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Science and Religion.

BY M. M. RICHARDSON.

I hear the uproar of conflicting seers,
The waste, wild warfare, full of wrath and pain,
As one from shelter looks forth on the plain,
Swept by a desert wind that whirls and veers
This way and that before the rain appears;
Hiding all heaven till the dizzy brain
Looks for repose, and looks not all in vain;
For soon that tumult melts in rushing tears.

And then the lily's lips are washed from stain,
The golden flowers and the grass-green spears
Are bright about the rocks; and, as it clears,
Each shaken leaf looks to the stars again,
While from the west across the silvered trees
The night wind whispers: "He shall give thee peace."

—Ave Maria.

The Religious Spirit of Longfellow's Works.

In considering the various characteristics of an author we are naturally inclined to consider first his religious belief and what influence, if any, it had on his writings. Now we know that Longfellow was professedly a Unitarian; believing, according to the doctrine of his creed, that God exists in one person only; but whether this was his real sentiment or not is open to much doubt. It often happens that a man, with a view of keeping the friendship and good-will of others, will feign one form of religious or political belief when, if the truth were known, he has within his heart a feeling entirely different from that expressed by outward signs. In such cases as these the only proof we have of his real belief is his writings, if he be an author.

It is an ascertained fact that a man writes according as he feels at the time of writing.

His temperament, his belief, his disposition, and even his very character, may be learned by a careful perusal of his writings. This is more easily seen in the works of a poet than any other man. It is true, a poet as well as any other writer often assumes a character not necessarily his own; but the recurrence of certain strains, together with individual reference, enables us to penetrate the thin mist which conceals him, and discover the poet himself in his true character. That an author writes according as he feels may be seen in the fact that he is able to personify the different characters of human nature at distinct periods of his literary life. So it is; a man may at one time of his life write in a humorous, and at another in a melancholy style. If all this be true—and we are to judge a man's religious belief by his writings—what then can be said of Longfellow? Can it be said that he did not have a belief entirely different from that professed outwardly? The only conclusion to be drawn is that Longfellow must have had at the time of writing "Evangeline" and "The Spanish Student," a strong tendency toward the Catholic faith. How can we imagine that a man with any other than the Catholic belief, describing the spirit of the Church as Longfellow does, when he says of Evangeline—

"But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction
upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite music?"

Where do we find a poetical strain more beautiful, more elevating in the eyes of the Church than these? What other feeling could the poet have had when he penned those beautiful lines than that of a Christian, with a

profound reverence and respect for the Church of Christ and her teachings, showing thereby that he was a Catholic in belief if not in practice? Another example of this same religious feeling, though not so strong, appears to us in "The Spanish Student," where he describes the scene between Victorian the student, and Preciosa the Gypsy girl, who is relating to her lover the time and place of their first meeting:

"'Twas Easter Sunday, The full-blossomed trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy;
The priests were singing and the organ sounded,
And then anon the great Cathedral bell.
It was the Elevation of the Host;
We both of us fell down upon our knees,
Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.
I never had been happy till that moment."

Again, in the same work we find his higher nature getting the better of his feigned belief. Here Bartolome, a heartless, reckless Egyptian youth, after using every means possible to win the love of fair Preciosa, left her with the threat that if she ever wed another it would be at the cost of her life. When alone she raised her eyes to heaven and broke forth in prayer:

"All holy angels, keep me in this hour;
Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me;
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me;
Christ and the saints be merciful unto me;
Yet, why should I fear death? What is it to die?
To leave all disappointment, care and sorrow;
To leave all falsehood, treachery and unkindness;
All ignominy, suffering and despair,
And be at rest forever! O dull heart,
Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!"

These are but a few of the many examples that may be found throughout this great poet's work, and which go to show that if an author writes as he feels, Longfellow was a Catholic at heart, or at least must have had a high regard for the ceremonies of the Church; for how can we imagine that a non-believer could show such a religious spirit in his writing, if they were not in harmony with his own? Thus, I repeat, that the religious belief of an author may be learned by a careful study of his works.

T. I. McC.

Shakspeare's Hamlet.

For centuries England waited for a poet that would rank with Homer or the immortal Dante. And for awhile she thought that she had produced him in Spencer; yet it was not until Shakspeare burst out upon her with all the splendor of the full moon she realized that, at last, one was born who claimed the right to be placed with

the greatest poets of the world. Hail, to thee, William Shakspeare, king of letters! Hail! O most wonderful man! Thou wast born not to die and be forgotten; but wast destined to become the glory of England and the pride of the world! Can too much homage be paid to his memory? can he be praised too much? Before all, his was a soul captivated by sublime and chaste beauty; a soul that seems to soar above, enter the regions of mystery, and to open at the confines of the other world. His words seem to flow from his pen as naturally as the little brook glides along gracefully and beautifully down the sides of a mountain. His soul is like the perfect instrument of music, which vibrates of itself at the faintest touch. It is said of him that he never erased what he had written, and if he wrote it over, it was not only the words but the thought that was transposed. His genius was sympathetic, that is, he forgot himself and wrote of the things of his boyhood and what surrounded him. He does not try to explain or prove picture on picture, image on image; he is forever copying nature, and presenting her in the most perfect state. He does not seek the beauties of nature; they present themselves so readily that he has but to write them down.

Of all his works we may call "Hamlet" the masterpiece. Shakspeare seems to have found his plot for this story from the old Danish historians; yet we might call it all his own, as the old tradition is one continuous tale of crime and dark deeds without the least touch of beauty or art. The characters of the play are wild, uncouth savages, who have no idea of virtue or good. The poet takes these, and, clothing them with the manners and sentiments of Christians, produces the most wonderful drama of literature.

"Hamlet," like "Macbeth," is but a history of moral poisoning. Here we have a young man brought up by the noblest father, loved by the purest and sweetest girl, occupied by the best studies; in short, a young man generous and noble, and thinking of nothing but the beauty and grandeur of nature and humanity. When lo! without warning, this generous and confiding mind is brought to look upon the world and humanity as a liar and deceiver. Whilst basking in all the happiness of life, his father is murdered, and within two months his pure and noble mother marries the murderer. Being suspicious of his uncle as a participator in the death of his father, he is changed from the gay and thoughtless boy to a serious and suspicious man. Is it wonderful that he should seem demented when the ghost of his father appears

to him at midnight and demands vengeance for his murder?

"I am thy father's spirit
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away."

And again:

"Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
... Now Hamlet hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown."

After this interview with the ghost of his father, he speaks and acts as one gone mad. Although we know that this madness is feigned, and only used as a means by which he can attain the end he has in view, yet his whole nervous system is shocked, and he is on the point of really going mad. That he acts the part of a madman perfectly no one denies.

Hamlet reviles the gentle Ophelia and seems to find joy in it. When she speaks to him of love and marriage, he turns fiercely upon her, and bitterly rails beauty and innocence. How different now is he from the noble and high-minded young man, when he says to her: "Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? ... We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us!" All through he seems to have but one end in view: avenge his father's murder; and he uses any means to attain this end. All his honor, kindness and generosity is gone.

The thought of revenge is so deeply imbedded in his soul that he can think of nothing else; his soul is agitated to its innermost depths; his brain is afire; indignation takes the place of love, passion of calmness. While in this state he rushes into his mother's apartments; he must see her, speak to her, and show the disgrace she has brought upon herself by marrying her husband's murderer. He is on the point of speaking to her and denouncing his uncle when he hears a noise behind the curtain. He is surprised; his very soul burns within him; and, quick as thought, he draws his dagger and plunges it into the heart of Polonius. Although believing at the time that he has killed Claudius, yet when he discovers his mistake he does not seem sorry for his act, but goes on speaking as if he had only killed "a rat."

At last he has a good chance to deal the avenging blow. He comes upon the king praying; there is no better time; they are alone, and he has but to draw his dagger and plunge it into

the black heart of Claudius. Still he stops. His judgment tells him this is not the time; yet it takes all his iron will to withstand and keep from committing the deed. He will wait for the time when the king is drunk, asleep, or in his rage; at gaming, swearing, or about some act that has no relish of salvation in it. And when he does strike the blow it is not until he is mortally wounded himself.

The ghost is one of the most important elements in the whole play. There is something so weird and fascinating about this scene that we think of the supernatural and pay greater attention to the rest of the play. Anything that has to deal with the supernatural has a strange yet horrible fascination for us. It acts upon our imaginative forces so deeply that, though we would flee, we wait, held by some unknown power.

Nowhere can we find a ghost scene painted so vividly as in Hamlet. The time is midnight; everything is still; not a sound breaks the deep silence. Hamlet is waiting, when suddenly the ghost appears, walking with slow and measured steps; and whilst Hamlet is looking at it in awe and amazement, it breaks the silence by demanding vengeance for his foul murder in solemn and unearth-like tones.

