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GOLDEN SANDS OF LIFE.

CATHOLICS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

III.

MEN are daily growing older,
Drawing near the haven of their aim—
Some, perhaps, becoming colder
In life's duties tending toward the same.
'Higher, upward, higher still',
Nature's motto—taught in nature's laws:
Man grows upward—so his will
Should be governed toward a higher cause.

Onward, ever onward, rising,
Hourly seek to reach your destined goal
Idly spend no time surmising
Lest a rival reach your quested pole.
Don the mantle of ambition,
Rest not on the icy slanting mount;
Strive to better your condition,
Turn each circumstance to some account.

In the vineyard of the Lord
See that your allotted work is done,
Do not mar that sweet accord
By a false and self-directed pun.
Then success will come at last,
When your goal is reached and victory won,
And the history of your past
Shall be mirrored in the golden sun.

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

Any classification of Catholics in literature that did not include the Catholic writers of America would be very incomplete indeed. But we must confess that we are unable to do justice to the hundreds of Catholic writers who have won fame for themselves during this century and are to-day contributing more than ever to the Catholic literature of our country — a literature that is daily becoming more important and influential. The number of writers has kept pace with the marvelous increase of Catholicity till we now have thousands of Catholic writers distributed over our country, each one doing a work that would require at least as much space as is allotted to this article to review it properly.

The literature of America may be said to have had its birth with the Declaration of Independence. During the Colonial period, America produced no really distinguished writer, either Catholic or Protestant. But at the period of the Revolutionary war a change is noticeable. Thus we see in the Catholic colony of Maryland Charles Carroll of Carrollton and Bishop Carroll doing a considerable amount of writing, although the high renown they gained in other fields has

almost entirely overshadowed their literary reputation.

When independence was secured and liberty, civil and religious, assured to every one, the suffering peasantry of Europe hastened to avail themselves of the blessings to be found on our shores. By none were these blessings more quickly seized or highly appreciated than by the severely persecuted Catholics of Ireland. Among those who sought a home in this land of liberty, we find many ecclesiastics and educated laymen who by their writings have done much to assist the Church in America and make it known to our non-Catholic citizens. It was under the direction of Mathew Carey, one of these laymen, that the first Catholic bible printed in the United States was issued, in the year 1790.

From those early days to our own times the gifted sons of the Emerald Isle have contributed liberally to American literature and given to America such names as Thomas D'Arcy McGhee, Dr. O'Callaghan, John Boyle O'Reilly, and O'Reilly's worthy successor, James Jeffrey Roach, the present able editor of the Boston Pilot, and to both Church and literature such men as Bishop England, who established the first Catholic newspaper in America; Bishop Hughes, noted for his sermons and lectures, and Father Boyce, author of several well known novels. But the Catholic writer of America is not limited to any one race or nationality. He is a very ubiquitous personage. In literature he has left no path untrodden. In whatever field we choose to wander, we find the Catholic writer has preceded us. If, for instance, we take our patriotic literature, our national songs, we find that none of America's national airs is better known than 'The Star Spangled Banner,' written by a Catholic, Francis Scott Key. No one has more faithfully recorded many of the most interesting chapters of American history than John Gilmary Shea. The best disquisition on the Constitution of the United States was

written by Orestes A. Brownson. We may be pardoned for pointing with special pride to Brownson. He is justly considered to be one of the most intellectual men that America has ever produced. With a sincerity of purpose seldom equaled, he entered with all the powers of his mighty mind on the search for truth and became in turn a Congregationalist, a Presbyterian, a Universalist, a Rationalist, but was satisfied with nothing, till he finally found in the Catholic Church the solution of all his doubts and the haven of rest for which he had so long been seeking. Ever after his conversion he remained a faithful child of Holy Church and, after living in her communion for thirty-three years, he died, fortified by her sacraments, at the advanced age of seventy six.

Among the other American converts to the Catholic Church who have won fame as literati are Jedeiah Vincent Huntington, who was a graduate of Yale and an Episcopalian minister; Dr. Levi Sillman Ives, who had been a Bishop of the Episcopal church of North Carolina; Rev. Xavier Donald McLeod, who had been a minister of the Episcopalian church under Bishop Ives, became a priest after his conversion; Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, C. S. P., also a former Episcopalian minister; Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, the pioneer of Catholic light literature in the United States; Rev. James Kent Stone, better known as Father Fidelis, had been before his conversion president of Kenyon College, Ohio, and Hobart College, Geneva, New York; Father Tabb, a poet of distinction who is at present a professor in St. Charles College; Marion Crawford, one of the greatest and best of modern novelists; and finally the Lathrops, George Parson Lathrop and his wife, the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. In reading Hawthorne we cannot help but think that he is in spirit a Catholic. Still his early puritanical impressions were never overcome and he died outside the doors of the true Church. It is however a pleasure to know that he transmitted none of those prejudices to his

children and thus left them free to respond to the promptings of divine grace, and find their home in the only Church that is broad enough to furnish to every mind, to the unlettered peasant as well as to the learned philosopher, the peculiar consolation required by their state of life, to the Church that in the fullest sense recognizes the brotherhood of man.

The priesthood, being composed as it is of highly educated men, has at all times contributed many of its talented members to the field of letters. Besides the illustrious clergymen already mentioned, there are many more who are deserving of notice. Most prominent among them are Archbishop Martin John Spalding, who found time in the course of a busy life to write "Sketches of the Early Catholic Missions of Kentucky"; "The Life and Times of Bishop Flaget"; "The History of the Protestant Reformation in All Countries"; and his "Miscellanea", a collection of the Reviews, Essays and Lectures given by him at different times. Father Ryan, "The poet-priest of the South"; Rev. Dr. Bernard O'Reilly; Rev. Dr. C. O. Pise; Rev. Dr. Fredet and Rev. John R. G. Hassard, the historians; Rev. Isaac T. Hecker, C. S. P.; Rev. A. A. Lambing; Rev. A. Roquette; Father Weninger, S. J.; Rev. C. A. Walworth; Cardinal Gibbons, author of *Faith of Our Fathers*, and several other well known works; Father Lambert, author of *Notes on Ingersoll*, and other works of a controversial nature; Father Thein, author of *Christian Anthropology*, and many other scientific treatises; Father Zahm, the noted scientist of Notre Dame, styled the St. George Mivart of America; Father Finn, the well known writer of stories for boys, and the late Brother Azarias.

Among the lay writers not yet mentioned are Robert Walsh, who published the first quarterly ever attempted in the United States; James McSherry, author of a history of Maryland; George H. Miles and Sydney Lanier, two distinguished southern poets;

J. J. Audobon, the ornithologist; Jas. F. Meline, author of a "Life of Mary, Queen of Scots"; Richard Clarke, the biographer; Dr. J. O'Kane Murray, and a large number of living writers of superior merit. It is impossible to name all the eminent writers of the present day or, if we begin naming them, to know just where to close the list. But it would certainly be unjust to omit such names as those of Maurice Francis Egan; Richard Malcolm Johnson; Katharine E. Conway; Charles Warren Stoddard; Louise Inogen Guiney; Mrs. Blake; Agnes Repp-lier; Mary J. Brown; Eleanor C. Donnelly; Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier; Walter Lecky; James Ryder Randall; Eugene Davis, and a host of able contributors to our periodical literature.

To become acquainted with the best Catholic writers of America, it is only necessary to become familiar with such publications as *The Catholic Reading Circle Review*, the *Ave Maria* or *The Pilot*. Their pages are filled with the productions of the best and truest men and women living; men and women that would scorn to stoop to anything low or mean in order to please or attract. The only way for Catholics to counteract the effects of the pernicious literature found in the modern novel and story paper, is to make the acquaintance of good Catholic writers. To know them is to love them.

It is hoped that this enumeration of the names and works of some of our best Catholic authors will confirm what every Catholic knows, that the Catholic Church is now and has ever been the patron of learning in all its forms.

JOHN F. COGAN.

THE MORAL EDUCATION OF A YOUNG MAN.

THE education of a young man, to be proper, thorough, and complete, as everyone knows, must be physical, mental, and moral. He who neglects or educates

one of these parts, to the exclusion of the others, lacks something of being a complete man.

For the intellectual and physical training of the young man, ample provisions are made at every college; nor is there any difficulty in procuring desirable results in this regard, as on one hand attendance at class and out-door exercise is made obligatory, and, on the other, every facility in this line is offered to the student, who is often only too eager to profit thereby in the recitation room and society hall, as well as in the gymnasium and on the campus.

But the same cannot be said of the moral education, by which term is here meant the acquisition of those virtues and manly qualities which go to make up a man of sound and judicious character and which lend charm and worth to the otherwise valueless physical and intellectual attainments of a young man. Moral education and character-building, if not identical, at least go hand in hand. The youthful student must learn to cultivate a firm and settled character, equanimity of temper and a well-balanced mind; he must strive to form correct judgments by himself and to acquire steady habits by following salutary rules consistently and by modeling himself according to some praiseworthy ideal which he has proposed to imitate. From these few outlines it will already be seen that a man must build his own character and that there can be no class-room for this purpose; all that can be done for him in this respect is to call his attention to the fact and to point out to him his defects to be supplied or corrected. Of course, this can be effectively achieved only under the influences of religion. Our Catholic colleges, therefore, where riots and flagrant acts of injustice and transgressions are not only forestalled, but the very main-spring of licentiousness rectified and ennobled, stand on a vantage ground above the others.

Moral individuality should be every man's purpose. He should have an aim

and this aim should be moral excellence, to attain which he should not swerve or digress a jot. Once he has perceived what is right, he must determine to stand by it, not heeding the bad example of wayward companions who will fain hoot or sneer at him, because he rises superior to them and does not choose to be a mere hanger-on.

Here attention could be called to a most deplorable fault of our American youths — of being hangers-on. They consider it a sign of maturity, of manhood, to acquire as soon as possible the notorious habits of the "big crowd" and to model themselves according to the leader, or the most daring and imperious of them. They cannot do without being in his company, that they may share his fame. Of course, there are always a few who are conspicuous in their cleverness and who pride in their conceit and pretentious superiority. The consequence is that the bulk of them never acquire the habit or ability of thinking and acting judiciously for themselves, except in doing nefarious and venturesome deeds, but will invariably try to please and be lauded by the crowd. In all their talk and actions they will consider the perverse sentiments of the "rest" and when they come betwixt duty and the pleasure of the crowd, they will foolhardily sacrifice the right to a little "puff" from their comrades.

In unity there is strength even when combined for sinister designs, and this is the reason why "Young America" makes such sweeping disasters over the land. Such parasitical upstarts are as annoying to honest people as the obnoxious weeds along the roadside. One feels insulted in his dignity as man to witness young men, sycophants they should be called, slavishly clinging to others for support and trying to imitate them in everything, except in something good.

Moral, individual men we want. We are physically individual men — each one has a body and soul of his own distinct from any other. We are metaphysically individual men — each one enjoys free will and the

consciousness of possessing it; we can determine ourselves, whereas the beast is determined by some agent or circumstance over which it has no control. But we should also be morally individual men — by exercising our free will in seeking and doing the right, in living up to our honest convictions, in following consistently the true principles of morality, in doing what we think is wise, prudent, and right, regardless of the adverse criticism of perverse companions.

It is true, boys should lose nothing of their genial and hearty freshness and youthfulness of character, they should not “be turned into men before their time”, for they cannot have the firm and settled character of the adult, nor are they supposed to possess it; but they can and should strive to acquire it and by doing so they will already show manliness.

But the young man must, at the same time, guard against extremes, in which he is very apt to run by becoming falsely independent, self-conceited, stubborn, haughty and vainglorious. Men too easily confound license with liberty. They clamor for equality and liberty, but mean freedom from restraint of any kind — which is rank anarchy.

No; we can never set ourselves up as independent lords, but as St. Paul says, be subject to higher powers. We cannot take reason alone as our guide, as it has ever proved itself insufficient and fatal; we must consult religion and experienced advisors. We must look up to virtuous men for our models. By doing so, we are not mere hangers-on; after all we follow our own best convictions; we reason and do the right, because we know it to be the right and because we have determined to do it.

Thus we have seen that, of the three phases of a college education, the moral education of a young man is, after all, the most difficult of acquisition, the most important in worth, and the most valued in the world. It is the most difficult in as much as it is self-education and calls for a knowledge of one's self, though every man, with

a good and earnest will, can attain it; it is the most important, as it is the only education that makes a man — a whole man; it is the most valued, because it is the most easily seen and the most demanded.

Such students, therefore, as endeavor to obtain moral excellence will observe the rules and regulations of the house, because they are subservient to their interests, because they are conducive to moral excellence. They will understand why rules are made and will consider them books of reference in their moral education. Such students also will have success in life; they will be at premium in the world of interest and business; they will be sought for and will bear away the palms and laurels; they will lead in society, accomplish something in this world, and leave behind them the grateful memory of having been an ornament and a benefit to mankind.

B. A. DIDIER.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

OF KARL MAY.

Africa!—

Hail thee, O land of deepest mysteries! Mounted on noble steed I shall cross thy barren deserts, through thy glowing Hamada the dromedary's hoof shall speed my journey, in the umbrage of thy palms I shall wander and satiate mine eyes with the view of thy myrage, thy verdant oasis shall court my person and bid me think of thy former days, thy mournful present I shall there bewail and of thy future dream.

Hail thee O land of sunshine, of tropical tint and of nature's grandeur! In the icy north I perceived thy tepid breath, to thy many fables I have listened with pleasure, the rustling of thy distant psalms, roared forth by thy unique nature, has afforded me moments of delight, but delight was enhanced, when I saw the sprightly goat rush forward to the spacious plain giving vent to its inner impulse.

In the depths of thy waters the hippopotamus sought his food, neath the tread

f the elephant and rhinoceros were huge depressions formed, in the muddy bed of the Nile the crocodile sought his comfort, whilst the shady brambles offered ease to the slumber of the ferocious lion. My feet were feddered, but my spirit hastened to thee. Then echoed the musket's report and the clangor of steel became audible, in the impious arena were despairing figures moving, chains were clattering, slaves were howling, and heavily laden the caravan took its oriental course, whereas the majestic ship had steered in opposite direction. From the lonely hut of the Hariri was issued a piercing shrill, the Minaret hights were the scenes of Mueddin worship, the sons of the forest were directing their look towards the east, and the Dschellab recited his pious Lubecka, alah heme, I am here, O my God!

Hail thee, O land of my longing! At length I perceive the nod of thy coast, I inhale the flood of thy purest atmosphere and drink the sweet whiff of thy vapors. Thy native tongues are known to me, yet I meet no pleasant face to greet me with a smile, I behold no hand extended to offer the band of friendship—but lo! from your verdant shore the stately palm is beconing and the mountain tops extend their welcome, be with us. O stranger! be with us!

In Australia I hunted the emu and kangaroo, in Bengal the tiger and in the United States the grizzly and bison. In the far west I chanced to meet a man, who like myself, for mere adventure's sake, braved the Indians' territory, he, on all occasions, proved to be a faithful friend and mate. Sir Eméry was an Englishman of the purest crystal, proud, noble, cold, brave to audacity, he always possessed his presence of mind, was an expert wrestler, a clever fighter, a shure shot, he was ever ready to offer any sacrifice in behalf of a friend.

Besides these many qualities, good Sir Emery was possessed of a few peculiarities which readily betrayed his nation. To a stranger they might have proved repulsive, to me, however, they were no cause of disturbance, but, on the contrary, they afforded

me frequent amusements and notwithstanding these minor faults we parted at New Orleans as the best of friends embracing the resolution soon to meet again. Algier was appointed the rendezvous. Our choice was, by no means, ill-grounded.

Bothwell, like myself, was, if the expression be admissible, a vagabond, his eager desire of adventures induced him to explore the most hidden recesses. His knowledge of Africa, however, was very limited; he had been in the south and passed in the north from Morocco to Tripolis, he therefore entertained the desire to acquaint himself with the more inner part of this territory. Saharra and Sudan claimed his attention, these places explored he wished again to return to civilization. He had at Algier a relative with whom he formerly sojourned and by whom he had acquired a knowledge of the Arabic tongue. By him, a Mr. Latreaumont, we were again to meet.

As regards myself, during my school years, I was greatly interested in the study of the Arabic language the result of which led to a primary introduction thereof, and I had ample opportunity to perfect my then deficient speech during my visit in Egypt. Our interviews on the prairies offered sufficient occasion to exercise our language, and so I embarked the steamer Vulkan at Marseille with the consoling conviction that I would be able to converse with the sons of Sahara.

Africa appeared to us, like to all others, as the land of mysteries yet to be solved. To solve them was our dangerous project; still interesting episodes were anticipated and we were filled with ecstasy when we recalled the time in which we laid prostrate the jaguar and buffalo, for we wished in like manner to test our rifles on the panther and lion. Jealousy prevailed in the heart of Bothwell when he perused the deeds of Gerard, the Lionslayer; he therefore concluded to procure, at any rate, the hides of several lions.

About one year had elapsed since our

departure; yet the time of my arrival was known to him and he was likewise aware of the fact that I had embarked a French steamer. I was not a little disturbed, therefore, to notice his absence when I viewed the multitude of dark natives who had come to welcome their acquaintance.

Algier is situated on the western shore of a crescent-like gulf and it presents its entire front to the view of the ship. The city exhibited a peculiar, ghostlike spectacle. The many chalk-colored dwellings void of roofs and windows rising to the mountain tops formed the appearance of a huge lime stone or a prodigious glacier bathing in the rays of the noon-day sun. High up on the mountain's summit was visible the Bastion of the emperor's fort, whilst at the foot of the same various fortifications were seen.

Groups of Negroes, of both sex, were moving about on the quay; women covered from head to foot in the most variegated veils; Masons and Jews in Turkish costume; half-breeds of every dye; lords and damsels dressed in European attires, and French militia of every grade and order.

I ordered my baggage conveyed to the hotel de Paris located on the street Bab-el-Qued. There I enjoyed a short repose after which I betook myself to the street Bab-Azoun on which the house of Mr. Latreaumont's lay.

My card was presented and immediately the host appeared:

"Bien venu, bien venu, monseigneur, not here, not here. Pray, follow me that I may introduce you to "Madame and Mademoiselle", patiently have we awaited your arrival."

This unexpected reception affected me strongly. "Patiently they awaited my arrival, I a stranger, and why?"

Latreaumont was of a small stature yet very active, he had scaled the marble steps before I had left one half of it in the rear. The house, in former days, was the place of a rich Muselman, the Arabic architecture together with its French equipments ex-

cited much admiration. I was ushered through a spacious hall which led to the parlor. Madame was sitting in her sedan amusing herself with the reading of a romance. Her attire was composed of a black silk dress of European style. Mademoiselle was reclining in a satan divan and wore the levant comforts. A white silk gown reaching from girtle to ankle adorned the body whilst the naked feet were enclosed in gold-sticked slippers, the finest embroidery interwoven with gold and silver covered the neck and breast, a covering of various dyes adorned the hair. Both arose as I entered, but they could scarcely conceal their surprise which the behavior of the host excited by permitting me to enter this appartement without previous introduction, but scarcely had they heard my name mentioned when their surprise was converted into excessive joy.

Madame approached me and seizing my hand exclaimed: "What a joy your presence affords us! Our longing for thee was unlimited. Now our commotion is dispelled, for you will accompany our gallant Bothwell and assist him in the pursuit of Renald."

"Cheerfully, Madame, shall I do that if it be your desire, but I beg leave to inquire who Renald is, and what exigence exists between him and Bothwell?"

"What, you are ignorant of it, know nothing of it? Mon dieu! Why, the whole city is aware of it."

"But, Blanche", interrupted Latreaumont, "know you not that Monseigneur just arrived aboard the Messagerie?"

"Vraiment! True! But pray be seated, and Clarion please to welcome our guest."

The young lady bowed with the greatest courtesy and her mother kindly escorted me to a seat. The reception was mysterious, and I viewed the approaching person with expectation.

(To be continued.)

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EDITORIAL.

With the dawn of the new scholastic year "The Collegian" also enters upon a new year's work. Greatly encouraged by the success achieved during its short existence, this first issue is given to the public with the highest hopes that our past success may be increased. Glancing into the future, the prospects for the new year are, indeed, favorable. The old name "St. Joseph's Collegian" will be retained, and the journal will be under the direction of a staff of Editors who will spare no trouble to bring "The Collegian" to a high degree of literary excellence. Reports of both class and society work will find their way into its columns, since it is pre-eminently a College publication, and each issue will contain notes of personal interest to the friends and relatives of every student. Former students must realize in it an indispensable medium through which to keep alive that love they always manifested towards their Alma Mater.

Again we stand on the threshold of a new scholastic year. Many, indeed, who have left home for the first time, may have imagined the joys and pleasures of college-life as something to be depicted in the liveliest colors, while students of former experience have, perhaps, returned with all the happy remembrances of a pleasant vacation still fresh in their minds. But, whether lately matriculated or already well-established in the rules and customs of college life, all should remember that they are entering upon a time of earnest work, and that their success will depend entirely upon themselves. They have been blessed with opportunities that have not been proffered to every youth, and under no circumstances should they abuse their golden privileges.

The great auxiliary to class work is that of society work. In the class room the theoretical part of education is developed, but it remains for the society hall to behold education from a practical standpoint. A man may be ever so learned in book-knowledge, boast of scholarly attainments, and even make specialties of certain branches, but if his genius is not sufficiently developed to reduce his lore to some practical benefit, in the end it will avail him very little. Society circles cannot but exert a beneficial influence in this direction since their sole object is to bring home to their members every means by which they may become honorable, active, and useful citizens.

Elsewhere in "The Collegian" mention is made of services held throughout the Ft. Wayne Diocese in commemoration of the sacrilegious taking of Rome, where thousands of loyal Catholics are compelled to see the Italian standard proudly waving over unjust possessions. Though the venerable Pontiff Leo XIII. is still a prisoner, there is not a ruling potentate to-day, free to exercise all imperial authority that is more universally respected. And even though the Italian government should now gloriously

celebrate this tyrannical act as a triumph, the day will come when that land, now pregnated with social disorder, will severely rue that unprovoked attack upon Christ's Vicar and His Holy Church.

Among the later publications of the year, there is one that must possess a particular charm for every Catholic citizen. It is the "History of the University of Notre Dame" composed as a souvenir of the University's golden jubilee. The volume is dedicated to the students of that institution and charmingly tells the tale of the many hardships those noble missionaries underwent, who struggled so heroically against every inconvenience, and bore patiently every hardship, in order to see their charitable and lofty designs of education ripen into a fruitful harvest. Recounting, as it does, the important services Notre Dame has rendered to the cause of science and learning during those fifty years, it cannot but receive a hearty welcome from the entire educated class of our day. The volume also contains a number of illustrations which add greatly to the beautiful appearance of the work.

CHANGE IN THE FACULTY.

Several changes have been made in the faculty of the College this year. Owing to ill health, Father John has been compelled to cease, for a time at least, all college work, and consequently his classes have been transferred to other professors. Messrs. Basil Didier, Ambrose Seimetz, Linus Stahl and Benno Baunach, all C. P. S. scholastics, who have all completed their college curriculum, have been added to the staff of teachers. Messrs. Didier, Seimetz, and Baumach are assistant prefects, the latter being prefect of the religious students and the two former of the seculars. A prefect is in the study hall continually during hours of study. Mr. Stahl has charge of the classes of the minim department.

The Reverend Fathers connected with

the College have, with a few exceptions, the same grade of work, and almost the same classes that they had last year. But Father Maximilian has been relieved, by the appointment of the assistant prefects, of much of the routine work of that position, and though still prefect of discipline, he has taken several new classes.

Father Rector is giving more time to personal supervision of different classes than formerly. Father Benedict has taken charge of the classes in Latin and English formerly taught by Father John, and divided the work in French with Mr. Didier. Father Clement has taken charge of another class in Mathematics and given over much of his music work to Prof. Hemmersbach.

