed from year to year, until at present Notre Dame appears more like a little town than a college.

A word or two in connection with some of the principal edifices. The main building is three hundred and twenty by one hundred and fifty-five feet. The material of which it, as well as all other buildings represented, is constructed is cream-colored brick. The gilt dome is surmounted by a massive statue of the Blessed Virgin, which is "crowned with stars" of electric lights. The statue is two hundred and seven

* Octavia Hensel.

feet from the ground. In this building are the libraries, museums, class-rooms, study-halls, lavatories, refectories, etc. The main corridor is lined with a series of superb mural paintings, in which Signor Luigi Gregori has portrayed the life-story of Columbus.

The Academy of Music, one hundred and seventy feet by one hundred, and more than a hundred in height, contains a thoroughly equipped Exhibition Hall, capable of accommodating an audience of twelve hundred. The dimensions of Sorin Hall are one hundred and forty-four by one hundred and twelve feet. This is the residence of such students of the advanced classes as have previously given entire satisfaction as to industry and deportment. They are accorded the privilege of having private rooms, and this without additional cost. This innovation in the traditionary system of government in Catholic colleges, although at first viewed somewhat unfavorably by the ultra-conservative, has stood the test of experience, and the resulting benefits have more than justified the hopes formed when the experiment was hazarded. In Sorin Hall, too, are the law lecture room, court-rooms, law library, etc. Science Hall is fully supplied with all the agencies requisite to facilitate a thorough mastery of scientific knowledge. The Institute of Technology is devoted to the exclusive use of the students of civil, mechanical and electrical engineering. St. Edward's Hall is an annex of the University for boys under thirteen years of age. It is entirely separated from the University proper, although under the same general management.

The Church of the Sacred Heart is certainly one of the most beautiful religious temples in the United States, at least as regards its interior. It is a veritable storehouse of Catholic art, where hours may be pleasurably spent in examining masterpieces of decorative painting, beautiful altars, statuary, stained-glass windows, sanctuary lamps, and the like accessories to architectural beauty. Its collection of sacred relics is one of the greatest attractions to Catholic visitors. In the tower hangs one of the largest bells on the continent, as well as a chime of thirty two smaller ones.

Holy Cross Seminary, on the bank of St. Mary's Lake, is the home of young men who are prosecuting their studies with a view to entering the Congregation at a later period. They enjoy all the privileges of the University class and lecture rooms; but, apart from their studies, follow a special rule adapted to the requirements of the ecclesiastical state to which they aspire.

To the west of the college may be seen the cross-crowned dome of the Chapel of Our Lady of Loreto, the central figure in point of architectural beauty among the buildings that form what is known as St. Mary's Academy. This institution, under the management of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, was also founded in 1855 by the Very Rev. Father Sorin, now the Superior-

General of the Congregation of Holy Cross. Under his fostering care, it has developed into a house of education in line with the best schools of the country.

Such is the transformation that has taken place within the relatively brief period of half a century. In his most roseate visions the venerable Father Badin never beheld so magnificent a realization of the hopes he cherished when he purchased St. Mary's of the Lake; and even the revered founder of Notre Dame, whose faith in the rapid development of the West never wavered, could scarcely have anticipated so glorious a crowning of his labors as that which now gladdens his heart as he contrasts the arduous seed-time of '42 with the golden fruitage of '91. To attribute the success achieved by him and his devoted and efficient colaborers solely to intelligent foresight and human enterprise would, we think, be sadly to misapprehend the lesson taught by that achievement. Of the two factors of success in all Christian work—the human element and the divine,—while in this work the first has certainly not been wanting, the second has just as certainly counted for much. We like to think that She by whose name this district is known; She whose cult has always been a marked feature of community and students; She in whose honor our magazine was established, and under whose patronage it has prospered so well, has watched over, protected, and effectively blessed the labors of those who, sparing themselves in naught, looked to Her for assistance and success.