The case of Ophelia is just the opposite of Hamlet's, yet similar in its sadness. Ophelia, a young and innocent girl, having bestowed all her love upon Hamlet, is brought to believe that she was the cause of his madness. How pathetic is the scene between them when she thinks Hamlet is mad! She is a model of innocence and simplicity; she loves but to impart joy to others. Her smile is like a ray of sunshine, her voice like a strain of the most beautiful music. She is one of God's most perfect works which draws us nearer to Him, and, as it were, makes us feel nobler and strive to something good. We can say with Hazlitt:

"O rose of May! O flower too soon faded!"

C. H. S.

Reason.

One of the most beautiful studies, and doubtless the most interesting, is that of the soul in general, and of reason in particular. Reason is something real in man. But it would be hard to exactly define what reason is after having witnessed the great trials it has gone through in order to put itself in a clear light, and to show how far its action reaches, if it could not be contemplated from a different point of view

than the strict rationalists, or the eccentric idealists, or the materialistic empiricists have considered it. Rationalism proclaims the sovereignty of the individual in the intellectual order, since it pretends to free every man from the rules and obligations imposed upon him by a religion believing in dogmas of a traditional teaching. Idealism holds that, by means of a pure idea, reason can conceive and develop the truth by its intimate and proper force. This, taken strictly, might contain some truth, though it be excessive; but with the exclusion of everything else, it is absolutely false. Empiricism traces the foundation of our knowledge, the real power and the domain of our reason, primarily and to the exclusion of everything else, to experience.

The truth is that man must not be thus dissected in his actions: man is not purely spiritual, nor material, nor his own absolute and independent master. Therefore we must admit as co-existent, abstract ideas, material observations, and commanding authority. The one who knows how to blend these elements in the right proportion has found the true idea of man's reason.

The soul, immaterial but created with the propensity of being substantially united to the body, receives its first idea from things sensible. With this idea man is enabled to feel his own existence, and thus, by comparative study, advances from the known to the unknown. If this were not the case, then, indeed, would we have to admit either the gratuitous and chimerical assertions of the rationalists, or that reason starts from the unknown to find something equally unknown. Then we would have to admit that reason can discover in itself and by itself truths of a supernatural and moral order without the help of any exterior revelation, be it social or divine! And reason, starting from the unknown, would it not be wandering about in darkness, adhering without any certitude to whatever object might present itself, and finally go to perdition, just as a ship without a pilot would become the plaything of winds and waves and at last be shattered on the rock?

As soon as reason comes in presence of the supernatural it does not see anything any more, and it needs the torch lighted by faith to direct its steps. It has reached the limits of human knowledge, and cannot go farther.

Now, man is not created to remain eternally in this world, and, to use the language of an eminent philosopher (and once an infidel), Simon Jouffroy, "our inclinations are not satisfied in this world; therefore the actual destiny of man is not his complete destiny. This life is

but the plot of a drama which shall come to a happy close in another life. In this world our science shall never be complete, our love never satisfied, our power never without limits. Yet man is craving after the full possession of these things. Therefore this terrestrial life must find its complement in a celestial one." This man added to his reason that which the rationalist lacks—faith. This man found out by faith that which reason possesses not, and cannot possess—the supernatural order of things.

Faith is applicable to the invisible; reason always acts on what can be seen. The infinite is beyond the reach of reason; faith presents to reason ideas on what is even unintelligible to reason. Is it to say that faith tyrannizes reason? By no means; reason is perfectly free to examine the certainty and the acceptability of the authority on which faith rests.

Therefore, faith, far from being humiliating to reason, develops it, ennobles it, and elevates it, as it were, above itself, by enabling it to participate in some way of a nature superior to its own. For faith, having the full share of the doctrines that are of its sphere, leaves reason free, and merely helps it in the most arduous and most difficult questions—of course questions of a natural order; for to try its power at the supernatural questions would be fatal to reason.

Man, therefore, who is endowed with the gift of faith, is greatly privileged by God, and has a great advantage over the one who has not the faith, because he has reason as well as the unbeliever who is deprived of this supernatural gift, and with that reason he can go as far as the unbeliever. Moreover, he has the privilege to advance where the unbeliever must naturally stop: he affirms and believes and is gloriously triumphant in matters in which the unbeliever can but stammer, doubt and tread on uncertain ground. J. B. S.

Der Engel und das Kind.

Zu dem Kindelein in der Wiege

Neigte sich ein Engel mild;

Sah die unschuldvollen Züge,

Hand darin sein Ebenbild.

„Kindelein!“ spricht das hohe Wesen;

„Wie ein Bruder gleichst du mir;

Weil du auch so gut gewesen;

„Theil' ich gern mein Glück mit dir.“

Komm, wir wollen dorthin eilen

Wo die Freude ewig währt.

Warum noch auf Erden weilen?

Sie ist deiner ja nicht werth.

Nie hat dort der Mensch gefunden
Lust und Wonne ohne Schmerz;
Freud und Leid, stets eng verbunden,
Theilen sich sein armes Herz.

Zu des Lebens schönsten Tagen
Darf er furchtlos sich nicht freu'n,
Denn zu oft nach heitern Tagen
Trifft das Unglück schrecklich ein.

Soll einst Gram die Wangen bleichen
Die jetzt schön wie Rosen blüh'n?
Soll einst Trübsal dich erreichen?
Deines Lebens Glück einst stieh'n?

Nein, ich kann dich hier nicht lassen
Wo die Thrän' das Auge trübt,
Wo so oft das Herz verlassen
Von dem Herzen treu geliebt.

Zu dir hat mich Gott gesendet
Dich des Lebens zu befrei'n;
Deine Bahn, sie ist vollendet,
Wirst von nun ein Engel sein."

Und das Kind, in sel'gem Ahnen,
Lächelt hold dem Engel zu,
Der es führt auf Himmelsbahnen
Ein in Gottes ew'ge Ruh'.

Mutter! deines Lebens Sonne
Glänzt in einer höh'ren Sphär,
Arme-Mutter! deine Wonne,
Ach! dein Sohn, er ist nicht mehr!

A. PETRY.

Michael Angelo.

Michael Angelo Buonarotti was born at the Castle of Caprese, in the territory of Arezzo, on the 6th of March, 1474. His father, Ludovico Buonarotti was descended from the famous family of the Counts of Canosa. He was at the time Governor of Caprese, and he thanked God for giving him a son to succeed him in one of the first offices of the kingdom. Buonarotti, however, was to acquire a greater fame in the world than the Governor of a petty Italian province.

Michael Angelo was placed by his father at an early age under the tutorship of Francisco d'Urbano. He begged hard to be relieved from his studies and allowed to return to the pleasant life which he had heretofore led; but his father would not consent, and he was therefore obliged to continue them.

He had a companion in his studies named Granucci, who discovered that he showed a greater taste for the pencil and chisel than for books, and who brought him drawings that he might amuse himself with them. He had executed a few works when, at the age of twelve years, he was taken by Granucci to the ata-

lier of Domenico Ghirlandaio. Domenico was handed an engraving copied by Michael Angelo when he exclaimed to his pupils: "Here, gentlemen, is a pupil who will surpass you and all those who call themselves painters at the present time!" Then, addressing Buonarotti, he said: "You must quit your other studies, my child, and become my pupil." This was what the boy-artist desired; but his father would not consent to it. Yet the father could not make aught else than an artist of him, as he learned to his regret and chagrin. He tried to reason him out of it. "You wish," said he to Angelo, "to give up the career which I intended for you; you wish to be a painter?" "A painter and a sculptor, my father," answered the boy. "Very well! I give you up to Master Ghirlandaio. Henceforth you belong to him. He will keep you for three years, and will pay me for your services the sum of twenty-four florins." Michael Angelo did not like the idea of becoming the hired servant of the painter; but he knew that if he did not do so he would have no chance of becoming an artist, and he therefore followed him as his apprentice.

He surpassed in the studio of his master all his fellow-pupils, and thus earned their hatred. Although they left no means untried to annoy him, yet, conscious of his superiority, he bore all with patience. He avoided his companions, and spent his time in labor and study. At the age of fourteen he received from a friend of his master a picture to copy. He copied it faithfully, and then, smoking the work which he had done, in order to give it an appearance of antiquity, he gave it instead of the original to the owner, who did not perceive the substitution. He was obliged to tell both him and his master of the trick in order to get his painting back.

