Very Rev. Father Sorin, O. S. C.,
Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross
and Founder of Notre Dame.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

Far on the frontier, where La Salle is crowned
With granite crags and winter warring pines,
Where linked and lovely vales below are found
Thick with the leaves of purple-fruited vines;
Where sorrowful Dolores sinks her pain
Deep in the mighty current of the Grande,
And where, too long, a night of dread hath lain,
An evil shadow, blighting all the land;
I think of Notre Dame's prophetic priest
Who, from his cabin, saw the cross towers rise.
The learned groves, the intellectual feast.
Where some had marked but swamps and sullen skies.

Thus doth a GREAT MAN’S deed illuminate.
With new-born faith, a thousand solitudes.
Arousing strength to conquer adverse fate.
And sending hope through Life’s drear interludes.

Live long, O Prince of Christian hearts and homes!
To fix more firm thy splendid structure's fame.
Till the young student, when afar he roams,
"Be welcomed always in Her royal name!"

Upon thy breast the silver shield of years
With dark eyes turning toward immortal joys,
Father in Christ, among Columbia's peers,
Thou hast a name, a station, and a voice!

Longfellow.

BY D. A. L.

What a philosopher was the man who said:
"Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care
not who makes the laws!" The poetry of any time
is a better criterion for judging the status of a
people than any graven record. The early Puritans
can be seen more truly in their literature—or
rather, lack of literature—than in any of their laws
transmitted. Here was the strange character, com-
combined to oppress and to resist oppression, whose
only poems were the ill-understood epics of Job
and of David, telling of war and spiritual striving.
But we forget one, the most beautiful of all, the
story of Ruth. Many the Puritan maiden, walk-
ning the bleak shores of Plymouth, watching the
gray sky flecked with snow-chilled clouds, and the
rock bound harbor-bar where the white foam lay
frozen in great ridges, watching until the sun be-
numbed hurried from the sky and drew with it the
dream warming itself into life in the Puritan maid-
en's heart—a simple dream, of waving grain, of
warmer suns, of other lands, where Ruth—a Pur-
tian Ruth—was gleaning in the fields of Boaz.

Think what dismal failures Keats, Coleridge, or
Shelley, would have been as foreign consuls, col-
lege professors or popular lecturers! On the other
hand, our Americans succeed wonderfully. They
have proven that genius can live on three meals a
day almost as well as on none at all, notwithstanding
to the contrary many examples of old citation.
Without being slaves to money, they have, in a
pecuniary point of view, been more than ordinarily
successful. I admire, in fact, the prosaic way in
which our American men of letters provide for
their families, pay their honest debts, and live-
within their income. Of such men were Haw-
thorne and Longfellow, whom early in life we find!
together at Bowdoin College; both took their de-
grees the same year, in the famous class of '35.
Hawthorne thinks no two college students could
be more unlike than himself and Longfellow.
Longfellow, he tells us, was a model student—reg-
ular and studious from the hour of six in the morn-
ing until twelve at night, at which hour he inva-
riably retired. Young Longfellow always dressed
well, and was neat to a fault. But Hawthorne,
ah! he was a devil-may-care student, and his degree
was probably given him "ad misericordiam." In
after life what warm friends were they! What
mutual reverence, not with tongues alone, but with
hearts!

Here it was, at Bowdoin, in "Room 27, Maine
Hall," that Longfellow, then a callow poet of nine-
teen, wrote many of his beautiful earlier poems.
These were published in a magazine called, I believe, The United States Literary Gazette. The editor of this paper, a great-hearted individual, who liked the unassuming worth of Longfellow, before his leaving college, writes him a letter advising him, kindly though, and in all possible delicacy, “to give up poetry and buckle down to law.” But this good advice was all lost upon him who, standing in room 27, watches outside the branches of huge pines shaken by the wind, and tries, not quite in vain, to imitate their cadence.

If Longfellow had been forced to subsist upon the remunerations of his first poems, he would certainly have “buckled down to law.” His early publishers were not over liberal. Buckingham, for his translation of “Coplas de Manrique” and several prose articles, presents him with a year’s subscription to the Boston Courier. Brown and Little gave him the volume in which his poems appeared and several other books.

“The Battle of Lovell’s Pond,” Longfellow says was his first poem, and in the height of his popularity, many the queer anecdotes he would relate concerning the reception of this his first effort. “Coplas de Manrique,” in 1833, was the first volume known to the reading world; in 1835 appears “Outre Mer”—a pilgrimage beyond the sea—which is followed by “Hyperion,” a not in any way remarkable romance; in 1839 comes fame in “Voices of Night”; 1841, “Ballads and other Poems”:

—Another morn
Risen on the mid-moon;

1842, “Poems on Slavery”; 1843, “Poets and Poetry of America”; 1846, “Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems”; 1847, “Evangeline,” the first long poem; 1849, “Kavanaugh,” a prose tale, with “Seaside and Fireside Poems”; 1851, “Golden Legend”; 1853, “Hiawatha”; 1858, “Miles Standish”; 1863, “Tales of a Wayside Inn”; 1866, “Birds of Passage,” “Flower-de-Luce” and other Poems; 1867, a translation of Dante’s “Divina Commedia.” In 1875 Longfellow began the last of his volumes—the collection and edition of “Poems on Places.” “No politician,” he writes, “ever sought for Place with half the zeal I do. Friend or foe alike have to give Place to—Yours truly, H. W. L.” Far more laborious and tiresome was the work than he had expected; before he finished it he had often cause to complain of ever starting it. The material was not always forthcoming; and, as he writes in another letter, “the worst of it all is that I have to write pieces now and then to fill up the gaps.” During his long life he was ever a tireless worker. Only once, in 1861, when he stood under the shadow of great sorrow—then for the first time for his publishers he had nothing. Here is the letter he wrote then; just such a letter as such a man should write:

“MY DEAR FIELDS:—I am sorry to say ‘No’ instead of ‘Yes’; but so it must be. I can neither write nor think; and I have nothing fit to send you but my love, which you cannot put into the magazine.”

Longfellow was not only a poet in the verses he gave to the public, but a poet in heart with more of human kindness than any other of his kind. He is neither an Epicurean nor a Stoic in the slightest degree, but certainly he is an Optimist of the most pronounced type. He illustrates the great power of sweetness and serenity—of harmony between the soul and its surroundings. There are many questions he never asks; many he cannot understand; none that trouble him. Their answers he content to leave with God. He looks at the bright side of life; the darker shadows only confuse him: all is, he believes, for the best. Thus it is we miss in our poet the extremes of passion.

Shelley spoke truly when he said, “Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.” A companionable heart, full of love for fellow-man, could rarely be the heart of a great poet. Who of mortals has ever equalled Shelley as a lyric poet? What tainted nature ever before,

“That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine?”

But Shelley—to steal a few thoughts from Thackeray on Swift—“through life seems always alone; somehow, Goethe was so, and I cannot fancy Shakspeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company.” Poets of strong passion, the greatest poets are those

“Whom men love not, and yet regret.”

In every genius there is something abnormal; some one faculty is ever wasting the heritage of the others. But all this was not the case with Longfellow. The quality of his life and writings is not so much grace as balance. For great geniuses our admiration is most often stupid awe for the unparent, or worse, a vulgar curiosity, rarely on a just appreciation. Longfellow, though, was not a rare genius; in fact, Poe was a greater genius, though not, in all things, as great a poet.

Emerson speaks of the greatest poems as, “elevating”; the ordinary as “amusing”; the worst as “corrupting.” Thus he thinks that poems should be judged by their effects. From this view, Longfellow’s position could hardly be called vigorous or positive; but its effect, as seen in such poems as “The Psalm of Life,” “Resignation,” “An Excelsior,” and some others, peculiarly his own, is a normal and a healthy one. It may be dreamy and restful, but it is not languid. Its effect is to give pleasure and consolation to a work-a-day world. Its precepts, peacefully to go on and do our duty as it comes. Longfellow advises patience, forbearance and charity of heart; but not by precept alone: his life was the best illustration possible of his teachings. Where among poets was ever there a nature so modestly retiring and yet so companionable? Where among men a patience so sorely annoyed, yet showing such sweetness of disposition, such charity for the feelings of others? Here would come some artist begging the poet for a single sitting; and he—good-natured as he was—ever was consenting for the young aspirant to do him the usual injustice. Here is a book, some one wishes his opinion on it; and here a poem or a story he must in courtesy pronounce excellent even when he feels it wearisome unto disgust. And the autograph
seekers! I believe there is hardly a man of note in America to-day who has not sometimes wished with Nero that he had not the power to sign his name. Some of Longfellow's patience-destroyers had a mannerism unique in the extreme. Here is an example from Vermont somewhere:

"DEAR SIR:—As I am getting a collection of the autographs of all honorable and worthy men, and think yours such, I hope you will forfeit by the next mail.

"Yours, etc."

This, perhaps, was bearable; but there were others possessing not even the virtue of being legible. One applicant who scorned to walk in the beaten path wrote a long letter describing his own delicate genius, hence his proportional admiration for that of others; he related some incidents of family interest, and in conclusion modestly requested that the gifted author honor him with "a copy, by his own hand, of some few lines from his 'Break, Break, Break!'") A school mistress out West wrote to ask him for a few verses to be read at her school's closing exercises, and Longfellow—good soul—would have written them if it were possible. He referred to this incident afterwards in a letter to a friend: "You know I could not write it, but I tried to say "No" so softly that she would think it better than "Yes."

Ah, do you wonder at the admiration of Longfellow from all classes? In truth, it is half love for the man himself.