The large increase in the number of the students, as well as the broadening of the course of studies, has necessitated the formation of many new classes, and added considerably to the work of the faculty. But, with the addition made to the staff of teachers, every student finds himself accommodated with classes suitable to his needs and requirements, and, with good, earnest work on the part of the students themselves, this year will be the most successful in the history of the College.

THE INDIAN SCHOOL.

WE are sorry to announce that the St. Joseph's Normal School for Indians has not as yet been able to enter upon its year's work.

We presume that most of our readers are familiar with the history of this institution, but for the benefit of those who may not be acquainted with it we shall briefly review it.

Several years ago Rt. Rev. Jos. Dwenger, Bishop of Ft. Wayne, gave to the Catholic Indian bureau the farm on which the school now stands. Miss Catherine Drexel, now Mother Catherine, furnished the money required for the necessary buildings, and the management of the school was given over to

the Fathers of the Community of the Most Precious Blood. Indian boys, both Catholic and non-Catholic, were secured from reservations in different parts of the country and the work of teaching was begun in the fall of 1889.

Under the then existing laws the government entered into a contract with the fathers having charge of the school, that is with the Father Rector of the school, by which it agreed to give one hundred and thirty five dollars per annum for each student attending the school, the maximum number of the students being seventy.

Under this agreement, the school prospered, and those in charge of the institution made many improvements on the farm, and additions to the workshops. The average number of students for each year was about sixty. All the ordinary common school branches were taught, and each boy was required to devote a certain amount of time to industrial exercises. During its six years of existence the school has accomplished much good, and promised to become a useful instrument in the civilization and education of the Indian.

But all this was changed by the action of Congress last winter. A law was passed discontinuing future appropriations for the maintenance of contract schools for Indians. This appropriation, however, was not to be discontinued at once, but to be reduced gradually, one-fifth each year for five years, at the end of which time it is to cease entirely.

Rev. Francis Shalk, C. PP. S., the present rector of the Indian school, naturally expected that, according to the terms of this law the school would this year receive four-fifths of the allowance made to it in former years. But last June he was informed by the commissioner of Indian affairs that this school was to be excluded from the list of those that were to receive a portion of this year's appropriation. According to his construction of the law a certain number of schools was to be discontinued each year; and the reason he gave for striking off the

Normal School at this place was that it is further from an Indian reservation than any other contract school in the United States.

This decision was manifestly contrary to the spirit of the law. Father Shalk called the attention of Mgr. Stephan, the head of the Catholic Indian bureau of the United States, to this decision. After a considerable amount of negotiations and vexatious delays, Mgr. Stephan has finally secured a modification of the order. He has sent word to the authorities of the school that the government has consented to allow them forty Indians this year.

Mother Catherine has forwarded eight hundred dollars to be used in defraying the traveling expenses of the boys coming to the school, for not only does the school have to pay the car fare of the boys in most cases, but it is also a common thing to have to furnish them with clothing before they can be brought here. It is expected that the required number will soon be collected from the reservations and work once more resumed at the Indian School.

J. F. COGAN.

THE EXCHANGE COLUMN.

It has been asserted — and rightly — that the Exchange column of a College Journal exerts an influence of paramount importance to the detriment or success of the paper. To our editorial friends this is but a repetition of that which has already been proven by experience; but it is not even necessary to launch your "curious ship" upon the sea of experience to be assured of this. Considering the object for which this column has been set aside and the circumstances surrounding the publishing in general, the fact will be relieved of its doubtful appearance.

The Exchange Column is the medium of communication between the different College papers and it is understood that in order to secure recognition from laborers in the same field and at the same time become

acquainted with the trend of "College thought", we must be liberal in our treatment of the productions of others, and that, while we are justified in deeming our private success of primary significance, we are not allowed an indiscrete use of critical power to belittle the efforts of those who may forge ahead, in order that we may not suffer by comparison with them.

Although there is not a negative and positive feature to every thing in this world, still as a College Journal of even moderate pretensions may do good it may also do harm — exactly as "the first violinist in an orchestra may wag his head, nod earnestly to the right and to the left, and enter heart and soul into the music-oblivious to all things else", but the player of the bass-violin — though seemingly unimportant, "sawing quietly on his strings and pouring the rich undercurrent of harmony into the music, which few hear and fewer care for" is just as assential to the correct production of the music as he who is all bustle and energy. An error on his part mars the beauty of the performance. So it is with a College paper whose articles bespeak a want of knowledge and whose Exchange Column informs us of an ill-timed, injudicious critic. His ire is raised at the first sight of an adverse criticism although intended for reciprocal improvement — the only object a critic may justly have in view. Such a paper may claim a place in College journalism, but that rich undercurrent of harmony which it is supposed to inject will ever be wanting. Sooner or later it will be confined to narrow limits where it may roam unrestricted. It may seem strange that it could acquire any influence whatever in circles outside its own, but a worthless book has a diminishing effect on the literature of the day.

We recognize our youthfulness in the journalistic field, but we enter the field as competitors for high honors. We were complimented by several of our exchanges last year, but we hope the critics will not be

chary of their impartial and discerning criticism as we will certainly derive profit therefrom. And if an Exchange editor becomes rampant about "The Collegian" we will not permit it to act as a damper upon friendly relations but reserve to ourselves the right to submit our critical opinion in return in order to render our E. column subservient to the purpose for which it has been set aside—namely to exchange views and defend those we broach when unjustly or hastily questioned.

The Mountaineer is somewhat lukewarm in its devotion to the Muses, although the rendering of foreign poetry into English verse is praiseworthy. But the prose composition gives ample testimony of the high standard it has sustained during the year. "Literary Criticism and one of its masters" is an excellent article. It is introduced by a few remarks on criticism and gradually develops into a parallel between Bro. Azarias and Jas. Russel Lowell. It is not a mere recital of ideas and quotations culled from the above authors, but abounds in striking and original thought. The parallel, especially when it turns about Dante, is nicely drawn.

The Young Eagle typographically, is very neat, but the disposition of the paper is capable of decided improvement. The June number gives a good insight into the workings of the school. We also meet with a woeful lack of poetical effusions where we should least expect such a deficiency — at a Young Ladies' Academy.

The tone of St. Vincent's Journal portends a bright and successful year for that paper, if conducted along the lines of the Sept. number. The article on Archbishop Hughes is ably written and interspersed with suitable quotations. Apropos of the article, we would remark that one fault of our College essayists is that they fail to introduce prose quotations as originally found but

deem it necessary to express the idea in their own words. An essay, in their estimation, is below the standard if not consisting wholly of their own English. This is wrong. No rule of either propriety, grammar, or rhetoric is violated by enlivening the composition by appropriate quotations when the author is given credit and no attempt is made to improve upon the English. Essays are written, not only to be exponents of an English course, but also to persuade and induce others to receive the opinions contained therein. On these grounds the article is given praise.

The remainder of our exchanges were mentioned in the June number. Those who exchanged last year, we ask to continue, and we take this opportunity of inviting every College journal to exchange, as we hope that when the year shall have elapsed, our exchange list will be greatly augmented by the addition of many new friends.

THE COLLEGE BATTALION.

The officers of the battalion met as soon as possible after returning from their vacation and made the necessary preparations to begin the work of the military department. At the meeting it was decided to commence drilling on the very first regular drill day of the scholastic year.

Consequently, on the 13th inst. the bugler sounded the assembly, which brought not only those who were obliged to drill according to the rules laid down in the catalogue of the college, but also nearly all those who had reached the age limit—21 years, into the spacious armory.

Such a large number of recruits at once suggested the idea of forming another division, although two are already in existence. Shortly after, at the first regular meeting of the battalion, another company was formed, taking the name of "Walz Cadets", in honor of our ex-Chaplain who has been compelled to sever his connection with the military on

account of the great amount of work devolving upon him in the other departments of the college.

Although we regret the loss of such a noble Chaplain as Father Maximilian proved himself to be for the battalion, yet we felt that the interests of the battalion would be well cared for, when we were informed that the faculty had appointed such an able man to succeed him as Rev. Raphael Schmaus.

Father Schmaus is experienced in military affairs, having been a director of several societies for drilling in the different parishes which he has attended.

One new feature of this department this year will be the "School of the Battalion" as also skirmishing which the Major has recently decided to have practised in detail. The Boebner Columbian Guards have also reorganized and their number is increased to sixteen. The membership will consist of all lieutenants and sergeants of the battalion and such privates as show a special aptitude for military tactics. With such bright prospects before us we feel confident that a successful year is approaching and that this department, which but a few years ago was a very insignificant affair, will continue to grow and bear good fruit.

The following assignment of officers to the companies has been made for the present year:

Co. A.

Seifert Light Guards.

Capt. J. B. Fitzpatrick,
I. Lieut. Fr. Kuenle,
II. Lieut. Jos. Kohne,
I. Serg. Jos. Pfeifer,
II. Serg. Wm. Hordeman.

Co. B.

Walz Cadets.

Capt. E. J. Mungovan,
I. Lieut. Edw. Koenig,
II. Lieut. Jos. Engesser,
I. Serg. Thos. Travis,
II. Serg. Felix Seroczynski.

The following are the new members:

Jno. C. Wakefer, F. J. Koch, Alb. Reister, M. Roth, A. Roth, Geo. Senkpiel, Chris. Class, A. Stephenson, Chas. Romer, B. Heckman, J. Boeke, E. Misch, J. McNeil, F. Hurst, L. Fralich, M. Beach, T. McLoughlin, E. Byrne, H. Reichert, W. Laib, C. Frey, J. Steinbrunner, H. Kavelage, Geo. Aug, E. Sweitzer, M. Shea, R. Murphy, G. Jeffrey, R. Peele, E. Murphy.

LAW. A. EBERLE.

SPORTING NEWS.

The Star and Crescent Base Ball Club has re-organized and re-elected the following officers for the ensuing term: Manager, Jas. B. Fitzpatrick; Capt., Jos. A. Pfeifer; Sec., Ed. J. Mungovan. Owing to the absence of a number of the old players, five new members were admitted to membership, and the outlook for this year's pennant is very promising.

Sunday, Sept. 15th, the Eagles met and defeated the Star and Crescent Club in a hotly contested game of ball. The score was close throughout the whole game, and kept the enthusiasts guessing which side would finally triumph. The battery work of both teams was above the average, and considering that neither club practiced much—this being the first game of the season—each player must be commended for the manner in which he upheld his respective side.

Score by innings:

Eagles	1 0 0 3 0 3 1 0 3	— 11
Star and Crescent	1 0 2 1 0 1 1 0 2	— 8

The second time the Stars and Crescents crossed bats with the sturdy Eagles, the tables were turned, and the "Blues" left the campus victorious. It was one of the most exciting games ever played, the Eagles being unable to lead until the seventh inning, when they found themselves one score ahead. In the eight, however, the "Stars" evened up matters, and the Reds finished the inning with a goose egg. The last inning saw the "Crescents" add three runs to their credit,

but the Eagles, failing to score, left the "Stars" victors in the ratio of 13 to 10.

Capt. Pfeifer, of the Stars and Crescents pitched an excellent game, allowing only seven hits off of his delivery. Barnard distinguished himself as a fielder, by catching two difficult long run flies. Bessinger of the Eagles also deserves credit for his heavy batting.

Score by innings:

Star and Crescent	1 1 0 7 0 0 0 1 3	—13
Eagles	0 1 1 1 3 1 3 0 0	—10

Increasing enthusiasm is displayed as the Foot Ball season approaches. Two temporary organizations have already been effected, and both clubs seem confident of the pennant. The number of games to be played, the time of games etc. will be settled with the permanent organization, and lovers of the sport are looking for "royal" times when the work is begun.

There is a movement on foot for the formation of a Tennis Club. It is hoped that the organization will meet with success.

E. MUNGOVAN.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. John A. Bleckman of Michigan City has always been a welcomed guest at the College, but never more so than on the 11th, when a hearty reception was given him in honor of his return from an extended trip to Europe. After the serenade by the band, Father Bleckman made a short address, complimenting the boys on their music and promising to give them an account of his trip at some future visit. We hope our Rev. Friend will be able to fulfil his promise at an early date, as it will certainly be a rare treat.

Father Berg, our neighboring friend and pastor of Remington, has also returned from a sojourn across the Atlantic and was likewise tendered a reception on the occasion

of his visit on the 15th. In thanking the boys for their entertainment, Father Berg made a few well-chosen remarks, on the advantages offered them by the College and spoke in high terms on the close bond of sympathy which he had observed to exist between them and their Rev. Professors.

The sudden report that Father Schram, pastor at Reynolds, was dangerously ill with typhoid fever at the hospital in Lafayette, caused us much concern during the first of the month and many an earnest prayer was offered for his recovery, which, we are glad to learn, is now assured. We hope he will soon be able to return to his church and, by his neighborly calls, keep up the genial friendship so long existing between us.

The Rev. Leopold Linder, C. PP. S., a former professor at the College and now Chaplain of the Alexian Brother's Hospital, Chicago, was with us again last week.

Father Kroll of Chesterton and Father Dominic Schunk, C. PP. S., of Wanatah, were our guests during the early part of the month.

It is a matter of universal regret that Father John Nageleisen, C. PP. S., has been compelled by failing health to relinquish his classes and leave the college for a few months in the hope that a rest and a change will bring about an improvement. Father John has always been an indefatigable worker, having had, besides his full share of classes, the care of his monthly paper, "The Messenger", and its German edition, "Der Botschafter," devoted to the Poor Souls; all of which accounts in no little measure for the weakening of his rugged constitution. His improvement is earnestly to be hoped for, since he has so endeared himself to every student that a long absence would be severely felt.

Edw. Mug of LaFayette is now a student of Purdue University in his native city, having successfully passed the examinations

necessary for admission into the Freshman class. Ed's many friends and classmates here will be glad to hear of his success, and hope that the industry and perseverance which made him the proud possessor of the first honors awarded by St. Joseph's—his commercial diploma—will acquire for him new success in his future studies.

Frank Schloer, one of our last year's commercial students is holding a lucrative position as collector in the First National Bank at his home in Hammond.

Jas. Reilly, another Hammondite, is now a government employee at his home post-office.

Professor Carl Hemmersbach, who so ably conducted the musical department two years ago, is once more with us in his old position, having resigned his charge as organist at a Redemptorist Church, Boston. The professor has the advantages of an extensive musical education, having studied both in this country and in the celebrated schools of Europe, and is an eminently qualified director, as the band, which owes its early training to his efforts, and also the rapid progress of his students, so well testify. Welcome back again, professor.

Sylvester Heinen, a professor at the Indian Normal School, is now acting in the capacity of travelling agent for the Spiritual Benevolent Fraternity.

Rev. Anselm Schmidt, C. PP. S., chaplain at Hot Springs, California, made a pleasant visit at the College recently.

Henry Geyer of Celina, Ohio, spent a few days here last week, visiting his friends, Wm. Brinkman and Chas. Romer.

It will no doubt be news to many of our old students to learn of the marriage of Henry F. Droesch, a normal student of 1892-3, and a charter member of the Columbian Literary Society. Since leaving college, Mr. Droesch has been teaching with the best of success in the public schools of Mercer County, Ohio. "The Collegian" extends congratulations.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Back once more.

Everything looks cheerful again.

No, not poetry just reading matter.

Buy your tickets here for a free show.

Just think only three more months until vacation.

'Rah! for the Star and Crescents, they have won at last.

Who can inform "Black Joe" what the occupation of an attorney is?

The nutting season is again at hand, and students are forming parties to take advantage of the sport.

Bart, being asked by the captain to play ball, replied, "My foot is too stiff to throw a ball."

The surroundings on the north side of the college have been considerably improved during vacation. Dame Nature is now spreading her verdant garment to the very college walls.

Mr. Frank Muinch of Mishawaka, Ind., who entered St. Joseph's College last year, has joined the Community of the Precious Blood and is now in the south-side study-hall with the C. P. S. scholastics. His student name is now Vincent.

Upon entering the refectory this year, the students were greeted by its new and smiling attire of decorated walls and lily-white table cloths. The benches also have been exchanged for chairs and two new tables added, all of which helps to make the dining room very inviting.

The first two weeks of the scholastic year were illfavored with oppressively hot weather, so that the persistent heat had a depressing effect upon the mind and bodies of the students and rendered class work somewhat dull and heavy. But the refreshing atmosphere that now prevails has already regaled the languid and drooping spirits, and every brain-shop is now running with full force.

The loudest blowers at Collegeville have now been ousted from the College—we mean the horn-blowers of the Military band,

which has now its headquarters in a separate building away from the College. Of course Simon is still in the main building most of the time, but people say one can also become accustomed to the roaring of Niagara Falls.

Father Mark has been appointed to succeed Father John as Spiritual Director of the Marian Sodality.

The members of the Columbian Literary Society are making preparations for a proper celebration of Columbus Day. A program suitable for the occasion has been arranged by the executive committee and adopted by the society. The program promises to be one of unusual excellence as the talent engaged is good. Many old favorites are among those to appear.

Mr. Frank Kuenle has just returned to the college fresh from the climes of Europe. He has made an extensive tour with his mother through Germany, France, and Switzerland. We hope he may soon favor the "Collegian" with a description of his trip.

Since July the 1st the College has mail service twice a day. The carrier delivers the mail in the morning at 8:30 and in the afternoon at 4 o'clock. Brother William has been the faithful post-man ever since the post-office was established at Collegeville and is always welcomed with his precious pouch.

Two of our good-natured secular students happened, by mere good fortune, to meet a band of Russian emigrants as they were passing through Peru on their way to the College. Both immediately found themselves at home and before long made an acquaintance, which it seems was never to be forgotten by the tanned foreigners; for hardly two weeks later the whole band came stalking into the college premises with bear, monkey, grind-organ, and everything imaginable in search of their two friends. Whether it was all a made-up affair or merely intended for an occasional visit to their newly made acquaintances could not be determined.

Instead of Rays Higher Arithmetic, Father Clement has retained Rays Practical in one of his lower arithmetic and algebra classes this year. The object in view is to use the text book as a basis and to introduce various miscellaneous test examples, thus economizing much otherwise useless time and labor and profiting the class very greatly.

The cyclone which passed through Collegeville the 11th ult. lowered the thirty feet iron flag staff even with the roof and somewhat changed the position of the large iron cross on the main tower. Otherwise no serious damage was done at the College. The city of Rensselaer, however, was not so fortunate. The tower of the Catholic church was entirely demolished and the roof of the large clothing establishment of Ellis and Murray was carried some distance away.

In compliance with the Episcopal letter of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the Diocese, special services were held in the chapel on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the capture of the States of the Church by Victor Emmanuel, as an expression of sympathy and devotion to the Holy Father. High Mass was celebrated at the usual hour by Father Benedict, and in the evening the Rosary was recited and the litany of the Saints chanted, in presence of the Blessed Sacrament for the welfare of the Church and that of her temporal head. The entire house also received Holy Communion on the following Sunday for the same intention.

Besides the erection of the bowling-alley many other improvements have been made around the premises during vacation; notably the building of the granary and feed-mill, and the large poultry house and other changes of lesser importance in the main building. The most practically useful, however, is the telephone connection with Rensselaer, by which telegrams can be sent and received much quicker and at considerably less expense; the time of arrival of belated trains ascertained, and many a business trip to town saved.

This is the last collegiate year at St. Joseph's for the sixth Latin class, which has received a new member this month in the person of Mr. J. Wakefer. The other members are Messrs. Cogan, Betsner, Fitzpatrick, Conroy, Wechter, and Abel. All are in good health and excellent spirits and we may expect some literary treats from the first graduating class this year.

ROLL OF HONOR.

J. Cogan, J. Betzner, J. Fitzpatrick, T. Conroy, J. Wechter, J. Abel, J. Wakefer, L. Eberle, J. Connelly, E. Mungovan, W. Sullivan, E. Vogel, J. Zurcher, F. Koch, A. Riester, T. Reitz, G. Heimburger, T. Brachmann, D. Brachmann, V. Krull, J. Rapp, P. Steiert, R. Theis, F. Kuenle, T. Travis, J. Wonderly, A. Roth, E. Ley, W. Hordeman, M. Roth, C. Class, C. Romer, Wm. Brinkman, J. Kohne, J. Pfeifer, C. Didier, P. Cosgrove, B. Heckman, J. Dwenger, J. Boeke, E. Misch, F. Hurst, T. McLaughlin, E. Byrne, H. Reichert, W. Laib, J. Steinbruner, M. Koester, D. Schneider, C. Mohr, S. Kuhmmench, H. Fehrenbach, V. Muinch, L. Linz, C. Faist, E. Deininger, H. Kelvelage, G. Aug. M. Shay, H. Meighan, G. Jeffrey.

Every student may not be able to distinguish himself by proficiency in class-work, but all may obtain the highest notes for good conduct and close application to their studies. To parents and guardians the Roll of Honor will be an interesting feature in the "Collegian". Nothing will convince them better that their sacrificing endeavors in behalf of their children and clients are nobly appreciated and seconded than to see the names of their dear ones appear in the honorable mention at the end of each month. Although a quarterly report giving the notes of conduct and application as well as the percentages of their boys in every class is sent to them by the Rev. Faculty, nevertheless the publicity of the Roll of Honor in the college paper will, it is hoped, prove an additional incentive to the praiseworthy aspirations of the young men. Pref.



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AUTUMN.

WHEN brown and sere the leaves begin
to turn,
The cheerless winds go whistling through
the trees,
Where silence reigned in haunts of birds
and bees.
The twilight comes with soft and ruddy
glow;
And all the fields a dreary aspect show;
Cross Neptune's waves hold sceptre o'er
the sea;
The cruel lips of Autumn kiss to freeze;
And icy rains give pressure to the snow.
And so our life, fades to a darkening close,
And thus we go, from manhood to old age,
Our youthful hopes drop as the falling
leaves,
But not forever; like a star hope glows;
And shines anew in each succeeding stage,
To bring us nearer to eternal ease.

JOHN C. WAKEFER.

MYSTIC SPHINXES.

AMONG all the nations of antiquity,
mysterious Egyptian-land, the abode
of the Sphinx, is the most remarkable for
stability of government, wisdom of laws,
fertility of soil and its numerous monu-

ments. The proficiency which the ancient Egyptians attained, indicate to the traveller of to-day, wandering amid the ruins, the records of the infancy of civilized man. One stands spellbound, while contemplating the immensity of its ruins, the vastness of its edifices, the numberless remains of ancient magnificence, the most gigantic efforts of plastic art any race has left behind. Stupendous and mysterious symbolism characterize all the monuments of this strange people. Immense pyramids, holding closely hidden chambers of solemn mystery, vast temples, courts, areas and halls, lofty rose-tinted obelisks, towers, sitting-statues, colossal figures, crypts and catacombs cut out of rocks, shafts of columnus, blocks of granite, broken scraps of walls and finally long avenues of huge Sphinxes.

As one enters the valley of the Nile, these wierd rocks, buried half to the neck in sand, stand like sentinels, on the banks of the river which "flows through old hushed Egypt and its sand, like some grave thought threading a dream."

Older than the pyramids, as it were, older than history, these monsters lie couchant, like a watch-dog, looking ever to the east as if for some dawn that has not yet risen.

According to the legendary history, the Sphinx is an ancient Egyptian divinity, who personified wisdom and fertility o

Nature. She is represented as a lion couchant, with the head and bust of a woman, and wears a peculiar sort of hood, which completely envelopes her head and falls down on either side of her face. Transplanted into Egypt, this deity degenerates into a malignant power. Hera, being on one occasion displeased with the Thebans, sent them this awful monster as a punishment for their offences. The Sphinx, taking her seat on a rocky eminence near the city of Thebes, commanding a pass which the Thebans were compelled to traverse in their usual way of business, propounded to all comers a riddle, and if they failed to solve it, she tore them to pieces.

