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The Conquering Hero Comes.

[*To President Cleveland.*]

Hero! March forth! our wrongs redress,
With peace and hope our country bless;
Avert the clouds that gather, low'ring,
Appease the distant tempest roaring,
That threatens us with dire distress.

Columbia joys in thy success,
That fraud and force could not suppress;
Upward and onward ever soaring,
Hero! March forth!

With thee the nation shall progress,
Renewed to health and happiness;
Blest harmony again restoring
To North and South, the bells once more ring,
To mark the coming Era—yes!
Hear, O March Fourth!

A. J. S.

War.

"*Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea laudi,*" was long ago said by Cicero at a time when only the honors obtained on the field of battle were held in esteem by the generality of men. How truly he prophesied is easily to be seen by glancing over the checker-board of the modern world.

Most men agree that civilization has now reached a higher plane than ever before in the history of the world. Yet there are men, not lacking in intelligence and cultivation, who pretend that war has been the cause of this civilization, and they state that *war is the greatest force in civilization.*

Granting for a moment that this statement is true, to make any further advancement in civilization would, of course, presuppose the necessity of war. Now we have before us three questions: (1) Is man destined to live peaceably in society? (2) Has war been the greatest force in civilization? (3) Does war offer any advantage to mankind in general?

It is not the object of this paper to refute all that is said in favor of war, but merely to make a few remarks upon the three questions above mentioned.

In touching on the first question, we are concerned with Mr. Hobbes; and Messrs. Lubbock and Von Molke have an interest in the discussion when we come to speak of the second point. That man has been destined to live in society has been proven time and again; here it is simply necessary to indicate a few of the leading proofs.

In the first place, man—"*naturaliter animal gregale et politicum*—" is disposed by his nature for civil life. Secondly, his faculty of language shows that nature intended him to live in society for the reception and transmission of knowledge. Thirdly, man's perfectibility is dependent upon knowledge and experience. Finally, besides his strong inclination to live in society, man is possessed of capability and aptitude for works of benevolence and generosity.

From these proofs it is evident that man is intended for the social state, and the more firmly peace and harmony are preserved, the happier he will be, since he follows the dictates of his nature.

We come now to the doctrine of Hobbes, which pretends that the natural state of man is that of warfare, and, furthermore, that by nature he is misanthropical. From this it would necessarily follow that man must naturally be wholly averse to peace, and that warfare is the only natural and congenial state of man. This is

entirely wrong. Man's nature and inclinations tend to peace, and it is only as a necessary means of peace and security that war is admitted to be at all justifiable.

Lubbock follows in the footsteps of Hobbes, and after him Von Molke; but Lubbock is not so bold in his statements, and contents himself with saying that *war is the greatest force in civilization.*

This is the second part of our subject. If the word *force* were changed to *curse* this definition would doubtless be correct; for war is nothing else than an occasion for lowering man to the level of the brute. Who among the American Indians was the most illustrious but he who had taken the greatest number of scalps? It is the same with all barbarians, for invariably they reckon greatness by prowess on the battlefield.

History offers innumerable examples of the bad effects of war. The accounts of Corsican vendetti are too well known to be repeated here; but when the slaughter of men is the only object in life, civilization must suffer in consequence.

For an injury of one man to another, nothing satisfied but the death of the offender, whose family considered themselves bound to wipe their kinsman's murderer and his family from the face of the earth. This war between families was carried on generation after generation until nothing but graves marked the civilization effected by their savage wars.

Let us now turn to the time of the Renaissance, when the one who was cleverest at poisoning, and most skilful in ridding himself of an enemy, was looked upon as the greatest; while the really great men, those who had brought to light the hidden gems of ancient learning, the peace-loving monks, were ridiculed and persecuted.

We may even go further back, before the time of the Peloponnesian wars. Greece was in her prime. The father of Greek tragedy played at the Dionysia; Sophocles gave to the world his grand productions; Euripides was bringing forth his new skeptical theories, and was seeking to make agnostics of the Athenians; as yet men did not combat with the sword; the pen was the weapon.

This was the greatest era in Grecian history. After this she fell. Was it caused by the deeds of peaceful men? No! there were men among them—such as there are among us, and among all nations—ambitious men whose object was dominion, who loved power, and would go to any extreme to obtain it, even to the selling of their country.

Has war ever brought forth works which stand as examples of the greatness of the nations by whose citizens they were effected? Are not the only monuments those of burned cities, sacked towns and slavery, and do not these comprise the boasts of the greatest generals? While, on the contrary, in times of peace nations have flourished, and during the short intervals of peace that the world has ever seen, strata has been piled upon strata until we have the formation of civilization as it is at the present day.

"War is the accustomed method of determining justice between nations." This is sad, but it was true until the latter part of the nineteenth century when, in a great measure, war has been succeeded by arbitration.

A century ago, should there chance to be a dispute between two powerful nations concerning a certain piece of land, be it colony or island, invariably it was decided by war; and after the struggle had once begun the object of the quarrel was lost sight of, the hostilities were kept up on general principles, and neither side would yield until it was crippled. With all revenues exhausted, thousands of men killed, the nations were in a pitiable plight, though one of them had the sepulchral pleasure of having obtained its object. By arbitration a compromise could easily have been effected and everything settled; while in the other case the nations were plunged for years in war, and in some instances more than ten times the value of the object in question was lost.

War may be the accustomed method of determining justice between nations; but the same is practised by tigers who will fight to the death over the carcass of an ox. It behooves not that a rational being have recourse to means such as these. If "might makes right," why has God implanted in the hearts of men a sense of justice?

Let delegates from the nations in conflict assemble, appoint a neutral, disinterested and capable arbitrator, state their respective claims, and then abide by the decision.

Aware of the benefits and advantages accruing from peace, ought not men and nations make some concessions to obtain such a blessing? How happy a life would Christian peoples lead were all at peace one with the other. Then in their relations they would realize the blessing that "when the Prince of Peace is set up in the hearts of men, nation shall not lift up sword against nation, nor shall man learn war any more."

B. C. B.

When We are Old.

There is a period in our lives when nothing new remains to be anticipated. Our plans and ambitions have either come to naught, or have been crowned with laurels of success; and all we have to do is to move on in a well-worn groove until we drop out to make room for some one else. At such a time as this, it is natural for man to look back upon the misty past and live in memories instead of anticipations.

There are some portions of our existence which leave no very distinct impressions. The man who is approaching his three-score-and-ten recalls the incidents of his childhood much more vividly than those of his maturity. This is not so strange, because the first records made on a clean sheet and the whole coloring of our after-life are determined by the thoughts, feelings and associations of our early years.

I see an old man sitting alone by the fireside. There is nothing in his look or attitude to indicate what is going on in the inner chamber of his soul; but the three-score-and-ten which separate him from his childhood have slipped away, and in the realms of imagination he is a boy again. He sees the feathery snow falling as it used to come down in winter and cover the fields and block the roads and hang in fantastic wreaths from the gutters and turn the tall, white pillars into ghosts; then the little blue flowers peep out of the earth in spring-time, and the straight rows of garden plants in the fresh-raked bed delight the eye, and the birds are carolling to the new born day; then came the lightning and the thunder roll that broke the stillness of the long summer afternoon and the whirl of the rain that set all the brooks running so merrily. Next he wanders in the dark recesses of the autumn woods, and then, all at once, the winds seem to chant a requiem, and the village bell is heard tolling afar off, and the old man remembers that he is no longer young, but that his "May of life has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf"; that his days on earth are numbered; that his race of life is almost run.

Watch him a moment longer: he is now sitting in the old school room, with its grimy windows and stuffy air, hard seats and rickety stove. The bell strikes, the boys shuffle to the desks and rise, the "master" enters, ascends the throne, unlocks his sacred receptacle, lays the instrument of discipline before him and in full sight of all, and the work of the day begins. A boy is reading now with stammering lips who since that time "has entangled the minds of his auditors in the golden web of his eloquence." There is another boy working out German text in divers colored inks, or drawing queer things on his slate, he has since that time sent monuments and statues home to adorn our parks. There is still a third boy most promising of all, but his lamp of genius went out very early.