Of the natural beauties of Notre Dame and its surroundings our map can give only an inadequate idea. Nature had, half a century ago, done much to invest it with varied charms; and the skilled hands of true artists have only pruned her exuberant luxuriance, and thus added to her graces those of symmetry and harmonious variety. From the broad avenue, lined for half a mile with shade trees, that leads to the University grounds; through carefully tended lawns, where fountains splash and flowers glow in radiant colors; down the gentle slope to the lakes, surrounded by picturesque walks; up through magnificent groves of oak and poplar and sycamore, where the birds make endless variety of melody,—the visitor revels in the color and fragrance, the light and shade, the changing hues of flower and leaf, that constitute the special charm of sylvan loveliness. Thousands during the past few decades have visited this Western sanctuary of Our Lady. Many had previously heard what they considered exaggerated accounts of the splendor of its structures and the beauty of its surroundings, but we have yet to learn of one who did not find that the reality had surpassed the description. Surely the Mother of fair love and of holy hope graciously accepted the homage of Father Sorin and his devoted colaborers, blessed their efforts, and still smiles upon the home of the *Ave Maria*.

Personal.

—Rev. P. Franciscus, C. S. C., is visiting friends at Watertown, Wis.

—Mr. John J. Conway (Law), '89, was a welcome visitor to the College during the week.

—Michael Burns (Com'l), '85, is now sojourning at Washington, D. C., and is the efficient private secretary to Senator Carlisle.

—Rev. D. A. Tighe, '70, the zealous Rector of Holy Angels' Church, Chicago, has gone on a vacation trip to the Emerald Isle. *Bon voyage!*

—Prof. M. F. Egan is enjoying the benefits of the lake breezes through upper Michigan. He will return early next week, greatly improved by his vacation trip.

—Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., arrived at Notre Dame on Wednesday after an extended trip to Canada. He gives a most interesting account of the visit which he paid to the famous shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, near Quebec.

—Mr. Harry Prichard (Com'l), '90, spent a few days at the College during the past week to the great delight of many friends. Mr. Prichard has a responsible position as assistant cashier of the National Bank of Charleston, N. C.

—Rev. P. O'Connell, C. S. C., returned from Ireland on Monday last. He started next day to take the Presidency of St. Isidore's College, New Orleans. He has the best wishes of many friends in the responsible position to which he has been raised.

—During his recent stay in Denver, Rev. Vice-President Zahm delivered two lectures on "The Holy Land" and "Egypt and Her Monuments," illustrated by stereopticon views. The Denver papers speak in highest terms of the interest manifested by the large audience that attended the lectures.

—Arthur P. Coll, M. D., '84, is meeting with great success in the practice of his profession in New York city. This will be pleasing intelligence to his old-time fellow-students, with whom he was deservedly popular during his bright career at Notre Dame. Dr. Coll's office is at 157 Lexington Avenue, where he has ever a kindly greeting for all friends of *Alma Mater*.

—The Rev. Thomas J. Jenkins, of St. Lawrence, Ky., accompanied the Monarch boys to Notre Dame and was a welcome visitor at the College during the week. Father Jenkins is the author of several works well known to the reading public: notably, "Judges of Faith and Godless Schools," "Six Weeks in the Rockies," and others. We hope he will find time soon to repeat his visit.

—We regret to learn that the Rev. John Fitzharris, '69, Rector of St. Veronica's Church, New York City, has for some time been very ill. Father Fitzharris has accomplished a gigantic work in the up-building of the parish which he serves, and his labors have taxed his energies to the utmost and tended to undermine his

health. But, with his numerous friends at Notre Dame, we hope and pray that he may be blessed with a speedy restoration to his former health and activity.

—Rev. Father James French, of Notre Dame, Ind., who has been visiting relatives and friends in the city for the past two weeks, left for home on Tuesday last. The reverend gentleman spent his boyhood days in St. Joseph, and left here about eighteen years ago. Shortly after leaving this city he entered the Notre Dame University, where he prosecuted his studies and was ordained to the priesthood about eight years ago. During his brief stay in the city he preached upon two occasions at St. Patrick's Church, and by his eloquence and zeal fairly captivated his hearers. —*Catholic Tribune* (St. Joseph, Mo.)