During the reign of King Creon, so many people had fallen a sacrifice to this monster, that he determined by every effort to rid the country of so terrible a scourge. On consulting the oracle of Delphi, he was informed that the only way to destroy the Sphinx, was to solve one of the riddles she proposed, then she would immediately precipitate herself from the rock on which she was seated.

Creon accordingly made a public declaration to the effect, that whoever could give the true solution of a riddle propounded by the monster, should obtain the crown and the hand of his sister Jocaste.

Oedipus offered himself as a candidate and proceeded to the spot where the Sphinx kept guard; he received from her the following riddle for solution. „What creature goes in the morning on four legs, at noon on two, and in the evening on three?”

Oedipus replied that it must be man, who, during his infancy creeps on “all fours”, in his prime, walks erect on two legs, and when old age has enfeebled his powers, calls a staff to his assistance and thus, as it were, has three legs. The Sphinx no sooner heard this reply, which was the correct solution of her riddle, when mortified, she flung herself over the precipice and perished in the abyss below.

Although Ammon is no more consult for oracles, and the sun has ceased to be the eternal source of light, even for the black Nubian; although the huge pyramids, dotting with age, have forgotten the name of their founder, and the Theban Sphinx proposes no more riddles: yet, there are still veritable sphinxes, that seem to be waiting like the Sphinx of Thebes, amid the silence of the desert, the approach of some modern representative, for some modern Oedipus, who shall extricate them from their oblivion. Sphinxes propose enigmas, too profound for solution, and to whose solution it only remains for us to conjecture but conjecture finds no solid ground on which to build the certainty of facts. No voice can tell their secrets; no, not even thought, plunging through the heaped up dust of ages can give a vague and feeble answer to the riddles they propose. They are therefore more mystic than the Nile, with its mysterious company of sphinxes, as solemn reminders of that great workman—the voiceless past. Nature, whenever she has a secret, is stricken mute. True it is:

“The universe is infinitely wide,
And conquering Reason, if self-glorified;
Can no-where move uncrossed
By some new wall, or gulph of mystery.”

Few of the facts of our lives are more mysterious and inexplicable, more paradoxical and contradictory, than the commonest of all, that great sphinx—the mystery of time. It arrives out of the future and shadowy possibility, it crystallizes in that infinitesimal moment we call the present, around whatever we think, we feel, we say or do, and is gone forever, unalterably holding in its adamantine grasp, the irrevocable action. What is done, is done forever; what is omitted, is forever lost. No awful fate, no tremendous doom, no iron necessity can compare with the relentless grasp of time. Every moment, as it goes by, judges us, when the act we put into it, is carved into the terrible past in letters more lasting than those which have resisted the sands and revolutions of Egypt. Those stones

may decay at last and their record be lost, but every moment of our life gives an account of itself in the imperishable record of the past. Time is forever a sphinx, whose riddles strike us dumb, for we have nothing to say about them. It has been said, time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come and the present becomes the past. Time is the measurer of all things, but itself undisclosed and incomprehensible.

The poet invokes another sphinx when he says:

‘Eternity, thou awful gulph of time!
This wide creation on thy surface floats.
Of life—of death—what is, or what shall be,
I nothing know. Death must unfold the
mystery.’

As far as the providential plans are concerned, Providence is another great mysterious power, whose secrets are dark and intricate, and if we attempt to trace them, we will be lost and bewildered in the fruitless search.

Our all-wise and all-loving God, is constantly unfolding secrets to his earthly children. All scientific discovery is the passage from the unknown to the known, every truth discovered is a fresh unfolded secret of the Creator. We drink in new truths, as God gradually reveals them. Thus, the mystery which had baffled the ages was unfolded at last and the old dream of the ‘world secret’, the faith of Copernicus, the vision of Galileo, and the inspiration of Kepler, were triumphantly shown to have been not an idle play, but divine leadings toward the discovery of the greatest truth of Nature that has ever been revealed to man. What that mysterious power is, which binds the universe in one harmonious whole; we do not know, we can only see its workings and define its results. Nature holds her grandest secrets close, and even Newton, her greatest interpreter, after a long life of research, could only sum up his experiences in these significant words:

‘I have been but as a child, playing on

the sea-shore, now finding some pebble more polished, and now, some shell more beautifully variegated, while the great ocean of truth, lies undiscovered before me.’

Another mystery—the future, which is an unmapped territory, every step is literally a step in the dark. The future is a ‘seven sealed book’, and no man can unclose the seals thereof. We discover its contents, only as God unlooses the seals and turns over leaf by leaf, one at the time.

Mysteries lurk in every ray of light, in every blade of grass, in every rudest stone, even the seed which is sown into the earth, will produce an inexplicable secret—the life of a plant. What is it, and why is the protoplasm always busy and active? Study as we may the life of the tiny plant, it is as much a mystery, as our lives. It came like all things, from the bosom of the great Father. Even the little flowers, the stars of the earth, hold the secrets of a sphinx. Thus the poet:

‘Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
Hold you here, root and all in my hand,
Little flower, if I could understand,
What you are, root and all, and all in all.
I should know what God and man is.’

Another sphinx, the mysteriousness of Nature, who does not know it?—terrestrial nature is one huge sphinx. She proposes enigmas too profound for the highest science. From surface to center, the earth is choked with mysteries, whose stony rind has never yet received a blow, much less a fracture, from the mallet of investigation. How long will it be before science will be able to swoop down with triumphant wing, upon the surfaces and fiery centers of those fellow planets that mysteriously weave and interweave paths across the concave, and thoroughly solve all their swarming contents! How many centuries and philosophers did it take, to solve that riddle of the system of the world? Indeed, it is yet very far from solution. Astronomers can only completely account for the movement

of a system of two such bodies, a system of three is quite beyond them, one of a hundred and more bodies, like our solar system, is immeasurably beyond them. There is not even a hope that science, with all its dynamical calculations, will ever undertake this higher problem. But there is a higher problem still. Solar system revolves around solar system, a group of such systems around a similar group, a cluster of such groups around a similar cluster, a firmament of such clusters around a similar firmament.

If a system of three bodies is too much for the most subtle and comprehensible science yet known, however imperial toward mastering such labyrinthian immensity of unsolved orbs, what can be done with the higher problem?

The poet has lent his fictions; the painter, his colors; and the orator, his tropes, to portray two other sphinxes; namely, life and death: What are they? we do not know—

“But this we know;—our loved and dead,
if they should come this day,
Should come and ask us “What is life?”
not one of us could say.

Life is a mystery, as ever death can be;
Yet, oh! how dear it is to us, this life we
live and see.”

“Then might they say—those vanished
ones—and blessed is the thought,
So death is sweet to us beloved, though we
may show you naught; ~~we~~ ~~we~~ ~~we~~
We may not to the quick reveal, the myst-
ery of death,
Ye cannot tell us if ye would, the mystery
of breath.”

Then, finally, when life and death have been completed, then bursts upon us the magnificent panorama of the Apocalypse, from the book of sublime mysteries, which affirms a Maker of these mysteries, who is himself the mightiest of all mysteries. An incomprehensible Creator, a being mysteriously without a beginning, mysteriously self-existent, mysteriously able to make the greatest and noblest things out of nothing, by simple volition, mysteriously all-knowing, mysteriously unfettered in the appli-

cation of his power, knowledge, duration, and personal presence, mysteriously—Three in One.—An unutterable mystery himself, his creations will be mysteries.

Such a mysterious God built the temple of Nature and thus founded it on mysteries, framed it with mysteries, pillared and bal-
lasted it with mysteries, paved and sealed it with a mosaic of mysteries.

J. F. ZIRCHER.

OFF GOTHAM.

PASSING from the great Metropolis of the Empire State over the East River upon one of the principal ferry lines at eventide, one finds himself in a dense motley but orderly crowd of people, whose ruffled faces, lit up by the anticipated joys of the family circle, characterize the business man, the artisan, and the day laborer; all anxious upon arriving at the opposite shore and hastening to reach the first train or trolley car, that diverge and run in every direction over the Island.

During the summer season at nightfall, the throng of people returning to the Metropolitan City over the same way is still greater and of a more cosmopolitan character. The outing garb, as well as the gay and fatigued expression of countenance, of the checkered multitude betray at once a mass of people bound homeward from pleasure and amusement.

A little later after the rush of passengers is over, the scene at the same place becomes dull and dreary, when a long line of creaking, towering trucks, heavily laden with vegetables, makes its way to the boat, reminding one of the immense demands upon our mother earth, to supply with food the many millions of human beings.

From this threefold observation the casual traveler will already be led to think that the Island, lying, as it were, like a huge majestic ship at anchor before the great commercial harbor, must be some-

thing like a vast nautical residence, excursion boat, and nautical tender to the peninsular Metropolis. Indeed, the City of Brooklyn on Long Island is not without reason called the "dormitory of New York" whilst the epithet may, with sufficient foundation, be applied to the entire Island during the summer season, as the rapid transit by way of trolley and railroad makes it possible to clerks and business men to escape the constant hurry and worry of city life and spend a quiet evening or day at their summer residence on the Island amid the cool and chirping boughs of leafy trees.

Separated from New York by the East River and from Connecticut by the Sound on one side, and "swept by ocean breezes" on the other, the Island offers the best facilities and attractions with its numerous bays and inlets for summer resorts. Thousands of people swarm the beach at Manhattan and Rockaway, which have acquired national fame as bathing places. Sousa's celebrated band and Paine's pyrotechnical display, representing the war between China and Japan were, among other inducements, additional attractions at Manhattan this year. The electrical display at this place along the beach is something gorgeous.

To clubs and societies the many landing places and splendid facilities for entertainment hold out most enticing inducements for their annual outing. Organizations, mostly political, and sometimes with many hundred members, arrive daily at one of the points on a chartered boat, and spend the day in various amusements and athletic sports. It is often very difficult to obtain an open date at some of the most popular resorts, as dates are fixed ahead far into September. Here, too, whole families of the laboring class find a suitable and inviting spot to spend a few hours of wholesome recreation on Sunday afternoons, promenading the groves along the shore or sitting under roof and watching the many nimble launches, smoothly gliding yachts, and merry excursion boats en route to Boston and elsewhere or return, while the lashing waves,

caused by the passing ships and the ebbing and flowing tides, fall upon the ear in poetical cadences. The surrounding scenery is exceedingly beautiful and often very picturesque. Towering villas partly ensconced in well wooded groves, greeting the eye from the elevated coast and hazy distance, together with ships of various sizes and construction scattered over the placid and reflective expanse of livid water and wending around the outstretched necks of land, afford untold delight to the many lovers and admirers of nature's grandeur.

But, as has already been intimated, the Island, besides being, as it were, a summer residence and resort, is also a garden for New York; in as much as the soil, which is generally very fertile and under a high state of cultivation, supplies the New York market daily with fresh vegetables. Hence the long train of provision wagons, which unite at the main ferry lines at nightfall and form processions along the streets.

It is not an unusual sight to behold scores of men and women engaged in cultivating the soil and improving the crop. In the interior there are still large tracts of swamps and marshes; but these are being rapidly drained. To one unaccustomed to the sight it is a peculiar and interesting feature to behold at one part of the day the canals and little rivers of the Island almost dry and, at another, filled almost to overflowing in consequence of the tides. The Island is also yet well supplied with forests.

It was my good fortune to spend the greatest portion of my vacation in one of the prettiest and most hospitable little cities of the Island, situated near one of the bays of Long Island Sound, from which I could easily reach Gotham by rail, trolley, or ferry line. The park-like little city has its name from a college which was located at one time upon one of its projecting points of land. Here I spent many pleasant days that I shall long remember, but the brightest of hours was always a stroll to the ever musical beach.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

OF KARL MAY.

(CONTINUED.)

CONFRONTING me, Latreaumont accosted me thus: "You behold us in a situation which bids us connive at the usual formalities. Emery has related much about you, very much, which is to us an inducement to entrust to you our confidence."

"Yes, our whole, our unreserved confidence, Monseigneur", affirmed Madame; "you have braved so much evil with our Neveu, you will therefore, as we hope, not reject our entreaties." I was forced to restrain a laugh when I noticed the disposition of these good people. I knew them not, yet the utterance of the ladies betrayed their devotion to me.

"Mesdames and Monseigneur!" responded I, "I am ever ready to place my service at your disposal, my desire to please you shall excell your entreaties."

"Eh bien! Hearsay confirmed our expectations, yet I am obliged, in excuse of our forwardness, to acknowledge that our entreaties are the dictations of Bothwell."

"If they be within my power, they shall be faithfully executed", was my immediate reply.

"Thank you, Monseigneur", was the utterance of Latreaumont, "we have sustained a heavy loss, a terrible misfortune has befallen us."

"Yes, an inexpressible misfortune, Monseigneur", interrupted Madame bursting forth into tears.

Also Clarion applied her handkerchief trying to restrain the flood of tears.

"I pray, you Madame, speak."

Suddenly the little damsel demonstrated an expression of sorrow which greatly affected me.

"I request you, Monseigneur, impart to me your sorrow."

"Know you the Imoscharh or Tuareg?" he asked, but, considering my present ar-

rival, he responded himself in the negative. these people, if they deserve the name, are the most hideous on earth and their caravan streets from Aim Salah to Ahir, Dchenneh and Sakkatu on which my goods are conveyed to Sudan, pass through their immediate territory. Mine is the only house in Algier that negotiates with Timbuktu, Pullo and Hausa, and since remote from all other possible passages, necessity compels me to confront all danger that abounds on that road. A great misfortune befell our caravan during a recent journey; the Gum (caravan out on plunder) made an attack upon it, and with the exception of one person, who feigned to be dead, utterly destroyed both men and baggage. The terrible fate that had befallen my family, amid this catastrophe, was communicated to me by the surviving person already mentioned."

"Your house, Monseigneur, shall be released of all its misfortunes."

"My house, perhaps, but my family never. The loss of goods can be retrieved, but Renald, my son, my only son, was also left a victim to those savages; he, too, was a member of the caravan and his return is still the object of our longing."

The young lady could now no longer refrain from tears and Latreaumont, too, had given way to the sorrow which seemed to unman him. For a while I left them undisturbed after which I interrupted their sobs by asking them, if they had any definite knowledge regarding his fate.

"He still lives", was their reply.

"This, if you labor not under delusion, may be considered a miracle."

"He lives, we are certain for we received intelligence to that effect."

"Through whom?"

"Through a Tuareg, who was dispatched by his leader. He demanded a ransom."

"Of what did it consist?"

"Of goods, which I was to deliver to the oasis Melsir, I complied with the command, but my son made no appearance.

Again the unfaithful robbers demanded a ransom, I gratified their desire—”

“And with what result?”

“This is yet unknown. At the arrival of the second messenger, Bothwell had just made his appearance, this was about ten months ago.”

“Is Emery already so long in Africa?” interrupted I. “In this very month he intended first to journey to Algier.”

“A few weeks only, he sojourned at Alt-England, for he could no longer resist his delight in travelling, and, Helas, he came when his presence was most needed.”

“I forbode the sequel, Monseigneur, the government, with the many means at its disposal can avail you nothing. You were left to the support of yourself and thus it was the Englishman offered his service.”

“Just so.”

„What means did he adopt, to execute his project?”

“He bade the ransom to be delivered, that he might secretly pursue the course of the bearer.”

“A bold undertaking! Who accompanied him?”

“An only guide, an Arabian servant.”

“Whither did the way lead?”

“This time the goods were destined to the Oasis Lote.”

“Of what did the goods consist?”

“Of head coverings, huge guns, knives, wide shoes, such as the Arabians are accustomed to wear, and numerous gimcracks, which were of no value to us.”

“I see the Gum is desirous to accumulate riches at your expense and, after all, will keep your son a captive; guile is peculiar to them, but Emery has marked several of the articles.”

“How do you know that?” he quickly asked.

“No one has told me, yet I know it, sagacity has prompted him to do so.”

“Of what does the mark consist?”

“Of my initials, A. L.

“This mark will disclose the perpetrators to Emery.”

“Have you no information regarding him?”

“Very definite, Sir. Two weeks ago I received news of him and have ever since patiently awaited your arrival, for the news pertains mostly to you, Monseigneur.”

“I shall pursue him I suppose?”

“At all events. Here is the letter which was forwarded from Zinder.”

I perused the letter and found that neither place from whence, nor date when written was designated.

“Who was the bearer of this letter?” asked I.

“An Arabian who was commanded to meet you and act as guide.”

“Where may he be?”

“He is in the house.”

“I entreat you bid him appear.”

My entreaty was immediately fulfilled, and before me stood a figure suggestive of martial abilities, in it were realized my wishes, it alone was sufficient to infuse fear.

He betrayed his elegance of manner with a lively gesture of respect and, with a deep and menacing voice, gave vent to his Salam Aaleikum, peace be with you!

In response to this salutation I bade him welcome and inquired if he were not a son of the gallant Kubabish.

A. J. SEIMETZ.

(To be continued.)

Hark! From the flowing crimson stream
That sanctifies Mt. Calv'ry's heights,
There comes a welcome, blissful sound
Which bathes the soul in fond delights.

'Tis uttered from the Cross
By lips derided—yet divine,
Addressed to thee, my soul,
All hope and happiness are thine.

For Mary is our mother,
And Jesus is our brother;
Of royal birth are we,
Kings for eternity!

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

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EDITORIAL.

During the scholastic year, the "St. Joseph's Collegian" will be published on the last of every month, and will reach subscribers by mail in the following week. We would also invite the attention of our subscribers and patrons to the fact that our advertisers are representative business men worthy in every respect of your patronage whenever you are in need of anything in their line.

The Columbian Literary Society, which is entrusted with the care of the College Museum, is deeply indebted to the Rev. Fred. Schalk for the rare and valuable collection of coins and currency he has lately presented to the society. The Museum is rapidly assuming an attractive aspect, and can not fail to prove an interesting department to the visitor as well as the student. The officers in charge wish to express their acknowledgment of the liberality of their

friends in the past, and take this occasion to solicit any donation those interested may be pleased to make.

Hundreds of publications, both Catholic and secular, have recently been lauding the noble action of a certain Catholic lady — a nurse at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Vincennes, Ind.—who voluntarily separated herself from all the enjoyments of life, in order to devote her services to the care of the lepers. Merited, indeed, is this universal recognition of the press; yet this act of benevolent heroism is only one of the many wherein Catholics have figured prominently. Thousands of others could be adduced from the history of the past. Let it suffice to say that this praise-worthy deed of self-imposed labor will serve to remind us once more that the Faith which has so often inspired such charitable devotedness cannot be otherwise than divinely established.

Through the kindness of their former Professor, the Rev. J. A. Nageleisen, each member of the sixth Latin class receives a copy of the "Praeco Latinus", a monthly journal printed in the Latin language. It is the only Latin monthly published in America, and the classical student who is preparing himself for a subsequent study of Philosophy and Theology can ill-afford to neglect the excellent opportunity offered him in the columns of the "Praeco Latinus". It not only gives him fluency and ease of expression, but also adds to his vocabulary of the ancient classics many words of modern origin and invention. The journal is eminently worthy of the recognition and support it is receiving from the literary lovers of the Roman tongue.

The almost universal increase in membership at the different colleges of our country forcibly bespeaks the gradual betterment of the times. This year the army of students at St. Joseph's was augmented by the enlistment of many new recruits. Certain-

ly of this large number completing for knowledge in the various departments some, at times, will meet with disappointments, for the same measure of success cannot be dealt to all, since nature has endowed some with talents a hundred fold, while others she has qualified in a less eminent degree. But diligent application has often overcome many a seemingly insurmountable obstacle, and perseverance has been known to dispel temporary clouds in every field of labor. What has been achieved in the past can be attained in the future, and hence, every student is responsible for his own success. It is at his option to make his college-days the happiest of his life.

BOOK REVIEWS,

“An explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass”, by Rt. Rev. M. F. Howley, D. D., Bishop of West Newfoundland, is one of the best works of its kind that we have ever seen. The book contains a clear, simple, concise, explanation of the ceremonies and prayers connected with the Holy Sacrifice of Mass. It does not attempt to prove the doctrine of the Real Presence, but, nevertheless, no Catholic can read it without having his faith strengthened, while the honest Christian outside of the Church who is willing to grant that Catholics are sincere in their belief, cannot fail to admire the beauty and reasonableness of every act connected with the Holy Sacrifice. Best of all the book is written in an attractive manner, and the reader is loath, when once he has commenced its perusal, to close the little volume before he comes to the end. (Published by: Doyle and Whittle, Boston, Mass. Price, fifty cents.)

A Second Edition of “A Lady and Her Letters”, by Katherine E. Conway, is out. The second volume has been enlarged by the addition of an appendix, containing very useful information on Superscriptions, Addresses, and Invitations. This volume is the first of a series in the same style to be

known as “The Family-Sitting Room Series”. Miss Conway is connected with the Editorial staff of the “Pilot”, of Boston. To any one who is aware of the high literary standing of this paper, or who has read any of Miss Conway’s other books, it is only necessary to say that this little work does its full share to maintain the writer’s high reputation. Miss Conway’s style is a most pleasing one. She never writes unless she has something to say, and then she says it in the best possible manner. This book is intended for the ladies, and if you wish to give your sister, cousin, or lady friend, a birthday or Christmas present that is sure to prove both acceptable and profitable, we would advise you to send them a copy of “A Lady and Her Letters”—but be sure to read it yourself first. (Pilot Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Price fifty cents).

“Father John’s Book” as the students affectionately term “Charity for the Suffering Souls” by Rev. John A. Nageleisen, C. PP. S., is fast securing a national reputation. Many of the most discriminating critics in the country bear testimony of its worth. We would like to reproduce all that has been said of it, but for the present we must limit ourselves to the following extract from an article on “Notable New Books”, which lately appeared in “The Ave Maria”. It says: “For comprehensiveness of subject matter, clearness of explanation, and earnestness of purpose, we heartily commend this new work on purgatory. The inquiries often addressed to pastors in reference to the departed souls, show a lamentable ignorance of the teachings of the Church on such matters. All possible questions and objections on these points are met by Father Nageleisen in a straight-forward way that carries conviction. Every page is worthy of close study.”

COLUMBIAN NOTES.

The bright outlook for the Columbian Literary Society during the present scholas-

tic year, is a source of much gratification to its members. In pursuance of the kind offer of Father Rector, arrangements have been made to have the meetings and all future programs, private as well as public, in the college hall, where the stage, the ample room, and the surroundings in general afford much more convenience than could be had in the former quarters, and go far to make the programs more attractive to the audience and more beneficial to the Columbians individually. The old society room has been partitioned off; one part being now used by the Columbians as a reading room, which has recently been greatly improved by the tasteful arrangement of its furnishings, especially of the miniature museum. For all these improvements the Columbians are greatly indebted to our present librarian.

The Society has admitted the following students to membership: Messrs. Albert Riester, Frank J. Koch, Thomas P. J. Travis, John C. Wakefer, Edward J. Misch, Howard Meighan, Theodosius Brackman, Didacus Brackman, Herman Fehrenbach, Goar Lutz, Julian Meyer, Eulogius Deininger, Faustin Ersing, Alexander Cook, Virgilius Krull, Gabriel Cotter, Placidus Sailer, Alphons Roth, Michael Roth, Bernard Heckman, Peter Cosgrove, Thomas McLoughlin, Edward Byrne, Joseph Engesser, Frank Diefenbach, Edmund Ley, and William Hordeman.

The roll shows more than sixty names at present, and applications for membership are being made at every meeting. This will surely give a new impetus to the society and have a tendency to raise the programs even to a higher standard than they have as yet attained. It also makes it easier for the society to select more suitable characters for the different parts in the plays to be rendered during the year.

The quarterly election of officers was held September 29. Following are the names of the officers elected.

