The River Nile.

BY E. MUNRO.

Thou mighty river, sullen, weird and vast,
That, dumb, yet speaketh of an age gone by.
When Babe and Mother heard thy threnody,
And she, whose soul was thrilled by horrors passed.
Questioned His eyes that o'er the desert waste
Seemed gazing with a strange solemnity
As if He saw His death on cruel Tree
And the heart pierced wherein He lay at rest.
Ye wondrous pair! fulfilled plan of God,
Breathing His care for us all steeped in sin.
E'en as the Nile's dark waters through the land
Caused verdure fair to spring on barren sod,
So through each cruel pang our souls ye win,
And draw us heavenward with loving hand.

John Gilmary Shea, LL. D.

This eminently distinguished scholar and historian was born in New York on the 22d of July, 1824. His father, James Shea, was an Irishman, and his mother was a descendant of one of the oldest families of Maryland. The former was a professor in Columbia College, and here it was also that the future Catholic historian of the United States received his education under the able direction of Dr. Charles Anthon. His quiet and retiring disposition during his youthful days obtained for him the title of "Mary." The name pleased him so well that he adopted it, prefixing to it the word "Gil," which means "Servant," thus he called himself "Mary's Servant." Throughout the whole course of his life the devout scholar has shown himself worthy his "new name."

In the prime of life his attention was drawn to the first French Colonies of North America; he gave himself up to their study with patient and industrious research, the splendid result of which appeared later on in that part of his historical works wherein he treats the world to a narrative of that romantic and interesting period.

These studies tended to increase a natural love and admiration which he had always felt for holy Church and determined him to study for the priesthood. He accordingly abandoned the profession of the law, to the practice of which he had been admitted, and entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus in 1848.

With this world-renowned Order he remained for six years, during which he was enabled to pursue, thoroughly, and completely his favorite studies to their widest extent. The strain, however, had affected his health, and he left the novitiate and abandoned all aspirations towards the clerical life. He then devoted himself to literary labors, which he has pursued up to the present without interruption, and with the happiest results. In 1883, the University of Notre Dame, Ind., conferred upon him its highest distinction of the "Leitare Medal."

Few men in the United States have rendered such services to the progress of Catholic literature as John Gilmary Shea. But the greatest work of his life will be, as was said in a recent issue of the Scholastic, "The History of the Catholic Church in the United States," the first volume of which has just appeared from the publishing firm of Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis. The venerable historian married happily, and has two daughters who share in no small degree the extraordinary talents of their dearly beloved father. May many, many years full of blessings and activity be his, to continue his great work in behalf of religion and letters. For the excellent portrait, which accompanies this article we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Benziger Bros., New York.

Reference to this crowning work of the career of the great historian leads us to subjoin an appreciative notice of the work and its author recently published by Edmond Mallet in the Washington Church News. Mr. Mallet speaks of the History of the Catholic Church in the United States as a "Monumental History," and says:

The author of this work has given to his Church and to his country a monument which will outlive many of the bronze heroic statues that now adorn the parks of the National Capital; like the grave-
maker's house, it will last till dooms-day. The man who, by his learning, energy and faith, has illustrated the genius of his age and country by such a work as "The Catholic Church in Colonial Days," has carved for himself a niche in the gallery of the world's true benefactors.

John Gilmary Shea, LL. D., was born in the city of New York, on July 33, 1834, and is consequently 62 years old. His father was a native of Ireland, and his mother was descended from an old Catholic family of Maryland. He studied at the Grammar School of Columbia College under the celebrated Dr. Charles Anthon, and adopted the law as his profession. After a time he entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, and aspired to labor as a missionary where Fathers Jogues and Marquette laid down their lives for the Master. His health failing, after six or eight years' study in the Jesuit houses of New York and Canada, he re-entered upon secular pursuits. Like the generous Louis Jolliet, the discoverer of the Mississippi—and unlike the imperious Robert Cavelier de la Salle, the founder of La-chine—he carried into the world with him a tender love for the Company of Jesus, which he has served as a layman perhaps much better than he could have done as one of its Fathers. As a means of livelihood, Dr. Shea had recourse to his pen, and, being master of the French, Italian, Spanish, and other modern languages, besides the languages of the ancient world, his literary taste naturally led him to the study of the early history of his country, the sources of which are principally found in the old Latin, Spanish, Portuguese and French documents, then buried in the archives of continental Europe.

Dr. Shea explored these mines of historical truth with great assiduity, and in newspapers, magazines, tracts, pamphlets and books, laid the foundation of Catholic historical literature in the United States. The prefaces of the works of Bancroft, Parkman, the New York and Wisconsin Historical Societies, the Bradford Club, the Prince Society, and many others, testify to the great worth of his historical researches. No Catholic history, whether of States, dioceses or parishes can be found without footnotes and references drawn from his published works. Not only are American authors indebted to Dr. Shea for his generous labors, but every foreign historian of the Church's progress in America adopts his facts as ground-work for their productions. Mexico and Canada claim him as one of their historiographers under the title of "the great American historian," Mexico and Canada, too, claiming to be American.

The number of Dr. Shea's historical writings is beyond computation. To the question put to him a short time since as to the number and titles of his publications, he replied that it would be very difficult, indeed, to trace up all he had published. The writer of this notice possesses, in his collection of books, nearly 100 titles—histories, biographies, lectures, criticisms, relations, etc., catalogued under Dr. Shea's name as author, translator, or editor.


Dr. Shea's private library is a subject of wonder to all who have been privileged to examine it. Old historical works in Latin, English, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, Dutch, German, and Indian, long since out of print and worth double their weight in gold; modern histories and biographies,
pamphlets, magazines, missionary bulletins and circulars; manuscripts (originals and copies) from State archives, old missions, religious houses, and episcopal libraries in the United States, Canada, England, Holland, Spain, France, and Italy; portraits, views, and plans; relics in oil, wax, and metal; treating of or illustrating the ecclesiastical history of North America; fill numerous bookcases, drawers, and port-folios. In examining all these treasures, one asks himself if he is really in the house of a private gentleman, and not in the convent of a Benedictine. But for the exquisite nicety of the arrangements and the air of general comfort which pervades the whole place, showing that the hand of a devoted wife and the solicitude of loving children have made this sanctuary a true Christian home, one might conclude that the latter was the case.

One might possess all the materials composing the sources of history and yet lack the ability to use them. This is not the case with Dr. Shea. He not only possesses the matter for a full and complete history of the Church in the United States, but also every qualification for the successful preparation of so important a work. That the hierarchy of the American Church and learned members of the laity knew and acknowledged this is evidenced by the generous patronage which they gave to the great work the first volume of which has just appeared. Nor has the author failed to fulfill all reasonable expectations and even to surpass the most sanguine anticipations of his most enthusiastic admirers; for "The Catholic Church in Colonial Days" is beyond question a great monumental work, one that is not only an honor to its learned author, but a glory to his Church and country.

In form the volume before us approaches perfection—paper of a superior quality, wide margins, and large, clear print; artistic steel engravings and superior wood-cuts, copious foot-notes, and an alphabetical index. In substance and style of composition it is a marvel of historical research and rhetorical finish—abundance of facts for its foundation, close logic in the development of the argument, and eloquence flowing from the greatness of the subject. Such are the characteristics of the work.

The volume is dedicated to seventy-two persons, who are named, comprising Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, Monsignori, Superiors of Congregations, seminarians, laymen, and publishing firms who are its special patrons.