At that period Lorenzo di Medici, surnamed the Magnificent, established a museum of painting and sculpture in the gardens of St. Mark, at Florence, where he went to great expense in collecting the most precious works of ancient art. Michael Angelo had obtained permission from some of the workmen in the garden to use a block of marble, and had tools given him to work with. For several days he occupied himself in making the head of a faun. When he had finished it he perceived a man at some distance from him contemplating it with great attention. "Will you allow me to make one observation?" said the gentleman. "Certainly," answered the young sculptor. "Your faun is old, is it not?" said the stranger. "That may easily be seen," returned Buonarotti. "Not so easily as you think," returned the man; "the forehead

is old but the mouth is young. It seems to me that I have never met an old man with all his teeth." Buonarotti immediately broke two of the faun's teeth and left the garden intending to return to his work in the morning; but when he came back, the faun was gone. He saw the man who had criticised his work the evening before, and asked if he knew where it was. The stranger answered that he did, and would show it to him if he would follow him. Michael Angelo followed him to the interior of the palace and found the faun's head among the *chef-d'œuvres* collected by the Duke. "Oh, give me back my sketch!" exclaimed the young artist; "the Duke would be offended if he saw it among so many masterpieces! Who are you to joke in this manner?" "Who am I?" said the stranger; "I am the Duke, and henceforth your friend and protector. You shall dwell in my palace and shall eat at my table; you shall be treated as my son, because you cannot fail to become a great artist."

Lorenzo the Magnificent fulfilled all that he had promised; and Buonarotti under his protection made great progress. However, he had scarcely finished two or three statues before Lorenzo died; and as Piero di Medici inherited neither his father's love for the fine arts nor his affection for Michael Angelo, the young sculptor left the palace and retired to the Convent of the Holy Spirit. There he worked faithfully, and as a testimony of his esteem presented the Prior with the first fruits of his labors—a *Christ* in wood. It was while he was in the Convent of St. Mark's that he was sent for by Piero di Medici and given the order to make a statue of snow.

Florence having become troubled by the revolution which drove Piero from the republic, Michael Angelo quitted the city and went to Venice. Not finding any employment there, he retired to Bologna, where he was arrested, and would have been thrown into prison but for the intervention of a friend, who not only obtained his liberation but gave him work. When peace was established he returned to his own country, where he made his celebrated statue of "Love." This was for some time considered one of the works of antiquity, and one of the finest, until it was eventually discovered to be from the hand of Michael Angelo. Soon after, the Cardinal de St. George invited Buonarotti to Rome, whither his reputation had preceded him. There his first work was the statue of Bacchus, now in the gallery at Florence. Shortly afterwards his group *della pietà* appeared, and gained him great applause. After the war he returned to

Florence, where he was employed by Piero Soderini on a colossal statue of David. About that time, Leonardo da Vinci, then the first painter in Italy, had been engaged to fresco a part of the Council Hall. Michael Angelo entered the lists against him. The result was that though the work of da Vinci was a masterpiece, yet that of Buonarotti far surpassed it.

Pope Julius II., who was then seated on the Pontifical throne, sent for the great artist and commissioned him to make a statue "worthy of Julius II. and Michael Angelo." The statue was cast in bronze, and was placed upon the portal of St. Pedrone, where it remained until 1511, when it was broken by a mob. Pope Julius was so pleased with the work that he ordered him to make a monument for his tomb. Michael Angelo set about it, and went to the quarries of Carrara to obtain the stone necessary for a colossal monument of forty figures. Whilst he was away his enemies prejudiced the mind of Julius against him, and when the artist returned he was refused admittance by the Pope. He immediately left Rome; but scarcely had he gone than the Pope repented of his refusal and sent for him. He had in the mean time been received at Florence; but as the Pope threatened the rulers with war unless the sculptor returned, Michael Angelo went back to Rome, where he was received with joy by the Pope. He was commissioned to decorate the arch-roof of the Sistine Chapel, which he executed in magnificent style.

On the death of Julius II., Leo X. ordered him to Florence to complete the façade of the Library of San Lorenzo. However, this was never completed, and Michael Angelo, seeing that he could not obtain the protection of the Pope on account of the base jealousy of other artists, resolved never to return to Rome. Leo X. was succeeded by Adrian VI., who was not favorably inclined towards him. However, he did not reign long, and was succeeded by Cardinal di Medici, who took the name of Clement VII. He honored and protected the sculptor; yet Angelo, fearing his enemies, went to Florence, where he became commissary general of the fortifications of the city. There, with twelve thousand soldiers, he sustained a siege of eleven months against thirty-five thousand men. Florence was, however, captured, and Michael Angelo was forced to flee from Florentine territory. He was arrested and brought to Florence, but was pardoned by the gonfaloniere, and as an expression of his gratitude he erected the tombs of Julian and Laurent di Medici. These two monuments completed, Buonarotti went to

Rome. There he finished his colossal figure of Moses designed for the tomb of Julius II. While at work at this statue, he was urged by Clement II. to paint the two extremities of the Sistine Chapel. Paul III., the successor of Clement, also urged him to the work, and after eight years' work Michael Angelo finished his fresco, "The Last Judgment," one of the greatest works of art ever produced.

After this he decorated the Pauline Chapel with two large pictures, the "Conversion of St. Paul" and the "Martyrdom of Peter." He then resumed his favorite work, sculpture, and produced a new "Descent from the Cross,"—a magnificent group of four figures cut from one block of marble. At the age of seventy-two he was appointed architect of St. Peter's. Michael Angelo found it impossible to follow out the plan of Bramante modified by St. Gallo. He traced out a new design in the form of a Greek cross, and, suppressing the minor details, he reduced it to simple and grand proportions. He worked for seventeen years on St. Peter's, and if he had not the pleasure of seeing it finished, he had at least the certainty of knowing that it would be finished with respect to the plans which he had traced. He died as he had lived, an honest and good Christian, in the year 1563. His will, dictated to his nephew Leonardo Buonarrotti, was: "I leave my soul to God, my body to the earth, my property to my nearest relatives."

Michael Angelo was not only a sculptor, architect and painter, but was also a poet. He composed a number of sonnets, filled with characteristic nobleness and generosity of soul, but tinged with bitter melancholy caused by the injustice of others. He delighted in Dante and Petrarch, but preferred to all other books the Holy Scriptures, from which he drew his inspiration.

F. L. M.

College Gossip.

—Robert Garret has presented Johns Hopkins University with a large collection of old books and newspaper files of much historical value.

—The Rev. Father Burtin, O. M. I., is engaged upon a translation of the Bible into the Iroquois language. The Rev. Father Le Goff, of the same Order, has lately published a series of books of elementary religious instruction in another Indian language, that of Montagnais.

—The question of granting certificates to Sisters, authorizing them to teach in Texas public schools, having been referred by the State superintendent to the attorney general for an

opinion, he replied that nothing in the Constitution or laws of the State disqualified such persons from receiving such certificates, if otherwise qualified.

—*Prof. Goldburgman*: "Herr Kannstnicht, you will the declensions give in the sentence: 'I have a gold mine.'"

Herr Kannstnicht: "I have a gold mine; thou hast a gold thine; he has a gold his; we, you, they have a gold ours, yours, or theirs, as the case may be."

Prof. Goldburgman: "You right are! up head proceed! Should I what a time pleasant have if all Herr Kannstnicht like were!"—*Ex.*

—The beautiful statue of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., presented to the Catholic University at Washington, by Mr. Joseph Loubat, of New York, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on the 28th ult. This gift is not only a tribute to the beneficent and revered head of the Church, but a tribute also to the cause of university training and to the success of the magnificent institution whose turreted walls and slender spires look down upon the nation's Capitol. As a work of art the statue has been greatly admired, and the genius of the sculptor, Guiseppe Lucetti, has been highly complimented. The sculptor was engaged over a year in chiselling the features and figure of the Pontiff. The statue is made of Carrara marble, and represents the Pope in a sitting position, clad in the vestments of his office. The right hand is raised in benediction. The statue rests on a pedestal of white marble five feet in height, the total height of the statue and pedestal being fourteen feet. The total cost was over \$20,000. Three sides of the pedestal bear inscriptions. The unveiling exercises were participated in by Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, Cardinal Gibbons and a large number of the prominent members of the priesthood and the laity.

—The Cardinal Archbishop of Rennes has added some questions to the diocesan catechism which we quote. One section has these questions:

Q. With whom rests the right to educate children?
A. The right to educate children rests with their parents.

Q. What is the first duty of Christian parents with respect to the education of their children?
A. The first duty of Christian parents with respect to the education of their children is to see that they know and practise their religion.

Another has these on voting:

Q. How can we obtain the establishment of a Christian Government?
A. We can obtain the establishment of a Christian Government by voting at elections for men resolved to defend the interests of religion and of society.

Q. Is it our duty to vote at elections?
A. Yes, it is our duty to vote at elections.

Q. Is it a sin to vote badly at elections?
A. Yes, it is a sin to vote badly at elections.

Q. What is voting badly at elections?
A. It is voting badly at elections to vote for men who are not resolved to defend the interest of religion and of society.

Q. Why is it a sin to vote badly at elections?
A. Because by so doing we render ourselves responsible for the evil done by those for whom we vote.