- President, John F. Cogan
- Vice-President, Jacob Betsner
- Secretary, Bartholomew Besinge
- Treasurer, Joseph Kohne
- Critic, Thomas M. Conroy
- Marshal, Frank Kuenle
- Executive Committee, { Nicholas Greiwe
Gerard Hartjens
Christian Daniel
- Editor of Columbian, Edward Vogel
- Librarian, Lawrence A. Eberle

The first program of this scholastic year was given in the college hall on Columbus day, Oct. 21. This day was also the third anniversary of the organization of the Columbian Literary Society. The Exercises commenced at 7:30 P. M. and were as follows:

- Siegfried's March, College Band
- Tableau, Columbians
(Departure of Columbus)
- Oration, John F. Cogan
(The Catholic Hierarchy of America)
- Ave Maria, College Orchestra
- Recitation, Thomas Conroy
(Rienzi's address to the Romans)
- Recitation, Eusebius Walters
(Parody on Rienzi's address to the Romans)
- Piano duet, { Prof. Hemmersbach
Arnold Weyman
- Song, (Ave Maria), Columbians
- Spring Song's Waltz, Orchestra
- The Columbian paper, William Sullivan
- Tableau, Columbians
(Landing of Columbus)
- Afterpiece, { Lawrence Eberle
Edward Vogel
Eduard Misch
Frank Kuenle
(Waiting for the train)

Each participant in the program deserves honorable mention, but Messrs. Eberle and Vogel must be especially congratulated upon their achievements as comedians.

At the last meeting held on Oct. 26th the society decided upon giving a play on Thanksgiving Day. The choice fell upon the "Prodigal Law Student", which, judging from present indications, will be a success

THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY OF AMERICA,

“Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime”.

Thus writes America's favorite Poet.

The study of biography has always been an entrancing one to the imaginative mind of the youthful. Nor can anything be more profitable to the youth who is beginning life's journey than careful examination of the paths travelled by those who have gone before him, and are held up as models for his imitation, whether they be warriors or statesmen, patriots or saints.

But look where we may, no where can we find a richer combination of ability and intelligence, patriotism and sanctity, than in studying the lives of the illustrious men that are found among the Catholic Hierarchy of America.

Aside from the honor we owe to their exalted office as chief pastors of the Church of Christ, they claim our admiration as men of strong personality and great force of character. First of all, as is becoming Christian ministers and successors of the apostles, they are virtuous men. Though not called upon to lay down their lives in defense of the faith as were the apostles, they have nevertheless, lived so as to proclaim it to the world, and set an example to the people most worthy of imitation. They have not permitted to themselves indulgence in luxuries and supinely awaited the course of events to carry them down the current of time to eternity's broad ocean, but have courageously battled with all difficulties and obstacles that beset the bark of Holy Church on her voyage through the unexplored regions of the new world.

We are accustomed to point with pride to the wonderful development of the Church in our country. We take pleasure in calling attention to her rapid increase in membership, an increase many times greater, proportionally, than that of our country's population during the last century. We know that there have been many causes

that contributed towards this result, but whatever the influences were that brought it about, the task of guiding aright this ever increasing multitude has fallen to the bishops of the Church, and to them, the divinely appointed commanders, is principally due the honor of religion's glorious triumphs in America.

Our country's history bears testimony of their devotion to our national institutions. The aid given to the cause of independence by the first American bishop, was of such great importance as to call forth the highest commendations from no less a personage than Benjamin Franklin himself, whose admiration for the founder of the American Episcopacy led him so far as to request of Rome the appointment of Father Carroll as first Bishop of Baltimore.

Bishop Hughes is another great prelate that came with his powerful assistance to his country's aid in her hour of trial. On two occasions, when the dark clouds of war hung over this fair land, he was called upon by the nation's chief executive for advice, first by President Polk, during the conflict with Mexico, and afterwards by the immortal Lincoln when the country was plunged in civil war. In both instances the greatest deference was shown to his judgment, and the most delicate questions entrusted to his care.

Many other examples might be adduced to illustrate the deep interest the American Episcopacy has always manifested in public questions, and to show how dear to them is their country's welfare. But politics or diplomacy is not the clergyman's vocation. He only gives his attention to them when appealed to by his country's necessity. Consequently the energies of the American Bishops have been almost exclusively devoted to the flocks entrusted to their care. This trust has been of such a nature as not only to require much time and great labor, but also executive ability of the highest order. Men can always be found in the Hierarchy who will compare most favorably with those at the helm of state. The Church

can also point to her Washingtons, Jacksons, and Lincolns. In her legislature councils may be found Websters, Clays, and Calhouns. In the field of oratory it has always been conceded that many of the nations most eloquent speakers were to be found in the ranks of our ecclesiastical dignitaries. Their ability has been of such a high standard as even to disarm jealousy. Honors received by them are appreciated by the whole people, regardless of class or creed, as redounding to the good name of our common country. This was instanced by the enthusiasm which hailed the appointment of Bishop McCloskey as the first American Cardinal; and again when this dignity was conferred upon our present illustrious Cardinal Gibbons-

No monuments of marble are necessary to perpetuate the memory of these men. The Church in America is an imperishable memorial of their deeds. As for their names we have reason to hope that some of them at least will be transmitted to the ages on the sacred calendar of the canonized saints. The character of every member of the American Hierarchy is worthy of our study and we cannot but be benefited by reading the story of their lives. Who will not find himself improved by becoming acquainted with the life history of the saintly Newman? Where is the student that can afford to ignore the literary masterpieces of a Spalding? What Catholic will not have his love for Holy Church increased when he sees a Bayley and an Eccleston surrender the brightest worldly prospects to become humble members of her fold?

As to the eminent men that constitute the present Hierarchy of America, it can safely be said that among their number may be found some of the best and ablest men of our age; men distinguished, not alone for learning and ability, but also for zeal and piety.

It certainly has not been human intelligence or foresight that has so infallibly placed the most worthy at the head of the

Church. One cannot help acknowledging here the interposition of the Divine will.

Happy indeed are we who are so fortunate as to hold communion with, and be children of this Holy Church, in which abides the Spirit of Truth, and well may we be proud to claim as "our patria" a land that has nourished such men as compose America's Hierarchy, and revere the flag that has given them shelter.

JOHN F. COGAN

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

St. Mary's Chimes is undoubtedly the peer of the acquisitions we have made to our exchange list from Academies. It seems customary among College papers to devote at least one article treating of some distinguished litterateur; instead of introducing an essay on Shakespeare or another luminary of kindred importance when it is possible to weave a few quotations and opinions previously expressed by others into a readable essay, we are pleased with a composition of marked originality on William Winter, a comparative stranger to the reading public. The remaining articles are on a par with the above mentioned, while the poetry gives evidence of the fact that the ascents on Parnassus' slope have been extended to a height where the atmosphere is poetically inspiring. In the disposition, remarkable taste is displayed.

Dieudonne is the most meritorious article in the October number of Mt. St. Mary's Record. The pathetic tenor of the composition is brought into prominence by prose, which in a degree approaches poetry. The thoughts and ideas harmonize admirably well with the manner of their expression. We do not wish to insinuate that all efforts have been expended on this single article. "How Martha was comforted", and "Woman in primitive culture" are not lacking in worth. The exchange column is also pleasantly written.

It is with pleasure, that we add our ap-

proval to the complimentary notices taken of the Stylus by your exchanges. It is the most pretentious in appearance and ably supports its claims by articles that bespeak more than ordinary literary ability.

The Dial continues to exercise the qualities which rendered it a bright and important journal. But we cannot conclude with the essayist that Dr. Egan is wrong in his assertion as regards the spontaneity of poetry. We believe that more than one interpretation can be put upon the sentence. The essay is well written.

The invitation extended to College papers to exchange met with a response from a goodly number. As mentioned, we could not count our friends by the score prior to the present year for the reason that so many matters of trivial importance had to be disposed of before matters which tended more pertinently to the development of the "Collegian" could be given attention. Timidity requires a first mentioning. We resembled the Spartan Isadas in wondering at our temerity in not advancing our acquaintance upon others, as we had an inkling that the enthusiasm naturally accompanying the first issues was perhaps accountable for the high appreciation we had of our efforts, but which might not receive sanction from the more experienced members of College journalism. As Virgil had previously written the hackneyed quotation "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit", we possessed a slight opinion that the Muse, by whom he had been inspired, had foreseen our situation. No regret is ours: the recognition accorded us has been a pleasant one.

It is a source of regret that space forbids a more extended welcome to the following papers: The Salve Regina, The Georgetown College Journal, and Leaflets from Loretto.

We also acknowledge receipt of The Mountaineer, The Viatorian, St. Mary's Sentinel, St. Vincents Journal, The Boston Pilot, The Republician, and the Rensselaer Pilot.

MILITARY JOTTINGS,

Hip.

"Barnum, bring that gun to a carry."

Felix is very anxious to know when he will get his stripes.

As Upton's, which has been considered the standard tactics of the battalion, is no longer in print, the recent revised United States Infantry Drill Regulations, published by D. Appleton and Company, have been adopted instead.

Our ex-Chaplain calls on us frequently as we swing the old musket in the armory. He has always shown a lively interest in our work and especially delights to see the "Walz Cadets" progress so nicely.

There is a rumor afloat that the officers intend to form a squad among themselves for sword drill. It is a movement worthy of commendation, as it will remedy a long felt want and add greatly to our military programs. If the rumor be true encourage the matter, Major.

The battalion will render their first public program on Thanksgiving Day in the armory. It will consist of an indoor dress parade, exhibition drills by the Seifert Light Guards and Walz Cadets, and a schedule of display movements by the Boebner Columbian Guards. The drills will be interspersed with music by the College Military Band.

The squad has been supplied with new guns, belts, bayonet scabbards, etc. A sufficient number of knapsacks has also been procured, which together with the white drooping swan plumes will improve their soldierly appearance very much.

Co. A promises to become the best drilled company hitherto seen on the college campus. The twenty sturdy cadets that compose it, show special military tact, and no pains are being spared by the officers in charge to develop the talent displayed. The manual of arms is well executed and the marchings are also deserving of mention.

Co. B although containing the majority of the minims, is equally expert in handling the "piece". Captain Mungovan is doing his utmost to eclipse company A and by the interest shown it is evident that a close contest will follow at the end of the session for the colors.

The following are the officers and privates selected from the two companies to form the Boebner Columbian Guards:

Lieutenants Fr. Kuenle, Edw. Koenig, Jos. Kohne and Jos. Engesser. Sergeants Jos. Pfeifer, T. Travis, Wm. Hordeman, and F. Seroczynski. Privates Edw. Vogel, Alb. Riester, A. Roth, Ed. Byrne, Wm. Laibe, Fr. Diefenbach, Thos. McLoughlin and Louis Fralich.

SPORTING NEWS.

The base ball season is at an end and all the enthusiasm given to it has been transferred, for the time being, to where it was most needed—to football, which, if all signs fail not, has been given an impetus that will raise it in the estimation of the students to a place alongside the national game. Out of the temporary organization spoken of last month, two permanent ones have sprung, the Vigilants under Jas. B. Fitzpatrick as Manager and Edw. Mungovan as Captain; and the Defenders, Jos. Pfeifer, Manager, and T. M. Conroy, Captain. Grounds have also been selected and marked out, hard practice begun and arrangements made for a series of games, the first of which was played last Sunday afternoon.

The game was an exciting one throughout, and it is to be regretted that a failure in arrangements makes it impossible to give a full summary of it. But what is worth more comment than the mere game itself are the many fine plays, which show what real strength the teams possess and how well they are beginning to develop it. No real interest having been taken in the

game previous to this year and many of the players being men whom it is safe to say had never seen a gridironed field, much less the complicated rules relating to the game played on it, before they entered College, great deficiencies were naturally to be expected and the contrary was the cause of much surprise and gratification. Both captains had a good command of their secret signals and used them with effect. The Vigilants showed considerable tact in their interference and scored for themselves four touch downs, three by Fitzpatrick and one by Barnard: while Mungovan had the ball all but over the line at the close of the second half when time was called. The Defenders were not so fortunate in scoring, one touch down, a fine play made by Fralich being all they secured to their credit; but the efficient work of Pfeifer and both guards, McLoughlin especially, was a fine feature of the game and a significant indication of what may be expected in the games remaining to be played. Both teams showed a want of practice in kicking goal, but considering the high wind blowing anything better could hardly be expected. The captains of the two teams deserve great credit for the brilliant start they have given their respective teams, and it is to be hoped that they will continue to keep the men down to hard practice and thus bring to a fitting close a season so well begun.

The line up at the beginning of the game was as follows:

Vigilants:		Defenders:
Murphy	Left End	Wakefer
Hurst	Left Tackle	Schulien
Heckman	Left Guard	McLoughlin
Beech	Center Rush	Steinbrunner
Reichart	Right Guard	Byrne
Boeke	Right Tackle	McNeil
Shea	Right End	Van Vlandern
Diefenbach	Qr. Back	Travis
Barnard	Rt. Half Back	Pfeifer
Fitzpatrick	Left H'f Back	Fralich
Mungovan	Full Back	Conroy

The Score:
 Vigilants 16
 Defenders 4

PERSONALS.

Father Rector and Father Stanislas were at Lafayette on the 24th attending the diocesan conference.

The Rev. Philipp Hartmann, C. PP. S., of Celina, Ohio, was a welcomed guest at the College last week.

Robert and Maurice Peelle were delightfully surprised by an unexpected visit last month from their mother, who was en route to Michigan City as a member of the State Board of Charity.

Mr. Klass and sister spent the first Sunday of the month with their brother Christ.

Arlie Stevenson was also the recipient of a visit from his parents and his sister during the first week in October and later on by his father who took him home for a course of medical treatment for the heart. We hope to see the bright and cheerful Arlie return soon to resume his studies.

Mr. Fitzpatrick was most agreeably surprised by a short visit from his sister on Columbus Day.

Father Berg of Remington drove over to see us a few days ago, bringing with him Father Weber.

Mr. Frank Schulien of Ottoville, Putnam Co., Ohio, is the latest addition to our number of students.

Mr. Dennis Schweitzer, one of the scholastics, who finished the classical course last year, is now stationed at the novitiate of the Congregation of the Precious Blood at Sharpsburg, Ohio, where, as a teacher, he is in full enjoyment of the quiet of monastery life. He will commence his seminary course next year with the other members of his class who are at present teaching in the College.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Subscribe for the "Collegian".

Jerome is still smiling.

Patronize our advertisers.

"I've a notion to get excused from supper."

Fitz says "The Columbians" need a larger gymnasium case for their museum."

The college auditorium has been supplied with new chairs.

The graduating class has commenced the study of Homer under their professor Father Eugene and find it delightful, so they say.

The piano recently purchased in Cincinnati by Father Clement has arrived and been placed in the first music room.

The Marian Sodality held its first regular meeting of the year on Sunday, October 15th, in the college chapel. After a few well chosen remarks by the Spiritual Director, the business preparatory to the admitting of new members was transacted. The meeting closed with the recital of the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception.

The favorite indoor winter game "hot hand" has again found its way into the recreation hall. "Brinky" is getting very enthusiastic over this kind of manual labor.

Brother William and Joseph have been busily engaged for some time during the past month in transporting eight car loads of coal from the city to the college. The cost of the fuel, which is by far not sufficient for the entire year, is \$600.00.

The monthly requiem for the poor souls was deferred this month until a week later. This mass is generally offered up on the first Monday of every month in compliance with one of those salutary rules of the Spiritual Benevolent Fraternity, a society instituted at the college for the special purpose of helping those who have gone before us to eternity.

Mr. Robert Meyer, a scholastic of the Precious Blood Community, who studied at St. Joseph's has been appointed to teach at the Indian Normal School in Collegeville. We wish our esteemed fellow-student success in his new field of labor.

On October 12th a mass meeting was called for the purpose of taking the preliminary steps towards the organizing of a gymnasium. No definite results have, as yet, been attained but the committee, which has been appointed to take charge of the matter will not be conquered so easily, for they are contemplating the introduction of a first class gymnasium into the college.

Brother Ignatius has recently placed two steam pumps in position for the purpose of forcing water into the large tanks in the attic. The pumps will propel 3,000 and 2,700 gallons respectively in an hour.

Since the last issue of the "Collegian" the Spiritual Directorship of the Marian Sodality has been given over to Father Benedict. Various other duties on the part of Father Mark rendered it impossible for him to take the charge under his supervision.

The wide awake city of Rensselaer is gradually coming to the front. Within the last four months many notable improvements have been made, among others the erection of an Odd Fellows Building and a new Presbyterian Church. Cement walks have also been laid which will help greatly to beautify the city and add to the comfort of its inhabitants.

A student of the fifth class in Literature being asked to give his idea of the words of Southwell:

"Single sands have little weight,
"Many make a drowning freight"

promptly gave his version of them in the old saying, "United we stand, divided we fall"

Father Maxmilian's class in Religion has just finished a study of the Social Question in its religious phase, using the Jesuit Father, Kathrein's, admirable treatise in the discussion.

The Minims are at present practicing the "Wanderer", a little drama arranged for boys and will present it in the Auditorium on the evening of All Saints' Day. The play was first given at the College about four years ago by the Columbians as a first

attempt at anything dramatic and met with the same success that has characterized their later efforts.

The students love to revel on Wednesday afternoon in the embowered woodlands, where the russet leaves now glisten in the soft dreamy light of Indian summer.

The amusing afterpiece given during the Columbus Day program was heightened to a great extent by the fine scenic effect. The railroad station with its time tables, benches and trucks could not have been more realistic and with Kuenle at the telegraph instrument many in the audience claimed they could read the messages as they were clicked out. The advent of the puppy by telegraph, however, was clearly beyond the comprehension of all.

The Month of the Holy Rosary was observed at St. Joseph's with special devotion, for besides the regular recitation of the beads in the morning, at the students' mass and again during the evening prayers of the religious, at which a great many of the secular students were voluntary attendants, the Rosary was also said and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin recited on Sunday evenings in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, classical students in surplice leading in the exercises. The Rev. Rector, in his sermon last Sunday, took occasion to express his gratification of the devotion thus shown and a desire to see it continued. Speaking of our relations to our Blessed Lady, he compared them to a child, which, as it rests in its mother's arms, may, by accepting the protection and nourishment offered it, wax vigorous and strong, or, by refusing them, do untold injury to itself and eventually fail to reach its destiny: a strikingly beautiful example, indeed.

Responding to the kind invitation of the management of the Old Settler's and Barbecue Meeting, held at the Rensselaer Fair Ground in the beginning of the month, the students all attended in a body, and each one reported an enjoyable time. The program consisted of foot races, horse and bicycle



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AT THE THRESHOLD.

AT the threshold humbly kneeling,
Calmly waiting for our turn,
Sickened souls in need of healing,
For God's help and peace we burn,
Since we often have offended
His own majesty sublime,
Now all efforts are expended
To efface our guilt and crime.

Ah! how far would we not wander
In a dark deceptive way,
Long and seriously ponder
But for that bright sparkling ray
From the search-light of God's grace,
Penetrating every lea,
Helping us our way to trace
O'er our soul's own troubled sea?

And our steps, how would they falter?
Our contrition naught would be,
If there came not from the Altar
That assurance—happy we—
Telling us: "You are forgiven,
Children of my Heart's embrace;
From those wounds where nails were
driven,
O'er you streams My saving grace."

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

JOHN CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

These words I intend to apply to one, this evening, for whom they seem to be expressly written, to one for whom they would make a most fitting epitaph. I am sure you will all agree with me when I say that to no one could they with greater justice be applied than to His Eminence John Cardinal Newman.

Born with the dawn of this busy century, he endeavored to make every moment of his long and exemplary life a useful one, and all England bears ample testimony how well he accomplished this. "As a boy, he inspired almost love in the cold bosom of Dr., afterwards Archbishop Whately, who influenced Newman's first views. But acquainting himself with such men as Pusey, Hurrell, Froude, and Keble, at Oxford, Whately's influence was thrown off, and the more genial companionship of these men was warmly cultivated. With these men it was that the great Tractarian Movement took its start. Having been begun by Keble, it was advanced by Newman, who was not only a man of high intellectuality but also one who sought the truth, who left nothing undone to discover it, and when discovered, shrunk not from it, but as a fair minded man, as a man possessed of a true, noble character, opened his heart and acted according to his convictions. Yes, such was his character, such his disposition. The Tractarian Movement was therefore for him only a stage, and not a resting place. It was here that he perceived the truth to be just the contrary of what he was endeavoring to prove, viz: that the Church of England was a continuation of the Catholic Church. Tract XC., brought matters to a crisis. It was there that he unconsciously but plainly showed, how

fast his sentiments and convictions were leading him to Catholicity. Speaking in his "Apologia" of Tract XC., he says among other things: 'I was quite unprepared for the outbreak and was startled at its violence. I saw indeed clearly that my place in the Movement was lost; public confidence was at an end; my occupation was over. It was simply an impossibility that I could say anything to good effect, when in every part of the country and in every class of society...I was denounced as a traitor who had laid his train and was caught in the very act of firing it against the time-honored establishment.' This occurred in 1841. From now on as he himself declared he was on his death bed as regards his membership with the church. But a peaceful death was not allowed him. Many causes were there to give him a hard end with the Establishment. The anguish he must have suffered, when after years of hard study and deep research, after years of prayer, nay after having sacrificed the prime of his life for the Establishment, to behold himself in a mist of doubts and hesitations as to the rights of her claims, may be more easily imagined than described. Consider how it must have grieved him, when after years of hard work he beheld himself the object of rebuke from his nearest and dearest friends, when he saw himself the target of taunts of those whose welfare he had always at heart, nay when he could not even take a glance at a newspaper, unless he there beheld himself in glaring letters the victim of the foulest calumnies and most silly conjectures. And Why? Just because he as an upright man that was following his convictions. But heedless of opposition, he persisted in his course. He knew he had an immortal soul and he was going to save it, cost what it may. Two years after the affair of Tract XC., he made a formal retraction of all the harsh things he had ever said about the Catholic Church. Showing himself a true Christian gentleman, he recalled his assertions and showed that the charges he had made were not from a prejudiced mind, but from a sincere heart and in good faith. But he was not satisfied with this. He took a second and more important step. In September of 1843, he resigned his living at St. Mary's and Littlemore. "How could I", said he in a letter to one of his friends, after his resignation, "remain in St. Mary's a hypocrite? How could I be

answerable for souls (and life so uncertain) with the conviction or at least persuasion I had upon me?" His resignation accepted, he retired to his country house at Littlemore, where for two years he spent his time in studying, studying for the truth and praying to make certain of the truth. He knew his convictions were fast leading him to the Catholic Church, but he wished to make certain that there were good sound reasons and not mere imaginations that were convincing him. This accounts for his not entering the Catholic Church sooner. But as time rolled on his convictions became stronger and his strength increased with them. That light, which years before he had invoked to lead him, dispelled all his fears. It was leading him and he followed it trustingly, until it finally led him, like the star of Bethlehem, to the portals of the Catholic Church, the haven of peace. Fifty years ago, this very month, he humbly begged to be admitted to the True Fold of Christ. To her he fled like a child to its mother, and there he found that peace and quietness of soul which is promised to those who earnestly seek it.

Although his heart and mind were now at rest he would not permit himself to grow idle. He wished to give the Church at least some proofs of gratitude for the benefits she bestowed upon him. The story of his life after his conversion tells us how well he accomplished this. As he was ever zealous whilst yet an Anglican for the furtherance of her cause, he now redoubled his ardour for the Church of his adoption. Having been raised to the priesthood, he was sent in 1848, by Pope Pius IX. to found the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Birmingham. His labors here, and afterwards as Rector of the Catholic University of Dublin, are known full well to everyone.; It would be abusing your time, would I but attempt to make mention of all the good he has done, of the many vile accusations he refuted and the deep seated prejudices he removed from the minds of the English people, especially by his writings as master of English Prose.