"Many a flower blossoms but to fade away."

Presently the old man has left the school room and is off in the fields, riding, shooting, fishing, swimming and frolicking with his companions as we never do in these latter days.

The scene changes, and far away in the dim distance there arises the vision of another fireside than that before which the old man is sitting, nodding and dreaming. At last dewy night has dropped her sable mantle down and "pins it with a star." The lamps are burning on the table; the wind whistles through the crannies, the snow drives against the window panes; while the gray-haired father sits in his easy chair, intent on reading his weekly paper. And the good mother, with her happy group of children clustered round her, with their school books and pictures, shed a glow of radiance over the scene. That household circle has long ago been scattered, and will never come together again. Most of them have passed on through the dark portal into another domain where they cease to be seen by mortal vision or heard by mortal ears, while those who remain in this vale of tears are so far separated that the brother shall never look upon the brother's face again:

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

M. J. McGARRY, '95.

A Startling Tale.

Tim was an orphan, or rather a foundling. There had been a terrible wreck on the C. I. & N. W. in the spring of '82, and Tim was one of the relics—the only one that Cherry Grove possessed. The train went over "Grigsby's Terrace," a side-cut around a bluff, about two miles south of the grove, and just north of the C. I's bridge over Sugar Creek. Twenty of the passengers were killed—"butchered in cold blood by a soulless corporation" the *Cherry Grove Clarion* put it—and twice as many injured. A "special" ran down from Indianapolis and carried off the dead and wounded and such of

the uninjured as had not already left; but Tim was overlooked, and that is how he came to be a resident of Cherry Grove.

That night John Malone, one of the section men, was going home from the grove about nine o'clock, and was just passing the scene of the accident when he heard a wail from down among the bushes at the foot of the Terrace, that fairly made his hair stand on end. John was not a superstitious man, far from it; but a cry in the night, on a spot where twenty persons had met their death a few hours before, is *so* unpleasantly suggestive. His first impulse was to take to his heels; but he conquered it and waited. There it was again, a little to the right of the mass of dull-red embers, all that the wrecking crew had left of the shattered cars, and John fancied for a moment that it was a child. "But what would a child be doin' down there this time o' night?" thought John, as he turned up the wick of his lantern. "Sure it's only a mink or a pole-cat or something." Another cry, and he was sure it was a baby—he had four of his own in the little "shanty," a quarter of a mile at the other side of the bridge, and certainly ought to have been acquainted with their little ways and known their danger-signals even in the dark.

"It's a child, sure enough," muttered John, "and it's got to come out o' that; so here goes," and he plunged into the bushes, and after "stumbling over every log in the woods," and wading through the maximum of hazel-brush, he found a very woe-begone little fellow in an old hollow stump. "Huh! paregoric, of course, that's what made you sleep so sound, youngster; but how in the world did you get here?" The baby put an end to his ruminations by puckering up his mouth for another wail, and John picked him up with a "There, deary! don't cry!" and started home with him. The "deary" did not cry, and thereby won John's heart on the spot; for if there is anything in the baby line that is "perfectly heavenly" to masculine eyes it is a baby that does not cry.

Mrs. Malone was not a little surprised when John came in with his queer "find"; but she asked no questions till the "deary," who was still on his good behavior, was washed and fed and tucked away with the junior Malones. Then, of course, she resolved herself into an animated interrogation point; but John knew little more than she, and they turned to his little garments for further information. But they could only find the initials "T. I. M." in the corner of the handkerchief that had been pinned about his neck, and that is where Tim got his name.

There was some talk of sending him to the poorhouse, but it was put off from day to day; and, finally, when Mike, the oldest of the four, remarked that "maybe the M. was for Malone," the subject was dropped altogether. In due time he was entered upon the books of the district school as "T. Malone, aged five," and then his troubles began. The Malones were, at best, but indifferent students; while Tim, though no "phenom," made such rapid progress that, after heading the three younger boys, he was promoted, when he was eleven, to Mike's class. "Yes, Tim is a great scholar," Mrs. Malone was wont to repeat, if anyone mentioned his achievements at school; "but he do wear out a sight o' clothes;" and this, almost as much as his victories over "their own," caused the Malones to turn against him. Then, too, he grew so fast that only Mike's clothes could be "made over" for him. To be brief, Tim grew too fast, and learned too fast, and "went through" clothes too fast for his own comfort.

The Malones were kind-hearted—witness their adoption of Tim on the strength of that M.; but the "defects of his qualities" made him disliked, and, almost insensibly, he drifted into the position of a man-of-all-work; or, worse still, of a "charity boy." It was hard, indeed, to feed the pigs and the cow, and chop the wood, and bring the water from the spring "in the side of the hill, below," while Mike and the rest went fishing, and getting "beggar" or "pauper" for your thanks if the luck had not been good. Many and many a time had Tim felt a wild desire to run away; but he was a sensible little fellow, and decided to stay where he was.

Last spring, you will remember, was a miserable season for rain; but at Cherry Grove Jupiter Pluvius outdid himself; and when it was not "pouring" it drizzled. Even the "oldest inhabitant"—Cherry Grove's "oldest inhabitant," for a wonder, had some regard for the truth—"disremembered" ever seeing the creek so high before, but no one lived in the "bottoms," at least, not now, and Cherry Grove could sit around and "chaw star-plug" and "swap lies" with nothing to worry it.

Late in May—I think it was the 27th—the section-gang was "raising track" between Malone's house and the bridge, when they heard a crash that could have only one meaning to them, unexpected as it was. "The bridge is down, boys!" cried Noonan, the "boss," as he caught up a crow-bar and started for the bridge. He was a rather heavy man, and he urged the younger men to "hurry and try to cross before it is clear gone; 53 will have to be

stopped up above the 'Terrace.'" 53 was the South-bound mail, due at the Grove at 11.32, and it was a quarter after already. The men hurried, but the bridge was a total wreck when they reached it. The central span of ninety feet was gone; not a rod remained to connect the two ends. A slender telegraph wire, stretched, perhaps in play, from end to end of the bridge, alone bridged the gulf. A log-cabin, floating down and unable to pass under the bridge, had battered away at the centre until it went down.

The bridge had long been on the doubtful list, but the C. I. was paying no dividends, and could not afford a new one; so the old one was repaired. The road-master reported that it was safe; but it was down-grade from the Grove to the bridge, and up-grade on the other side, and engineers *must* have a start when there is a hill to climb, and the speed at the bridge was, ordinarily, forty miles an hour—just twice the limit allowed—so that the strain on the bridge was much greater than the road-master imagined.

Noonan was in a quandary. The engineer of 53 could not see the bridge until he had rounded the "Terrace" curve—not a hundred yards from it—and then no power on earth could save the train. Jackville, the nearest station, was ten miles down the track; the wagon bridge was two miles up stream, and no man could swim the creek when it was "up." Clearly, the telegraph wire was the only hope; but Noonan weighed two hundred pounds, and the wire was very slender. He was the heaviest of the "gang"; but all the others had excuses, and promises—promises made by section "bosses" are rarely remembered by directors—did no good.

"Hold on to that wire, boys, I'll go myself," said Noonan, as he walked back to the end of the bridge and put his whole weight upon it. It snapped. Then they began to shout, in the hope that some one on the other side would hear them; but the echoes were the only answers. "Twelve minutes more," and Noonan turned away just as Tim came charging down the track, breathless, barefooted, hatless and almost shirtless, for he had been out hunting strawberries that morning.

"Hello! What's the matter? Jerusalem crickets! How 'd it happen? What you goin' to do?"

"Here's a chance," thought Noonan; "it'll bear the boy if he will try it"; and, turning to Tim, said: "Tim, don't you think you could hand-over-hand it across on that wire?"