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—Tuesday next is St. Edward's Day—the feast-day of our venerable Father Founder. Can he be with us? We cannot tell now. He is very ill. May be God, through the intercession of St. Edward, will grant a speedy and happy response to the many fervent prayers that are being offered. We hope for it. Oh, the years that have passed since the first St. Edward's Day at Notre Dame! What lives have been lived through that long time! How many a heart, whose beats were quickened as the venerable Superior spoke in days gone by, still pulsate to give new life and action to thoughts for the best and aspirations for the noblest accomplishments of Providence's most merciful designs! We all, and our friends with us, hope and pray for the best. Our dear Father General is assured of the loyalty and devotedness of his spiritual children and the students of Notre Dame, and we confidently hope that on the 13th he may be able to receive in person the addresses of which it is designed he shall be the recipient.

Summer Sketches.

IV.

LA BELLE FRANCE.

NEUILLY-SUR-SEINE, July 9.

Here we are in the most beautiful city in the world. As I write, I can see its far-spreading roofs and towers and steeples tracing out its magnificent streets of which I caught a hurried glimpse this morning as we drove rapidly from the *gare* to my present abode at Neuilly. Our journey from London to Dover and across the English Channel to Calais was uneventful. Naught of a melancholy nature occurred during the three hours' trip over the "choppy" channel, though it required no little acrobatic skill to mount the ladder and ascend to the upper deck on the little steamboat. This feat, however, was performed with great success; and it was necessary on my part, in order to escape the sights presented within the cabin below. It was with pleasure we saw the shores of *La belle France* loom up before us after we had been about an hour out on the water. As we drew near to the port of Calais our hearts beat faster with emotion, for soon we thought we shall set foot upon that fair land whose sons lent such timely aid to our native country in its grand, successful struggle for independence.

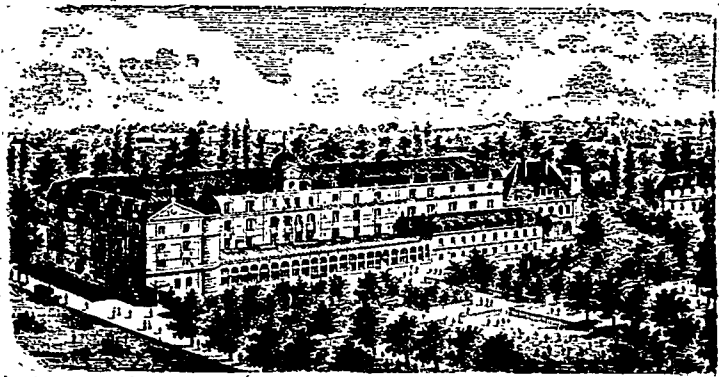
At length we landed. The gentlemanly official passed our valise after receiving a negative response to his concise question: *Pas de tabac?* Our trunks had been registered for Paris, and were immediately transferred to the train which was in waiting. A very polite little porter took charge of our valises and conducted us to seats in our "cab." Soon "*en voiture!*" was heard, doors were slammed, the whistle shrieked, and off we started for Paris. Our train went like lightning, and in less than three hours the great city of the world came into view. Many miles out from Paris the houses dot the ground in great abundance. The fields all look like gardens; here we have a glimpse of the city; again it is hidden by a clump of trees, and now we have a full view of it. The grand Eiffel Tower, of which you have heard so much, is constantly before our eyes. We see, too, the *Arc de l'Etoile*, the monument of the first Napoleon. There are the massive square towers of Notre Dame and the glorious domes of the *Pantheon* and the *Invalides*, and we can trace the *Champs Elysées* in front running down to the *Place de la Concorde* and the *Louvre*. And, winding through the whole, now appearing, now disappearing, now enclosed with stone walls and spanned by noble bridges, now running freely through green fields and disporting along the woods, is the river Seine that winds around as if loth to leave Paris.

Well, it is all very beautiful; but we shall say more in another communication. Here comes the conductor, or "guard" (I forget his name in French, and it is too late now to wake up anybody to find out.) He says:

"*Tickets, Messieurs et Mesdames, s'il vous plait.*" (*Tiket* without the *c* is French now—don't forget, please.) The *s'il vous plait* is an invariable adjunct to the most ordinary requests, and forms but the least among the many *pleasing* evidences of that inherent politeness in the French character for which the nation stands pre-eminent before the world. The most trifling act of favor or accommodation—grant the motive be one of self-interest or what you will—is performed with a grace and courtesy that impart a pleasurable feeling to the recipient and almost make one think he is doing a favor to the servant. I cannot describe the grace with which the little porter at Calais took our valises and said: "*A Paris, n'est ce pas? Première ou seconde classe?*" and, receiving his answer, found places for us. Of course, he expected and received his reward, a franc perhaps. *Mais, que voulez vous?* In England; or even in the United States, you might run around a railroad depot and nobody would volunteer his services to show you your train. It may be—well, we were going to moralize about fear of intrusion, except on the part of hackmen who would lug you where you didn't want to go. It is, of course, the difference in national characteristics, and the new and unexpected always excite surprise. Our gruff, "Tickets, please" (more frequently without the "please"), is just as polite in its way and calls forth no remark. We

are all matter-of-fact, and take things as they go. Our railroad officials and employees are as attentive to the comfort and convenience of their passengers as can be expected, and we may say they go further in this respect in the United States than in any other country. But we only speak of the courtesy with which the French official performs an act which you have a right to demand of him; and in this, as in the conduct of all matters pertaining to social intercourse, the French people are unsurpassed.

But here we are at the *gare*. We look to our trunk, get a *voiture*, and off we drive to the



COLLEGE DE STE.-CROIX A NEUILLY.

Outside the walls of the great city, on the north side of those long shady avenues which open through the park-like city of Neuilly, arise the white walls of the Collège of Ste.-Croix, founded about the year 1858 by the Rev. Father Champeau, C. S. C. Here a stranger hailing from America, and especially from dear old Notre Dame, finds a home and good friends. Here the student who has crossed the deep ocean in order to secure an abundant harvest in the rich field of knowledge finds sympathetic instructors, men of science, who are desirous to help him to carry out his designs.

The institution is at present under the able direction of the Rev. G. Français, whose administrative ability has placed it in the foremost rank among the educational institutions of Paris. He is ably assisted by a corps of about forty-five professors including a number of lay teachers.

The picture above gives but a faint idea of the institution and its appointments. It is designed as far as possible to be a representation of its interior and the *parterre* and *campus* enclosed within the grounds. But very little of the massive, imposing exterior is presented. One who has seen the Crystal Palace will realize the beauty, as well as the utility, of the covered archway between the two wings. It is all enclosed in glass, and at any season of the year it may be made to form a most delightful *salle des receptions* or *salle des séances*—or, in plain English, it may be utilized for any kind of college exhibition.

It is situated probably in the most eligible spot that can be found around Paris, only a few hundred yards from the fortifications, in the very centre of the city of Neuilly noted for its many villas, its long avenues bordered with trees, and its colleges and academies. The famous *Bois*

de Boulogne, whose long, macadamized roads circle round Neuilly, have their issues here. The building itself is erected upon an elevation above several terraces which, like an amphitheatre, descend to the banks of the river. The beauty of location, its gardens and buildings, together with the efficiency of its courses of instruction, have made the institution very popular with the Parisians, and its halls are thronged with youthful aspirants to knowledge. The attendance at the present writing numbers six hundred and seventy-five, and numerous applications have been received for admission for the next term. This will necessitate the erection of a new building, plans for which are now being considered by Rev. Father Français.

During the siege of Paris by the German armies in 1870, the institution at Neuilly, protected by the fortifications of the city, suffered comparatively little; but in the months of April and May, 1871, the time of the insurrection of the Commune, it was almost completely destroyed. The communists made the college buildings the objective point of their artillery. Five religious of Holy Cross, among whom Frères Ernest and Grégoire still survive, were imprisoned and would have shared the fate of the Archbishop of Paris and many others of their illustrious companions in captivity, had not the regular army arrived and restored order.

It was at Neuilly that the celebrated castle of the Orleans family stood, and was the scene of the untimely death of the Duke of Orleans in 1840 by a fall from his horse. The beautiful chapel of St. Ferdinand, erected on the site of the house into which the dying Duke was borne, still exists a short distance from the Collège.

Near by is the *Couvent des Dames Anglaises*, an academic institution for young ladies conducted by nuns of the Augustinian Order. These devoted *religieuses*, descendants of those banished for the faith from the shores of England, have done much to encourage the tried hearts of Albion's children and to keep alive the faith in their land of exile. Years and centuries, it may be said, have passed since their foundation in Neuilly; and each age has marked its *corona* of good work accomplished through noble disinterestedness and heroic self-sacrifice. Their institute, conducted as it is by most accomplished ladies, holds one of the proudest positions among the academies of France.

It is worthy of note, also, that, a little to the north, may be seen the *statue de Parmentier* erected to the memory of a very worthy gentleman who, early in the present century, introduced the potato culture into France. (Wonder if they were of the "early" variety!) For a special reason the name should be mentioned, inasmuch as the children of this noble Frenchman received with the most cordial hospitality Very Rev. Father Granger and the religious accompanying him, when they landed upon the shores of the New World in 1844.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Religion, the Bulwark of Liberty.