The Church always keeps a watchful eye over the doings of her children. Nothing pleases her more than when one of them fearlessly refutes and exposes her enemies. She could, then, not ignore the achievements of so faithful a son as Dr. Newman. One of the first acts of Pope Leo XIII. on ascending the Papal throne, was to confer

the cardinalate on the illustrious yet humble oratorian at Birmingham. Was there ever a greater honor, and was it ever more deserved? But in spite of his advancing age and increasing honors, he relaxed not from his work. Day by day we see him laboring to bring back to his countrymen the faith that was once their father's. Long before he went to his eternal reward, there to be numbered among the Blessed and Saints of Heaven, he beheld with no little pleasure that his labors and sufferings were not in vain. Yes, five years ago his mortal remains were laid to rest, but behold England today, and see what an unperishable monument he has left, a memory that will never decay. His name will go down through ages, and posterity will, no doubt, revere him as an Apostle of England, a second St. Augustine. Just now, the golden jubilee year of his conversion, behold the fond hopes of Pope Leo, being gradually fulfilled, his repeated invitations are being heeded. Thousands are following Card. Newman's heroic example, and are investigating into the claims of Anglicanism. And many are being led by their convictions to the truth, and bowing in submission to the Catholic Church. Yes, indeed, Card. Newman has left foot prints, that our shipwrecked brothers in faith, especially England, seeing shall take heart again and soon, once more, take her place on the Rock of Ages.

JOS. R. WECHTER.

CITIES OF THE DEAD; OR, SILENT SUBURBS.

WHAT this title is not of modern origin, but dates back to antiquity, is evident from the fact that already the Greeks of old gave it to their cemeteries. The latter were called "necropolises" which signifies Cities of the Dead. This appellation may also be applied to our modern burial-places.

Let us imagine ourselves on an eminence overlooking a splendid city, in the vicinity of which is a cemetery. The former with all its beautiful surroundings lies below us "in the peculiar sunshine of its own misty magnificence." Viewing the cemetery we behold, countless almost indistinguishable objects gleaning with an ivory whiteness.

The cemetery presents the appearance of a miniature city; and the indistinctness with which we see it lends additional enchantment to the view. Upon instituting a comparison, it will be found that there really exists a great similarity between the city of life and the silent city. However, imagination must be left to its free exercise to supply all deficiencies. There is something in the silent city that overawes us, and produces in us an impression of the sublime. Yes, it is the solitude that reigns there. This solitude constitutes an essential difference between the city of life and the silent city. While that one swarms with life and activity, this one is haunted with a profound, almost perpetual quiet which is only at times disturbed by the reciting of prayers, by dirges, or by piteous lamentations of persons weeping over the death of a father, mother, brother, sister, or friend; for they go,

"With solemn rites of blessing and of prayer,
To lay those dear remains in earth below."

Yet, vivid as the contrast of the city of life is with the silent city, much that can be said of one, can also be said of the other. The structures of both are built of different material, some of stone, others of wood.— In the city of life, edifices vary in size, beauty, and architecture. From the exterior appearance of an edifice, the condition of its owner may be judged; if the appearance is grand, imposing, one knows that the owner is wealthy; if, however, it is lowly, it is evident that the occupant is poor. In like manner, if an elaborate monument of exquisite workmanship is seen on a mound in the silent city, one may almost invariably infer, that the person resting there was rich during life; for the rich secure prominence temporarily, whether dead or living. On the contrary, if an unpretentious wooden-cross, or some other very plain monument marks the resting-place, it may readily be concluded that the person was acquainted with poverty during his earthly pilgrimage.

As in the city of life, so in a well-arranged silent city, everything is 'laid off' into lots and squares. Hence, in either, there are narrow streets, boulevards, and avenues. Passing along the streets of the city of life, one cannot but notice numerous advertisements and signs, especially on business-houses, informing the passers-by what the merchants have to sell, and asking

at the same time for favors. — The only advertisement of the silent city is the epitaph, which usually indicates the name and age, and often contains words of eulogy, and an invocation to God imploring his mercy; often, also, a petition is directed to the reader to offer up some prayer in behalf of the deceased person.

Both cities number inhabitants, of different age, and of every state and condition of life, from the infant to the octogenarian, from Lazarus to Dives. The silent city contains friends and enemies that lie side by side:— For,

‘Tis a friendly neighborhood that knows
no strife.

They are noislessly gathered — friend and
foe —

To the still and dark assemblies below:

Without a frown or smile they meet,

Each pale and calm in his winding-sheet;

In that sullen home of peace and gloom,

Crowded like guests in a banquet room!”

Indeed, the silent city is preeminently the city, and perhaps the only one, in which socialism exists, and can exist to its full extent; for each inhabitant possesses equal rights, to each is allotted as much of mother-earth as he requires, although emigration from the city of life into the silent one never ceases. Who causes this continual emigration? Who gives the silent city its immigrants? Death—cruel Death—is the agent that causes continual emigration. Every time that melancholy, doleful, tolling of the bell proclaims to the living that another mortal has played his role on the stage of life, the silent city is sure to receive a new inhabitant.

As Catholic churches are distinguished from others by the cross, towering aloft on the zenith of the spire, so, also are Catholic silent cities recognized by the crosses and especially by the large cross which generally ranks first in size.

The consideration of the Cities of the Dead, or Silent Cities, reminds us that one of them will also be the future home of our bodies, where they will rest until the arrival of that great Day, the Day of general judgment.

N. GREIWE.

AN AMERICAN PRINCESS.

BEN JOHNSON lets one of his
wights in the “Staple of News”

say of the person that is to form the object of this sketch, “I have known a princess and a great one come forth of a tavern”. Great, indeed, she was not so much, however, by nobility and descent as by the nobility of her deeds which have entitled her to be called princess and protectress. This our illustrious country woman enjoyed international fame not on account of wealth and beauty, which of late have been sufficient to bring together and busy two hemispheres — but because of the services which she rendered to two worlds. Brought up amid the terrors of ferocious beasts of the primeval forest and wholly ignorant of the comforts and delights of refined society, we find her afterward in the highest circles of the dazzling court of England, admired and honored by the queen herself. The historian, Captain Smith, as Johnson has it, has called her “blessed Pocahontas, the great king’s daughter of Virginia”. Our heroine was the favorite daughter of Powhatan “a tall sour looking old” Indian chief. Pocahontas’ real name was Matoaka, for the tribe of Powhatan having a superstition that any one whose real name was unknown could not be injured, told the English her name was Pocahontas. It was through her then a girl of “tenne”, or twelve years “who not only for feature, countenance and expression much exceeded any of the rest of his (her father’s) people, but for wit and spirit was the only nonpareil of the country”, that Smith escaped with his life and the first English colonists of Virginia were saved from starvation. Yet we know that her love toward the colonists far exceeded their gratitude toward her. In 1609 we find Pocahontas making a long and tedious journey by night and through the forest in order to inform Smith of a plot of her father to kill him. Many and great were the favors the colonists received at her hands. During that period of misery and despair known as the “Starving time” she often brought the ungrateful colonists food in her canoe. By the help of a treacherous Indian family, she was afterward taken captive by Argal and a heavy ransom was demanded for her delivery. Powhatan would not so much as reply, but prepared for war. During her captivity a young Englishman whose name was Rolfe imagining he continually heard a voice crying to him that he should strive to convert the “unregenerated” maiden, undertook the task. His labors were not

without result, for she not only embraced Christianity, but soon, in the little church of Jamestown, "stammered" forth the vows which made her the better half of Rolfe. Thus she was the first of her nation solemnly to marry an European, though not the first to be converted to Christianity as some of the Indians taken along by Columbus on the return of his first voyage were baptized and had King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella as sponsors. From this time till the death of Pocahontas, the Indians remained the white's steadfast friends. The English thought so much of this western king that they sent him a crown, whether it was very valuable, we are not told. King James even shook his head and questioned whether Rolfe had not committed treason in marrying a native American princess, as he was a man of no rank whatever. Two years after the marriage of Pocahontas, her husband, having obtained a letter of introduction from Captain Smith to Queen Anne, sailed for England with his bride and there he presented her at court. We can better imagine than describe the surprise of the dusky daughter of the forest and prairie, who beheld even the trinkets of Smith with astonishment, when she first saw the court of England which at that time was at its height in point of splendor. The Anglican bishop of London entertained her, thus hoping to exercise a wholesome influence over the Indians of America, as they would sooner be induced by one of their own nation, to cast off their idolatry and embrace Christianity. She was also a guest at the presentment of a burlesque masque written by Ben Johnson for the purpose of compelling King James to give one hearty laugh. In England she was called by her baptismal name, Rebecca which, joined with the high-sounding title of "Lady" that the polite English did not omit, must have had a thrilling effect on our heroine. In 1617 when preparing to return to Virginia she died leaving an only son who became the father of several of the most prominent families of Virginia. The distinguished orator and statesman, John Randolph, was a grandson of the sixth generation. Lady Rebecca's excellence would have done credit to the most enlightened of Europe. She was to the colonists what her noted namesake, whom Sir Walter has immortalized, was to Ivanhoe—a friend in need. Hence we see how unjust the saying "A dead Indian only is a good

one". And as we give ourselves to reflection the words of the poet come to our minds:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

FELIX T. SCROCZYNSKI, '99.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

OF KARL MAY.

"My name is Mahmud Ben Mustufa Abd Ibrahim Jaacob Ibn Baschaar."

"Your name is longer than your address. Your prophet the great Mohammed says: "Be polite towards infidels and enemies that they may thus learn to respect your faith and Kaaba, take note of that, you a Tuareg."

His countenance, upon this, had assumed an aspect of pride.

"The Kubatish, Sihdi, (lord) are the most renowned children of Abu Zett. their tribe embraces more than twenty ferhah and the bravest of them all is En Nurab to whom I belong."

"En Nurab? He is known to me."

"Be it thus, Sihdi, I dare now give ear to your voice, notwithstanding, your being an infidel from the indignant country Frankhistan."

"What name bear you?"

"My name is difficult to pronounce, it is as follows: Hassau-Ben-Adulfeda-Ibu-Haukal al Wardi-Iussuf-Ibu-Abul-Toslan-Ben-Isak al Duli."

I was forced to laugh when I beheld one of those sons of the desert, like his average brother, adducing to his name that of his entire tribe, a custom of theirs, to make the impression of noble birth.

Repeating the name I replied: "The tongue of an Inglese is capable of pronouncing a name, should it reach from Bengasi to Kaschenah, nevertheless, I shall simply call you Hassan for Mohammed says: "Speak not ten words where one suffices."

"To the name Hassan I will never respond. Those acquainted with me call me Hassan el Kebihr, Hassan the Great, for be it known to you I am Djazzar-Bei the Manslayer."

"The steppes quake and the sabel trembles when Djazzar-Bei approaches, but his heart is full of grace, patience and mercy."

"Your name for the present is null, and

only then shall I use your epithets when convinced you have merited them."

I began to anticipate that the good Hassan el Kebihr, despite his gigantic stature and heavy armor, was a man not much to be feared.

He solemnly declared that his name had been justly attributed to him and, to verify his declaration he presented several trophies consisting of knives, swords, lances etc. He then added: Sihdi Emir himself has bestowed this appellation upon him.

"Who is Emir?" interrupted I.

"Rabbena chalieq, God assist you, know you not him who sent me to you?"

It occurred to me at the mention of Emir that he referred to Sir Emery. And so it really was.

The pleasant manner in which he expressed his surprise amused me very much, but, to lead him back to the previous subject I assumed a sterner tone of voice.

"Inform me of Sir Emery."

"I sojourned at Bilma, from whence I led a caravan to Zinder.—Permit me to inform you that Hassan the Great is a renowned caravan leader, acquainted with all the Sahara passages; he possesses an eye which renders the slightest omen incapable of escape."

If this be a fact his service to me will be inestimable. I immediately concluded to fathom the truth of his speech in order to learn what I may expect.

"Hassan, do you abide by the truth when you speak thus?"

Assuming a most dignified mien he said: "Know you what a Hafizh is?"

"One who knows the Koran by heart."

"You are a wise man, although a native of Frankhistan."

This said he rebuked me for doubting his word.

I calmed his wrath, then placed several questions the answers of which would either deny or affirm his speech. I bade him inform me as to the Oasis forming the key to the Rif, his answer was correct.

"I now believe all, Hassan, continue your narrations: you lead a caravan to Zinder you say."

"Yes, from Bilma to Zinder, thus it was I met Shidi Emir. He provided me with all the necessary requirements and sent me hither where I was to meet a gallant Sihdi from Germanistan (Germany) whom I was to escort to him."

"Where shall I meet him?"

"At the Bab-el-Ghud (down) where from the wandering sand heaps one arrives at the sandy desert."

"Have you ever heard of the bad-djinns (ghosts) that haunt the desert?"

"I have heard of them. Do you fear them, Hassan?"

"Fear? Hassan the Great fears neither ghost nor devil, he knows that they flee at the recital of the Surat en nas (a prayer) and the Surat el fulak. You, however, are a christian and know no Surat, and in consequence of this death will befall you should you trespass their place of habitation."

"Why, then, did you permit Shidi Emir to enter that place, he will be their prey before we reach him."

This unexpected question perplexed him a little, but he soon discovered a means where with to dispel his perplexity.

"I shall pray for him."

"Pray for an unbeliever? I see, Hassan, you are a pious son of the Prophet; pray also for me, then we need not fear the ghosts of the deserts. I shall depart tomorrow at sun rise."

"Allah akbar, God is great, there is nothing beyond His power, man, however, must submit to His will and dare not enter upon a journey at dawn of day. The time of departure is at three o'clock in the afternoon or at the holy Assr, two hours before evening."

"You forget, Hassan, that this time pertains only to the caravan, the individual, however, may travel at convenience.

"Sihdi, you are truly a great and learned man, and I bewail the hour which gave you Christian parents. I see you are a man who not only is acquainted with the Koran, but one who has also a thorough knowledge of the Ilm Seffir el Koran. I shall be true to you and be your faithful guide."

"I am pleased to accept your proposal, so find yourself prepared to set out at twilight, and if your deeds betray your bravery I shall no longer hesitate to call you Djazzar-Bei and el Kebihr."

"A Tuareg and Imoscharh?"

"Of which tribe?"

"Hedjahn-Bei, our leader, does not permit his warriors to acquaint themselves with the French."

Fear had slightly seized upon me, when I heard that Renald was a captive of this notorious Hedjahn-Bei. I had already received some information regarding this

cruel and audacious robber and I knew that he was a terror to the caravan. No one knew to what tribe he belonged; the entire desert was his territory. His name was known from the steppes of Algier to Sudan and from the Egyptian oasis down to Wadan and Walada in the western Sahara. He would appear at various places as if emerging from the deep and in like manner again disappear. His presence always demanded a sacrifice of human lives and goods. Hidden recesses, it seemed, were at his disposal throughout the entire desert; he must have had agents whose duty it was to inform him of every caravan of importance and also to assist him in the plundering thereof. But his person as well as his deeds were so involved in secrecy that their explanation was thus far impossible. I deemed it expedient, in the presence of the messenger, to pretend I knew nothing of him.

"Hedjahn-Bei who is he?"

"Are you not acquainted with the caravan plundered? Are you deaf that you have heard nothing of him? He's the lord of the desert, hideous in his anger, terrible in his rage and invincible in combat. That young infidel is his captive."

I laughed.

"Invincible in combat? so he must engage only with the feeble Schalal and cowards? No Frenchman will ever fear him and his Gum. Why does he not release his captive? Did he not receive ransom twice?"

"The desert is very extensive and Hedjahn-Bei has many men who are in need of clothes, weapons and tents."

"The caravan plundered is a liar and imposter, his heart knows not the truth and his tongue is false."

"Give us shoes, weapons and powder, points for our spears and canvas for our tents."

"Twice you have received what you demanded. But not a shred of clothing not a grain of powder will you receive again."

"If so the captive dies."

"Hadjahn-Bei would not grant him freedom, though we would again comply with his desire."

"He will release him. Hadjam-Bei is lenient when his demands are fulfilled."

"How much does he ask?"

"As much as he formerly received."

"That is indeed much. You wish to take the goods with you?"

"No, you are to send them as before."

"Whereto?"

"To Bab-el-Ghud."

This was the very place whereto Emerey had called me, was this chance or was Emerey aware of it that the robber would appear there?

Madame Latreaumont again approached me and grasped my hand.

"So you are really determined to execute our petitions, notwithstanding, the difficulty and danger in connection with them? And to-morrow already you intend to depart without having previously enjoyed our hospitality."

"Our situation, Madame, is one which demands immediate action, but if you permit, I shall enjoy your hospitality after we have again returned, but until then you will, perhaps, favour me with the keeping of my goods which I cannot possibly take with me."

"Cheerfully, I shall despatch to the ship and--"

"Pardon me, Madame, I stopped at the hotel de Paris."

"Indeed? Know you, Monseigneur, that we take this very much amiss?"

I was obliged to hear a few polite rebukes after which the matter was entrusted to a servant. I was about to receive to my assigned department when the presence of an Arabian was announced. The man was received into the parlor where I too, betook myself.

A. J. SEIMETZ.

(To be continued.)

ALL SOULS.

The seal is broken on our fatal doom;
And thus we're free to choose a better
course;

If only we but do our will in force,
To realize what dreadful pain and gloom
Shall be our part, if we do not assume
The penitential garb while here below;
And thus protect us from the tempting foe,
That's ever seeking to destroy us soon.
Oh souls of Christ! ye ever blessed souls;
Already saints, through yet not purged
from guilt:

It is on you eternal glory rests
When once released from purgatory's folds:
On you it is the Savior's blood was spilt,
To make you shine more brilliant with the
blest.

JOHN C. WAKEFER.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN.

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EDITORIAL.

The month of November marks the fiftieth anniversary of the great step Cardinal Newman took when he made his submission to the Catholic Church. His noble example has gradually weighed upon the minds of his Anglican co-religionists, who, after serious reflection, have received the light of grace, and begged to share the glorious Faith that is proud to claim Newman as the faithful child. This year has seen many added to the long list of converts, and the Church has every reason to hope that the day is not far distant when the whole Anglican Flock will rest safely in the Bark of Peter.

With the dawn of the December sun, the four weeks of Advent are ushered into existence, and everything assumes the aspect of great preparations for Christ's humble Birth. Day after day as the happy feast nears its celebration, deeper anxiety is manifested, and the student's attention is gradually diverted from his books. Profitable occupation wrongly gives way to day-

dreaming. During hours of study he doubtless is engaged, at times, in picturing to himself fanciful ideas of the good things in store for him, while the accomplishment of his hopes seems ages away. Thus living in great expectation, his over-anxiety renders him competent to understand fully that these four weeks represent four thousand years of patient waiting.

Since Winter's imperial command has ended many out-door games and exercises, students will naturally devote more of their time to literary occupations. Though the library is stocked with the best of classical material and students may avail themselves of every opportunity, let everyone beware of falling into the careless habit of perusing literary productions hurriedly and indifferently. When once acquired it is difficult to escape the evil influence it exerts over all his other actions, and the untold injury in which it results. A student should pride himself in a systematic study of the authors; for systematic reading, with all possible attention concentrated on the book in hand, is a powerful preservative against this desultory custom so prevalent in our time.

The *Stylus* neatly expresses a happy idea when it says "you cannot put an old head on young shoulders, nor make a boy write like a man, nor a beginner like one who is finishing his course." *The Collegian*, as all its readers are aware, is the representative College publication of St. Joseph's, and consequently its columns are open to contributions from the lower as well as the higher classes. It would be highly improper to exclude the literary attempts of those just embarking on the great sea of journalistic composition, advancing the plea of raising the Journal to a higher standard: for, as students of the institution, the lower classes are justly entitled to be represented in a college paper that pretends to be published in the interests of all claiming to be children of the Alma Mater from whence it hails. Hence the remark of the *Stylus* is very timely, and expressive of the principle upon which *The Collegian* has been acting.

In accordance with the long established custom, the President's call for a proper observance of Thanksgiving day always meets with the hearty approval of the American people. In another column of *The Colle-*

gian the attention of the reader is invited to a detailed account of the day's program at Collegeville. The festival of Thanksgiving, as is well known, dates back primarily to the days of the historic Pilgrims, and, although lost in the obscurity of a long course of years, mention of its revival is again made in the chronicled facts of Abraham Lincoln's presidential career. Since then it has regularly been celebrated on the last Thursday of November. The motive of the government is truly praiseworthy, and the responsive unison of the people from their standpoint of its proper observance has always been a text for their eulogium. Yet, the pioneer spirit of this festival is gradually waning into a popular sentiment directly opposed to the very meaning of the term thanksgiving. It should be a day not only of joy and happiness, but first of all a day on which we should manifest our gratitude to God for His innumerable blessings.

BOOK REVIEWS,

"*Correct English*", by Lilia Hardin Bugg, has been highly eulogized by many of our exchanges; after a careful perusal of the volume we cheerfully assent to all the good things that have been said of the work, and, at the same time, add our own word of approbation.

This work contains useful information on grammar, rhetoric, letter writing, formation of words, punctuation, in short on every subject pertaining to the correct use of the language. Attention is called to common errors, and difficult subjects. Thus, two chapters are devoted to a discussion of the use of *shall* and *will*. Macauley says: "Not one Londoner in 10,000 can lay down the rules for the proper use of shall and will. Yet not one Londoner in a million misplaces his *will* and *shall*." If this be true we must confess that Londoners make fewer mistakes in this regard than do Americans. But if "*Correct English*" obtains the circulation it merits there will certainly be more than one American in 10,000 able to lay down the rules for the proper use of *will* and *shall*, and, consequently, mistakes in their usage rendered less frequent.

"*As the Bishop Saw It*", is a collection of the letters of the late Bishop Borgess of

Detroit, describing his trip to Rome in 1877. The student will find the letters models of epistolary composition that may well be imitated. The book contains a series of thirty-three letters, the first was written, "On Board the Steamer", "City of Berlin", May 4, 1877", the last at "Cork, Aug. 28, 1877." Every letter contains much useful and interesting information. The Bishop visited the principal cities and countries of Europe, and, in a most agreeable manner gives his impressions of the people and the places. When one has read the letters from Rome or Munich, Geneva or Brussels, London or Dublin, he feels as though he had heard from an absent friend, for the Bishop, a thorough American and viewing everything with an American eye, writes in a way that must interest his countrymen.

The letters are edited by Very Rev. Frank A. O'Brien and make a handsome volume of 266 pages. The book is published for the benefit of the Borgess Hospital.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS,

Before the next issue of "*The Collegian*" reaches you the presents that are to gladden the hearts of your friends at Christmas tide will have been purchased. Of course Santa Claus will take care that the little folks are well supplied with the toys, trinkets, and candy in which they delight.

But as boys and girls grow older they gradually turn their attention to other objects, and no longer find pleasure in the toys of their childhood. Then is the time that the question, "What shall I give my friend for Christmas?" often becomes a difficult one to answer. Now the best way to decide this question is to buy for your friend a good book. A book makes a present that is always in good taste. Much money is often expended on useless articles that are of no possible benefit to the recipient. A pious priest who is himself the author of several excellent volumes says "If people would only invest in good books the money that they expend on useless trifles it would not take them many years to accumulate a respectable library." But in buying these books let us not forget the numberless works of superior merit written by Catholic authors. By recommending Catholic authors we do not wish to have it understood that we would exclude our Irvings, Haw-

horns and Longfellow from the book-shelf of the Catholic. No library in which they do not find a place is worthy of the name. They are advertised by numerous publishers, sold by all book dealers and, thus, as a rule, are able to make their way to every library. But can as much be said of the works of Catholic writers? If you think so ask the average book dealer, who boasts of having a full line of all the authors, for O'Reilly's poems. He will smile condescendingly and ask you if you do not mean James Whitcombe Riley. As for Maurice Francis Egan or Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey -- they never heard of them. Even Aubrey De Vere, who is said by many competent critics to be the greatest living poet that writes in the English language, can not be found on their shelves. Catholic publishers may be, to a certain extent responsible for this, but the Catholic laity must not try to shift all the responsibility for this state of things. If they called for these books more frequently, and gave dealers to understand that it would be profitable to handle such books, there is little doubt but that they would do so. Under the present condition of things the only resource of those that do not live in the large cities where Catholic book stores may be found, is to order direct from the publisher. This can usually be done with perfect safety.