Local Items.

—Here we are again.

—That game of ball!

—Subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC.

—The day is fought and—*lost!*

—Now work begins all along the line.

—New students are coming in very rapidly.

—How are you, old man? Glad to see you!

—There's a neat little SCHOLASTIC box in the Students' Office.

—Some very fine problems have been worked in Father Morrissey's office.

—Billiards seem to be the thing just now in the Carroll reception rooms.

—Tennis nets are being put up, and cries of "Love-30" and "Duce" are not uncommon.

—Erni has become famous as a coacher. His other base-ball abilities are, however, "out of sight."

—St. Edward's Park is the centre of attraction. It is simply gorgeous—a perfect blaze of flowers!

—Such jokes as "Do you mark shoe-strings?" are still perpetrated in the trunk room at this time of the year.

—Rev. Vice-President Zahm arrived yesterday (Friday) afternoon with a large delegation of Colorado students.

—Several new Sorins have received lessons as to the proper side of the door on which the key should be kept.

—LOST—On Tuesday, an envelope containing postage stamps. Finder will oblige by leaving it at the Student's Office.

—Pipes will be the fashion in the Brownson's Gym. this year. If you want to be "in it" you must discard your cigarette.

—Some very good ball talent has already been discovered both among the Brownsons and Carrolls.

—Some of the classes are already so large

as to require a division. Everything points to an unusually large attendance this year.

—The SCHOLASTIC Staff will soon be organized. Any student who has given, or can still give, a guarantee of ability and industry is eligible.

—QUERY:—Is it incompatible with the dignity of an old timer to arrive on the first day or during the first week of the term? It seems so.

—B. Lawrence has purchased some very tasty suits for the Carroll first nine. May we soon have the pleasure of seeing them used in good games!

—The genial Director of Studies always has a pleasant word for you. Call around and see him immediately upon arrival. He still conducts business at the old stand.

—Mr. J. T. Bell, Editor of the *Catholic Advocate* (Louisville, Ky.), has the thanks of the Director of Bishops' Memorial Hall for a complete file of his valuable journal.

—The Rev. S. Fitte has procured a new and beautiful "set" of Stations for the Novitiate. They are very artistic paintings, and are now being appropriately framed by B. Adolphus.

—An ordinance will soon be necessary here to compel wheel men to have bells. The bicycles are very numerous, and the cement walks make fine riding grounds, but how about the pedestrians?

—The University Band will be organized for the coming year on Thursday next. Those desiring to become members should make early application to the Director, the Rev. Father Mohun.

—Sorin Hall will this year furnish base-ball "nines" on application. They will improvise the games as becomes true artists, and will surely delight such persons as may be admitted as visitors.

—The second story of the Institute of Technology will be used as a class-room for gymnastics. A magnificent set of appliances are being put there for the exclusive use of the class in gymnastics.

—Many of the new arrivals seem anxious to join the military companies. There is great promise of good companies this year, and we await but the arrival of the efficient staff of last year to fill it.

—The Classical Course has promise of a greater number of students than ever before. If the industry of these young gentlemen is at all proportioned to their number, the classics will certainly "make things howl."

—How are you, gentle reader? Are you a new arrival or an old friend? If the former, we are glad to meet you, and hope that you will subscribe. If the latter, we are also glad to see you again, and we know that you will renew your subscription.

—Not a few members of the Faculty now rejoice in the possession of veritable "black-thorn sticks" from over-seas. These unique treasures are gifts of the Rev. P. J. O'Connell

C. S. C., President of St. Isidore's College, New Orleans, who lately returned from Ireland.

—Prof. J. F. Edwards returned from his vacation tour laden with historical manuscripts, relics, books, and many other contributions to the value and interest of the Memorial Hall and Library. Bishops' Hall already possesses a world-wide interest, and will be an enduring monument to the zeal and devotedness of its Director.

