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The Poet-Priest.

BY J. J. M'GRATH.

Frederick William Faber was born in 1814, in Yorkshire, England, where his family had taken refuge at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. His parents, who were persons of refinement and culture, were extremely solicitous about his education, superintending most of it themselves. While quite young he displayed great ability and superior mental powers. He was impulsive to a degree; and whatever he undertook, important or trivial, was accomplished with a zeal and determination which afterwards fully developed, and became such a striking characteristic of his later years.

That Faber was an ardent lover of the beautiful can be doubted by none who has ever read even portions of his inimitable productions. This quality was certainly heightened by the surroundings of his childhood; for, from all descriptions, the districts of Cumberland and Westmoreland are the most picturesque on the whole island. In solitude he appears to have been perfectly content; his own beautiful lines clearly portray how few his wants and how easily gratified:

"Thoughtful even then because of the excess,
Of boyhood's rich abounding happiness,
And sad when'er St. Stephen's curfew bell
Warned me to leave the spots I loved so well.

Each hazel copse, each greenly tangled bower,
Is sacred to some well-remembered hour—
Some quiet hour when Nature did her part,
And worked her spell upon my childish heart."

Previous to his entering Oxford he attended the schools of Shrewsbury and Harrow, under the tuition of Dr. Langley and the Rev. Mr. Cunningham; to the former he became very much attached, as is evident from his frequent and affectionate allusions to him in his works.

The death of Faber's mother appears to have affected him deeply; but fortunately it did not interrupt his studies, and a short time after a brilliant and successful examination enabled him to enter Oxford, where his prepossessing appearance and cheerful, engaging manner soon won for him firm and fast friends. While at this University his failing health gave great alarm to his friends; but his overmastering energy and determination prevented his succumbing. Added to the labor of many classical and scientific studies he wrote a number of poems, among them "The Chernell Water Lily," which gained for him the praise and admiration of his tutors.

Faber was early indoctrinated with Calvinistic views, all of which were imbibed from his parents; however, his natural candor and truthfulness could not allow him to be blinded to the errors of Calvinism, and he was among the first who engaged in the movement for the revival of Church principles; but their evident inconsistency led him to abjure them shortly afterwards. His extensive correspondence at this time affords an excellent means of judging his motives and incentives. The year 1835 saw him elected to a scholarship of University College, and he immediately devoted himself to profound study, though his letters show he was extremely diffident of success. His study was interrupted by his competition for the Newdigate prize poem. His "Knights of St. John" won the reward while he was spending

some months in the country recruiting his shattered energies. After abjuring the views of Calvin as inconsistent, he became a zealous partisan of Anglican principles, and from this period he eagerly anticipated the time when he could be ordained minister of the Church of England. In 1837 he became acquainted with Mr. Newman, who afterwards exercised such a weighty influence upon his religious views; and during a vacation he contracted a friendship with the poet Wordsworth, of whose writings he had early been a profound admirer.

Shortly after this Faber spent some months upon the Continent, during which time his doctrinal opinions underwent a marked change. Upon his return he accepted the Rectory of Eton, and when he announced the fact to Wordsworth, the latter replied: "I do not say that you are wrong, but England loses a poet." Before entering upon the arduous duties of this position he determined to visit Rome; and while there he learned the Italian language and inquired minutely into the teachings of the Catholic Church; this inquiry led to doubt and anxiety to such an extent as to endanger his physical strength. These doubts he attempted to ignore; but upon his return to Eton his strong attachment for the doctrines of the Church rendered his position almost unendurable. An extract from one of his letters to the Rev. J. H. Newman manifests the state of his feelings:

"I seem to grow more Roman daily, and almost to write from out the bosom of the Roman Church instead of where I am. I suppose I am not going on as I ought to do; for our system seems more and more to enervate me, and I sometimes get a glimpse of a state of mind which would view my position as a parish priest as that of a man telling a lie to the people."

It was while these struggles were taking place within him that his "Life of St. Wilfred" appeared and created quite a sensation in Anglican circles. No one can read it without being astonished that other than a Catholic could have expressed such sentiments. The publication of this work was the occasion of an interesting correspondence between him and Bishop Wareing. Later on in the same year he left Eton and was received into the Catholic Church at Northampton, and soon after he visited Rome where he was kindly received by Pope Gregory XVI.

His stay in the Eternal City was limited on account of the anxiety which he felt for the welfare of his little monastery in Birmingham. On his return he undertook to place the brothers under approved rule—an effort which met with

ready co-operation. He himself gave the example, and from that time until he was ordained priest he was known simply as Brother Wilfred. Shortly after, Father Faber and his little community joined the Oratory, then under the direction of Father Newman. The following year saw him elected Superior in Father Newman's place; but, much to the disappointment of all, his health failed, and his medical advisers insisted on a change of climate which occasioned his third trip to Italy. For ten years after this his zeal in the performance of arduous duties gained the admiration of his whole community; his delicate constitution, however, was not able to sustain such a burden, and in 1863 he was called to enjoy the fruit of his labors. The *Dublin Review* says:

"We know of no man who has done more to make the men of his day love God and aspire to a higher path of interior life, and we know of no man who so nearly represents to us the life and teachings of St. Bernard in the tenderness and beauty with which he has surrounded those names so dear to every true Christian."

The feast of Corpus Christi 1855 was the time which Father Faber selected for commencing his "Blessed Sacrament; or, the Works and Ways of God"; the series to which it belongs began with "All for Jesus," and was completed by the publication of "Bethlehem." It is divided into four books: the first treating of the Blessed Eucharist as the greatest work of God, the second the devotion of Catholics, the third a picture of God, the fourth a picture of Jesus. It contains, together with a vast amount of learning and profound research, some of the finest passages ever written by the author. It would be almost impossible to select extracts from this admirable work on account of the difficulty encountered in the attempt to pronounce one passage superior to another. Every sentence is fraught with a significance born of faith. Every expression is equally attractive to the imagination and compatible with sound principle.

Faber's eye was practised to read the hearts of men, as his clear portrayal of their different characteristics evinces; and though he was on the one hand flattered by bursts of enthusiastic admiration, on the other he was obliged to encounter and contend against the fierce hostility of those who were enemies to the doctrines he inculcated. However, no opinion of men was able to mar the sweet simplicity of his style, or affect his tranquillity of mind. Father Faber's object in writing the work under consideration was, as he himself says, to excite

devotion, reverence and love for the greatest gift of God, and from his labors has been reaped a plentiful harvest of fruit. In this work are displayed a vigorous power and an active and versatile genius.

Under a simple yet eloquent passage there are often contained sound principles of dogmatic theology. The following is a selection from his prologue entitled "Triumph."

"The whole theology of the grand dogma of the Eucharist is nothing less than angelic music made audible to mortal ears; and when our souls are attuned to it, we shall better understand the sweet secrets which it reveals to our delighted minds."

The natural truthfulness of the author shines out in every passage of his writings, and captivates the admiration of those even who are prejudiced against him. To sum up the characteristics of his style we may say it is simple, yet touchingly eloquent; powerful and vigorous, without even the shadow of bombast; and many passages of his works, bearing all the appearances of having been written with ease and carelessness, upon investigation, show that they bear the impress of deep study in the noble mind of which they are the emanations.

The Destructive Power of Rain.

"Year chases year, decay pursues decay."

The history of the earth as unveiled by geologists relates a continual series of struggles and decays. Fossils found deep in the ground tell of many whole classes of animals and plants that were unable to combat successfully their numerous enemies, and that after long struggles for life became extinct. The pyramids and obelisks of Egypt and the mounds of America are the works of peoples that no longer exist. All ancient history is replete with the successive rise and downfall of different nations. At the present time, when there are so many obstacles to surmount, it is surprising how any nation, or even a single individual, of the animal or vegetable kingdoms reaches maturity in an uncrippled condition. Our nation now seems to be well on its way to a lofty position among the powers of earth; but who will deny that it has overcome great difficulties? Every man has to be on the alert. The sad results of shipwrecks, railroad disasters, the terrible destruction by storm and flood, and the ravages of disease constantly warn us to be vigilant, and to take every precaution for our welfare.

