A Workman.

BY MARION MUIR.

Among the shattered arches of the past
Stands History's queen,—a figure calm and vast,—
With tablets of the nations in her hand,
And, pointing, says: "Or this or that was grand!"
But, amid shocks of war and policies,
I honor one who left imperial ease,
Absolute power and pleasure for the slurs,
And dull companionship of laborers.
No dull to him, Czar Peter, who had sworn
To lift his people from their slothful scorn.
For years he wrought, bare-armed, beside the sea
Till crafts to him gave up their mastery;
And then, returning, stirred his sullen North
With the new life still strangely breaking forth.
Call him a tyrant,—for his life was dark
And marred with cruel vices,—yet
that mark
Of his great soul hath set him high above
The tinsel triflers that regardless move
Apart in realms of proud imaginings,
Dead to their trust, and bear the name of kings.

The Right of Property.*

To suppose a state of mankind anterior to the existence of any notions of private property,—an age in which men in their simplicity and innocence, un Governed by laws and uninfluenced by their fellows, enjoyed property in common, is simply a fantastic dream or a mere poetical fiction embellished by a Virgil, an Ovid, or a Lucretius. True, in its simplicity it forms quite a pleasing picture, but upon so frail a basis as the imaginative genius of man—little or no credit can be given it. For in discussing a question that will, and does even now, prove of such vital importance to so many countries, we demand more than the revellings of fancy—we ask for facts. We find historians, Greek and Roman, rivaling each other in the beauty of their language and vividness of description about this state of nature which, however, they find it idle to investigate. That such a state might have existed is often discussed by idealistic and imaginative know-nothings who, through want of some—

* Thesis defended before the St. Thomas Academy, March 9th, by SYDNEY J. DICKERSON.
own, in any way not prohibited by law.” To show the accuracy of this explanation, or rather, definition, I will attempt to prove the thesis mentioned.

To proceed methodically I have divided my thesis into three principal propositions, corresponding to the three chief parts of my definition, namely: the first based on the natural law, the second based on the common law of nations, and the third on the evil consequences of the communitarian or socialistic system. (1) That private ownership has for its foundation and is derived from the natural law, is a fact evident, I must believe, to all: “No one calls in question the fact that we know from our personality, our duty of self-preservation, and the improvement of our powers and our faculties, all of which clearly justify and legitimate private ownership,—I shall now attempt to prove that that proprietorship has likewise for its basis the universal right of mankind, or nations. By this right of nations I do not mean those regulations and compacts agreed upon by all civilized nations, and styled international law, but general truths universally believed and practised: for instance, as the division of lands is from the common law, so it is by virtue of this same law that property, which subsequently belonged to no man, becomes the possession of its first occupant, or, in other words, “right by occupancy.” By this statement I would not have you believe that occupancy is an absolute right; not at all: though, indeed, it gave the first title to property, land and moveables. What nation, even in its rudest state, can be found to deny the justice of this title? There is none. It is a generally-acknowledged and established fact. And now, having come into the possession of this land by occupancy, man will naturally strive to increase and improve said property, at the expense of his time and labor, without, however, encroaching upon the rights of others; and reason, as well as common sense, dictates that when he has, as it were, stamped his external goods with the signet of his personality, he is entitled to this property, and therefore to the fruits of his toil. Thence he designates it his farm, his house, his money; for the same reason that he says: his soul, his will, his body. And now, that he has acquired this right of ownership, what is more natural than to expect that he will be allowed to use the “fruits of his labor”; otherwise, “might would be right.”

That the goods of this earth have been divided, and private property rendered morally necessary, is a fact patent to all. And why is this? St. Thomas gives three most persuasive arguments why particular dominion or exclusive ownership...
can be accounted for, and bases them on solicitude, order and peace. After the race of men had multiplied and families increased, limited no longer in their possessions to small herds of sheep or movable goods,—when, owing to the growth of towns and cities, and to the increase of their goods,—it became convenient and even necessary to form contracts and establish different kinds of proprietorship, men convened and framed laws, rights and conditions under which property could be held, conveyed and bequeathed. Besides, society at large had to be protected from the indolence and selfishness to which man is also naturally inclined, and, surely, this right of ownership was a system most fitted and conducive to effect this protection to society. For by this law men were obliged to preserve their own life and provide for its necessities and comforts, and, as a direct consequence, men could labor with greater zeal and more carefully preserve the fruits of their industry. It cannot be doubted that a greater order will result from this agreement—there will be fewer causes for contention and quarrelling, and every man protected by public authority will endeavor to his utmost to improve and advance his possessions. In fine, by avoiding wranglings and disputes, confusion and disorder; by arousing a moderate spirit of emulation, and by strengthening public and private security, and therefore public authority, peace, well-being and confidence will accrue, and society will receive more protection; for, most of the citizens being proprietors, and consequently having the welfare of the state and society more at heart, will become more interested and zealous in defending it, and by thus acting, far from suffering so extensively in England, and what even threatens our own country,—namely, a few favored with excessive wealth, whilst the majority are doomed to suffering and privation,—we will enjoy, and rejoice at, the good fortune fallen to our lot. In short, private ownership, whilst being on the one hand more in accordance with reason and justice, order and peace, will be the source of labor, benevolence and justice, the most essential requisites for true civilization.

My third argument is based on the evil consequences of the communist or socialistic system. Let us, for a few moments, follow the dreadful consequence that would inevitably result were this right of ownership suppressed. In the first place, the principal and necessary incentive for improving our circumstances or even for procuring the necessaries of life being taken away, men are at a loss how to act, and in despair give way to quarrels, contention, and bloodshed. Why should a father be solicitous of his possessions to small herds of sheep or movable goods, —when, owing to the growth of towns and cities, and to the increase of their goods,—it became convenient and even necessary to form contracts and establish different kinds of proprietorship, men convened and framed laws, rights and conditions under which property could be held, conveyed and bequeathed. Besides, society at large had to be protected from the indolence and selfishness to which man is also naturally inclined, and, surely, this right of ownership was a system most fitted and conducive to effect this protection to society. For by this law men were obliged to preserve their own life and provide for its necessities and comforts, and, as a direct consequence, men could labor with greater zeal and more carefully preserve the fruits of their industry. It cannot be doubted that a greater order will result from this agreement—there will be fewer causes for contention and quarrelling, and every man protected by public authority will endeavor to his utmost to improve and advance his possessions. In fine, by avoiding wranglings and disputes, confusion and disorder; by arousing a moderate spirit of emulation, and by strengthening public and private security, and therefore public authority, peace, well-being and confidence will accrue, and society will receive more protection; for, most of the citizens being proprietors, and consequently having the welfare of the state and society more at heart, will become more interested and zealous in defending it, and by thus acting, far from suffering so extensively in England, and what even threatens our own country,—namely, a few favored with excessive wealth, whilst the majority are doomed to suffering and privation,—we will enjoy, and rejoice at, the good fortune fallen to our lot. In short, private ownership, whilst being on the one hand more in accordance with reason and justice, order and peace, will be the source of labor, benevolence and justice, the most essential requisites for true civilization.