—One of our local Nimrods was on his ear, so to speak, the other day, when his veracity was impeached by some minion of the South Bend press. But he met the issue fairly and squarely, and with that brave spirit so characteristic of his ancestors. He called out his man. What aggravated the insinuation was to be accused of going a fishing. Fish? indeed! He's after higher game.

—The Director of the Lemonnier Library acknowledges the receipt of a large box of books and historical relics from the Rev. T. J. Jenkins, St. Lawrence, Ky., and boxes of books from the Rt. Rev. Mgr., Seton, New Jersey; Mrs. C. Hugg, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Sadlier, New York; E. Redmond, Cleveland, Ohio; H. Maas, Milwaukee, Wis.

—Col. Hoynes' oratorical effort on Labor Day delighted a multitude of admirers in South Bend and from adjacent territory. These sturdy sons of toil appeared utterly oblivious of the fatigue occasioned by the preliminary exercises. They listened with unexceptionable interest to the well-rounded periods with which the speaker regaled them, and at the termination of his address they testified their approbation in a most unequivocal manner.

—Among the many fervent prayers offered for the recovery of Very Rev. Father General was a novena made in the open air by the Minims to Our Lady on the Dome. The beautiful golden throne on which the venerated Founder has placed her statue seemed to the Minims a most fitting altar at which to present their petitions to her for their beloved Father. May Our Lady of the Dome hear the prayers of the Minims and spare Father General to Notre Dame for many years!

—On Wednesday, Sept. 2, the Rev. Fathers Bourque, Garand, Adelsperger and Langelier, of the Congregation of Holy Cross, left Notre Dame for New York, whence they sailed on the Saturday following for India, *via* London. They have gone to labor in the distant missions of Eastern Bengal which are subject to the jurisdiction of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Louage, C. S. C., who for a number of years was Master of Novices and Professor of Philosophy at Notre Dame. The devoted and zealous missionaries have the best wishes of all here for a safe and pleasant voyage and continued success in the work to which they have been assigned.

—The sporting season '91-'92 was formally and enthusiastically opened on last Thursday

afternoon, when a party of nine redoubtable Sorinites sallied forth from the Hall in quest of adventure. Their first thought was to go in the direction of Brownson Hall and interview the "first nine" there; but the consideration that some of the Seniors might not as yet be feeling well induced them to relinquish that project. The boys of the Manual Labor School were considered next highest game, and after some preliminary manoeuvres the Sorinites knocked the chip off the captain's shoulder and the contest began. It continued with varying fortune through nine innings of most extraordinary playing, the spectators cheering each side alternately with commendable discretion. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the contest until one of the batsmen imprudently sent the ball with terrific violence over second base where it struck the centre-fielder who was lying fast asleep, and who could not be aroused in time to warn him of his danger. At the end of the game the score stood 24 to 17 in favor of the "Atlantics." It may not be generally known that the Sorinites gave their adversaries this game as a bait. We have it from one who is well up in the sports of the Hall, and his veracity will certainly pass unquestioned.

