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Ad Senescentem.

"As the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day."

When thou art old and shadows gather round thee,
When thou art old and dimmer grows thy sight,
Canst thou not look into the hearts that love thee?
Canst thou not find in them some little light?

When thou art old and in the gathering darkness
That, soft and still, creeps over lives well spent,
Canst thou not flash a glance into the future,
And snatch some starlight through the opened rent?

When thou art old and faltering are thy footsteps,
As on thou movest over ways oft trod,
Canst thou not lean upon a stronger shoulder?
Canst thou not look above, and lean on God?

Canst thou not kneel, as oft e'en now thou kneelest,
And storm the gates of paradise with prayer,
And as their golden bars give way before thee,
Entrap the grace which shineth everywhere?

Then think not age an over-heavy burden,
The night brings dreams that day can never know;
Remember this, while yet the daylight lingers,
That thou shalt reap as thou the seed dost sow.

W. J. K.

The Existence of a Personal God.

As we look around us in this world of ours, as we behold the many and mysterious workings of nature, we are filled with a certain awe which we cannot understand, a certain admiration which we cannot repress. The question, then, most naturally arises in our minds: whence did all this come? Where is its source? Who is the Cause and Creator of it all? Many have asked these questions; many have sought to solve them, and many have boldly denied that there is any Cause or Creator. The latter class is numerous, and the harm done by the spreading of their errors has been great. Among them have been enrolled poets, statesmen, philosophers and scientists; and it is on this account that the evil they have wrought is so much the greater.

It is our purpose in this paper to show the fallacy of their pretensions, and, on the other hand, to prove that there really exists a First Cause and Creator, a personal God, who by His divine Providence cares for and directs all His creatures.

Of the different systems which are opposed to the existence of God, we observe three principal ones: (1) Atheism, which denies the existence of God; (2) Pantheism, which deforms and destroys God's nature; (3) Dualism and Polytheism, which divide God and destroy His unity. Atheists are divided into practical and speculative. Practical atheists are those who live as if there were no God, whether they deny His existence or not. Speculative atheists are divided into negative and positive. Negative atheists are those who ignore the fact that God exists; positive atheists are those who either deny or doubt the existence of God.

Pantheism in general is the doctrine of those who assert that everything which exists is God; but in its limited sense it is the system of those who admit but one only substance in the world, which they call infinite. It agrees with atheism in so far as it states that all that exists, exists from necessity; and it differs from atheism in teaching that all that exists forms one *only* and *infinite* substance, which it calls God.

Dualism is the doctrine of those who claim that there are two forces in nature, one good, and the author of good, the other evil, and the author of evil. This system is an ancient one, having its origin among the Eastern philosophers, and was called Kapila. Later on it was adopted by some of the early heretics, who went by

the name of Gnostics. It was also practised and upheld by the Manicheans, and even as late as the seventeenth century it was revived by Bayle.

Polytheism is the error of those who admit an indeterminate plurality of gods. It is opposed to monotheism, which recognizes in God a unity but no plurality; it is also opposed to ditheism or tritheism, which admits a determinate plurality of gods. The various forms of polytheism are: the worship of demons, heroes, animals, idols, the stars and finally fetich worship—that of fire, air, trees and other natural phenomena.

In proving the existence of God, three orders are generally followed: the moral, the physical and the metaphysical. As a means of establishing our thesis we shall draw one or two proofs from each of the orders above named, explaining each one as clearly as possible.

First proof, from the moral order. The universal consent of mankind. What has been universally believed in all times and places, in points which by the simple light of reason common to all men, every man is a competent judge, must be considered as certain. And such is the belief in God's existence: therefore God exists. In the first place, in saying that all men had a belief in God's existence, we do not venture the assertion that the *idea* or concept they had of God was the same or was correct; because, on the contrary, men differed greatly as to the idea of the Supreme Being; still they all acknowledged the existence of some superior whom they worshipped and to whom they rendered the highest homage. Secondly, by the unanimous consent of mankind, it is not claimed that all men without exception, but that every nation as such, acknowledged and worshipped the Deity. Moreover, the fact of there being exceptions, strengthens, if anything, our assertion, and no more proves its falsity than does any freak of nature in the physical world. Besides, every people, from the most ancient times, as is shown by history, have had some form of religious worship. They have raised temples and altars, offered up sacrifices, thereby showing their belief in an Almighty power. From what has been seen it is evident that God, ever since the beginning of the world, has been worshipped, in some form or other, by all the nations of the world, both civilized and savage.

Our second proof is one drawn from the physical order, and is founded on the beautiful harmony which reigns in the universe. This proof is one of the best known and most readily accepted by everyone, chiefly because of its lucidity. There is an admirable order reigning in the universe. Every man of ordinary intelligence cannot fail to notice that where there is such an immense collection of beings there is such perfect agreement and yet such countless variety. Not only do this agreement and variety extend to the beings themselves, but even to the minutest detail of their constituent parts and organs.

When we look above us at the heavenly spheres, at those bright lamps suspended in immeasurable space, we cannot help being struck by the regularity pervading all their movements. Each one has its proper orbit in which to move, a fixed time to make a revolution upon its axis. Around us, on the earth, the different phenomena of nature all exhibit within themselves the strongest evidences of order. For instance, the composition of the atmosphere, the properties of plants, and the qualities of animals, from the wildest and rudest to the tamest and most docile, all exhibit an admirable regularity and order.

The *cause* of this *order* must be *God;* for if He is not the cause, it must have originated either from chance or necessity. Now it could not have originated from chance, for chance is a word which has no positive meaning, and consequently cannot be the cause of anything. Accordingly, for anyone to say that the beautiful order in the universe—that order which shows visible ends and the means for reaching those ends—originated by chance, is so repugnant to all reasonable men as to bear on its very face the stamp of its absurdity.

In looking at any work of art or of mechanism, the first question asked is "Who made it?" or, "Where did it come from?" thereby admitting the existence of some creator or maker. Hence we can conclude that the origin of the order, which we cannot fail to notice and remark every day, is not chance, but something higher and better. The cause of order could not be *necessity.* If it were so, we could not think of the universe as existing in a different state or manner; still we know that it is not unnatural to suppose that the order in the universe might have been arranged differently. Moreover, intelligence itself does not give us the idea of any intelligence as cause, existing in the universe. Now if necessity were the cause of universal order, we would be compelled to believe that all men—that is to say, all free beings—were in every act impelled by some uncontrollable force. This is most absurd and contradictory. Finally, if it is not necessary that matter should exist and move, neither is it necessary that it should have order, and consequently order proceeds not

from necessity, nor from chance, but from the Author of all being, the Creator of all matter, God Himself.

We will now turn to some of the metaphysical proofs of God's existence. These proofs, though not so often treated of as the moral and physical ones, are by far the most conclusive, since they carry with them the truth of their origin. The first one is that of the existence of a *necessary being* and *first cause*. That there is a necessary Being—one who has always existed of Himself, is evident; or else we must admit that every being had a beginning. Now the latter cannot be; for to maintain that all beings received existence from no one, would be equivalent to saying that no one gave us existence, which is absurd. On the other hand, if we knew that every one proceeded from a certain being, we cannot say that this being gave himself existence, for the reason that it implies a contradiction in terms. A being to give himself existence must have existed and not existed at the same time. He must have existed, since he gave existence; and he must not have existed since he received existence, which is absurd. Therefore we conclude that no being can exist and not exist at the same time; and that, of necessity, there must be some being who has not received existence, and who is the necessary being, God. Besides, the attribution of this being must be perfect; that is to say, boundless, infinite and limitless. For if the perfections of this being were limited, they could be limited either by another or by himself. They are not limited by another, for we have established that the necessary being exists of himself, and therefore is free of all other beings, as is proper to his nature. If they were limited by himself, it would be either by his will or by his nature. Not by his will, for we always think of a being's properties before we think of any limitation; and not only that, but it is unnatural for a being to be opposed to himself by destroying his own infinite perfections. Therefore the perfections of the necessary being are not limited by his will.