The Queen is at Windsor Castle, Longfellow is to be presented; and as he walks slowly forward, there seems to linger on his face a smile of contentment, almost of satisfaction. What, at being presented to the Queen? Not a bit of it. At the carriage door, when Longfellow descended, stood a hod carrier from Harrow who had elbowed his way through the crowd, and now, hat in hand, stood begging the honor of shaking hands with the man who wrote "Voices of Night." Had we ever poet so universally and deservedly popular as Longfellow? In every modern language his verses are translated. In London his poems, complete or scattered, have found publishers to the number of twenty-four. Three translations of "Evangeline" are current in Germany; "Hiawatha," after going through nearly all the modern languages, can be read in Latin. The emperor of Brazil has translated "Robert of Sicily," one of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." Among the higher classes in China there is a fan quite popular, for reason of its having the name of Longfellow. In every modern language his verses are translated. In London his poems, complete or scattered, have found publishers to the number of twenty-four. Three translations of "Evangeline" are current in Germany; "Hiawatha," after going through nearly all the modern languages, can be read in Latin. The emperor of Brazil has translated "Robert of Sicily," one of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." Among the higher classes in China there is a fan quite popular, for reason of its having the name of Longfellow.

The latest and best theory in regard to melody in poetry is probably that of Sydney Lanier. "LINES," he says, "are divided into bars, and so grouped that the usual pronunciation accent or the logical accent, commonly called emphasis; that every sentence has a rhythm of its own connected with the meaning it conveys.

"The Psalm of Life," "Excelsior," and many other of Longfellow's poems, "scan" perfectly; but some of equal artistic merit do not. The poem beginning—

"The day is done and darkness
Falls from the wing of night."

contains in the first line an amphibrach, a dactyl, and a spondee. Again:

"Read from some humbler poet";

in this line there are seven feet; but in the last line—

"And the night shall be filled with music,"

there are three. Still, if read correctly, these mechanical imperfections become productive of wonderful harmony. Often they constitute the interwoven harmony of sound and sense, which Longfellow possesses in such a marvellous degree. Longfellow's rhymes are nearly always perfect, and his rhythm often so; but greater than these is his power of making melody dependent on thought. It is the Elizabethan quality which excels the Augustan.

Longfellow's shorter poems are structural wholes; here, as elsewhere, does he show his predominate quality balance; there are, no angles, no incomplete parts, but all is carefully rounded to perfection. He exhibits not only an artist's taste for color, but his power of construction. They are not impressive Indian temples, classic Greek shrines, or grand Gothic minsters, but more like the dear, dingy little wayside chapels carefully built by pious hands; its shrines loaded with ex-solos, and in them kneeling many a publican sinner who feels that all is pardoned by a sweet sanctity.

Any one of Longfellow's stories in verse is as interesting as a novel. Their plot is simple and
unsurpassed in the annals of letters. In his last work, "Evangeline," he presents to the world a picture of a cruel, harsh, and even unjust tribunal. We see in any English dictionary, the word "inquisition" explained as "a court or tribunal in some Catholic countries for examining persons suspected of heresy." This is true enough. But they further explain "inquisitorial" as meaning "with the injustice, cruelty, harshness and severity of an inquisitor," thereby intending to convey the idea to us that the judges presiding over this court of inquiry were habitually wicked, cruel, harsh and severe. The true meaning of "inquisition" is simply "inquiring after," or endeavoring to discover either a hidden person or thing. In this sense, any of our judges or magistrates may be called an inquisitor, as his duty is to discover the truth in transgressions of the civil law, and to bring the culprits to judgment and justice. In spiritual matters the priests, the bishops, or others, appointed for the duty have the same obligations imposed upon them. It is their most sacred and solemn duty when they see any of their flock straying from the fold, to rebuke them, to rebuke them, to inform them, to inform them in such a way that even he could have produced such a simple unity. In "Evangeline," like "The Vicar of Wakefield," the grace with which the story is told eludes all criticism; we feel that the story is remarkably well told, that is all.

"Hiawatha" is, probably, Longfellow's best claim to poetic power. With less material than Moore had for his "Ortend Legends," Southey for his "Curse of Kehama," Kingsley for his "Andromeda," he has made a much finer poem. He has given it the Indian spirit. He was the Homer of the Ojibways and Dacotahs. He has done what no other modern poet could, or, at least, has done; he has made a poem and in it put no sentiment belonging properly to his time. The Arthur Lancelot, and Guinavre of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" are permeated with sentiments on which is set the seal of our own time. Not only did Longfellow place barriers against the intrusion of modern thought, but he has realized the theory of the universe as arising in the mind of a crude and childish race. The Scandinavian myths we may realize from the blood which flows in our veins; but the Indians are a race in no way akin to us. In the Norseman myths there is ever a pervading feeling of the majesty of the sea; a delight in personal conflict; a veneration for the unknown; a grim humor; an underlying melancholy. Here in Hiawatha we find pictured the strange relation between a savage and a brute creation; the suggestion of patient waiting; vast reaches of forest; the limited, apathetic life of the little isolated Indian village, with its dumb fragment of a race doomed to extinction, "whose evolution has reached its possibilities and droops in its downward curve."

Some time before his death, Longfellow complained of restlessness; his sleep was broken. The "goddess neuralgia"—as he termed his malady—attended him constantly. Three days after we find his study vacant; there are friends gathered round his form through which the spirit, ever after touched with eternal silence, now spoke those last words: "Weep not, my friends, but rather rejoice with me; I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone, and you with eternal silence, now spoke those last words: "These shall resist the empire of decay When time is o'er and worlds have passed away; Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie, But that which warmed it once can never die."

The Spanish Inquisition.

This institution, concerning which so much has been written and so little understood by the majority of readers, presents to the average mind the picture of a cruel, harsh and even unjust tribunal. We see in any English dictionary, the word "inquisition" explained as "a court or tribunal in some Catholic countries for examining persons suspected of heresy." This is true enough. But they further explain "inquisitorial" as meaning "with the injustice, cruelty, harshness and severity of an inquisitor," thereby intending to convey the idea to us that the judges presiding over this court of inquiry were habitually wicked, cruel, harsh and severe. The true meaning of "inquisition" is simply "inquiring after," or endeavoring to discover either a hidden person or thing. In this sense, any of our judges or magistrates may be called an inquisitor, as his duty is to discover the truth in transgressions of the civil law, and to bring the culprits to judgment and justice. In spiritual matters the priests, the bishops, or others, appointed for the duty have the same obligations imposed upon them. It is their most sacred and solemn duty when they see any of their flock straying from the fold, to rebuke them, to rebuke them, to inform them, to inform them in such a way that even he could have produced such a simple unity. In "Evangeline," like "The Vicar of Wakefield," the grace with which the story is told eludes all criticism; we feel that the story is remarkably well told, that is all.

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Thus died, in the golden sunset of a glorious day of a glorious life, the greatest of America's poets. In his writings, in his life, was the fullest exemplification of that quality which Jean Paul Richter calls "a heavenly unfathomableness which makes man godlike, and love towards him infinite." His name will live as long as the name of poet is venerated in our land; and the thoughts that made his poems great,
was not a step taken by the clergy against the laity. As the assembly was composed of lords and politicians, as well as bishops and representatives of the Pope, it was, in fact, a means taken by the social against the anti-social organization for the preservation of peace, unity and harmony throughout Europe in general and Spain in particular.

We have heard it said that one of the chief motives which induce certain men to believe themselves atheists is a troubled conscience and a dread of what may happen in that unknown land "from whose bourne no traveler returns." Motives the same at bottom must share in the blame of injustice reviling the Inquisition, a habit, which is by no means a novel one. For the upright and candid man, for the good citizen and faithful Catholic, this tribunal bore no terrors. But those whose ways were underhand, and whose dark thoughts or deep-laid projects could not stand the light of truth, found in the Inquisition no trifling obstacle, and they feared it; and they and theirs strove to blind the eyes of men by their distortions of the truth and their lyings.

At that age of the world most sovereigns still acknowledged the successor of Peter as the mediator of peace,—the one to whom they all referred when a difficult question was to be settled, and the one who was held in the highest estimation. The Pope was not in favor of the Inquisition, by any means. His consent was obtained through misrepresentation, and after he wrote many times inculcating the beauty of Christian charity.

Again, the Catholic Church is accused of being the only defender of the Inquisition. That this is not true can be proved by glancing over the political affairs of Spain at that period, noting the strenuous efforts of Philip II to establish the Inquisition. That is, no precedent in the Spanish Inquisition. If a person's name was reported, it was kept secret, and so many persons were tried without their families even knowing that they were before the Inquisition. In fact, the judges never pronounced sentence: they were only so many jurymen; and if the person accused was found guilty, he was passed over to the king with a petition for leniency, who pronounced the sentence. Can a more humane court than this be imagined? No! And Archbishop Spalding compares the Spanish Inquisition to our modern grandjury much to the detriment of the latter.

Llorente, however, says that the Inquisition was the most cruel of courts. Llorente, yes, that traitor to God, to his own country and to his king,—that traitor, who had to flee to France from indignant justice; an apostate priest, upon whose statements our enemies ground their invective and abuse. Such is the man whom Prescott often refers to, whom he quotes very often in his treatise on "The Spanish Inquisition." Can such a man be believed? Will such a man, whose private life was so mean, and who hated the Inquisition most vigorously after going to France, and who wrote his so-called history at the request of Henry III, be apt to tell the truth? No: and he himself admits that he destroyed the documents, so that he could not be proved a liar in after ages. This man pretends to refer to Father Mariana, and in one place says that two thousand people were burned at Seville in only one year; but by referring to the history of Father Mariana, we find that, instead of two thousand, the number is one hundred and thirty-three; and instead of one year and one city, the truth covers fifteen years, and the whole of Spain. Such is the truth and veracity of Llorente, and
can we not conclude if he tells such a deliberate falsehood in one place that his whole book is of the same stamp? Yes, and it is lamentable that such a writer as Prescott should take Llorente as good authority, quote him as much as he does, and use these quotations as if they were the actual truth.