—On Sunday, August 30, many of the Fathers from Notre Dame attended an imposing ceremony in our neighboring town, Mishawaka, the laying of the corner-stone of the new magnificent church now in course of erection. An immense concourse of people from various towns and cities and a large number of the reverend clergy were present. The ceremony took place in the afternoon, and was conducted by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, of Nashville. The sermon of Rev. Father Walsh, President of the University, was an able and scholarly effort, characteristic of that distinguished pulpit orator. Rev. J. B. Wermers preached in German on the blessing of the Church upon man and the graces bestowed upon members of the Church. The following documents and articles were placed in the corner-stone of the new St. Joseph's Church: A Latin document, containing the names of the reigning Pope, Leo XIII.; Bishop of the diocese of Fort Wayne, Joseph Dwenger; rector of the church, A. B. Oechtering; Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States; Alvin P. Hovey, Governor of Indiana; the names of the trustees of the town of Mishawaka; the day when the corner-stone was laid, and by whom, namely, Rt. Rev. Bishop Joseph Rademacher, of Nashville, Tenn.; a condensed history of the Catholic congregation of Mishawaka; copies of the late Pope's letter on the social question of labor; copies of the Mishawaka papers, the *St. Louis Amerika*, the *Indianapolis New Record* and the *NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC*, and a few modern coins, etc. The Very Rev. Dean Oechtering, the energetic pastor, has been the recipient of many congratulations upon the grand success attending his work thus far, and the bright prospects given for the future.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Classes were organized on Monday, Sept. 7, and the regular order of school exercises opened at eight a. m. with a promising number of pupils.

—On Tuesday, the Festival of our Blessed Mother's Nativity, High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. chaplain, who preached an interesting sermon appropriate to the occasion, which was the real beginning of the scholastic year.

—Very Rev. Father General's illness has been a source of much anxiety at St. Mary's; and the pupils who were denied the privilege of seeing him in June feel sadly disappointed to learn that he is not able to meet them with his gracious smile of welcome and his blessing, so highly prized by the old pupils.

—Miss G. M. Walton, Mrs. E. Rexford, Ypsilanti, Mich.; Miss B. C. Wilson, Trenton, N. J.; Miss H. Studebaker, Mrs. H. A. Clement, Paris, Texas; Mrs. C. H. Bohanon, Mrs. J. Dunn, Chicago, all old pupils and esteemed friends of St. Mary's, were among the welcome visitors to the Academy during the past two weeks.

—On Tuesday, Sept. 1, the young ladies who remained at the Academy during the summer months enjoyed their annual vacation picnic. The spot selected for a day's outing was St. Patrick's Farm, about four miles from St. Mary's. The day was an ideal one for a picnic, and the hours flew by all too rapidly for the merry party.

Youth Speaks to Age.

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,"
Eager scan we future's skies;
Lo! from out the past there rise
Voices speaking to our heart:
"From thy youth thou canst not part!"
Carven with the point of years
On life's snow-white block appears
Every deed of youth's brief stay,
Chiseled deeper day by day.
Storms assail the stone in vain,
Still it bears the writings plain;
Even tears cannot efface
Youth-tide's happy, care-free trace.
And the thought of vanished days
Oft brings strength in sorrow's ways,
Which, with more than mortal ken,
Makes the old heart young again;
And the life of early years
Seems renewed by grief-born tears.
Science fails to hide the past,
Memory will art outlast;
Royal purple, regal crown,
Cannot force the vision down
Bearing thoughts of youthful days
To our weary, tear-dimmed gaze.

List the story records tell
Of a king and bard as well,
Fashioned after God's own heart,—
One whose deeds fresh hopes impart,
That when age hath brought us care,
Thoughts of youth may comfort bear.

Once—so run the annals old—
David, strong of heart and bold,
Felt his martial ardor chill;
And the quick responsive thrill
To the war-cry, which in youth
Wakened valor, now, in truth,
Seemed with fear and menace fraught,
As he stood in anxious thought,
Deep within a cave rock-bound,
Counselors of war around.
Let us gaze upon his court
Gathered in that mountain fort.
Afternoon her shadows cast,
Which, like elfin sprites, stole fast
To the cave, and slowly crept
Where the lingering day-light slept:
Clustering round the entrance small,
Outlined 'gainst the moss-grown wall,
Bright acacias peered about,
Angering scarlet, that without
They, perforce, must e'er abide,
While the ivy wound inside.

'Twas oft said the cave was born
Of the quiet's spell at morn;
But now, wakened from its sleep,
It replied in echoes deep,
For it held a noble host
And their leader, Juda's boast.