But for what books are we to send? That depends upon whom you propose to bestow your present. If you want a book for children, whether boys or girls, it is hard to find anything better than "Drops of Honey" or "Stories for Catholic Children", by Rev. A. M. Grussi; "How they Worked Their Way, by Maurice Francis Egan, is also a suitable book for them. If you want books for boys you may get "Tom Playfair", "Percy Wynn", "Harry Dee" or "Claude Lightfoot" -- the entire set if possible -- by Father Finn. Too much stress can not be laid upon the necessity of providing good reading for the young. Nothing can be more gratifying than to see a young person have a strong desire for reading, still it is hard to imagine anything more distressing than such young persons unprovided with good books. Their young minds are hungry and crave for food, and if they cannot be supplied with the proper kind they will satiate their appetite by the reading of trashy books or papers that may be so easily obtained. The parent who keeps harmful publications from his

child but neglects to provide it with good literature fulfills only half his duty.

What shall we get for the grown up boys and girls, for the young men, and women? A score of answers may be given to this question. Before we can tell you the book to buy we must know to what station in life your friend belongs. Everyone may not be able to relish Cardinal Newman's "Grammar of Assent" or Father Thein's "Christian Anthropology". But there are books by Catholic writers that cannot fail to prove interesting to everyone. Maurice Francis Egan's works would surely make acceptable presents. The books which have been mentioned in the "Book reviews" of "The Collegian" are deserving of attention. The advertising columns of almost every Catholic newspaper tell you where good books may be purchased.

But do not content yourself with remembering your friends--make sure to increase your own library also. A young man of our acquaintance came out on a fine Christmas morning a few years ago with a very prominent necktie -- one of the kind that a person sometimes receives as a gift. Upon being asked where he got it he replied "I got it for a present". The next question, even a more indelicate one than the first, was, "Who gave it to you?" he answered, "Oh, I made myself a present of this tie". Let us in like manner make ourselves a present of the books we would like to read if our friends good-naturedly give us something for which we are not quite so anxious.

JOHN F. COGAN

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

The first installment of Father Finn's new story appears in *The Young People*. It gives promise of ranking with his previous successful efforts, if not surpassing them. This is commending it very highly as the exploits of those typical collegians--Tom Playfair, Percy Wynn and their companions, and the inimitable manner in which their deeds are related, delighted everyone who had the pleasure of perusing the volumes. The editor is not springing a surprise on his readers by inserting this serial. The contents in the previous issues have been bright, spicy, and entertaining, and it was only in order to expect something from the bright, and facile pen of a writer of Father Finn's stamp.

The Radiator counts among its contributors writers whose excursions into the fields of fiction have been amply rewarded. In "A Thankful Thanksgiving Day", the incidents are graphically related and we note many qualities that mark a successful production.

The poets of the *St. James School Journal* have been, it seems, supplicating the Muses with great zest for Hallowe'en inspiration as a number of effusions are found in the November issue. Two stories, one having for its groundwork some of the pleasantries which Hallowe'en affords—the other with dialectic observations in which the hero Uncle Zeb is placed in quite a predicament on account of someone's insuperable desire for chicken, are amusingly told.

The Stylus contains a remarkable article on Father Tabb, a poet who is rapidly rising to an enviable position among the devotees of the Muses in America. Delicacy of treatment, and a nice sense of discrimination, especially when the poet is brought within the same circle with Wordsworth and Herrick, induce us to accept the writer's judgement of the poetical argosies which Father Tabb has freighted with poetical feeling. We admire the defense of Thos. Moore as a poet against critics who would pull him down from the niche in the Temple of Fame which he has occupied since he wrote his sweet productions, and reduce him to the level of a shallow poet, or to that of a mere rhymster.

The Mountaineer opens with a poem in dialect entitled "Dreamin' Away". If we remember rightly it is the first of that tenor that has appeared in the *Mountaineer* since it commenced its welcome visits. We enjoyed it highly and hope that the success of this effort will serve as an incentive to the poets to invoke the Muses again for something of a like nature. Thos. Moore is the subject of a literary sketch. The article—considering the instructive and easy manner in which it is treated, together with the illustrations forms a worthy addition to the series of compositions, which have graced its pages for some time past, combining a biography and an estimate of the authors works.

From its Southern home, *The Salve Regina* appears with a partial representation of the Academy and its surroundings as a

frontis-piece. Uniform and lucid treatment of various subjects has given it a favorable position among College Journals. The coming Winter School is the absorbing topic in the October number. A few well written essays and a model arrangement lend interest to its character as an Academy journal.

To *The Mission Indian*, a bright publication, from Banning, Ca., we extend a cordial welcome. It is, as its name indicates devoted to the Indian Missions, and is deserving of a wide circulation.

It cannot be that a former welcome exchange, upon which the terrors of a Wisconsin writer have proved ineffective, has succumbed to a breath of criticism.

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Dial*, *St. Vincents Journal*, *The Abbey Student*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *Mt. St. Mary's Record*, *The Boston Pilot*, *The Colored Harrest*, *The Rensselaer Republican*, *The Rensselaer Pilot*, and the *Review* from Chicago.

COLUMBIAN NOTES.

Since the last issue of *The Collegian*, the Columbians have entered in real earnest upon the work of the fall and winter terms, and in a manner, too, that presages great advantage to themselves through their participation in the programs, and many an evening's entertainment for the entire College. The two programs held during this month must be considered exceptionally good, and the display of elocutionary abilities, especially in the last, shows a decided improvement over all previous efforts. A schedule has been adopted by which programs will be given every ten days—on alternate Wednesdays and Sundays, those on Wednesdays to be private, the others public. Besides the principal dramas such as the one presented on Thanksgiving Day, the Society intends to produce several after-pieces at the different public programs throughout the year. The first of these, "The Country Justice", will be given on December 1st. Four new names, those of Messrs. Boeke, Fralich, Barnhard and Schulien, were added to the roll-call at the last meeting. At the quarterly election held November 20th the following officers were chosen for the ensuing term:

President.....	Wm. D. Sullivan
Vice-President.....	Jas. Betsner
Secretary.....	Bartholemew Besinger
Treasurer.....	Wm. Brinkman
Critic.....	Nicholas Greiwe
Librarian.....	Lawrence A. Eberle
Editor of Columbian.....	E. Vogel
Marshal.....	Frank Kuenle
Executive Committee..	{ Jas. F. Connelly John C. Wakefer Gerard Hartjens

The following programs were rendered during the month.

November 3rd.

Music.....Orchestra
 Essay—Benjamin Franklin. Jas. Betsner
 Music.....Violin and Piano Duet
 Recitation—Restraint.....F. J. Koch
 Recitation.....Simon Kuehnmuensch
 Der Grafen.

Music.....Orchestra
 Afterpiece.....By The Minims
 "The Wanderer".

November 17th.

Music.....Band
 Recitation.....Thos. Travis
 Cataline's Defiance.

Oration.....Jos. R. Wechter
 John Card. Newman.

Recitation.....Eulogius Deininger
 The Fireman's Fate.

Paper—The Columbian...Edward Vogel
 Recitation.....Gabriel Cotter
 Robert Emmet's Last Speech.

Music.....Band

MILITARY JOTTINGS,

The cold weather has confined all our drill exercises to indoors and the campus has been abandoned until the sunny days of spring put in their appearance again.

The Boebner Columbian Guards acquitted themselves admirably well in the impromptu exhibition drill rendered on November 8th, in honor of our Rt. Rev. Bishop.

In another column of the "Collegian" will be found the article, "Thanksgiving Day" in which an account of the military program, rendered on that day, is given.

Mr. Brown, the agent of the firm of G. F. Foster, Son & Co. called on us the 4th inst. to take the measurements for our annual supply of uniforms. Some changes, slight but nevertheless advantageous, have

been made in the suits this year. A better quality of goods has also been procured.

To acquire skill in all the movements contained in his schedule for the Thanksgiving Day program, the commander of the B. C. G. deemed it fit to call a few extra practice drills. He promises, however, to even things up after the event.

A competitive drill was called on the 18th inst., owing to the vacancy in the office of 1st sergeant. Both Co. A and Co. B participated and unusual interest was shown throughout the drill. The judges were Major Cogan, Adjutant Conroy, and Aide de camp Eberle. The grades of those scoring above 95 per cent are as follows:

Priv. Fr. Diefenbach, 98 $\frac{1}{3}$; Priv. Alb. Riestner, 98; Priv. H. Reichert, 97 $\frac{2}{3}$; Priv. Ed. Misch, 97 $\frac{1}{2}$; Priv. F. J. Koch, 97 $\frac{1}{2}$; Priv. A. Roth, 97 $\frac{1}{2}$; Priv. B. Heckman, 97 $\frac{1}{3}$; Priv. Jno. Steinbrunner, 97 1-6; Priv. Jno. Wakefer, 97; Priv. Thos. McLoughlin, 96 5-6; Priv. Geo. Diefenbach, 96 5-6; Priv. Ed. Byrne, 96 $\frac{2}{3}$; Priv. Jos. Cosh, 96 $\frac{2}{3}$; Priv. Robt. Murphy, 96 $\frac{2}{3}$; Priv. H. Kavalage, 96 $\frac{1}{2}$; Priv. Ed. Vogel, 96 $\frac{1}{3}$; Priv. H. Barnard, 96 $\frac{1}{3}$; Priv. E. Schweitzer, 96 $\frac{1}{3}$; Priv. Christ. Class, 96 1-6; Priv. Matt. Shea, 96 1-6; Priv. Chas. Roemer, 96 1-6; Priv. Louis Fralich, 95 5-6; Priv. Geo. Aug, 95 $\frac{2}{3}$; Priv. Robt. Peelle, 95 $\frac{2}{3}$; Priv. Jno. Dwenger, 95 $\frac{1}{3}$. Average of Company A, 96 $\frac{2}{8}$. Average of Company B, 95 53-100.

SPORTING NEWS.

Eating turkey is excellent sport.

Rabbit hunting was one of the favorite amusements during the latter part of the month.

Skating, for a while, seemed as if it would direct the attention of the students from the other pastimes; but when the ice gave way under George's weight, the idea was abandoned.

The bowling alley, as was fully evinced on Thanksgiving, is a source of much amusement to both the Faculty and students. It contains two tracks, thus enabling many to enjoy the game at the same time. The students highly appreciate the kindness of the Faculty in providing for them this place of amusement.

Foot ball was the all-absorbing game during this month. On the afternoon of the first day of November the Vigilants vs. Defenders entertained their fellow students and many of their friends from Rensselaer with an excellent game. Fitzpatrick and Murphy, of the Vigilants, distinguished themselves by each making a touchdown. Although the Defenders did not win they did excellent work. The game resulted in favor of the Vigilants by a score of 8—4.

One week later another game was played between the same teams, which proved to be by far the most exciting and interesting ever played on the grounds. The players on both sides are equally deserving of praise. The game resulted in a tie 4—4.

The Wideawakes and Twilights, from the Minims, have made several persistent efforts in Foot Ball but the game on the 17th must be distinguished as one in which the qualities of the younger students were creditably displayed. A touchdown on one side raised the determination of the other to retrieve, and as the game proceeded, the vim and spirit shown in the attempts to gain and in a corresponding opposition, gave delight to the spectators which often manifested itself in hearty cheers. Henry Kavalage showed considerable ability in tackling. Ed. Koenig also deserves credit for his excellent punting. Score 4—4.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

One of the days that will be long and pleasantly remembered by the students of St. Joseph's College on account of its many and varied exercises, all of which elicited more than ordinary interest, was Thanksgiving Day, 1895.

The program opened at 8 A. M. by the celebration of High Mass by the Rev. John Berg of Remington. After services all assembled in the Armory to witness the Military Exercises. They began with a Dress Parade given by the battalion. This occasion was taken to announce publicly the promotion of Second Serg. Hordeman to the First Sergeantship of Co. A, and Priv. F. Diefenbach was made Second Serg. of the same Co. The Parade was followed by an Exhibition Drill by the Seifert Light Guards. The Company went through its various complicated commands without a single mistake. The generous applause of

the spectators fully attested their appreciation of the drilling. The Boebner Columbian Guards appeared on the program with a drill composed of principally fancy movements. The Squad gave three bayonet manuals besides the marchings. This was the first public appearance of the B. C. G. in their new uniforms, and was creditable beyond comment. No doubt whatever exists that the Squad will be the best drilled organization ever seen in St. Joseph's College if it continues as it has begun. The Band rendered inspiring music between the different numbers of the military program.

After the military exercises the guests and students spent half an hour in social chat, and, when responding to the sound of the dinner bell at 12 M. repaired to the refectories, where they found the tables groaning under their load of turkeys and other good things. Students that have had experience in other boarding schools are unanimous in pronouncing the meals served at St. Joseph's College superior to those of other similar institutions. But on this occasion the good Sisters outdid themselves, and treated the students to a feast, the equal of which was never seen before in St. Joseph's. The dinner concluded, as is customary here on feast days, with speeches by the students. Fathers Dickmann and Maximilian also added a few well-timed remarks that had the effect of increasing the good cheer considerably.

In the afternoon the first target practice ever held at College was conducted under the auspices of the B. C. G., the battalion officers, the older students, and Ex-Lieut. Mug participating. Father Mark offered a valuable prize for the winner. Ex-Lieut. Mug won, making 13 out of a possible 15 points; Engesser came second, and McLoughlin third with 12 and 11 points respectively. Lieut. Mug divided up with the boys.

But the most important feature of the day's exercises, and the one to which the most time had been devoted in preparation, was the play—"The Prodigal Law Student"—rendered by the Columbian Literary Society.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Frederick, a Law Student. Ed. J. Mungovan
Mr. Martin, his Father, Jas. B. Fitzpatrick
Angelo, his brother. Felix Scroczyński
Alfred, his Friend. Edw. Vogel
Tightfist, Wall-street Broker. T. M. Conroy

Prof. Allgood, Teacher of Angelo
 F. J. Koch
 Gen. Watson, U. S. A., Commander of
 Zouaves.....J. F. Cogan
 Friends of Frederick { Harry,.....B. Besinger
 John,.....Vincent Munich
 Foster,.....J. C. Wakefer
 Eugene,.....G. Hartjens
 Phineas, a Visitor from the Emerald Isle.
 J F Connelly
 Admiral Ross, U. S. N....Theobald Reitz
 Capt. Henderson, U. S. N...C. A. Riester
 Jesse } Attendants { A. Missler
 Jake } V. Scharf
 Bob } L. Baker
 Spencer } E. Walter
 Samuel } L. A. Eberle
 First Newsboy.....T. P. Travis
 Second Newsboy.....Ed. Koenig
 First Citizen.....Wm. Brinkman
 Second Citizen.....E. Misch
 First Sailor.....D. Brackman
 Second Sailor.....Roman Theis
 Third Sailor.....Ild. Rapp
 Zouaves.....Squad Members.

The curtain rose, at the first scene at 7:30 P. M. The moral contained in the play is a most wholesome one "Frederick, the Law Student", is the principal character, and on him the plot mainly depends. Frederick's home is in Boston; he is the idol of his parents and younger brother, and leaves Boston to enter a Law school in New York. There he falls into the company of extravagant, dissolute, young men, and spends much more money than his father could allow him. But a Wall-street broker, Tightfist, knowing the value of old Mr. Martin's property, induces the son, Frederick, to borrow money from him, telling him that he can repay it all when he is once admitted to the bar. The young man thus becomes Tightfist's debtor for a large sum. Tightfist presents his claims to the elder Mr. Martin, and, to liquidate the debt, sells the old man's home. Frederick's mother succumbs to this shock, not so much, however, by the loss of her home as by the knowledge of her son's conduct. Upon this the heart-broken father ordered his son away from him, and Frederick, after resolving to amend his life and placing confidence in Divine assistance, enters the Navy. In a very short time he rises to a high position in the service, and, accumulating a fortune, seeks and obtains the forgiveness of his father, whose grief and resentment have been mollified by time.

The play is varied by humorous and pathetic scenes.

The players are all deserving of the highest praise for the excellent manner in which they rendered their respective parts. Fitzpatrick and Mungovan are deserving of special mention for the splendid rendition of their difficult and important characters. Connelly, as the Irish visitor "took the house." Mr. Koch showed that he thoroughly comprehended and entered into the spirit of the character assigned him.

Under Prof. Hemmersbach's direction excellent music was furnished between the acts. The Wagnerian selections by the Orchestra were greatly appreciated by the large and sympathetic audience.

The following visitors graced the occasion with their presence: The Very Rev. J. R. Dinnen, Lafayette; the Res. J. Guending, P. J. Roche, and F. J. Dandurand, Lafayette; B. Dickmann, Sedalia, Mo., M. Zumbuelte, Hanover Center; John Berg, Remington; W. Berg, Shererville; Mr. E. Mug and Mrs. Murphy of Lafayette, Ind.

Many of the citizens of Rensselaer witnessed the play in the evening.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT,

The College was honored this month by the presence of the beloved bishop of the diocese, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, who arrived here on Thursday evening, the 7th, and remained until the evening of the day following. His intention of coming not being known until it was too late to arrange a program in his honor, the welcome accorded him was necessarily simple though hearty; but the College Battalion and the Band proved themselves equal to the occasion later on by a neat little entertainment given on Friday afternoon. The weather was too inclement to permit outdoor sports, but the students asked for, and graciously received from his Lordship the traditional "free day" and managed to enjoy it to the utmost inside the building. The bishop, too, seemed to be pleased at the mirth and good cheer that prevailed and visited the recreation halls and reading-rooms where the boys were enjoying themselves, bestowing a smile and a kind word to everyone and a promise to make a longer visit when his duties would

permit. St. Joseph's is always happy to have the bishop for its guest and extends to him on his departure an earnest invitation to come soon again.

PERSONALS.

One of the first guests of the month was the Rev. Bernard Kroeger of Logansport who some years ago acted as chaplain of the orphan asylum which stood so long on the present site of the College building. Not having been here since the days of his early labors, the change that has taken place was naturally much of a revelation to him and called forth many interesting recollections of the early days of what is now Collegeville. We hope the Rev. Father will not let such another period slip by before again revisiting us, but will henceforth be a frequent caller.

Father Young of Garret, one of our oldest friends among the clergy, favored us by his presence for a few days recently.

Father Willibald Schlimmer, C. PP. S., of Indian Creek, paid us a short visit on the 5th.

The many friends of Father Dominic Schunk, C. PP. S., will be grieved to learn of the death of his mother, which occurred at Wanatah on November 3. The funeral was well attended. The College was represented by Father Benedict. We extend our sincere condolence to Father Dominic in his hour of affliction.

The Rev. Andrew Gietle, C. PP. S., formerly director of the Indian Normal School, stopped off to see his old friends while on his way to the semi-annual conference of the Community, C. PP. S., at Carthagena, O. Since leaving our midst Father Andrew has traveled extensively in the West and has held a charge near Denver. At present he is stationed at California, Mo.

We are happy to welcome to our number Mr. Martin Duffy, of Frankfort, Ind. Mr. Duffy has taken up the commercial course, being already a graduate from the high school of the city from which he hails.

The Rev. B. Dickmann, of Sedalia, Mo., one of the oldest and most prominent members of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood, spent several days with us recently previous to the conference of

the Community, C. PP. S., at Carthagena. At the requests of the Fathers of the house, he celebrated the High Mass and preached the sermon Sunday, the 24th. The day being that one of the month set apart for the Scholastics for their meditation on death, he selected that for the subject of his discourse and by his able treatment of it and his happy manner of delivery, produced a deep impression on his hearers. On the same afternoon an exhibition drill and band concert was given in his honor in responding to which he complimented the boys highly for their proficiency—the Band for its excellent music and the Battalion for the precision with which they executed their maneuvers, and expressed his intention of being present, if possible, for the entertainment they had in view for Thanksgiving Day.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The're right in the push.

“Down with the balls and bats!”

Did you ever see them on a farm?

All unanimously agree that Engesser played his part to perfection in the program rendered in the auditorium on Sunday, Nov. 17th.

The recent cold spell brought about many unusual events in Collegeville. Among them was the advent of a wild duck into the lake. Our good natured assistant prefect immediately spied the welcome intruder and ordered his staff of marksmen to the scene. Three shots were fired, which successively landed on the opposite shore, but the poor fowl, although it was frozen to or became entangled in the floating ice, succeeded in making its escape.

Up to this time there has always been union among the members of the sixth class, but, since they have begun to acquaint themselves with the science of chemistry, “jars” are frequently to be observed in the class.

Since its reorganization by Professor Hemmersbach, the progress of the orchestra has been very marked. The selections rendered at the recent programs of the Columbians formed a prominent feature of the entertainments and received the warm appreciation that they merited. Such a brilliant beginning is certainly a prediction

of a still happier future, and reflects high praise on the Professor and his gifted pupils.

The fifth and sixth year classical students have taken up the study of vocal music with a view of becoming acquainted with the liturgical chant of the Church before entering upon their seminary course. Father Clement has charge of the class.

The Feast of All Saints was observed at the College this year in the usual impressive manner. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Father Benedict assisted by Father Rector and Father Frederick, respectively as deacon and sub-deacon, while the Responsoria of the Mass were well rendered together with Caecilian music by the choir. The sermon, an elequent one, was delivered by Father Benedict. The double vespers of the day was sung at 2 P.M., and Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament given in the evening at the usual hour.

The seniors have just commenced the study of chemistry with Father Raphael as instructor. The laboratory apparatus for conducting experiments arrived last week.

The fifth class in English Literature are at present reading Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" and expect to produce it in the Auditorium soon after Christmas.

The recent earthquake spoken of so much of late by the newspapers, did not slight St. Joseph's though it was very gently felt. The shock occurred just after the five o'clock bell for rising had rung and was recognized for what it really was by only a few; while many more of a more practical turn of mind who felt the tremor throughout the building and heard the windows rattle, thought it was Vogel only jumping out of bed.

At one of the recent meetings of the parliamentary law class, one of the members, in default of anything else to say, moved "that Mr. Walters favor the society with a few jokes", and, by his superior tact, succeeded in having the motion passed. Mr. Walters seemed unwilling to comply, however, but moved "to reconsider"; whereat the instructor took occasion to call his attention by a lengthy explanation to the fact that, voting in the negative, he could not make such a motion. The mirth of the class may well be imagined when the facetious Eusebius readily responded, "Well, that is just one of the jokes."

The parliamentary law class of the C. L.

S. has been reorganized and promises to be attended with the same success that has characterized it during the past three years. A division in the class has been made necessary, however, which will give the advanced members an opportunity of studying civil government as well as the more complicate rules governing deliberative bodies. Mr. Cogan is still acting as instructor.

Skating will soon be in order again, and the boys are anticipating much pleasure upon the surface of the little lake at the front of the College, and a glide over the Iroquois on free afternoons. It is to be hoped that those who have heretofore made themselves conspicuous by sliding boards and stones over the ice "just for fun", or getting upon it before it was sufficiently strong to bear their weight, have seen their faults as others see them, and will deny themselves such pleasures for the future.

The Sixth Latin class, with Father Benedict as instructor, has devoted most of its time this term to the reading of Virgil, the greatest of all Latin poets. The class has also studied the rules of prosody, using Casserly's Latin Prosody as a text book. Upon finishing this little book Father Benedict had the class read and scan the Latin Hymns of the "Roman Hymnal" beginning with The Propria of the Season. The class is thus enabled not only to make practical use of the rules which they have learned but also to acquire much useful knowledge that cannot fail to prove very beneficial to them in after life.

