THE
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

·DISCE·QUASI·SEMPER·VICTURUS· ·VIVE·QUASI·CRAS·MORITURUS·

VOL. XXVII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 26, 1893. No. 2.

The Very Rev. Alexis Granger, C. S. C.

A hidden life, whose virtues shed
Immortal perfumes round the dead,
Was his, whose wise and gentle sway
Has passed from Notre Dame to-day.

Like Rome's Alexis, holds he fast
Within his hand the blameless past:
And those who knew him and the shrine
That crowns the noble Aventine,

Will often say: "With us has dwelt
One whose exalted worth we felt,
But never measured; as of old
Alessio's life in death was told."

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

The Poetry of Pathos in Life and Art.

BY FREDERIC E. NEEF, '93.

Good reasoning is often disturbed by the unconscious influences of the imagination, and many of our greatest thinkers have admitted in theory what practice could never confirm. We can find the same fault with those gloomy sophists who hold that a curse rests upon man's every action, and that we are destined to undergo a severe trial in life. The teaching of the Pyrrhonians, though a host of petty chroniclers has ridiculed it with incredible stories, is based on a much stronger induction than this. Extremes are always bad; but extreme optimism is better than extreme pessimism.

We catch only occasional glimpses of the pleasure-giving element in human life, and may be led to conclude wrongly that this rarer element is the fundamental principle, and sorrow itself simply one of the twofold impressions created by its action in the mind or heart. If sorrow is allied to joy it does not necessarily follow that joy is the first principle of sorrow, just as the azure sky in a painting shows here and there traces of a softening white without making one color the prime element of the other.

The Divine Alchemist has mixed the bitter with the sweet, the joyful with the sorrowful, the optimistic with the pessimistic. Every day has its smiles and its tears. The most intense suffering is permeated with a certain keen delight that makes it easier to bear. The difficulties of duty can hardly baffle us; we act with pride for duty's sake. The saints of the Catholic Church surely found some subtle consolation in their stern ordeal of prayer and penance. The warrior on the battlefield sees thousands fall on every side, and blood and bursting shells and death; but there is still something that makes his heart glow and fires him with a noble frenzy. I believe that many have suffered for the infinite sweetness there is in suffering, and many have died for the glory there is in death. The poet-saint, Francis d'Assisi, who underwent all the austerities of Monte Alverno, spoke from his soul when he said:

"I die of sweetest woe;
Wonder not at my fate.
The lance which gives the blow
Is love immaculate."

Father Damien exiled himself to an island of lepers with no other thought of remuneration on earth than the sense of supreme Christian satisfaction which is the wealth of saints and martyrs. Such men must have realized more

than all the world the poetry there is in the grave realities of life—the music of suffering, the eloquence of sacrifice. A ray of light, a beam of hope, a smile from heaven, and they were content.

In history those men and events which are the most strongly noted are of a serious nature. An historical character is better remembered when he stands as subordinate in some petty political or social crisis than if he had been conspicuous at the coronation of a king. The heroes whom we worship most for their heroism are those to whom we can lend our deepest sympathy. Compassion magnifies the man; it begets love and admiration for him. The glory of Napoleon would not seem half so great had he not been banished to the Island of St. Helena. Elizabeth ruled England during the golden age of literature, but we read more of the poverty and neglect of her sister-queen, Mary of Scotland. Julius Cæsar was master of Rome in a time of bloodshed and war, Augustus in a season of universal peace. Cæsar's life was a tragedy; that of Augustus a refined comedy. While the reign of Augustus is made memorable by its connection with important events, the career of Cæsar has its own peculiar interest.

Years strengthen the hostility that is inborn in us towards anything that mocks the earnestness of our life. I believe what Seneca said when he was asked the question, "What is the difference between old men and children?" He answered that one cries for nuts and apples, and the other for gold and silver; the one acquits and condemns in jest, the other in earnest. Man's language is truly a cry and a craving. He becomes more serious with age At first the hearty cry of the child in the cradle which we hear scarcely with any pain, and then the pitiful groan of the old man who goes tottering to the grave.

But pure sorrow is impossible to human nature. The hemlock of hardship is but the honey of hope. Our God-given burden is never too heavy for our shoulders, and when we have bowed ourselves beneath it we shall but the better enjoy the relief. It is a sacred task to bear with patience the "slings and arrows of fortune." There is a kind of keen delight experienced in passing through these severer ordeals of life; it strikes one as a divine recompense for suffering or the reflection of a Creator's mercy.

Cavil as much as you may, but I still maintain that man's nature is not prepared for a season of undisturbed enjoyments or unmitigated suffering on earth. Disappointment makes us yearn for future satisfaction, and there is a happiness in the realization of our hopes. Man is not solely a being of flowers and sunshine, nor is he a solemn fool who moves about in the shadow of a darkened understanding and has an epitaph written on his brow.

The heart is restless. It delights in change. One becomes wearied of the wail and the gloom of the forest and wants to get out into the open air to hear the song of the meadow-lark or the humming of the bees. There always seems to be a reaction expected. A burst of strong emotion, a quiet relief, an instant of pleasure, an instant of pain.

Everyday occurrences are suggestive of this. After a storm we look for the clear blue sky; we want to see a blazing hearth in a cold, comfortless room. We look at things in an optimistic way, although we are, in some measure, pessimists. We love the sternness or pathos in real life, in art, in music and in fiction, since it generally appeals to our temperament; but at the same time we are disappointed if we do not discover a certain cheerfulness in all these.

Man is naturally of a serious caste. He glories in that which shows some conformity to his nature and his moods. Even architecture, the least of the arts, gives us a clue to temperamental influences. The hand is guided by the head and heart. And, just as unconsciously the greatest sculptors have struck from the rough marble lines which betrayed their personality, so even the rudest nations of ancient times have, in their blissful ignorance, left histories of their manners, customs and character in their architectural forms. But also here we must notice that they preferred stateliness to grotesqueness, and that the styles of architecture of the more refined nations hold the traveller in admiration and inspire him with the sense of elevated thought. There is a seriousness implied in the very fact that nations have always labored more or less to imitate nature. The pillars of Egyptian palaces are crowned in lily and papyrus; the Moslems pride themselves in the rich pomegranite; Greece has the acanthus; Rome, the honeysuckle and the sea-shell.

"Art is true art when art to God is true" was well said. It is the adaptation of our nature that makes us recognize the merit in any masterpiece of human handicraft. If we are critical, we seek, it may be without direct intention, to discover touches of similitude between the works of man and the works of the Maker We are appreciative because we become aware

of the truth in art which is nothing less than the conformity that exists between a God-given model and man's imitation of it.

The paintings of the early Italian schools are rude specimens of art degenerated by conventionalities. Byzantine technicality gave the work of Siena and Cimabue an appearance of unrealness. Giotto was the first who painted with naturalistic truth. Masolino and Masaccio inaugurated the refined school of Florence. Art began to be looked at in a more serene light; traces of the ignoble disappeared and the natural was more faithfully imitated. As soon as the artist had learned to be enthusiastic in his work his temperament glowed in the colors of his brush and the serious element was unconsciously evoked. One may admire the delicate modelling and tender coloring in Francesca's Madonna, but the charm lies in the sweetness of a compassionate look. The masterpieces of every school are but an earnest and, at the same time, cheerful expression in color of the real made ideal—subjects serious, perhaps gloomy in themselves, surrounded by a sunny atmosphere.