Right and left at David's side
Stood the Thirty, strong and tried—
Jesbaham and Semma old,
After them Eleazar bold.
But amid the valiant band,
None so mighty in the land
As the psalmist called by God,
As the king to wield the rod.

Years had left their heavy trace
On that worn but kingly face,
And that hair, so sunny bright,
Now with frost of age was white.
Heeded not beside the king
Lay his harp, attuned to bring
Weird sweet tones of music strange
From its chords' unearthly range.
Swift the shades of eventide,
Creeping in with stealthy glide,
Over David seemed to fall
Holding him in sorrow's thrall.
Anxious stood his warriors round
By the ties of true love bound.
Then brave Semma rose and bade
Music's charm to soothe the sad;
"Minstrel, wake thy harp and sing,
Joy and gladness backward bring."

With an anguished stifled sigh
David heard nor made reply.
Then a harpist slowly came,
Bowing answer to his name:
"I too humble am, my lords,
Now to wake the gladsome chords;
But if I can break the spell,
Gladly will I numbers tell."

Then he touched the chords so light;
Faint the notes took feeble flight,
Sighing, trembling, dying, gone—
While the light that flickered wan
Threw a spectral gloom around—
Echoes caught the truant sound;
O'er and o'er it whispered long,
Till it broke in sad, sweet song.

SONG.

My heart is hungry, my soul athirst,
The spirit cries in pain,
Availeth nothing the fruits earth nursed
And gently falling rain.

My heart is weary, my soul oppressed,
And bitter are life's tears;
I long, but vainly, for peace and rest,
No hope gleams o'er the years.

"No rest!" sad whispers the long ago,
"No hope!" the future saith;
The present, with never-ceasing flow,
But leadeth on to death.

When swift as tho' by a magic hand,
Revealed are skies of blue,
The heavens shine out to greet the land,
And hope is born anew.

'Tis memory draws the veil aside,
And whispers to the heart;
"Let days gone by, whatever betide,
Their joys to life impart."

Jehovah hath watched thy youthful days,
Hath guided childhood's years—
His love still lingers o'er life's ways,
His smile must banish fears.

As the last notes died away,
Peace and calm resumed their sway;
Hope's bright spirit seemed renewed,
Life with faith was fresh imbued.
Proudly, kindly David's eyes,
Glimpses of cerulean skies.
"Whence," he cried, "this sad unrest?
Why should I be sad oppressed?
Far I fling the present shade,
Live I shall in memory's glade!
Ah! my spirit drinks once more
From the well that days of yore
Oft has quenched my youthful thirst,
Which, with subtle fancy, erst
Thrilled my veins with strange new life;
Past and present seem at strife.
All my youth by God was blest,
Shall I not in Him find rest?"

Lo! a spark from youth's warm fire
Kindled in his heart desire,
And he rose with old-time pride,
Loving memories his guide;
Armed with by-gone thoughts that day,
Brave his action in the fray!
And when night her veil drew down,
David wore the victor's crown.

Ah! when years have sped away,
Memories will come some day
Of those happy times we spent
Rich in joys, life's spring-time lent,
Solitude will be our cave
Where no other spirit, save
Memory, that never dies,
Shall reveal unto our eyes
All the happy hours of youth,
Radiant in the light of truth;
And as David longed to drink
At the well whose grassy brink
Oft his feet in youth had sought,
So we'll seek the fount in thought,
Where in youth our untried soul
Yearned to reach a noble goal.
Memory's draught our hearts will thrill
Bidding voice of fear "be still,"
And tho' sorrows gather fast,
Thoughts from out the hallowed past
Shall proclaim pains full surcease
'Neath the sway of gentle peace.
Oh! fond Memory, faithful friend,
As thou didst in love extend
O'er the heart of David blest,
Thy calm spirit, fraught with rest,

Come to us with message sweet
 When our weary, time-worn feet
 Stand uncertain in the way!
 In the darkness, be the ray
 Bringing hope from out the past,
 Leading us where light at last
 Evermore shall be our own
 Beaming from "the great white throne."
 Then shall past and future be
 Present for eternity.