The preface gives interesting facts relative to earlier projects for histories of the Church in America, and in the United States, which, however, were never put into execution. Among these was one by the lamented Rev. Charles I. White, D.D., the author of the appendix to Darras' well-known "History." Acknowledgments to persons who gave aid in obtaining documents and illustrations complete this portion of the volume.

A brief introduction prepares the mind for the recital of the Church's beneficent action on the life of the Republic, while it impresses the reader with the fact that the author is not only master of his subject, but that his performance rises to the dignity of true history. Cicero called history the witness of ages—testis temporum; the light of truth—lux veritatis; the life of memory—vida memoriae; the instructor of life—magistra vitae. Every chapter of the volume before us shows that the author appreciates the true character and scope of history.

The body of the work is composed of six books or divisions, each comprising from two to five chapters. Book I treats of the Church in the English Colonies, from the reign of Elizabeth to the year 1690, and the chapters are entitled: (1) Early Projects of Settlement; (2) Catholicity Planted in Maryland, 1634—1645; (3) The Maryland Mission Restored, 1648—1668; (4) The Jesuits and Franciscans in Maryland, 1659—1690. Book II treats of the Church in the Spanish Colonies, from the discovery of Florida, by Ponce de Leon, to 1680, and the chapters are: (1) The Church in Florida, 1513—1565; and (2) The Church in New Mexico, 1580—1680. Book III treats of the Church in the French Colonies, from the foundation of Acadia to 1690, and the chapters are: (1) First Work of the Church in Maine, Michigan, and New York, 1611—1652; (2) The Archbishops of Rouen—Onandago Mission Founded; (3) The Ottawa Mission; (4) The Church Among the Iroquois, 1660—1680; (5) The Church from the Penobscot to the Mississippi, 1680—1690. In these three books and eleven chapters the history of the Church in the English, Spanish, and French colonies is brought down to the close of the first epoch, 1690. The remaining three books carry the same colonies to the end of the second epoch, 1763.


This catalogue of subjects will give but a faint idea of the general excellence of the work. One must read its 663 pages to know all it contains and to appreciate it as it deserves. Many facts not heretofore known at all, or only imperfectly, have been given prominence in this volume. Among these may be mentioned the projected Catholic settlement of Norumbega, now New England, by Sir George Peckham and Sir Thomas Gerard, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the transportation of the people of Acadia, now Nova Scotia, into the Anglo-American colonies, immediately before the fall of the French domination in North America. Longfellow has immortalized himself by singing the wrongs of
the Acadians. Dr. Shea, too, has immortalized himself by establishing the historical fact that the kindred of Evangeline were a martyr-peopie.

The work is profusely illustrated with portraits of prelates and priests, plans of early settlements, representations of old relics and fac-similes of inscriptions and signatures. Among the portraits are several of founders of missions, as well as of Spanish, French and English Bishops and Vicars-Apostolic who, in colonial days, exercised spiritual jurisdiction over the territory now within the limits of the United States. The most notable of these, perhaps, are the portraits of Venerable Anthony Margil, O. S. F., founder of the Texas missions, whose cause of canonization is now nearly completed at Rome, and of Mgr. de Pontbriand, Bishop of Quebec, who performed episcopal functions at Ogdensburgh, N. Y., and Detroit, Mich., long before the establishment of the American hierarchy—when those places belonged to Canada.

The second volume of the series, entitled "Archbishop Carroll and the Establishment of the Hierarchy," will appear in about a year, to be followed by three additional volumes, to be entitled, respectively, "The Church in the Atlantic States," "The Church in the Valley of the Mississippi," and "The Church on the Pacific Coast." Each volume is to be complete and independent in itself, and yet the whole series will form a consecutive and complete "History of the Catholic Church within the limits of the United States from the first-attempted colonization to the present time."

The first volume now before us, we must repeat, is a truly great—a monumental history.

"Consider now how great must be that whole, Which unto such a part conforms itself."—Dante.

The Exile of the Gael*

It is sweet to rejoice for a day,—For a day that is reached at last! It is well for wanderers in new lands, Slow climbers toward a lofty mountain pass, Yearning with hearts and eyes strained ever upward, To pause, and rest, on the summit,— To stand between two limitless outlooks,— Behind them, a winding path through familiar pains and ventures; Before them, the streams unbridged and the vales untrav­elled.

What shall they do nobler than mark their passage, With kindly hearts, mayhap for kindred to follow? What shall they do wiser than pile a cairn With stones from the wayside, that their tracks and names Be not blown from the hills like sand, and their story be lost for ever?

"Hither," the cairn shall tell, "Hither they came and rested!"

"Whither?" the searcher shall ask, with questioning eyes on their future.

Hither and Whither!—O Maker of Nations! Hither and Whither the sea speaks, Heaving; the forest speaks, dying; the Summer whispers,

* Read at the 150th anniversary of the Irish Charitable Society, Boston, March 17, 1887.

Like a sentry giving up the watchword, to the muffled Winter.

Hither and Whither! the Earth calls wheeling to the Sun; And like ships on the deep at night, the stars interflash the signal.

Hither and Whither, the exiles' cairn on the hill speaks,— Yea, as loudly as the sea and the earth and the stars.

The heart is earth's exile: the soul is heaven's;

And God has made no higher mystery for stars.

Hither—from home! sob the torn flower on the river; Wails the river itself as it enters the bitter ocean;

Moons the iron in the furnace at the premonition of melting; Cries the scattered grain in Spring at the passage of the harrow.

In the iceberg is frozen the rain's dream of exile from the fields;

The shower falls sighing for the opaline hills of cloud;

And the clouds on the bare mountains weep their daughter-love for the sea.

Exile is God's alchemy! Nations He forms like metals,— Mixing their strength and their tenderness;

Tempering pride with shame and victory with affliction; Meting their courage their faith and their fortitude,— Timing their genesis to the world's needs!

"What have ye brought to our Nation-building, Sons of the Gael? What is your burden or guerdon from old Innisfail? Here build we higher and deeper than men ever built before; And we raise no Shinar tower, but a temple forevermore.

What have ye brought from Erin that hapless land could spare? Her tears, defeats, and miseries? Are these, indeed, your share? Are the mother's caoine and the banshee's cry your music for our song?

Have ye come to feast with a withered wreath and a mem­ory of wrong? With a broken sword and treason-flag, from your Banba of the Seas? O, where in our House of Triumph shall hang such gifts as these?"

O, Soul, wing forth! what answer across the main is heard? From burdened ships, and exiled lips,—write down, write down the word!

"No treason we bring from Erin—nor bring we shame nor guilt! The sword we hold may be broken, but we have not dropped the hilt! The wreath we bear to Columbia is twisted of thorns, not bays;

And the songs we sing are saddened by thoughts of deso­late days. But the hearts we bring for Freedom are washed in the surge of tears; And we claim our right by a People's fight outliving a thousand years!"

"What bring ye else to the Building?"

It is sweet to rejoice for a day,—For a day that is reached at last! It is well for wanderers in new lands, Slow climbers toward a lofty mountain pass, Yearning with hearts and eyes strained ever upward, To pause, and rest, on the summit,— To stand between two limitless outlooks,— Behind them, a winding path through familiar pains and ventures; Before them, the streams unbridged and the vales untrav­elled.

What shall they do nobler than mark their passage, With kindly hearts, mayhap for kindred to follow? What shall they do wiser than pile a cairn With stones from the wayside, that their tracks and names Be not blown from the hills like sand, and their story be lost for ever?