In the material world, besides other contests, there is the more important one between land and its great enemy, water. Water works its destruction in three ways: First, by the ocean's waves beating against the coast lines of a continent; second, moisture falling upon the land either soaks into the ground and takes up all the solubles it can hold in solution, or, thirdly, it flows upon the surface, sweeping along sand, mud and rocks.

Rain originates from a process of distillation, which takes place in nature on an immense scale. The sun is the glowing furnace, seas and lakes are the enormous boiler, the cold upper regions of the atmosphere do the work of a condenser, and the earth is the receptacle. Snow, which is merely frozen rain, is formed by the same process, except that the condenser in this case acts more powerfully. So, wonderful as it may seem, the sun's heat is the source of all the snow as well as of all the rain that falls. At first one might think that not much force is necessary for this process; but the expenditure of energy in producing the annual rainfall of a country is enormous. Tyndall gives a striking illustration of this fact. He says:

"I have seen the wild stone-avalanches of the Alps, which smoke and thunder down the declivities with a vehemence almost sufficient to stun the observer. I have also seen snowflakes descending so softly as not to hurt the fragile spangles of which they were composed: yet to produce from aqueous vapor a quantity which a child could carry off that tender material demands an exertion of energy competent to gather up the shattered blocks of the largest stone-avalanche I have ever seen and pitch them to twice the height from which they fell."

Water in itself has no power to destroy the land except by dissolving the soluble parts. If the sun's heat were checked all the water would collect in the ocean. But under the action of the sun water is transformed into the state of vapor which, being lighter than air, rises high above the sea and is carried by air currents over the land. When the vapor is condensed and falls upon the land, it occupies a position more or less above the sea-level, and possesses what is called potential energy in the giving up of which it is able to perform work.

Who has not immediately after a heavy shower noticed the miniature river beds worn in the ground by little rivulets, their narrow channels being deeper in proportion to the amount of water and slope of the ground? On level ground the rain stands in pools or soaks in; but in a hilly country the rain collects into swift rivulets which wash out channels and carry along considerable quantities of sand

and mud, until they all unite to form a larger rivulet, and together they flow on with an increased force of current. Soon this rivulet, being joined from both sides by other rills, grows to the size of a brook, the brook becomes a creek, and finally as the stream draws nearer the sea it reaches the magnitude of a great river whose seething current, yellow with mud, rushes along with a force which no human power can check, until it meets the ocean where it deposits its immense burden of mud forming a delta. Although the river in this way adds to the extent of a continent, yet it decreases the average height of the land above the sea level.

The losses occasioned by floods in the Mississippi valley are widely known, and for protection the Government has hemmed in by levees the lower river; yet every spring comes the news of the ruin wrought by a crevasse, when the increased impetus given its current, by the melting snow in the mountains, two or three thousand miles distant, where its tributaries rise, causes it to burst through its artificial limits and spread destruction far and wide.

The mighty current of the Amazon sweeps along through dense forests, and uproots from its banks numerous trees which make the river appear as if it were transporting to the sea a floating forest. The deep gorge in the Niagara river shows in a remarkable manner the corroding power of water. In a still more wonderful manner has the Colorado River, like a giant sculptor, chiselled out of rock a Grand Cañon four hundred miles long and in places five and even six thousand feet deep.

Moisture, which falls upon lofty plateaux and mountains, is usually in the form of snow. In the snow fields of elevated regions great rivers of ice called glaciers have their origin. A glacier moves slowly down a mountain side, wearing away projections and scooping out depressions, and carries the moraines upon its surface far down below the snow line, until it melts, and then it transfers its burden of mud and rocks to the river which gushes forth from under the melting ice.

Caverns result from the power of water to hold certain minerals in solution. Rain soaks into the ground, dissolves all it can hold of the soluble material and issues forth as a mineral spring, then flows on to the sea. In the process of evaporation the soluble material is left behind in the sea, and the rain on returning is free to dissolve a new quantity of the minerals, thus extending the dimensions of the cave.

As the excavation goes on, the ground above the cave becomes less and less solid, and finally sinks through and fills up the cavern.

Evidently the effect of rain is to tear down the mountains and bring the surface of all continents down to the level of the sea. A rain drop pattering on a window is suggestive of nothing powerful, and the structure of a snow flake is more delicate than any work of art; yet when rain drops are accumulated into a mighty river, or when snowflakes are amassed into a glacier or avalanche, their force is sufficient to overwhelm the strongest works of man.

One who has spent his life on a level country remote from the sea, the mountains, or a great river, may think that water has little effect in shaping the coast lines and contour of a continent. But the mountaineer, who has experienced the irresistible force of the glacier, or rushing mountain torrent, or the seaman, who knows the tremendous power of the waves when the ocean is lashed into fury by a storm, does not doubt that water is the most potent factor in designing the form of a continent.

If the solid part of the earth were made perfectly spherical by rain there is water enough to cover the whole sphere to a depth of eight feet. We can now understand the remark of Sir John Herschel, who said that, provided there were no counteracting forces, "had the primeval world been constructed as it now exists, time enough has elapsed and force sufficient directed to that end has been in activity to have long ago destroyed every vestige of land."

C. DECHANT.

The Books that have Helped us.*

A SYMPOSIUM.

The reading of any book always has some influence on the mind, whether it be for good or evil. The tendency of the mind after reading a book which is true to nature is for the better; while after reading an author who describes character as he sees it through his imagination, the reader, to a certain extent, is drawn from his usual mode of life to that which is unreal. In consideration of these facts one should always be careful in selecting books, and should guard in particular against those relating to wild adventures and much of the trash sold at book stands.

The first books I have any remembrance of reading are "Robinson Crusoe," Andersen's

* These opinions were written in a half hour's time in the class-room.

"Fairy Tales," and the like. I cannot say that they exercised much influence over me; but I think they were stepping-stones to higher literature, and also placed more words at my command. "The Sketch Book," by Irving, is the first book which, I think, had any real influence on my writing. I began by reading "Rip Van Winkle," and did not lay the book aside until I had read almost every line it contained. By observing attentively how fully each thought is expressed in a sentence, and the way in which the sentences are balanced, I think I improved my own style. The "Martyrs of the Coliseum" is a book which has more of a tendency to lead one to higher Christian principles than to influence the style because of the interest which one takes in the narrative. "Pilgrim's Progress" is a book which I read several years ago, but which I think a great deal of on account of the simple manner in which the author describes events. Another book which will repay the reader for the time spent in its perusal is "The Gentleman," as it shows its reader many ways of escaping from "mouse traps" into which one sometimes is liable to fall.

ARTHUR HUDSON.

I have read many books; but those that have helped me most have been my text-books; because by a careful study of them my mind was broadened and my store of ideas was enlarged. As reading is a means by which one can judge one's own ideas, and as text-books are a means of gaining ideas, I would, beyond any doubt, consider them as having been most beneficial to me, both as a pleasure and a necessity. I say a pleasure, because I could wish for no better companionship than good books. For a book of pleasure, I would choose the novel, and such short stories as are written by Hawthorne, Howells, Aldrich and other such writers. The novels that have impressed me most are "Ben Hur" and "Dion and the Sibyls"; for they are instructive on account of their being Christian novels, and they are really interesting history that cannot be learned from other sources. As for poetry, I would consider Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" the most beneficial, because it requires thought to discover the meaning, and there is a delight in so doing which imparts a taste for reading poems.