That they are not limited by his nature is evident from the fact that his nature is not in contradiction to his infinite perfections. For such a contradiction should arise either from the fact that infinite perfections are impossible at the same time and in the same being, or because they are not compatible with the necessity of existence. Now these perfections do not suppose any contradiction in regard to each other, because they exist together, and are both perfections. Besides, these perfections are compatible with necessity of existence, since this necessity of existence is the most absolute of all perfections. Finally, the necessary being must possess in his very nature an infinitude of perfections. That this is necessary cannot be denied; for they could not exist unless in his very nature, since they could come from no contingent being, owing to the imperfections of contingence; nor could they come from the necessary being, because that would imply the supposition that he had conferred them on himself, and consequently had possessed them already. Therefore the necessary being, limited neither by himself, nor by his will, nor by his nature, must be infinite and absolute in all his perfections.

The *necessity* of a *first cause*. Everyone of us, in perceiving the effects produced in the world, whether they be physical or moral, naturally seeks for and examines into the causes which produced them; for the reason that we instinctively feel that some cause must have existed before, and produced them. But in thus applying the idea of cause, in regard to natural phenomena, we can only conceive of secondary causes, which, being changeable and dependent, are, accordingly, not to be relied on. Moreover, since these causes, being contingent and changeable, cannot be necessary and immutable in the first cause, we must come at length to a first cause, since it is plain to all by reason that from secondary causes there cannot proceed a series of infinite beings. When one body is affected by another in any way, the principal causality takes us back through the various secondary causes, until we reach a single and only cause which is the principal and necessary cause, because it is of itself absolute, infinite and perfect Being—God.

From the imperfection in man can be proved the existence of a being necessary and infinite.

Man in observing himself seeks to know whether he exists of himself or by another. Did he exist of himself he would be perfect; for though he were infinitely perfect he would still be by far inferior to him who was self-existing and essentially perfect. Now man is imperfect, as is seen from his nature; consequently he must have come from some being perfect in essence and self-existing. Therefore from the imperfection, which is a matter of experience, existing in man, and also from his contingency, we may conclude that a necessary and self-existing Being exists who created and was the cause of man's existence.

The *Infinitely Perfect*. This proof is one of the most beautiful of God's existence, since it gives

us not only an idea of our own imperfections, but makes us conscious of the infinitely perfect God. It was explained most clearly by Descartes' saying, that we gain the knowledge of our imperfections from the idea we have of the perfect whom we call God. We must have received this idea from some one possessing these perfections; for a finite being could not give himself the idea of the infinite, as the infinite cannot be the product of the finite. Besides, we could not exist of ourselves, since we would have given ourselves those infinite perfections of which we have an idea; otherwise we would apply to him the same reasoning which we apply to ourselves.

In the eleventh century St. Anselm substantially developed the same argument; and later on Leibnitz, somewhat modifying it, said:

"God is, if He is possible, since His possibility and His very essence imply His existence; for if He did not actually exist, He would not be possible; there being no cause to give Him existence. Hence to admit that He is possible, and not to admit at the same time that He exists, is contradictory."

Wherefore it suffices to say that we have the idea of an infinitely perfect Being who is God.

From what has been proved, and from what is evident to all men, we have a right to maintain our firm belief in the existence of a Being who is possessed of infinity, immutability and eternity, the Author, Creator and First Cause of all that exists. We feel within ourselves that we are forced by reason of the order, the beauty and the contingency both of the world and man; that we come from one Origin, and that that Origin has always existed and always will exist; that, as a natural consequence, we owe to Him the greatest and most complete adoration and homage which man can give; and that to refuse it to Him would be to deny even our own nature, and destroy the good He has bestowed on our souls.

We conclude by saying with the celebrated French writer, Chateaubriand: "There is a God! The plants of the valley and the cedars of the mountains bless His name; the insects hum His praise; the elephant salutes Him with the rising day; the bird glorifies Him among the foliage; the lightning bespeaks His power, and the ocean declares His immensity." J. J. K.

So it is in many matters of opinion. Our first and last coincide, though on different grounds; it is the middle stage which is farthest from the truth. Childhood often holds a truth in its feeble fingers, which the grasp of manhood cannot retain—which it is the pride of utmost age to recover.—RUSKIN.

The Joy-Bringer.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL.D.

Not when old Bion's idyls sweet were sung,
Or when fine Horace scorned the vulgar herd
And praised his frugal fare—each chosen word
Writ where full skins of rare Falernian hung,
Above a table with rich garlands flung,
By Roman slaves; not when the dancer stirred
The air of spring, like swaying wave or bird,
Was there true joy the tribes of men among!

These idyls and these odes hide sadness deep
And canker worms, despite the shining gold
We gild them with, their lucent music flows
To noble words at times, but words of sleep,
But words of dreaming; life was not Life of old—
It came to earth when God the Son arose!

The fair façade, the carved acanthus leaf,
The sparkling sea where blue meets blue,
The piled-up roses, steeped in silver dew
Upon the marble tiles, the white-robed chief
Of some great family, seeking the cool relief.
Upon a gallery, hung with every hue
That glads the eye, while violets slave girls strew
To cithern-sounds:—this picture artists drew;

And, moved, our poets cry for the dead Pan:
Turn from the rood and sing the fluted reed—
"Arcadia, O Arcadia, come again!"
A cry of fools—a cry unworthy man,
Who was a sodden thing before the Deed
Of Love Divine turned blinded slaves to men!

—*Catholic World.*

The Poet of the Restoration.

In the year 1400 Chaucer, the "Father of English Poetry," and the first to discover the beauties and precious nature of our language, the first who had the courage to disregard the Latin and French, ceased his exquisite writing and concluded his most successful life. Just three centuries later John Dryden, the "Father of English Critics," and the greatest satirist the world has ever known, laid aside his well-worn pen, closed the bulky volume of his celebrated writings and ended his most eventful and glorious career.

Never in our language can we find two poets so absolutely unlike, as to their writings, as were the times in which they wrote so utterly dissimilar. Chaucer was exceedingly fortunate in the age in which he wrote; the magnificent court of Edward III. had carried the splendor of chivalry to the highest degree of its perfection and development; the memorable victories of Sluys and Crecy, with the perfect generalship of the Black Prince, exciting the national pride,

tended to fuse into one grand, vigorous and imperishable nationality the two elements which formed the English people and language. What period is there in English history that could be more fitting or better adapted for the foundation of a poetry in which the almost divine works of a Shakspere or a Milton were to be written to hold the attention of the entire world till time is no more? We are tempted to ask, what supernatural power has assisted in the formation of this tranquil time?

Born in the higher class of English society and a member of a wealthy and influential family, his writings naturally attracted the attention of the court. But, unlike many other writers, he did not permit his social standing to have any influence on his character; his spirit was tolerant and generous: he took broad views of life; and, having the soul of a poet, "he loved nature and humanity."

His muse could not be persuaded to dwell indoors, investigating and pondering over grave and wearisome questions, but would roam far and wide in the fields and on the highways, addressing itself to the leaves, the flowers and the people. Nowhere in his works do we see that sullen or philosophical thought that makes some writers so tiresome to read. James Russell Lowell says: "There is no cynicism in all he wrote."