The exquisite touches of a subtile religious beauty helps only to deepen the pathos in Murillo's great picture of Christ on the Cross. Millet, with the magic of his genius, succeeded in depicting in colors the ringing of the *Angelus* just as perfectly as Tennyson gives us the idea of silence in his description of the "Moated Grange." But he did it not so much to show the close relationship that exists between painting and music, as to strengthen the impression of a quiet, half-sorrowful devotion. Music, after all, comprehends inward feelings of which other arts can but exhibit the effects. In this sense it is a higher art than painting.

Haydn in his musical composition tried to produce pictures of external circumstances; there is an endless chaos in the opening of his "Creation." Vivaldi, in four concertos, went so far as to attempt the representation of the four seasons. But these men had ventured somewhat beyond their proper spheres, for music is rather an expressive than an imitative art. Beethoven attained a higher purpose. He gave a divine voice and a personality to the yearnings of the soul, and it made him the greatest of composers. His most remarkable composition is that which is most thoroughly animated by his own pensive spirit—the sad and slow "Moonlight Sonata."

The genius of the Italian could never have produced the music of the German. It would have been working against his nature. Northern nations are thoughtful and expressive southern nations more frolicsome and imitative. The quick and sportive concerto of the Spanish is the music of children; the light and frivolous cantatina of Italy may appeal to the fleeting fancies of youth; but the tremulous organ-tones and the soft, sweet flute-notes of the German are in perfect unison with the stern yet soothing "music of humanity."

The poet, as well as the musician, feels that he must be serious if he wants to reach the depths of the human heart. He is taught how to appeal to us by the things around him. Wordsworth found his poems in enchanting landscapes; Longfellow caught the strains of his sweetest lyrics from the whispering trees when the dews of night were falling; Ruskin studied, enraptured, violet peaks and sunset skies, and heard with intensest rejoicing the winds moan among sea-beaten cliffs and sigh through the reeds of the river.

The poetic philosopher knows that pathos cannot be created when there is nothing of the true, the beautiful or the good. In the story of Damon and Pythias we feel more than aught else the sincerity of their friendship. Our pity is heightened by the grace and loveliness of "Fair Rosamond." Evangeline would have lost all her charm had Longfellow allowed her to forget her innocent devotedness to Gabriel. But sincerity, loveliness and innocence do not necessarily insure that tender emotion; for the suffering being may be treated in an unnatural or even somewhat burlesque manner. Call me a literary heretic if you will, but I still insist that Tennyson has not succeeded in evoking effective pathos because he was too evidently artificial.

The artistic ideal within us speaks to something diviner than mere technical perfection. The poet must project his soul into his work to awaken our sympathy. He strikes the keynote that is caught up by humanity. The language in which he speaks is suggested by the vastness of the sea, the majesty of the mountains and the solitude of the desert; and he appeals so strongly to others only because he knows what appeals most forcibly to himself.

The more refined poetic power of seriousness over the human heart is strikingly illustrated in the greatest epics, dramas and lyrics. Milton was sublime in his "Paradise Lost," but fell like Lucifer, whom he describes, when he attempted to give the same masterly touch to his "Paradise Regained." A Plautus of the Romans cannot be ranked with a Euripides, a Sophocles or an Æschylus of the Greeks. The tragedies

of Shakspere are in every way more ennobling than his comedies. "The Merchant of Venice" is the best of his comedies only because it has in it some of the tragical element. No lyrics move us so easily as those which ring with a silver-tongued sorrow. Shelley himself says: "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

Man comes into the world with a cry on his lips even before he has learned what hardship is. It seems that he was destined for grave action and thought. He is more familiar with these. The great Dante found it easier to put his melancholy soul into the sufferers of his "Inferno" and "Purgatorio" than to elevate his spirit to the blissful gardens of the "Paradiso," where "the feet of joy might wander all day long and never tire." The solution clearly lies in the better adaptability of the poet's genius to describe the torments of the accursed from his own idea of physical and moral pain on earth than to picture the heavenly radiance of the blessed from the faint and momentary glimpses of joy that a brief lifetime affords us.

There is then some strange influence that controls the hand of the sculptor and the painter, that guides and even inspires the poet and takes the musician, as it were, by surprise and brings him into easy submission. Neither Aristotle nor Hegel, Coventry Patmore tells us, has explained this relation of the emotions to the arts, especially to poetry. But it seems not unreasonable to suppose that there is a bond of sympathy between the master and his work —a weak parallel to the bond that exists between nature and man or nature and the Creator; and man in his instinctive love for the arts has utilized only that for which he can sympathize just as God himself in his love for the pathetic poetry of our life has mixed, in His infinite compassion, the bitter with the sweet, the dark with the light, and the dreary with the cheerful to relieve the restless human heart.

Winds.

"We live at the bottom of an aerial ocean whose depth is many times that of the deepest sea. Its invisible tides surge round us on every side. More restless than the sea, its waves beat to and fro, and never know a calm."

I.

Rest is nowhere. Idleness is unknown to nature. Every atom is endowed with activity, every substance is ruled over by forces. Even the atmosphere, that invisible fluid which, independent of quiescence or motion, is so essentially related to life, is never still. Like an industrious workman it is ever busy and astonishes us with its achievements. Whether it tears down mountains and levels them with the plains or gathers up the sands from the seashore and builds them into dazzling golden hills, whether it sweeps the arid desert of its dust or moans softly and peacefully among the pine trees, its actions are truly wondrous.

And in this continuous motion there lies a depth of wisdom. It has its positive and its negative; man finds in it both use and abuse. On the one hand he derives enjoyment, profit and happiness; on the other he is subjected to the mercy of a force more powerful than himself by far.

In storms on land how many lives are lost, how much property is destroyed, what ruin is spread about! But how much more terrible is a storm at sea! The vast waves raising aloft their defiant heads, or sinking and opening wide their abyss-like jaws, the angry winds lashing the surges to foam and dashing it in every direction, the glaring flash of the lightning and the rumbling roar of the thunder—all these tell man that there are monarchs whom he has not conquered. How *awful* must be a tempest on the deep where the immense waters offer no relief but death! The cries, the shrieks, the curses, the prayers, which arise from a doomed vessel alone can say with what cruelty the elements sport with feeble man.

Another destructive wind is the appropriately named samiel (poison wind) of Arabia. This dread monster breathes forth along his path the dry, suffocating air and dust which he has inhaled in the desert. In his clutch life is sure to find its end. As soon as his approach is heralded by a well-known calm the inhabitants betake themselves and their stock within doors and live there entirely until he has ceased to rage without. Whilst the simoom is passing travellers bind their mouths and nostrils with cloths, and the camels instinctively bury their noses in the sand. In spite of these precautions the samiel always finds his victims, be they man or beast.

The winds are also sowers and they spread far and wide the seeds of parasitic diseases. If, for instance, a wind were to blow over a swamp in which there is an almost constant putrefaction of animal and vegetable matter and germs of all kinds are generated, many of these germs will be caught up by the wind and will infect it. Respiration provides for them a resting place in the throat or in some other organ of man. These enemies, treacherous and invisible, it is scarcely possible to avoid. Once settled,

however, their presence is soon felt, especially by the rise of fevers. To this cause malaria and many other similar diseases are attributable.

II.

Having viewed, though rather superficially, the dark side of this subject it is but natural and right to turn over and inspect the brighter portion—to study the nature of winds and their uses.

The winds owe their existence to heat unequally distributed. They are nothing more than moving air; the motion is caused by a difference in temperature between two places. It is a well-known fact that heated air tends to rise. With this it is easy to show how winds are produced. In a room, for example, warmed by a stove, the air, as soon as it becomes heated, mounts towards the ceiling and must, of course, be replaced by other. It is for this reason that we discover at the crack under the door a *draft* coming inwards. The ascending air displaces that which is above and this is consequently driven outwards through the crack above the door, creating another draft there.