The "Wanderer", a drama of one act was rendered by the Minims, in the College auditorium, on the eve of All Saints Day. The young actors did credit to themselves, and it is hoped that the next entitled the "Amateur", which they intend to produce some time in December, will meet with the same success. The following are the dramatis personae:

Jno. Ready	{ President of	} C. Roemer
	{ Debating Club.	
James Rose	Secretary	Harry Keller
Tom Slowboy	Treasurer	Edgar Murphy
Sam Sly,	} Debaters.	S. Sweitzer
Frank Wilson,		R. Murphy
Charley Boardman		M. Peele
Frank Black,		J. Cosh,
Isaac Pearl,		R. Peele
Percy Kimball,		Geo. Jeffries
Norval Young,		H. Kavelage
Mathew Shea,		G. Diefenbach

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A CHRISTMAS CROWN FOR THE INFANT LORD.

O star of Redemption in Bethlehem's sky
 Emitting thy lustre to brighten the earth,
 Thou tellest in joy to the languishing eye
 The tale of our Savior's miraculous birth. O
 O wonder predicted when sceptres should
 change

When Juda, no longer possessing the
 throne,
 Respected not prophets—to God grew es-
 trange,
 When gale-storms of sin o'er the earth long
 had blown
 And nations entire from all virtue were
 torn,
 When Janus was closed—yet when kings
 were unable
 To loosen sin's fetters--of Mary was born
 The King of all kings in a Bethlehem-
 stable!
 Ah! contrast unspeakable here to behold!
 The humblest of humble, the poorest of
 poor,
 Unclad in the purple, exposed to the cold,
 His palace a stable—his kingdom's contour
 O'erreaching all space—in a manger he lies
 Inviting our pray'rs which he'll never de-
 spise.
 Then greetings let's offer with heavenly
 choirs,
 Adore our new King as the shepherds of
 old;
 Like wise men let's kindle frank-incense
 fires
 And taste of the happiest glory untold.
 Let's weave with the season's fond greet-
 ing's a crown,
 Let us the angelical 'glorias' sing
 While laying our diadem pleadingly down
 Before that sweet Infant, uncrowned—yet
 our king.

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

THE BOY'S CHOIR.

Previous to the year 1893 the girls' choir of the Church of The Immaculate Conception in one of our large Western cities always had the honor of singing the Christmas Mass.

The boys were not wanting in mettle, as there was enough of excellent timber among their voices to outrival their sister choir; but they were lacking in the earnest endeavors and diligence of their bright opponents.

However as Christmas was drawing near, they determined this year to make the most strenuous efforts to obtain the privilege hitherto so easily conceded to the girls, and as a reward for their noble and indefatigable zeal Father Shea, the pastor of the Church, conferred the honor upon them.

The boys were now in the height of their glory and with willing hearts they earnestly set to work preparing for the magnificent feast.

All was gliding smoothly and the boys were confident of success, when suddenly a misfortune occurred and all their fond hopes were blasted. Charles Reed, the leading soprano, and in fact the main strength of the choir, while joyfully skating with a number of his companions fell and painfully injured himself and would be unable to leave his bed for a month.

What was to be done? There was hardly another who could replace him in his part. Were the girls yet to be victorious?

For a while it so appeared. But fortune was not so cruel as to blight the happy prospects of these joyful youths, or rather it was but a little rub sent by Providence to enhance the value of the boys' merits.

"Oh Edgar," said one of the smaller boys, "you always concoct some scheme to help us out of difficulties, so set your active mind to work and help us out of this."

A thousand thoughts surged through Edgar's mind at this request, but, after a moment's thought, his countenance brightened, and from his heavy lips fell the joyful words: "Boys, I have struck it. You are all more or less acquainted with the person of Norwood Gardner. Well, he has an excellent soprano voice, and, as he and I have become steadfast friends of late, I think I can persuade him to lend us his assistance and extricate us from this predicament. If all are pleased with my proposition, I will ask mama to teach Norwood his part, so

there will be no need of any more rehearsals."

All heartily responded in favor of the proposition, for they knew that whatever Edgar took under his charge proved a success.

Edgar at once wended his way home and unfolded to his mother their misfortune and his proposition. Mrs. Shovey willingly acquiesced to her loving son's request and bade him drive over at once and see if Norwood would consent.

No sooner said than Edgar bounded towards the stable and in the course of a few moments was on his way to Norwood's home.

Norwood was the only child born to his parents. His father was a good Catholic and in comfortable circumstances, but shortly after the birth of his son he was severely injured in a railway accident and after many months of painful sufferings he died thus leaving to the mother the task of educating and providing for their son.

Norwood grew to be an exemplary boy, intelligent, handsome, honest and truthful. He was gentle, unaffected, and kind and inspired everyone with confidence and esteem. He was baptised a Catholic, but his mother being a Protestant withheld from him this great boon, and earnestly strove to keep him from Catholic associates. But the ways of Providence are mysterious, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the mother, he found a great attachment for Edgar Shovey and they had now become intimate friends.

Edgar soon reached the home of Norwood and made known to him the object of his visit. Norwood joyfully assented; but their was still a greater barrier in the way than his consent. He must first obtain the permission of his mother, for Norwood was an obedient boy and would do nothing against her wishes.

He informed his mother of the object of Edgar's visit and entreated her to grant him leave to fulfill his friend's request. She at first flatly refused, but seeing that it would mar the happiness of the son she tenderly loved at last yielded.

Upon this Edgar extended to her an invitation to attend the Christmas Mass which she joyfully accepted.

Norwood accompanied Edgar home that evening and under the instructions of Mrs. Shovey soon learned his part.

At last the long looked for Christmas had arrived and as early as half past four o'clock

Mr. and Mrs. Shovey and Edgar were gliding over the snow in their beautiful sleigh drawn by two pretty jet black steeds on their way to church. As it was necessary for them to pass the home of Mrs. Gardner they halted and took in Norwood and his mother. In a few minutes they all had reached the church and Edgar and Norwood ran up to the choir, while Mr. and Mrs. Shovey proceeded to their pew accompanied by Mrs. Gardner.

Norwood was struck with amazement when he beheld the interior of the church. His eyes had never rested on anything more beautiful. His countenance beamed with an expression of intense happiness, while he remained motionless entirely wrapt up with the enchantments that surrounded him.

Suddenly the notes of the deep laboring organ burst upon his ears and in a few moments the procession of altar boys and the clergy vested in their priestly robes marched slowly and with gravity out of the Sacristy and began the celebration of the Mass. The organist entered the "Kyrie" and in a moment the church was ringing with sweet gushes of melody. Norwood's sweet powerful voice could be heard above the rest and more than one inquisitive person turned his head to get a glimpse at the marvelous singer.

The ceremonies were grand and imposing and the boys did admirably well save now and then a few breaks which were ably recovered. The "Adeste Fidelis" sung by Norwood with the voice of a thrush or nightingale distilling celestial melody, was the most charming ever heard within the portals of the Church. It was the acme of the choir's efforts.

When Norwood and Edgar descended from the choir they were the cynosure of attention. Norwood and his mother got into the sleigh with Mr. and Mrs. Shovey and drove to the latter's home where the live long day was charmingly spent in joyful amusements much enlivened by the recollections of the morning's success. For Norwood it was an ideal day and from that time on his mother changed her opinions of the Catholic religion.

But Norwood had not gazed his fill and the next day bright and early he called for Edgar to go and see the crib. They went and through the simple explanations of Edgar's a spark of light was infused into his then darkened soul. As the days withered

by the spark grew bright and in the course of a short while his soul was flooded with the true light.

Obtaining permission from his mother he took instructions of Father Shea and on the following Easter Sunday he was received into the true fold.

He is at present singing in the boys' choir, but in a short time he and Edgar will start for College to take up their studies for the holy priesthood.

Edified by the shining virtues of her son, Mrs. Gardner has followed his example and is at present taking instruction of Father Shea expecting to be received into the true fold on Happy New Year's Day.

EDW. MUNGOVAN.

A GOOD THOUGHT REWARDED.

A SKETCH.

A carpet of snow formed by thin wavering flakes covered the earth. The white drops gradually increased in size and fell in abundance, as if to save the day from extinction by the impending darkness, or, that the dreary spectacle of a barren earth at Christmas time might be hidden by a pure and spotless mantle of white. It was a few hours previous to Christmas eve. In front of the "Courier" building, unnoticed and apart from the crowd of newsboys who had gathered there in waiting for the evening papers, two brothers were conversing and had for a theme the approaching feast. They were orphans. The few hours they had at their disposal after the parish school was dismissed, they utilized in distributing the "Courier". The elder injected very little spirit into the conversation; his mind was absorbed in contriving some means by which to gladden the heart of his younger brother on the great feast of joy. He gazed upon Maurice and noted the twinkling and sudden flash of his eyes when the subject of bestowing gifts was alluded to. He wondered if that little heart at present teeming with thoughts of Christmas was contemplating the giving or receiving of gifts. At length he ventured to ask him: "Maurice, what would you like for a present?"

John received no answer, but the expression of Maurice's countenance was a tacit acknowledgment that he would be pleased with a gift of John's selection. John knew full well that in case Maurice had expressed a preference, he could not satisfy it for they

were both poor in the goods of this world, but rich in the sympathy that existed between them and in the affection that bound them together. But he was content. As we, on a calm night direct our vision heavenward, unmindful of the barren scene that may be spread before us, to view the tarry firmament, so he found comfort in the many marks of affection emanating from the sanctuary of Maurice's heart where a brotherly love was enshrined and formed a fitting refuge for John when too deeply tried by the remembrance of his inability to present a suitable offering to his brother. He mused deep and long. In those expansive fields whither he had been borne upon the wings of fancy, his mind was confused with the multitude of ideas presented, and he endeavored to grasp and dissolve them; but, when he attempted to introduce order into this chaos of fantasy, it vanished and the reality of affairs seemed more real than ever.

That Christmas took up its abode in the chambers of the past. No one had been lavish of favors to John, and all that he could do to show his appreciation of those pure and gentle rays, which had continually gushed forth from Maurice's soul — like rays of moonlight on the waters with more sweetness than brightness and more tenderness than joy, was to wish him a "Merry Christmas".

Years drifted on. The winds of fortune were favorable to John. He braved the storms and dangers on the sea of experience, and at last sailed into the port of success. He was now a rich man. His youthful features were cast in a thoughtful mould and that thoughtfulness has ripened into a befitting gravity. The amiableness of his character, so prominent in his youth, has traced itself in his actions and in his appearance. It has not lessened; but, the duties that manhood entails, usurped the place it occupied when he and Maurice were passing the morning of life in each others, company.

Now on Christmas eve, he joyously foregoes the pleasures of a comfortable seat by his fireside and strolls on a mission of charity. That same "Courier" building is his destination. There to an assembled crowd of newsboys he dispenses lavishly of his wealth. His affluent circumstances enable him to give without stint, but what is of greater import to him is the fact that from his own experience, he has gleaned the

knowledge that his gifts will strike a chord of deep gratitude in the hearts of those upon whom his charity is conferred. He observes the serenity which steals over his little friends when they become acquainted with the object of his errand — now developing into enthusiasm, which unexpected joy awakens, then subsiding as if their delighted souls were in communion with self. That scene in which he and Maurice were the only actors now flashes upon his mind as bright and vivid as when it was enacted. Each little fellow receives an appropriate present. More rapidly than a skilled musician could evoke notes, each recipient ran from treble to bass in gratitude and benediction. The silver stream that ripples onward, and the wild and dashing river, although so different unite to form that grand expanse of waters — the ocean — wherein their characteristics are lost; thus as each little soul delivered its tribute of thanks, the sounds may have been discordant by reason of being individual in tone; but beyond that discord there was a harmony, cheering, pleasing, and melodious to John. The sum of their joy was his joy. Painters talk of the difficulties of expressing the existence of compound passions in the same features at the same time; it would be no less difficult to analyze those "troops of gentle thoughts" which extended their sway over John, and held him captive. The little assembly dispersed — the newsboys betook themselves to their tasks, and John wended his way homeward. A rich man and those fortunate children of the poor had a quality in common on that Christmas eve — they were happy.

Although years ago, John was unable to bestow a gift upon Maurice he believes the desire of those days has born fruit.

T. M. CONROY.

A BALLADE OF JOY.

Each earthly hope is but a ray
 Of sunlight through our misery:
 Our earthly joy doth pass away,
 And with it goes its devotee.
 What ease and comfort can there be
 To pacify this heart of mine
 Until my soul can eas'ly see
 That Thou, O Lord art truly mine?
 Praise, found in life, goes for the day
 And wealth for us can only be,
 Like to a fraud, cost what it may:
 And weakens our sincerity.

But Thou, O Lord! I crave for Thee
To come and in my heart recline;
Let my own conscience prove to me
That Thou, O Lord! art truly mine.

Unless our joy its Master finds
Is but a dream, and cannot last;
Its feudal traits doth us incline
To make us dwell on folly past.
But Thou, Good Lord! wilt surely blast
Not my fond hopes of what's sublime
And make me feel ere time has flashed
That Thou O Lord! art truly mine.

ENVOY.

Prepare me then in safety
And let Thy powerful grace divine
Enshroud my soul in ecstasy,
For Thou, O Lord! art truly mine.

JOHN. C. WAKEFER.

POOR ANGELO.

The year of our Lord 1875 was drawing to a close. It was Christmas eve. The splendid city of Berlin lay bright as ever illumined by the soft light of the regent of the night. The marble-like cover with which every object was overlaid, though often styled the shroud of dead nature, did not impair her looks, but rather added to the splendor of her appearance. The temperature keen yet nearly pleasant had turned with nightfall into a piercing cold. All trottoirs were yet lively with the joyous voices of chattering people that were hurrying home to enjoy a pleasant grand festival on the morrow. But soon the silence of night reigned supreme, and the moon-lit snow glistened like sparkling gems on the streets and house-tops. Thus nature dealt impartially in the distribution of her jewels with the hovel of a day-laborer and the palace of a millionaire. But upon a closer view inside, a great difference might be discovered.

From out of a garret-chamber on a lonely street leading westwardly to the "Unter den Linden", there you notice the faint glimmer of a light. On approaching you hear a clear voice utter childlike tones of lamentation, words betraying the deepest affliction. "O mother, sweetest, dearest mother, why do you not answer? Oh, I am so very cold, so tired, so hungry. How affectionately did you clasp your loving arms around your Angelo's neck! How consolingly did you speak; but now--nothing more for your forsaken child, no word--no

look. — — Oh! mama has forgotten her Angelo!"

It was little Angelo Gottlieb. His poor mother void of all human assistance, with her lamenting child at her side, had just breathed her last. Angelo was thus deprived of his only solace, the sun of his life. No one would now prepare his frugal meals, no one mend his scanty clothes, no one pay for his poor dwelling. In all his poverty he was happy with his mother; now, however, he was at a loss how to get on.

But always regarding the admonitions of his pious mother, the little youth had frequently wended his way to a chapel situated just opposite to their own poor dwelling-place. With good reasons, indeed, he now too visited this holy place. Prostrated before the picture of "Our Blessed Lady" to whom the chapel was dedicated, he uplifted hands and eyes to the mother of mercy. With bitter tears he besought his only refuge to have pity on the poorest of creatures.

"O little Jesus, dost thou ignore that I am so forsaken by all? Ah! how happy are our children on this holy feast! My mother told me, thou hadst been born so poor, but now art exceedingly rich. O, make me happy too!" Could such childlike petitions be unheeded by the Infant Jesus, by His merciful mother?

Just at the moment when Angelo uttered these words, a venerable matron had stealthily entered the little sanctuary. Angelica Freudenborn was one of the richest, noblest, and apparently happiest belonging to the cream of society. What caused her—for she was the nightly visitor—to seek this holy place at so unusual an hour? Had she, perchance, also a secret woe that overwhelmed her heart? Very true; into the brimming cup of her joys had fallen a drop of bitterness. Nine years ago—on Christmas eve—the cruel tyrant Death had entered the palace of baron Freudenborn and with his icy hand had snatched from her bosom her only child—an Angelo. Since that period Angelica permitted no Christmas eve to pass without giving vent to the strong emotions of her re-wounded heart before the picture of Our Blessed Lady. Oh, how sorely she craved for one to supply the place of her deceased Angelo.

Anxious not to disturb the youthful prayer devoutly kneeling at the prie-dieu, she scarcely ventured to breathe but directed her whole attention to Angelo, who una-

ware of her presence addressed the Blessed Virgin in piteous tones. But one can rather imagine than describe what feelings seized the heart of Angelica when she heard the poor orphan exclaim; "O Mary, tell thy sweet Jesus to remember His poor Angelo. Tell Him that I, only five years old, stand all alone in this large world of ours."

Ah, Angelo — five years of age — the name, the very age of my own darling son. Is it the spirit of my child that I fancy to see? He is my Angelo's image and likeness. No, he shall no longer be a poor waif and I a childless mother. While these thoughts were passing in the mind of Angelica a plan suggested itself to her.

For a while Angelo continued to beseech the Blessed Virgin in such childlike tones as must rend every heart not altogether void of human feelings. Then overcome by weariness and exhaustion his little head began to droop and, at length, Angelo fell asleep.

Angelica had brought with her a small basket filled with biscuits, oranges, lemons and other fruits from the "Sunny South" meant to gladden the heart of some poor child or other. This she now deposited in front of the chapel-door that Angelo on leaving might be gladly surprised. She then resumed her former place and position to await the issue.

Calmly and peacefully the little orphan slept. His sleep must even be sweetened by a heavenly vision, or had you observed him you would have noticed an unearthly smile on his innocent lips. At length, all on a sudden, Angelo, clapping together his little hands awoke and as in continuation of his heavenly dream exclaimed: "Yes! I come; immediately I'll go in search for paradise to see all the angels, my dear father, my beloved mother."

He arose and forthwith left the chapel. "O Heaven, what's this?" With an exclamation of surprise and joy he seized the present. "Ah, truly, a present from one of those beautiful angels that I saw."—The biscuits moistened by tears of joy were soon consumed and his hunger once more appeased. "But oh! what can this be?" he said, taking an orange into his tender hands. Poor boy! never had he seen, much less tasted anything so delicious. "No doubt", he continued, "delicious fruit from those fair regions. O, that the angel who fetched these things for me, were yet some-

where around to conduct me thither. Else I won't find paradise, for Be l i n s s o l a g e."

Surprised at such a simplicity, Angelica could no longer restrain herself. With tears of joy she had been observing him, but now stepped lightly forward to address the boy. "I am", she said, "to conduct thee to paradise; come along with me, and all will be well."

"How happy, how happy!" was all, Angelo could utter. Upon her arms Angelica bore her dearest charge to the palace of baron Freudenborn, all absorbed in the thought how glad a surprise she would make to her husband, how happy a Christmas feast for her adopted son Angelo.

The watchman in the street had just announced the hour of midnight, when the baroness reached her mansion. Her husband was yet awake, anxious on account of her delay. But no sooner was he acquainted with the story of Angelo, than overwhelmed with pity and joy he thanked his wife for presenting to him the very image of the long departed son. Upon being questioned the little orphan began with the usual simplicity and confidence to explain, how miserably he had been living with his poor mother, how she had often wept unable to appease his hunger or meet his other wants, how she, at least, had taken sick and then (as he supposed) had become altogether indifferent to his interest, how he then prayed to the Blessed Virgin for help, and how he had beheld his mother in company of blithesome angels in paradise for which he now was in search.

Angelo was no longer a poor orphan. After a sound sleep on soft cushions, in a splendid palace, he arose a young baron Freudenborn. That Christmas day, however, was not to be a day of unimpaired happiness. Though he could not yet fully realize the heavy loss sustained in the death of his mother, his joys were saddened on beholding her cold, motionless body, which the baron had ordered to be conveyed to his mansion. But the baron and baroness soon succeeded in diverting his eyes and thought from his cause of sorrow, by procuring for him a costly yule-tree decorated with fruits and trinkets of every kind and description. For the evenings they invited the Catholic children of the neighborhood for a feast in honor of their darling Angelo. Many youthful friends arrived. Angelo was warmly congratulated as the hero of the day. The Christmas carols that were then

sung seemed to him something like those chants heard in his heavenly dream. Indeed, Anzelo believed him self to be in paradise; the only thing perplexing his mind was to see his dearest mother lifeless before him, though he was confident of having seen her, in his vision, joyful and numbingly angelic.

Since that Christmas feast twenty years have now elapsed. Anzelo Freudenborn has learned that his father and mother have migrated to those unseen regions of another world, but that he is left to work his way thither amid the haste and bustle of a boisterous metropolis. Despite all his riches and splendors he has, however, not forgotten to show himself a grateful son as well to his departed as to his present father and mother. On every Christmas eve, too, he has visited the quiet, little sanctuary opposite to his former poor hovel to offer a prayer of petition for his deceased parents, and to implore the Infant Jesus to shower down Heaven's choicest blessings upon his benefactors.

DIDACUS BRACKMAN.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

OF KARL MAY.

His countenance, upon this, had assumed an aspect of pride.

"The Kubatish, Sihdi, (lord) are the most renowned children of Abu Zett, their tribe embraces more than twenty ferhah and the bravest of them all is En Nurab to whom I belong."

"En Nurab? He is known to me."

"Be it thus, Sihdi, I dare now give ear to your voice, notwithstanding, your being an infidel from the indignant country Frankhistan."

"What name bear you?"

"My name is difficult to pronounce, it is as follows: Hassau-Ben-Adulfeda-Ibu-Haukal al Wardi-Iussuf-Ibu-Abul-Toslan-Ben-Isak al Duli."

I was forced to laugh when I beheld one of those sons of the desert, like his average brother, adducing to his name that of his entire tribe, a custom of theirs, to make the impression of noble birth.

Repeating the name I replied: "The tongue of an Inglesse is capable of pronouncing a name, should it reach from Bengasi to Kaschenah, nevertheless, I shall simply call you Hassan for Mohammed says: "Speak not ten words where one suffices."

"To the name Hassan I will never respond. Those acquainted with me call me Hassan el Kebihir, Hassan the Great, for be it known to you I am Djazzar-Bei the Manslayer."

"The steppes quake and the sabel trembles when Djazzar-Bei approaches, but his heart is full of grace, patience and mercy."

"Your name for the present is null, and only then shall I use your epithets when convinced you have merited them."

I began to anticipate that the good Hassan el Kebihir, despite his gigantic stature and heavy armor, was a man not much to be feared.

He solemnly declared that his name had been justly attributed to him and, to verify his declaration he presented several trophies consisting of knives, swords, lances etc. He then added: Sihdi Emir himself has bestowed this appellation upon him.

"Who is Emir?" interrupted I.

"Rabbena chalieq, God assist you, know you not him who sent me to you?"

It occurred to me at the mention of Emir that he referred to Sir Emery. And so it really was.

The pleasant manner in which he expressed his surprise amused me very much, but, to lead him back to the previous subject I assumed a sterner tone of voice.

"Inform me of Sir Emery."

"I sojourned at Bilma, from whence I led a caravan to Zinder.—Permit me to inform you that Hassan the Great is a renowned caravan leader, acquainted with all the Sahara passages; he possesses an eye which renders the slightest omen incapable of escape."

If this be a fact his service to me will be inestimable. I immediately concluded to fathom the truth of his speech in order to learn what I may expect.

"Hassan, do you abide by the truth when you speak thus?"

Assuming a most dignified mien he said: "Know you what a Hafizh is?"

"One who knows the Koran by heart."

"You are a wise man, although a native of Frankhistan."

This said he rebuked me for doubting his word.

I calmed his wrath, then placed several questions the answers of which would either deny or affirm his speech. I bade him inform me as to the Oasis forming the key to the Rif, his answer was correct.

"I now believe all, Hassan, continue

your narrations; you lead a caravan to Zinder you say."