"M-o-ses, no! I'd drop before I got halfway; but, say, I'll tell you what, I'll walk across."

"Walk across, boy? You must be crazy!"

"No more'n you; ask pop if I can't."

Then quickly and tersely he told them how he had learned. How he had seen Signor Frangipani, "the Second Blondin," in his grand, free performance on the tight wire, and had come away with the determination to be Blondin III. or die trying. How he had persevered, in spite of falls and kind predictions that "he'd break his neck, one of these days," and how he triumphed in the end and was the envy of all juvenile Cherry Grove. How he was a little out of practice, since Jimmy—John's youngest boy—tried his hand and broke three ribs and "pop" tore the wire down. Malone remembered that part of it, and Tim looked so confident that he told him to go ahead and try it.

Tim showed them how to stretch the wire; then taking Noonan's crowbar for a balancing-pole, he started on his short and perilous journey. Noonan and Malone, ignorant as they were of the mysteries of guy-ropes and balancing-poles, had a sort of a hazy notion that there might be a little danger for the lad; but then that train—and they let him go. Tim himself was over-confident, and it was not until he had made a few steps out upon the wire that he realized how "tough" was the job he had "tackled." Not daring to look down, feeling his way almost along that slender wire, with that horrible gurgling and roaring below and the sickening sway of the wire beneath his feet, Tim's courage forsook him before he was half way across. His head swam round, everything whirled about in a blur; he felt himself falling, but saved himself by dropping upon one knee and closing his eyes. Dizzy and faint and thoroughly frightened, he hung there over the boiling flood, fearing even to move. "Go on, Timmy, for God's sake! five minutes more!" shouted Noonan, but the boy remained motionless. Suddenly he felt the wire moving under his knee and the shock brought him to his feet in an instant. The wire was slipping; it was not fastened at the other side, perhaps only wound about a tie, and his weight was unwinding it. He forgot his fears; his only thought was to reach the other side. At every step he felt the wire yield more than before. He dropped the crowbar—useless weight—and he might need both his hands before long. Two steps more, and he is safe; but the wire unwinds more rapidly, and just as he feels himself going down, he lunges forward and catches one of the braces of the solid span, and draws himself up and sinks down upon the ties in a faint. But it is only momentary, and now he is up, and a

minute later he is out of sight around the curve.

"Yes, I guess he'll make it," said Noonan. "53 is just leaving the Grove. 11.33, 11.34, 11.35, 11.36," he counts off, "37, 38, 39, twenty minutes to twelve. 53 must be behind time." The minutes drag on, every one an age to the anxious men, fifteen, ten, five minutes to twelve, but no train. Perhaps Tim fainted on the track and 53 ran over him and is carrying his body back to the Grove, then to rush on to destruction. The delay is maddening. "Twelve o'clock, three of you, fellows, jump on here," cried Noonan, pointing to the hand-car; "Malone, you stay here. We're going down to Jackville to see what's the matter."

Arrived there, Noonan jumped off the car, and running into the telegraph office, he snatched up a pad and scribbled:

"JACKVILLE, 5, 27, '92.

"EDGERTON, Station-master.

"CHERRY GROVE.

"What's the matter with 53? Did Tim stop it? Where is Tim now? J. D. NOONAN."

He tossed it to the operator with a command to "rush it." That individual glanced over it and looked up and asked: "Didn't you know 53 was ordered off this morning till Sept. 1?"

Tim picked strawberries to pay for the crowbar.

D. V. CASEY, '95.

Is Labor a Blessing or a Curse?

(*A Symposium Suggested by these Lines in "As You Like It":*)

"Are not these woods
More free from perils than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam."

When God placed our first parents in Paradise it was not only to enjoy all the pleasures desirable, but also to work. Then it was a blessing, as long as they had not yet committed sin; but when they violated the command of God, He cursed not only the serpent, the direct cause of the disobedience of Adam and Eve, but also the earth, the instrument of their sin. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." Hence we see that labor is only a punishment of sin; for it would be absurd to think that God should curse labor, if it is a punishment. God has ordained this work in the interests of both soul and body.

Man's position in the creation is to have dominion over all the earth, and over every living thing that moves upon the earth. The first feature to be noticed in the condition of man is his want of power. Man is dependent upon plants and animals for his food. They alone can make the earth nutritious to him, whether directly, as giving food itself, or indirectly, by the support of animal life.

From what has been said we can easily see that whatever conduces to increase and promote these means of maintaining life is labor. It is the chief source of wealth. Labor is of two different and opposite kinds: productive and unproductive. That labor which is bestowed on land is represented exclusively as productive; while all other kinds of labor, as that of the manufacturer, the lawyer, the merchant, the physician, painter, etc., are entirely unproductive. The highest civilization of the world is produced by labor instructed by knowledge. We take the word from the great appreciation of human strength and skill to bring into service the gross substance of material nature. But we must extend its acceptation to comprehend all exertion of the powers of action with which we are endowed. If it is labor to till and to build, the work of the artist, who produces on the canvas, or from the marble, the delicate forms of beauty, is labor also. Still, who would say that in this case the work of the farmer, the artist or sculptor was a curse to him? Far from it! And not this only, of which the products are materially embodied and visible, the patient and silent meditations of the philosopher, the legislator—that thought which discovers the laws that govern the operations of Nature—all are exertions of the personal powers of man, directed to an end suggested by his wants and desires. Now these wants and desires come either from his material body, and what is connected with the preservation of the same, or from the intellectual faculties craving for its food. Now whether we look to the highest or lowest condition of human life, we know of no other means from which the necessaries and conveniences of life are derived but from labor.

The great majority of every nation is comprised of those whose sole possession is its labor. The benefit therefrom should be the principal object of every alteration in the laws which regulate that labor. Whenever labor receives an ample and steady reward, every class in the community must be in a thriving condition; and the real wealth of a nation ought to be looked for more in the amount of the conveniences and necessaries of life enjoyed by its laboring population than in any other circumstance.

Labor, with some exceptions—as in the case where it is imposed as a punishment for crime, or a test or condition of aid,—is a blessing to man. Although voluntary, labor is undertaken from various motives: either for its own benefit,

for self-preservation, for love for the public preservation, or from the object of gain; still in every age and country, until times comparatively recent, compulsory personal servitude appears to have been the lot of a large, perhaps the greater, portion of mankind. The simple wish to use the bodily powers of another person as a means of ministering to one's own ease or pleasure is doubtless the foundation of slavery, and is as old as human nature itself.

These few arguments sufficiently prove that labor is not a curse to man. To conclude, we may say that is the greatest of earthly blessings and the first step to happiness here below.

J. A. SCHOPP.

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Is labor a curse? When the flame-sworded angel banished our first parents from the Garden of Eden, driving them from its very gates, with the command to labor and earn their bread in the sweat of their brow, it was the execution of the sentence pronounced by Divine Justice in punishment of their sin of disobedience; but there came with it, after the terrible storm of God's great anger had subsided, the beautiful, encouraging rainbow, the promise of redemption. At that sublime moment God's charity was linked with justice; and where there is love there is no curse. The mercy of our Heavenly Father doomed us to labor and death only in order that we might be saved and again regain His love and friendship.

Besides, supposing Adam and Eve had never sinned by eating the forbidden fruit, we find many theologians who argue that if they had spent their lives in Paradise, they would have had, as an essential to happiness, some labor to perform. And there is, indeed, much truth in their statement. We know full well that time seems longest and the hours heaviest to the idle man. The really pure, good man who approaches nearest to that god-like perfection for which his Creator made him—who is healthiest in body, mind and soul—is the one who has his mind bent on seeking what is best in literature, science, art and occupations of all kinds. The busy mind has always the lightest soul and the kindest feelings toward all men. Among the ancients, when a man had died after spending a lifetime of good work and had accomplished much, he was said to have joined the Immortals, and was numbered among the gods. Be it as it may, we will always find that those men who have lived and died, leaving the world better because they have lived, were persevering and *industrious*. The Bible tells us that God created the first man to work; but labor, before sin came into the world, was a pleasure—as it is even now to the good man; and when our first parents were banished from Paradise, God cursed the earth, which was the cause of the sin, and not man. He left labor to man in order that by it His law might be re-established, and as a blessing whereby man might thereafter be kept from the temptation of sin and be saved.