How different in every respect is it with Dryden! In place of victories abroad and peace and tranquility at home, he found the entire land thrown into a chaos, civil wars raging; generals were competing against generals, families against families, literally destroying all prospects of ever being such a powerful and well-established government as it is at the present time. Everywhere the royalists were striving to overthrow the commonwealth. The government was in the hands of Cromwell and the soldiers, who, if not checked, would, in all probability, have set up a form of government similar to Rome in her declining years, and would have sold the throne to the highest bidder, and thus have a second Didius Julianus. But England was more fortunate than Rome; she foresaw the awful horrors and demolition into which the soldiers were plunging the land. On the death of Cromwell, his son Richard was proclaimed protector. Many now beheld the disgrace that would be brought by this measure. Everything was in a precarious condition, both Presbyterian and Cavalier royalists were striving to improve their advantage for the return of the exile king. The new protector, who had no other qualities than being a son of a wonderful man, was ordered to resign. Civil war began again; but the royalists, being victorious, recalled Charles to the throne, and so, after an interregnum of twelve years, royalty was again established. The battle-axe and helmet were now set aside, and the temple of Janus once more closed.

But this tranquil time was soon doomed to be broken by a more horrible disaster than war—one which spares neither the rich nor poor, weak nor strong, and from which none can escape, as Dryden says:

> "All human things are subject to decay;
> And when fate summons, monarchs must obey."

A pestilence spread over the land, carrying away thousands and filling all the cemeteries. This was soon followed by the great fire of London which destroyed over two-thirds of the city.

Thus it was when Dryden first appeared before the English people. Could a time be less inspiring or more discouraging for a young writer who depended neither upon family, influential friends nor wealth? But he seems to have understood his position at the first glance, and made a wise choice to begin life on the winning side. This compelled him to abandon the Puritan predilections and religion which had been held by his family.

The Restoration immediately caused the reopening of the stage—a recoil of licentiousness, vice and dissipation which had been held in check by the Puritans. All now sought the theatres for enjoyment. This offered the most tempting field to literary industry and genius. Dryden—and it is no credit to him—was among the first to avail himself of the revival of the stage. In all he wrote, the dramas reflect the immorality of the time. But could we expect otherwise when we bear in mind that he wrote to please a people who were so depraved that only the most immoral plays would suit them? His first drama, "The Wild Gallant," was a complete failure; and were it not for the interference of friends he would have entirely abandoned the stage. Profiting by the best teachers, he produced many successful pieces. His dramas were very poor; it would have been better for him if he never had written them. But on account of the errors we must not disregard the brilliant parts; for, as he says,

> "Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
> He who would search for pearls must dive below."

In some of the plays he attempted to imitate Shakspere.

> "But Shakspere's magic could not copied be;
> Within that circle none durst walk but he."

His first plays were written in rhyme; but after a long controversy on the subject of rhyme, he abandoned it for blank verse.

In the historical poem "Annus Mirabilis" he first displays his power of description and portraiture. The horrors of war, the destructiveness of fire and the sorrows of the plague are graphically given. On the death of Sir William Devenant the office of poet-laureate became vacant, and, to show the high esteem in which Dryden was held, and to give him a just recognition of his merits in the letters patent, the office was conferred upon him.

At this time Dryden began to write his satires, which are the keenest ever written. Satires are generally considered as three kinds. The first is to correct the follies and vices of men, the second to add influence to any particular party —this is called political—and the third is called a personal satire, because it is directed at one's personal enemies. As Dryden says:

> "Satire has always shown among the rest,
> And is the boldest, nay, if not the best,
> To tell men freely of their vain deeds and vainer thoughts."

In "Absalom and Achitophel" he combines the public and personal satire, ridiculing both the enemies of the king and his own. The following is a very good example of the manner in which he treated his subject:

> "A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
> Stiff in opinions—always in the wrong;
> Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
> But, in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon;
> Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
> Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking."

This was soon followed by the "Medal," a more fierce satire against the enemies of the Duke of York, and particularly Lord Shaftesbury. This is one of the finest examples we have of the power of the pen. It drove Shaftesbury upon those desperate courses which soon terminated in his complete downfall and ruin.

There is probably no man during his career who was more attacked than Dryden. He was ridiculed from every quarter; everyone seemed to take delight in tearing him to pieces for his religion, politics, plays, poems and, in fact, every action that he did. Although of a very mild temperament, yet he could not permit his pen to rust and the insults to go unanswered. He resolved to make one bold and terrible stroke which should be an example for all. Shadwell was selected for his subject. The title of this crushing and savage satire is "MacFleckno," the progenitor of Pope's "Dunciad," and "an example of what genius can do when applied to a selfish end." This not being a historical satire, nor containing anything that can interest the people of the present time, must rely on its own merits; and so it has been for nearly two centuries holding names that would otherwise have been lost in oblivion. Shadwell is represented as succeeding Fleckno upon the throne of dullness. Dryden describes him as only the pen of Dryden can:

> "Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
> Strike through and make a lucid interval;
> But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
> His rising fogs prevail upon the day."

The great question that was agitating the minds of the people during the Restoration was the religious problem. Everybody had his religion, and denounced all who did not agree with him. As was most natural, Dryden was drawn into this great and all-important discussion. The result of this was that he wrote his greatest poem, "Religio Laici," defending the Anglican Church against all other denominations. Although not very logical, and being the expression of one who is in doubt concerning the religious question, nevertheless, it is the best illustration of his genius and literary abilities. The first three lines are my favorite ones:

> "Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
> To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
> Is the reason to the soul."

After the ascension of James II. all doubt as to his religious opinions were dispelled by the appearance of the "Hind and the Panther." In this poem he concentrates all his reasoning powers and weaves them into smooth and easy-flowing rhyme. What could be more beautiful than the following picture of the Church?

> "A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
> Fed on lawns, and in forest ranged;
> Without unspotted, innocent within,
> She feared no danger, for she knew no sin."

As a composer of odes, Dryden holds a first rank. His "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" surpasses all others in energy and harmony. These few lines alone are sufficient to gain a reputation for him till the end of the world:

> "But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher,
> When to her organ vocal breath was given,
> An angel heard, and straight appeared,
> Mistaking earth for heaven!"

"Alexander's Feast," which Dryden considered the best of all his poetry, was written in a single night, and when he was in his sixty-seventh year—quite a remarkable fact when we consider that it has all the freshness and vigor

which generally characterizes youth. Last, but not least, are these few lines:

"Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

Many translations were made by Dryden, the most famous being that from the "Æneid." But he could not impart to it the spirit of Virgil. Translations were also made by him from Chaucer and Boccaccio.

In reading Dryden, one must consider the age in which he lived, and that an author reflects his age. Also that if he had not written so much he would have a higher position among poets. He is ranked as the first of second-class poets—a very high standard, when we have a nearly countless number. Like the stars of the second magnitude, the number known is not very great; but we cannot say how many there may be above that.

Dryden has often been accused of changing his religion in order to please the court. Macaulay has even said: "He knew little about religion." But this we know to be utterly false. His theological teachings have been examined by learned men of the Church into which he finally entered, and pronounced as masterpieces of argument and research, displaying exact and varied learning and exhausting every topic at issue. Although it may seem strange that the author of "Religio Laici" should in after years, when a Catholic king is on the throne, have written the "Hind and Panther," nevertheless it does not justify the accusation of scepticism and dishonesty; for if this were so, how is it explained that he did not change again when the Prince of Orange obtained the kingdom? Why is it that in after-life he suffered for maintaining his convictions? Why did he die in the same religion, and have his children sent to Rome to have them educated? It seems almost absurd to doubt his later religious opinions.

All great poets have been doomed to poverty in their old age—the time when it is least welcome,—and Dryden was no exception. Shakspere, "who was not of an age but for all time," and Milton, of whom Dryden wrote—

"Three poets in three distant ages born
Greece, Italy and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joins the other two,"

were both, in spite of their almost divine works, scarcely able to keep poverty from their door. When Dryden died he did not leave enough money to defray his funeral expenses. His body was placed in Westminster Abbey. Thus passed away a man who, if he lived in any other age, would have outshone all the men who are now placed in the same rank with him.