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munism? There is but one way: Let both employers and those employed be not simply convinced in theory of the lawfulness of this claim, but let them practically observe it one towards another.

To Prof. J. A. Lyons.*

If to uplift to heights of purer feeling, Where scenes of beauty thrill the gazer's vision, Heaven's rays that linger still on earth revealing, Be the true artist's dream, the poet's mission, Well hast thou proved thyself lord of their art Which stirs the mystic lyre—the human heart.

No picture on thy shining canvass glowing, No scene thy pen's inspired power portrays But mirrors truth's celestial fountain flowing With sparkling waves to gladden earth's dear ways; Telling, in numbers thrilling and sublime, Tales of the past, tales of the present time. Thy muse hath lured us to Italian waters Where sunny Naples rules her fair dominion; Or through Spain's valleys red with Moorish slaughter, Following the airy flight of her swift pinion, The wealth of courts, the low moans of the dying, And the sad Prodigal in sorrow sighing. Thus, fancy guided through each swift transition, We own the spell of melody divine. And 'mid the grandeur of the Recognition See Right triumphant over Error shine; And like the echo of exultant song The peans of the victory prolong.

Not here the guerdon of such faithful labor Save in sweet gratitude; but soaring higher, The fragrance of thy good work for thy neighbor Will shine illumined with celestial fire Within whose deathless radiance behold Thy name upon Fame's golden scroll enrolled. • MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Mossy Woodland, March 11th.

* On receiving copies of his recent dramatic publications; "If I were a King," "The Malediction," "The Prodigal Law Student," and "The Recognition."

The Common Destiny.

Death is the overshadowing event in the great drama of the world’s existence. Through it come changes in the sea and on the land. By it come the rise and fall of governments and modifications in customs and laws. It is seen everywhere through Nature. It is the common fate. Its aggressive warfare against life is ceaseless; and the awful effects are ever visible, not only among animated creatures of flesh and blood, but among the trees and the rocks and all things whatsoever that have existence on the earth. Death is everywhere, and yet everywhere it is looked upon with terror. Discipline ourselves to the thought as we may, yet we cannot become accustomed to it. We cannot hear mention of it without having a sense of gravity. We cannot look upon it without experiencing a sense of awe or aversion.

The act of dissolution is commonly regarded as akin to the horrible. Its painfulness has been a subject of serious consideration and depressing apprehension in all ages. And yet the truth is that death is generally painless. Many persons have passed through the portals of its greatest sufferings, and yet recovered, and lived. These assert that they often experienced as much pain from slight contusions or bruises as attended their loss of consciousness.

In one of his essays Montaigne describes an accident which left him senseless, and he was taken up for dead. He says: "I thought my life hung upon my lips; and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go."

A contributor to the British Quarterly Review writes that a gentleman who had been rescued from drowning declared that, though he had become practically unconscious, he experienced no pain nor sense of suffocation. His sensations are described as follows: "The stream was transparent, the day brilliant, and as I stood upright, I could see the sun shining through the water, with a dreamy consciousness that my eyes were about to be closed upon it forever. Yet I neither feared my fate nor wished to avert it. A sleepy sensation which soothed and gratified me turned the watery grave into what might compare with a luxurious bed."

In the case of a criminal who was sentenced to death for murder, the rope broke after he had been suspended several minutes; and as it was presumed that life was extinct, he was not hanged again. Two hours later he was alive and able to speak in regard to the sensations that attended the hanging. The real pain, he said, was that which preceded the execution and came with the fear of death. After the suspension some pain was felt about the neck and eyes for two or three seconds, and then all changed. It seemed as though wings had been given him and he possessed the power to fly. To him appeared in the distance "a great fire, and before it was an avenue of beautiful trees."

In dying of gunshot wounds or lightning, where mortality instantaneously asserts itself, there is practically no pain. Those who have recovered from wounds have suffered more than those who died of them. The head is the centre of all sensation. When that is separated from nerve communication with the body, no pain can be felt even though the body be cut with knives or touched with red hot iron. In the case of wounds death comes from loss of blood. The brain does not receive its requisite supply of this life-sustaining fluid, and consequently it grows torpid, unconsciousness comes on, and death supervenes. Should the wound be received in a vital organ, death might come more speedily and be attended with greater pain. Death caused by lightning is primarily due to the shock sustained by the nervous system. "In this case it is painless, and so it is when the
shock is produced by a fatal wound in the head. And the same remark may apply to the heart, which is the seat of life. The head is the centre of the nervous system, and consequently of sensation; while the heart is the source and fountain of the blood—the centre of the arterial system, and consequently of life itself. Death resulting from injury to either may occur so speedily as to be almost painless.

A natural death is not far different in its approaches or the sensations attending it. During his last moments William Hunter said, "If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." To many of those who devote their lives to doing good, and who believe that they have earned the crown of salvation, it becomes a pleasure to lay by mortality in the hopeful confidence of joining the friends and loved ones in eternity.

Death is chiefly dreadful to the contemplation. When in the fulness of health and life we are brought into its presence, a shudder or unpleasant sense of awe naturally comes over us. Then it is so remote, and life has the elements of dissolution so much under control, that it seems unnatural and even horrifying to think of death. But as the years go by, vitality becomes weaker, life more philosophical, and death a more ominous shadow in our path. As we enter its atmosphere, its coldness wraps around us, and we slowly become reconciled to its chilling influence, which ever and ever steals over us till we have ceased to be.

The elements of life and death co-exist in us from birth, and constantly struggle with each other for the mastery. In early life and matured manhood vitality is paramount; and if properly husbanded and made the subject of judicious care, disease, the harbinger of death, seldom troubles us. But when the vital power is overtaxed or abused, it cannot long make successful defense against the inroads of disease, and then the danger of death becomes imminent.

Life wears rapidly away, and when the ordinary man passes his 50th year the elements of dissolution become the stronger. He has been on the hilltop of life and power. He next enters slowly upon the descent and passes patiently downward into the dark valley. The increasing folds of gathering darkness benumb his faculties and deprive him of strength. And he is weary, indeed, and anxious to sleep when the night closes upon him—when he passes the portals of the common destiny and sinks weariedly to rest.