The same thing takes place on the surface of the earth, but on a grander scale. The atmosphere at the equator becomes heated and, rising, is replaced by cooler supplies rushing from the poles. The warm air cools in ascending and in turn takes the place of that which has left the poles. As this action is constantly going on, we find two continuous currents, a lower one toward the equator and an upper one away from it.

If the earth did not rotate these currents would move directly north and south. Since, however, the globe turns on its axis points on its equator move with a greater velocity than those closer to its poles. Hence a wind coming from the north continually falls back. The combination of its own motion with that of the earth makes of it a northeast wind. In the southern hemisphere, likewise, the south wind has its motion changed and blows from the southeast. These two winds are known as the trade-winds, and they are a great aid to navigators since they blow in the same direction all the year round.

All other winds are formed on the same principle; they are only more or less local. The sea breezes, for instance, are known only along the coasts. The land becomes heated during the daytime much sooner than the water. As a consequence a breeze blows in from the sea, and increases in intensity until the land has reached its maximum degree of temperature. Then it slowly dies out. The land, furthermore, loses its heat more rapidly than the water, and as a result a land breeze arises in the evening. Small winds are often formed about kilns and other places where a great deal of heat is produced. Their influence is felt, however, only within the immediate vicinity of the heated object.

The winds are a source of profit to man. He has captured their power to a certain extent and employs it in turning his mills. They hasten the diffusion of noxious gases which are librated into the atmosphere, thus diluting them and weakening their evil effects. They recover for him land from the bosom of the ocean. They promote the spread of vegetation.

Throughout the geological ages the winds loom forth as prominent factors. Near the sea chiefly did they cause wonderful changes in the earth's features. Blowing across the beaches, they collected the loose grains of sand and heaped them up farther back from the water. So in the course of time long ridges of hills were built up. These hills are not very favorable to the growth of plants, and generally nothing but tufted bunches of grass adorn their sides. Sometimes, however, trees, especially pines, find support enough and flourish on them, and thus gradually fit them for more varied vegetation.

The coral islands also owe much to these untiring agents, for the crown of life has been placed upon them by the winds transporting seeds to the new and tiny continents. Even birds have been forced during storms to seek refuge upon these islands and have then given an impetus to animal life.

But the carrying of seeds is, perhaps, the principal duty which nature has found for the winds. One of the chief ends for which every living being was created is to reproduce and bring forth other creatures similar to itself. It is just here that the winds render important service. In such plants as the firs and other conifers which bear two kinds of flowers, some medium is necessary to effect a union between the germ and sperm cells. This medium is happily provided. The wind sporting in the trees shakes down the powdery pollen and directs it to the opened chambers of the unfertilized cones.

In trees like the pine and maple the winds disperse the seeds. The alate form of a maple seed is familiar to every one. Again who has not seen in the early autumn, the downy seeds of the dandelion blown hither and thither like a host of the softest feathers. The winds are here also assisting in the development of the

grandest gift which God has given to insensible creatures. Far and wide they scatter the little seedlets and deck the earth with multitudes of golden blossoms.

Vegetation is also influenced in a more general way by the winds. They are in reality a cause of rain distribution. The ascending air at the equator carries with it moisture proportional in amount to the temperature. This humid column expands and rarefies, and consequently cools, and the vapor is condensed and forms clouds. The northward or southward motion seizes these clouds and hastens them towards the poles. Since the temperature is gradually becoming lower the load of vapor becomes excessive and the surplus is dropped as rain or hail. If the wind comes suddenly in contact with a very cold current, more rain may be dropped; or, if the cold is intense enough, the vapor will be frozen into snow. When a cloud strikes the summit of a mountain it is generally robbed of its moisture and very little, if any, is allowed to pass over. The Rocky Mountains intercept much of the rain which is directed towards the region at their west. Accordingly that portion of the country receives but a partial supply. This explains the presence of the deserts there.

Time will not permit the mention of the many other ways in which the winds have been found to be useful to man. A single glance at the happiness which they produce must also suffice.

Man derives enjoyment from the winds. What a pleasure it is to ride out on a summer's evening, and to drink in the freshness of a gentle zephyr! What gladness it gives to view the heavens pouring forth their liquid treasures and prompting all nature to rejoice and to appear in garments of the most gorgeous hues; to behold every mountain, every valley and every plain adorned with manifold trees; to see the land decked with flowers variegated and innumerable! Truly, winds, ye appear to be the enemies of man, yet ye are his friends and lavish upon him benefits infinite in their number, unlimited in their good.

E. J. MAURUS, '94.

TRIOLET.

Blue eyes lose not your light,
Look not so sad,
Above the sky is bright;
Blue eyes lose not your light,
I'll feel indeed 'tis night
Nor more be glad;
Blue eyes lose not your light,
Look not so sad.

J. W. R.

Macbeth.

That there is an influence of the preternatural manifest in the tragedy of "Macbeth" can hardly be questioned. But the poet was too well versed in Christianity and human nature to permit himself to become a fatalist. The witches did not prophesy anything that Macbeth in his heart had not yearned for repeatedly. So that when the evil genii of his choice foretold him that he was in the future to be made thane of Cawdor and afterwards king of Scotland, his surprise consisted more in reference to the time when it should be accomplished than to the possibility of its fulfilment.

This state of Macbeth's mind is verified when King Duncan's messengers inform him of his elevation to the thane of Cawdor. Though he feigned reluctance in accepting this dignity, knowing that its incumbent was still living, yet when it was hinted that the thane of Cawdor had turned traitor in the late campaign—in which Macbeth had shown so much valor—*turned traitor*, he threw the mask of reluctance aside and cherished the proffered heritage.

This tangible reality of the witches' prophecy removed all doubts from the mind of Macbeth as to *his* becoming the king of Scotland, and he resolved to leave no means untried to effect his coronation. What seemed to him to be the auspicious omen appeared when King Duncan resolved to make a tour of the country in order that he might remedy abuses and supply the necessities of his subjects.

Macbeth prevailed upon the king to remain a night in his castle that he and Lady Macbeth might have the pleasure of entertaining him, not only as their lord and king but also to show their gratitude for the favors recently bestowed.

Immediately after his elevation to the thane of Cawdor Macbeth wrote to his wife, relating the witches' double promise and the ready fulfilment of the first part, and in a sort of bragadocia style he tells her to hold herself in readiness to be the future queen of Scotland. This announcement swells the ambitious vanity of Lady Macbeth beyond a moral tension. When she is informed later that the king has consented to her husband's request to repose a night in their dwelling, she conceives the design that King Duncan must be murdered so that she may become queen and her husband king.

When the king arrives she goads Macbeth on to the dastardly deed. Macbeth, while he acquiesces in her thoughts, refuses to commit the crime; but her biting sarcasm and taunts of

cowardice weaken her husband's half-anchored resolutions. As a prelude to the bloody regicide the king's two chamberlains must first be stupefied by strong drink. This is skilfully accomplished at the evening repast. The king, unconscious of his tragic fate, retires not to awake until the general summons of Gabriel arouses all mankind.

But the insecurity of Macbeth's position causes him afterwards to murder the king's chamberlains. Banquo, who was a witness to the prophecy of the witches, and whom Macbeth feared because of his bravery and uprightness, must also be put out of the way. The murder of Lady Macduff and her children followed later.