"Hither," the cairn shall tell, "Hither they came and rested!"

"Whither?" the searcher shall ask, with questioning eyes on their future.

Hither and Whither!—O Maker of Nations! Hither and Whither the sea speaks, Heaving; the forest speaks, dying; the Summer whispers,
An action at law is begun by filing a *pracipe* in the office of the clerk of the court wherein the action is to be tried. It is made out and filed by the plaintiff's attorney. At the same time he pays the necessary costs. If the plaintiff be a non-resident, he or his attorney files a bond for costs. The *pracipe* is a written order to the clerk, directing him to issue a summons. It states the venue, or State and County; the title and term of the court; the names of the plaintiff and defendant; the nature of the plaintiff's grievance, with the title of the action; the amount claimed by the plaintiff, etc. The clerk then makes out and issues the summons. In form and contents this is not unlike the *pracipe*.

It is issued in the name of the people, and addressed to the sheriff of the county, who is the executive officer of the court. It commands him to notify the defendant to appear in court at the term specified in order to answer the complaint made against him by the plaintiff. The sheriff serves it by reading it to the defendant, leaving a copy of it with him, or leaving a copy of it at his residence. The manner of service is written by the sheriff on the back of the summons, over his signature, and it is returned to the clerk of the court on the general return day, or on or before the first day of the term. Thenceforward the court has jurisdiction of the person of the defendant, and he is bound to appear and answer. If he fail to do so, judgment by default may be entered against him for the amount claimed by the plaintiff. But about ten days before the first day of the term the plaintiff must file his declaration—or complaint, as it is called, in States where the Code is in operation. This is the statement of his cause of action. He may file it with the *pracipe*, and in some instances it is wiser for him to do so, as where he wishes to have the nature of the action known to the public or commented upon by the press. In Code States the *pracipe* is not used, and the summons is the initial writ. The declaration answers to the complaint of the Code, the bill in Chancery, the libel of admiralty, the libel or *narratio* of the civilians, and the allegations of the English ecclesiastical courts.

The pleadings in civil actions are: For the plaintiff—the declaration, replication, surrejoinder and surrebutter; for the defendant—the plea, rejoinder and rebutter. There are no names for additional pleadings, although litigants rarely proceed further than the rejoinder before joining issue. The forms of the subsequent pleadings are much the same and governed by the same rules as the preceding. The demurrer is equally available to the plaintiff and defendant. It may be filed by either party to any pleading at any stage of the preliminary work incident to arriving at an issue. But there can be no demurrer to a demurrer. Under the Code the pleadings are: The complaint by the plaintiff, the answer by the defendant, the reply by the plaintiff, and the demurrer by either. The names of the common law pleadings, taken together, are: The declaration, plea, replication, rejoinder, surrejoinder, rebutter, surrebutter, and demurrer.

The demurrer is an allegation that, acknowledging the facts of the pleading to which it is offered...
That grand literary age which gave to Germany Lessing, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, Herder, possessed also one who had not, indeed, the popularity of these illustrious writers, but yet who held a high place amongst the thinkers of the time—John Paul Richter. He alone, it might be said, represents in his mystical reveries and profound conceptions the plenitude of German genius. It is not easy to read him, and to appreciate him as he deserves requires several readings and serious study. When a person takes up for the first time any of his writings, he seems to enter into one of those virgin forests where centurial trees block up his path, where the pendant boughs, branches interlocked, and plants of all kinds, impede at every step the progress of the traveller. Such an aspect strikes the beholder with surprise. He hesitates to venture into the midst of such obstacles. But if this first difficulty is surmounted, if an advance is made into the irregular defiles of this profound solitude, soon astonishing beauties captivate at once the senses and the mind. Beyond the dense mass of trees are seen brilliant stars and waves of light that illumine the foliage. Amid the briars and brambles, beautiful flowers raise their heads, and the breeze moves the slight branches of the arbutus, the insects that people the grass, the birds that fly beneath the shade, fill the air with their gentle murmurs, their cries and their melodies. There is a motion, a life of which no other place can give an idea,—a strange nature, which freely develops itself in its wonderful power without the conventional embellishments or the artificial finery of man. Such does Richter appear to us, and those who have learned to know his works will find this comparison by no means exaggerated. No writer has more spontaneity of movement, a bolder manner, a more singular fecundity. No poet has allied to such profound sentiment such capricious fantasy.

John Paul Richter was born at Wiensidel, in 1763. His father died young, without property. His mother employed her little all in gaining him admission into the Gymnasium. When he finished his studies, he returned to her. There, in the single chamber of his home, whilst the good old lady turned the wheel or busied herself in household cares, the future author of “Titan,” seated before his desk, would read and study works of antiquity, and amass with indefatigable ardor notes on all human sciences. In order to aid his mother in providing for the wants of life, he gathered around him some children to whom he gave, with his lofty spirit and tender imagination, instruction truly paternal. This occupation, conscientiously performed, brought him but a moderate salary. Money was scarce in the home of the philosopher, and could he by some lucky chance save a half-crown to buy a goose for Martinmas, there was a grand feast.

As a means of distraction from his duties of instruction and from his patient labors, Richter used to walk alone through the country, observing and studying everything that presented itself to his sight, from the insect that buzzed at his feet to the cloud that floated over his head. To him nature was a grand book, with which he gave no rest to his eyes and his thought; it inspired him with great veneration. “Enter,” he would say, “with a pure soul this vast temple. Bring no evil passion into this place where the flowers bloom and the birds sing. Hast thou the calm of the brook wherein the works of creation are reflected as in a mirror? Ah! would that my heart were as virgin pure as nature when it proceeds from the hands of its God!”

Often during the summer he would carry his books and desk to a hill, and there labor in the midst of that nature whose image wrought upon him so lively a fascination, whose harmonies resounded so forcibly in his ears. He contemplated nature as a poet; he observed it as a scholar. A blade of grass, a butterfly’s wing was to him a subject of scientific analysis and tender veneration. Whilst seriously studying all that surrounded him, he studied himself even in the deepest secrets of his conscience. He kept an exact record of his impressions, of the faults which he discerned and desired to correct, and the virtues which he endeavored to acquire. Once he wrote in his diary: “I rejoice to have overcome two faults—my inclination to be carried away in conversation, and to lose my temper when troubled by dust and gnats. Nothing renders us so indifferent to the little trials of life as the sentiment of moral amelioration.”

If his existence was passed almost in silent retreat, it was not the effect of gloomy misanthropy.
On the contrary, his heart burned with charity and universal benevolence. The sight of a suffering old man, or of a poor laborer wandering through the highways, excited in him a tender sympathy; the sight of a child touched him sometimes to tears; even animals occupied a portion of his time and care. He had in his room several canary birds whom he had trained to descend from their cage by means of a ladder to his table, and there hop around on his paper. In 1798 he espoused a young girl, Caroline Meyer, daughter of a Privy Councillor, at Berlin. This marriage, by which he had one son and two daughters, turned out happily in every respect. At this time he had aroused the attention of literary Germany by several of his works, among others, “Greenland Lawsuits,” published in 1783; “Selections from the Papers of the Devil,” and the “Invisible Lodge.” His writings and his marriage brought him better fortune. But he ever remained simple and modest—the mind devoted to the seductions of study, the heart open to all the innocent joys of life. Once only he quit his retreat to see at Berlin and Weimar the men whose writings had so often aroused his enthusiasm; then he returned with love to the little enchanted world of his poetic dreams.