JAMES BARRET.

Among the first books which I ever read I remember "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Swiss Family Robinson." I remember these more especially, because they are written in most pure language, and their style is so simple that it captivates every youthful reader. The works of Miss Louise May Alcott I thought were divine. I read every one of them with such zeal and interest that I thought I could read her

books forever. I think that everyone who reads them becomes more civilized and polite. For humor, I turned to Mark Twain, and I may say that in him I found that which I desired. His "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" are so absurd that no youth, no matter what his age might be, would be led astray by following the examples of these two young heroes. I next remember reading two works of Mrs. E. D. Southworth: "Ishmael; or, Out of the Depths," and "Ishmael; or, Self-Made," which at that time I thought to be ideal books. I then turned to Charles Dickens, and read most of his works. I do not think that my time could have been better spent. One of the greatest books I have ever read is "Dion and the Sibyls." Although I am not a Catholic, I was deeply interested in Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," and I never spent more pleasant hours than while reading it.

W. N. GROFF.

Written in a clear, simple style, which has greatly increased its popularity and instructiveness, Gerald Keon's "Dion and the Sibyls" now ranks among the classics of English literature—a literature that has surpassed all others, even the ancient Greek and the musical Italian, in the grandeur of its epics, the sweetness of its lyrics, the realism of its dramas, and the startling conceptions and daring executions of its novels. A classic amidst books of such a reputed language may well be compared to the "Pierian Spring" from which are drawn wisdom and learning; for it contains on every page something instructive. Aye, in every line there is a harvest to be gathered, rich fruit to be plucked.

In a most attractive style—a style that would give its possessor a rank with Goldsmith and Scott—Gerald Keon tells the story of Paulus Lepidus Æmilius, describes the court of Tiberius, explains the customs of his court, and, with impartial exactness, delineates the various social ranks of that period. Before I read "Dion and the Sibyls," I had only an outlined conception of one of the most interesting of all historical periods; but when I had read it—which I did at the earnest recommendation of an old friend—what before had been a bulky, indistinct image, with murky outlines, became a beautiful statue polished and clear-cut. The scales fell from my eyes; and then, and not till then, did I understand and form a true appreciation of the mighty social inequalities which were eventually the destruction of the Roman Empire.

H. MITCHELL.

As I have not read many books, except text-books, it ought not to be difficult to distinguish the ones which have been in any way beneficial to me, whether to broaden my mind, improve my imagination, or lead into deep subjects which require thought. The books that

broadened my mind were, of course, text-books; and the ones that improved my imagination were novels,—not the five and ten-cent trash which are to be found on every news-stand. The one book that I liked better than anything else I ever read was "Robinson Crusoe." It fired my imagination, and made an impression that no other book has done so far. The next book I hold as most beneficial is "The Swiss Family Robinson," which is somewhat like "Crusoe."

Captain Maryatt's sea-stories attracted my attention, and gave me some ideas of sea life on board men-of-war. I always liked books that could picture to me objects of life just as we see them—things that are possible. I don't like to pick up a book and read about things that are unnaturally exaggerated. Give me what is purely realistic with a bit of humor in it; for instance, one of Howells' farces. After this year I mean to start and read as many good books as I can.

J. L. TONG.

There have probably been very few men that could not look back upon their past lives, and see standing out in bold relief the outlines of a book which had greatly benefited them. Some books helped him perhaps in a material way, others in a spiritual; while others may have been the beacon light that reached him when floundering in the quagmire of despair, and enabled him to come out upon the road to success. There can be no doubt of the highly beneficial results of some books. Some books have been the agencies that have changed the whole course of a man's life, and exerted a mighty influence whether for good or evil. St. Ignatius, who afterwards founded the Society of Jesus, was converted after reading "The Lives of the Saints." And in many other similar cases a desire to imitate, or rather to excel, the characters depicted in the book has led to the most gratifying results.

I cannot at present call to mind any particular book that has benefited me to a great degree. One of the first books that I ever read was that dear, delightful book entitled "Robinson Crusoe." I was often tempted to cry at the mishaps of Robinson and his man Friday; but after a little deliberation I refrained; and while I admired the ingenuity of the man in faring as he did on such a barren island, yet there was no desire in my breast for an opportunity in which I too might do as he did. Still it showed me that where there is a will there is a way; and that what at first appears hopeless need not continue so, if a man is willing to do his part and leave the rest to Providence. That is the lesson conveyed to me by the reading of "Robinson Crusoe." I did not heed the lesson to any great extent, I fear; for in a number of less hopeless cases I shirked my part, and left it all to the goodness of Providence.

I cannot remember anything else in the realm of fiction which has benefited me, except one or two dime novels which showed me that the noble red man of the forest was not as he had been painted; and that to put too much faith in the musings of the poets is to be reposing trust in a rather uncertain quantity. The reading of a text-book on botany has been to me a source of the greatest pleasure. It seems to me that all the beauty and symmetry of the flowers and vegetation which God has placed on earth is lost on one who has not studied botany. Chemistry also has greatly interested me, but not in such a degree as has the work of God as seen in vegetation.

J. COOKE.

Among the books which have aided me in life, it is hardly necessary to mention the numerous text-books which every boy that receives an education must, of necessity, read. These are books which are read, as it were, from the time when we scarcely knew how to read; and it is an understood thing that they aided us very much in the building up of our education. But of this class of books I will not speak, as all of them, with the exception, probably, of the algebra, have aided materially in giving me what knowledge I have acquired thus far in life. Excepting books of the class just mentioned, one of the first books which I read was "Robinson Crusoe," and the knowledge which I acquired in the reading of that book is as great as the interest I experienced in pouring over its pages. I have read that the book that makes one think is a book fit to be read. By reading "Robinson Crusoe" one can almost picture to himself the various scenes as they are described in the book. The plot of the story is insignificant, and the writer who can hold the reader's interest in such a large book as that and at the same time have such a commonplace plot, is surely not to be despised. Another book which aided me very much, while I was yet very young, was Andersen's "Fairy Tales." In this book the imagination is brought into active play; and, being of intense interest to most young readers, it is a book which one can read for hours and yet not tire of.

RICHARD D. SLEVIN.

My recollections of the first books I read are somewhat meagre at this writing; but there is one book that remains indelibly written on my mind, "The Chatterbox." In that book we find all that is prized by youths, while the descriptions of various countries and peoples are truly entertaining to even older persons. Well can I remember the days when the Christmas holidays were drawing near and I was to receive my annual "Chatterbox." Short stories of adventure and of travel, anecdotes of men renowned in our nation's history, all were contained in this annual 10 x 16 volume of

prizes for the Kindergarten. Even now when casually glancing over the well-thumbed pages I can find real pleasure. Another book that is usually valued highly by boys is "Robinson Crusoe." It was the first story of adventure that I read; and while I cannot say that it proved to be of any real value to me, yet it amused me and gave an insight into the ways of *one* man of the world. It seems to me that young boys adore the man of nerve and muscle rather than the man of intellectual development; and a story of adventure is eagerly grasped by our average American youth, while the young representatives of the opposite sex can appreciate only Miss Alcott's charming stories. In the later years of my life I think that some of George Elliot's works have helped me, enlarging my storehouse with descriptions of representative characters and paving the way for higher thoughts. In "Adam Bede" we have a character that deserves more than passing attention. "Hetty" is one of the finest characters in any English novel in my opinion, and I doubt if any writer of English literature has created anything that equals it. I have derived a large amount of knowledge from the reading of "Adam Bede"; many thoughts have entered into my mind which were suggested by George Elliot. A deeper insight into human nature and a strong sympathy for the victims of misplaced confidence are the results of being deeply interested in the English Positivist's works. It has been my fortune to care very little for the "soul-stirring" productions in poetry.