To sum up in a few words about the Inquisition: Possibly it was first instituted by the Church, although in a few years it became a political court used by the civil authorities for their own purposes and ends. Even then we must admit, from what we have seen, that it was not such a cruel tribunal as painted by Protestant writers. We have given an instance of Llorente's falsification; Leopold Ranke and Limborch are no better authorities. Even Prescott, with whose writings we are all familiar, at times does not seem to care much for the truth of his statements.

The Inquisition was beneficial to all future generations, as well as to the Catholic Church; it was holy in its object; and yet, how much has it been censured for injustice and cruelty is well known to all readers of history. That the charges against it are in the main part untrue, is also well known and believed by all unbiased readers, and shows us that if we wish to arrive at the truth, we should not take for granted all that historians tell us. Let us not be carried away by what we read, but form our own opinions thoughtfully, logically, and without prejudice.

C. A. W.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Richard Gilmour was the only child of John and Marion Gilmour. He was born in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, September 28, 1824. His parents were in comfortable circumstances and strict Scotch covenanters. In 1828, when Richard was in his fourth year, they emigrated to Nova Scotia, but a few years later moved to Pennsylvania and settled on a farm near Latrobe, where their son attended the district schools. Not satisfied with the training there received, he made every effort to improve his mind by home reading. His love for books was fostered by his parents, who gave him every facility in this regard their means afforded. With his studious habits and retentive memory he soon acquired a knowledge of general literature, history and mathematics much beyond that of boys of his age. He also gained considerable proficiency in music, which in later years came him in good stead, and was indirectly the means that brought him into the Catholic Church. After completing the branches taught in the common schools, his parents sent him to Philadelphia, there to attend the more advanced schools. At this time he was in his eighteenth year, and till then had never met with or spoken to a Catholic priest. The Rev. Patrick Rafferty was then stationed at Philadelphia as pastor of St. Francis' Church (Fairmount), located near the school which young Richard attended. In this church was a pipe organ, on which Father Rafferty kindly allowed him to practise during the week. Father Rafferty's earnest and withal kindly ways won the heart of Richard so much that his inbred prejudice against the Catholic clergy yielded sufficiently to permit him to entertain a sincere esteem for this the first priest he ever met. This esteem soon ripened into the closer relation of friendship. Occasionally he attended the Sunday services held by Father Rafferty, whose sermons struck him as clear, pointed and instructive. Richard, naturally of an inquiring mind, began of his own accord to direct his attention to the study of Catholic doctrine, which for him had been thus far a sealed book. All his reading was now turned in that direction. Finally, convinced in his own mind, he could no longer conscientiously profess and believe as he had been trained in his childhood; he went to Father Rafferty for further instructions. Two years after he made the acquaintance of this priest, and after calmly reflecting on the important step to be taken, he was received into the Church by his friend Father Rafferty. His parents were indeed much surprised at this, but they had the good sense not to interfere with what the son honestly believed in this important matter to be his duty. In fact, they followed his example; first his mother, and some years after her his father.

Richard was now in his twentieth year, and felt he must choose his rôle in the drama of life. After calm reflection, aided by the advice of his spiritual guide, Father Rafferty, he resolved to enter the priesthood. To fit himself for this important step he entered Mount St. Mary's college and seminary, Emittsburg, Md., September, 1846, where, by his ecclesiastical spirit, earnestness of purpose and diligence in study, he soon won the esteem of his superiors and respect of his fellow-students. As an evidence of the confidence reposed in him, he was appointed prefect of the collegians and professor of the higher mathematics within one year after entering Mount St. Mary's. These positions he held till the end of his seminary course. Owing to the fact that he was far advanced in his studies before entering college, he completed the collegiate course two years later (1848), when he received the degree of Master of Arts. At the completion of the theological course he was received by Archbishop Purcell for the diocese of Cincinnati, and was ordained priest by him in the cathedral of that city, August 30, 1852. His first field of missionary labor, to which he was sent in September of the same year, embraced Portsmouth, as his place of residence, Ironton and Gallipolis, besides a number of missions and stations in the neighborhood and in northeastern Kentucky and West Virginia. In all these places he labored with zeal, but not without encountering many hardships and difficulties of the most trying kind. His was the lot of the pioneer missionary, borne with patience, but crowned with success. In April, 1857, he was appointed successor to Rev. James F. Wood (the late Archbishop of Philadelphia) as pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Cincinnati. Here his administrative qualities and pastoral zeal had full sway, and well did he come up to the expectations of Archbishop...
Purcell. Under his pastorate St. Patrick's grew and flourished. Under his direction a fine school building was erected, the parochial school system was brought to a high degree of perfection, and all else pertaining to the spiritual and temporal welfare of his charge was done with most gratifying results.

Feeling the need of some respite from the incessant strain in connection with pastoral work done without cessation since his ordination, and desirous of devoting some time to literary pursuits, congenial to his taste, he asked for and obtained a professorship in Mt. St. Mary's seminary, Cincinnati. But his valuable services as a pastor were not long to be dispensed with, as he remained at the seminary only a little more than a year—April, 1868, to July, 1869. He was called to fill a vacancy in the important, and, at the same time, disturbed parish of St. Joseph's, Dayton. His prudent management and business tact soon brought things to rights in this new field of labor, so that, in 1872, when he was called to the high and responsible position he now holds, St. Joseph's congregation, Dayton, was left by him in a most prosperous condition.

The diocese of Cleveland was without a bishop since August, 1870, and factions had meanwhile done disastrous work. "Nationalism" of the most pronounced and offensive type had made the diocese a by-word throughout the country. To subdue these factions and put the diocese and diocesan affairs in order were no small task. Whom to appoint under these difficult circumstances as successor to good Bishop Rappe, who had been made the victim of faction and discord—a man loved by his people and universally respected by those not of his fold—was a question not so easily answered. Finally, after much deliberation, Rome decided to appoint from the several candidates presented by the bishops of the province of Cincinnati the Rev. Richard Gilmour as the one best fitted for this most difficult position. Father Gilmour well knew what was asked of him when made acquainted with his appointment. But, trusting in God and not for his own strength, he obeyed the call and accepted the burden.

He was consecrated Bishop of Cleveland by Archbishop Purcell in the cathedral at Cincinnati, April 14, 1872. A few days later he took possession of his cathedral church at Cleveland. Cares, difficulties and trials were again his lot, but in greater degree and of greater form than when first he became a priest. Within his sphere of office he had contentions to meet and opposition to encounter that taxed all his prudence and energy. From without he was considered with disfavor by the non-Catholic friends of the revered Bishop Rappe. This disfavor was intensified when Bishop Gilmour published his first pastoral letter—March, 1874—in which he fearlessly discussed and defended the parochial school system and insisted on its acceptance by his people, many of whom had thus far opposed it. For these bold and fearless utterances of views he was fiercely attacked by the local press and pulpit, as well as by the press at large. But in spite of assault, calumny and misrepresentation, he pursued the path of duty as he saw it, and forced the public to acknowledge, at least, that he cared not for public opinion if it ran counter to what he considered himself bound to do and say.

Meanwhile, the strain of incessant work and care told on his constitution. June 24, 1874, while attending the Commencement exercises at Notre Dame, Ind., he fell seriously ill of nervous prostration. For two years he was unable to attend to the affairs of his diocese, and for months was at the brink of death. His physicians ordered him to take absolute rest, and directed he should go to southern France for his health, which he did. June 1, 1876, he returned to Cleveland, to the great joy of his people, who received him with an ovation of welcome. Though not fully restored to health, he resumed his episcopal duties by degrees, and gradually regained his former strength and vigor. In 1877 he began to systematize the business affairs of his diocese; had all the deeds of church property indexed and plats made of every parcel of church land. Blank forms and registers covering all the details of diocesan and parochial affairs were introduced. In this he succeeded so well that in a few years the diocese of Cleveland took front rank with the best regulated dioceses of the country for its thorough system and order.

His jurisdiction embraces the whole of northern Ohio, namely, all the territory north of the southern limits of the counties of Columbiana, Stark, Wayne, Richland, Crawford, Wyandot, Allen and Van Wert, thirty-six counties in all. There are at present 224 Catholic churches in the diocese, 190 priests, secular and regular, 126 parochial schools, 7 orphan asylums, besides a number of other charitable and religious institutions, all requiring and receiving his careful supervision. His clergy is a most zealous, hardworking body of men, co-operating with the Bishop in all that pertains to the best interests of the diocese. The laity, numbering upwards of 200,000, is in harmony with Bishop and clergy, generously responding to every call made by faith or charity. All in all, Bishop Gilmour is at the head of a diocese second to none in the United States in point of organization and Catholic vigor and strength.

Above was remarked the disfavor in which Bishop Gilmour was held by the non-Catholic citizens of Cleveland for his public utterances. This has been thoroughly changed. Till 1881 he never had an opportunity offered him of addressing his fellow-citizens as such. His first appearance in public as a citizen was on the occasion of the Garfield meeting held in Monumental Square, this city, July 4, 1881, when the citizens of Cleveland assembled to give expression of sympathy with the assassinated President, then at the point of death. To most of that vast audience the Bishop was a stranger.
After his speech—most eloquent and patriotic—Bishop Gilmour gained and ever since has held the esteem and respect of Cleveland's citizens. At the Congress of churches, which held its sessions in this city in May, 1886, he was invited to speak. The subject assigned him—"Religion in the Public Schools"—was treated in a thoughtful and masterly manner, and he held his immense and varied audience spellbound. The address was copied fully or in part by leading journals of the country. Since 1881 he has been called upon repeatedly to speak in public, always receiving a respectful hearing, even on the part of those who dissent from his views.