R. B. SINNOTT.

The True Gentleman.

The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt on the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving while he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip; is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage—that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much sense, to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny. If he engage in controversy of any kind his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack, instead of cutting clean; who mistake the point in the argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it.—*Cardinal Newman.*

NOTHING is more agreeable, nothing makes one more joyous, or contributes so much to self-sacrifice, than the conviction that you are making those around you happy.

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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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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—His Eminence Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, died on the 14th inst. With him has passed away one of those "men of the times" who appear but at intervals in the world's history—one of those whose career in life has exerted a marked influence in the social, intellectual and religious spheres, and left an impress that will remain down through the ages. Cardinal Manning was born in 1808, and graduated at Oxford in 1830. He was converted to Catholicity in 1851, and a few years afterwards was ordained priest. In 1865 he was consecrated Archbishop of Westminster in which See he succeeded the distinguished Cardinal Wiseman. In 1875 he was created Cardinal by Pope Pius IX. His writings were many and varied, and all showed the characteristics of a master-mind, depth and lucidity of thought and a far-reaching grasp of the subjects treated. In his religious works there is displayed an earnestness and sincerity of conviction and practical expression of the great emotions of a devout heart profoundly sensible of the truths and consolations that religion can inspire. So, too, with his numerous writings and utterances on economic and social questions, principally upon matters pertaining to education and the rights of the workingman. They have made him a shining light before the world at large and have caused his name to be held in veneration everywhere. He was the acknowledged champion of the laboring classes in England whose cause he espoused on every occasion. In his death the Church in England has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and humanity a noble and intrepid defender. May he rest in peace!

Miss Starr's Lectures in Chicago.

It is now four years since "The Catacomb Series," as we may call the first division of the course now required to fill out the plan of Miss Starr's Lectures on Art Literature, has been given. During that time, in a city like Chicago, changes must have occurred that will bring around her an almost new set of listeners. But she confidently expects to welcome, as heretofore, those who are making preparations for a visit to the Old World by a course of reading in advance, instead of spending the precious time there, often with imperfect means at hand; also young ladies who are continuing their studies after leaving school as well as those other ladies, always so earnest and intelligent in their attention, who, with many cares and the claims of a relentless society, have little time to consult works in various languages, and are yet eager to keep pace with the choicest Art developments of the day; while those who may have attended the greater part of this course will find that Miss Starr has used diligently the intervening time by securing through her friends in Rome, and especially Miss Edes, valuable bulletins in regard to archæological discoveries, constantly going on, as well as greatly enriching her illustrations by fac-similes of the most ancient mosaics, as they come yearly from the hands of the indefatigable colaborers of Chevalier de Rossi.

Compulsory Education.

At the present time the subject of education, which is always of paramount importance, appears to be the all-absorbing topic, and with an impulsiveness characteristic of the American people, their action bids fair to run to a hurtful extreme.

There was, for a time, complaint on the score of the inefficiency of our public-school system. Parents, whose time was wholly engrossed in the acquisition of wealth, left the training of the children to the State, and when they thought them prepared to take positions of usefulness in life, or as ornaments to society, were surprised to find them sadly deficient in both mental and moral culture. Instead of polished, erudite, earnest-thinking men, and accomplished, gentle, lovable women, the adolescent generation were found to be "fast" young people, with a certain slangy smartness and free-and-easy style of manners

but with a notable absence of those important qualities of head and heart which alone could make the men honorable and useful citizens, and the women tutelary saints of happy homes, and in both sexes there was a growing irreverence for all that our fathers and mothers were wont to hold sacred, positively shocking to the thinking mind of the old school.

Badly managed as the public schools may be, they answered in a great measure the end for which they were instituted, viz.: to place within the reach of all classes the facilities for obtaining the rudiments of a common education. They were never intended to do more. The unwise parent, who is deluded with the idea that the public schools, common or high, can confer all the education his children need, discovers his error only when it is too late.

Those placed in positions of power, instead of admitting the fact that the public-school system, as it now stands, has not answered the end proposed, have attributed the failure to the depravity of the people in not availing themselves of the proffered blessing, and the remedy they propose is compulsion.

Compulsory education is entirely at variance with the spirit of free institutions, and is repugnant to all republican feeling. Yet it is rapidly becoming familiar to the popular mind. It has been gravely discussed, and found respectable advocacy in the meetings of our teachers' institutes, and many respectable and influential journals are at present giving it immense support.

That compulsory education is impracticable in this country, and incompatible in any country with free government, seems susceptible of easy demonstration. Only under the most despotic governments can the system be enforced; and the fruit it has borne where tried is as opposite to republicanism as anything that could well be imagined.

The mere acquisition of knowledge is not education—still less the smattering of knowledge acquired by the transient attendance, voluntary or compulsory, upon the best of public schools. A reference to the dictionary would evidently be of service to some of the flippant advocates of the compulsory system. Webster says: "To give children a good education in manners, arts and sciences is important; to give them a religious education is—*indispensable;* and immense responsibility rests on parents and guardians who neglect these duties."

In the light of this definition—and it would be difficult to conceive a more concise and comprehensive one—it is apparent that a national and compulsory system is utterly impossible, without a radical change in our whole theory of government. It is the highest duty of the parent to correct the temper and form the manners and habits of his children. The government which, by a compulsory system of education, absolves him from this duty, and deprives him of this right, is the worst kind of despotism that ever degraded humanity.

The Hon. Judge Edmund F. Dunne, in his masterly argument against Compulsory Education, before the Sixth Circuit Court of the State of Ohio—an argument recently published in pamphlet form by the Catholic Truth Society of St. Louis—says:

"When we ask what are the rights of a State we in effect ask how far has it the right to limit liberty of action by its people. When we ask what are the rights of the people we in effect ask how far may they go in liberty of action before they come under State control. Our people should be careful about exalting the State too much, because the more they enlarge the power of the State, the more they restrict the liberty of the people.

"In a State based on natural law the citizen may have liberty of action to the extent of properly enjoying all his natural rights. In a State based on natural law the State must stop whenever it meets with a natural right of a citizen. In other words, State rights begin where natural rights end. This limitation would be vague were it not that we have a means of measuring how far natural rights may extend, namely, right reason in construing natural law. It is true, men's minds differ as to what right reason declares, and therein there is trouble. Under the old theory the Church was recognized as the interpreter of the natural law, and the limit of State right was definitely declared by that authority whenever doubts arose. In modern times there has been a great revolt against that authority. What men have gained is, that each one is now his own interpreter. What they have lost is that they often find difficulty in getting others to accept their interpretations.

"All is now confusion, and therefore it is that the Holy Father says that 'a State organized on such a basis has not in itself sufficient strength to insure public security and the quiet permanence of order.'

"The trouble is, we have adopted a fundamental law, and yet have rejected the formerly accepted authoritative construction of it. The natural law is the basis of all our legislation, yet we rejected the old means for definitely ascertaining in each particular case what the force of that law really is. If we have provided no other means in its place, then it is as if we had adopted our constitution and left each one to construe it after his own fashion.

"It is true that in our constitution we did recite a certain number of rights as guaranteed by that natural law; but to all the others we simply declared that they were retained by the people, without any particular definition as to what they were."

When Catholics, Protestants, Jews and pagans can agree upon a universal religion, it will perhaps be practicable for a government of which religious freedom is a fundamental principle to undertake a national compulsory system of education. The greatest obstacle to compulsory education, as society is now constructed, will continue to be, until the millenium, the poor classes. How can the government make the education of the poor compulsory without providing for their subsistence?