After middle age the mind and body alike weaken, and death is cheerfully looked upon as the necessary consummation. As the youth goes up the hill of life, hopefully looking to the glories of its summit, death seems almost abhorrent; but when the man, who has seen how empty are all these things, starts downward on the other side, in the afternoon of life, he seeks to find home and repose in the quiet valley; and as he progresses he encounters influences that more and more prepare him to meet the common fate with tranquillity.

Death, then, is a condition of existence. When the vital force is strong and active, there appears to be something unnatural in the thought of it. But when its day comes, reconciliation to it grows upon us. To the sanguine youth who thinks of mortality, the prospect or apprehension of its approach is full of pain. To the one who dies, God is provident, and generally does not leave him in a condition to experience the pain commonly supposed to be inseparable from dissolution.

A Winter's Day.

As I sit, gazing from my window, I see nothing but a broad expanse of snow; everything looks dreary and dismal. Instead of the bright, lustrous foliage of springtime and summer, instead of the joyous and gay warbling of the merry birds, nothing but the dull, cheerless and silent winter confronts my vision; nothing but the low, monotonous wail of the cold winds greets my ear.

The beams of the rising sun light up a scene of awful misery. Nature seems thrown into a lethargy from which she has not the energy to extricate herself. A despair has seemingly pervaded her entire being, all her faculties, the time appointed for her waking upon the morrow of joyous spring has arrived, yet she sleeps—sleeps as though dead! The barren trees, still and sombre in the lowly forests, make but discordant sounds, as the winds shake their leafless houghs. The frozen brooks crawl along, as if weary of life. No animation, no music accompanies them on their way to the sea. The buds remain unopened, and the sere herbage but lends more dreariness to the scene.

No merry tinkling of the sleigh-bells ripple the air with their musical tintinnabulations, for the rough and frozen ground forbids sleighing. Even were it not so, the icy and chilling atmosphere would soon force us to seek shelter from its uncongenial embrace.

But lazily move the clouds across the sky—dark, gloomy and lowering they forbode the coming storm. Already now the heavy flakes of falling snow darken the view—they come, not glistening and sparkling, hurrying and skurrying across the fields, but slowly, steadily do they fall, bringing with them dull reminders of hopes deferred.

Roberto.

Weather Forecasts.

No one dared to imagine last fall, after the many prophecies by Wiggins and other weather-prophets of an "open" winter, that the 24th of March would find nearly two feet of ice on the lakes at Notre Dame. And yet it is so. Few winters have been "closer" than the present even in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. People have begun to lose faith in the weather-prophets. Sometimes the prophet will make a lucky guess in fore-casting the weather, and will
It is very evident that no one of our weather-prophets has yet come up to the mark, and it is left to future generations to find one who shall, to a certainty, be able to foretell the kind of weather we shall have a season ahead.

Concerning the Hog.

A hog is a quadruped, consisting of two hams, two shoulders, and more or less of that material known as pork, bacon, lard, sauce and pigs' feet, intermixed with the principal ingredients of sausage and mince-pie.

It is impossible for me to give the exact date of the hog's creation; but as geology teaches that there was a period when the earth was simply a mass of mud, it is absurd to suppose that this animal would neglect such a favorable opportunity for the indulgence of its propensity for wallowing. And, again, we hear of him as early as May, in the year one; for when our first parents moved out of the garden, it was distinctly understood that they were to "root hog or die."

The hog does not betray much grace except, perhaps, in the wiggle of his tail, which tail is a very ornamental piece of ingenuity. It is, however, of no use to the hog, so far as I can discover. Little boys say they can't so much as make a tin whistle of it, which proves that it isn't good for very much. It is not a weapon fit to fight flies with; any fly of respectable spirit would look with derision upon its frivolous wag. My opinion, after long and earnest investigation, is this: the tail is nearly a sort of flourish, or curlique, indicating that it is the end of the hog; or, it may be nature's partial atonement for the blunder she has made with the rest of the pork. One striking trait of the hog is that he is always hungry; I never heard of a hog refusing an invitation to dine. He seems to have a reckless indifference to attacks of dispepsia, which is calculated to excite the envy of even an Alderman; nothing short of a first-class hotel bill-of-fare will turn his stomach. He doesn't seem to have the faintest idea of space. I have heard of numerous instances of a two-hundred-pound hog trying to squeeze through a three-inch auger-hole in the fence without any other inducement than some one's potato-patch on the other side of it. At other times you can't convince him that a double barn-door is large enough for him to enter. If you had a hundred hogs in a pen and were to set a bucket among them, they would all try to put their noses in it at once.

They possess a liquid, tenor voice, similar to the sound produced by filing a saw. If you were to let a heavy gate fall on an old hog's nose you would hear a sound calculated to set a deaf person's teeth on edge. Hogs seldom have more than five diseases at a time; the most common of the five is dog-bites. But the pork-barrel, like charity, covers a multitude of defects. The reason why this animal was called hog is obvious to the most casual observer.
Scientific Notes.

—A writer in the Atlantic, speaking of the maliciousness of the mocking bird, states that if young birds are placed in cages where the parent birds can have access to them, they will feed their offspring regularly for two or three days, and then, as if in despair, will poison them, giving them the berry of the black ash.

—It is said that there are seventy-five artesian wells in the great desert of Sahara, which have a combined flow of 1,000 gallons a minute. Two not inconsiderable villages have been built up, 150,000 palm trees have been set out, and 1,000 gardens introduced in the midst of what was before an uninhabitable country.

—According to the Bulletin of the Society of Naturalists of Moscow, the hitherto unaccountable destruction of pine forests is caused by the ravages of a species of mushroom which takes growth on the surface of the wood and afterward penetrates and destroys the tree. Maps are given in which the path of the destroying fungus is traced through the pine woods of Russia.

—A life-buoy signal light has been invented, the purpose of which is to light up the sea in case of accident at night. It is attached to the life buoy by a cord, and upon being thrown overboard bursts immediately on striking the water. The light, which cannot be extinguished by either wind or wave, burns for over an hour, and thus enables the work of rescue to be easily carried on.

—Dr. Theodore Stein, says the Athenaeum, has succeeded in obtaining photographs of the larynx. The throat and larynx are illuminated by an incandescent electric lamp, cooled by Nitz's system of cooling by water. A small mirror reflects the image on a gelatine-bromide plate in a camera obscura, and a photograph is obtained showing the organs in health or disease, thus removing all risks of laryngeal diseases by inhaling the breath.

—Rochester University has lately received $100,000 for education of women; Trinity, Dartmouth, and New York University each have received $50,000.—Chronicle.

—In a recent lecture on education in the South, the Rev. Dr. Mayo said that there are in the South 4,000,000 whites under twenty-one; of whom nearly half have never attended any school.—Herald-Crimson.