In the Church he also holds a prominent position as a thoughtful and prudent prelate. In the late Provincial Council of Cincinnati and Plenary Council of Baltimore he was an important factor and took a prominent part in the deliberations. In the summer of 1885 he was delegated by the Archbishops of this country to go to Rome in the interests of the decrees of the Baltimore Council, sent there for review and approval. He had been there three years previous on his official visit in connection with his administration of the diocese of Cleveland. He was therefore no stranger to the Roman authorities, who, now, as then, received him most kindly. This mission, performed in connection with two other bishops who had preceded him to Rome, was most successful.

Bishop Gilmour has a national reputation as a defender and promoter of the Catholic parochial school system. Feeling the want of good readers for the schools under his jurisdiction he compiled a series himself, known as the Catholic National Readers, six in all. They are in use throughout the United States, as is also the Bible History published by him when yet a parish priest. He has made it incumbent on all parishes of his diocese to have parochial schools when at all possible. In April of this year he also published a code of rules and regulations governing these schools; one feature being the annual examination by a diocesan board of examiners of all teachers engaged therein, and an annual examination by district school boards, composed of priests and laymen, of all pupils. It is his aim to make the parochial schools at least equal to the public schools.

In 1876 he tested before the courts what he considered the unjust taxation of the parochial schools of this city. Although the supreme court of Ohio had decided the question in the famous Purcell-Gerke suit, that Catholic schools were not taxable, one of the Cuyahoga county auditors, regardless of this decision, placed the Catholic schools of this city on the tax duplicate. The bishop entered suit of restraint, and gained the suit before the common pleas, circuit and supreme courts.

Recognizing the power and influence of the press, and desirous of giving the large and influential Catholic body of northern Ohio an organ and defender of Catholic thought and rights to meet the almost daily assaults and insults heaped upon it by an antagonistic press, notably the assaults of a local paper fittingly characterized by the Hon. B. F. Wade, the bishop established the Catholic Uni-

verse, July 4, 1874. Rev. T. P. Thorpe was its first editor. Mr. Manly Tello, the present editor, succeeded him in September, 1877, and both these gentlemen did, and the latter is still doing, excellent newspaper work in Catholic lines.

Bishop Gilmour is a man of strong individuality, firm, bold, fearless. As a preacher and public speaker he impresses with his eloquence, calm thought and earnestness. As a writer, he is pointed, and wields a strong pen, even trenchant at times. His style is the simplest, terse in expression, clear as his speech. Tall, commanding in appearance, with a markedly intellectual countenance, he would be singled out in any assembly as a man of force and strength of character. Not quick to express his views, he seldom, if ever, recedes from them when once expressed. Strictly just and fair-minded in his dealings, he resents keenly any injustice or deception. Kind and forbearing with weakness, he is just as ready to measure swords with insult or assault, within the lines of his official position. At first sight he impresses one as stern and reserved; but those who know him as he is, know his kindness of heart and generous impulses. As a conversationalist he has few superiors. With a fund of anecdote and quiet humor, and a retentive memory of his history and travels, he is most entertaining in any circle. He is frugal in his habits, methodical and painstaking in his work. Few men in like position spend more hours at "desk work" than Bishop Gilmour. He governs his diocese as much with his pen as with the crosier. Thoroughly American in sentiment, he has, nevertheless, an impartial respect and a kindly feeling for all nationalities composing his flock.

**GENTLE WORDS.**

A kindly word and a tender tone—
To only God is their virtue known!
They can lift from the dust the abject head,
They can turn a foe to a friend instead;
The heart close-barred with passion and pride
Will fling at their knock its portal wide,
And the hate that blights and the scorn that sears
Will melt in the fountain of childlike tears.
What ice bound griefs have been broken,
What rivers of love have been stirred,
By a word in kindness spoken,
By only a gentle word!

---Ex.

**BASEBALL** is the national game. America has been more fortunate in its national game than in its national song. But there can be too much baseball in colleges. Thoughtful parents send their children to Catholic colleges principally because the discipline in Catholic colleges is exceedingly strict, which strictness keeps the boys from contact with undesirable companions. If, however, intercollegiate contests are encouraged, there is no guarantee that the undesirable companions can be kept away. And, when the "nine" of a Catholic college is permitted to play against any club that offers itself, the chances are that the student will not only lose much valuable time, but acquire proficiency in various branches of learning of positive disadvantage to him.—Freeman's Journal.
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, June 18, 1887.

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 TWENTIETH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:
choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;
Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;
Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.
All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their general good conduct.
Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all, OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

—A special number of the Scholastic will be issued on the morning of Commencement Day—Wednesday, June 21. It will contain the Alumni Oration, a complete report of the Oratorical Contest and other events up to the time of going to press on Tuesday evening. It will be ready at or about ten o'clock.

—We take pleasure in reprinting in this number a sketch of the life and work of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland. The article will be read with interest on account of the distinguished prelate’s prominent position among the hierarchy of the United States; while the fact that he will deliver the Oration at our approaching Commencement exercises will impart additional interest for all the friends of Notre Dame.

—Few exercises during the examination week have been as interesting as those conducted by the Class in Civil Engineering. The delight which the prospect of railroad travel imparts to the sedentary, awakens a thrill of responsive sentiment to all that has relation to the construction of railroads; and in this the class seem to be thoroughly educated. The processes of laying out curves, taking levels, drawing profile, calculating amount of earth-work, etc., were explained in a manner that proved how careful had been the course of study pursued during the current year. The maps and drawings exhibited were models of skill and attention to minute detail, while the enthusiasm evinced by the students under examination gave the best testimony to their diligence and fidelity. This course is yearly becoming more prominent, and under its present efficient teachers bids fair to assume even more magnificent proportions in the near future.

—Mr. E. Edgerly, of New York city, after spending years in making an extensive and valuable collection of photographs and autographs of eminent Catholic clergymen, has generously presented the entire fruit of his labors to the Bishops’ Memorial Hall, at Notre Dame University, Ind. There are special albums filled with cabinet photographs of distinguished Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustinians, Passionists, Capuchins, and Paulists. Others are filled with portraits and autographs of celebrated secular priests. There are scrap-books filled with notices of the clergy, and pictures of churches and cathedrals. The collection also embraces many portraits of well-known Nuns and Sisters of various Orders; pictures of convents, monasteries, and engravings of religious and historical subjects. Mr. Edgerly has kindly promised to make regular additions to this very valuable and interesting collection. He realizes the fact that collections in the hands of private individuals are apt to be scattered, in the course of time; consequently, his generous gift to the Bishops’ Memorial Hall, where it will be carefully preserved and enjoyed by the public. Mr. Edgerly is a convert, whose attention was first called to the Church by accidentally finding a copy of “The Invitation Heeded.” After reading this work, he sought a priest, and had the happiness of being received into the Church by the Paulist Fathers.

—As our readers, no doubt, are aware, Messrs. John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, are now engaged in publishing a new series of Mrs. A. H. Dorsey’s excellent stories, which, for the past few years have adorned the pages of the Ave Maria. The latest issue of the series—“The Heiress of Carrigmona”—is beautifully dedicated to Very Rev. Father General Sorin. The dedication reads as follows:

TO THE VERY REV. EDWARD SORIN, 
FATHER GENERAL OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE HOLY CROSS, 
Who, having done for the cause of Religion and Education in the great Northwest, an Apostolic and Illustrious work, is spared to see the Harvests sown in his youth grow and strengthen, and increase and ripen, until “the Desert has been made to blossom as the Rose” and his age crowned with a fruition seldom vouchsafed to the servants of God on earth, this story is dedicated with sentiments of profound respect by the Author;

ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

A SOUVENIR OF NOTRE DAME.

The Photo-Gravure Co. of New York has just issued a beautifully illustrated Souvenir of Notre Dame and St. Mary’s. The Souvenir is written by Mr. T. A. De Weese, a journalist of considerable reputation, and is illustrated with a number of photo-gravures made from photographs of the buildings and the picturesque grounds. Those who are familiar with the beauty of the photo-gravure process will readily appreciate the value of this Souvenir. The little book will be a delightful boon to those who wish to take away some lasting memento of Notre Dame and St. Mary’s. A number of them will be on sale at the College during Commencement. The price is $1.00.
For many long years, each recurring June examination has brought with it one of the most notable events of the scholastic year—the annual reunion and banquet of the banner society of the Junior department, the St. Cecilia Philomathian Association. It is an event which, in its regular recurrence, forges a new link in the golden chain binding together the pleasant memories of student-life, connecting the past with the present, and thus tending to preserve that friendship and fellow-feeling by which students of Alma Mater, whom association in college days have drawn more closely together, should be characterized even amid the busy turmoil of after-life. And on each of these anniversaries nothing is wanting to make the occasion successful in every particular and one long to be remembered. Apart from the elaborateness of the "spread" itself, which is always on a scale of surpassing munificence, the grand array of dignitaries and honorable guests, and "the feast of reason and flow of soul" supplementary to the bountiful good things, make the "Cecilian Banquet" an event that is looked forward to with pleasing anticipation, and most enjoyably participated in when it occurs. Of such a nature was the annual banquet of the society, which was given last Tuesday evening, the 14th inst.

At 4 o'clock precisely, the St. Cecilians, together with the Graduating Class, the officers of the H. L. G., and others from among the students, filed into the Juniors' refectory, which under the skilled hands of the Sisters had undergone a metamorphosis so complete as to recall to mind something of the gorgeous magnificence which, history tells us, was ever an accomplishment of the great dinners of state under the Roman Empire. The refectory was beautifully wreathed in colors of red, white and blue, festooned and garlanded with lace, tapestry and the festal evergreen; in the centre was a large flag surmounted by a picture of the venerable Founder of Notre Dame, Father Sorin. The entrance of Very Rev. Father General, attended by the honored guests of the occasion, who were escorted by the Rev. President of the University, was greeted with more than the usual manifestations of respectful affection. Among the guests from abroad were: Rev. A. B. Kroeger, Goshen, Ind.; Alfred B. Miller, Esq., Editor of the South Bend Tribune; Aaron Jones, Esq., County Auditor, South Bend; Mr. J. McDonnald, of the South Bend Times; C. N. Fasset, of the South Bend News, and others whose names we did not learn.