The uneasiness of Macbeth's mind would not let him rest, so he resolved to consult the witches again, and they further assured him that he bore a charmed life that could not be taken by any man born of woman, and furthermore that the dense forest of Birnam would move against him before his castle could be taken. Both of these promises seemed impossible of fulfilment to Macbeth; so without any consideration for justice, love or truth he devastated the country until Malcom, the true heir to the throne was besought to leave England and redress his country's grievances. This he did accompanied by the veteran Captain Seward. To conceal their number, in the march towards Macbeth's castle, Malcom decided that each of his soldiers should carry above his head a branch from the forest of Birnam where they were encamped.

This singular occurrence fulfilled one part of the prophecy relating to Macbeth's downfall, it was not long after when the other followed by the appearance of the posthumous Macduff who crossed swords with the usurper. Thus was Macbeth—the twin victim of an ungovernable ambition and evil spirits—encouraged in his moral and political ruin, and finally, as befalls all men of like propensities, he is wofully vanquished.

J. G.

"The Epicurean."

Among the many great Irish contributors to English literature, "Tom" Moore, as he was familiarly called, occupies a prominent place. He was born in Dublin in 1779, and it was there he received a great part of his education. Moore's parents were Catholics, and young Moore himself was well instructed in his religion; but in after life he grew careless in regard to its practices. At an early age, in fact when a mere boy, he began to write poetry, mostly musical verse; and it was not long until he had gained for himself the reputation of being the greatest song writer of his time. Besides a great number of poems, he has written several good novels; among these is an admirable tale, "The Epicurean."

In order to give to the story a more real and historical appearance he begins by telling how he had received from a friend an old manuscript, one that had been picked up in an ancient monastery in Greece. From this supposed manuscript he has taken the plot. At first it was the author's intention to relate it in verse, and he had actually written part of it; but for various reasons changed his mind. Commencing anew, he this time wrote in prose.

"The Epicurean" is a story of the conversion of an Athenian philosopher to Christianity. He was handsome, educated, young, and shared the distinction of presiding over the society founded by Epicurus. Though its leading member, and looked upon as being its chief advocate, he nevertheless fears death, and, contrary to his principles, it troubles him:

> "Oh! were it not for this sad voice,
> Stealing amid our mirth to say
> That all in which we most rejoice,
> Ere night may be the earth worm's prey!"

But he goes further, and entertains vague thoughts of what will come after. Making excuse to his friends, he goes to Egypt in quest of the elixir of immortality. While there he meets with a lovely Egyptian maiden, apparently a priestess. Following her, he is led into the subterranean worshipping places of the Egyptians. Thinking the object of his search may be there, he consents to initiation. After overcoming many of its dangers, and when nearing the end, the maiden comes to him and together they make their escape. By her directions they take refuge with a good old hermit living in the mountains. Here it is that her religion struggles with her love; but with that confidence and frankness possessed by the early Christians, she leaves all to her guardian, the monk. After much thought he advises her to marry the young philosopher; but this is never to be realized. On the next day Diocletian issues one of his terrible decrees of persecution. The old monk is among its first victims, and Alethe—which is the young maiden's name—is spared only because of her innocence and through the plea of her betrothed. However the old priest Orcus, determined to avenge her escape, demands that one of those chaplets of coral be tied about her brow unknown to anyone. It contains a deadly poison which, after causing intense suffering, kills her.

On the back of the manuscript, and in the hand writing of a much later period, is a short sketch telling how a young Grecian philosopher, by name Alciphron, was converted to Christianity A. D. 257.

The only time Moore approaches to pathos is in describing the death of Alethe, and never has he indulged in humor. The language is simple, the style clear and free from any affectation. The story is of the romantic type, and its purpose was to give us a beautiful illustration and comparison of the early pagan and Christian religions.

F. EVANSON, '95.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, August 26, 1893.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon the TWENTY-SEVENTH 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.

—In deference to the wishes of the manager of the World's Fair Catholic Congress—which opens in Chicago on September 4—the inauguration of classes in the University will take place one week later than usual, *i. e.*, Sept. 12.

—We are indebted to Mr. James J. Graham, Assistant Secretary Department of Public Works, Chicago, for an elegantly bound copy of "The Seventeenth Annual Report of the Department of Public Works, with Mayor's Message, Chicago, 1892."

—We are glad to state that, despite the prevailing hard times, the prospects for the coming scholastic year are very bright and promising. Each day brings numerous applications, and gives the assurance that the opening of the new term will be marked by an unusually large attendance of students.

—Notre Dame will be represented at the World's Fair Catholic Congress which opens on the 4th prox., by the Rev. President Morrissey, Rev. Vice-President French, Rev. D. J. Spillard, Rev. S. Fitte; Profs. Edwards, Egan, J. Ewing, O'Dea; Messrs. George Clarke, '84; C. T. Cavanagh, '91; Hngh O'Neill, '92; S. Hummer, '92; J. J. McGrath, '92; and Hugh V. O'Donnell, '94.

—The two great sad events of vacation time,—the lamented deaths of Fathers Granger and Walsh—brought hosts of friends to Notre Dame. We would gladly, if we could do so, give in print the names of all. But our enterprising reporter failed to secure the said cognomens, and, loath to leave anyone unrecognized, we have been obliged to forego any list of names. We acknowledge here the presence of all, as well as the kind, sympathetic and encouraging words sent by so many. Everything gives to Notre Dame the assurance of a strong, steady, loyal support in her hour of adversity and a consoling security for her glorious perpetuity.

—Many an old student and friend of Notre Dame will experience a sad pleasure in the presentation of the familiar lineaments of the saintly FATHER GRANGER. To them no apology is necessary for the imperfect counterfeit of features which in life spoke, perhaps, more eloquently than words. They will realize how averse he was to notoriety in any shape or form. During the half century with which he was identified with the religious development of Notre Dame, his work was performed calmly, silently, yet, withal, so successfully as to characterize it with the heaven-blessed reward of devotedness of purpose and purity of intention.

The Festival of the Assumption.

Of all the feasts in the year that of the Assumption is for the Congregation of Holy Cross one dearest to all and notable in many ways. With the regular return of August 15 comes the annual Kalamazoo pilgrimage to the Church of the Sacred Heart, bringing with it joyous hearts and prayerful souls that fill Notre Dame on that day with the sweet breath of sanctity. Noted for this fact alone Notre Dame might glory in the homage paid to Mary on the anniversary of her Assumption into heaven; yet far more important and grander still is the celebration directly under the auspices of the Community. For it is on this day that new members are professed and make their vows, while others, who seek to be tried in the service of God don for the first time the cassock and holy habit. The names of those thus privileged on this occasion are given in our local columns.

The ceremony was very impressive; more so, perhaps, than any other during the whole year. For the young men immediately concerned it was an occasion long to be remembered and all-important; for they were taking a step that was to change them for life. Most encouraging was it to note the happy faces of those newly professed and the open-hearted joy of those who had just received the habit. It was for them a day of deepest interest, and hereafter they will look back upon it as another First Communion Day.

The Death of Father Granger.

It was a saintly life that closed on Wednesday, the 26th ult., Feast of St. Anne, when the VERY REV. ALEXIS GRANGER, C. S. C., was called to his eternal reward. Perhaps no man of his time accomplished so much good and attracted so little attention. He was one of those quiet workers in God's vineyard whose lives seem cast in narrow circles, but who nevertheless exercise a far-reaching influence over the minds and hearts of their fellowmen. He seldom left the quiet shades of his beloved Notre Dame, he never appeared on the platform or in the public prints, and yet there are thousands of young men in the world who owe what is best in their lives to his saintly influence, and zealous priests in every State of the Union who attribute their vocation, under God, to his pious counsels and the example of his holy life.

VERY REV. FATHER GRANGER, C. S. C.