Toward the end of his life, the poor philosopher was attacked with a severe infirmity—he became blind. But he supported this misfortune with religious resignation; even his gaiety appeared in nowise diminished. The beauties of nature revived in his soul; he contemplated them with the eyes of thought. He still instructed himself by having read to him his favorite authors, and he meditated with more calmness than ever.

On the 14th of November, 1823, he reclined upon his death bed. His wife brought him a garland of flowers, which had been sent him. He moved his fingers over those flowers, the memory of which still rejoiced his mind. “Ah! my beautiful flowers,” said he, “my dear flowers!” Then he fell into a peaceful slumber. His wife and friends regarded him with mute immobility. His countenance had a calm, serene expression; but the tears of his wife fell upon him without causing any movement. Little by little, his respiration became less regular; a slight convulsion passed over his face. “It is death,” said the doctor.

Thus sweetly passed away from this world the man of genius, who knew so well how to harmonize his actions and his thoughts. His life and his works are a pure and deep instruction.

C. J.

Essay on Cats

BY A YOUTHFUL PREP.

Those musical quadrupeds called “cats” are everywhere to be found, and everywhere in large numbers. There must be fully a million at Notre Dame. Cats of many species, from the grinning Cheshire cat to the tailless feline of Japan. They can be tamed very easily, and trained to follow one about like a dog. Cats are used for many purposes. Their hairs are used by hotel keepers for garnishing butter, though most persons, like Artemus Ward, prefer it bold. The cat is endowed with such extraordinary musical talent that violin strings of a superior quality are made of its intestines. Ladies are often dismayed to find that the trimming of their winter cloaks is made of cat’s fur instead of ermine. Thus we see that this animal is useful, dead or alive; and in death, as in life, is an arch deceiver.

Cats have nine lives, but many persons will not believe this. If you doubt it, gentle reader, just wait till in some stilly night your slumber is disturbed by these festive serenaders, and then you will be able to judge what little effect showers of boot-jacks and hail-storms of ink bottles, etc., have on their nine lives.

Cats are of the family to which tigers belong, and their brother, the wild cat, is a very fierce animal. Of the polecat it will not be necessary to speak: it can speak for itself.

Washington Irving, writing of his visit to Abbotford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, tells us that one of the poet’s favorite pets was a large gray cat. Cats were favorites with Cowper also.

By rubbing a black cat’s fur in the dark, sparks may be observed, and one hears a faint snapping. It is said to be electricity, but of this I am not certain. The only way to hold a cat, of course, is by the handle, but one does not generally care to hold a cat long, that is, if it is unwilling. Better let the animal depart.

Cats are used all over the world to destroy mice and rats. A persevering cat will wait all day at a hole just to make sure that it is a rat hole. Rats seem to know when cats are in the vicinity and rarely venture abroad under such circumstances.

Though cats and dogs are enemies—probably on account of the superiority of the latter—yet there are, and always have been, cats and dogs that live in harmony. “Like cats and dogs,” is a familiar comparison. Still, cats will not, as a rule, become familiar with dogs, and perhaps it is just as well for them that they do not. A dog would not be likely to put up with much nonsense from a cat.

Cats are very quick and nimble, and if thrown up in the air, or thrown down from any height, will always fall on their feet. But I should like to see it tried from the stand pipe in South Bend. A cat hardly ever grows larger than two feet and a half, and rarely, if ever, weighs over fifteen pounds. They are very destructive to singing birds, and unless trained to a contrary habit, they will try to get at them whenever an opportunity presents itself. In fact, cats will bear considerable watching. Young cats, if fed with too much meat, are subject to fits. The young of cats are called kittens, and they are very playful, as everyone knows.

This is all that I know about cats; it is not an easy subject to write on. But there was danger of a catastrophe, if I didn’t “come to the scratch,” so I have done my “level best.”
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 Twenty-fifth year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—By reason of necessarily limited space in the SCHOLASTIC of last week, the report of the Columbian entertainment on St. Patrick’s Day was not as extended as might have been expected. In deference to the wishes of many admiring friends, as well as from a desire to do all possible justice to the players, we publish below another report.

—It is by no means easy to give rules for the acquisition of self-knowledge, because the generality of men are deceived by fallacies peculiar to themselves. When they shall once rid themselves of that partiality which is the fruit of self-love, they may form a fair estimate of their improvement morally, by comparing the general line of their conduct with the standard of their duty. If there come to them a doubt of the extent of their intellectual attainments, by comparing them with those of some one who has been successful in the same pursuits they will most readily attain the truth. If this occupation shall cause them to have feelings of vanity, let them compare what they now know with what is yet to be known, and they will have small cause for vainglory.

The Columbians’ Play.

The recent rendition of “Damon and Pythias” by the Columbians was, taken all in all, probably the most successful effort of the present year.

The characters of Damon, Pythias and Dionysius were well taken, and the minor parts of the play were so well carried out that there was scarcely an opportunity for adverse criticism. Mr. T. O’Regan, as Damon, had an excellent conception of the character and displayed considerable ability in his acting. In the scene in the senate house, imploring the senators to preserve the freedom of the city, reproaching them for their treason and braving the power of the tyrant, he well portrayed the patriotic, fearless Damon. Throughout the entire play he sustained his part well. Mr. O’Regan has a strong, clear voice, considerable elocutionary power, and, with a little training, will make a speaker of no mean ability. He has every reason to feel satisfied with the success of this, his first appearance in the role of actor. The character of the brave and generous Pythias was well taken by Mr. L. Greever. The play, as revised for male characters, omits the role of Calanthe and renders Pythias a less prominent character than in the original play. In the principal scenes, and especially at the close of the last act where Pythias prepares to meet his fate. Mr. Greever acted his part in excellent style, and we can only regret that the revision of the play necessitated the omission of any portion of his role. He is well fitted for the part. Mr. P. Brownson took the part of the tyrant Dionysius, and acted it well. His conception of the part was true to the character as delineated by the author. The cold, crafty and revengeful character of Dionysius, was brought out to its fullest extent and stood forth in broad contrast to those of Damon and Pythias. The minor parts, almost without exception, were well taken and to this the complete success of the play is, to a great extent, due.

The Columbians can boast of considerable dramatic talent at present, and they have every reason to feel proud of the unanimity with which all present pronounced the verdict—that their play was a success.

[From the “N. Y. Electrical Review.”]

The Electric Light at Notre Dame.

In the communication to the Review of the 12th instant from a student of Bowdoin College, the assertion that “Bowdoin will be the first college in America to be lighted by electricity” escaped our notice. The following facts may be interesting to “Student” and the readers of the Review generally.

The arc light has been in use at Notre Dame, Ind., for the past six years, and is still giving perfect satisfaction for illuminating the recreation grounds of the various departments.

In 1885 President Walsh introduced the Edison incandescent light. 110 ten-candle power lamps were distributed in the Senior and Junior study-halls—replacing Argand gas jets. The satisfaction expressed by both Faculty and students determined the Rev. President to give an immediate order for a larger plant, with 16 candle power lamps, to replace the gas in the class, society and private rooms throughout the main building. The work was continued, and the lamps now in daily use are distributed as follows:
The 40 Dome lights are arranged to form a crown above the head, and a crescent at the feet of a large bronze statue of Notre Dame, surmounting the dome, 200 feet from the ground. This feature was designed and carried into execution, with Maxim lamps, by Rev. J. A. Zahm, Professor of Physics, in 1884.