The Rev. Walter Elliott, '59, of the Paulist, Order, New York, was the preacher at the recent blessing of the corner-stone of the Church of the Assumption, Ansonia, Conn. An immense congregation heard his eloquent and opportune address. The following extracts will, no doubt, be perused with interest:

"I wish to tell you what this church means to our brethren from outside, who to-day look with wonder at us; look at the large delegation of people—most, if not all, of them the hard-working class—look at us with wonder and curiosity, and ask: 'What does it mean?' This tall spire that will be raised to overshadow the valley, what will be its significance? What do the Catholics mean to do in building this church? Particularly they would like to know what will be the influence of the religion on the country. They know that it is a great religion, one, as God is one; solid as the foundation on which the stone is laid.

"Not only is the Catholic Church One, but it is Universal. It possesses an elasticity adapted to every race under the sun. So we see, therefore, French Catholics from sunny France, Italian Catholics from beautiful Italy, and Irish Catholics from under the weeping skies of dear old Erin. You might compare that elasticity of the Catholic religion to music. Without losing its identity it is adapted for all, just the same as the beautiful notes of a fine melody are played and appreciated alike in all nations.

"Now, let us look at the people who compose the Catholic Church and study them: What is characteristic of the French? Resistless force to do and conquer by the burning French heart; a force which sends them to the ends of the earth as missionaries, to the jungles of India and the wilds and deserts of Africa. Aye, none stand higher in the Church to-day than the French missionaries. They have never been equalled.

"But the French are the same Catholics as the Italians. Now to study them: The Italian trait is that of symbolism; that gift of ability to read God in the skies. The Italian is able to represent God in painting and architecture, so far beyond other nations that when our architects and artists visit Italy they come back in despair. 'We may imitate,' say they, 'but, equal? Never!' This symbolism is not dull mummery to the Italian. In it he sees and feels the presence of God in nature and in the divine inspiration for his work.

"Then, take the Irishman. He is the same Catholic as the Italian and the Frenchman—one in doctrine, one in worship, one in belief. And what are his traits? The Irishmen are clansmen; their characteristics, their love of kinship and love of a leader. Who is a friend like an Irishman? And who is more loyal—alas!

sometimes too loyal—to a leader? Loyalty is their distinctive trait—never to fall away: to stand amidst persecution, clinging to the truth held firmly in the loyal clansman's heart. It is noble! It is beautiful! And we who belong to the race can, without asking pardon for doing so, take just pride in it!

"Now, then, come to this land here. Here is America, and when we come to it we must not say that this is a German, French, Irish or Italian colony. No, this is America! And the Church must be American. It must partake of the characteristics of America, and what religion can better do so than ours? As our religion is mighty, solid, united, so is the nation. Has not the country been lifted up, mighty, and with a future that no prophet can measure?

"Is this Church to be American? If you ask me what the ideal Catholic Church here would be, I would say that it should partake of the loyalty of the Irishman, the enthusiasm of the Frenchman and the symbolism of the Italian. But to have all these attributes would make us gods; man can but choose.

"What is it that distinguishes America from other nations? Answer me that. First of all, it is liberty—in this northern part of the western hemisphere. Columbus, that Catholic explorer, discovered here a country that was destined to be free—a nation of liberty and intelligence, not wild liberty which is but license. And we are free and liberty-loving, one great impulse after another crowding us further toward liberty. Look at it in politics. Changes made in rulers every few months—by the people. The rulers are your servants, placed there by your power to perform your will. It is not, then, contrary to liberty for the Church to attend to the training of children, teaching them religion, not through perversity, but to make them better citizens; for it is the child instructed in his duty to God that makes the law-abiding, liberty-loving citizen. In our colleges and schools tens of thousands of teachers impart this doctrine of liberty and intelligence—the intelligent liberty which is the only true liberty.

"Is this Church going to minister to a reasonable liberty? How glad we should feel that this is the demand that our brethren from the outside will make of us. How glad that we can so easily pay the debt of gratitude we owe this great and free nation for taking us in and loving and cherishing us. We were not brought to these shores for mercenary motives. No: the wide-stretched, welcoming arms of America were extended for all who sought refuge from oppression and bondage. We were taken in, free, and reared in loving brotherhood.

"This, then, is our task, and an easy one it is. What religion is better fitted for it than ours, which always upholds the dignity of man? Man is not a degraded wretch. When Calvin and Luther said, 'Man is depraved,' the Pope and Bishops of our Church said, 'Anathema to that. Man is not depraved, he is naturally good.'"

Books and Periodicals.

THE CONCORDANCE REPERTORY of the More Characteristic Symptoms of the Materia Medica. By William D. Gentry, M. D. Six Volumes. New York: A. L. Chatterton & Co.

This is one of the most complete and exhaustive treatises in Materia Medica as yet published. It will, no doubt, be welcomed by practitioners generally. For public and collegiate libraries it is an invaluable work.

—Carroll D. Wright, U. S. Commissioner of Labor, opens the October *Popular Science Monthly* with the first series of "Lessons from the Census," in which he traces the growth of the census, and shows that it has come to be a somewhat unwieldy instrument. Mr. W. F. Durfee, in the series on American Industries, gives the history of "The Manufacture of Steel" from colonial times to the introduction of the Bessemer process. The article is copiously illustrated. Prof. G. T. W. Patrick discusses "The Rivalry of the Higher Senses," and shows that man is becoming less "ear-minded" and more and more "eye-minded." In "Exercise for Elderly People," Dr. Fernand Lagrange tells what sort of exertion should be chosen and what avoided by persons who have passed their prime. "Life on an Ostrich Farm" is described in a very bright and instructive way, with several helpful pictures. The second paper of Prof. Frederick Starr's notable series on "Dress and Adornment" is in this number. It deals with the origin and many of the varieties of dress, and is fully illustrated. G. Maspero tells what has been learned from mummies, paintings and inscriptions, about "The Dogs of Ancient Egypt." The work done by "Astronomical Societies and Amateur Astronomers" is dealt with by L. Niesten. There is a pleasant and very seasonable article on spiders—"The Spinning Sisterhood," as they are called by the writer, Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller. M. Pierre Bonnier treats of "Hearing in Lower Animals."

—*Scribner's Magazine* for October is led by the fourth article in the series on "Great Streets of the World." Mr. W. W. Story, the eminent American sculptor and writer who has spent the most of his life in that city, writes of "The Corso of Rome," recalling its mediæval glories, and giving many personal reminiscences of his sojourn there, with picturesque descriptions of the street as it exists at the present day, its palaces, monuments, churches, and public buildings, and a vivid account of the carnival in its gayest days—the races of the Barberi and the closing night, when thousands of wax tapers are lighted and carried about the street. The illustrations for this article are by Ettore Tito, a Roman artist, who has caught the spirit of this most historic street. There are also several very entertaining out-of-door articles—Archibald Roger's adventures in "Hunting American

Big Game," and with it Dr. J. N. Hall's short paper on the "Actions of Wounded Animals," which sportsmen will find of very practical interest; Edward L. Wilson's "Biography of the Oyster," from the planting of the seed to the market; and Major J. W. Powell's account of the original and probable effects of the new lake in the Colorado Desert. The fiction of this issue includes a long and amusing instalment of "The Wrecker," by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne; a detective story, "Captain Black," by Charles E. Carryl; and a tale of the classic days of Greece and Rome by Dr. Ernst Schottky, a German resident of New York, who originally wrote this tale in his mother tongue. A paper on "Carlyle's Politics" as revealed in his essays, with poems and the Point of View, completes a strong number.

—The opening article of *The Century* for October is the closing one of Mr. Kennan's series, and is entitled "My Last Days in Siberia." He describes his experiences among the Kachinski-Tatars and the political exiles of Minusinsk, and with the "plague-guard" or quarantine, and narrates the journey by way of Tobolsk and Tiumen to St. Petersburg. The promised article by Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor, on "Aërial Navigation" appears in this number, and considers particularly the question of the power required for aviation. Mr. Maxim also adds a forecast of the possible future uses of the new mode of locomotion. The paper in the Gold-Hunting Series is entitled "Tarrying in Nicaragua," and is a record of the California trip in 1849, as told in the letters of the late Roger S. Baldwin, Jr., one of a party of Yale graduates who went to the Pacific by this route. In addition to the flavor of gold-seeking, it is an attractive account of the country itself; the text is illustrated, largely by drawings by Gilbert Gaul, made in Nicaragua. An allied paper by Lieutenant Henry R. Lemly of the army answers the question of its title, "Who was El Dorado?" and corrects a popular misapprehension as to the meaning of the word. Colonel E. V. Sumner, of the army, gives a graphic account of the Indian massacre of 1879 under the title "Besieged by the Utes," to which Mr. Remington lends the aid of his pencil. A concluding paper on the Custer massacre shortly to appear will complete a group of papers on a class of frontier warfare which is almost, if not quite, in the past. A paper of unique interest is Mrs. Joseph Pennell's description of "A Water Tournament" at Martigues, in the south of France. In the series of Italian Old Masters, Mr. Stillman writes briefly of Lorenzo di Credi and of Perugino, the master of Raphael, and an engraving by Mr. Cole of a work by each accompanies the text. There is also a critical essay by Edmund Gosse on Rudyard Kipling, which is in the nature of a review of his literary work in prose and verse. A portrait of Mr. Kipling is the frontispiece of the number.