—A new machine for bicycle practice, designed by Dr. Sargent, has been put in the Harvard College gymnasium. It consists of a stationary wheel, over which is a seat which can be raised or lowered at pleasure to accommodate any one. The pressure on the wheel can be so regulated as to make the work as hard or easy as is desired.

—In a few days, University College, Stephen's Green, will receive within its walls a royal student, a near relative, it is understood, of the ex-King of Württemberg. The youth—his age is about 15—comes to Ireland to have the advantage of a high class Catholic education, and his guardians have selected University College as the institution best suited for this purpose.—Dublin Freeman.

—The works which the Hon. Eugene Schuyler has given to the library of Cornell University, number about six hundred volumes and pamphlets. They comprise many works on Russian history which were used by Mr. Schuyler in the preparation of his history of "Peter the Great," many philological works relating to the Slavonic and Turanian tongues, and a valuable collection of books on folk lore.—Home Journal.

—A well-known Protestant minister, the Rev. Dr. Rigg, Principal of the Westminster Training College, in a recent inaugural address, pays a tribute to the Christian Brothers in the following words: "The remarkable history and really wonderful achievements of that great Roman Catholic educational Order, the Christian Brothers, who have done almost all for France that has been done in the way of true educational science and inspiration, serves impressively to teach us that it is to moral influence, and therefore to spiritual convictions and experience, that the educational inspiration and prowess of the world are due."—London Weekly Register.
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 28, 1885.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the Eighteenth year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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We have received a circular from Commendatore Acquarani,—Bologna, Italy,—President of the Commission in charge of the preparations for the celebration of the Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee of His Holiness, Leo XIII. He suggests four works in which all Catholics throughout the world can unite, and thereby take an active part in a proper manifestation of loyal devotion to the Visible Head of the Church: (1) an union of prayer, to beg of God the triumph of the Church and the preservation of the life of Leo XIII; (2) an exposition at the Vatican of Catholic art and industry; (3) offerings from the faithful throughout the world; (4) pilgrimages to the tomb of the Apostles at the Vatican. We commend these works to Catholics everywhere.

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We have already noted the joy with which the news of the safe arrival of Very Rev. Father General Sorin and our respected Bishop Dwenger on the shores of la belle France was received here at Notre Dame and by hosts of friends elsewhere. It is an additional pleasure for us—one in which, we have no doubt, all our readers will share—to present this week the letters with which we have been honored by the venerable Founder of Notre Dame. They will be found fraught with timely and instructive suggestions which may well be brought home to all classes of readers. Writing, as he does, to youthful minds and hearts, the venerable Father speaks with the experience gained by more than half an ordinary lifetime,—an experience well calculated to mark and weigh "the progress of the times" and caution the rising generation against impending dangers. The grand idea before all minds, young and old, at the present time, is to preserve and perfect that God-given reason of which they are possessed. And such a thought is not to be condemned, when not made too exclusive,—when man does not lose sight of Him, the Father of all light, from whom all good gifts descend; when he does not fail to realize that unbelief, by whatsoever name it may be called,—whether infidelity, liberalism or free thought,—is but the slavery of reason. But on this subject the words of our revered and venerable Father Founder will speak more forcibly, and we commend them to the careful attention of all.

Letters from Very Rev. Father General Sorin.

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ON BOARD THE "AURANIA."

March 4 (12 m.), 1885.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

It is only four hours since we left New York, and scarcely two full days since I parted with our beloved Notre Dame and her precious inmates, young and old. But it seems to me like two full weeks. I never realized before, to the same extent, what an attachment my residence of forty-three years and a half has created in the depth of my heart for so many loving souls, not only at Notre Dame, but in our neighboring city, where I have so many worthy friends that I would not exchange my happy home for the rest of the world. I cannot express the joy I felt on taking the train, after the few parting visits I made, and where I received the cheering assurance that our late little troubles were all over, and that the immediate consequence of the recent trials would undoubtedly prove, as I thought, a blessing in disguise,—promising a better state of things than ever before, and making SOUTHBEND what I always so much desired it to be, a model city, whose uncommon prosperity and general contentment would draw multitudes of new enterprises and countless additional inhabitants;—a city in which capitalists and laborers, animated alike by true Christian principles, would find their mutual advantage in supporting each other, even in the trying state of a general stagnation of commerce, and never harboring the influence of any socialistic theories, which God never blesses but always punishes severely.

The first blessing with which our risen Saviour repeatedly greeted His apostles, as the most precious of all, was peace—Pax vobis! To insure its preservation, no reasonable sacrifice is too great; for no investment brings better interest. I speak from experience, and know what I write on this vital question.

But to judge intelligently of what happens in our age we must rise to a higher standpoint. What we have seen at our doors is a small affair compared to what is daily reported from various other parts of the world. It is the continuation of the endless struggle between good and evil,—the reign of God and that of Satan—or, in other words, the fight of infidelity against the Church of Christ. If com-
menced with the world, and shall end only with it.

INFIDELITY IS SPREADING EVERYWHERE.

Our age, as all men of sound mind must admit, is becoming, more and more sensibly, an age of incredulity. Incredulity was the first weapon Satan employed against mankind. Had our first mother firmly adhered to the Divine word that "the day they would eat of the forbidden fruit they should die," she would have saved herself and all her posterity. The same deadly weapon has hitherto been resorted to with increasing vigor ever since. It begins, as at first in Eden, with a doubt. And when the word of God has been once the subject of a doubt, faith, as a saving element, is destroyed; it is a wreck with all its fatal consequences. Whoever has read the sacred Book has learned, first of all, the plain and most serious truth: Sine fide imposibila est placere Deo. And again: "He who will not believe is already judged." Indispensable as it is to salvation, faith must be entire and without any mental reservation: no partial faith can ever save.

Here is the evil of the day,—the contagious pestilence, now spreading over the earth, as it never did before. We live in an age of progress and invention; none denies it: but the noticeable feature of our times is incredulity, the increasing denegation of Divine revelation,—as if Divine revelation could not stand the test of science,—the new and untenable boast of our faithless scientists. To this undeniable fact is to be assigned the actual disturbance of society, not only in our United States, but all over Europe. The absurd atheism of Ingersoll, et al., may create disgust in Christian souls; but, for the world at large, will deny the deleterious effects of a doctrine so directly favoring, sanctioning and flattering the worst passions of the heart? But Ingersoll is only one among the countless legion of sworn enemies of Christian Faith. This is nothing new to one who has read history. Sixteen hundred years ago, one of the most cruel persecutors among the Roman emperors, publicly announced his long wished-for triumph over Christianity—Christiano nomine deleta! But the date of the proud announcement proved to be an unprecedented humiliation to the blind enemies of the Crucified; on the morrow appeared the skies the glorious laborum: In hoc signo vinces! Constantine saw it, understood it; routed his enemies, and declared himself the staunch protector of the Cross. Thus came, after three centuries of merciless persecutions, the first triumph of the Church, at the very moment Satan had apparently marked out for its ruin.