We cannot attempt to give a description of the elaborate and magnificent repast with which, for an hour and more, the attention of every guest was taken up. It would likewise be superfluous to remark that ample justice was done the almost limitless supply of good things, from the more substantial fowl to the festive cream and berries. Prof. Lyons, as usual, seemed to multiply himself in his efforts to see that a shower of abundance fell to the lot of every guest; and as usual, also, his success was so complete that the guests found it an absolute impossibility to dispose of all the tempting dishes placed before them.

When the abundance which remained after the banquet had been cleared away, Mr. W. Austin, in behalf of the St. Cecilians, stepped forth, and in clear, manly tones, read the following appropriate address:

**VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL:**

The St. Cecilians cordially welcome you to their twentieth annual banquet. They are gratified and encouraged to see you here. Profoundly they acknowledge their sense of obligation for your kindness in leaving for the time your important duties and coming among them as their guest. And yet they have learned to look forward with a feeling of confidence to your being among them and of them on these occasions. The work of a prosperous school year is now drawing to a close, and, like their brother St. Cecilians of past years, they are actuated by a strong desire to celebrate the occasion in some suitable manner; and to them it seems appropriate to cling to an honored custom in doing so in this way. A year exceptionally prosperous for Notre Dame and most satisfactory to the Rev. President and all the students in respect to the work accomplished, is now almost at an end, and, surely, the occasion justifies our little celebration.

This is the 29th annual banquet which the St. Cecilians have given by way of compliment to the Very Rev. Father General, and the testimony is that each and every one of them has been a source of genuine pleasure to all the participants. In fact, as things appear to the St. Cecilians, it could hardly be otherwise; for they entertain the opinion that to have the name of Father General identified with any enterprise or undertaking is a promise and guarantee of its success. Is evidence needed? Look around! Behold this great University! Look back to its puny beginning? Look at it ever steadily increasing in growth and vigor! Behold it now, despite fires, envy, opposition and all kinds of adversities! Was it ever greater, grander, higher in rank, and more promising than it is to-day? What a superb spectacle! What a grand work for a lifetime!

Notre Dame has moved steadily forward in the light of the wisdom which God has conferred upon its head. Its progress has simply been responsive to the vitality with which it is itself instinct. Like a great tree, its roots extend out to the Atlantic seaboard, to the distant West, to the Gulf States, and far to the north. They ramify in all directions. They spread out even beyond the sea, and beautiful France spring up into symmetrical growth, and promising life, and luxuriant foliage. The branches of that splendid tree, which for so many years you have tended and nurtured, spread out over a great area, and everywhere shelter the devoted Congregation of the Holy Cross, the students of Notre Dame, and God's lowly wards—the poor and helpless.

All the great work that has been done and that is doing affords conclusive proof of success—unbroken success.
The St. Cecilians need no further evidence to confirm them in the opinion that any enterprise or undertaking with which the name of Father General is identified is reasonably certain of success. The word "failure" is not to be found in the lexicon of his life.

In welcoming all the other guests who have favored them by participating in this little banquet, the St. Cecilians close with an expression of the hope that it may be as pleasant, enjoyable and successful as similar entertainments in the past.

Mr. C. J. Stubbs, as toastmaster, then arose and presented the toasts of the occasion, which we give herewith and a synopsis of each of the able and well-received responses:

**Pope Leo the Thirteenth:** The Poet-Pontiff; illustrious alike for the splendor of his genius and the elevation of his character. May his golden jubilee be a renewal of youth to him, and may the years of his pontificate equal or surpass those of his sainted predecessor!

Very Rev. Father General, in replying to this toast, paid an eloquent tribute to the Sovereign Pontiff who, he said, is the great commanding figure before the world to-day. There is naught in King or Czar, or any other earthly potentate, that can compare with the influence which Leo XIII exercises throughout the world, in affairs of government and State polity, as well as in the spiritual and moral direction of more than two hundred and fifty millions of souls. And this great power is wielded by one who is himself a prisoner, but whose remarkable powers of intellect and qualities of heart command the respect and reverence of rulers and peoples in every land. The Very Rev. speaker hoped that the day would soon come when that mediatorship which the Pope had so successfully exercised between nations might be appealed to in settlement of the national afflictions of Ireland. In conclusion, the Very Rev. Father expressed his thanks for the compliment paid him in dedicating to him the festivities of the occasion, commended the good spirit existing among the students, the excellent discipline that prevailed, and the bright prospects thus given for the future.

**The Founder of Notre Dame: The venerated Father General of the Order of Holy Cross.** Even were it not fully exercised between nations might be appealed to in settlement of the national afflictions of Ireland.

Mr. A. B. Miller, the accomplished Editor of the *South Bend Tribune*, was called upon to respond to this toast. He said: "It was a cynic, or a philosopher, if you please; who after attending a public meeting where a great deal of speaking had been done to no effect, said he did not know which was the worse—the men who can speak but will not, or the men who cannot speak but will. As a cynic, he was right, if he had only gone farther and pronounced the former the worse; but as a philosopher he was wrong in not making a third classification—the men who cannot speak but will, if they have to. This is a class to which I belong, and it is by far the most numerous of the three, except in an audience like the present where there is a fourth and much the largest class—those who can speak and will if given an opportunity. It goes without saying that Notre Dame University turns out more and better speakers than any other educational institution in the country. Certainly, the best oratorical efforts I ever heard have been within the walls of Notre Dame, and one of the best was only last season by a young first year student with a decidedly Scotch name, who chose for his subject 'That Grand Old Man, Gladstone.' Now I know if I were to go among these tables and say to the boys: 'Who of you will take my subject—that grand old man, Father Sorin—and speak for me?' there would be such a rush of volunteers that we would have speeches as the old song says. And we would have genuine eloquence, too; for the hearts of these jolly young fellows would be in that subject as well as their voices. Not within the sound of my voice is there a student—from little princes to grave and reverend Seniors—who would not only speak in praise of the good Father Sorin, but fight for him and die for him, if need be.

"Then why did not Prof. Lyons, there, given them the opportunity? That address to which we have just listened is eloquent, sincere, loyal and representative of the students as a body. But there is a little Minim who thinks: 'I do so want to say something my own self about our Very Rev. Father;' and there are jolly Juniors and solemn Seniors who think the same, to say nothing about these members of the Faculty who are to the manor born when it comes to making speeches.

"I intimided all this and much more, when Prof. Lyons called upon me yesterday afternoon and insisted that I should respond to this toast; but it did no good. His reply was: 'You have known Very Rev. Father Sorin all your life, and we shall expect you to say something.' In the language of slang, 'That's where he had me'; for, as far back as my memory goes I have known this genial gentleman, who occupies a position of great power, to have the heart of a saint.

Mr. Colfax says you are 5 years old to-day. It is my birthday, too, and I am just 5 times as old as you. How old am I?"

"I could neither multiply nor add, so I could not tell; but I thought what an old gentleman he is—5 times as old as I am! Here I am to-day just the age he was then, and the arithmetic is again puzzling me. Father Sorin is here, hale and hearty, and to me as young-looking seemingly as he was 32 years ago; but why is he not still 5 times as old as I am instead of not twice as old? Ah! when this arithmetic gets into our ages what a puzzle it
is! But then if we go to figuring on all that Father Sorin has accomplished in the past 40 years he is more than 5 times 40 years old. We can say of his good works, crowded into these 40 years, what the negro said when asked how old he was: 'If you jus mean de years since I was born, Ise lived 70 years; but if yer means de fun Ise had, Ise a thousand years old.'

"The wonder is when we look over the astonishing record of Father Sorin, how he could accomplish so much in so short a time, counting by years. This grand University, with its immediate accessories, is in itself a monument that ought to satisfy the ambition of any man; yet it is but a fraction of his life work. There are other schools, colleges and universities by the score; there are churches by the hundred in all parts of the world; there are hospitals and charitable institutions, all founded by him, or through his instrumentality. What countless thousands have been educated in these institutions of learning; taught morality and virtue in these churches, and practically learned the lesson of the good Samaritan in these hospitals and asylums! The secular and the religious world know him by his great title of Superior-General of the Order of the Holy Cross. And what a grand General he is! What a great benefactor! Battling with ignorance and superstition, and always a conqueror under this cross of civilization. We cannot estimate, we cannot realize the benefits of his victories on the human race. They are greater and grander than those that other great Frenchman—the First Napoleon—won by the sword, because they are humanizing, peaceful, and are as lasting as time itself.

"Yet, amid all his triumphs, this Superior-General of to-day is as simple and unassuming as the young French priest who planted his standard on this very spot 45 years ago. It was Grant's simplicity of character and modesty of demeanor that made us love and honor him as the greatest general of his age in the military world. It is this same modesty and simplicity that make us love and reverence Father Sorin as the greatest general of the age in the world of education and religion. As such,

"None know him but to love him,
None name him but to praise;"

and as such a general, Very Rev. Father Sorin, we salute you."

The University of Notre Dame: Foremost among Catholic institutions of learning, and our own Alma Mater. May the crown of light that shines above her head be ever renewed with increased radiance, and may he who now guides her destinies, be himself guided, as heretofore, by heavenly influences!

Rev. President Walsh, who was invited to respond to this toast, arose and said that every student present could recall the first line of Rienzi's address to the Romans—"I come not here to talk." This expressed his position exactly, and he would, therefore, call upon an old-time friend, Auditor Aaron Jones, of South Bend, who, on several previous occasions, had come to the rescue when a speech was required, and whom he knew the students always liked to hear.