If there is a curse in labor, then it only manifests itself in the evils resulting from labor, which come, not from God, but from ourselves, through our own fault. Considering the sin committed around us by men who strive to live without fulfilling God's command "to labor," one, who thinks hastily and without reflection, might be led to believe it due to the curse of God. But sin can never result from any act of God. All moral evil, or sin, is attributable to man's abuse of the liberty with which the Creator endowed him.

After all, considering everything, is not labor a pleasure? Who can be happy who listlessly and idly tries to pass time when he sees so many beautiful things of God's creation in nature, science, art and literature which can, by a little effort on his part, be made a part of his possessions. To be able to say with Ulysses

"I am a part of all that I have met,"

means to be

"Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will;
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

The pilgrimage of this life means the *trodding* on many thorns and thistles with many clouds to darken our days; for,

"Into each life some rain must fall;"

but when it is all over, the silver lining of the clouds will broaden and brighten, and Heaven will be the happier even by contrast.

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught—
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

HUGH A. O'DONNELL.

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Adam and all his race must die. Had the man who brought upon us by his rashness all these sufferings remained faithful we might not even know what labor is; but, unfortunately for the whole human race, to labor has become, as it were, a second nature, and without it we could not live. If we do not consider what might have been our lot, we must say that labor is rather a blessing than a curse—

meaning, of course, a great misfortune. No one can deny that it was intended to be anything but a pleasure; but as things now are, it will be admitted that unrestricted ease and indolence would rather be the curse. As was said, it has become a second nature for us to work. Why, were we desirous to cease from all work even for the slightest fraction of a minute, we could not. To prove this we need only refer to that mysterious and incessant working of the mind, which scientists are wont to call "the unconscious cerebration." Now for illustration's sake we might take the condition of the active and contrast it with that of the indolent. It would be impossible for one to be continually employed in manual or mental labor; but how one can find pleasure in habitual indolence and not suffer from countless other evils which this entails, seems to me to be far more incompatible with our nature. It will be admitted that the drone, the pest of humanity, is not only a curse to himself but to all with whom he meets. Now we know that the drone's most objectionable characteristic is his love of shirking all sorts of employment, which, of course, is to him, and to him alone, a curse. And from this we must conclude that labor is, and ought to be considered, a blessing rather than a curse.

Take again the examples given by the fall of many kingdoms. While the subjects and their rulers remained industrious, lovers of that toil which stimulates man's best aspirations, they remained nations, commanding the respect of their sister nations; but from the moment that the love of ease and indolence entered their national spirit they began to decline; and by continuing to pursue these so-called blessings they met with their final downfall. With individuals the very same holds true.

W. McNAMEE.

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The sentence which God pronounced upon Adam after he had eaten the forbidden fruit, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread," is, no doubt, one of the great misfortunes that resulted from man's disobedience. If he had remained faithful the earth would bear its fruits without cultivation; the fish, birds and animals would obey him, and he would continue a happy being. But after he had fallen and was cast out of the Garden of Paradise; after he had become subject to all kinds of diseases, weaknesses, temptations and death, to be forced to labor was for him not a curse but rather a blessing. Had man remained idle after his fall, thinking of the great evil he had committed, deprived of the pleasures and privileges he had enjoyed, condemned to death with all his descendants, then, indeed, he would have felt miserable. But when he had to work for his living he did not have time for these melancholy thoughts. He was glad to make atonement for his sin, and was more content than if nature had not rebelled against him.

One of the great sources of man's happiness is the pleasure he derives from his labor. With what delight does not a poet read his finished masterpieces! What raptures of joy fill the heart of the painter or sculptor as he beholds his work gradually approaching perfection; and so with every other occupation in life. The greater labor one has to undergo to succeed in any work the more he enjoys it when he has become successful.

Labor is also one of the best means man has to avoid temptations and crime and to subject his passions. Man's mind is always at work, and it forces his will to act. If, therefore, the mind is not employed for some useful purpose it will force him to do evil. If nobody worked or had to work since the fall of Adam what a different world we would have! I don't think the wretchedness and misery of mankind could be described. If the tramps that wander through the country are so disagreeable and wretched now, what would be the state of the world if all men were tramps?

Labor is disagreeable to many because they do not follow their vocation. God has marked out a certain course in life for each of us, and if we follow it life and labor will be a blessing.

J. KEARNS.

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If Adam had not committed sin, by eating the forbidden fruit, we would not be subject to sin. But since he was cursed by God, who said, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," we also should share in his punishment, as we would be sharers in his happiness had he remained faithful to God.

But since Christ became man for man's redemption, and earned His bread by the sweat of His brow, He also wiped out the curse that God pronounced on Adam, and made work, instead of a curse, a blessing.

He also knew that in future man would be easily prone to sin; so to prevent this, He made a promise to anyone who would do as He had done, that is to work and pray, He would grant him an everlasting reward.

And it can be readily seen that the people of the present time would go to perdition if they had not to work. They would not be content with idleness, but they would run headlong, and

indulge in evil pleasures, which would necessarily incur the anger of God, and all would perish in His anger as in the age of the deluge.

And as the majority of the people have to work, they occupy most of the time which they naturally would employ in a worse manner, and this would give rise to an appetite for evil pleasures.

JOHN CRAWLEY.

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That day was dire indeed whereon our Mother Eve, following the counsels of the wily one, plucked and did eat of the forbidden tree. Happiness fled from Paradise, and sin reigned triumphant. Our first parents were led to the gate by the archangel, and now they felt in their sorrow that

"The world was all before them, where to choose
The place of rest, and Providence their guide."

And then

"They, hand in hand with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

Ay! the world was before them; and on every flower, shrub and tree did they see, written in dazzling letters, the words spoken by our Creator to Adam:

"Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid, and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field;
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou
Out of the ground wast taken; know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."

To labor was enjoined in the beginning as a punishment. Man's intellect was debased; his nature was changed, and to such a low state was he reduced that gladly would he have died were he not deterred by the dread of that something after death. He toiled because he wished to live; and tried to tame the earth in her virgin luxuriance.

Adam sweated his life away, and so has his numerous progeny; and so shall man do until the curse, which hangs as a dark cloud over our earth, be dissolved. From time to time, as the people grew accustomed to their labor, the burden of our first parents' penalty was lightened, and man found in work a solace for his woe.

We do not toil because we like it, but because we must; and we naturally shrink from labor as we would from a monster. Were there no labor, how happy—ay, how happy would be poor, struggling humanity! We can easily imagine—for there is still something of the God-like in us—an ideal Utopia where no sweat furrows the brows of the inhabitants, loving and beloved; where spring ever smiles "from out a world of never-fading flowers."

Labor was a curse; but it can be turned into a blessing; for if the wages of death is sin, the reward for work well done is happiness—a metamorphosis, as it were, into that state which originally was our first parents'.

Let us then cease our repinings; and since we must work, let us toil manfully. There is nothing to be gained by being pessimistic, but there is much to be lost.

THOMAS J. HENNESSY.

***

The Lord said to Adam: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." I do not think this was meant as a curse upon labor, but rather upon the earth for having given life to the fruit by which our first parents fell, and whose sin we have inherited.

On the contrary, I think labor is one of the greatest blessings ever given to mankind. What would be the condition of a people were it not for labor? Where lives of luxury and ease are led, and there is no employment at all, there is no prosperity and happiness.

The evil results from lack of labor are nowhere more apparent than in the cities of our own country. Where there is no employment, either physical or mental, we may always look for much crime, destitution, want and misery. This is, in a great many cases, the reason why our public institutions, such as our poorhouses, prisons and penitentiaries, are always filled.