If the head of a family, either through mis-

fortune, disease, or the indulgence of vicious habits, is reduced to such poverty that the children must labor, from the very earliest age at which they are capable of labor, for their daily bread, how are such children to be embraced in the national scheme of education, except by setting aside the guardianship of the parent, and adopting them as the wards of the nation? It is therefore plain that the compulsory system could be but partial in its operations. The very class it is desired to benefit is beyond its reach; while the classes that could be brought within its operations would only be injuriously affected by its interference with their natural and inalienable rights and most sacred duties.

L.

The Prose of James Russell Lowell.

To one contemplating the hosts of those who have at any time wielded the pen, it seems as if their number were infinite. Look out upon the sky on a clear night and mark well the entire range of your view; notice the difference in the respective brightness of the stars; see how the first magnitudes shine out, some red, others yellow. The lesser lights of the second and third magnitudes come next. Then there are some which at times brighten up to the brilliancy of a second or third magnitude, and year after year become fainter, and finally die out. Now look over the sky of literature. Dotted here and there the first magnitudes—Dante, Homer and Shakspere—are scintillating in all their brightness with a pure and steady light. They can always be recognized at first glance. No landmarks are needed to find them. As the stars Betelgeuse, Sirius and Arcturus stand foremost in the constellations Orion, Canis Major and Boötes, so stands Homer in Greek literature, Dante in Italian and Shakspere in English. But as for the lesser lights it is difficult to give them a fixed place; one prefers one, another has a different choice; some are popular to-day, but in a few years they are lost sight of. But the writer that is really good shall live and his works always be read.

There is a class of writers which caters to the people at large, for popularity and wealth. They may get both. How long their wealth lasts depends upon themselves, whether they are saving or extravagant; but undoubtedly the popularity shall not be eternal. It will fall almost as quickly as it has arisen. On the other hand, there are those who write for educated people; who work as it were in their own sphere; who wish to be appreciated by great minds; who are given a place among writers and who hold that place; whose opinions on most questions referring to art, science and culture is respected, and who write, not for fame or wealth, but for art; who, in short, write for the benefit of mankind that it may be elevated. To this class belongs James Russell Lowell.

Lowell was one of the band of writers who came into prominence with the first half of the century. These same men have often been called the mutual admiration society. They were the men whose brilliancy has made the career of contemporaries seem dark. This was the generation of Longfellow, Hawthorne and Emerson. To few men are given such talents as were possessed by Lowell. A poet, a critic and a thinker; his abilities were far above the ordinary run of writers. Versed in most of the modern languages, besides being thoroughly acquainted with the classics, supplied with a fund of general knowledge, he seldom needed to refer to any book for quotation. This abundance of resource it was that made his smooth, flowing style. Holmes says of him:

"This singer, whom we long have held so dear,
Was nature's darling, shapely, strong and fair,
Of keenest wit, of crystal judgment clear,
Easy of converse, courteous, debonair.

Fit for the loftiest or the lowliest lot,
Self-poised, imperial, yet of simplest ways;
At home alike in castle or in cot,
True to his aim let others blame or praise."

Lowell was of that generation of brilliant writers who followed Irving; writers both of fiction and more serious work—history. These were Bancroft, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Prescott, Motley and others. All showed their originality by striking out into a hitherto untrodden career. All were gifted with strong intellects which on many occasions showed the innate American versatility. As a modern writer puts it: "They idealized and localized the pagan Mythology with the realism of a Roman Zola. They revived the golden legends and chivalrous traditions of the Round Table reclothing them in attractive modern dress." Of this magnificent company Lowell was one of the most brilliant and versatile, and probably has done more good and useful work than any of them.

It seems as if Lowell was born at a lucky period. Puritanical views were giving way to more liberal ones. The classics were thrown open and a wealth of beauty derived therefrom. This period was the turning-point in America's literature. The old Yankee customs were giving place to the more civilized ones, the old people retaining the old ways, the young assuming the new.

Probably one of the chief charms of Lowell's style is his humor. Lowell and Holmes were much alike in this respect, besides being very great observers. In one of his essays, when speaking of the trade carried on in that part of Cambridge near Boston, called the Port, Lowell says:

"White-topped wagons, each drawn by double files of six or eight horses, with its dusky bucket swinging from the hinder axle, and its grim bulldog trotting silently underneath, brought all the wares and products of the country to their mart and seaport in Boston. These filled the inn yards, or were ranged side by side under the broad-roofed sheds, and far into the night the mirth of their lusty drivers as they clamored from the red-curtained bar-room, while the single lantern swaying to and fro in the black cavern of the stables, made rembrandt of the group of ostlers below."

Discussing Lowell as a prose writer necessitates his being considered as a critic. His appreciation and discriminating faculties, delicate to a wonderful degree, combined with his instinct of analysis made him a critic of no mean ability. While he was an impartial judge, when he deemed it necessary he applied the whip, or rather the scourge, with unmitigating vigor. He had one hobby: considering expression of thought to be the most delicate of things, he thought no vehicle too good for it; hence his fastidiousness as regards language. Sprung from a family who, with few exceptions, were all intellectual giants, his deep learning and the control over his material made him the foremost writer of his age. Yet his work did not equal him. It is only after reading a great many of Lowell's works that one becomes acquainted and can admire the strength of that intellect. Two only of that New England now remain with us. With Lowell there has passed away a poet, a critic and a patriot.

B. C. BACHRACH, '92.

The Œuvre Expiatoire at La Chapelle-Montligeon, Orne, France.

In 1884, M. l'Abbé Buguet, Curé of La Chapelle-Montligeon, in the Diocese of Séez, presented himself before his Bishop to submit to the judgment and approval of this philanthropic prelate a project to found in his parish an association in favor of the *forsaken souls in purgatory*. The Bishop, whose noble and sympathetic heart appreciated the true charity which animated the suppliant, and the sublimity of the work that he proposed to inaugurate, at once granted his petition, October 5, 1884. With the benediction of Mgr. Frégaro, M. l'Abbé Buguet received the approbation of the "Statutes of the Œuvre Expiatoire." From that date the little village of Montligeon became a source from whence each day prayers and oblations have flowed to refresh the burning atmosphere of purgatory.

Since 1884, the Œuvre Expiatoire of Montligeon has taken a prodigious extension: the princes of the Church have placed themselves under the banner of "Our Lady of Purgatory," with a crowd of two millions of the faithful of all countries and conditions. The Old and New World, with the Islands of Oceanica, have joined this holy crusade.

But, although so far extended, this magnificent work is still ignored by many Christians; therefore—as through prejudice needless obstacles are often raised in the way of rising works—to prevent any misconception, it is necessary to explain the aim of the Œuvre Expiatoire. Placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, the object of the work is to relieve the greatest number of souls and deliver them from the fires of purgatory; but its prayers and oblations are more especially raised to God for the *most abandoned there*, for those of whom no one thinks, for whom no one prays, and to whom no hope remains except to satisfy divine justice.

Every month the Œuvre celebrates more than *three thousand Masses* by means of the subscriptions of the associates (the total last year was 45,000). The modest sum of *one cent yearly* is all that is required to become a member, and participate in the merits of all these Masses; and the number will be increased as the resources permit. A bulletin (in English) appears every *two months*, and an interesting monthly journal (in French) carries to all parts of the world news of the association.

Christians, listen to its plaintive cry: "Have pity on us! have pity on us! you, at least, who were our friends, for the hand of God has touched us!" "Make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of iniquity, that when you shall fail they may receive you into everlasting dwellings." The spiritual benefits of this association are great, the means required to share in them *very small*.

But we cannot enumerate all its advantages in this notice; to know them we must refer our readers to its "Summary of Indulgences," which can be obtained *gratis* by applying to the Rev. Paul Buguet, Director-General of the Œuvre Expiatoire, La Chapelle-Montligeon (Orne), France, to whom all inquiries should be addressed, and Money Orders made payable upon the *Post Office there*.