F. W. DAVIS.

There is, I feel safe in saying, no book—not immoral—but has some good in it, and from which good may not be derived. When one reads, no matter what, one will be benefited just in proportion to the attention given to the book. I once read a novel—a common, "once-a-week" novel—from which I learned modes of expression that I could never have done without; in fact, I marked passages in this book and carried it with me until I became familiar with them. This taught me that I could also find them in other and better books, and consequently began reading good books. However, of all the books that have influenced me I hold J. G. Holland's "Katherina" the highest. This book, which was given me to read after the death of my mother, at a time when I was in much the same condition of mind as was Paul in "Katherina," gave me more consolation, restored my peace of mind, and brought me to a better understanding of the infinite mercy and will of God than anything else could have done.

F. W. ESGEN.

My taste for books when at the age of thirteen was for those of war and of boys who were poor, and who by doing something heroic afterwards became bankers. I dare say that

they helped me; for a great many, as the war books, give some knowledge of some of the causes of war, how they were won; and also aided me greatly in the study of the history of my own country. At present I read but very few books; but those which are most beneficial to me now as well as in the future are "Grey's Anatomy," and another called "Flint's Physiology." They are, it is true, text-books; but nevertheless they contain a great deal of matter which every man should know something of. The reading matter is as interesting to me as a picture book is to a child. Had every man a knowledge of at least one-thousandth part of what is contained in these books they would know how they live, which, I dare say, but very few know.

I have read the works of some of the greatest poets, and have derived from them some knowledge of the beauties of nature, which, I confess, I would not take notice of now, had it not been for some of the poems of these poets. By reading "Les Miserables" I received a certain amount of knowledge of the history of France. "Evangeline," one of Longfellow's best poems, was also a pleasure for me to read. I must admit that I read a great many cheap novels; but as to receiving any benefit from them, I confess I did not. I have travelled through Europe, travelled all over the world, in fact, not in person but in mind, and this is due to Twain's "Travels"; and indeed I do not regret having read them, as the time thus spent was not thrown away. I have read the history of the Catholic Church, the history of France, United States, England Modern and Ancient. I have read several books on mythology—of which I have but a slight knowledge. These are works which I read in school, and one or two of which I read during my summer vacations.

E. SCHAACK.

The bent of a man's mind, more or less, determines his after-life. It has been sententiously remarked that "the boy is father to the man," likewise that "as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined." Of course we cannot lose sight of that oft-quoted but nevertheless, reliable saying: "Tell me your companions and I will tell you what you are." If we sift this down to its very fountain head; if we trace the influences which have led the young man to choose his companions, be they good or evil, we will invariably find that literature has played an important part.

"Our acts our angels are, either good or ill;
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

Now as to the books which have helped me individually, I will consider two points: 1st the religious, and 2d the literary point of view. In considering the religious point of view, I am frank enough in saying that whatever degree of fervor, be it small or great, I have shown in

my college career; *that* fervor is attributable to two things: namely, the catechism and the "Following of Christ." It has been remarked that no man can read the "Following of Christ" and not find something therein which will suit his own peculiar wants or state of mind.

Another book which has done much to foster a spirit of religion is—"Life Stories of Dying Penitents." This is an admirable book for those who have fallen by the wayside, or are groveling in the mire of despondency. The "Lives of the Saints" also have been perused by me, and I hope with benefit, and certainly with pride in the glory and steadfast adherence of the martyrs to the religious tenets of the Church. Modesty forbids me dealing at length on this portion of the subject lest I might become like the Publican.

From a literary point of view, the books which have influenced me and given me whatever style I may have, are in the main first-class novels. Light literature, such as dime Novels, or "penny dreadfuls," have never had any attraction or fascination for me. My object through my studies has been to so conduct myself that I may deserve the appellation of "gentleman." "The atrocious crime of being a young man, I shall neither attempt to palliate, nor deny."

"Reading maketh a full man," and "writing an exact man." I have ever been mindful of these two facts, and have read books with these two objects in view,—that of fulness and that of exactness."

The works of Dickens always had a charm for me, and their lustre never grows dim. "Little Nell"—patient little Nell—would there was reality instead of pen-portrayal! There is much to be learned from Dickens' novels. There is felicity of expression, pathos and humor. Then comes that philosopher, Shakspeare, the immortal Bard of Avon! Who has not heard of him? Have you not read "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," "Cymbelline" and "Macbeth?" Such words of wisdom fall from the lips of that sage.

Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge the wings wherewith we fly to heaven. Of the poets who have influenced me I acknowledge indebtedness to Tennyson, Moore and Longfellow. There is a charm about Moore's poetry on Ireland which has always pleased me. Tennyson also teaches the young idea how to shoot. But Longfellow, who did not live long enough, is my poet of poets. He had "that divine spark," and climbed the heights of Parnassus. He is a poet of the people, and he loved the people; he loved nature and nature's poor.

W. J. MCGARRY.

Every book we read, or discourse we hear, makes some impression on our mind; it may be good or bad. Books, above all, are the greatest source of knowledge and the great

promoters of culture and refinement. Among the many books one reads, there are a few that have made lasting impressions, and, no doubt, formed certain traits of one's character, and often character itself.

The first books from which I derived great benefit were the school readers. Here we read short biographies of great men, bits of our country's history, and were taught our first lesson of how to appreciate the beautiful thoughts of great minds. Another text-book which must not be forgotten, one from which I learned the right and wrong, the noble and the wicked; one which taught me the ways of our religion, was the catechism. Among the more elaborate books Blackmoor's "Lorna Doone" benefited me. Every boy can learn one good lesson from this novel, which clearly shows the beauty and advantages of obedience to his mother. Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice" is one that must be mentioned; for the reason that one at once sees how great thoughts can be expressed.

F. E. EYANSON.

Minims' Address to Very Rev. Father General.

Saint Edward's bright Princes, ah! when did they fail
With rare joy, dear Father, your feast-day to hail?
The Feast of the Founder of great Notre Dame,
Whose worth in all estimates bears off the palm!
The dawn that for fifty-one years has elated
The youth here assembled, with mirth unabated;
The Feast-Day—(we count this the prime point of all)
Of the Patron you gave to our Saint Edward's Hall!

A most happy feast may this prove, as of yore,
Dear Father, and God send you full many more;
Your vigor refreshed as the seasons revolve,
Till problems of enterprise, each one you solve;
The monuments holy your genius has planted
Still rising to grace and to bless our broad land!
"The World's Fair Annex" (Notre Dame's golden name)
Still peerless, unmatched, in Faith's temple of fame!

As the dove shrouds her pinions, down flying to earth,
Thus, Father, grief shadows the light of our mirth.
At a moment like this, not one here can forget
A fresh mound, flower-laden, with warm tears still wet;
A Presence serene, one "in whom was no guile";
Our lips need not name him. All miss his kind smile,
His eloquent voice, which but twelve months ago,
Set grateful hearts throbbing, young faces aglow.

Father Walsh! With that name loving thrills of emotion
Respond to the fame of his life-long devotion
To science, religion, and manly sobriety,
Those bulwarks of virtue; those bonds of society.
What do we not owe to his steadfast control
Of forces that strengthen and lift up the soul;
His skill to persuade, to exalt, and to lead
The quick hearts of youth in this time of their need,

When habits are forming, when evils allure,
And probity, heaven-born, alone keeps them pure?
Just one year ago! then, how proudly he told
The Notre Dame Jubilee record of Gold
Of your fifty years past in love's labor for God,
In spreading the knowledge of Faith far abroad;
Told the honor he felt it—the thought adds to grief—
"To labor and under so noble a chief."