Two Armington & Sims high speed engines furnish power for two Edison incandescent and one Van Depoelke are dynamo. On account of the large boiler capacity required for heating and domestic purposes, the addition of the engines causes no appreciable extra cost for fuel. The exhaust from the larger engine is used for low pressure heating.

Since the plant was accepted by the College authorities all additions and changes have been made without difficulty; but thanks are due to Messrs. Leonard and Pierce, of the Western Edison Company, and to Mr. C. C. Haskins, City Inspector, Chicago, for valuable suggestions and direction. For ordinary testing and regulation a Wirt voltmeter, Wheatstone bridge and sixteen cells chloride of silver battery are used. Other instruments are procured from the laboratory of Science Hall when special accuracy is desired. Tampering or experimenting with the regular lighting circuits is not permitted. The lamps used are 95 volt, 16 candle power with a few 105 and 325 for entrances, etc. In one building, 1,000 feet from the dynamo, connected by a rather small wire originally intended for another purpose, lower volt lamps are supplied to allow for the "drop." The orderly routine enforced at the College at all times, will allow the number of lamps to be more than double the dynamo capacity. The light has been the subject of universal admiration to visitors, and of general satisfaction to all connected with the College; the name Edison is now "found in their mouths as household words.

M. O'Dea.

Personal.

—Dr. D. L. Jordan, President of the Indiana State University, was among the visitors to Notre Dame on last Monday.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger arrived at Notre Dame yesterday (Friday) afternoon. During his stay, the Rt. Rev. Prelate will confer Sacred Orders upon the following members of the Community: Messrs. Scheier, Mohan, Thillman, Linnerborn, and Coleman.

—The intelligence was received on Thursday noon of the safe arrival in New York of Rev. R. J. Maher, C. S. C., after a long sojourn in the "Green Isle," whither he had gone on business of the Community. He is expected at Notre Dame to-day (Saturday), and will receive a cordial greeting from many friends.

—Mr. Mohan, C. S. C., of the Faculty of the University, made his religious Profession in the Chapel of St. Joseph's Novitiate, on Thursday, the 24th inst. Very Rev. Father Provincial Corby presided at the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Fathers Robinson and Spillard. The congratulations and best wishes of many friends are extended to Mr. Mohan.

—Frank H. Dexter, of '86, is studying law at the Missouri State University. In a recent contest he displayed to advantage the good oratorical training received at Notre Dame. The press reports read as follows:

"On last Monday evening the two literary societies of the University held their annual inter-society contest. From the time the contestants were elected it was conceded that it would be one of the hardest fought battles in the history of the school. The declaimers were F. H. Dexter and G. N. Cheney, both considered among the best declaimers of the school, and both contested hotly every inch of ground. The decision was awarded in favor of Mr. Dexter."

—The many friends of Mr. Frank C. Ewing (Com't), '81, of Lancaster, Ohio, will be pleased to learn of the success which is attending him in his mercantile life. The last number of the Fairfield County Republican, published at Lancaster, contained the following:

"Our friends, Messrs. Frank C. Ewing and J. C. Tuthill, have bought the book and stationery store of George Tuthill, and will at once restock the store with an elegant line of wall paper and all goods kept in a first-class store. Mr. J. C. Tuthill is known as an excellent business man, and proposes to build up one of his old-time stores. Mr. Frank C. Ewing is a genial, promising young business man, whom everybody likes. This is a strong firm and we predict for them a brilliant success."

—The last number of the American Catholic (New York) contained an excellent portrait of Very Rev. Father General Sorin, accompanying a short but comprehensive sketch of his career. After referring to the foundation of the University the writer concludes with the following well-conceived and aptly expressed tribute:

"What Father Sorin has accomplished since that memorable day for education and religion, cannot be told in few words. His record as teacher, as President of the University, as Provincial and General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, as patron of St. Mary's Academy, is the story of a life of heroic sacrifices, gigantic labors and glorious triumphs. To-day, in his venerable old age, he is the cherished Father and friend of a multitude of men and women, in the religious life and in the fields of the world's activity, who have experienced his beneficence, who share his affection, who reciprocate his love, who entertain for him the tenderest feelings of reverence, and who will hand down his name to future generations as worthy to be ranked among the noblest of the benefactors of mankind."

—We are pained to record the death of one of Notre Dame's bright Alumni—Mr. Charles P. Walter, of the Class of '74—who departed this life at his residence, Ft. Wayne, Ind., on the 27th ult. The deceased, during the years of his college life, was foremost among the students, to whom, as well as to his professors, he was endeared by his many noble qualities of mind and heart. The Ft. Wayne Daily Gazette contained the following notice:

"He whose death is announced above was a graduate of..."
Notre Dame University, Class of 1874. He carried off the gold medal prize for three consecutive years, the last being the "Quam Medal," the highest honor conferred by that renowned institution of learning. After leaving college, he applied himself assiduously to the study of law, and, having passed a very successful examination, was admitted to prac­tice, not only in the common courts, but also in the Sup­reme Courts of the State. He was known for his quiet, unpretentious, studious habits, and as knowing more and intellectually greater and better fitted for high enterprises than his physical strength would admit. His case is one wherein he sadly overtaxed the mind at the ex­ pense of the body. With a few lessons to start with he became, within, a fine pianist and a fair German scholar, and had his health kept pace with his many talents, and sus­tained in him efforts towards honors-able distinction, there would have been no doubt of his final success. But He, whose dispensations we are -bject to at all times, and to which we are prayerfully bound to submit, has thought proper to take him to Himself. With resignation to His divine will, and a lively faith in our hearts, we believe and hope that he is in the embrace of his darling little boy, who preceded him but two weeks ago, and whose death at the time created such a wide-spread sympathy."

The sincere sympathy of all at Notre Dame is extended to the afflicted family in this sad trial.

Local Items.

—They went on a goose-chase.
—"All is not gold that glitters."
—Who received the best bulletin?
—The crews will begin active work early next month.
—Navigation has opened—not so with the navigators.
—The Philopatarians are next on the list for his­trionic honors.
—Ne sutor ultra crepitam would be a good thing to have around.
—The bulletins for the month of March were made out during the week.
—Our friend John says that he is "at home in the conversazione business."
—A friend's counsel is but too often taken as the jealous raving of an enemy.
—Delightful rambles through the country are among the features of "rec" days.
—Our genial gymnastic instructor figures to great advantage as an accomplished equestrian.
—The Colonel of the H. L. G, has given 2d Lieut. A. S. Williams two months' leave of ab­sence.
—The regular monthly conference of the clergy of the Community was held in the presbytery on Thursday morning.
—It is rumored that the military companies of next term will rejoice in the possession of an ar­mory and drill-room.
—It is a fact, singular in its analysis, that there are some persons whom advice and correction seem to make the more perverse.
—If the walking delegate keeps on ruining his chances much longer there won't be enough left of him to carry away on a shovel.