M. S. L.

Obituary.

—Mr. J. C. Larkin, '83, has the sympathy of numerous friends at Notre Dame in the recent death of his esteemed father at Pottsville, Pa.

—Joseph H. McKernan, '68, died recently at his home in Indianapolis. He was a prominent student while at Notre Dame and a general favorite with professors and students. On leaving college he engaged in successful business pursuits in his native city, and was esteemed by all with whom he came in contact. May he rest in peace!

—From the *Echo* (St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas) we have learned the sad news of the death of Col. Thomas A. Flannagan at New Orleans, on the 26th ult. The deceased was one of the leading students of Notre Dame from '56 to '58, and was highly esteemed through his talents and genial disposition. Recently he was engaged in teaching in St. Edward's College. May he rest in peace!

—We have learned with deep regret the news of the death, at Philadelphia, of Prof. William J. Ivers, '65. The deceased was for many years a Professor in the University, occupying with distinction the chair of mathematics. In 1881 he resigned his position to take charge of a select school in Philadelphia. His uncommon abilities and genial disposition made for him hosts of friends who will be pained to hear of his demise. May he rest in peace!

Personal.

—Dr. Henry Rhodes, '69, is one of the leading dentists of Evansville, Ind.

—Philip V D. Brownson, '88, is interested in the Michigan Stone Works at Detroit.

—Nicholas Adams (Com'l), '65, is engaged in an extensive and prosperous business at Owensboro, Ky.

—The Rev. P. W. Condon, C. S. C., Rector of St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wis., was a welcome visitor to Notre Dame during the week.

—Rev. J. Gillan, assistant Rector of St. Mary's Church, Chicago, visited the College during the week, and entered his nephew in Carroll Hall.

—A welcome visitor to the University during the past week was the Rev. M. J. O'Brien, Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Stevenspoint, Wis.

—Mrs. William Gerdes, with her daughter, accompanied her son and other Cincinnati boys on their return to the University. They are welcome visitors.

—Rev. T. F. Kelly, Rector of St. Joachim's Church, Matteawan, N. Y., made a short, pleasant visit to the College on Tuesday. He was agreeably impressed with the University buildings and their equipment, and promised himself the pleasure of another visit in the near future.

—D. C. Regan (Com'l), '86, is engaged in a very prosperous dry goods business at Wharton, Texas. The *Spectator* of that city says of him: "His thorough business methods, liberal dealings and courteous manners have made him a popular business man, while he has pushed his house to a thriving point in the front rank of successful establishments."

—J. St. Elmo Berry, '91, one of the bright young men of the SCHOLASTIC Staff for two or more years, is now engaged in journalistic and other enterprises at Montrose, Col. We see from the *Industrial Union* of that city that on a recent occasion he displayed to advantage the histrionic abilities for which he was distinguished at Notre Dame. His many friends here congratulate him on his success, and hope to hear from him sometimes through the old College paper.

Local Items.

—Splendid sleighing.

—And good skating.

—What's your average?

—"Sport's" average is a bird.

—"Chuck" is among us again.

—Did you hear the phonograph?

—"Waltah" is the bellwether now.

—Classes are again in running order.

—The "Professor" bluffed the crowd.

—Skating is the proper thing just now.

—Did you have much fun during the vacation?

—Thespians, Feb. 22; Columbians, March, 17.

—The ice on the lakes is about seven inches thick.

—The Military are busy learning the new tactics.

—Hard work in class is now the cry all along the line.

—Seven inches of the "beautiful—and more comin'"!

—The first drill this year was held on last Thursday.

—What's the matter with the Alderman? He's Allright.

—B. Leander is now one of the Prefects in Brownson Hall.

—The next series of essays will be due on the 15th of March.

—The double windows are great improvements in Sorin Hall.

—The organization of societies for the long term is now in order.

—The Old Settler returned on Tuesday last and is on deck again.

—The Observatory is completed, but the instruments are still on the road.

—The Band and Orchestra have resumed their regular weekly rehearsals.

—The Orator of the Day for Feb. 22 will be selected during the coming week.

—Advice to sleighing parties.—Don't speak above a whisper while in Mishawaka..

—The ice-cutters are at work on St. Joseph's Lake. Prospects are good for a fair crop.

—Several additions to the number of inmates of Sorin Hall were made during the week.

—B. Leopold has a fine assortment of skates, though they have been going off like hot cakes.

—Some reliable persons say Joe Combe's sponge gets larger every time he speaks about it.

—Brownson Hall is bewailing the loss of Vic and Joe, who were too much attracted by Sorin Hall.

—Pierce is the only one on his side of the house who is minus storm windows. This defect should be remedied.

—The St. Cecilians return their sincere thanks to the gentlemen who so kindly assisted them at their late entertainment.

—Mr. Willis of Chicago, the agent for Edison's phonograph, gave an entertainment in Brownson reading-room last Thursday.

—Otto will, in the near future, begin a course of lectures on practical geology, particularly on *crinoidal limestone* and *prehistoric cement.*

—The subjects of the essays for the second series in the Scientific and Civil Engineering courses will be published in our next issue.

—The large increase in the number of pupils in elocution and oratory promises well for the various entertainments of the present session.

—On Wednesday evening a party of Carrolls, under the direction of B. Hugh, went to the lake, and had a pleasant time skating by moonlight.

—Chemistry seems to be a favorite study with some young men in Sorin Hall, judging from the number of recreation hours devoted to its pursuit.

—The Classical grads have as subjects for their classical essays: "The Greek Drama"; "Cicero and Demosthenes"; "Grecian and Roman Historians."

—Julius Cæsar, Richard III., Henry IV. are amongst the plays discussed by the dramatic societies which are to figure in the public entertainments during the session.

—The toboggan slides are not so much frequented as before Christmas. To the good skating must be attributed the lack of interest in the useful but little ornamental structures.

—A Solemn *Requiem* Mass was celebrated on Thursday for the repose of the soul of the late Paul Wood. Very Rev. Father Corby officiated with Fathers Morrissey and Connor as deacon and subdeacon.

—One of the most important offices in a society is that of Corresponding Secretary. A quick, active, energetic, reliable, talented young man—and there are not a few in this neighborhood—should be chosen for the position.

—The vocal effort of Mr. Whelan, especially its repetition by the phonograph, at the entertainment in Brownson Hall on Thursday last, created a great *furore* and was a good recommendation of the superior qualities of the instrument.

—A large supply of writing paper, with a new heading representing the University buildings, has been received in the students' office. The new sketch is a work of art reflecting great credit on the designer and engraver, E. A. Wright, Philadelphia, Pa.

—Bro. Paul, on a recent trip to Chicago, made an extensive purchase of the most modern athletic goods. The boxing room has been entirely refurnished. Many have tried their skill at the bag and have taken the gloves against Walter; but he is, so far, the champion.

—A storm-door has been made in the lower hall, serving at the same time as a partition which encloses and shuts off from public gaze the Armory and the *salle* opposite. It combines in itself the useful and the ornamental—the two elements whose union forms the acme of materialistic perfection. Yes.

—Prof. A. F. Zahm has just received, for the Mechanical Department, a handsome set of lathe castings, the gift of Warner & Swasey of Cleveland. Warner & Swasey have the reputation of being among the best designers of machinery in America, so that a lathe from their patterns will be an ornament to the department. The Professor wishes to express his hearty thanks.

—On Thursday a party of twenty students of Sorin Hall enjoyed a sleigh ride to Mishawaka. While in that village they, of course, gave the 'Varsity yell. An officious "copper," hearing the noise, rushed up and, desirous of parading his authority, threatened to put them in the lock-up unless they stopped "that er infernal noise." Mishawaka's police are dangerous when at large.