Mr. Jones spoke at considerable length of the University whose constant growth he had watched and taken the greatest pride in for the past forty years. He had not only watched the institution itself, but its students, as with a personal interest; and it gratified him to know that so large a percent of them had made a success of life in the business and professional world. He paid a glowing tribute of praise to Rev. President Walsh, whose friendship he was proud to have, and to whom, in no slight degree, was due the great measure of success with which Notre Dame was crowned. He was pleased to note the cordial good feeling which existed among Faculty and students. This was so marked as to attract attention. There are no ironclad rules at Notre Dame. Every student was considered a gentleman, treated as one, and put upon his honor. Whatever he might have been, whatever his inclinations, the result was he became a gentleman in all that the term implies, and an honor to his Alma Mater. In conclusion, he said, it gave him the greatest pleasure to know that the current year was the most prosperous in the history of Notre Dame, and she had had a great many prosperous ones. Mr. Jones' remarks were frequently and heartily cheered.

The Hierarchy and Clergy of America: Who have planted the true faith amidst the thorns of barbarism, and made the desert to blossom like the rose. May they be cheered on their noble career by the hearty co-operation of those for whom they have devoted their lives!

The one selected to respond to this toast, was, through unforeseen circumstances unable to be present. Rev. Father Oechtering, of Mishawaka, however, accepted the invitation to make a few remarks, of which, to our regret, we received no report.

The Press: The guardian of our liberties; the beacon warning us against the dangers that might threaten them; the lodestar of the ship of State, and the anchor of our Union. May the hands entrusted with its important functions be ever guided by minds capable of the mighty efforts required of them!

Col. Wm. Hoynes made an eloquent response to this toast, and his remarks were greeted with applause. It is a fact, he said, that this country stands in the foremost place as regards the power and influence of the press. The first paper was printed in Boston, Sept. 25, 1675; since that date they have spread all over the continent. There are probably 500 daily papers published in this country, and with regard to other publications the aggregate number would be about 7,000, and this large growth is due to the spirit of freedom which everywhere prevails. In regard to the influence of the press there is no instrument more potent for the formation and molding of public opinion. It reaches the sanctuary of the home, and circulates throughout the community and remains with it. In its spirit, the press should be dignified, manly and independent. The guiding star of its work should be the unveiling of the truth and the defense of the just rights of the people.

Our Country: May her sons now united n'er sever, while Liberty's form stands in view. May union sustain us forever by the aid of the brave and the true!
RESPONDENT to the Rev. Father Spillard, speaking substantially as follows: It is needless for me, young gentlemen, to attempt to excite in your hearts any feelings of affection or loyalty to "this land of ours." I have no desire to detail for you her material resources, or recount her glories in the past, or paint with glowing colors the future which we all trust will be hers; but I would wish to address to you a word with regard to the duty we owe to our common country and her interests. You should never forget that you are Americans. Though in memory and through your ancestry you may go back to lands beyond the seas, you should never let the love for the old land surpass the love for this land which calls you her sons. You should be, and you are, Americans. Not Irish, or German, English, or French. The interests and the well-being of no other country should be first in your thoughts or nearer to your hearts than the interest of this land of ours. There may be better lands, better rules than this land and rule which we possess, but you should never think it. Theorists may argue and speculate as much as they please, but we should hold fast and firm to that which the wisdom of our fathers has handed down to us, and that which has encountered and withstood the shock of foreign and civil strife. On another matter, I would say a few words. When you go out from here, you will, all of you, ally yourselves with political organizations—only what is right and proper for each and everyone of you. Without organization, no man, no body of men, can do aught for good in this land. Party organization is an essential thing for our form of government, and therefore it is but right and proper that you should become partisans in after-life. But you should test and search these thoughts and ideas, these political theories, which, perhaps, fortuitous circumstances have caused you to adopt. Test them by the light of reason and experience; and you should not be led otherwise. You should never be led by party feelings or strife. You should possess no fear, and you should have no regard for party threats or party favor. Act well and truly that part which, in the near future, all of you will be called on to perform in this land of ours, thankful that you are sons of a land which guarantees and gives liberty and freedom, loyalty, law and order; and you should always try to uphold our country in the position which she now holds, and which, we trust, she will ever continue to hold.

Mr. Ewing spoke in a clear, audible voice, and his speech fully merited the hearty burst of applause with which it was greeted.

OUR COLLEGE DAYS: The germ of a future career. May their remembrance sweeten our hours of struggles in a world of strife, and their lessons be a lamp to our path through life!

RESPONDENT to the Rev. Father Spillard, speaking substantially as follows: Over twenty-seven years ago I remember to have seen inscribed on a wall here a line taken from the first book of Virgil, which at the time I could scarcely translate, but the meaning of which at length, I managed to make out: Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvat.

"Perhaps it will be pleasant to remember these things hereafter." I think we may apply very appropriately this line of Virgil in speaking of our college days. It will be pleasant to remember them hereafter, for we will look upon them as the best and happiest of our lives. We know, perhaps, many of us, the circumstances under which Virgil's hero uttered these words. After having been overcome at Troy, setting out with the remaining portion of the brave survivors, the irate goddess raised a terrible storm and scattered the ships in every direction; only seven surviving, and these in a sorry condition. At length, Æneas, the heart of a hero beating in his breast, endeavoring to cheer the drooping spirits of his companions, repeated to them these words: Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvat. You, too, will look back on all the real or imaginary difficulties through which you shall have passed during your college days; and they will appear, not difficulties, but glories. We do not always appreciate them, and, however well disposed we may be, we will never realize them as blessings until they shall have passed away. Unanswerable happiness to look back on them, and to see all these things which we have undergone—the little trials and difficulties now our glory and our boast! The best recollections of your life will be to go back a score or more of years, and to think of the happy associations which were formed and cemented at Notre Dame, and which are never to be forgotten. Some of you who are present can remember, as I do, many of the old Cecilians, fighting in the battle of life, and going down bravely, yet leaving a memory behind them glorious and imperishable. Others, too, we have as seen as wrecks deplorable to look upon. They were not true to the lessons that had been instilled by their Alma Mater, nor to the lessons which those whom God placed over them endeavored to instil, and hence their life became a wreck. But let us follow the examples of the noble ones who have preceded us, that we too may look back, and, thinking of this and similar occasions, may fully realize the words of the poet: Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvat.

Letters of regret were received from Hon. Judge Noyes, Laporte, Ind.; C. Studebaker, Hon. L. G. Tong, Hon. T. Howard, Hon. D. Shively, Mayor Loughman, P. O'Brien, J. B. Stoll, Editor Times, South Bend, and many others. Mr. T. De Weese, of the South Bend Tribune, with a letter expressing his regrets at being unable to attend, sent an entertaining sketch of "The Country Editor," which was read, amid great applause at the banquet, and which we publish in another column.

After a brief speech by the President of the Cecilians—Prof. Lyons—the members of the Society were each presented with a slice of cake in which had been hidden a beautiful gold ring. Of course there was much excitement and anxiety among the Cecilians as to who would be the lucky finder of the ring. Willie McPhee at length demonstrated

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pumpkins, beets and cabbages that have been laid on his desk, is writing his autographs. Every mail brings in numerous inquiries from all over the country asking him—in fact, begging him—for his autograph. In his mad zeal to gratify the wishes of his admirers, he robs himself of needed slumber, and grinds out autographs by the flickering blaze of his gilded chandelier.

But, after all, the religious and secular press are mighty engines of civilization. One little country editor, of only mediocre ability, with his little pen can stir up more strife and make more men mad in a given time than any other instrumentality on the earth. There is more double-jointed discord at the end of a good, vigorous, country editor's quill than there is at the business end of a yellowhorsefly with gray stripes on his tail.

It is a grand thing to be a country editor, and be able, with one stroke of your little pen, to upset a whole community. On a rainy morning, when the editor is cross and tired, it is delightful to write up the stylish young men of the "first families" and mysteriously connect them with some disgraceful affair, and then have the fond papa come in next morning and offer you $10 to retract it all.

Oh, it is a grand thing to be a country editor! Nearly all the great men whose names are illustrious in our history were once country editors. A young man just graduating from college had much better be an editor than a hotel clerk. He may not be able to wear diamonds and pick up all the musty slang and chestnuts that travelling men carry with them, but he will pick up lots of glory, and that's something that isn't lying round loose everywhere.

Other Notices of the Banquet.

(From the "South Bend Tribune")

The St. Cecilia Philomathenae Society, of Notre Dame University, gave its 29th annual banquet in the Juniors' dining hall yesterday afternoon. It was complimentary to Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General, as the June banquets of this old and honorable society have been for the past twenty-nine years. The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion. At the head of the room stood the table of honor with a huge pyramidal cake, towering towards the frescoed ceiling, for its centre piece. Suspended from the centre column and facing this table was complimentary to Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General, as the June banquets of this old and honorable society have been for the past twenty-nine years. The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion. At the head of the room stood the table of honor with a huge pyramidal cake, towering towards the frescoed ceiling, for its centre piece. Suspended from the centre column and facing this table was a life-size portrait of Father General. From all the central columns to the side walls draperies of red, white and blue cloth ran along the ceiling, while everywhere were flags, evergreens and floral decorations. The effect, with closed curtains and brilliant electric lights, was beautiful beyond description.