MELICENT HURFF (*Class '91*).

"I Have Eaten Thy Bread, and Shall I Now Forsake Thee?"

From the plains of Senaar, smiled upon by Chaldean skies, from dusky Egypt, with its lotus-fringed Nile, and even from the far Eastern deserts do the records of travellers bring beautiful instances of open-hearted hospitality and its consequent undying gratitude. The notebook of a traveller from the Orient gives us this heart story to which we owe the touching and impressive words: "I have eaten thy bread, shall I now forsake thee?"

Across the scorched sands of the desert wandered a solitary figure. His dust-covered sandals betokened many a weary day's journey. His eye eagerly scanned the horizon in search of a palm 'neath which to rest. In vain he listened for the bubbling waters of the oasis. Slowly he wended his way until in the distance he discerned a shelter. Hope awakened in his heart with a glad song, only to be hushed by the voice of fear; for the banner of an enemy waved over the tent. The flame of hatred that flashed in his heart at the sight died away under the chill breath of despair. Drawing his mantle more closely around him, he approached. The curtains were thrown back, and the host, animated by a spirit of generosity, bade him welcome with the greeting "Peace be to you!" All the comforts of Eastern hospitality to be found in a caravan were placed before the guest. But their kindly intercourse was soon broken. Unfriendly Bedouins attacking the caravan, the host urged his guest to flee to a place of safety. But gratitude filled his heart, and found expression in the words: "I have eaten thy bread, shall I now forsake thee?" Oh, gratitude, thou sweetest of virtues! thou art as one of Eden's rarest flowers culled to bloom in paradise, whence fall thy seeds into earthly hearts.

That which is noble ever finds a response in the soul of man; and every heart attuned to notes of kindness must feel a thrill as he hears those words, enriched with the deserved recognition of centuries: "I have eaten thy bread,

shall I now forsake thee?" And why does this homely phrase draw forth sweetest music from human hearts? Because gratitude is a characteristic of nobility, which appreciates the influence of kindness. It is the expression of a charity which endureth forever; it is, in fine, the memory of the heart, that remembrance the absence of which drew from the loving Saviour's lips, when His tender pity gave healing to the lepers, the sad reproach: "Were there not ten cleansed? Where are the nine?" Alas! are there not many to-day who are healed and go their way in forgetfulness? And yet how can we forget, when we gaze on the matchless symmetry of creation and upon man guided by the one spark of Divinity in human nature—his mighty intellect? Look over the vast domain of earth with its array of creatures. Therein are mirrored the perfections of God, and yet we are ungrateful. Gratitude in purest humility is the debt man owes his Creator, and the only fitting return for a love so beautifully manifest. This love it is which binds earth to Heaven, and forms the bond of sympathy between God's creatures and Him who is the Alpha and Omega. From this bond of union there spring mutual duties the fulfilment of which awakens affection and gratitude. The earth is brighter and Heaven nearer in the light of the sweet relations between hearts. Who can compass a mother's love, or measure the depth of a father's affection? And there are others to whom we owe the homage of gratitude. They are those who have intrusted to them the care of youthful minds and hearts. Out of the exercise of their trust an affection springs up which is second only to a parent's in its purity and depth. To them do we look for the food which nourishes the mind—that bread of knowledge which fortifies the body and the soul. To those who break the bread of the spiritual life is our meed of grateful remembrance due, for they watch as having to give an account. The days which mark the varying epochs of life bring these truths before us in new and vivid colors; and, standing to-day on the line which divides the domain of youth-tide from that of womanhood, we realize all that has been done in the past to make our years happy, and we exclaim with full hearts: "Loved parents, teachers and guides, the tried friends of our youth, we have eaten your bread, and shall we now forsake you? Ah, no! But under the holy influence of your spirit we shall so frame our years that the bread which you have cast upon the waters shall be returned to you after many days."

CATHERINE HURLEY (*Class '91*).