"To be joined in maturing the glorious plan
Of one like you, Father, a God-chosen man,
Whose aim, first and last, is to stem the foul tide
Of cold Godless morals, now spread far and wide."
Ah, dear Father Walsh! in the city above,
He still aids our progress, he still heeds our love;
His prayers will avail us. The land that he graced
Will let not his impress of truth be effaced.

He still dwells among us. Our Notre Dame still
By him shall be guided; her sons work his will;
And the youth here assembled still stand forth united
In manly sobriety. Hopes so long blighted
Shall once more bloom fresh in the homes of our nation,
And the "Faith of our Fathers" restore consolation.
Father Walsh! what a fortune exalted and ample
Hast thou left Notre Dame in thy golden example!

Beloved Father Granger! a twin-soul from France,
Who watched Notre Dame, its bud, growth, and advance.
He, too, robed in merits—Faith's star-broidered cope—
Prays for you to Our Lady, "our life and our hope."
How touchingly thoughts of this loved, sainted priest
Recur, our dear Father, on St. Edward's Feast!
And we own that what humanly men count as loss,
In God's sight is gain to bereaved Holy Cross.

Hence the gloom is dispelled; peace, joy, light descend;
The air we inhale and heaven's atmosphere blend,
Your time-honored festival takes the rich tone
Of glad exultation it always has known,
And Notre Dame shows by divine condescension,
Than the "Congress of Creeds" a much broader extension;
That of Truth undivided! The world's celebration
Of Columbia's birth is Faith's grand coronation.

The great Genoese had but opened the way;
His bright dreams were phantoms to scenes of to-day;
Yet, if he looks down on the wonders Time wrought—
Returns that his patience, prayer, genius have brought—
If these give him joy for the glory achieved,
So far beyond aught he had hoped or believed,
So you may, dear Father, rejoice as you view
Your labors for God since eighteen forty-two.

Had you seen last month's pictures in happy advance
The morn you first started, dear Father, from France,
Been told of the change fifty-three years would show,
Doubts would have been likely their shadows to throw.
We need not retouch the bright tints of these scenes,
Your fond memory stores them on wonderful screens.
Monsignor Satolli, his each grand attendant
Made the place on that day supremely resplendent.

Yet 'twas one scene of many as gracious and fair,
For beauty and dignity dwell in the air.
Meek angels of gratitude guard every dell,
They speak in the boom of the resonant bell;
They breathe in the fresh air that glides o'er the lake;
They guard us at eve and at happy day break;
They have brought you health, Father, thanksgiving,
rare joy,
And making full happy each Saint Edward's boy.

Your kindness, dear Father, brings more than delight,
Your presence alone seems to make all things right.
To feel your approval gives life to the place,
Since thereby we please Notre Dame full of grace.
The Congress of Scholars, you no doubt remember,
Closed with the "Te Deum" in brilliant September.
Our souls would now echo that heart-thrilling chorus
In thanks for the grace which your life spreads before us.

A most happy feast may this prove as of yore,
Dear Father, and God send you full many more!

Reading.

In the breast of everyone in every age, the craving for the universal and infinite, the desire of ideal and perfect things, is deeply imprinted; but our constant longing for happiness is partially satisfied by the sublime instincts of the mind. The Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P., in his valuable book, entitled "Why, When, How and What We Ought to Read," says: "The question why we ought to read is fundamental, natural. We ourselves are its answer; and if we desire to put into words the feelings that spring from our being, we may repeat the cry of David, when, in the rapture of his admiration for man he exclaimed: 'Thou hast made him, O God, a little less than the angels.' From the dignity of man, from his spirituality, from his soul stamped with the divine likeness, with its rich endowments of will, memory and understanding and its most rich supernatural gifts of faith, hope and charity, we seek the full answer to the question."

By reading we break the chains that bind us down to ignorance; we unloosen the shackles of materiality and live a higher, intellectual and spiritual life. We are transported from one age and nation to another; we hold converse with the wisest and most refined; we sit in judgment with kings, laugh at the wit of their merry jesters and listen with unbounded admiration to the music of their bards.

In the work already named, Father O'Neil shows us that a good book brings us closer to God and perfects our intellect; that it raises us above the unlearned, infuses new life and greatness into everything around us. He classes and chooses them as friends that we cannot provoke into anger, nor charge their moods. And he quotes the "Vicar of Wakefield," who, in his own philosophic way, gives a strong motive for reading. "If, he declares, we may say that books will not bring us to enjoy life they will, at least, teach us to endure it." He tells us that richest and happiest is he who loves and possesses good books. Their splendid opportunities, of which we may all avail ourselves, are the birthright of every man. We are ever to be on our guard against the misuse of books,—avoid anything that may lead to the debilitating waste of the brain in aimless, spiritless reading, the poisonous inhalation of mere literary garbage and corrupted men's hurtful thoughts.



NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

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

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

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—Notre Dame is always proud to hear of the success of her adopted children. Especially is she glad to hear that they have taken their place as leaders in the march of thought; because in their good deeds and wise counsels she sees mirrored the best results of Catholic college training. It is therefore with peculiar pleasure that we note certain late utterances of the *Industrial Union*, of Montrose, Colo., a journal owned and edited by Mr. J. E. Berry, of the Class of '91. The *Union*, by reason of its careful and intelligent management, has already attained a leading place among the newspapers of Colorado. In a late issue of that paper Mr. Berry takes occasion to administer a merciless castigation to the self-styled patriots, usually designated by the unsavory initials "A. P. A." He plainly states that the support of his paper will be withdrawn from any candidate known to belong to such organizations and his bitter denunciation of their aims and methods has that force that always goes with honest conviction fearlessly expressed. We congratulate Mr. Berry upon this courageous policy, and upon the success which, it is evident, attends his editorial labors.

St. Edward's Day.

Yesterday (Friday), the name-day of the venerable Founder of Notre Dame, was the occasion of general rejoicing to our little college world. Among all the holidays of the scholastic year there is none nearer and dearer to the friends and students of Notre Dame than the festival of St. Edward. On that day many hearts, not alone here but in thousands of places throughout the world, breathe forth fervent prayers for the continuance of a ministry which has already accomplished more for the good of religion and the benefit of humanity than ordinarily falls to the lot of man. And for the inmates of this privileged spot, words fail to fittingly describe the feelings of joy which animate every soul at the presence of their venerable Father who, at the patriarchal age of three-score and ten, still lives among us and is permitted in the beneficent designs of Divine Providence to see a portion of the fruit of his labors.

Fifty years and more have passed since he landed on these far western shores from his native France, where he had left home and friends and ease to carry the Cross and spread the Gospel-tidings of peace to men of good will. During that long period he has been mainly instrumental, not only in rearing the material edifices that now lift their heads in proud consciousness of their glory and grandeur, and the number of youth who absorb learning and wisdom beneath their roofs, but also he has given that impulse which is yearly adding to the stability and prestige of the noble institution, so justly styled "The Pride of the West."

How vast have been the results from that simple work inaugurated in that cold November month of 1842! What a bright page in the history of our country may be formed by the narrative of the zeal and labors of the young missionary priest and his devoted band of religious of the Holy Cross in the primitive wilds of Indiana during their many years of pioneer toil and privation and the glorious monument they leave behind them. The noble work, under the maternal care of the Queen of Heaven, to whom, from the very beginning, it has been consecrated, has been signally blessed by Providence, and the venerable Founder lives to see its success.

Now in this golden jubilee year of its existence as a chartered University, Father Sorin beholds his Notre Dame, whose first stones he

laid and whose course he has ever since directed, in all the glory and greatness of its magnificent buildings, its crowded halls and its fame spread far and wide. May he be long spared to his devoted children and co-laborers!