Outside of the Catholic Church, what do we see? Mr. Charles Bonaparte has admirably described it in his beautiful address to the members of the Plenary Council of Baltimore, on the 20th of November, 1884:

"In our day and country, two classes of thinking men contemplate the phases of life and thought portrayed in the manners of the times with ever-increasing anxiety. Many see, with alarm and distress fast deepening into silent despair, religious faith in themselves and others fading into a dim uncertainty, as to everything beyond the world of sense. These men are involuntary skeptics. They would believe in a God, but they find only a possibility of His existence in physical science, and His alleged revelation as doubtful for critics as Himself; they would believe in their own immortality, but they can only hope it is real. They feel, too clearly for their happiness, that with the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, they give up the quickening spirit of modern civilization: but the light which shows the abyss at the brink of which they stand, reveals no way of escape. They have seen the religions they still so assiduously profess, qualify and make meaningless one tenet after another, concede this point, silently abandon that, try vainly to compromise over and over again with a constantly advancing spirit of materialism and negation until the very idea that there can be an absolutely true and infallible religion becomes strange to them; and while they have lost so much, they have gained nothing. The followers of Luther or Calvin could believe in a Reformed Church; the disciples of Voltaire or Rousseau could believe in a regenerated society; but modern Agnostics can believe nothing, not even that they were wrong before.

"Others look less below the surface of things; they are troubled by phenomena in which the first class recognize outward symptoms of the same deep-seated evil. On all sides, they note in the American people a blunting of the sense of justice; a growing dimness of our moral sight; an inability to distinguish clearly between right and wrong; in short, a distortion and tainting of the national conscience.

"To both classes we declare that which they elsewhere vainly seek. The creed of the Catholic Church is founded on no theory in physics or psychology. She has no fear of the future. As all speculations of the idealistic metaphysicians have never made one doubt for one moment the reality of his own existence or that of the universe, so no proof, however conclusive in seeming that our spiritual life is a dream, eternity a blank, the Gospel a myth, can touch her who lives, breathes, and has her being in the reality of Divine Truth. Her religion is no abstraction; it is a practical rule of life, founded on the indestructible rock which no wave or storm of human passion can ever shake."

To-day, the existence of God, Divine Providence, revelation, the soul with its immortal destinies for heaven or for hell, all absolutely, have become a matter of doubt outside of the Church of Christ. But, weakened as she appears by the withdrawal of all secular powers and the furious assaults of multiplying legions, who are united only in one universal and blind hatred, the Church remains a centre of peace and calm, even amid the fiercest tempests the world has ever known. She feels she will outlive this new test of her Divine foundation as she did all others. Jesus Christ is with her, and all her true children repeat, undisturbed: "If God is with us, who is against us?" Happy the clear-sighted and honest minds; and among these, happy the young students of Christian institutions whom the love of truth will turn away from the evident fallacies of such deceiving, hollow systems, and bear them, rejoicing, into the saving arms of the Mother Church whose ultimate triumph will, this time, as ever, prove to be the lasting glory of pure and loving hearts, and the new confession of the impious, who say, Non est Deus! II.

March 9, 1885.

In five days we have made 2007 miles, and in less than forty-eight hours we expect to reach Queens-town, and seventeen hours later Liverpool—if the same fervent prayers of so many loving hearts continue to smooth the waters of the sea before us. This heading will probably be the most interesting portion of this second article. But, of course, you are
not obliged to print a single line of it, nor of the one that preceded it. But, to return to my first subject. Of late years, the

Atheism

has spread to such an extent and proved so ruinous in our own generation that, the more I ponder over the subject in my own heart, the more I fear its deleterious and poisonous influence even on those honest young hearts entrusted to our care. Nowadays, we may say infidelity is, almost everywhere, à la mode. The great Bossuet, in one of his model sermons, was once heard to say: "The earth carries but few such idiots who, on the face of the globe, among the works of His hands and the blessings of His Providence, dare say 'there is no God,' and deny existence itself to Him by whom alone all nature subsists. Infidels and idolators themselves hold in horror such monsters, but when the light of the Gospel has been spread abroad, the meeting with such an one must inspire horror and trembling." What would the immortal orator say to our present generation? Infidelity has developed itself so widely and rapidly that those who, directly or indirectly, deny God's own existence are without number.

In our days, from every part of the earth, the voice of infidelity is heard and re-echoed in all directions. "God," says one of the coryphées of the age, "is but an old word, somewhat meaningless!" "The world was formed by chance," says another, "or is the fortuitous result of some combination of natural forces;" unless one prefers to call all he sees by the more general and honorable term of pantheism. The world is God! The most abject paganism of antiquity never fell so low! The voice of the successor of Peter tells us the origin from which such absurd new doctrines daily spring—i.e., secret lodges command that God be ignored; that He must not interfere either at a man's birth, or marriage, or death, or in the school-room where instruction is imparted. These secret lodges, jointly and energetically, strive to guide the direction of the education of youth. Secret societies, says Leo XIII, trust they will easily succeed in forming, after their own views, this tender age, and in its flexibility train it up to anything they wish; this being the surest and speediest way to launch on society a race of citizens such as they desire, to shape its inspirations and movements. Hence, their common intolerance of any religious element in public schools. Hence, already, in more than one country, their gain of this capital point—tenet of Divine Revelation.

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justice, or equity; no fidelity in social transactions. It is the ruin of all order or peace—a just punishment of the insult offered to God! In the train of infidelity follows a frightful series of evils—as thirst after gold and honors, enjoyments, envy, disorders, revolutions,—leaving no security, no peace, as the general rule is to respect none. Voltaire himself has left on this subject a declaration worthy our attention:

"I would not wish to have anything to do with an atheistic prince who would find his interest inbrewing me in a mortar; for I would surely be brewed. If I were a king, I would not wish to see at my court any atheistic courtiers whose interest would be to poison me: for I should have to take an antidote every day to save my life. Most assuredly, it is equally necessary for princes and people that all firmly believe the existence of God, Creator, Governor, the remunerator or avenger of all human deeds."

I close with a remarkable declaration from a celebrated writer of our times—Victor Hugo:

"Religious teaching in my opinion, is more necessary than ever. The higher man rises, the deeper his faith must grow. There is in our age a serious evil, I would almost say the only evil,—a general tendency to call everything into doubt. To give man, as an end, this material life is to aggravate immensely the weight of innumerable sufferings by the denegation of a future; on a tried heart, nothing is more crushing than the thought of annihilation. What was a trial, made bearable by hope, becomes sheer despair, ending in self-destruction. Hence the profound convulsions of society in our age. Most certainly, I desire to better the lot of sufferers: but I can never forget that the best and most soothing remedy is a firm hope, grounded in the remembrance of the insult offered to God! In the train of the play, and its successful rendition by an amateur company, has been attended to by one who has had long experience in the direction of amateur theatricals.