God commanded the first man to labor, and consequently every man owes it as a duty to his Creator, as well as to himself, to do either mental or physical work. Where we see the citizen employed, either in a factory or office, we generally see his children well clothed, educated, and brought up to be good, law-abiding American citizens.

Habits of thrift and industry tend to raise us up, and make us prosperous in life; for where there is idleness, there is no prosperity or success, and without labor welfare is not possible.

W. V. CUMMINGS.

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Ruskin has said in beautiful lines that labor is a blessing. Yes, a blessing for a few; but if one would visit the hut of some poor family, and see the gaunt and ghastly famine that has seized them with its strangling grasp, he would forget his own wealth, and say that labor is a curse. Go home, and look at your relative smiling in rosy health, and think of the pale, famined, pinched cheeks of the poor children

(*Continued on page 397.*)

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—The proud boast of the Briton that the sun never sets upon British soil has been long regarded as an exclusive English claim that was never contested. No other country enjoyed the privilege, it was thought. But our esteemed contemporary, the *Boston Republic*, calls attention to the fact that recent discoveries have given to the United States the right to say that there is perpetual daylight on the territory of Uncle Sam also. It is said that the exact situation of the geographical centre of the United States is a surprise to anyone who has not given the subject careful attention. The most eastern point of the United States is Quoddy Head, Maine; the most western point, Attoo Island, Alaska; the most northern, Point Barrow, Alaska; the most southern, Key West, Florida. The centre of the quadrangular figure formed by uniting these four points is located at the crossing of 55 degrees north latitude and 110 degrees west longitude, about 420 miles north of the north line of Montana. It is also true of the United States as of Great Britain that the sun never sets on our Territory, for when it is 6 p. m. on Attoo Island, Alaska, it is 9.36 a. m. of the following day at Eastport, Me. When we get possession of Hawaii the claim to perpetual sun will be strengthened.

Letter to Ruskin.

MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN:

Much has been said about good books; but, to me, there is no more generous appreciation of these than the following, from St. Augustine: "When we pray, we speak to God; when we read good books, God speaks to us." A good book is, indeed, the mouth-piece of God. In the calm and prayerful silence of the night, with our favorite author before us, we realize this truth most forcibly. Each one has felt his heart-strings vibrate with the heavenly music of great and holy thoughts. Then it is we make those firm resolves that change the current of our lives into wider, deeper channels; then, too, we feel those spirit-breathings that move our being to its very depths and bring to the surface long-sunken traces of character. When I consider the scope, influence and charms of your works, I feel safe in placing yours among the best books; for no modern writer,—not writing in professedly religious lines—has given us higher ideals of life and duty. All your writings seem to have a certain tendency toward the ideal, which makes us feel that your mission in life, like the poet's, is to follow that "guide by which the nobler arts excel."

When Ruskin reproduces a scene from nature, I imagine that room is left in the margin for a retouching by nature's Author. You never point out the beauties of the landscape, an Italian sky or sun-tinted clouds without reminding us at the same time of the Eternal Beauty which overshadows all. It is this giving of honor to whom honor is due that has so much endeared you to me. I feel grateful to the artist of "Modern Painters" for the deserved supremacy he has given our incomparable Turner over a host of rivals.

Now, aside from the beautiful, I wish to say a word or two about that misnomer which Ruskin prefers to call play. I was always of the impression that the English mind, in the main, was too cold, too sober, to take very readily to our game of games,—the game of making and keeping money. So you see it was a happy inspiration that led me in to hear your lecture to the "Working-class,"—your sermon, rather, to "Sinners of the Cast." It may be a melancholy satisfaction for you to know that this little upstart across the way, as you English folk are wont to style us, is wofully addicted to the very same follies that are so fashionable in Merry England. Our redeeming traits, however, are not few. If Diogenes and his famous lantern were to pay us a visit, they might find no scarcity of men on this side, who manage to accumulate, by fair play, a vast sum of that desirable gold which rusts even in the wearing. Then there are a few who take defeat in this winning and losing business even magnanimously. They bargain for what Fortune wishes to give, and take what she allots them with a "Thank you." And some there are, we're told, who feel that the goal of life is attained when they are in a position to succor those in need; not by fine, soothing words, but by that charity which consists in doing. What a happy spot would London be to-day if this infectious evil could worm itself into the hearts and pockets of

her lords and landed gentlemen! But I regret to say that many, yes, the majority of our toilers, who begin with the hope of winning only bread, finish up the game by sipping their fellow-man's blood. The claims of humanity by this class are tendered a back seat, and justice,—well, after all, that's only a fancied creation of the conscience. The capitalist, of course, insists on having fair play, when his dupe succeeds in duping him; but, *vice versa*, the latter worships at the shrine of Justice. And, between ourselves, there is a good deal of the hypocrite in both.

If we could only find one answer to the question, what is just? that would please all, then labor troubles would be things of the past. When you touched upon this delicate point, your audience waited breathlessly to see what turn your sermon would take. I, for one, expected to find you at your best here; but we'll part friends, provided you will agree to drive the proper answer right home in your next to the "Upper, or Playing-Class." As a lover of the beautiful and good consider me,

Yours ever,

W. McNAMEE.

Side Lights on College Life.

IV.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

Among the many bright spots in the memory of an old college student, the recollections clustering about the time spent in society proceedings are of the brightest; he remembers his associates; how quick this one was at repartee, how ready that one was in debate, how well another used to frame his thoughts; and when he sees the first renowned as a wit, another famous as a legislator and the third known as a writer or speaker, memory carries him back to the olden time. He sees where the preliminary training was gained that led to their fame. He sees that, were it not for the society to which these men belonged, their latent talents would probably never have been developed.

It is, indeed, in the society that the student gains experience that will be valuable to him later in life. The principles must be laid down in the class-room, but their practical application must be made outside of the class-room. Where can they be applied better than in the society? Nowhere else in college can it be done, and were it not for the societies the student's knowledge would remain idle and rust for lack of use until the time when he is thrown upon the world; and then he finds himself in want of experience. It is the preparation and delivery—elocutionary details—of essays, orations and debates that beget the readiness of speech, the quickness of wit and the rapidity of thought so necessary to success in the world. It is in the society that the sharp corners are ground down and the rough edges smoothed off. It is by contact with his fellows that a man must learn to be agreeable, and it is this contact which brings out a man's character.

A university has often been called a world by itself; but it would be more correct to say that it is a number of worlds brought together. One of these is the world of the college societies. In this, as in all other spheres of action, may be found any and every type of man. Societies are deliberative assemblies, of course, but yet we find members who take their seats and never say a word. They may derive some benefit from the discussions carried on by the others; they may find some amusement in watching their fellows, picking out their faults and their good qualities; but as for gaining anything in experience it would be just as well for them to remain away.

There is, too, the man who attends the society as a matter of course, looking upon this attendance as an irksome duty. He comes to meetings, takes his place, probably pulls out a paper and starts to read, showing the greatest indifference to what is going on around him. In such a case, more than in that of the preceding class of members, the man's place is preferable to his company. Not only the society gains nothing by his presence, but he himself wastes time that might be more profitably employed.

Another type is the student who is exactly the opposite of these. He takes a certain kind of interest in the proceedings; but of such members the society may well say: "Preserve me from my friends." The class in question is the one that, far from keeping altogether silent, may be characterized as all talk. A man of this stamp jumps to his feet upon the least provocation. He is ready enough to champion any side of any question without any preparation whatever. His speeches are in harmony with his character. They are loose, disconnected, full of ridiculous statements, bad logic and bad English.

The best kind of member is exemplified by the one who takes a keen interest in the proceedings. He bears a prominent part in all discussions, but is always carefully prepared. His points are well taken and well defended. In any question he watches every stage of the argument, and when he rises to speak his

fellows are assured of hearing something to their advantage. He is quick and ready of speech, and his paper is always well composed, sometimes extremely brilliant.