Shortly after four o'clock, Very Rev. Father Sorin and President Walsh escorted the invited guests through the dining hall to the tables reserved for them, the Notre Dame Orchestra meanwhile playing a march. At the scores of other tables stood students and preceptors, and as the last notes of the march died out, the students welcomed

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* Written by Mr. T. A. De Weese, of the South Bend Tribune, and read at the St. Cecilia Banquet, Tuesday afternoon, June 14.
Father General and President with a hearty clapping of the hands. Grace was said by the venerable Father Sorin, all took their seats, and the banquet was begun. The tables fairly groaned with their weight of substantialities and delicacies, proving that Notre Dame, so noted for its literary feasts, is no less so for its gastronomical ones. After dessert, Prof. J. A. Lyons, President of the St. Cecilia Philomatheans, touched his bell and called order; and Sergeant-Major Stubbs, as master of ceremonies, announced an address from the Philomatheans to Very Rev. Father Sorin. The address was read by William Austin, and was filled with sentiments of love, reverence, loyalty and good will to the illustrious founder of Notre Dame.

The students wanted a speech from their great favorite, Prof. J. A. Lyons; but for their enthusiastic calls they were obliged to take the will for the deed. Prof. Lyons could not but be highly gratified at the warmth of his reception.

The interest now centred on an old custom in the St. Cecilia Association. Prof. Lyons placed before Very Rev. Father Sorin a pyramid of pretty bonbon boxes tied with ribbons. Each box contained a piece of cake, and in one of the boxes was a handsome seal ring, with three diamonds. The members of the Association formed in line, and as they filed by Father Sorin, he gave each a box and with it a word of encouragement and praise. As fast as the boys took their seats, the boxes were eagerly untied and a search for the ring made. "Who has it?" asked President Walsh, and up sprang a fourteen-year-old boy, with an exultant look on his face. "Willie McPhee, of Denver, is the fortunate student," said President Walsh, and Willie came forward to Very Rev. Father Sorin, who placed the ring on his finger. This ended the twenty-ninth banquet of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society.

(From the "South Bend Times.")

With each recurring June time, as regularly as that glorious month brings to us its flowers and glorious days, has the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society for the last twenty-nine years had their jovial banquet occasions at Notre Dame University; and it is to this feast that the invited South Benders' feet will turn almost as truly as the needle to the pole; for he knows full well that it is good to be there.

It always is good to be there at Notre Dame, the guest of its genial, open-handed entertainers, but particularly so when Prof. J. A. Lyons puts his best foot foremost, and makes his loved associates of the St. Cecilia Society share in doing the honors of the occasion. There is no half-hearted hospitality there; no halting welcomes, but Prof. Lyons' friends are their friends, his guests are their guests, and from the Very Rev. Father Sorin down to the princes of St. Edward's Hall, there is the same genial reception to the fortunate guests who partake in the joys of the spread.

Notre Dame University looked grander than ever on this June day; had grown much since the twenty-eighth banquet of the St. Cecilians, and there were ample evidences abroad to show a near prospective further development. At its present rate of growth, only a few years can elapse ere it can be ranked as one of the very largest educational institutions of the land. May that time soon come!

The attendance of guests from this city was considerably interfered with by reason of the funeral of the late Dr. Ham taking place at the same time. Had not the invitations been sent out and all arrangements made for the occasion, the banquet would have been postponed. Those who attended, however, were most hospitably received by Prof. Lyons, Rev. Father Walsh and others, and enjoyed a pleasant season of social converse on the great portico at the entrance; and from that point revelled in the splendid view afforded there of the beautiful surroundings. A glance over that lovely place, with all its conveniences, makes one fully realize the strong attachment that grows up in the minds of the students for this grand University.

The Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General, in whose honor the banquet was given, soon joined the party, and cordially greeted each one. The popularity of the venerable Founder of Notre Dame is very great among Faculty and students alike, and one does not wonder that such is the case on receiving his genial welcome.

The preparations being over, the spread was announced to be in readiness, and the company repaired to the refectory in the west part of the University building where the banquet was held. The students had already taken their positions about the handsomely arranged tables, and were all standing as Very Rev. Father Sorin, Rev. President Walsh, the guests and others were escorted to the tables reserved for them in the west part of the room; the University Orchestra, stationed in the northwest corner of the banquet hall, playing a pleasing selection as the party passed along amid the storm of hand clappings that greeted the Father General as he proceeded to his place at the head of the head table.

After grace had been said, the entire party seated themselves, Father Walsh sitting at Father Sorin's right hand, A. B. Miller, of the Tribune, at the left, while Auditor Aaron Jones, Father Oechtering, of Mishawaka, and others were arranged about the table. Father A. J. Kroeger, of Goshen, representatives of the Times, the Sunday News, and others occupied places at other tables.

About 300 persons partook of the sumptuous spread in which substantialities and delicacies pleasingly varied, and the beautiful and tasteful decorations of the large refectory came in for attention as the feast for the inner man was discussed. It was, indeed, a beautiful scene! flowers and flags, festoons of red, white and blue, pictures, etc., joining with the table adornments to set off the pleasing picture, while the curtain-darkened room was lighted by the incandescent electric lights with which the University is illuminated.

Full justice was done to the feast, after which
Local Items.

—Commencement!
—We are nearing the end.
—It's only 90° in the shade.
—Look out for Wednesday's SCHOLASTIC!
—The Ave Maria has received subscriptions this week from Patagonia.
—The Valedictory of the Class of '87 will be delivered by Mr. J. J. Kleiber, of the Classical Course.
—To maintain a spirit of union is the thought inculcated at the present time. Let it not be lost sight of.
—Everybody should send in "locals" and "personals" on Monday next for the Commencement SCHOLASTIC.
—The Philopatrians enjoyed a delightful excursion to St. Joseph's Farm on yesterday. We hope to receive a detailed report in time for our next issue.
—The photograph of the "princes" which was taken in St. Edward's Park last week has been pronounced the most artistic picture ever taken at Notre Dame.
—For the first time in the memory of the oldest settler, the College Band failed to form a feature of the Corpus Christi Procession on Sunday last—except, of course, one or two instances, when the Festival came after Commencement. We hope, however, the lesson will sink too deeply ever to be forgotten.

—One of the most pleasing features in connection with the Cecilian banquet was the speech of Mr. Alfred B. Miller, Editor of the South Bend Tribune. The graceful tribute which he paid to Very Rev. Father General was highly appreciated by all present, and we are glad to embody it in our report of the proceedings.

—A very pleasant event occurred in the assembly room of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society on Monday evening. The members, in a neat little address, presented Prof. J. F. Edwards with a grand gold badge of the Association, richly decorated, in token of their appreciation of the many valuable services rendered by him during the year.

—Yesterday (Friday) was the Festival of the Sacred Heart—the titular feast of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Father General Sorin, assisted by Rev. Fathers Spillard and Morrissey as deacon and subdeacon. An eloquent sermon on the devotion to the Sacred Heart, with special reference to its titular relation to the Community, was preached by Rev. Father Fitte.

—Temperance, as well as other societies in Convention assembled, should be careful not to go outside their province in formulating "Resolutions" expressive of the objects of their Union and the means of furthering the same. It is well enough, for instance, for a Total Abstinence Society to express sympathy with the victims of Coercion, or any other form of tyranny; but, to condemn landlordism in general, or any tenure of land, is entering upon a question of social ethics entirely foreign to the purposes of the organization.

—The members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association held the closing meeting of the scholastic year in St. Edward's Hall on Monday. A spirited debate took place in which J. O'Donnell, R. Graham, R. Munro, T. Falvey, W. Martin, C. Mooney, E. Foote, F. Rogers, H. Huiskamp and E. Connors took part. The meeting closed with a speech from the President—Prof. J. F. Edwards—who complimented the Society on the gentlemanly manner in which the debates through the year have been conducted, and on the diligence with which all prepared for the meetings.

—The third of the series of championship games between the Junior second nines, was played Wednesday, the 15th inst. Tarrant's fine work behind the bat aided materially in securing a victory for the "Stars of the East," who won by a score of 17 to 13. For the "Universities," Bunker and Bronson carried off the batting honors. The following is the

Score by Innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Stars of the East: 1 2 3 3 2 4 1 0 17
Universities: 1 0 6 1 1 0 0 2 13

—Capt. G. L. Luhn, of the 4th United States Infantry, whose visit to Notre Dame a year ago is remembered with pleasure, has sent an excellent photograph of his command to Col. Hoynes. Capt.
Luhn is as thorough a gentleman as it has been our pleasure anywhere to meet and besides that, he is one of the best drilled officers in the army. In the photograph Capt. Luhn stands at the right of his men, who are at "parade rest," in front of their barracks. The command is now stationed at Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, and it may safely be said that there is not a finer looking body of soldiers in the service of the Government.

—The following is an outline of the programme of exercises for Commencement week: Monday, 2 p.m.: Formal closing of examinations; Reading of reports, averages, etc. 5 p.m.: Distribution of Premiums in Minim department. 7:30 p.m.: Grand Oratorical Contest; Delivery of Master's Oration by W. T. Johnston, M. S., East Towns, Ohio. Tuesday, 8 a.m.: Alumni Mass. 10 a.m.: Alumni Meeting. 11 a.m.: Regatta. 1 p.m.: Alumni Band. 4:30 p.m.: Distribution of Premiums in the Junior and Senior departments. 7:30 p.m.: Exercises in Washington Hall; Selections by the Musical and English Language Associations; Oration—Rev. D. J. Spillard, deacon and Rev. J. Linner, subdeacon. Wednesday, 8 a.m.: Exercises in Washington Hall; Grand Cantata by vocal classes; Valedictory—J. J. Kleiber, '87; Alumni Oration—Rev. T. O'Sullivan, '58. Distribution of Prize, Class and Honor Medals; Conquering of Degrees, etc.; "Home, Sweet Home!" by the Band.