And thus the Community, Faculty and students assembled yesterday to pay their tributes of respect to the Very Rev. Father General whom they all love and admire. Very fittingly the exercises of the day were inaugurated by

sang a beautiful Mass very appropriate to the solemnity. The splendid statue of St. Edward in the sanctuary was surrounded with rich floral offerings, and so brilliantly illuminated that it formed in the eyes of the beholder an image of the brightness which surrounds the throne of the glorious Confessor in his celestial abode.

At half-past nine o'clock the members of the Faculty assembled in the parlors of the Presbytery and through their spokesman Prof.



VERY REV. EDWARD SORIN.

Founder of Notre Dame, and Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

the offering of the Holy Sacrifice in thanksgiving and invocation to the Throne of Grace for the continued protection and preservation of the venerable Founder of Notre Dame. At eight o'clock a. m. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Provincial Corby, assisted by Fathers Spillard and Franciscus as deacon and subdeacon. The college choir

John G. Ewing, presented their congratulations to the Very Rev. Father General.

Owing to an illness of the preceding few days, the venerable Superior was too indisposed to attend the reception that had been prepared for him in the college building. But he was happily convalescent and able to receive in his rooms the representatives of the students

and a number of visitors. Formal addresses were not read; but Messrs. Carney, on behalf of Sorin and Brownson Halls, and J. O'Neill for Carroll Hall presented brief congratulations, which had been elegantly embossed on tinted paper and beautifully ornamented. Mr. Carney's address was as follows:

"VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

"It is, indeed, with pleasure that the students of the University gather around you to-day. We feel it a privilege and an honor to have you with us. We are all so sure of your interest, your friendly kindness and fatherly love that your presence here this morning only serves to quicken our affection and esteem. Mere words are inadequate to express our admiration of your life's work. But who deserves well needs not another's praise; and certainly your deeds speak for themselves. They tell us that we owe you much; they command our gratitude.

"Then, Father, is it strange that this your feast-day should arouse in our souls such tender feelings, when we consider that the many advantages we are now enjoying at Notre Dame are but the fruits of your years of sacrifice and patient toil? You have reared for us an institution where men are developed both in their moral and in their intellectual faculties, and where youth is taught the love of knowledge, of country and of God. You have given us as your life's work our *Alma Mater*, the home of all that is noble and true. And what more could be done for us?

"The honoring of great and saintly men is a privileged duty Christians love to perform. It is a thrice happy privilege for us this morning to assure you of our gratitude.

"Read in the faces around you, venerable Father, the feelings of respect and love to which words cannot give expression. Read from our presence here to-day that we wish you a happy feast, praying God that He may give you for many years to come health, peace and happiness."

Mr. O'Neill had the following:

"VERY REV. AND BELOVED FATHER GENERAL:

"On each recurring 13th of October we are reminded of one whose life is intimately blended with Notre Dame, and that one is none other than yourself, the venerable and esteemed Founder of this world-famed University. To-day you stand before us the embodiment of all that is grand, noble and self-sacrificing. In you we behold greatness of character, nobility of soul, and energy and zeal in the pursuit of grand ends which demanded untold sacrifices. It is needless for us to recount the many trials, tribulations and reverses through which you have passed.

"Fifty years ago this institution first saw the light of day. Well do you remember it in its infancy and childhood. Those were trying

times; but trusting in God and nothing daunted, you went bravely and cheerfully on with the grand work to which you devoted the best years of your life. How well your efforts were crowned with success need not be told; the effects produced by such a cause speak for themselves.

"We stand at the threshold of a new century, which the close of six years will usher in. The pride of the present may be the mockery of the future; the inventions of to-day may be the playthings of those who come after us; the throbbing brains of the nineteenth century may be the quaint fossils of the twentieth; for six years may make a mighty change in the geographical, scientific and social relations of the world. How vast, then, the task, to recount on this memorable day the vicissitudes, the joys and the sorrows of the past fifty years. How mighty the strides that take us, not forward, but back from the electric civilization of the present to the unlettered conditions of 1842. That year a young priest stood on the banks of St. Mary's lake, and viewed for the first time the field of his future labors. That young priest was the Rev. Edward Sorin, whom to-day we know as the venerable Father General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Notre Dame was then only a frontier school; but under your guidance and direction it finally attained the prominence of a well-equipped University, and to-day it is justly styled the 'Pride of the West.'

"Why has Notre Dame prospered? Is it owing to its many and magnificent buildings? No. It is due to the fact that you, venerable Father, established it upon a true and solid foundation—religion. Cardinal Gibbons says: 'If the social edifice rest not on this eternal and immutable basis it will soon crumble to pieces;' and this is true also of institutions of learning. God grant that your life—a life so precious—may be spared in all its pristine health and vigor to receive the gladsome testimony of warm, grateful hearts for years to come.

"These thoughts were culled from the garden of our young and tender hearts, and we offer them to you as a garland wherewith to deck your aged brow and silvered locks. Finally, on behalf of the students of Carroll Hall, I bid you welcome among us to-day, and assure you of our loyal and Christian devotion for the best interests of Notre Dame. Long live our venerable Founder!"

The "Princes" of St. Edward's Hall were represented by C. Girsch, W. Scherrer, R. McPhee, who presented beautiful bouquets of flowers in addition to the reading of an elegant poetic address which appears entire on another page.

A delightful serenade was given by the band, to which Father General listened from the

porch of the Presbytery. He was pleased to express his appreciation of the efforts of the students to do him honor on his patronal festival. But the only regret of the latter was that the impaired health of the venerable Superior prevented them from doing more. However, the fervent wishes and prayers of all are with him that he may speedily recover his wonted strength, and witness many another happy celebration of St. Edward's Day.

Medal of Honor to Very Rev. W. Corby, C.S.C

The State of New York has recently decorated Father Corby with a medal for his brave conduct in the discharge of his duties in the memorable battle of Gettysburg, July, 1863, as chaplain of the New York Irish Brigade. The medal was forwarded to him through the brave surviving officers of the Brigade, which so distinguished itself from the very start in '61 at Bull Run, where the Sixty-ninth Regiment gained more than a national reputation for Spartan bravery. The medal bears the dates 1863-1893, and is in commemoration of the greatest battle of the late war—a second Waterloo. On one side the medal bears the arms of the State of New York, and on the reverse side a representation of a grand monument erected in July last—"New York Day"—in memory of the state heroes who fell in that battle July, 1863. A bar is attached to the medal bearing the inscription "Gettysburg Veteran." The whole is a beautiful souvenir of association with heroic patriots and of days of self-sacrifice with them in the service of country. Accompanying the medal is a touching letter from Col. James Quinlan of New York, a veteran survivor of the conflicts of those stirring times. This medal will cause the name of Father Corby to be enrolled in the Medal of Honor Legion Head Quarters, Washington, D. C.

Exchanges.

The entrance of the present exchange-editor into the field of college journalism places him in a rather trying position. Of indifferent merit himself, he has succeeded one who was especially clever; and it is, therefore, with a feeling of diffidence that he enters upon the discharge of his duties. With the hope that his efforts may be successful in making this column as readable as last year's he makes his bow, and

invokes the tolerance of his confrères whose confidence he shall deem it an honor to gain.

Most of the exchanges come to us with a clearly-defined policy of action. We are glad to see, however, that very few feel compelled to depart from old standards—a commendable course, as it gives a firm and distinct character to each college paper. But what can be the meaning of the many-worded manifestoes which certain ex-men thought it their duty to issue? They are the nearest approach to those very windy utterances known as political campaign documents. There can be but one course for the exchange-editor—to praise or censure justly.