The plot of "The Recognition" is a story of the feudal times. The Duke of Spoleto, losing his only son by death in the camp, wishes to keep the news from his own subjects as well as from his enemy, the Prince of Macerata, a relative of the Duke's, and heir to his dukedom in case of his son's death. A fugitive in the mountains, the Duke and one of his generals meet young Antonio, son of Count Bartolo, a neighbor, and tells the boy that he has just lost his father, who said that Antonio would guide him through the mountains. Antonio obeys, and accompanies the Duke. In the mean time, Count Bartolo, suspecting the capture of his son, allies himself with the Prince of Macerata. The Duke produces false letters, alleging that Bartolo has been killed in battle, and giving the Duke the guardianship of his son, who adopts him and passes him off as his son Julio. After varying fortunes in war, in which Antonio is taken prisoner by his father's troops, the Duke is killed in an attack on Count Bartolo's stronghold, and Antonio, condemned to death as the son of the Duke of Spoleto, is recognized by his father. The action of the play is lively and varied.

The April number of the North American Review opens with an interesting "Study of Prison Management," by Charles Dudley Warner, while Robert Buchanan, the English poet, discusses "Free Thought in America," T. V. Powderly "The Army of the Discontented," and Prof. Hunt, "How to Reform English Spelling." The other articles are: "The Law's Delay," by Chief Justice Thomas F. Hargis; "Characteristics of Persian Poetry," by A. R. Spofford, and "The Agricultural Cries in England," by William E. Bear. But what will probably attract the most immediate attention in this number is the new department of "Comments," consisting of brief criticisms of articles that have appeared in the Review. Murat Halstead's political article in the March number is here discussed by three writers—a Democrat, a straight Republican, and an Independent Republican, and other correspondents take this pleasant opportunity to offer a single thought where an extended article would, perhaps, find neither room nor readers.
Obituary.

BROTHER TIMOTHY, C. S. C.

It is our sad duty to record the death of one of Notre Dame's devoted religious and a former Prefect in the University,—Bro. Timothy, known in the world as John McCullough. The deceased departed this life, after a lingering illness, on Wednesday, the 24th inst. May he rest in peace!

Personal.

—Joseph Kahman (Com'l), '83, has a lucrative position with a wholesale firm at St. Louis, Mo.

—Lambertus B. Logan, of '69, is editor and proprietor of the National Journal of Carpenter Culture at Akron, Ohio.

—Mr. Henry C. Cassidy, '74, has received the appointment as Postmaster of Youngstown, Ohio. We extend congratulations.

—Fathers Van de Laar, of South Chicago, and Hesher, assistant pastor of the Church of St. Joseph, Chicago, paid a flying visit to the University last Monday.

—We publish elsewhere the letters to the Scholastic from Very Rev. Father Sorin, written on board the steamship Aurania. Father General writes that Bishop Dwenger and he had a very pleasant voyage, and that the good Bishop sends his kind remembrances and blessing to all at Notre Dame.

—W. H. Claggett (Com'l), '79, was married, on the 18th inst., to Miss Ida M. Richardson, at Lexington, Ill. In company with his estimable bride, Mr. Claggett visited his Alma Mater last week, and was welcomed by numerous friends, all of whom extend best wishes for many long years of wedded happiness.

—G. P. Cassidy (Prep), of '79, received his degree of M.D., from Miami Medical College, Cincinnati, on the 10th inst., with special commendation of the Faculty. Dr. Cassidy at present resides at Equality, Ill., but intends shortly to return to his native town, Shawneetown, Ill. George will be remembered as the "Study-hall Prefect" in the Junior department in '78.

—Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of the University of Notre Dame, Ind., gave an eloquent historical address before a large congregation last night at the Church of the Holy Angels, on Oakwood Boulevard near Langley Avenue, on "St. Patrick, the Patron Saint of Ireland." In personal appearance, Father Walsh greatly resembles Monsignor Capel, although he is fully twenty years younger apparently than that distinguished ecclesiastic. His style is more ornate and scholarly, and he enlisted the profound attention of his large audience from the commencement to the close of his oration.—Chicago Herald, March 23d.

—The Chicago Times, March 25th, has the following commendatory notice of Mr. William M. Devine, father of Master Willie Devine of the Junior department:

"One of the best nominations made by the democrats for a city office in many a day is that of Mr. William M. Devine for City Treasurer. Mr. Devine is what is commonly called a 'self-made man'—that is, by the exercise of manly self-reliance and unceasing industry he has acquired a comfortable fortune. His reputation for integrity is unquestioned and unassailable; and, though he has never sought public employments or courted notoriety, he is widely known as one of Chicago's most sterling and worthy citizens. With Mr. Devine in charge of the treasury, there will be no apprehension about leaks or defalcations." Mr. Devine's many friends at Notre Dame heartily endorse the sentiments expressed by the Times, and indulge the hope that the city of Chicago may have the good fortune to possess so capable an official.

Local Items.

—"Sweet Violets."

—"But where did he get it?"

—The Euglossians come next.

—Where are the St. Cecilians? Have they retired for the year?

—"Charley" makes his début this evening. No reserved seats.

—The Roxy Smith combination team are looking for a manager.

—An old baseballist has returned this session to twirl the festive sphere.

—The crank who rolls his cigarette in the refectory should be sat upon.

—The Curator of the Museum is indebted to Prof. Lyons for a donation of gold specimens.

—The Sorin Cadets have resumed their drilling exercises, under the direction of Mr. Elmer Otis, U. S. A.

—"The moon of March will bring something," saith the prophet. "It will be all weather, next week," said the Yankee.

—The "first squad" are cutting fancy figures now; especially the end men on the file when curving around corners.

—The electric crown of the statue of Our Lady on the Dome has been repaired and now shines forth with increased brilliancy every night.

—It is worthy of note that splendid skating was enjoyed on the lake on the 25th inst. On the same day last year there was no speck of ice visible on the lake.

—"Oarsman" wants to know when navigation will open up. Local Ed. would refer him to the captains who are in direct communication with "old probabilities."

—The Orchestra was heard last week practising a piece for commencement which, by the way, was finely done, and made the reporter's fancy turn lightly to thoughts of June.

—Since the Stereoscopic exhibition, last week, it
is common to hear persons talk about the Exposition with as much earnestness as though they had been there, not by Father Zahm's new system, but in reality.