Personal.

—Rev. J. Klein, C. S. C., has resumed his office as a member of the Faculty of the University.

—Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., Rector of St. Vincent's Church, Academy Station, Ind., made a very pleasant visit to Notre Dame during the week.

—Rev. President Walsh delivered a most instructive and eloquent lecture on "Temperance" before the students of Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis., on last Saturday evening.

—Roland R. Adelsperger, '89, is numbered among the Faculty of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas. He writes that the College is in a very flourishing condition under the able administration of Rev. President Hurth.

—Hugh O'Neill (Law), '91, on the 8th of October in the Supreme Court in Indianapolis, was admitted to the Bar of Indiana. Congratulations with best wishes for a long life and prosperity greet Mr. O'Neill from his numerous friends and admirers.

—The recent performances of Harry Jewett, '90, have been truly wonderful. His defeat of Carey at Toronto, in the 220 yards contest, as well as in the 100 yards race, proves that he is a runner worthy of the name, and it is only a matter of time when the world's record will be his. His friends at Notre Dame feel proud of his success, and hope that with the blue and gold on his breast he will soon strike the tape, breaking the world's record.

—Rev. R. Maher, C. S. C., returned to Notre Dame on Wednesday last after an extended trip to Ireland. He brought with him twenty young men to enter the Novitiate of the Community, and sixteen young ladies as postulants for the convent at St. Mary's. His many friends were glad to see him in the enjoyment of the best of health and spirits.

—The many friends of Edward J. Darragh (Com'l), '86, of St. Paul, Minn., will rejoice to hear of the success attending him in the practice of the legal profession. We clip the following from the St. Paul *Daily Globe* of recent date:

"Edward J. Darragh, for three years a law student under C. D. O'Brien, latterly a deputy clerk of the district court and constantly a popular young fellow with all the qualities of a lawyer, gentleman and genius, will quit his fellows in the county clerk's office October 1, to engage in the practice of his profession in partnership with J. H. Barnard, who was formerly also a student under the O'Briens. Mr. Darragh has a legion of friends socially, and the *Globe*, recognizing his promise among the young men of this city, predicts for him unbounded professional success."

—Our home artist, John Ackermann, assisted by his son, Frank X. Ackermann, of Notre Dame, have completed the work of frescoing in oil, and otherwise ornamenting the interior of St. Joseph Hall, corner Sixth and Brown streets. It is now one of the most beautifully decorated halls in the State. On the east or rear end,

occupying a space upon the wall of 17 x 34 feet, is a most artistically executed painting of the scene descriptive of the first discovery of the western hemisphere by Christopher Columbus. Beneath this, at the rear of the rostrum or platform, is a finely painted representation of a drop curtain, so naturally executed that the auditor will almost believe it real. The striking figure on this is a huge American eagle, with the shield, scroll, etc. But the hall proper is most elaborately frescoed in oil, with various appropriate ornamentations, and presents a very pretty and cheerful appearance. The entire work reflects much credit not only upon the painters, but upon the enterprising organization which projected it.—*Lafayette Courier*.

Obituary.

—A few days ago the sad intelligence reached us of the death of WILLIAM C. BYRNE (Com'l), '76, who was drowned while bathing at Harbor View, San Francisco, on the 13th of July. The afflicted relatives have the sincere sympathy of all at Notre Dame.

—DR. JOHN W. McALISTER, '72, of Nashville, Tenn., died on the 22d ult. at Bloomington Springs, Tenn. The deceased was in the 37th year of his age and had met with great success in the practice of his profession. He was elected County Health Officer by the County Court in January, 1890, and administered its duties with marked ability and efficiency. The news of his untimely death was received with deep regret by his former Professors and friends at Notre Dame.

—On Sept. 26, MICHAEL B. MULKERN, '88, of Dubuque, Iowa, died of typhoid fever at Huntsville, Texas. The deceased was in the twenty-second year of his age and had followed the complete University course for a period of six years, and the goodness and intelligence that made him so dear to all who knew him during his college days marked his short but brilliant life after leaving his *Alma Mater*. From the Dubuque *Herald* we take the following:

"Deceased was born in Dubuque, Nov., 1869. He was a son of M. B. Mulkern, deceased, and leaves a mother living at 852 Locust street, two brothers and a sister. He attended Notre Dame University in Indiana for six years, and graduated in '88, with high honors, as a 'Bachelor of Science' and 'Master of Civil Engineering.' In College he was an acknowledged leader. Under the Cleveland administration he was employed in the Dubuque post-office, and later was assistant city engineer under M. Tschirgi. He was actively engaged in the publication of the last city directory, and much of its excellence is owing to his thorough work and compiling ability. Last November he engaged with R. L. Polk & Co., and went to Missouri, where he assisted on their State Gazetteer. So valuable a man did he prove that they sent him to Texas in charge of that Gazetteer, where he found his death. As soon as his work was finished there, he intended to make a visit home. Little was it thought his visit would be in a casket. The acquaintance of M. B. Mulkern was one of the earliest formed when the *Herald*

local came to Dubuque. We ever found him not only companionable, but one of the most trustworthy young men who ever lived. Honorable and possessed of marked ability, his companionship was ever desirable, and we feel his death as a great personal loss. Among those who knew him he had not an enemy, and the entire community joins its tears with the mother and other relatives."

The funeral took place from St. Patrick's Church, Dubuque, on the 30th ult. The pallbearers were: A. Gibbs, P. J. Nelson, G. Myers, A. A. Cooper, Jr., Ed. Dillon and W. Preston, all former classmates of the deceased at the University. The afflicted mother and relatives have the sincere sympathy of all at Notre Dame in this great trial.

Local Items.

- "Dât sès de gut."
- Hold that base!
- Here, here, here!
- St. Edward's Day, Tuesday.
- Old boy, don't talk so much!
- "How are you getting on principally?"
- What's the matter with the boat crews?
- We expect some good sport on the 13th.
- "When a canon-ball shoots off a canon."
- "You're getting a good deal your own way."
- The athletes go to bed really tired nowadays.
- "Did you see that home-run that Gerdes made?"
- A regular standard is required for athletes this year.
- Who is going to win the all-round championship?
- When it comes to playing football, B. L. is strictly in it.
- Though somewhat corpulent, he will be back if it does not rain.
- The appliances have been out for several days, and the athletes are busy.
- "No, Waltah, there will be no fat-man's race this year. You may also tell the captain."
- He tried to play ball with the sixteen-pound shot. An operation must now be performed on his finger.
- There's no use in trying; the mandate has gone forth, and there are to be no extra "rec" days this session.
- LOST.—On Wednesday last a gold ring on the Seniors' campus. Finder, please leave at office and receive reward.
- Many of the mighty men of muscle miserably miscalculated their chances and, not being up to the standard, must withdraw.
- There will be "something like" about Saint Edward's day sports this year. Sack races, three-legged races, etc., have been relegated to "Auld Lang Syne."
- A distinguished visitor at the College was

Dr. Eberlein, one of the most eminent philosophers in the Northwest. He made many friends at Notre Dame, and seemed delighted with his visit.

—The question is asked us whether the regular "rec" day rain will occur to-morrow or be postponed till Tuesday. In answer we state that it will fall on Tuesday rather than on Sunday. You can't fool the weather.

—On Thursday last ground was broken for the new Astronomical Observatory to be erected south of Science Hall. Particulars in regard to the design and construction of the building will be given in a future number.

—During the past week, the Rector of Sorin Hall received a short visit from G. Montagu Henderson, LL. D., F. R. S., of Montreal. The latter distinguished gentleman expressed much disappointment at the temporary absence of one of our local authors.

—At a meeting of the Columbians on last Tuesday evening the following officers were chosen: President, Prof. C. P. Niel; First Vice-President, M. Cassidy; Second Vice-President, J. McDonald; Secretary, F. Powers; Treasurer, J. O'Shea; Critic, R. C. Langan. The election of the other officers is deferred to the next meeting.

—The first division of the Junior Archconfraternity held a meeting last Saturday and elected the following officers: President, F. Carney; Vice-President, J. Delany; Treasurer, F. O'Rourke; Secretary, D. Casey; Standard Bearer, J. Dempsey. It was decided to hold the monthly meetings of the society on the first Sunday of the month.