Although college journals devote a goodly portion of their columns to athletics, we are pleased to notice that no undue prominence is given to a curriculum for the body. Only the editors of the college dailies, in their efforts to fill space, consent to print matter which has little or no bearing upon college amusements. Exercise and sports, when used as means of recreation, are not only beneficial but even necessary, and the student who develops his mind at the expense of the body can never meet our sympathies. Every college offers some facilities for the promotion and encouragement of gymnastic exercises, knowing that it is useless to bring young men into the lecture-room with stunted bodies and consumptive lungs. In some institutions a certain amount of time *must* be spent in the gymnasium. We know of at least one university where such patronage on the part of the faculty is not necessary. At Notre Dame no compulsion is needed to have its students engage in sports. This has been shown by the enthusiasm manifested in the recent games of football. We call to mind, too, the gymnastic exhibition of last year, and can safely say that we have a class of men who constantly bear in mind the old saw—"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

If we were asked to name a readable college exchange, we should unhesitatingly choose the *Owl*. To a pure literary flavor, it adds that other essential to every journal—snap and point in its editorials. The tone and compass of its articles give it a magazine-like character. Its poets, believing that poetry is heaven-born, have drawn their inspirations from spiritual sources. Altogether it is an illustration of excel-

lent management, and clearly indicates what good results will accrue from rightly embraced opportunities.

The *Mt. St. Mary's Sentinel* enters our sanctum as the representative of Southern chivalry. Its quiet dignity and manly courage comport with its soldier-like character, and the breadth of thought and discriminating criticism found in its columns show that a spirit of research and literary activity are rife in "ole Kaintuck." We can promise ourselves no greater pleasure than a renewal of intercourse with the *Sentinel*.

Personals.

—Earl W. Brown (Law), '93, passed a successful examination and was admitted to the Bar in Iowa. He will soon enter upon his practice.

—The Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., Academy, Ind., made a very pleasant visit on Friday in attendance upon the celebration of St. Edward's Day.

—Mr. William Rademacher, of Milwaukee, Wis., brother of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, was among the welcome visitors during the week.

—W. Gerlach (Com'l), '92, has accepted a position as head book-keeper and stenographer in the National Cash Register Co., at Columbus, Ohio.

—The Rev. E. Slattery, Rector of the Church of St. Catherine of Genoa, New York city, was the welcome guest of Rev. President Morrissey on Monday last.

—Mr. Joseph M. Byrne, '79, of Newark, N. J., paid a very pleasant visit to his *Alma Mater* on Tuesday. Mr. Byrne is one of the leading members of the State Senate of New Jersey.

—Among the welcome visitors who attended the celebration of St. Edward's Day was Mr. Michael Cooney, of Toledo, O., the guest of his uncle, the Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., Miss. Ap.

—The Rev. A. F. Kaul, of Lancaster, Pa., passed a few days at the College during the week, the guest of his brother, Bro. Leopold, C. S. C., of the Musical Department of the University.

—Mr. and Mrs. Lightner, of Portland, Oregon, who have been sight-seeing at the World's Fair, visited the University this week. They called to see Mr. Hennessy who is a brother of Mrs. Lightner.

—Harry L. Smith (Com'l), '88, who is now one of the biggest business men of bustling Tacoma, Wash., was wedded on the 12th inst. to Miss Alice Farrëly of the same city. Best wishes, Harry!

—The Very Rev. Edward McKenna, V. F., Westchester, N. Y.; the Revs. Joseph L. Hoey, Milton, N. Y.; James I. McCusker, Bernard

McHugh, Brooklyn, and Eugene McKenna, West Hurley, N. Y., were very welcome visitors on Monday last.

—Mr. James Donahue, a rising young lawyer of South Chicago, spent a few pleasant days with his brother, the Rev. Mr. Donahue, C. S. C. of Sorin Hall. Mr. Donahue was specially interested in the Law Department and admired its thoroughness.

Local Items.

—Founder's Day.

—Who are the winners?

—The Juniors have three Rugby grounds.

—J. W. is fast learning how to play football.

—Locals are scarce. Athletics absorb the reporters.

—The case of Water *vs.* Law class is a very interesting one.

—Mr. Cuneo, of Texas, is the latest addition to the Law class.

—The Carrolls will please hand their locals to John W. Miller.

—FOUND—A scarf pin. Owner, please call at the students' office.

—The slipper went over the goal several times if the football did not.

—The campus Glee Club should add some new songs to their repertoire.

—Strausheim denies that he made a home run in the M. L. S. game of October 1.

—Mr. Ed. Roby of Chicago has returned to the University after a pleasant vacation.

—The Carroll cycle club greatly enjoyed their excursion to Mishawaka on last Tuesday.

—Jos. Sullivan of c. c. c. was elected "faculty" of the cycle-room and now holds the key.

—One hundred and nine princes greeted Very Rev. Father General on his feast day.

—The Band, by its splendid music, contributed greatly to the enthusiasm of Founder's Day.

—Bro. Hugh has started a series of football pictures which will be posted on the Carrolls' Gym.

—St. Edward's Hall was tastefully decorated on the 13th. The illuminations last night were beautiful.

—Carroll Hall promises to have a very good special eleven this year. Challenges are now in order.

—The Carrolls have a new freak: one who sings in his sleep. We extend our sympathy to his neighbors.

—Messrs. Kennedy, Cullen, and Gibson have been appointed to take charge of the law room for the coming week.

—Full reports of the Field Day exercises, which were held yesterday (Friday) afternoon, will appear next week.

—McHugh, Santer and Onzon, champions of the M. L. S. Hand-ball Association, desire a game with the Brownson Hall champions.

—A solemn requiem Mass was sung in the college church on last Tuesday morning for the repose of the soul of Father Granger.

—Master C. Monaghan presented Very Rev. Father General a beautiful basket of flowers on his feast day in the name of the Princes.

—One of the ways in which the Minims honored Very Rev. Father General's feast was to merit to have their names on the "Roll of Honor."

—Last evening Bro. Boniface favored the St. Joseph Literary Society with a short talk on the cathedral of Cologne and a trip on the Rhine.

—On nice "rec" days, Bro. Albius takes his cycle club out riding. The other day several wheels broke down and many boys nearly missed dinner.

—Messrs. Cullen and McFadden for Sorin Hall, and Messrs. Kennedy and Cooke for Brownson Hall have been appointed librarians for the Law room.

—There should be some treatment for the fiend who, in spite of signs must always try the newly painted surface to see if it is dry, and leave his marks.

—The beautiful flowers which in profusion decorated the statue of St. Edward yesterday, were presented by Mrs. Clement Studebaker as a tribute of respect and esteem for the venerable Founder of Notre Dame.

—The M. L. S. have organized their football teams, with the following men as captains: J. Murphy, Captain Specials; J. Santer, Captain First Eleven; J. Barry, Captain Second Eleven.

—On the 8th inst., the first elevens of Carroll Hall played a very interesting game of football. Although Captain Walde's men lost, they showed by their playing that they would "win or get killed." The sides are well balanced and the players are determined.

—Wednesday evening "The Lambs" met at their rendezvous with all members in attendance. The I. L. B. read his weekly report and narrowly escaped the miscellaneous articles that were hurled at his head. The O. C. then moved that the meeting be conducted in secret session. They are probably still at it.

—The football eleven, under the efficient captainship of Mr. Frank Keough and the splendid coaching of Messrs. Studebaker and Muessel of South Bend, is attaining a great degree of proficiency, and they no doubt will acquit themselves with great credit in the games that are to be played in the near future.