—We are pleased to learn that Vernon H. Burke (Science and Law, '86), of Saybrook, Ohio, has passed a very creditable examination in law before the Supreme Court of Ohio, and been admitted to the Bar. In the course of a letter, expressive of thanks for the careful and persevering instruction he received in Law from Prof. Hoyne, he writes:

"Our examination was written, although some who received between 75 and 80 per cent. were allowed an oral examination by which they might redeem themselves and be admitted. . . . All students of Notre Dame, even Mr. Koudelka, who studied law under you for only a little more than one session, passed with credit and honor, and were duly admitted to the Bar. One of the judges mentioned the fact that Notre Dame students had always passed successfully. And I am sure it must continue to be so while you direct the work of the Law Department, although Ohio is recognized as requiring a severer examination than any other State in the Union. I attribute my success to your careful and persevering labor in assisting and explaining the intricacies of the law. There were 91 applicants for admission. Of these, 47 passed the examination and were admitted to the Bar. The other 44 were rejected. I am one of the 47!"


—Last Sunday morning occurred the solemnity of Corpus Christi, transferred from the previous Thursday. Solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Father Provincial Corby, assisted by Rev. D. J. Spillard as deacon and Rev. J. Linner, subdeacon. A sermon on the Holy Eucharist was preached by Rev. Father Spillard. After Mass, the solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place, and was participated in by the students, Faculty, members of the Community, the congregation of the church, and vast throngs from neighboring congregations. The long, seemingly endless line, as it issued forth from the church and wended its way with solemn and stately tread around the shores of beautiful St. Joseph's Lake, stopping at each of the repositories and kneeling to receive the Benediction of God; the bright uniforms, gleaming swords and glittering bayonets of the Military Companies of the University; the waving banners, with their rich decorations; the white, red, purple and black cassocks of the acolytes; the rich vestments of the clergy; the wreaths of incense floating before the Blessed Sacrament as it was borne under a rich canopy along the flower-strown pathway—all presented a spectacle, edifying in the extreme, and calculated to give evidence of the power and vitality of Faith Divine, even in this cold and unbelieving age.

There were three repositories. The first was arranged at the entrance to the main building. It was very rich and tastefully decorated, and was the work of the Senior students of the University, who deserve much credit for the pains taken to beautify and adorn it. The second was at St. Joseph's Novitiate, the inmates of which succeeded in erecting a very pretty and generally-admired repository. The third was at "Calvary" near the west shore of the Lake, and was a richly ornamented structure, due to the labors of the students of St. Aloysius' Seminary. Before each of these the procession stopped and knelt. At the moment of Benediction the companies fired a volley three times, as the military salute to the Blessed Sacrament. It was truly a devotional tribute of respect, and added not a little to the impressiveness of the services. After returning to the church, Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was again given, and the congregation was dismissed.
---One of the best games of the year was played on the 12th inst., on the Seniors' campus, between the Senior 2d special nine and the Junior 1st special. The Seniors were first to the bat, and after two men had been retired, Porter, who had gone to 1st on balls and stole 2d, came in on Brown's two-bagger over the right-field fence. The Juniors came in on Nester flying out to Anderson. Inks sent a high fly to Dorsey, which was neatly taken; Warner was retired to the coxswain tune of "stroke!" "stroke!"

Hayes was next to bat; he reached 1st on balls, was sent to 2d by Campbell's hit, stole 3d and came in on Cartier's only passed ball. Preston flew out to Prudhomme, thus finishing the inning.

The next three innings were whitewashes all around, and were remarkable only for the vigor with which the players passed the bat over home-plate four times in succession. The Seniors scored in the 5th inning on Pender's hit and Anderson's and Preston's errors. The Juniors scored in the same inning off Smith's hit and Pender's error. In the 6th inning the Seniors made one run, while their younger brothers brought in three, thus scoring off Anderson's sacrifice to Nester.

The score was tied again in the 7th by Porter and Brown scoring off Inks' error and Preston's wild throw to 2d. At the end of the 7th, the score was still a "tie." In the 10th, Brown and Nester were thrown out at 1st base. F. Smith made 2d off hit and a "fake," but Prudhomme fouled out to Preston, thus retiring the side without a run. For the Juniors, Campbell made a hit, was sent to 3d by Campbell's hit, stole 3d and came in on Brown's two-run double play: Porter, Carter, Prudhomme. Base on balls: Pender, Porter (2), Luther, Hayes, Anderson. Hit by pitched ball: Carter, Porter, Brown, F. Smith, Dorsey, Warner, M. Smith. *Inks, out for being hit by a batted ball. Time of game: 2:15. Umpire: Jus. Burns. Scorers: M. B. Mulken and Wm. Austin.

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---One of the best games of the year was played on the 12th inst., on the Seniors' campus, between the Senior 2d special nine and the Junior 1st special. The Seniors were first to the bat, and after two men had been retired, Porter, who had gone to 1st on balls and stole 2d, came in on Brown's two-bagger over the right-field fence. The Juniors came in on Nester flying out to Anderson. Inks sent a high fly to Dorsey, which was neatly taken; Warner was retired to the coxswain tune of "stroke!" "stroke!"

Hayes was next to bat; he reached 1st on balls, was sent to 2d by Campbell's hit, stole 3d and came in on Cartier's only passed ball. Preston flew out to Prudhomme, thus finishing the inning.

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Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The classes in German were examined under the direction of Rev. Father Kirsch.

—By mistake, the name of Miss Carrie Triplett was omitted from the “Tablet of Honor” last week.

—The examination of the Graduates in Moral Philosophy was sustained in a most satisfactory manner in the presence of Very Rev. Father General.

—Little Anna O’Mara, Eva Quealy and Blanche McCormick had the honor of strewing flowers in the way as the Blessed Sacrament passed along the beautiful grounds of St. Mary’s.

—The Graduating Class had the pleasure of an afternoon visit at the home of Miss Clara Ginz, Class ’75, on Saturday. The much needed recreation was most welcome, and they extend warm thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Ginz, and to their old-time schoolmate, Miss Clara.

—Especial thanks are due the Misses E. Blaine and T. Balch for active and cordial services rendered in the adornment of one of the arches and its surrounding; also for the dismantling after the procession, in which they were most efficiently joined by Hazel Pugsley.

—Among those most efficient and obliging in preparing for the procession on Sunday were the following-named: the Misses M. F. Murphy, M. Hummer, E. Kearns, M. McCarthy, B. Kearney, M. Kearney, E. Wright, C. Regan, B. Snowhook, B. Heckard, E. Brady, E. Zahn, A. Miner, S. Dart, E. Blaine, E. Kendall, T. Balch, M. Hull, N. Quill, H. Rhodes, M. Campbell, M. Clen, N. Morse, M. Coll and E. Dempsey.

—The examination of the French Classes was held under the superintendence of Rev. Father Fitts, who expressed his unfeigned pleasure at the proficiency of the young ladies, especially those of the first and second classes. Miss M. F. Murphy, of the first class, and Miss Helena Clendenen, of the second class, were praised for their excellence in French composition. Miss Clendenen and Miss Lilly Van Horn evinced progress in the language by their correct accent.

—A most welcome letter, dated “Harrison Square, Boston, Mass., June 8,” was received from Miss Alice P. Ryan, who expressed her desire to return to Europe for a three year stay in Paris. She reports her promise on her return from Europe; for all will gladly hail her visit to St. Mary’s once more.

Corpus Christi.

In the heart of the most inviting season of the year, the Church has placed the glorious movable feast of the Blessed Sacrament, known as Corpus Christi. It is the joyful celebration of the mystery which in the season of Lent is commemorated on Holy Thursday, when the Spouse of Christ—the holy Church of God—is absorbed in loving homage to His sacred Passion and Death, and when only a gleam of sunshine, so to speak, shed from the mystery of the Holy Eucharist on the anniversary of its institution, brightens for a moment the intense gloom of Holy Week. Thursday, the 9th inst., was the day of the feast, but the ceremonies were postponed to the Sunday within the Octave. Now, that the Paschal season is over, and all true children of the Church have made their peace with God, nothing could be more appropriate than that they should openly present some tangible proof of their rejoicing; nothing more in keeping with their loving sense of duty than the pageant, which is but a grand and imposing public profession of faith in the Holy Eucharist which inspires the heart of every true Christian.

On the day appointed for the celebration of Corpus Christi it is no uncommon circumstance to have the preparation brought to a sudden conclusion by copious showers of rain, and the repositories and adornments along the line of the intended procession are often hastily taken down and borne to a place of shelter. The impressive skies of June are not to be trusted; but on the 12th inst., fortunately, the clouds withdrew their apparent engagement to interfere, and the day opened and continued fair and cool.

The six o’clock Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Father General Sorin, at which all received Holy Communion. The High Mass at 8 o’clock was sung by the Rev. Father Fitts, of Notre Dame, accompanied by an eloquent and impressive sermon on the mystery of the day from the Rev. celebrant. Mass being over, the Convent, Novitiate, and Academy grounds were soon alive with active preparations in every quarter, and none but the listless failed to find means to make themselves useful.

There were two repositories to be adorned and five arches, which presupposes much active exertion of nimble fingers, good taste, and many steps for readily flying feet. Suffice it to say that, without confusion and in due time, everything was complete at about fifteen minutes of four o’clock in the afternoon.

The Community and pupils then assembled in the chapel, where Rev. Father Spillard addressed them upon the fitness and dignity of the honor they were about to pay to Our Divine Lord under the Sacred Species, after which the procession formed at the eastern door, leading to the beautiful pavil-
The Valedictory of "Rosa Mystica."

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)

I. Forth into Time's sweet, hallowed past
This year has swept, where? who can tell?
But ere we murmur 'Tis the last,
Before we breathe our fond "farewell."
II. We fain with deep delight would dwell
Upon the scenes this year hath brought—
The joys, the peace we love so well.
The sadness, too, which has been wrought.
III. And first of her, our greatest loss,*
She whom we mourn for day by day:

* Mother Mary of St. Angela, Prefect of Studies.