—The first regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society for the year '91-'92 was held Sunday evening, Sept. 27. The following were elected to membership: D. Cartier, A. Ahlrichs, H. O'Neill and P. Murphy. The officers for the coming session are: President, N. J. Sinnott; Vice-President, J. R. Fitzgibbon; Recording Secretary, G. Lancaster; Corresponding Secretary, P. A. Murphy; Treasurer, C. J. Gillon; Censor, A. E. Dacey. The President appointed the following committees: *Credential*, J. R. Fitzgibbon, T. Coady, M. Regan; *Programme*, J. J. McGrath, P. Coady, C. Gillon.

—The second and, as it turned out, the last game of the fall championship series was played Thursday between the *Reds* and *Blues*. It was a very cold day; yet the players did good work, and much interest was manifested by the spectators. Gillon and Hannin for the *Reds*, and McCarrick and Combe for the *Blues*, did the battery work; and had they received better support, the score would have been smaller. Gillon and Combe's batting, Hannin's base running and sharp infield work were the features. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
REDS:—	2	1	0	0	3	1	1	0	0=8
BLUES:—	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0=6

—If we are to give credit to our friend Jim's assurance that "hoary Boreas," and he only, is the cause of his rubescent proboscis, why then did that facial appendage lose none of its carmine hue during the summer months?

—In a day dream B. Ennie, a future missionary to Molokai, translated the famous quotation,

"Surgit amari aliquid medio de fonte leporum," as follows:

"Something to be loved rises from the middle of the fountain of lepers."

—The students will be pleased to know that before the winter season sets in, the cement walk leading to Sorin Hall will be continued to the shops. We prophesy a large saving of shoe blacking, as mud will undoubtedly bring premium prices.

—With one exception, all the officers of the Lemonnier Library are the same this year as last: Director, Prof. J. F. Edwards; Secretary, Mr. L. Monarch; Assistant Librarians, Messrs. D. Casey and J. Ocanesk, the latter taking the place of Mr. King.

—A very interesting game of base-ball was that played between the two first nines of the Seminary last Thursday afternoon. Bill's phenomenal playing at first quite "razzel-dazzled" Mac's home run. Score, 12 to 4 in favor of the Leonines, captained by P. Quinn.

—On Thursday the two Junior first nines played a fine game of base-ball. After a struggle for nine innings the result was a tie. The tenth was begun; but it becoming too dark, the umpire (W. McDonnell) called the game. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
BLUE STARS:—	2	0	0	2	0	1	0	1	0=6
RED STARS:—	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3=6

—The third regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Association was held on Wednesday evening, September 30. After the reading of the minutes, J. Brown and G. Zoehrlaut were proposed for membership and duly elected. The regular programme was then opened by Vice-President Bates in an interesting account of the life and works of Washington Irving. Next came R. Slevin, W. A. Gerlach and F. J. Brown respectively, who delighted their hearers with well-written sketches of the life and execution of Mary Stuart, the life and works of the poet Longfellow, and the "Roman Gladiator." Declamations were delivered by F. J. Brown, P. R. Stephens and T. J. Finnerty. The President then addressed the society, and in a few kind words congratulated the different speakers of the evening.

The fourth regular meeting was held on Oct. 7. The following were elected to membership: J. Hagus, A. Rumely, F. Grote, W. Gerdes and C. Cullen. O. Bergland gave a sketch of the life of James R. Lowell; Eugene Dorsey spoke on "Nathaniel Hawthorne," and Chas. McPhee on "Oliver W. Holmes." An interesting debate then followed.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Cartier, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Dacey, DuBrul, Fitzgerald, Fitzgibbon, Hannin, Langan, Lancaster, H. Murphy, P. Murphy, Mitchell, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rothert, Sanford, Schaack, C. Scherrer, Sullivan, E. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Ansbery, Breen, Burns, Brennan, F. Brady, Brown, T. Brady, Brookfield, Beaudry, Bundy, F. Cummings, Chassaing, Corcoran, Cosgrove, J. Crawley, Corry, P. Crawley, Cassidy, Carter, J. Cummings, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Caffrey, Crilly, Castenado, Cole, Cushing, Chearhart, Doheny, C. Delany, Doyle, R. Delany, Egan, Ellwanger, Ferneding, P. Fleming, Funke, Flynn, Flannery, Foley, Frizzelle, R. Harris, Heneghan, Henley, Harpole, Healy, Hawthorne, E. Harris, Jacobs, Jewett, Kearns, Krembs, Kenny, Krost, Kearney, Klee-kamp, M. Kelly, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby, Kintzele, Layton, S. Mitchell, McFadden, C. Murphy, Moxley, McClure, Maloney, D. Murphy, McVean, Magnus, E. Mitchell, McDonnell, McDermott, Marckhoff, F. Murphy, Nockles, O'Donnell, Ocanasek, O'Shea, Prelskamp, Palmer, Powers, Phillips, Quinlan, Raney, W. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Rudd, Ragan, C. Roby, E. Roby, Sherman, Stanton, Thayne, Thome, Schopp, Vinez, Welsh, Wilkin, Weaver, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Bouer, Bixby, Barbour, Brennan, Baldauf, Ball, Bates, J. Brown, F. Brown, Burkert, Briggs, Carney, Casey, Corry, Covert, Cosgrove, Cullen, Curran, Cheney, Connell, Corcoran, Crawford, Carpenter, Dion, DuBois, Dix, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillon, Dillman, Delany, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, DuBrul, H. Egan, C. S. Fleming, C. F. Fleming, Falk, Finnerty, A. Funke, G. Funke, Foster, Girsch, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerdes, Gerner, Girardin, Gerlach, Gillam, Hagan, Harrington, Hilger, Hoban, Hoffkamp, Hamilton, Hargrave, Hughes, Hagus, Hittson, Hack, Healy, Janssens, Joseph, Johnson, Kindler, Kaufman, Kreicker, Kountz, Kraber, Kinneavy, Kerker, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, LaMoure, Levi, Lee, Lowry, Leonard, Mahon, Mills, Miles, Major, Mitchell, W. Miller, J. Miller, Meyers, Marr, Moss, Marre, McCarthy, J. McKee, A. McKee, McDowell, McPhee, H. Nichols, W. Nichols, O'Connor, Oliver, O'Brien, J. O'Neill, W. O'Neill, O'Rourke, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Phillipson, Pomeroy, Rumely, Rupel, Rogers, Ratterman, Renesch, Rend, F. Reilly, W. Sullivan, V. Sullivan, Strauss, Stern, Shaffer, Sparks, Sedwich, Shimp, Sweet, Scholer, Slevin, Sheuerman, Smith, Thome, Thorn, J. Tong, O. Tong, Tallon, Thomas, Thornton, Teeters, Vorhang, Washburne, Wellington, Walker, Weaver, Wensinger, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Yingst, Yaeger, G. Zoehrlaut, C. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allen, Ahern, Ayers, O. Brown, Blumenthal, Burns, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Cornell, Cross, Crandall, Corry, Curry, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, O. Crepeau, F. Crepeau, Chapoton, Coulter, F. Curtin, G. Curtin, Crawford, Christ, Croke, B. Durand, H. Durand, DuBrul, Elliot, Everest, F. Emerson, W. Emerson, G. Egan, C. Francis, E. Francis, Fossick, Finnerty, Freeman, Fuller, C. Furthmann, E. Furthmann, Girsch, W. Gregg, Gavin, W. Gregg, Gilbert, Healy, Higginson, Hathaway, Howard, Hilger, Hoffman, Jones, Jonquet, Krollman, King, Kern, Kinney, Keeler, Kuehl, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Londoner, Lounsbury, Loughran, Lonergan, Longevin, Langley, Lawton, Lowry, McIntyre, McCarthy, McAllister, McGinley, McPhee, Maternes, Morrison, Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, Platts, Pieser, Pratt, Pursell, W. Patier, E. Patier, Rose, Ransome, Stuckart, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Steele, Swan, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, Tussner, Trujillo, Thomas, White, Wolf, Wilcox, Weber.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

October.

TO VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL.

How fit this month, October, for thy Feast,
When glows with richest colors all the land!
With lavish bounty has fair Nature's hand
Bestowed her gifts from greatest unto least.

The maples, at a cold breath from the North,
Display their glorious tints of red and gold;
Fair Youth could not these ruddy tints unfold,
The frosty touch of Age must bring them forth.

Thus like the maples is thine old age crowned
With glowing honors of the richest hue;
To thee all honor and all praise is due—
Throughout the land is thy dear name renowned.

The harvest of life's spring-time now is near;
The smile of God illumines all thy ways,
And Mary's love sheds forth its fairest rays
To crown thy Feast, the gladdest of the year.

KATHERINE M. MORSE (*Class '92*).

—Rev. Father Cushnahan of Ogden, Utah, is the welcome guest of St. Mary's. On Monday several of the classes were visited by him, and, needless to say, his words of good cheer and encouragement will not soon be forgotten.