Father Granger's career was closely identified with the development of Notre Dame. He was one of the first who volunteered to follow its founder, Father Sorin, from France on his arduous mission; and his labors on behalf of the Indians and the few scattered whites who gathered around the mission cross were unceasing. In a few years his labors were further increased by the advent of students who came from the neighboring States to Notre Dame in quest of education. These soon became his chief charge; and the best efforts of his life were put forth in directing them aright, in winning their young souls to the service of God.

Like most of his countrymen, Father Granger had an affectionate love for the Blessed Virgin; and, after Father Sorin himself, he had most to do with making Notre Dame a rallying-point for her clients. In the early days, when there was no steward—nor indeed much need of one—he taught the little community to look trustingly to Mary; and when the annals of Notre Dame come to be written, numberless incidents will show how well-founded was this confidence.

His humility was unconquerable, and it was perhaps for this reason that he was gifted with such peculiar graces in the confessional. His penitents frequently came from long distances, and none of them ever forgot the unction of his counsels or the gentleness of his reproofs. Even during his last months, when obedience compelled him to temper his zeal with prudence, he abated little of his former labor. He knew no fatigue wherever there was good to be done. His life was singularly unworldly. He knew the world only as a great battle-ground on which souls were to be won to Christ. No hermit ever lived in greater recollection of spirit, and he was interested in nothing that did not refer in some manner to the glory of God. An ideal religious and a model priest, he passed away in his seventy-sixth year full of merit, leaving the world richer by the example of his holy life. Peace be to his soul!—*Ave Maria.*

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It becomes our sad duty, in this number of the *Annals*, to chronicle the death of the Director of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Lourdes and the founder of this little periodical, VERY REV. ALEXIS GRANGER, C.S.C. On Wednesday evening, July 26, 1893, he passed to his reward after an illness of a few weeks. This venerable and faithful priest was born at Daon, France, on the 19th of June, 1817. He received his early education in the schools of his native town, and at the age of fifteen he entered the College of Chateau Gontier. There he remained for five years, during which time, by diligence and the aid of superior talents, he completed his collegiate course.

Father Granger entered the Theological Seminary at Mans, France, in his twentieth year, that is, immediately after the completion

of his studies at the college. After four years of earnest application to the study of theology he was admitted to Holy Orders on the 19th of December, 1840. After two years' parochial duty in the diocese of Mans Father Granger entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross, whose Mother-House was then located in that town. After a year's experience in the religious life, during which time he had proved himself worthy of the confidence of his superiors, he was sent, in 1844, to Notre Dame, while the institution was yet in its infancy. Realizing the need of an acquaintance with the English language he at once undertook the study of that tongue, and in a comparatively short time he could speak it with considerable fluency.

Soon after Father Granger's arrival at Notre Dame he was appointed Assistant Superior, and later on he was promoted to the office of Vice-Provincial. In 1851 he became Pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart here, and the present magnificent edifice, which is the delight of all visitors to the place, owes its existence to his industry and devotedness, and will remain a lasting monument to his loving memory. He was also Provincial of the Order in the United States for several years, and in 1881 he was appointed First Assistant Superior-General, a responsibility from which he was relieved a year before his death, when his health began to fail.

For nearly half a century this saintly priest was connected with Notre Dame, and during all that time, in his own quiet way, he exercised a powerful and widespread influence for good. He spurned the honors and pleasures of the world, and he measured its joys and its ills, not by a human standard, but by the light and principles of faith; heaven, and the things that lead thereto, occupied his whole mind. It was his custom of late years to celebrate Mass only in the Chapel of the Holy Face, where he kept a picture of the Holy Countenance of our Lord with a lamp perpetually burning before it; the *cultus* of the Holy Face, as also that of the Sacred Heart, had an unusual attraction for him. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary was extraordinary, and his chief study was how he could best induce all to come to the feet of this good Mother; his zeal for the spiritual welfare of others seemed to have no bounds. In him, as in a mirror, piety meekness, gentleness and charity were apparent to all. Father Granger has ended his earthly career after a long life spent in the service of his Creator, who will reward him with an abundant weight of glory. May he rest in peace!
—*Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes.*

[*From the New World.*]

Notre Dame's New President.

The friends of Catholic education in the United States in general, and of the University of Notre Dame in particular, will be rejoiced to learn of the choice made by Notre Dame in the selection of a man to succeed its late revered President, Father Walsh. The man selected is Father A. Morrissey, who has been Vice-President of the University for many years, and who, previous to his appointment to that office, was Director of Studies in the University, an office which it may be said, is one of the most practically important and responsible in the University. Father Morrissey has been at Notre Dame since childhood—at least, since he was twelve years old. His continual presence at the University, and his growth in and with its work, kept him in the constant view of the men who made Notre Dame what it is.

The lamented Father Walsh, having had years of opportunity to study Father Morrissey, to know his qualities and his peculiar fitness for the highest office in the University, more than once expressed his desire that he should be placed in the office of President, and he even begged him to take that office and let him (Father Walsh) retire to take the rest his failing health needed. But this Father Morrissey always refused, saying that, while he would assist Father Walsh in the onerous presidential office, no man but Father Walsh should be President. But at last the time approached when, in the providence of God, Father Walsh should cease to be President of Notre Dame University,—when Father Walsh himself knew that the hand of death was upon him. Then, in his most solemn and serious hour, his heart being in the great educational institution, he expressed his desire that he should be succeeded by Father Morrissey,—that the man who had been at Notre Dame since his childhood, who knew it as a child knows its mother, should be the University's President.

This desire has been fulfilled, and Father Walsh may now look down from his place in heaven and see the great institution for the education of American Catholic youth, which he loved so dearly, safe in the guiding hands of the man whom he knew to be best fitted for its protection and its growth.

But we do not at all mean to insinuate that Father Morrissey was appointed to the office of President of Notre Dame University solely

because of Father Walsh's desire. No; he was appointed because of his possession of the qualities and the peculiar fitness for the office, which caused Father Walsh more than once to desire that he (Father Morrissey) should be President. Those with whom the selection of a president lay had for years known Father Morrissey to possess those qualities, and this is why he is President of Notre Dame.

The New World congratulates Father Morrissey on the high, the distinguished honor conferred upon him; but it also congratulates the University of Notre Dame on having for its President a man so well, so peculiarly qualified to perform the duties of that very onerous office.

Aerial Navigation Congress.

The International Conference on Aerial Navigation, held at the Memorial Art Palace, August 1 to 3, proved beyond expectation interesting and successful. The efforts of the organizing committee to secure the co-operation of serious and capable men to accumulate facts and positive knowledge rather than speculations and descriptions of projects were abundantly rewarded. The secretary, Prof. A. F. Zahm, received letters of cordial interest and contributions to the papers from the aeronautic and aviation societies of England, France, Germany, Austria and Russia and from individuals of nine different nations. The Flugtechnische Verein of Vienna and the Imperial Aeronautic Society of Russia sent special delegates and copies of their recent proceedings; individual experimenters sent photographs of their most recent models, and authors contributed their latest books. Forty-six original papers were received covering many of the problems of aeronautics and aviation, and presenting the observations and results of experiment of experts throughout the world. The conference, therefore, which was the third of its kind ever organized, and the first in America, will perhaps embody in its proceedings the most advanced literature of aerial navigation of the present time.

The meetings, which were attended by two hundred aeronauts and engineers, occupied three days, the presiding chairmen being, on the first day: Mr. O. A. Chanute, of Chicago; on the second, Prof. R. H. Thurston, of Cornell University; on the third day, Col. W. R. King of the U. S. Army. The papers contributed were mostly presented in very brief abstract, being too long and too numerous for a full reading.