Such are the types of the society members. Now as to the societies themselves. Is membership desirable for a student? There is but one answer. Yes, most assuredly; and in colleges where the societies, for some reason or other, have declined in popularity, it has been a source of great regret to everyone that interest is not better sustained in society work. The great argument used against the one trying to persuade others to join is that there is no time. This is ridiculous on its face. And yet the same students who have no time for society work while away hours and hours at trivial amusements. They do not count the benefit conferred upon them by membership. They do not think what an incalculable amount of good would come from such membership. Class work is all very well; but they do not consider that in class work, as in all else, theory must be verified by practice. Where can they better practise the principles learned in their literary, critical and oratorical study than in a deliberative or literary society? Yet, in spite of the advantages offered, there is a marked indifference to them, and this indifference is most noted among the higher classmen, Seniors and Juniors. These men should be the very ones to take most interest, because the practice will have been recent and fresh for them upon their entrance into the outside world. The cause of this indifference has been sought for far and wide, but it has never been found. One cause is, perhaps, that the work follows too much in one rut. Yet this is easily remedied. Should a man wish to do work of a literary character, he has societies for his assistance; should he prefer the cultivation of his musical or his dramatic talent, he may enter a society with that for its object; should he wish to develop his powers in the oratorical or deliberative line, he may become a member of a society existing for that purpose.

A student, then, has no excuse for not helping himself to the use of these greatest of all aids to education. He can surely find a society that will meet his wants, and once he is a member, he should do all in his power to benefit, not only himself, but also the society to which he is affiliated. He should take an active interest in its proceedings, and do all in his power to enhance the value of the instruction obtained through these proceedings by him and by his fellow-members.

ERNEST F. DUBRUL.

Exchanges.

The *Round Table* publishes, this week, a steel-engraving of Dr. Azariah Eldridge, who gave ten thousand dollars to the new art department. It was a costly sitting for Dr. Eldridge; but it cannot be denied that the portrait is an excellent one.

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The *Enterprise* is a bright and spicy little sheet, without doubt, but its efforts at breezy humor are sometimes ghastly. It is announced as "Edited by YOU KNOW WHO. Published by ANOTHER ASS." All which is neither good wit nor good grammar.

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The *Catholic High School Journal*, of Philadelphia, is a creditable performance which, we trust, will be repeated frequently. It must be confessed, however, that in a publication produced by boys, there is an incongruity in using a sweet girlish face as an initial letter for an article on athletics.

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The *Northwestern*, of Evanston, Ill., complains bitterly of the outrageous attempt to annul the "four-mile law" which prevents the opening of a saloon within four miles of the University. This effort of the Northwestern men to keep their little college town respectable is as commendable as it is rare.

***

In a recent address before a Philadelphia college, the Hon. Chauncey A. Depew said to the graduates: "Preserve your ideals, and you will preserve your freshness." If Chauncey were to go to school nowadays he would soon discover that many of our graduates have far more "freshness" than "ideals" to begin life upon.

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Who would imagine that the dear, kindly old face that confronts one in the latest issue of the *Fordham Monthly* could be so intimately connected with those elusive Greek verbs and Latin participles that have erstwhile caused our Sophomoric hair to stand on end? But if Father Yenni's name is linked with such uncomfortable recollections "in the general mind," it is not less certain that those who knew him personally are tireless in speaking his praise. The *Monthly* reproduces some beautiful scenes about Spring Hill College, where Father Yenni taught, and the bright little sketch that accompanies them is worthy the illustrations.

"Dr. F. William Faber, the great hymn writer, although a Roman Catholic, bears this remarkable testimony to the Protestant Bible: 'The uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible live on the ear like music that can never be forgotten. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words, and its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with a man of letters and the scholars.'"—*High School Bulletin.* (*Lawrence, Mass.*)

The *High School Bulletin* is a nice little paper, a pretty little paper, and we love it; but if the *High School Bulletin* commits another such blunder as this it shall hear from us in very vigorous terms. In the first place, no cultured Catholic denies "the uncommon beauty and marvellous English" of the King James' Bible; in the second place, Father Faber had not always been a Catholic, the same good judgment which made him appreciate Protestant literature having driven him away, in horror, from Protestant logic; and in the third place, for permitting such squibs to be published, the Lawrence High School—an institution supported by money from Catholic pocket-books—should be impaled upon a public opinion as relentless as Fate itself. The *Bulletin's* idea of a "nonsectarian" institution is worthy of a sheet which spells the great English Reviewer's name "*Macauly.*"

Is Labor a Curse or a Blessing?

(*Continued from page 393.*)

of the hut, and you will give according to your store, even as a bountiful Providence has given to you—not grudgingly, but with an open heart; for the quality of benevolence, like that of mercy,

"is not strained;
It droppeth like the gentle rain from Heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
It blesses him that gives and him that takes,"

and one may conclude by saying that "labor is a curse."

F. McKee.

***

In considering the question, is labor a curse or a blessing? many people would be misled on the spur of the moment, and answer in favor of the former; but on due consideration of the matter the answer will readily appear in favor of the latter. Man at first was not created entirely free from work—the care of the Garden of Eden was given him with all the trees and plants therein. Then man was not faithful to the duty imposed upon him by his Creator and deserved punishment. This he received by the privation of all the supernatural graces with which he had been endowed, and additional work was imposed upon him as the punishment for his disobedience. If, on the other hand, work were a curse, God would have cursed all men in imposing this duty upon them. But God cursed only the devil, who tempted the first man to disobey the divine command, and the earth, that brought forth the fruit that caused man's fall. Therefore it would be a contradiction in terms to say that God cursed man by imposing upon him the duty of work. Work is necessary and at all times useful to man, inasmuch as work is suited to his station in life. All men have to work; God willed it when He said, henceforth all men shall eat their bread in the sweat of their brow. Therefore we may rightly conclude that labor is not a curse, and may show that in many respects it may be called a blessing. First, because it has come from God; and whatever comes from Him is good, therefore work is good, and what is good may be called a blessing. Again, because work very often keeps men from idleness; and from idleness come all sorts of crimes, indolence and all other vices in which man delights. Work, undoubtedly, will have its miseries in many cases; but they shall be nothing more than the mediator between a long series of earthly pleasures and the perpetuity of celestial joys.

Patrick J. Crawley.

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Is labor a curse? This is a question which seems at first sight an easy one to answer. If we go back to history to find grounds for assuming that labor is or is not a curse, we will find many examples of both.

We know, of course, that Adam was cursed by God, when the latter said: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread;" and we also are aware that all mankind is subject to the condition which this curse imposes.

But let us consider labor in a different shade. We see the greatness of nations first nourished and strengthened by mental and physical labor. Look at the history of Greece: the land which saw the rise of Athens, of Sparta and Thebes, where the sunlight of philosophy first shed its light through the minds of Aristotle and his disciples; we see the germ of the drama; the wonderful poems which this country has given to the world, here through the mouth of Homer, or there in sculptured forms, such as the mind of man conceives but once and never conceives again. But Greece became great to such a degree as had never been the fortune of a single nation. She was the mother of arts and eloquence. But when corruption crept into her institutions, corruption begot dissensions, and dissensions begot decay. So we see all that has been accomplished in the past towards making men reflect the image of the Creator.

It is evident, then, that labor is a curse directly; it is imposed upon us through the fault of Adam. But taking the world as it is to-day, as it was in the days of the Greeks and Romans, surely, work has been the great factor in accomplishing all things that tend to make society better. Can you conceive civilization without work both physical and mental?

We may, therefore, conclude that to-day society would crumble and fall with a stupendous crash if the result of the work which men accomplished in the past, and are accomplishing in the present, should be obliterated.

John A. Devanney.

Local Items.

—The ides of March.

—St. Joseph's month.

—Who is the sergeant?

—Who paid the money?

—"I don't like his style."

—Do you like Browning?

—March came in like a lamb.

—"It" will soon be base-ball.

—Look out for the shamrock!