—Rev. Vice-President Zahm has the thanks of Cos. "A" and "B," H. L. G., for kind favors ex­tended to them on St. Patrick's Day.
—On to-morrow—Passion Sunday—instead of the usual sermon, the solemn exercises of the Way of the Cross will be carried out after Mass.
—Why is it that of all the ills to which flesh is heir, the toothachecommands the least sympathy from an intelligent and appreciative public?
—Practice games are now en règle with our local baseballists, while awaiting the formal open­ing of the season. Some good games were played on Thursday.
—The burning of the leaves in the neighborhood is an indication of the fact that Spring has come to stay. Our friends should be careful not to injure young trees and delicate shrubbery.
—We have been again requested to warn all to keep off the tulip beds in St. Edward's Park. Some thoughtless individuals running after balls trample on the delicate plants which are now coming up.
—It is high time that our competitors for the grand English medal, as well as the many other essayists in the various courses, should be heard from. We hope that all ambition is not lost among them.
—The Dartmouth, with 1100 copies per issue, leads the college papers in circulation.—Michigan Argonaut.
—Our friend, the Argonaut, makes a little mistake somewhere. The regular weekly edition of the Scholastic is 1300 copies—sometimes more, but never less. Which college paper leads in circulation?
—Our local reporter complains of the "strange incommunicativeness" manifested by those whom he meets in his meanderings after "news." If our local friends prefer to express their communica­tions in writing and drop the same, written on one side only, in our box, the l. r. will be just as well satisfied.
—The twentieth regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathian Association was held Wednes­day, the 23d inst. An interesting debate, in which Masters Austin and Morrison distinguished themselves, was a principal feature of the evening. Selections were given by Masters Darragh, Clifford and Long.
—Robert Newton, who was called home a few weeks ago by the illness of his father, returned on Monday last, to the great delight of his many friends. He brought with him the pleasing intelligence of the convalescence of his father. Bob is never tired of the walking delegate keeps on ruining his chances much longer there won't be enough left of him to carry away on a shovel.
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panies "A" and "B," numbering 75 strong, came out with fife and drum and flags flying in the breeze and presented a fine appearance. Though the weather was a little cold, they succeeded in executing some brilliant manoeuvres on the campus which were witnessed by a large and enthusiastic crowd.

—On Sunday evening, March 20, a meeting of the Senior branch of the Archconfraternity was held in St. Cecilia Hall. Mr. B. T. Becker read a most interesting paper, his theme being the "Liturgical Year." It elicited much praise for its erudition and arrangement. Mr. Porter then asked a brief outline of the subject. A few remarks were made as to the acquisition of desirable members.

—Last Saturday, the 19th inst.—the Festival of St. Joseph—was appropriately observed at Notre Dame. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the college church at 9 a.m., by Rev. Father Granger, assisted by Rev. Fathers Spillard and Stoffel as deacon and subdeacon. An eloquent and impressive sermon on the office and merits of the great Saint, in whose honor the solemnity was kept, was delivered by Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., Miss. Ap.

—Very Rev. Father General honored the Princes with a visit last Tuesday. The beaming countenances that greeted his entrance plainly showed the affection and veneration in which the beloved Founder is held. He had a kind, encouraging word and a pleasant smile for each and for all. He expressed his admiration for the perfect order that is a feature of St. Edward's Hall, and which so often attracted his notice, as it has that of so many visitors to Notre Dame.

—At the 12th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, held in St. Edward's Hall, on Monday, March 21, compositions were read by W. McDonnell, R. Munro, R. Boyd, H. Silver, C. Koester, A. Nester, H. Huiskamp, W. Williamson, B. Triplett, J. O'Mara, R. Graham, J. Huiskamp, E. Foote. The presence of the President of the Association—Prof. J. F. Edwards—who had been unavoidably absent for some time, was a subject of joy to all.

—The weeks after Easter will be marked by a series of entertaining and instructive soirées and conversazioni. We are to be favored with a grand concert by our local musicians—instrumentalists and vocalists—which will be the event of the year. The new series of lectures, already spoken of, will be inaugurated during Easter week. Then, somewhere in between these feasts of reason, will come the members of the Literature Class have lately been required to write off-hand on this subject, we venture to insinuate that the essay in question must be by one of 'em, though, probably, from the pen of a Junior. Judging from this production, there seems to be any amount of talent in the Junior department. We are sorry the disposition is to keep it bottled up. Not so with the average Senior, who avers that he could fill up the paper all by himself, if he were only to try—but he doesn't try. To the Juniors we say: Don't be afraid to write. Any subject will do, only be natural and original.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


MINOR DEPARTMENT.


CLASS HONORS.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the past month.]

PREPARATORY COURSE.


MINOR DEPARTMENT.


LIST OF EXCELLENCE.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the copetitions, which are held monthly.—Director of Studies.]

PREPARATORY COURSE.


COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

VINE ARTS AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

Saint Mary's Academy

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—A former pupil lovingly remembers her dear departed teacher, Sister M. Lioba, by securing for her a number of Masses.

—Oranges in generous quantities were presented by Very Rev. Father General to the princesses, who were left at liberty to distribute them at pleasure to their older companions in the Academy. No one was forgotten by the "royal recipients."

—Among those at the funeral of Mother Angela, the presence of none brought greater consolation than that of Very Rev. Father Kilroy, Windsor, Ont., who had been a life-long and devoted friend of the deceased and of the late Rev. Father Gillespie.

On Saturday, Feast of St. Gabriel the Archangel, the following-named were admitted to full membership in the Society of the Holy Angels: Misses L. Nester, E. Blaine, Schmauss, Beaulieu, F. J. Fisher, K. Fisher, Stoup, G. Garritty, Lindsey, Hake, Steele, Quealy, O'Mara, B. McCormic, Caddigan, and E. Dempsey. The Act of Consecration was read by Miss McDonnell.

—At the regular Academic reunion the readers were the Misses Dillon and Williams. Very Rev. Father General requested Miss Wolvin to read the "Incident of the Civil War" in last week's Scholastic; the young lady complying, to the edification of all, as her voice rang out clearly on every syllable. Very Rev. Father General supplemented the article with many important considerations, impressing the fact that to the influence of young ladies was entrusted to a very great extent the success of all efforts towards the triumph of total abstinence.

—On the Sunday which marks the middle of Lent, and on which the Church in the midst of the penitential season bids her children rejoice, we cannot refrain, in view of the numberless beautiful tributes of affection to departed worth which have been received at St. Mary's for the past two weeks, to express a thought which has occurred to us, that, were the gracious custom of conferring the Letara Rose on the princess of the time who has been received at St. Mary's for the past two weeks, the award could, more than all others, be entitled to a threefold motive in it: first, a tribute to her worth; second, a compliment to you, and third, to show his appreciation of us.

—By permission, we give the following, addressed to Very Rev. Father General Sorin, C.S.C.:

"MANHATTANVILLE, March 15, 1887.

"VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL.

"VERY REV. FATHER.—We have received with deep grief the announcement of Mother Angela's death, sent us by you; and we hasten to express our deep sympathy with you and her religious family in this great loss. Afflicted as we have so recently been by a similar cross, we can fully understand the sorrow with which your hearts are filled; and we offer you, with loving sympathy, the assurance of our prayers.

"S. JONES, R. S. H."

—Baltimore, Md., March 16, 1887.

"VERY REV. DEAR FATHER:

"I was too ill to write when the sad news of our dear Mother Angela's death reached me. It was a shock indeed so sudden and unforeseen; yet to her whose life was a preparation, and who lived for that end, a release and a reward. Upon you, the inspirer and the companion of her labors, and upon her aged mother the blow falls heavily, and my heart goes out to both in deepest sympathy. She was your right hand; the faithful interpreter of your wishes, and coadjutor in your labors for the welfare and advancement of the Order. Her loss to it is irreparable, and an aching void is left in the hearts of her spiritual children, to whom her memory must be ever precious and sweet. A great light is extinguished; a great soul gone! but O, how happy and blest the exchange for her! A few short months since she sat at my bedside in commiseration for my suffering. I am left, and she is taken; I, helpless and incurably afflicted; she, in the midst of her usefulness. When I was with her during the war, I admired her genius, her executive ability, self-sacrifice, tireless energy in the dark days of hospital experience; but what impressed me most was that she 'walked with God,' lived in His presence. Her very atmosphere breathed His love. You felt Him near in every tone and expression. Once when we were alone together, she sat in meditation silent, and I shall never forget the rapt look that shone in her face. It was a light from Heaven's open gate through which her soul had passed on the wings of love, leaving her body as if untenanted. Why should we mourn? She lives; it is we who die. May we, like her, live again. Dear Father,
you have another advocate in heaven. May God console and reunite you! Say something for me to dear Mrs. Phelan, and believe me ever—

"Your affectionate friend,

HELEN SUMNER BRADFORD."