At the conclusion of the third meeting Mr. Chanute, wishing to inaugurate a practical application of the knowledge thus far accumulated, volunteered to be one of twenty persons to contribute $1000 each, to an experimental fund for perfecting a machine which a board of experts should select as embodying the best features of the most successful modern devices for accomplishing mechanical flight.

On motion of the secretary, a fourth meeting was arranged for the following day in which many topics were discussed from the papers of the previous meetings. In this meeting Mr. D. Torrey, of Detroit, presented a plan for furthering Mr. Chanute's proposal, and Mr. Mosher, builder of the *Norwood*, informed the meeting of his success with light, powerful steam-engines and of their probable use for aeronautical purposes. The success of the conferences will probably give rise to an American Aerial Navigation Society and more than probably to a monthly journal.

Gettysburg.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

In his recently published "Memoirs of Chaplain Life," Father W. Corby, of Notre Dame, Ind., who was for three eventful years chaplain of the famous Irish Brigade, of the Second Corps, in the army of the Potomac, refers to his act of giving absolution to the brigade just before its going into the fight during the Battle of Gettysburg. He says: "In performing this ceremony I faced the army. My eye covered thousands of officers and men. I noticed that *all*, Catholic and non-Catholic, officers and private soldiers, showed a profound respect, wishing at this fatal crisis to receive every benefit of divine grace that could be imparted through the instrumentality of the Christian ministry. Even Major-General Hancock removed his hat, and, as far as compatible with the situation, bowed in reverential devotion. The general absolution was intended for all—*in quantum possum*—not only for our brigade, but for all, North or South, who were susceptible of it and who were about to appear before their Judge." In other words, Father Corby, true minister of God's sacrament as he was, thought at that moment of the thousands of Catholics

in that army there on the heights about Gettysburg, and in the opposing lines under Lee, for whom no Catholic chaplain had been provided —through whose fault, after all these years, it is scarcely worth while to discuss—and for them, spiritually uncared for as they were, and for the thousands of non-Catholics as well, his heart opened and he performed this great act of charity. For such it was.

The incident, which has often been described, occurred to my mind quite naturally the other day when, on going to the left along the ground occupied during the last two days of the battle by Hancock's corps—the Second—I passed out of the open into a sombre piece of wood and there came upon the beautiful monument of the Irish Brigade, a Celtic cross of dark green Irish marble, with an inlaid tablet of imperishable bronze. The Irish element of our American people are justly proud of the achievements of that splendid body of soldiers and, of that other Irish brigade raised in New York and known as the Corcoran League. And yet, after all, these two organizations, grand as they undoubtedly were, were but a small fraction of Irish fighters in the Union army. The Irish element formed probably about thirty per centum not of the army of the Potomac, but of the *line of battle* of the army of the Potomac, and that was the case on the field of Gettysburg as on all the other battlefields of that great army.

But whoever visited Gettysburg on "New York Day" would be one of small mind and of an envious nature who would let himself be swayed by questions of mere race pride. For there is probably nowhere else in the world a scene so calculated to elevate the feelings and to broaden them as that which is offered by this little Pennsylvania town and the hills and valleys surrounding it. From the top of Culp's Hill on the extreme right of the Union line to the peak of Little Round Top on the extreme left, a continuous line of monuments winds in and out for perhaps six miles of length, indicating the most advanced position held by the different regiments of infantry and batteries of artillery, each with its inscription, telling of the nature of the fight at that point and in all representing the heroic struggle to the death of men of eighteen different states. And this does not include the monuments far out on the flanks that bear record of cavalry encounters that preceded, accompanied, or followed the terrible main struggle.

There are no monuments on that opposite high ground where Lee's army was arrayed. I stood the other day on that ground, just where Pickett's and Pettigrew's lines were formed for their charge, and I walked across the mile of wheatfields under the burning sun, following the course they had taken thirty years before, towards the monument marking nearly the spot where, with my own regiment from Ohio at the extreme right—the proudly perilous right—of the Second Corps, I had seen them then, with all the steadiness of a mere field-day for drill, come surging with savage yells against us. I then realized, to an extent that I had never done before, that the valor of those brave men of Virginia and North Carolina needs no other monument than those of the Second Corps, which received and repulsed them. From the little monument of the Eighth Ohio out there in the wheatfield beyond the Emmittsburg Pike to the dark woods a half mile to the left, where the Irish Brigade and the rest of the division to which it belonged kept the ground, was indeed the "high-water mark" of our Civil War. And here naturally comes in a good deal of reflection. Was it merely the steadiness, the fortitude, the discipline of the Second Corps, trained in many campaigns and previous bloody battles, from Fair Oaks under Sumner, or Kearnstown under Shields, to Fredericksburg, that decided this for American history most glorious?

But after all it was undoubtedly the Providence of God which willed that this government of the people, for the people, by the people should not perish from the earth. Indeed when one stands on that low ridge occupied by the Second Corps there is the sensation of being on holy ground. Voices are almost hushed in a sort of awe. The Gettysburg battlefield has in fact become a place of patriotic pilgrimage. The authorities of the State of New York deserve praise for having erected a very graceful and dignified monument to the valor and patriotism of its sons.—THOMAS F. GALWEY *in Catholic Review.*

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the regular monthly meeting the St. Joseph's Total Abstinence Society of Terre Haute, Ind., adopted the following resolutions on the death of Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, President of Notre Dame University:

Submitting in humility to the will of Him "who giveth life and taketh it away," and believing that Father T. E. Walsh has gone to receive the reward for his labors well performed, Therefore be it

RESOLVED, that we consider his death an irreparable

loss, loss to his religious order and to the renowned institute of learning of which he was the honored President.

RESOLVED, that in his death the Church in Indiana lost one of her ablest priests, prominent for his zeal, his upright, spotless life, his eminent piety and sanctity; and, furthermore, be it

RESOLVED, that by his death the total abstinence cause lost an able champion who encouraged by word, edified by example, labored unceasingly in the cause of total abstinence, and who was the first President of any college or university in this country who established a total abstinence society among the youth under his charge, training them for the battle of life, by cultivating the virtue of sobriety so essentially necessary to success. And be it

RESOLVED, that these resolutions be placed on file in the society book and be printed in the *Catholic Record* and *Total Abstinence Bulletin*.

V. A. SCHNELL,
MAURICE HAGERTY,
EDWARD OSBORN, } *Committee.*

At a meeting of "Our Lady of Loreto" council, 330 C. B. L., held in St. Joseph's Hall, Plymouth, Indiana, July 18, 1893, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, it has pleased Divine Providence to call to his reward Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, President of the University of Notre Dame and Assistant Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross; and,

WHEREAS, by his death the University and the Community at large have received a severe blow; and the holy work in which he was engaged—the training of youthful hearts to God—an almost irreparable loss; and,

WHEREAS, Rev. Father Walsh in his kindness honored this council with his presence on the evening of April 9, 1891, and delivered a most beautiful address on "Charity"; therefore be it

RESOLVED, that we have lost in Rev. Thomas E. Walsh one of our best friends;

THAT this "Our Lady of Loreto" council sincerely sympathize with those who were near and dear to him;

THAT, as a token of charity, the members of this council in their next regular Holy Communion will offer the same for him;

THAT these resolutions be spread on the journal-book of this council, and a copy mailed to the bereaved Faculty of the University.

JEROME BALL, *Secretary.*

Personals.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. P. McAlaine, of Philadelphia, Pa., paid the University a very pleasant visit last week, the guests of Bro. Celestine.

—Bro. Conrad, C. S. C., and Messrs. R. Renz, J. Kuhn and Johnson and Master W. E. Walsh, of Austin, Texas, were welcome visitors to the College last week.

—Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., represented Notre Dame at Columbus, O., on the occasion of the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson on the 8th inst.

—Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., is now Local Superior and Pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame. In these offices he will prove a worthy successor to the late Father Granger.

—Mr. Michael Quinlan, '93, for some years one of the leading members of the SCHOLASTIC Staff, entered the Novitiate of the Congregation of Holy Cross at Notre Dame on the 15th inst., and has begun his studies for the priesthood. He has the best wishes of numerous friends for success in the pursuit of his sacred calling.

—A most welcome visitor during the vacation time was the Rev. Joseph Carrier, C. S. C., Professor of Natural Sciences in St. Laurent College, Montreal. On his way to superintend the opening of the Canadian Scientific Exhibit at the World's Fair, he remained four days at Notre Dame to the great delight of his numerous friends.

—One of the most widely known and most charming Catholic writers of America is, without a doubt, Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, of Notre Dame University, Indiana. His name is a household word in every Catholic family on the continent. As a poet, essayist, novelist and general contributor to the press and literature of the day, Dr. Egan has excelled in every branch. It is always a treat to meet with his able articles, his beautiful sonnets, or his interesting stories. The *Ave Maria*—that charming publication of Notre Dame—teems with brilliant effusions from his facile pen. It is with no small degree of pleasure that we learned of Dr. Egan's intention to visit Canada during the coming autumn. We are positive that the presence of such a distinguished gentleman in our midst will be a piece of welcome news to many of our readers. We are also informed that Dr. Egan will deliver a couple of lectures at St. Laurent College during his stay in Canada. This is a program that we fervently hope will be carried out, as it would be a great treat to hear the author of so many splendid Catholic works. We may state that the Rev. Fathers of St. Laurent are of the same great teaching Order as that which controls the University of Notre Dame. There is consequently an affinity between the two admirable institutions, and we might say that Dr. Egan will, for the time being, form a living connecting link between Canada's College and Indiana's University.—*Montreal True Witness.*

Local Items.

—So long!

—What af-fair!

—They are fight-ing.

—Hope to see you all again.

—Vacation is drawing to a close.

—The dome was repainted during the vacation and now presents a fresh and strikingly beautiful appearance.

—The work of renovating the college halls is being rapidly pushed forward. Many new improvements have been made, and students on entering will find everything fresh, snug and cozy.

—Bro. Alfred has erected a new entrance to the boiler house. It materially enhances the appearance of the building, and will prove a great accommodation to the patrons of the bath-rooms.

—Very Rev. Father General continues to enjoy fairly good health. His daily rides prove very beneficial to the venerable Founder, whom all rejoice to see moving through his beloved Notre Dame.

—On Thursday last occurred the "Month's Mind" of the lamented President Walsh. Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Edward's Hall and the Catholic students present received Holy Communion for the repose of his soul.

—On Friday last Rev. Vice-President French took leave of the inmates of Holy Cross Seminary over which he presided so long and so successfully. A very touching address from the seminarians was delivered, to which Father French feelingly responded. Vice-President French has now entered upon the duties of his office at the University.

—Shortly after Commencement Hon. W. J. Onahan, LL. D., of Chicago, visited Notre Dame, and at the urgent solicitations of members of the Faculty gave several sittings to Professor Gregori for a life-size painting in oil. The portrait represents Dr. Onahan as the presiding genius of the Catholic Congress. As a work of art, the picture is one of Gregori's best. The portrait is a valuable addition to the Catholic Historical Collection of America of which Dr. Onahan is a most generous benefactor.

—Notre Dame University has suffered a double loss within the past fortnight. The funeral services over Father Walsh, the President, had hardly been held before the announcement is made of the decease of Rev. Alexis Granger, the first Vice-President under Very Rev. E Sorin. The friends of Notre Dame throughout the country join with priests and students in lamenting the death of the two Fathers, whose work is indelibly impressed upon the noble institution to which they had devoted their lives. The news of the death of the saintly Father Granger will be received with deep sorrow by all those who ever attended the college. As a spiritual director he particularly endeared himself to them, and his gentle, courteous manners made him friends among those who are not Catholics.—*Catholic Times.*

—NOTRE DAME.—What deep impressions are made on our hearts and feelings as we stand surrounded by the numerous buildings which look down upon us from their lofty height! In the presence of such a grand scene we forget our own separate existence, our schemes and our projects, and for the time being we are lost in reverie. There is a silence that pervades the place which seems to fit it for its purpose. There you can commune with your own heart, with nature and with dreams of God, because that solitude, so deep, so solemn, comes sinking into the heart with a leaden and death-like weight. No one can visit Notre Dame without some such feelings as those just expressed, and it is such a feeling that helps to dispel those little doubts which from time to time lurk about us. All who took part in the pilgrimage this year are of one mind in saying that they were benefited beyond what they could have expected.—*The Augustinian* (*Kalamazoo*).

—Assumption Day witnessed the solemn ceremony of Religious Profession and Reception of the Habit in the college church. The ceremony was conducted by Very Rev. Provincial Corby, assisted by the Master of Novices, the Rev. W. Connor, and was attended by the large body of religious, friends and students. The following seminarians made their Profession, taking the perpetual vows: Messrs. Wm. Houlihan, Thomas Corbett, Jos. Just, Michael Donahue and Joseph Maguire. The following Brothers made their Profession: Bro. Francis de Sales, Bro. Thomas of Canterbury, Brother Ephrem, Bro. Mary Joseph, Bro. Hippolytus, Bro. Michael.

The seminarians who received the habit and entered the Novitiate of the Community are as follows: Thomas Hennessy, John Gallagher, William McNamee, Michael Quinlan, Rev. A. Lepatto. Brothers: John Casserley (Bro. Mansuetus), William Bressingham (Bro. Anicetus), Frank McDermott (Bro. Maurilius), Dominic Hiett (Bro. Theodore), William Eskew (Bro. Cyril), Edward Phillips (Bro. Owen), James Lonergan (Bro. Prosper).

—THE PILGRIMAGE.—The annual pilgrimage to Notre Dame, which is looked forward to with so much anxiety, and when gone furnishes so many subjects for conversation, took place this week. Though annual, the enthusiasm is just as intense, and they are greeted with the same welcome as if each would be the last. Kalamazoo was out in full force; Mendon, Watson and Otsego were well represented. On arriving at Notre Dame the procession was formed and marched to the grotto, where the usual exercises took place, after which the people assisted at a Solemn High Mass. The Rev. President of Notre Dame preached a grand sermon on the feast of the day which was listened to with the greatest attention by all present. He welcomed the people of Kalamazoo to Notre Dame, and told them that their presence showed in what veneration they held the Mother of God. He placed Notre Dame at the pilgrims' disposal for the rest of the day, and hoped that each succeeding year would find these gatherings repeated. After Mass, Father O'Brien presented, in a few well-chosen words, a banner to the church, as a memento of the pilgrimage of '93. Father Morrissey responded, and accepted the gift in behalf of all who represented Notre Dame.

Press Tributes.

[*From the Colorado Catholic.*]

DEATH OF A NOBLE PRIEST.

Very Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., President of Notre Dame University, died in Milwaukee, on Monday last. Here in the West, where Father Walsh was beloved by thousands of former students of Notre Dame, the news of his death was startling, for it was not known that he was in other than the best of health. In the death of Father Walsh the Catholic Church in America suffers a severe loss. He was in a very eminent degree qualified for his chosen work. He was prudent, learned, gentle, wise. Human nature was a study which he had well mastered. The ease, grace and dignity of his bearing gave to him an advantage in dealing with youth which is enjoyed by few men in like positions. Father Walsh's death is indeed a loss to the whole Church in America. For many years he presided over the largest educational institution in the country. The influence of his life has been felt in other cities, but young men everywhere bless his name. Father Walsh was a truly great man, endowed with qualities that always endear the possessor to those who come in contact with them. He was in every sense a noble priest, and as such we mourn his loss. May his gentle, loving soul rest in peace!