—Napoleon met his Water-loo.

—Man is naturally a social animal.

—The statistic fund is now in vogue.

—Tim's French line would not work.

—Was the debonair sergeant officious?

—Grover is now safely esconced in clover.

—Hail, the conqueror! *Excunt* Benjamin and Levi.

—Sammy hasn't the slightest chance of the stick.

—Thrice welcome, Lady Frances and Princess Ruth!

—Are you going to White City during the festival days?

—The poet's corner has resumed its normal state once more.

—"My dog 'Jack' can whip any dog in the Wolverine state."

—Brownson Hall claims the two champion hand ball players.

—The corner grocery proved a financial success the past week.

—Wm. Devine paid another short visit to the University Sunday.

—LOST—A seal-skin cap. Please return to students' office and receive reward.

—Professor Kivlin was entertained by friends of South Bend Wednesday evening.

—LOST—A bunch of keys. Finder, please return to the Minims' clothes room.

—The Orpheus Club enjoyed a sleigh-ride Sunday, given to them by Prof. Liscombe.

—Dannie's shadow was on deck every day last week. "Grip" is at home with it now.

—Dr. W. R. and the Misses Congdon, of Bristol, Ind., were very welcome to Notre Dame this week.

—The Orpheus Club are in active preparation for St. Patrick's Day, and we are promised some very fine selections.

—The position of First Bass in the Band is now filled by F. Hennessy, while J. Cullen has taken charge of the Second Bass.

—Mrs. Reilly, of Stephen's Point, Wis., and Messrs. Shillington and Rozynick, of Chicago, were among the visitors during the week.

—Mr. Fitzgerald visited Notre Dame Wednesday to see his son James, of Sorin Hall, who accompanied him to Chicago on Thursday.

—Mr. C. F. Dacy (Law), '90, and Miss Alice Dacy of Woodstock, Ill., were here on a visit to their brother Albert E. last week. They attended Washington's Birthday celebration.

—Prof. Egan is to deliver the following special lectures to the Literature Class during the month: March 4, "Tennyson"; March 11, "Longfellow"; March 18, "Newman."

—The debate on the previous question before the Law Debating Society was not finished Wednesday evening, and will be continued at the next meeting of the society.

—Capt. Coady of Co. *A* promoted A. Leonard from first Corporal to Sergeant; W. Schueler from 2d to 1st Corporal, and also appointed P. Foley to rank as Corporal on Thursday last.

—The Literature Class are now perusing Longfellow's "Evangeline." Prof. Egan has offered a prize of "Plutarch's Lives," to the young man who will first produce the most difficult line to scan.

—Hal Jewett, '90, surprised his many friends on Tuesday by appearing in the refectory that evening. To say more about Hal is unnecessary, for everyone who reads our columns knows who and what he is.

—Mr. Ed. M. Holbrook, '84, of San Francisco, Cal., spent Tuesday visiting his *Alma Mater* and brother in the Minims. Ed. looks well, and we are glad to say is as he looks. In fact, he is getting quite handsome.

—The Minims desire to return sincere thanks to Very Rev. Father Corby, Rev. Fathers O'Connell, Franciscus and French; Bros. Albert and Lucian, for recent valuable contributions made by them to their already magnificent library.

—The Law Debating Society will give a public debate in Washington Hall the latter part of March. The Hawaiian question is to be the subject, and the contestants are Messrs. Brown, Henley, Hennessy and McGarry.

—Rev. J. F. Nugent made another very pleasant call this week. All were delighted to see him, and hope that he will call soon again and often. We learn with pleasure that Father Nugent will lecture before the students in the near future.

—The improvement that cannot fail to be noticed in Co. *B* of late is owing to the great interest shown by its members. Both the manuals, and marchings are executed with such precision that it makes a beautiful sight to see forty guns "present," "order" or "right shoulder arms" as if directed by one man, and eighty feet keep step as if all were joined in one.

—The other afternoon Messrs. Burns, Soder and McCue, of St. Joseph's hall, thought as they had met the Carrollites successfully, that Messrs. Funke and Hesse would prove easy victims, but were disappointed. Although St. Joseph's men played a good game, yet they

were victims, the Brownsonites winning two out of the three, the score standing 58 to 50 in the latter's favor.

—To-morrow morning at ten o'clock there will be the first exhibition drill of the year, to be given by companies *A* and *B* in the Carroll Hall gymnasium. It will consist of "drill downs," and the pleasure that will be given to all who may witness these exercises will repay them for the trouble of walking down to the gymnasium. All are cordially invited, especially the members of the Faculty.

—Very Rev. Father General was quite ill during the early part of the week, but has happily recovered from the attack which, no doubt, was brought on by sudden atmospheric changes. We are glad to state that Father General well preserves his strength and vigor, and that there is every prospect that the hopes and prayers of all for a long continuance of his precious life will be fully realized.

—On Thursday afternoon the Carrolls played a series of interesting games in the seminary gym as follows: (1) J. Crawley *vs.* J. Kutina, score: 15 to 10 in favor of the former; (2) J. Crawley *vs.* J. Kutina, score: 7 to 15 in favor of the latter; (3) Brown, Hack and Gilbert *vs.* Crawley, Duffy and Hennessy, score: 22 to 9 in favor of C. H. B. A. The members of the C. H. B. A. tender their thanks to the seminarians for the royal reception accorded them.

—HAND BALL.—A series of hand ball games have been going on between the Carrollites and Brownsonites during the past week. On Friday, Feb. 24, Messrs. Rend, Kutina and Gilbert, of Carroll Hall, and Messrs. Hesse and Funke, of Brownson Hall, played a series of three games on the Carroll alley, the former winning two of the three games. The Carrolls won the first two games, and it required but one "hand in" for Hesse to win the third. Score: 41 to 39 in favor of the Carrollites.

On the morning of the 26th the members of the Carroll Hand Ball Association marched to the Brownson gym. to witness a return game between the contestants of Friday's game. Much interest was manifested in the game, but the Carrollites labored under a disadvantage in not being used to the alley, and were easily defeated by Messrs. Funke and Hesse, who played a faultless game, and won by a score of 66 to 41. The next game was between Tim Smith, of Brownson Hall, who is minus his left arm, and A. Ludwig, of Carroll Hall, who has lost his right arm. The game was to consist of three tallies, and was a very (h)armless contest, Smith winning by a score of 10 to 9.

—On the evening of February 26, the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association met in regular session. The programme of the meeting was excellent and the debates were carried out in an eminently satisfactory manner. Speaker Ferneding held down the chair. Hon. Du Brul's bill to increase the president's salary, beginning with Mr. Cleveland, from $50,000 to $100,000 was brought before the house. It called forth sixteen good earnest speeches from as many different men. It was surprising to find how much talent there is in the society—for a great deal of it has been lying dormant for a long time. Messrs. Du Brul, Dacy, Sinnott, Ferneding, Correll, Quinlan and Cummings, supported the bill, whilst Messrs. Fitzgerald, McCarrick, Raney, Langan, Crawley, McKee and McAuliff spoke against it. Some of the speeches were really super-excellent, and the young orators would deserve to be congratulated even if they were much older men than they are. Messrs. Fitzgerald, Raney, Langan, Du Brul and McAuliff's were especially good. In short, the meeting was among the best ever held by the Philodemic Society, and with a few more such meetings a great deal of latent talent will be brought out and cultivated, and the society will attain that which is the aim of every true society—the cultivation and practical education of its members.