—On Sunday last, Rev. Father Morrissey preached an eloquent and instructive sermon on the duties of the year just begun. He made a feeling reference to the sudden and lamented death of the late Paul Wood, who left for home joyful and happy during the holidays, and whose brilliant career was suddenly cut short and the brightest hopes blighted by his untimely end. He exhorted the students to be mindful of their companion in their prayers to God that peace and rest may speedily be given to his soul.

—The professor of biology in the University of Notre Dame, the Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., lately contributed to *The Microscope* a series of articles on cytology, which has attracted much attention and evoked many compliments from

leading scientists in America. Father Kirsch describes at length the discoveries of Canon Carnoy, of the University of Louvain, shows the importance of cytology, explains the methods of investigation in this branch of science, and tells of the progress made in recent years.—*Ave Maria.*

—The other afternoon the boys were playing polo on the lake when the ice began to crack, and all made a break for shore. On looking around for the cause, it was found that "Carty" was coming down to skate, and the ice cracked from terror and the placid bosom of the lake began to heave in expectation of the coming agony. Wise counsel prevailed among the boys, and they sent a delegation to the approaching cause of the evil. After much persuasion "Waltah" consented to wait until the ice was stronger before venturing thereupon.

—On New Year's eve St. Edward's Hall was the scene of a charming entertainment, given in honor of those Minims who spent their vacation at the University. The Minims were assembled in their spacious reading-room, where good Bro. Cajetan had ready a high Christmas tree blazing with countless candles. The tree and the wide platform on which it stood were literally laden with presents of every kind. First on the programme was the grand raffle. Excitement ran high among the "princes," as each one drew two shares, entitling him to a number of toys and trinkets heaped up in the room. Next followed the distribution of fruits, candies, cakes and other sweetmeats too numerous to be mentioned. Rev. Father Walsh, Rev. Father Morrissey and a number of invited guests were present, who enjoyed nothing more than the happiness and gladness with which the "princes" received their gifts. Their beaming faces and blithe laughs will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to gain admittance.

—Four years ago the late Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connell presented to the Catholic Historical Collections at Notre Dame the precious mitre given to him on the occasion of his consecration by Cardinal Cullen, and a silver and gold crozier given him by his *Alma Mater*, All Hallows' College, and a crozier presented to him by Most Rev. Archbishop Allemany. At the time he wrote to Prof. Edwards: "I may say of these poor relics what the glorious Sir Thomas More said in reference to his flowing beard on the scaffold: 'They committed no sin.' O that I could say as much of the original and the wearer!" All who knew the good Bishop can testify to his saintly life. He also wrote: "The pectoral cross I wear is the gift of an Irish lady, Mrs. Segrave, mother of Father Segrave, S. J., in the English Province. The first ring—which I lost—was presented to me by my dear friend Dr. Flannery, Bishop of Killaloe. The ring I use at present, and which with the cross, after my departure, D. v., shall be at your service, is the gift of my former metropolitan and esteemed friend, Archbishop Allemany." This promise was fulfilled in his last will and testament and faithfully executed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Mora. The precious relics are now deposited in the California section of Bishops' Memorial Hall.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Combe, Cartier, F. Chute, L. Chute, Coady, Carroll, Dechant, Dacey, DuBrul, Fitzgerald, Fitzgibbon, Flannery, Hannin, Lancaster, H. Murphy, P. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rothert, Schaack, Sullivan, E. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Alnsbury, Burns, Brown, T. Brady, Beaudry, Cassidy, Corcoran, Corry, Crawley, Carter, Correll, Chilcote, Cummings, Caffrey, Crilly, Castenado, Cole, Cummings, Cook, Case, Doheny, R. E. Delaney, Devanny, Egan, Ferneding, Funke, Frizzelle, Flannigan, Griffin, Heneghan, Healy, Hesse, E. Harris, Houlihan, Heer, Hagan, Jacobs, Jewett, F. Kenny, Kleekamp, Keough, W. M. Kennedy, M. Kelly, Karasynski, Krembs, Kintzele, W. A. Kennedy, Kearns, E. Kenny, Kunert, Lindeke, Layton, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, Maloney, D. Murphy, McVean, F. Murphy, McCarrick, McDonnell, McCullough, McDermott, Murray, Newton, Powers, Pulskamp, D. Phillips, T. Phillips, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, Raney, Riordan, Sherman, Stanton, Schopp, Thome, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Wilkin, Zeitler, Zeller.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Arvidson, Ashford, Bergland, Baur, Bixby, Barbour, Baldauf, Ball, Bates, J. Brown, F. Brown, G. Brown, Bachrach, Burkart, Briggs, Burns, Carney, Casey, Corry, Covert, Cullen, Curran, Connell, Carpenter, Dion, DuBois, Dix, DeLormier, Dillon, Dillman, Delaney, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, DuBrul, Dixon, Evans, C. Fleming, Falk, Finnerty, A. Funke, G. Funke, Foster, Fitzgerald, Girsch, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerner, Girardin, Gerlach, Gillon, Garfias, Gerdes, Hill, Hagan, Harrington, Hilger, Hoban, Hamilton, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Healy, Janssen, Joseph, Johson, Kindler, Kauffman, Kreicker, Kraber, Kinneavy, Kerker, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Lawlor, Levi, Lee, Lowrey, Luther, Mills, Miles, Major, Mitchell, Miller, Marr, Meyers, Moss, Marre, McCarthy, A. McKee, McDowell, McPhee, Martin, Mahon, Miller, H. Nichols, W. Nichols, Nicholson, Oliver, O'Connor, O'Brien, W. O'Neill, O'Rourke, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Phillipson, Regan, Rumely, Rupel, Rogers, Rattermann, Renesch, Rend, Reilly, C. Reedy, H. Reedy, Strauss, Stern, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Sweet, Stone, Scholer, Slevin, Sheurman, Shirk, Todd, Thome, Thorn, J. Tong, O. Tong, Tallon, Thomas, Teeters, Vorhang, Wellington, Walker, Wagner, Weaver, White, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Yingst, Yeager, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, Allen, R. Brown, Burns, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Cornell, Corry, Christ, Curtin, Curry, Crandall, Chapoton, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Croke, Cross, W. Durand, B. Durand, DuBrul L. Donnell, S. Donnell, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Everest, Elliott, C. Francis, E. Francis, Finnerty, Fossick, J. Freeman, B. Freeman, N. Freeman, C. Furthman, E. Furthman, Girsch. Willie Gregg, Gavin, Gilbert, Hoffman, Healy, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, Hilger, Healy, Jonquet, Kuehl, Kern, Kinney, Keeler, Krollman, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Lysle, Londoner, Lawton, Langley, Loughran, Lonergan, Longevin, Lowrey, McPhee, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, H. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McGinley, McAlister, Maternes, Morrison, O'Neill, O'Brien, Nichols, Ninneman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pieser, Pursell, Platts, Pratt, Ransome, Rose, Repscher, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Smith, Swan, F. Trankle, L. Trankle, Trujillo, Thomas, Tussner, Weber, Wolf, White, Wilson.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Mrs. A. Clarke Hayes, '72, Bremen, Ind., Mrs. N. Millard Bell, '71, Denver, Col., and Miss M. Clifford, '89, Chicago, were among the welcome visitors at the Academy last week.

—On Sunday, January 10, Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., was the celebrant of the High Mass, at which he delivered a sermon full of beauty and unction, on the events celebrated by the Church on the Feast of the Epiphany.

—Letters written in shorthand were received by some of the teachers, during the holidays, from members of the class in Phonography. This, surely, is a convincing proof that the training of convent schools is not altogether theoretical, as is so often erroneously stated, but is eminently practical.

—Great importance is attached to the art of penmanship at St. Mary's; and as a means of emulation, each pupil is required to write a specimen every month. These evidences of improvement are kept on exhibition in St. Luke's Studio, and call forth words of commendation from the visitors to that department.