[*The Aurora Daily Beacon.*]

A GRAND AMERICAN.

The death of the Very Rev. Thomas Edward Walsh, President of the University of Notre Dame, the greatest Catholic institution of learning in this country, removes from earthly activity one of the gentlest and noblest characters it was ever our good fortune to meet. He possessed the polished and refined attainments of the scholar, the magnificent equipoise of a skilful disciplinarian combined with the gentility and candor of a woman. He was broad-minded, brainy and brave in the championship of the Church of his adoption, and yet his private teachings and public utterances were tempered with such humility and tolerance that all Protestants loved him. His genial face and beneficent expression were a perpetual reminder of the gentle heart within. He loved the thousands of young men that came within the walls of Notre Dame, and many an incorrigible youngster that came under the mellowing influence of his gracious example went out from the University with his heart consecrated to a higher purpose.

In addition to his other splendid attributes it may be said that President Walsh was a grand American. Patriotism was almost as grand a virtue with him as the following of the Master's precepts. He never lost an opportunity to exalt the flag or extol with eloquent eulogy the heroes who fought for the Union. He loved his adopted country, and set a noble example for prelates of the Catholic Church in his sincere regard for all that was American.

We shall never forget his magnificent eulogy of General Grant, delivered in front of the court house at South Bend. On another occasion, when introducing the late James G. Blaine to a thousand students on the University campus, he stood upon the stone steps leading to the main college building, and declared that "Mr. Blaine, more than any living American, exemplified the matchless possibilities which the American Republic presented to every young man who improved his opportunities."

Cut down in the prime of his life the great University will sorely miss the quickening impulse of his dauntless courage and his liberal scholarship.

At the Fair.

THE WONDROUS DISPLAY THAT GREETS THE VISITOR IN THE CATHOLIC SECTION.

What does it mean, this glorious showing of Catholic educators? It is a history! It is a refutation of slander! It is the showing of marvellous achievement! In the thoroughness of its industrial displays, in the abundant evidences of educational progress, in every booth of this grand exhibit, it is a difficult matter to particularize. There is one display, however, that attracts universal attention.

To Americans of the Catholic Faith the University of Notre Dame should be a boast, for in it is exemplified the progress of a Church ever triumphant. The interesting exhibit made by this institution is a notable feature of the Catholic Educational section. It is an object lesson to the howling "patriot" no less than to the cultured Christian of whatever denomination. From the Catholic historical collection owned by the University many things specially interesting to Catholics are shown.

The exhibit is located in section "I" of the Catholic Educational Exhibit. It embraces relics from the time of the earlier Spanish missions down to the present. Gold and silver crosiers, jewelled mitres, embroidered albs and chasubles, pectoral crosses and rings, all go to tell the story of the faith that animated the pioneers of the Church.

There are three departments to the collection. The first comprises a large number of valuable life-size paintings, crayons, engravings, photographs, rare old daguerreotypes and miniatures from the Bishops' Memorial Hall at Notre Dame University, which was created as a national monument to the memory of bishops, priests, members of religious orders and Catholic laymen who have been most actively identified with the interests of the Church.

PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

Among the portraits exhibited are those of the

first American bishop, Most Rev. Archbishop Carroll, of Baltimore; Rev. Father Badin, first priest ordained in the United States; Very Rev. E. Sorin, Founder of Notre Dame University; Rt. Rev. M. Egan, first bishop of Philadelphia; a full length portrait of His Eminence, John Cardinal McCloskey, first American cardinal; Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding; and authentic portraits of the first bishops of all the important dioceses in the United States.

There are many portraits, also, of prominent laymen, that of Wm. J. Onahan, of Chicago, occupying a prominent place, he being one of the most tireless lay workers in the cause of Catholic truth.

The second department of the exhibit is devoted to a collection taken from the archives at Notre Dame. It represents but a small part of the contributions from the archbishops, bishops, priests and laity in all parts of the United States. There are numerous autograph letters and original documents written by prelates; bound books and pamphlets published by them, and printed volumes containing their biographies. One volume of special interest is the "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," belonging to Father Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States. Several copies of German bibles, printed before the birth of Martin Luther are also shown.

The collection of mitres, crosiers, episcopal rings, pectoral crosses, and other articles used by the early cardinals and bishops is very interesting. One article of rare value is a mitten worn by Pius IX. when giving his last blessing to his attendants while in his death agony. It was presented to Very Rev. Father Sorin by Mgr. Jacobini while it was still moist with the sweat of death. A lock of his hair is another relic of equal value in the collection.

ARCHBISHOP CARROLL'S GOLD CHALICE.

A gold chalice made in 1524 and used by Archbishop Carroll is shown with several other chalices. Among the mitres exhibited is one worn by the first bishop of Chicago. Near by is a gold-embroidered red velvet mitre worn by Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, President of the first Plenary Council. A heavily embroidered and jewelled gold cloth mitre, worn by Archbishop Spalding when he opened the second Plenary Council, is in close proximity to a white silk zachetto worn by Pope Leo XIII. Among the crosiers is one made of tortoise shell and silver, and of exquisite workmanship. It was used by the venerable Garcia of Moreno, first bishop of the Pacific Slope. Another relic of great interest is a chasuble made in 1618, used by Father Marquette when he preached to the Indians, and later by Bishop Borgess of Detroit.

LITERARY TREASURES.

The third department is from the Catholic reference library of America. This is chiefly made up of old bibles, among which is the first quarto bible and the first Catholic bible printed in the United States in 1790. The bible, owned by Mother Seton, the foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States is shown in a good state of preservation.

There is also shown a large collection of bound volumes of early Catholic newspapers, prominent amongst which is that of *The Catholic Columbian.* Though it is opened at the title page of the first number of volume I, its columes seem familiar to the Catholic sight-seer. In an exposition which commemorates so many happenings which are peculiarly Catholic the legend at the top of its page, "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith," seems eminently appropriate.

This collection includes, besides the first volumes of many Catholic papers, a number of interesting books and pamphlets of a Catholic character and bearing on Catholic events.

In the exhibit one can see the evolution of the *Pilot*, Patrick Donahoe's famous paper, in latter days made illustrious by the brilliant pen of John Boyle O'Reilly and the no less trenchant one of James Jeffrey Roche. Established as the *Jesuit* by Bishop Fenwick, in September, 1829, it continued as such to January, 1833, when the name was changed to the *Literary and Catholic Sentinel.* In 1836 the name was again changed to *The Boston Pilot*, and owing to the national character earned by the paper again changing by dropping its local stamp and becoming the *Pilot* in 1858. A veteran amongst the newspaper specimens shown is a number of the *Catholic Miscellany* of Charleston, South Carolina, published in 1822.

Many of the objects shown in this interesting collection may seem foreign to an educational exhibit, yet they will serve an object in educating any members of the A. P. A., or kindred spirits who may wander there. The sword and epaulettes worn through the Mexican and civil wars by that papist Major-General Shields will show that a monopoly of patriotism was not owned by the bigoted brotherhood in those stirring times. Another enlightener of a like kind is the vivid picture of Rev. P. P. Cooney, Chaplain-General of Indiana troops in the field, saying Mass on Easter Sunday, 1864.—*Catholic Columbian.*