—Lost—Somewhere between the Academy and Notre Dame, on the evening of March 17th, a pair of pulse heaters, silk muffler, and a copy of "Evening Thoughts." Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning same to J., printing office.

—One of our re-porters, who has always been an ardent admirer of English art, became, not long since, suddenly and mysteriously interested in the beauties of French History; for what purpose is not exactly known,—peradventure.

—The members of the Band were royally entertained last Thursday by Prof. Paul, their Director, who tendered them a grand banquet, and a reception in the afternoon. The boys are loud in their praises of their genial Director as a host, and they return him cordial thanks.

—Our new choir boys sang beautifully on the Feast of the Annunciation. They are now engaged in preparing a grand Mass for Easter. Already the delightful harmony wafted through the College corridors gives a foretaste of the rich delights in store for us at Easter tide.

—The book—"Sir Thomas Moore"—now being read in the Refectory is one that commands some attention and interest, as it is not only written in an easy and refined style, but also contains much historical knowledge and many interesting facts. It is such books as this that one appreciates.

—As the Captains will soon have to proceed to the selection of their respective crews, it would be good for those members of the Boat Club who are a little in arrears to square accounts with the Treasurer, so as to make an open field for the Captains in selecting the crews for '85.

—The Shakespearian Entertainment to be given in April will, without a doubt, be the finest exhibition of the year. Only selections from the plays of the immortal master will be presented; the actors appearing in costume and aided by the best scenic arrangements. The competitors for the Oratory Gold Medal will also appear on this occasion, with orations upon Shakespeare.

—The 7th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held in their Society Hall, on Monday, March 16th. The Compositions of E. Kelly, C. O. Indredierr, W. Henry, F. Weston, A. McVeigh, G. Landenwich, J. Doss, F. Rugge, J. Ernst, F. Crotty, F. Salmon, I. Grunsfeld, S. Shone, F. Cobbs and H. Blakeslee were especially deserving of mention.

—There will be a case tried this evening before the University moot-court to decide in a suit for damages. For the prosecution are Messrs. Wilson and Claffey; the defense, Messrs. Finley and Conway. The case promises to be an interesting one as a point of law, besides being the occasion of the first appearance before the University court of some of the new members of the Law Class.

—The 14th and 15th regular meetings of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association took place March 2d and 23d respectively. Masters C. Senn, H. Smith, J. Fisher, S. Nusbaum, J. Hieronymus, and R. Fraine were elected members. Recitations were given by G. Tarrant, J. Bauer, M. O’Kane, W. Ratigan, R. Morrison, F. Garrity, E. Amoretti and C. Senn. Master H. Ackerman closed the exercises with a beautiful German ballad.

—Rev. A. B. Oechtering, the zealous and efficient Pastor of Mishawaka, who is always heartily welcome at Notre Dame, was visiting here Thursday last, very anxious to know how the Course of Lectures on Church History succeeded. We can assure the Rev. gentleman that the students of the First Class do their utmost to satisfy their teacher, and greatly appreciate the gold medal which has been promised to the best of them in that branch of studies.

—The time of the 13th, 14th and 15th regular meetings of the Columbian Association was consumed in rehearsing for St. Patrick’s Day. At the close of the exercises of the 16th regular meeting, held March 21st, a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Bros. Emmanuel and Paul, the energetic promoters of the Association. Also to W. E. Ramsay, A. A. Brown, P. J. Goulding, J. Conlon and M. Sykes, for kind services at the last entertainment.

—The Columbian Association gave their customary post ludum dinner on last Sunday afternoon. A number of invited guests were present, among whom were Fathers Toohey and Regan, and Profs. Hoynes and Stoddard. In response to a request, Prof. Stoddard made a short address, in which he spoke of his experience before and after arriving at Notre Dame, as a pleasant one; he considered the late exhibition of the Columbians as among the pleasantest of the entertainments given so frequently by the various societies.

—Another new cylinder press has just been put in the printing office here, making three in all—two Cottrell’s and one Campbell double-end press. The new press is a “daisy.” It is from the manufacturer of the Messrs. Cottrell & Sons, Westerly, R. I., whose printing presses have for years, we are credibly informed, been rising in the estimation of the leading printers of the United States, and now stand unrivalled. Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. and the National Publishing Co., of Chicago, Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati; A. T. Barnes & Co., of New York, and the Government Printing Office at Washington, have their finest engravings and maps worked on presses made by Cottrell & Sons.

—Last Tuesday evening, Prof. Bailey, of South Bend, delivered a very interesting “phenomenal astronomical lecture” in Washington Hall. The lecturer exhibited the “cosmosphere”—an instrument of his own invention—and designed to illustrate the form of the earth as it appears to the eye of the observer and the apparent movements of the
heavenly bodies. The instrument shown by Prof. Bailey is simply a model; but if it be realized in actual use, it will supply a long-felt want in the study of Astronomy.

—Holy Week begins to-morrow.—Palm Sunday. The solemn ceremony of the blessing of the Palms and the Procession, preceding the celebration of High Mass, will begin at half-past nine o’clock. During Mass the Passion will be sung. The solemn services of the “Tenebrae” will be sung on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, at which times the beautiful harmonized Lamentations and the “Miserere” will be sung. On Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday, Solemn High Mass will be sung at the usual time. It is advisable for all to procure Holy Week books that the ceremonies may be followed intelligently and attentively.

—The first regular meeting of the Scientific Association was held on the evening of the 23d inst., Rev. J. A. Zahm presiding. The following students were elected members: Messrs. Dexter, Dolan, Reach, Saviers, Howard, Ancleta, Murdoch, Halligan, S. H. Smith, F. Burke, and V. Burke. Papers assigned to be read at some future meetings were as follows: S. H. Smith on “The Origin of Mountains”; F. H. Dexter on “The Life of Franklin”; F. Dolan on “The Telephone”; T. Howard on “The Metamorphosis of Frogs and Insects”; A. Ancleta on “Spontaneous Generation”; F. Burke on “Surgery”; S. Murdoch on “The Life of Newton”; D. Reach on “Protoplasm”; T. Halligan on “The Telegraph”; D. Saviers on “The Steam Engine.” The first part of a well-written paper on “Attraction” was read by W. H. Johnson; the remainder of it is to be presented at the next meeting.