"Rockford, Ill., March 15, 1887."

"My dear S——:

"I have delayed writing to pour forth the burden of my plaint as a tributary to the great stream of sorrow—not sadness—that now floods St. Mary's, mostly because of my incompetence to express my grief, save in interjections and ejaculations mingled with a flood of old memories. Should I write to Mrs. Phelan? The answer was only a stretching of my soul's arms to embrace her; to sink on my knees speechless with her. I could not write. 1858 was too vividly present. Mother Angela's voice from the upraised window in the little corner room in the old Academy on the eve of St. Clare's feast of that year, sounded too plainly in my ear with its cordial welcome to me, a stranger, just come from the Red Sea in my flight from an erroneous Christianity. Poor Father Sorin! Poor Mrs. Phelan! Poor Sister Elenora. Poor Grandma Redman, Sister Cecilia, Mother Angela! All gone over to the land of promise, the land which we know only by faith—glorious faith, which makes even the notes of the Requiem tremble into joy! You see I cannot write coherently. Mother Angela is so completely the image of my first experience as a Catholic—for I was only three months old in the faith when I went to St. Mary's; then nine months later you came with ——, now gone—both were baptized April 23. Mother Angela's mother became your own. I do not forget that the first tribute of your poetical talent was addressed to her:

"'Here in St. Mary's delightful retreat,
The flowers of angels are strewn at your feet;
Roses and lilies all fragrant with dew,
Tender affection and purity pure—
Dear Mother Angela twine them now,
Garlands to circle each innocent brow.'"

"Oh, when the spring time of youth shall be past,
Womanhood's summer day coming at last,
Life deepening earnestly all round our read,
How shall we bless the great mercy of God?—
Mercy that led us to thy gentle care,
Sweet Mother Angela, tender and fair!"

"Oh! when the summer time ripening the fruit
Melts softly away like the tones of a lute;
Womanhood's summer day waxing to prime,
How shall we honor this mission sublime?
And when the autumn tide sinks in age,
How shall we glory to read on life's page,
All ineffable words thou hast taught;
Faith thou hast strengthened, and Love thou hast wrought:
Hope in us last cherished, and duties held dear,
As memory gratefully drops the fond tear!
'Twas dear Mother Angela pointed our road
To the city of peace: to the home of our God!
Through endless ages thy name in our prayer,
Sweet tone of music shall ever be there;
And clustered near thee at last in the skies,
Fruit thou shalt see of thy self sacrifice!'"

"Such was the close of your address in behalf of the pupils and ladies resident at St. Mary's, May 31, 1859; and now when the sum of her toil is made up and deposited in the Immaculate Heart of the heavenly Mother for whom she toiled, we can only say—

"Through endless ages thy name in our prayer,
Sweet tone of music shall ever be there;
The word of our consolation to the aged mother can only be: 'You hast borne her!' Among the lovely petals of that rose which Dante saw made up of the overflowing and harmonious life of the blessed, let us trust that she, if not already, will soon find her place as a citizen—that she passed swiftly as light through the midst of the dwellers in Ante-Purgatory, and up the steep way where Pride is purged; without a pause up the stairs into the way where the lighter passions are obliterated; then sweeter yet in the ascent of sloth—which she could never have known—and through all the remaining gradations, to the terrestrial Paradise, and thence into the cloudless light—the ever-abounding joy. Dear S——, you will say to Mrs. Phelan how intensely I sympathize with her in her loneliness. Gratitude to the departed swells the tide of this sympathy flowing from my heart. I know she is only waiting, girded, for the same journey, when the will of Him whom she serves comes to the listening ear, and the waiting will not be long. And almost as much my heart breaks for Father Sorin who must find at St. Mary's such a vacancy."

"Here follows a long list of old-time names, identified with the progress of Notre Dame and St. Mary's."

"All these move in my mind among the shadowy procession of the past, called forth by this great grief; and I can only say to thee: 'Mother Angela is no more among us.' Forgive me so poor a letter of condolence. I will write again after Lent."

"Affectionately yours,

"ELIZABETH A. ADAMS."

From St. Mary's Academy, Marshall, Texas, comes to Very Rev. Father General a most touching tribute:

"OUR DEAR FATHER:

"While the entire heart of the Community beats with one great throb of sorrow, in the present affliction, we come to offer our heartfelt sympathy in the sorrow which has fallen upon all, but more especially upon you, in the death of our venerated Mother Mary of St. Angela. Ah! how true it is, death has revealed the treasure taken from us in the person of our beloved Mother. Every one who knew her not, realize that a great soul has passed away. Her works remain; but what consolation is ours to know that she, who was so true a Mother on earth, will continue to watch over her children in heaven. Her noble record remains to encourage us to imitate her example. What shall we do to cancel the debt of justice and gratitude which we owe to her sacred memory? We will endeavor to reproduce in ourselves the image of her unselshif life, and offer our fervent, though sorrowful, prayers for the repose of the precious soul of our beloved Mother, that her memory may ever remain sacred to those who come after us. Her Obituary and the following 'Resolution' shall be framed and hung in the community-room:

"RESOLVED: That, as it has pleased God to take from earth, our beloved Mother of St. Angela on the first Friday of the month (which is consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus), the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, general Holy Communion, the Way of the Cross, and the beads, shall be offered for her for one year. Be assured, dear Father, of our sorrowful sympathy in the grief which, though common, is peculiarly yours. Signed by each member of the Convent St. Mary's, Marshall, Texas."

Mrs. Angela Wells Kelly, Denver, Col., in a beautiful letter of March 7, writes:

"Give her, O Lord, of the fruits of her hands! If this prayer alone of the many which ascend for her, is heard, think what joy is hers to-day! I was but one among the thousands whose burden she lightened. If the happiness she gave to others is now returned to her, as God has promised, who can imagine all that is now hers! While I am sure, dear Mrs. Phelan, that Mother Angela has no need of our prayers, still out of gratitude to God who sent me so many graces through her kindly hands, I have arranged to have Masses said for her."

Mrs. Fannie E. Vandyke, of Detroit, writes to Very Rev. Father General Sorin:

"If all of her generous acts could be known, what a glorious picture they would present to oppose the selfish-
ness of the world! If there were more like her, what suffer-
ing and sorrow would be spared!"

Mrs. Lizzie Plimpton Beardslie, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, writes:

"Rev. Father Mullhane, our good priest here, has given
me the tribute to Mother Angela in the Catholic Universe,
by Bishop Gilmore. It is, indeed, a beautiful and just tribute
to her memory. I could do nothing to show my love for
dear Mother Angela, except to have the High Mass offered
for her last Sunday when I knew you were laying her to
rest in the quiet, peaceful little graveyard at St. Mary's."

Mother Angela.

PUBLIC TRIBUTES TO THE DEPARTED RELIGIOUS.