—At a recent meeting of the Rosary Society the following young ladies were elected to hold office during the present scholastic year: President, Miss L. Norris; Vice-President, Miss J. Zahm; Secretary, Miss L. Griffith; Treasurer, Miss A. Ryan; Librarian, Miss E. Adelsperger; Sacristan, Miss M. Fitzpatrick.

—On the evening of October 3, the first lecture of the musical course was given by the Directress of that department. It dealt with the importance of acquiring a thorough knowledge of theory, and showed that it goes shoulder to shoulder with practice in the great work of securing a good musical education.

—A continuous rainfall marked the advent of the Feast of the Holy Rosary. Yet, though dreary without, within the walls of St. Mary's chapel the scene was one of light and beauty. Scores of tapers glimmered around the altar-throne whereon He rested who, as of old, drew all hearts to Himself—our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Like a guard of honor, all day devout worshippers knelt before that august Presence, offering the incense of loving prayer, or twining chaplets of *Aves* to lay at the feet of Mary Immaculate.

—Not deterred by the inclemency of the weather, Very Rev. Father Corby, C. S. C., again

kindly presided at the academic meeting of October 4. Always genial and prone to look upon the sunny side of affairs, he addressed the pupils a few words of practical wisdom on the folly of borrowing trouble,—words which were thoroughly appreciated. A pleasant feature of the meeting was the French selection read by Miss Ethel Dennison, the sweetness and purity of whose accent is too well known to need comment. Miss Nacey followed with an extract from Faber's "Blessed Sacrament," her sympathetic voice bringing out the full meaning of this most charming of religious writers.

The Folio of Our Years.

What is life? says the poet; and various are the answers that come from sage and singer! The man of the world tells us life is pleasure, is success, is honor; while the scholar says it is the school of experience. But to the query of the poet has a poet made answer in words which reach every heart; and that poet was no other than our own American bard who in speaking to his classmates after fifty years had taught them what life is, exclaimed:

"Ah, me! the fifty years since last we met
Seem fifty folios bound and set."

Yes, the world is a great library, in which are collected the varied knowledge and experience of six thousand years; and while an individual life may seem as nothing in comparison with the vast array of books forming this library, yet in each life story is to be found an intrinsic part of the history of the age.

Time is fast recording our lives, and soon they, too, shall be completed and laid aside, some to be forgotten, others to be immortal as the classics of old.

Standing where we may watch the surging crowd, we cannot but muse over all that these living tomes embody. We suspect the deep tragedies of some careers, and read the comedies of others. How many pages of these folios may be bright with joy! how many blurred with tears! some darkened by sin and crime, others so pure that they form a sweet book of prayer. But not all lives are known to us; many are sealed as were the books of the old Spanish magicians; and could we but learn the "open sesame" to these volumes, what records of heart-aches would call forth our pity, what virtues elicit our admiration! Like the works engraved by the monks of old, many would we find embellished with the red gold of charity, the silver of purity and the blue of truth. In the transcripts of the soul which the death angel has placed in the

eternal archives, what numbers are covered with the dust of earth's neglect! and yet they have performed their mission; for in every life there are beautiful passages which must touch those who read them. Only on the last day shall these hidden annals be read to the wondering angels and assembled multitudes.

Among the pages of ancient lore what histories do we find! those resplendent with deeds of valor laid at the shrine of patriotism, contrasting strangely with the records which tell of ambition, whose aim was the imperial throne, and whose robe of royal purple was often dyed in blood.

But while it is interesting to study this aggregation of history, science and poetry, known as the life around us, it behooves us to guide with care the pen which records our own deeds; for God has given the material which when compiled will form our earthly records.

Shall our lives be folios of wisdom and piety? Shall they be poems, or works of fiction tending only to amuse? It is for us to decide. Youth, that "book of beginnings," is fast speeding away, reminding us that only life's brightest pages have passed before us; yet in school-days' preface is faintly discerned the plot of our lives; for old age brings few new characters into our folio; rather, like a skilful author, it develops those brought to view in early years.

Only the unrecorded future remains to us. Ah! let us hearken to the words of the poet: "Take heed and ponder well what that shall be." Though many pages may be "blotted and blistered by our tears," others but "records of regrets and doubts and fears," yet we must preserve our book "Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or dust," that when God arranges the volumes in His library ours may be among those which shall add to His praise for all eternity, and that Azrael's *Finis*, which closes our folio, may be followed by words of approbation from the Author of life.

MARY MCFARLAND (*Class '91*).

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Agney, Bassett, Bero, M. Burns, E. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, Brady, A. Butler, K. Barry, M. Barry, Buell, Benz, Black, Brand, Byers, M. Byrnes, Bogart, Call, Carico, Charles, Churchill, Cooper, Clifford, Cowan, Crilly, Davis, Dempsey, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, E. Dennison, J. Ellwanger, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, L. Farwell, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Good, Grace, Goodell, Gilmore, Lucy Griffith, Gibbons, Hartz, Holmes, Hellman, Hutchinson, Higgans, Hanson, Hammond, Hopkins, Hittson, M. Hess, Hunt, Mande Hess, Johnson,

Jewell, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kemme, Kieffer, Kelly, Kasper, Kaufman, Kingsbaker, Lynch, Lewis, Ludwig, Londoner, Loker, Lennon, Lichtenhein, Lancaster, Leppel, La Moure, Morse, M. Moynahan, M. Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, E. McCormack, Maloney, D. McDonald, McGuire, A. Moynahan, McDowell, McDonald, McCune, McCormack, Nacey, Nichol, Norris, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Pinney, Payne, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, M. Smyth, Sanford, A. Smith, Stewart, Schmidt, Sena, Thirds, Trietjen, Van Mourick, Van Liew, Wile, G. Winstandley, Wagner, Wurzburg, Wolffe, Whitmore, Welter, Whitney, Zahm, Zucker.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Boyle, Berthelet, Baxter, Curtin, Cowan, M. Davis, B. Davis, M. Dennison, Dreyer, Doble, Eberts, Ford, A. Girsch, Garrity, Hopper, C. Kasper, Klingsley, Londoner, Mills, O'Mara, Palmer, Pfaelzer, Schaefer, Tilden, A. Williams, Woolverton, White, Whittenberger, Wheeler.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses M. Ahern, Buckley, Dysart, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, McKenna, McCormick, McCarthy, Palmer, M. Wormer.

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

1ST CLASS—Misses M. Roberts, M. Smyth.

2D CLASS—Misses McGuire, Nacey, Thirds.

3D CLASS—Misses Higgins, Lancaster, M. McDowell.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses K. Morse, E. Dennison, Gibbons.

2D CLASS—Misses D. Davis, Bero, Bassett, Sanford, Lynch, A. Ryan.

3D CLASS—Misses Morehead, Call, Wile, A. E. Dennison, Evoy, Dempsey, Tormey, M. Dennison, M. Byrnes, E. Burns, Hickey, M. Hess, K. Ryan.

2D Div.—Misses Sena, Moore, Charles, Van Mourick, Doble, Holmes, Whitmore, S. Smyth, M. McCormack.

4TH CLASS—Misses Jewell, Seeley, Robinson, Black, E. McCormack, Butler, Stewart, R. Lichtenhein, Benz, Kemme, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Dieffenbacher, Londoner, Loker, A. Smith, Hammond, Rizer, Field, A. Thirds, Goodell, L. Griffith, G. Cowan, Ludwig, Bogart.

2D Div.—Misses M. Davis, B. Davis, Hopper, Berthelet, Meskill, Baxter, Nacey, B. Germain, P. Germain, Kline, Curtin, Culp.

5TH CLASS—Misses Dysart, Egan, M. McCormack, Wormer, Finnerty.

GERMAN.

2D CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses L. Nickel, Wile, Ludwig, Nacey, Marrinan.

2D Div.—Misses E. Adelsperger, Green, Carico, Alkire, Dreyer, C. Kasper, M. Hess, Kaufman.

3D CLASS—Misses Hartz, Kirley, Kieffer, Churchill, Welter, A. Augustine, O'Mara, Kingsbaker, L. Schaefer, Farwell, Pfaelzer, Lichtenhein.

4TH CLASS—Misses Ebert, Girsch, Leppel, Klingberg, M. Moynahan, O'Sullivan, D. McDonald, Schmidt, E. Seeley, Wolffe, Zucker, Johnston, G. Winstandley, Ellwanger, Agney, Maude Hess.

5TH CLASS—Misses Hellman, B. Winstandley, Brand, G. Cowan, Lennon, L. Holmes, Keating, Jacobs, Buell, Pinney, A. Cowan, Hittson, N. Smith, Williams.

If you look up on a clear, bright summer's day you will see the zenith of a beautiful and intense blue; but towards the horizon the sky grows gradually paler and paler as if heaven itself became dull and tarnished by intercourse with the earth. Even thus the pure azure of love and bliss, which is only to be looked for above, fades away more and still more as it mingles with that moral atmosphere of tears and grosser exhalations which encircles this nether world.—*Anon.*