—Thursday evening the Law Debating Society met in regular session. On motion the minutes of the preceding meeting were dispensed with, as the clerk was absent. Mr. Murphy, the critic, then read his report which

was very graceful in the style, and elicited applause. The chair then selected as a debate for the next meeting the following: "Resolved, That the United States should aid in furthering the construction of the Panama Canal." Messrs. Sinnott and Roby were appointed on the affirmative side, and Messrs. Maloney and Duffield on the negative. Mr. McGarry then opened the debate for the evening on the affirmative side of the question, which was "Resolved, That the best interests of the country be would promoted by the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands." His arguments were logical and convincing, and when he closed he was loudly applauded. Messrs. Chidester and Ryan spoke for the negative, and Mr. Mott furnished the debate for the affirmative. The chair decided in favor of the affirmative.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Correll, Casey, Crawley, Du Brul, Devanney, Dempsey, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, Funke, Flannery, Flannagan, Hudson, Herve, Kuhnert, Kearney, Maurus, McCarrick, McFadden, Marr,* H. Mitchell, Murphy, McGarry, O'Donnell, Ryan, Scherrer, Schillo, Schopp, Sinnott, Walker.*

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Brinker, Baur, J. B. Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Byrne, Blanchard, Brennan, Brady, Burns, Bennett, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, Black, Browne, J. Barrett, Cullinan, Campbell, Clark, Corry, Crane, Callahan, Covert, Colby, Cook, Chassaing, Cooledge, Cuneo, A. Dillon, F. Dillon, E. Donohoe, F. Donohoe, Duffield, Esge, Fagan, T. Falvey, Foley, Freytag, R. Flynn, A. Flynn, Feeney, Galen, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Groff, Halligan, Howard, Hinde, Hermann, Hennessy, Hartnett, Henneberry, Hagan, Hesse, Hodge, Ilgenfritz, Johnson, Kramer, Kinsella, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Krembs, Kelly, Ludwig, Lawlor, Loser, Lane, Moore, Maguire, Maloney, Mott, Murray, McHugh, Mithen, Markum, F. Murphy, Moxley, Ney, O'Rourke, O'Brien, Oliver, O'Malley, Prichard, G. Puskamp, E. Puskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Perkins, Quinlan, Roper, Rumely, J. Ryan, J. J. Ryan, Reilly, G. Ryan, E. Roby, C. Roby, Schwartz, Stadler, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sweet, Sullivan, Stace, Schmidt, Sokup, Smoger, Tong, Turner, Vignos, Wilkin, Welty, Walker, Weaver, Yingst, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Alber, Benson, Benz, Bloomfield, Black, Bopp, Burns, Clarke, Connor, Cooke, Chase, Cornell, Chauvet, Carney, Cooledge, J. Ducey, Druecker, Dutt, Dixon, Dannemiller, Dalton, Foley, Fennessey, Fleming, Fox, Farley, Franke, Gausepohl, Gavin, Gonzales, Hurley, Harding, Howell, Healy, Howard, Hoban, Jack, Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Klees, Lanagan, Ludwig, Lowrey, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Lippman, Leonard, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, Massey, Maternes, Monahan, Mills, Miles, J. Miller, L. Miller, Miers, McShane, J. J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, McCarrick, Ortiz, O'Neill, O'Mara, O'Brien, Pendleton, Phillips, Pim, Romero, Rockey, Reinhard, Roesing, Reber, Shillington, Swift, Strassheim, Sullivan, Sparks, Schaack, Swigart, Stearns, Strong, Tinnen, Tuohy, Tempel, Thome, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, W. Treber, J. Treber, Taylor, Walde, Wilcox, H. Wilson, Wigg, Wagner, Weitzel, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wymetal, Whitehead, Wensinger, Ward, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Ayers, Allyn, Barrett, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Byrne, Bullene, B. Clarke,

L. Clarke, A. Clarke, R. Clarke, Croke, Cross, Corry, Cressy, D. Campau, F. Campau, Christ, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Crandall, Clune, Coolidge, J. Dawson, C. Dawson, Davidson, Devine, Dugas, Durand, Dalton, Englehardt, Everest, Elliott, Egin, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, L. Garrity, L. Garrity, Girsch, Gimbel, Greene, Graff, Healy, Ral. Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hess, F. Hesse, R. Hesse, Ives, Jonquet, K. King, A. King, Kelly, Langley, Lawton, Lohner, Lysle, McGinley, W. Maritzen, H. Maritzen, McElroy, Morehouse, Eugene McCarthy, Emil McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McPhee, A. Monaghan, C. Monaghan, Minnigerode, Moxley, Morris, Noonan, O'Neill, Otero, Ortez, Perez, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, Romero, Robb, Roesing, H. Rasche, L. Rasche, Shipp, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Shillington, Simm, Swan, Steele, Schneider, Terhune, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Taylor, Wells, Wagner, York.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

A Protestant's Tribute to Catholic Education

[Translated From Chicago Staats Zeitung for the Church News.]

Despite the danger of being condemned, sentenced and, to say the least, burned in effigy by the "little red school-house" fanatics, we declare, and every right-minded, non-partisan, and unprejudiced person must acknowledge that we are right, and will confirm our views that compared with the exposition of the Catholic training and educational institutions, the exhibits of our national public schools scarcely deserves to be noticed. The Catholic school teachers have laid open to our view a picture demonstrating the magnitude of the Catholic school system, its workings, its effects, and the achieved results of the various institutions, so far-reaching, so instructive, and so ably illustrating its high educational character as to discourage and disappoint the partisans of the American public schools, when they view their miserable, monotonous, and flimsy exhibit.

Americans are justly proud of the institution founded by their forefathers, the "free and public schools." They regard those schools as the bulwark of American republican liberty, as the great, the genuine democratic institution that knows neither rich, nor poor, nor religion, nor race, nor color, but gives gratuitously to each and to all, whether born on American soil or in a foreign country, a common-school education.

These American schools, the pride of the country, should they not have taken advantage of the presence of the assembled teachers and pedagogues of the world and of an opportunity seized by every country of the globe to exhibit their work, to prove to their admirers their excellence which they boast of in theory, but do not show in practice?

They do not, we say; and we ask, could they have done it? The Kindergarten and the training schools only are praiseworthy exceptions.

The weakness of the public schools shows all the more forcibly the strength of the Catholic educational institutions at the Exposition. Instead of beautiful building models and costly methods, they have exhibited the practical results of their schools. And these are great results.

All honor to the men and women, who, without State aid, or the encouragement afforded by public opinion, have built those schools; all honor, we say, to the teachers who, not enticed by a salary, are educators from principle and not from greed!

The Catholic educational exhibit, situated in the southeastern wing of the gallery of the Industrial Building, is, if anything, a collective exhibit, a great object lesson.

To those, who through religious fanaticism, ignorance, or prejudice, have judged unfavorably of the parochial schools, a fine opportunity presents itself to learn their true character and worth, and to correct the false ideas frequently put forward.

These Catholic institutions impart daily religious instructions to their pupils without neglecting any of the secular branches of knowledge. They teach everything in the programme of studies of the public schools, and besides this many specialties that tend to the higher culture of the child....

It would be a loss of time and a useless labor of love to write in detail what one can see in the Catholic educational exhibit, what this or that diocese, religious Order, or school, or pupil has exhibited. It would be impossible to make a distinction amid the uniform beauty, and unjust to single out a particular institution....

Very interesting is the exhibit of the New York diocese which has prepared statistic tables showing the growth and scope of its schools. According to the table the schools of this diocese possess property to the value of \$4,000,000, and the annual cost for maintaining these schools is \$260,000. There are 168 parochial schools in the State.

The Catholic Archives of America has a very interesting exhibit, and with it is the library of Catholic authors who wrote in English, likewise the Catholic text-books. The historical collection consists of letters, rare books, documents, Papal Bulls, etc.; many of the allegorical pictures of the prelates of this country, relics and documents of the early days of the Church in America, two Bibles printed in the German language in the year 1470, and many other rare books.

We leave the Catholic educational exhibit highly satisfied. One need not be a Catholic to testify in the warmest manner to its worth and merit, and he must be an incurable, narrow-minded bigot who would not acknowledge joyfully that these educational institutions worthily accomplish their work in the great American school system.