—At the afternoon recess on Thursday the Seniors’ Campus presented a lively scene. The Preps were “on the fence,” whence volleys of snowballs failed to dislodge them; they had “come to stay,” to see the blaze. A framework of wood, coated with tar and soaked with coal oil, had been erected near the middle of the Senior Campus by the agents of the Harden Hand Grenade Co., of Chicago, for the purpose of showing the effectiveness of the grenades in extinguishing incipient fires. The framework was about sixteen feet high, with a large pile of kindling wood and shavings on the windward side. These, as well as the ball-ally-like wooden structure, being thoroughly soaked with coal-oil, the match was put to them, the flames enveloped the whole, from top to bottom, making quite a lively bonfire. Three of the hand-grenades were then thrown, each of which showed perceptible effect in smothering the flame. As soon as the third grenade broke and scattered its chemical contents the fire was effectively extinguished, leaving only a few smouldering sticks at the foot of the woodwork. The experiment was under the superintendence of Mr. J. H. Ayres, of Warsaw, Indiana, who was a student here in 1861, and is now connected with the Harden Grenade Co.
Saint Mary’s Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The politeness badge in the Minim department was won by Sabra Van Fleet.

—The Roman mosaic cross was drawn by Margery Smith, who kindly relinquished her right to Nora Brown.

—At the regular Academic reunion, the readers were the Misses Wolvin and Murphy. Miss St. Clair recited one of Miss Donnelly’s beautiful poems.

—At the regular reunion in the Junior department the readers were Lillie Trask and Ellen Sheekey. Recitations were given by Clara Richmond and Hannah Stumer.

—Of the late visitors at St. Mary’s, among the most cherished may be named Mrs. Hackett, of Watertown, Wis., the esteemed mother of the late Miss Catharine Hackett, Class ’81, whose early death is still deeply deplored by all who knew her at St. Mary’s.

—That the Minims of St. Mary’s were remembered at the Exposition in New Orleans is fairly testified in the gift of pictures,—some grotesque, some artistic, some ingenious, but all very interesting,—sent by their two little friends, Lolo and Mamie Tricou. Very neat and affectionate letters were returned by the Minims in hearty acknowledgment of the thoughtful attention extended to them by their Crescent City correspondents.

—The Elocution pupils have merited more than ordinary praises from more than ordinarily competent sources during the past week, for which they feel deeply obliged. A noteworthy fact in this connection is the favor in which Miss E. C. Donnelly’s poems are held as suited to the requirements of Elocution classes. Not one author has furnished to the pupils of St. Mary’s anything approaching the number provided by her pure, Christian, and warmly dramatic pen. From twelve to fourteen selections from Miss Donnelly’s writings are constantly used at St. Mary’s, and they are, of all others, most highly praised when rendered.

—On Tuesday evening, Rev. Father Zahm gave the young ladies the best possible opportunity of enjoying the New Orleans Exposition. Yet, much as they confess themselves indebted to Rev. Father Zahm, they are under even greater obligation to Mr. E. L. Wilson, the artist, of Philadelphia, for the exquisite perfection of views thrown upon the screen. His matchless experience and skill alone could provide so delightful a treat. The beautiful landscapes, and exhibition from the various departments of the World’s Fair, were interspersed with many amusing subjects; but all of these, and even the startling close of the entertainment,—two slides with which Mr. E. L. Wilson certainly had nothing to do,—fine as they were, will not be able to remove the deep impression of beauty and grandeur left by such views as the two first,—so lifelike, so clear,—of the vapor canopied steamer gliding along the foam-capped waves of the river; or of those majestic “live oaks,” with the pendant “Spanish moss” upon them; or of the “Mexican mountain” of solid pure silver, the magical effect of light and shade revealed in the carved letters at the base. It would be a pleasant task to follow slide by slide, and describe the views of the evening, but we would still have to regret our inability to convey an adequate idea of the truth, delicacy, and power imparted to the work presented. The young ladies congratulate the celebrated artist and the learned exhibitor, while tendering to both their profound thanks.

Bon-Mot.

Tu dis partout du mal de moi,
Je dis partout du bien de toi;
Mais vois quel malheur est le nôtre,
On ne nous croit, ni l’un ni l’autre.

—Jean de la Monnaye, 1728.

TRANSLATION:

You spoke of me, both far and near,
As one whom honest men must fear;
And I, in my turn, spoke of you
As one whom all men would find true.
But folks decided both had lied
Nor credence gave to either side.

V. S. W., 1885.

Christianity.

By Anna Heckard.

From scriptural proof it is positively plain that baptism is necessary to constitute one a Christian. By baptism,—that second birth of which our Lord spoke to Nicodemus, saying, Amen, amen I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God,—we are made children of God, and heirs of heaven. It follows that, without this Sacrament, the first condition to render us pleasing in the sight of our Creator and Redeemer is wanting. Baptism is the first act of faith,—that faith without which it is impossible to please God. By this act the sapphire flood-gates of grace are opened to us, and the priceless virtue of faith becomes the element of the soul.

The weights and measures of paganism, that is to say, of a merely natural life, are exchanged for standards as far above as the spiritual being is above the physical. What can a Christian wish for that he has not? The sacraments are so many channels, not only of sanctifying grace, but of a grace peculiar to each sacrament, and called sacramental grace.

In the life of the unregenerate there is nothing to correspond to these advantages. Opinions varying with the character, mood or interests of those who entertain them, take the place of dogmas, which are founded and taught by Eternal Truth. Like a ship without a rudder, the heart without
faith is at the mercy of fancy, passion, inclination. There is no authority, no home, no rest. To him, as to a child orphaned and forsaken, the earth is unmistakably a desert. To him no destiny above that of the animal is presented. If future existence be admitted at all, it is one that revolts the sense of justice, like that of the fatalist; or of all the virtues, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans; or, worse, if possible, like the Mahometan which degrades woman, even in a future life, to the level of a slave, devoid of any quality to make existence desirable.

Christianity, by raising the aspirations of the soul to what is superior to the senses—to what is more noble than selfish interest—has lifted society above that which is gross and material. It has implanted sentiments and principles of generosity and magnanimity in the hearts of its followers, and has established institutions for the amelioration of human suffering. In truth, no positive benefit has been conferred upon the human race which cannot be traced, directly or indirectly, to the principles inculcated by the chosen people of God from the foundation of the world. For, Christianity, we must remember, is co-eval with the human race, in this sense that the ancient people of God were redeemed from the consequences of the fall, by their belief in the promised Messiah; by their practice of the virtues inherent with, and a part of, such belief.

What is humanity when paganism reigns unresisted? A spectacle from which angels and just men must shrink away in horror! What can be said of a pretended civilization in which human sacrifices to an idol of wood or stone is a part of practice of the virtues inherent with, and a part of, the religion? Fire-worship, Lotus worship, and numberless similar delusions were and are the results of pagan ideas. The declogue was the first open protest against these pitiable aberrations of the human mind.

In the economy of human existence, even to our natural reason, Christianity would seem to be a necessity. What has not our Creator done to supply the demands of our physical being? The sun, the same sun affords light to the whole world, answering to the sense of sight. Water, pure and numberless similar delusions were and are the results of pagan ideas. The declogue was the first open protest against these pitiable aberrations of the human mind.

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