—Very Rev. Father Corby, C. S. C., was present at the first reading of the "points" for 1892. Miss D. Davis read a French selection with pleasing effect, and Miss L. Stuart rendered a Christmas poem, bringing out the story in the lines, and that between the lines, the latter serving as a basis for Father Corby's instructive words.

—The regular assembly of the Art Society was held in St. Luke's Studio, Jan. 12. Miss E. Dennison opened the meeting by reading a fine selection from Hamerton's "Thoughts on Art," after which "Early Christian and Byzantine Art" was considered. The subject proved an interesting one, and opened up a wide field for thought and reading during the coming weeks.

—The influence of surroundings is admitted by all teachers, and yet in many school-rooms, all over the land, there is little done to make these surroundings pleasant and cheerful. St. Mary's has always had the advantages arising from bright, sunny rooms, and, from time to time, pictures, plants, etc., have been added until, but for maps, globes and black-boards, one would hardly think they were class-rooms. During the past week additions have been made to the artistic adornments of nearly all the departments in the shape of large photographic copies of many of the masterpieces of art. Among them might be noted: Raphael's "St. Cecilia" and his "Descent from the Cross"; Michael Angelo's "La Pieta"; Correggio's "St. Mark and St. Gregory," "St. Luke and St. Ambrose"; Andrea del Sarto's "St. John the Baptist"; Titian's "Assumption," and other copies representing more modern schools. The effect of such pictures must be elevating from both an artistic and a religious point of view.

Annunciation Lilies.

How oft in legends of the mighty past
Have mystic meanings hid within the white
And fragrant lily-cups! This flower bright
In hands angelic, over Mary cast
Its perfume sweet, the while, with purpose vast,
Great Gabriel bent—O fair and wondrous sight—
Before this Virgin meek, whose fiats might
The sin-forged chains of Satan break at last.

Like to the rare and shining lily-flowers,
Our lives devoted to God's service sweet,
May shed rich odors through this vale of tears.
And when the master, He who gently dowers
His well-beloved ones, sees us at His feet,
Oh, may He say, "Bloom here eternal years!"

ELIZABETH NESTER.

Labor, the Law of Life.

Ever since the days when "Adam delved and Eve span," has labor been man's portion, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread," was spoken by God; and no one has ever been exempt from that decree, placed as a penalty on our first parents, and through them on the whole human race. The law which imposes labor on all men calls for the exercise of mental or physical powers; and so important is it to obey this order, that, if its obligations are neglected or ignored, the faculties of mind and body grow weak, and refuse to perform their functions. All occupations in life are attended with difficulty; work is necessary in the acquirement of knowledge, and labor alone is the key to the temples of science and of art. The greatest geniuses have, as a rule, been the greatest workers, and, indeed, some one has defined genius as "a capacity for hard work." There are some who, enjoying an inheritance of wealth, forget that, while they despise labor, they are using the fruit of years of toil on the part of others, and that even the beautiful surroundings in their homes are the result of the life-work of their fellow-men.

To follow the law prescribed by God does not always require manual labor, though the noblest monuments in marble and stone, on canvas or on paper, imply the work of hands; but it calls for the use of the talents and powers given us by a wise and good Master. Those employed in duties which require bodily exertion sometimes feel that they alone are subject

to the penalty laid upon our first parents; they rebel at sight of those who are brain-workers, and in their bitterness they forget that "all the parts are necessary to a consistent and beautiful whole." Weariness comes to the limbs of those who must work day after day for the sustenance of themselves and those dependent upon them; the farmer feels that he is made to bear the weight of that punishment which brought briers and thorns among the products of the soil; the miner, deep down in the earth, bends under his burden, and thinks that he alone is shut out from the golden light of prosperity; that he must dig out the gold that other men may enjoy it. The man at his desk looks at the long line of figures before him, and in his heart compares the wealth they represent with the paltry recompense which is his at the close of each week. The merchant counts up his liabilites, his assets, consults the stock report, spends weary days and sleepless nights trying to increase his fortune, and, worn out when he should be in his prime, he asks himself, "Is it worth the trouble?" The patient housewife begins her round of duties early each morning, and even after the long day is over, and the little ones tucked cosily into bed for the night, she must think and plan for the morrow. Verily, "woman's work is never done!" Thus we see that all, from the scholar to the capitalist, must yield submission, willing or otherwise, to life's law, labor.

But is it really so burdensome that we would wish to shirk its requirements? No! for there is nothing harder than idleness. The idle man is an unhappy man, and to him Father Faber says "the days are thirty-six hours long." The heaviest disappointments, the direst griefs are relieved by the exercise of mind and body in honest toil. There is an exhilaration which accompanies labor, and one possessed of power, either mental or physical, is never happy when it lies inactive. "To be occupied in the first meaning, is to be possessed as by a tenant; there can be no entry of any evil spirit." No sleep is sweeter and sounder than that which comes to him who has spent the day laboring for the good of others. In "Hyperion," Longfellow makes one of his characters utter these words: "We behold all round us one vast union—in which no man can labor for himself without laboring at the same time for all others—a glimpse of truth which, by the universal harmony of things, become an inward benediction and lifts his soul upward. Still more so, when a man regards himself as a necessary member of this union. The feeling of our dignity and our power grows strong, when we say to ourselves, my being is not objectless and vain; I am a necessary link in the great chain which from the full development of consciousness in the first man, reaches forward to eternity." The depth of these words we realize in a measure when we trace back through the ages, the work of man. The grand buildings, the wise laws, the noble institutions we behold,—all speak to us of the past, and tell us what men have done for our age. From the records which recount the labors of those who built the tower of Babel down to the annals of our own times, work has ever been a leading factor in the world's progress. Recognizing this we can easily feel the true meaning of the words: "All the great and wise and good among mankind, all the benefactors of the human race, whose names I read in the world's history, all have labored for me . . . . . I tread in their footsteps, from which blessings grow . . . . I can build forward where they were forced to leave off, and bring to perfection the great edifice which they left incomplete." Yes, and we may add, when we shall have passed away, others will carry on our work; therefore, we should "work while it is light," that when our hands are resting from life's labor, of us may it be said: "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

MARY FITZPATRICK.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, A. Butler, Brady, Buell, Black, Charles, Clifford, Cowan, Crilly, Davis, Dempsey, Dennison, Dingee, Fitzpatrick, Farwell, Griffith, Green, Good, Grace, Lucy Griffith, Gibbons, Hellmann, L. Holmes, Hittson, Klingberg, Keating, Kemme, Kieffer, Kasper, Kingsbaker, Kimmell, Kinney, Lewis, Ludwig, Londoner, Lennon, Lancaster, La Moure, Lantry, M. Moynahan, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, E. McCormack, Maloney, A. Moynahan, Maxon, M. McDonald, D. McDonald, Moore, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nacey, Nester, O'Sullivan, Payne, Robinson, M. Roberts, Rizer, Robbins, E. Seely, Stuart, Schmidt, Sena, Shaw, Tetgen, Tod, Van Mourick, Van Liew, Wile, Wagner, Wurzburg, Wolffe, Whitney, Wolverton, Zahm, Zucker.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Baxter, Coady, Cowan, Culp, M. Crandall, Dreyer, Doble, M. Davis, B. Davis, M. Dennison, A. E. Dennison, Eberts, Girsch, Hickey, Kasper, Londoner, Meskill, Mills, O'Mara, Palmer, Ryder, L. Schaefer, Tormey, Tilden, White, Wolverton, Williams.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Dysart, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Lingard, McCormack, McCarthy, Palmer, Wormer.

"EMIGRAVIT" is on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is, but not departed—for the artist never dies.
—LONGFELLOW.