[From the "New York Tablet."]

On Friday morning, March 4, 1887, passed
away at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, In-
diana, one of the historic women of our time.
Thirty-seven years ago a handsome and brilliant
girl, adorning one of the brightest circles of Amer-
can society, quietly disappeared from it. She had
resolved to become a Sister of Mercy. Her brother,
Rev. Neal H. Gillespie, who died thirteen years ago,
was then a member of the Holy Cross Commu-
nity which the venerable Father Edward Sohn
had planted in what was a little known region in
a comparatively new State. The sister went to
make her adieu of her brother. While with him
at Notre Dame, she altered her purpose and be-
came instead a Sister of the Holy Cross. Her re-
ligious life began at St. Mary's. In time she was
chosen Superior of the Community, and the re-
sponsibilities of that arduous if hidden post she
discharged as long as her strength remained.

The Community was diverted during the war
from its chief purpose—education. Mother Angela
organized a hospital service of the highest efficiency,
and, accompanied by a staff of her Sisters, devoted
herself to the nursing of the wounded of both
armies. Her experience contains episodes of thrill-
ing interest which, while she lived, she never per-
mitted to be told. It is to be hoped that her Com-
nunity will not longer withhold the narrative
which must be an important contribution to the
moral and sanitary story of that conflict.

The upbuilding of the Holy Cross Community
as one of the educational forces of this country
is very largely her work. Their houses are now
to be found in Washington, in Texas, in Utah, as
well as in states nearer their original centre.
A woman of exceptional intellect, of thorough train-
ing in her youth, of philosophic temperament, of
noble tastes and of attainments solid and extensive,
she brought to her duties the highest standards of
excellence and faculties which would have made a
remarkable career for her in any sphere of intellec-
tual and social activity. She was not content with
mediocrity, and she had an intolerance for spurious-
ness. Her teachers were qualified for class-room
work by a long and practical period in a scholastic
novitiate where experts were brought in to give
instruction in those studies for which the Com-
munity might not be able to spare teachers. Giv-
ing to older orders the sincere homage of an ap-
preciative mind, and incapable of the smallest an-
tagonism, she adapted the course of study in the
Holy Cross schools closely to the demands of our
country. That is to say, she sought to develop
minds by mathematical and scientific study rather
than merely to gloss them with a slight knowledge
of nothing in particular, or of mere accomplish-
ments. At the same time her taste made it inevi-
table that she should build up an aesthetic feeling in
her Community, which has flowered even during
her lifetime in the best equipped art studios in,
probably, our conventual academies; while the re-
putation of the Holy Cross schools for music and
literary culture is too firmly established and too
widely known to require more than passing allu-
sion. During her frequent visits to Europe,
Mother Angela acquired considerable treasures of
art and artistic things which enrich the houses of
the Community and served to elevate taste in every
section in which they are located.

Her duties necessarily brought her into contact
with the outside world, and she was personally
known to thousands. She impressed every one
with those dominating qualities which constitute a
character essentially religious. Her total lack of
self-consciousness, her meekness in all matters per-
sonal, her grace of manner, born in her cradle
and refined by the precept and example of a mother
worthy of so great a daughter, her dignity and
composure, her quick and keen insight into the
character and motives of others, her unfailing
sweetness and loyalty to friends, the strength and
tenacity with which she promoted a purpose, her
constitutional generosity, combined to attach to her
all with whom she came in contact. To those
who did not know her personally and intimately,
language will seem extravagant, which to those
more fortunate is far below the truth.

The test of personal influence exerted by a rel-
gious upon those not in religion is easily discerned.
It is not the creation of personal attachment. It
is not even the promotion of intellectual progress
nor the elevation of taste in the arts. It is not
a deepening respect for humanity or a broadening
of philanthropic sentiment. It is the vitalizing of
three roots in the human heart,—Faith, Hope,
Charity. It is the highest tribute to the character
of Mother Angela that those who loved her, loved
her by this test. It was impossible to know her
without realizing that she lived for God, and that
her sole object was to fill the hearts of others with
grace and courage to the same end. Admiration
was abhorrent to her modest and genuine spirit,
and vanity impossible in a consciousness absorbed
in things far above its approach. Tranquil and
steadfast in her convictions, eager and persistent in
her aspirations, she strove with marvellous energy
for the achievement of God's glory and the better-
ment of humanity; and her splendid powers were
worn out too young by the enthusiasm of her self-
sacrifice.

In his characterization of human life, as in his in-
sight into human nature, Shakspeare has almost the unerring accuracy of revelation. The few who are exceptional to his generalizations are, indeed, God's own. When he says that "the evil men do lives after them, the good oft interred with their bones," he speaks the truth approved by the sum of human experience. Happy the soul of whom it is not true! The good Mother Angela was commissioned and empowered to accomplish lives after her.

She wrought no evil; there is none to be interred. Of the diverse tasks to which her life was consecrated; of the virtues which animated all her days; of the influence she exerted within the cloister and beyond its pale; of what she was and what she shall ever be to those who knew her, Aubrey de Vere has written with singular aptitude in the first of his sonnets:

"Love to the tender; peace to those who mourn; Hope to the hopeless, hope that does not fail, Whose symbol is the anchor, not the sail; Glory that spreads to heaven's remotest bourn, And to its centre doth again return Like music; health revisiting the frail; Freedom to those who pine in dungeons pale; Sorrows which God hath willed and Christ hath worn!"

"These are God's gifts to man;—nor these alone: Himself He gives to all who make these gifts their own!"

MARGARET SULLIVAN.

[From the "New York Freeman's Journal."]

The death of Mother Angela, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, fills many hearts with a piercing sense of loss. She was a valiant woman—one whose heart and head were so well balanced that her generous impulses were seldom unwisely directed. Lately she had undertaken the personal direction of St. Mary's Academy, of Notre Dame, Ind., the most justly celebrated school in the West. She worked hard to further perfect the details of this remarkable educational establishment. She will, we hope, be remembered in the prayers of our readers. We will add nothing to this; for her life-long friend, Miss Eliza Allen Starr, has promised to send us, for next week's issue, a sketch of her life.

[From the "New York Catholic Review."]

A brave woman, indeed, in the truest sense of the Gospel and the Prophecies, whose price was of precious things that are brought from afar, was the noble Superioress of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Mother Mary of St. Angela, whose death we record this week. A distinguished member of one of our most distinguished circles of illustrious Catholic American families, she devoted to the Catholic cause the brilliant talents that would make her a shining light in any walk of life. She was the able, zealous and meek helper of Father General Sorin in establishing the wonderful institutions which have made Notre Dame, Ind., one of the wonders of the Catholic world. We need say no more in her praise than this, but a friendly pen in another column recounts the virtues and works of her life. May she rest in peace!

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Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPORTMENT, AND EXACT OBSERVANCE OF ACADEMIC RULES.

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JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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2D CLASS—Misses Stapleton, McDonnell, Bub, Sterns, Campbell.

2D DIV.—Misses Heyman, Hinz, Knauer.

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LATIN.

Misses Clendenen, Trask.

FRENCH.

2D CLASS—Misses Van Horn, Clendenen, Snowhook, Beschameng.

3D CLASS—Misses Kearney, Gavan, McEwen, Faxon, Campeau.


GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Miss E. Horn.

2D CLASS—Misses Kearney, Bub, Clendenen, Trask, Beschameng, Henke.

3D CLASS—Misses Hummer, Moore, Hinz, Knauer, Bruus.

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