—SLEIGHING.—On the 26th ult. twenty-two St. Cecilians, accompanied by Rev. M. Regan, C. S. C., left the College in a bob-sleigh, drawn by six horses. At the same time the Orpheus Club and a party of Carrollites left in a similar manner. Bro. Hugh's party, however, turned to the right shortly after leaving the grounds, and the Cecilians and Orpheans continued on to Mishawaka. The roads were in such bad condition that in some places they necessitated a walk. We were soon in the suburbs of South Bend; and coming across a cable car Mr. J. Tong, '00, kindly gave the company a short talk on its usefulness and manipulation. At the end of his discourse, all were deeply impressed at the perfection of the streets—"so solid," said one, as "to support the cable-cars." At the Mishawaka crossing of the Grand Trunk RR. an accident happened—the single-tree of one of the seconds and the coupling pole broke. This caused a delay of ten or fifteen minutes, which were spent in cheering a sleigh full of red cheeks and ribbons. With the aid of Mr. Cavanaugh's "watch chain" the damage was repaired, and the party, delighted by Mr. T's jokes, proceeded onward.

Many South Bend "kids" took the party for targets, and it began to snow, big, spherical snow-flakes, two inches in diameter; it was, indeed a barbarous country through which we went. Master Finnerty narrowly escaped falling over-board several times; and once, when a long-eared, shaggy-coated creature darted round the corner, making an indescribable noise, we thought Mr. T. had left us, when, to our great surprise, we noticed the gentleman in question in his accustomed place, a sour-grape smile lighting up his usually brilliant features. At five o'clock the party returned hungry and tired, but highly delighted with the ride, which they can never forget. All thank Father Regan for his great kindness.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Brown, Correll, Combe, Crawley, Coady, Chute, Dechant, Flannery, Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, Fitzgerald, Heer, Joslyn, Kearney, Kunert, Langan, Maurus, Monarch, J. McKee, F. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, McAuliffe, O'Donnell, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, Raney, Schillo, Schopp, Thorn.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ansberry, Barrett, Barton, Burns, Baldwin, Brady, Berggren, Brinen, Bennett, C. Corry, A. Corry, Curran, Chassaing, Colby, Cooke, Cullen, R. Corcoran, Crilly, Casey, Carter, Chidester, Croxton, Conger, R. Delaney, Devanney, Davis, Donahoe, Dinkel, Duffield, Eyanson, Eyke, Foley, A. W. Funke, Feeney, J. Flynn, E. Flynn, Farrell, Gerlach, F. Hoffman, Hermann, E. Hoepe, Healy, Hesse, E. Harris, Hagan, Henley, Hudson, Hunt, Heneberry, Isbell, Jacobs, Jordan, Kerker, Kearns, Krembs, Kintzele, F. Kenny, J. Kennedy, Karasynski, Kuhn, Linehan, Libert, Murray, D. Murphy, Maynes, T. Monarch, F. Murphy, R. Marckhoff, McCuddy, McFadden, McCullough, McCarthy, McGarry, O'Connor, O Shea, Pulskamp, Prichard, Pomeroy, Quinlan, G. Ryan, M. Ryan, Reis, Schmidt, Stanton, Schueler, Smith, Stace, Whitehead, Walker, Wilkin, Weaver, Wellington, Welsh.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Barrett, R. E. Brown, O. Brown, R. Brown, J. Brown, Bennett, Berles, Blumenthal, Bachrach, Bixby, Baldauf, Cornell, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin, A. Coolidge, Cavanagh, Cullen, Crane, Carney, Chase, Dorsey, Dion, Druecker, Ducey, Dannemiller, Dempsey, Dixon, DeLormier, Dutt, Freeman, Franke, Fossick, Funke, Finnerty, Ford, E. Gilbert, N. Gibson, L. Gibson, Griggs, Gerding, Gonzales, Gerdes, Girardin, F. Hill, Hack, Hurley, H. Hill, Hoban, Hickey, D. Hilger, A. Hilger, Howell, Jones, Janssen, Krollman, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kutina, Kuehl, Kelliher, Kindler, Klees, G. Lee, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lohner, Langevin, T. Lowrey, G. Lowrey, Loser, Ludwig, Lynch, Lane, Lippman, Levy, M. Lee, Lawler, Martin, Maurer, Mitchell, Maguire, E. Murphy, L. Murphy, J. Miller, L. Miller, Mengis, Marre, Mills, Moss, Moore, Monaghan, J. Martin, R. Miers, McDermott, McPhee, S. McDonald, McCarrick, McCarthy, J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, E. McDonald, Nolan, W. Nichols, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Neill, Oliver, Pim, Reis, Rumely, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Romero, Reilly, Roesing, Sievers, Sweet, W. Spalding. S. Spalding, Slevin, Spiegel, Sullivan, Schaack, Sparks, Segenfelter, Strauss, Sharp, Schroth, Shillington, Tong, Taylor, Trankle, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Thornton, Wagner, Walde, Wensinger, Welty, Walker, H. Wilson, Washburne, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, O. Wright, D. Wright, Ward, Yeager, L. Yglesia, A. Yglesia, York, Yingst, C. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ahern, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Arnold, Ball, Bump. Bopp, Barrett, R. Berthelet, V. Berthelet, Bourgeois, Brown, Curry, Corry, Christ, Cross, Croke, F. Campau, D. Campau, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Cressey, Corcoran, Durand, Dugas, Devine, Elliott, Egan, Eagle, Engelhardt, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Finnerty, Feltenstein, Freeman, Flynn, Girsch, Gavin, Green, Graff, Howard. Higginson, Holbrook, J. Higgins, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, J. Healy, W. Healy, Ives, Jones, Jonquet, Kilgallen, Keeler, Kinney, LaMoure, Lawton, Langley, Loomis, Lohner, Lowrey, Lysle, Maritzen, Minnigerode, C. Monaghan, A. Monaghn, Morris, McGinley, McGushin, Morris, McPhee, McAllister, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, Emmit McCarthy, Ninneman, Otero, O'Neill, Oatman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pyle, Pieser, Roesing, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, Roache, V. Romero, A. Romero, Robb, Rohrbach, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Swan, Shillington, Snyder, Shipp, Stuckart, Segenfelter, Trankle, U. Thompson, L. Thompson, Wilcox, Wagner, Wells.

[*From the "College Echo."*]

Rev. President Walsh at St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas.

On the visit of Rev. President Walsh, of the University of Notre Dame, the literary and musical departments of the College made a strenuous effort to give an entertainment suitable to the occasion. They certainly deserve congratulation on their signal success. The addresses were well composed and gracefully delivered; as for the music—its effect cannot be described in words. The musical part of the program was under the direction of Prof. Becker, and reflected great credit upon him as a director and performer. What shall we say of Prof. Czeke's violin performance? It was simply superb,—a rare treat, and greatly enjoyed by everyone in the large and appreciative audience. His rendition of Vieuxtemps' famous "Reverie" was a masterly one, and storms of applause forced him to give two encores. . . .

At the close of the entertainment, the Rev. President of Notre Dame University complimented the participants in terms of the highest praise. During his visit, he said, he had the most convincing evidence of the thoroughness of their work, and he thought it but fair to tell them so. The students of St. Edward's College were on the road to excellence, and he hoped they would persevere therein until the highest goal of their ambition was reached. In regard to the addresses, he was especially pleased with the modest and graceful expression of what was evidently the honest sentiments of the writers,—sentiments animated with a warm-heartedness that could not be mistaken, and yet totally free from the common bane of such addresses—fulsome praise and exaggeration. He was glad that such distasteful extremes were avoided. He could not fail to appreciate such praiseworthy efforts,—he was sure that all present joined him in this appreciation. He was quite sure the Faculty of Notre Dame would have felt proud of such efforts from their own pupils, and he thought that of all the good works that Notre Dame had done, the founding of such an institution as St. Edward's College was one of the noblest and the most praiseworthy—one that would reflect honor upon its founders. He would tell them at Notre Dame of what he had seen here, and the impression made upon him; and furthermore, he would tell them that they had worthy rivals in Texas, and that if they would excel them they must not rest on their oars. In conclusion, they should all take an honest pride in their *Alma Mater*, and try to honor her by their actions, by the purity of their lives. The praise of an institution is in the men it sends forth, and St. Edward's is training the right kind of men to send out into the world, men that will raise higher and higher the banner of their College and the estimation in which it is held.