"Yes, from Bilma to Zinder, thus it was I met Shidi Emir. He provided me with all the necessary requirements and sent me hither where I was to meet a gallant Sihdi from Germanistan (Germany) whom I was to escort to him."

"Where shall I meet him?"

"At the Bab-el-Ghud (down) where from the wandering sand heaps one arrives at the sandy desert."

"Have you ever heard of the bad-djinns (ghosts) that haunt the desert?"

"I have heard of them. Do you fear them, Hassan?"

"Fear? Hassan the Great fears neither ghost nor devil, he knows that they flee at the recital of the Surat en nas (a prayer) and the Surat el fulak. You, however, are a christian and know no Surat, and in consequence of this death will befall you should you trespass their place of habitation."

"Why, then, did you permit Shidi Emir to enter that place, he will be their prey before we reach him."

This unexpected question perplexed him a little, but he soon discovered a means where with to dispel his perplexity.

"I shall pray for him."

"Pray for an unbeliever? I see, Hassan, you are a pious son of the Prophet; pray also for me, then we need not fear the ghosts of the deserts. I shall depart to-morrow at sun rise."

"Allah akbar, God is great, there is nothing beyond His power, man, however, must submit to His will and dare not enter upon a journey at dawn of day. The time of departure is at three o'clock in the afternoon or at the holy Assr, two hours before evening."

"You forget, Hassan, that this time pertains only to the caravan, the individual, however, may travel at convenience."

"Sihdi, you are truly a great and learned man, and I bewail the hour which gave you Christian parents. I see you are a man who not only is acquainted with the Koran, but one who has also a thorough knowledge of the Ihn Seffir el Koran. I shall be true to you and be your faithful guide."

"I am pleased to accept your proposal, so find yourself prepared to set out at twilight, and if your deeds betray your bravery I shall no longer hesitate to call you Djazzar-Bei and el Kebihir."

"Think you perhaps Sehdi, that I am a tuschan (tenderfoot) I capture the assaleh (most dangerous snake of the desert) and the ostrich; I hunt the antelope and gnu, I slay the panther and scorpion. At the sound of my voice every man is filled with fear and you refuse to call me by that name which I so well deserve. Sallam aaleikum, peace with be you" Bowing profoundly he left the room.

Madame Latreaumont again approached me and grasped my hand.

"So you are really determined to execute our petitions, notwithstanding the difficulty and danger in connection with them? And to-morrow already you intend to depart without having previously enjoyed our hospitality."

"Our situation, Madame, is one which demands immediate action, but if you permit, I shall enjoy your hospitality after we have again returned, but until then you will, perhaps, favour me with the keeping of my goods which I cannot possibly take with me."

"Cheerfully, I shall despatch to the ship and—"

"Pardon me, Madame, I stopped at the hotel de Paris."

"Indeed? Know you, Monseigneur, that we take this very much amiss?"

I was obliged to hear a few polite rebukes after which the matter was entrusted to a servant. I was about to retire to my assigned department when the presence of an Arabian was announced. The man was received into the parlor where I too, betook myself.

He was of a tall, haggard and robust stature. His burnus, it seemed had met with some convulsion; the camel-hair fringe adorning his caposh had been reduced to shreds, but every inch of him betrayed a genuine son of the desert, whom no danger would deter and who knew how to subject himself to any privation.

"Sal-aaleik". Such was his abbreviated address. Not the slightest movement of his head was perceived; the stock of his huge musket fell upon the marble floor producing a sound of disregard and his dark eyes were cast from one to the other.

"Speak to him, Monseigneur", whispered Latreaumont, "he's the Taurey who has been here before on account of Renald."

Nothing could have pleased me more than just the arrival of the messenger to-day.

"Sal-aal", I responded in a still more abbreviated form, "what is your errand."

"You are not he with whom I am to speak."

With me and no other are you to speak."

"To you I shall not and will not speak."

"If so, you may again return." I turned around, and the others, too, were moving towards the exit.

"Sihdi" he said.

I still proceeded.

"Sihdi" he called more urgently.

I turned my head.

"What now?"

"I shall speak to you."

"But endeavor to be polite, or your speech shall be curtailed, what is your name?"

"My name is Mahmud Ben Mustuaf Abd Ibrahim Jaacob Ibn Baschaar."

"Your name is longer than your address. Your prophet the great Mohammed says: 'Be polite towards infidels and enemies that they may thus learn to respect your faith and Kaaba, take note of that, you a Tuareg.'"

"A Tuareg and Imoscharh?"

"Of which tribe?"

"Hedjahn-Bei, our leader, does not permit his warriors to acquaint themselves with the French."

Fear had slightly seized upon me, when I heard that Renald was a captive of this notorious Hedjahn-Bei. I had already received some information regarding this cruel and audacious robber and I knew that he was a terror to the caravan. No one knew to what tribe he belonged; the entire desert was his territory. His name was known from the steppes of Algier to Sudan and from the Egyptian oasis down to Wadan and Walada in the western Sahara. He would appear at various places as if emerging from the deep and in like manner again disappear. His presence always demanded a sacrifice of human lives and goods. Hidden recesses, it seemed, were at his disposal throughout the entire desert; he must have had agents whose duty it was to inform him of every caravan of importance and also to assist him in the plundering thereof. But his person as well as his deeds were so involved in secrecy that their explanation was thus far impossible. I deemed it expedient, in the presence of the messenger, to pretend I knew nothing of him.

"Hedjahn-Bei who is he?"

"Are you not acquainted with the caravan plundered? Are you deaf that you have heard nothing of him? He's the lord of the desert, hideous in his anger, terrible in his rage and invincible in combat. That young infidel is his captive."

I laughed.

"Invincible in combat? so he must engage only with the feeble Schalal and cowards? No Frenchman will ever fear him and his Gum. Why does he not release his captive? Did he not receive ransom twice?"

"The desert is very extensive and Hedjahn-Bei has many men who are in need of clothes, weapons and tents."

"The caravan plundered is a liar and imposter, his heart knows not the truth and his tongue is false."

"Give us shoes, weapons and powder, points for our spears and canvas for our tents."

"Twice you have received what you demanded. But not a shred of clothing not a grain of powder will you receive again."

"If so the captive dies."

"Hadjahn-Bei would not grant him freedom, though we would again comply with his desire."

"He will release him. Hadjam-Bei is lenient when his demands are fulfilled."

"How much does he ask?"

"As much as he formerly received."

"That is indeed much. You wish to take the goods with you?"

"No, you are to send them as before."

"Whereto?"

"To Bab-el-Ghud."

This was the very place whereto Emery had called me, was this chance or was Emery aware of it that the robber would appear there?

"Will we meet the captive there and be able to secure his freedom?"

"Yes."

"Do you speak the truth?"

"I do not lie."

"Twice already you have said yes, and twice you have belied us. Now swear to it."

"I swear."

"By the soul of your father?"

"Yes, — by the soul of my father", he uttered with hesitation.

"And by the beard of the Prophet?"

Now he was completely perplexed.

"I have sworn; and that is sufficient."

"You have sworn by the soul of your

father which is worth no more than your own, for both I would not offer a puff of smoke. Will you swear by the beard of the Prophet?"

"No."

"So you have again belied us, and never more shall you see the stars of the desert."

His face flushed.

"Be it known to you, infidel, that the soul of the captive will take its flight to Tshehennah (hell) if I appear not in due time before Hedjahn-Bei; to this I will swear by the beard of the Prophet who knows to protect his children."

"If so your soul shall precede his, and the bones of the plunderer and those of his Gum shall be bleached in the rays of the sun, to this I swear by Jesus, the Son of Mary, whom you call Isa Ben Marryam and who is mightier and greater than Mohammed for your own people say that he shall once be seated on the Moshee Omnijede at Damaskus, to judge all creatures of the earth, skies and waters."

He threw up his head and stroke his beard, a demeanour of disregard in vogue amongst the Beduins.

"You shall bring all that we ask for. Twice have I been in your midst and never have you dared to lay hand upon the ambassador of Hedjahn-Bei, you will also not do it to-day. Hundred men like yourself are not able to conquer him, and a thousand of the same are not capable to offer resistance to the Gum, for you'r—a Giaur." Raising my fist, I approached him.

"Are you a maniac that you venture to speak thus, you who are no more than a dog and as such deserve to be thrust to the ground?" He immediately let his musket fall and raised his arms. At either wrist a large knife or rather a dagger was suspended, the length of its blade was no less than eight inches. The ordinary Beduin generally possesses only one such knife whilst the plunderer of the desert has two at his disposal; he avails himself of their use in a manner peculiar to the Arab, namely by embracing the enemy and thus plunging them into his back. The Taureg was about to execute this his favorite feat.

"Will you recall your word?" I asked.

"On the contrary, I repeat it—Giaur."

"Then fall neath the stroke of the Giaur." Before he was able to make any

movement my fist had come in contact with his forehead and he fell like an eagle pierced with a bullet.

"O mon Dieu", cried Madame, "you have killed the man, life is extinct".

At sight of this Mademoiselle sank into the divan which stood hard by; Latreumont, too, was unable to utter a word.

"Fear not, Madame, the fellow still lives, I know well the force of my fist, were it my intention to kill him I would have slightly increased the force."

These words again recalled the breath of the terror stricken.

"You are a very giant, a Goliath, Monseigneur. It would have taken at least one hundred of my blows to bring the man 'par terre'".

The little man, who scarcely reached to my shoulders and possessed the hands of a child was, no doubt, correct in his assertion. I ordered him bound and entrusted to the care of officials.

"Mon ciel, this we dare not do, it would be certain death to Renald. Furthermore, your ferocious blow predicts a doleful issue".

"In due time I shall explain the cause of my actions, for the present, however, I entreat you to act according to my suggestions, or has it not been said that I am in possession of your entire confidence!"

"Certainly, certainly, Monseigneur, I am now about to call the servants."

At the sound of the gong the servants appeared, and in compliance with their master's command firmly bound the Arab who lay on the floor suffering from the effects of the powerful blow.

Four men zealously seized him and were in the act of dragging him off when their deficiency of strength was very much ridiculed by an observer who stood in the rear.

"Maschalah, Donnerwetter noch a mal' such exertions as these, be off you sparrows, I'll master him myself; speaking thus he swung the Taureg upon his shoulders and hurriedly approached the entrance."

"Stay friend!" said I when he had grasped the door knob, "you are a German."

In a twinkling, despite his heavy burden, he turned towards me saying: "Just so my lord and you too, it seems, are an offspring of our tribe."

"At all events. But where, if I may ask, is your home?"

Releasing himself of his burden, he in response related the events of his entire life this was of no little interest to me. He then inquired the object of my sojourn in Africa. Informed of this, and also learning that I intended to depart for the Sahara the following morning he begged leave to

accompany me.

In need of a servant, and preferring a German, I gladly consented.

(To be continued.)

A. J. SEIMETZ.

(To be continued.)



HOLIDAY PLEASURES.

Oh! my mind is weary thinking,
Thinking of those holidays.
Thinking what great pleasures meet me
As my friends and playmates greet me
At my home, in friendly ways.

Oh for Christmas fast approaching!
I can almost hear its tread,
Treading on the path of silence,
Without fear of any violence,
Never can it be misled.

Oh! how clearly I'll imagine
What good times will be my own;
Free to go without direction,
Free to come in all perfection
From my sports unto my home.

Oh! how clearly have I pictured
In my mind the presents fair,
That to me will then be tendered,
Oh! won't they be rich and splendid,
Even more they will be rare.

Oh! then won't my mind be easy
Free from study and from care.
Never will I think of college,
Class-room, books, or even knowledge,
Nothing but the bill of fare.

JOHN C. WAKEFER.



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EDITORIAL.

The feast of bliss and pleasure, so anxiously anticipated, has arrived at last. To all the students, as well as the friends and patrons of the *Collegian*, we hasten to offer the season's greetings for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

This month our local department will necessarily be somewhat shorter than usual on account of the *Collegian* early appearance, which necessitated the sending of manuscripts to the printer much sooner than is customary.

The *Collegian* and students beg to offer their congratulations to Father Rector and Father Benedict, the Vice Rector, who were elected to two of the most responsible offices in the Community of the Most Precious Blood. Both were chosen Consultants, while Father August was selected as one of the three delegates to Rome, and Father Benedict was made Secretary of the Order.

In our last issue the Story translated from the German of Karl May was so misplaced that it was rendered unintelligible, and we therefore deem it necessary to reprint it in this number.

In this, our holiday issue, we would call the attention of our readers to the neat frontispiece of the Christmas *Collegian*. Suggestive of the season, and beautifully executed, as it is, no other comment is necessary than to say that it is the production of our able artist, the Rev. Paulinus Trost.

"A little key often opens a chest wherein there lies a bunch of keys", says Rodger Williams, and how often is this not verified? If every student would carefully consider this in work which he is pleased to term trifling or unimportant, he would often be surprised at the favorable result.

Many people do not enter into the true spirit of the holiday festivals. For days and weeks ahead they busy themselves at the different mercantile establishments, securing suitable gifts for their friends, and in preparing for its observance from a social standpoint. Only too often do they forget that the real meaning of the word Christmas may be expressed as the Birth-day of Jesus Christ.

Just as the morning sun dispels the darkness of the night and lends enchantment to the dawning day, so also does the glorious feast of Christmas cause the December gloom to disappear and the rays of joy to be disseminated in every home. Man seems to be held in eager suspense by some unseen--though not unknown--event, that commands all the awe and sacred reverence his heart is capable of expressing. The rich and poor alike participate in this universal happiness. Its universality cannot pass unnoticed, and though the world may assign it to natural causes and customs, we easily recognize therein the realization of the Angel's words, "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

Twenty-five years ago Dec. 15th St. Joseph was solemnly named the patron of the universal Church. If we recall the time when the Church was severely attacked by her enemies, when many thought that the capturing of Rome--the very seat of the Catholic Faith--would finally cause her to

fall a victim to human intrigue, we can better understand why St. Joseph, the powerful protector of the Holy Family, was selected as patron of the whole Church. History will prove how triumphantly he has advanced her interests, while time and again he has put her enemies to shame. Indeed there could be no greater incentive inspiring true confidence within us, who are especially placed under his patronage, than a happy recollection of the vigilant care he has taken of the Church during these twenty-five years.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A German Grammar by Dr. Rudolph Sonnenberg and Rev. Michael Schoelch is a new practical grammar and exercise book for the use of schools, colleges, and particularly for pupils learning German without a master. The arrangement of this book is novel, and it seems to us, very sensible. Part I is an exercise book containing German and English exercises for translation, and part II. a grammar of the German language. Part I. is diversified with numerous short stories in German. The first of these is introduced after the pupil has translated the seventeenth exercise. It certainly must be encouraging to the beginner to find himself able to read these easy stories so early in his course. Exercises and stories intersperse each other in a manner that will certainly prove agreeable to the learner. At the end of the first part are found the well known patriotic German poems "Mein Vaterland", "Die Wacht am Rhein", and "Lied der Deutschen." Part II. contains all the necessary grammatical rules on the conjugations, declensions etc., and explains them in such a way as to make them intelligible to the learner. The many "observations" that are made by the author will do much to supply the teacher's place for the student without a master, and will also prove useful to those who have a teacher. The author proceeds on the principle that "Uebung macht den Meister", or practice makes perfect, and thus takes for the motto of part I. exercise before theory—"Zuerst praktische Uebung, dann die Theorie". Developing his principle he puts a great deal of important necessary matter in a small space and discards most of the superfluous material that goes to swell the size of the ordinary text book and bewilders the

mind of the student. An English-German and a German-English vocabulary is found in the back part of the book. The volume is well bound, of a convenient size and cannot fail to prove very beneficial in the hands of the English speaking person, who is striving to master the difficulties of the German language. (Published by B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.00.)

The Sacramentals of the Catholic Church, is a small volume from the able pen of Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D. The book defines Sacramentals; explains the Missal, or Mass Book, the Ritual and the Breviary. Several chapters are devoted to "The Sign of the Cross", "The Stations or way of the cross", "Holy Oils", "Holy Water", "Blessed Candles", "Blessed Ashes", "Blessed Palms" etc. Instructions are given on The Rosary, The Angelus and the Indulgences that may be gained by their recital; also on Scapulars, medals, and girdles, and the benefits to be derived from wearing them. The Nuptial Mass, Churching of Women, The Burial Service and many other things of which Catholics hear every day, but which are nevertheless, not generally understood are clearly and lucidly explained. This book is one that should find its way to every Catholic home, for from it we will obtain a better understanding of our holy religion and thus be enabled to practice it more intelligently and fruitfully. "But", says the author in the preface, "besides being useful to the Catholic laity this work will also be of service to the teachers and more advanced pupils and students of our schools, academies, and colleges. It is also believed that it will be equally acceptable to the reverend clergy, both for their own reading and in the preparation of instructions on the subjects treated in its pages. (Published by Benziger Bros., Cincinnati, Ohio.)

The Last of the Narragansetts is the title of a drama written by Rev. Philip Williams, O. S. B., of St. Benedict's college, Atchison, Kansas. The play is taken from J. Fennimore Cooper's novel "Wept of The Wish Tom Wish" and is intended for male characters. Ample stage directions are also given.

The Reverend author promises if this play prove successful, to follow it up with several more of a like nature. We would like to see the Reverend Father bring out

his other plays, for every one that has ever attended a Catholic College for gentlemen knows the great difficulty encountered in obtaining suitable plays for male characters only.

The play mentioned above will be presented in the near future by the Columbians. A criticism of the piece will then be given with better advantage.

COLUMBIAN LIBRARY SOCIETY.

Messrs. Henry Reichert, John Dwenger, and Fred. Hurst have been admitted to membership since our last report.

The society's library has been enriched by the addition of many handsome volumes of standard authors. Our library now contains the works of nearly all the noted writers. The society's funds could not be expended in a more profitable manner.

The programs during this month have been fully up to the standard, and were well attended and highly appreciated by the audience.

The program on Dec. 1st was as follows:

- I. Prayer..... Rev. Spiritual Director.
- II. Music..... Band.
- III. Essay Friendship..... A. Roth.
- IV. Recitation..... Theobald Reitz.
 'The American Indian'.

V. Debate: Resolved, that we can profit more by the excellencies than by the defects of others.

Affirmative. Arnold Weyman. Peter Cosgrove. VI. Discourse, Industry.... A. C. Riester. VII. Music..... Band. VIII. Farce: Count Justice	Negative. Christian Daniel. Jas. B. Fitzpatrick. A. C. Riester. Band. Herman Fehrenbach.
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CHARACTERS.

Squire..... Lawyers..... Plaintiff..... Defendant..... Witnesses..... Jurymen.....	R. Theis. { Wm. Hordeman. Alexander Cook. Howard Meighan. Herman Fehrenbach. { Frank Diefenbach. Jos. Engesser. Thos. McLoughlin. { P. Ailer. Edw. Misch. Frank Kuenle. Bernard Heckman.
---	---

The farce was very creditably rendered. All of the participants were new members of the society and judging from their first

performance, the society's dramatic talent has been considerably increased.

Mr. Riester's speech was also well received. Mr. Riester is one of our new students and this was his first appearance on a program. His first effort leads us to expect much of him in the future.

The debate was the distinguishing feature of the program. The speech of Mr. Weyman was especially strong. His points were numerous, logical and well developed. Mr. Cosgrove's speech showed that he realized that, "wit may be used with powerful effect in the oratorical arena." His points, strong in themselves, were undoubtedly made more effective by their happy delivery.

Mr. Daniel on the negative made a commendable effort for his side. Mr. Fitzpatrick although placed upon the program too late to allow of extensive preparation made one of his characteristic orations.

The program of Dec. 8, was one of the longest of the season. The parts were as follows:

- I. Prayer..... Rev. Spiritual Director.
- II. Music..... Band.
- III. Inaugural..... Wm. Sullivan.
 Subject: Ideals.
- V. Recitation..... Frank Kuenle.
 "Wm. Tell in Wait for Gesler".
- V. Vocal Solo..... Edw. J. Mungovan.
 "Anchored".
- VI. Recitation..... Albin Missler.
 "Cicero against Catiline".
- VII. Discourse..... Gerard Hartjens.
 "The Study of History".
- VIII. Recitation..... Jas. Connelly.
 "The Fireman".
- IX. Parody on "Catiline's Defiance"
 written and spoken by L. A. Eberl.
- X. Recitation..... Edward Koenig.
 "Spartacus to the Gladiators".
- XI. Reading of "Columbian" by Editor
 Edward Vogel.
- XII. Music..... Band.

At the close of the program Santa Claus came on the stage loaded with cabbages, beets, corn, toys, nuts and other good things. He called upon persons in the audience to come forward and receive their presents but Master Robert Peele was the happiest of all the recipients, for Santa gave him the nuts.

There were so many good things on this program that it is difficult to point out the best. Mr. Sullivan's inaugural was a praiseworthy effort and was fully up to Mr. Sul-

livan's standard. The recitation by Mr. Frank Kuenle was one of the best ever spoken on our stage.

Mr. Mungovan's singing was highly applauded. We hope that he will thus favor us frequently in the future.

More vocal music is all that is necessary to make our programs attain the highest degree of perfection.

The reading of the society paper "The Columbian" was anxiously expected and excited the greatest enthusiasm. The paper, always popular, has under the editorship of Mr. Vogel attained a higher degree of popularity than ever before in its history. The jokes are not only amusing, but often contain gentle hints that will prove beneficial if properly taken.

The last program for this year was a private one, rendered on the afternoon of Dec. 18, and was as follows:

- I. Prayer.....Rev. Spiritual Director.
- II. Recitation. Patriotism,.....Ed. Ley.
- III. Recitation.....F. T. Seroczynski.
"Jest 'Fore Christmas ."
- IV. Debate. Resolved, that the Crusades were beneficial to Europe.

Affirmative.

Negative.

N. Griewe.

T. M. Conroy.

Wm. Brinkman.

Victor Scharf.

V. Recitation.....Julian Meyers.
"Cassius inciting Brutus against Caesar".

V. Recitation.....B. F. Besinger.
"Webster's Bunker Hill Speech".

MILITARY JOTTINGS.

The recently revised tactics adopted by the battalion have arrived and prove to be the most concise drill regulations as yet introduced. A goodly portion of the tactics is composed of interpretations or answers to various questions, which different commanders have referred to the war department. They will undoubtedly prove a source of much assistance to our instructors.

Co. A has completed the school of the soldier up to the bayonet exercise. The company under the able captaincy of Mr. Fitzpatrick is sustaining the reputation, which they won in previous years.

Co. B is advancing beyond all expectations, which fact is chiefly owing to the ability of its commander in conveying his knowledge of military tactics to others and

the energetic assistance of this two lieutenants,—Ed Koenig and Jos. Engesser. Although this company has not learned quite as many movements as Co. A, yet those which it has mastered are very precise.

Two more recruits have been added to the battalion,—George and Hercule Dorval. Lieutenant Engesser instructed them in the elementary principle of drilling, after which they were assigned to Co. B.

After the Christmas holidays the Major will have all commanders review the entire tactics up to the school of the company. The time for this review will be extended to Feb. 1st. After this has been completed, a certain portion of the tactic will be assigned to the companies for each month's work. This is necessary on account of the battalion manoeuvres, which will be begun in the spring for which all companies must be precisely instructed in the same movements.

We take this occasion of mentioning the excellent conduct which the privates have shown up to the Christmas vacation. Never since the organization of the military department has such a good spirit prevailed. The frequent presence of the Chaplain, Rev. Raphael Schmaus, at the battalion drill, is also very encouraging to both officers and privates as it shows the deep interest he takes in their work.

A CONVICT'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The sounds of the ringing Church bell
Replete with the Christmas time cheer,
Was heard in a convict's cold cell
By one that shed many a tear.

Its music indeed must be sweet
To those who are free and enjoy
The sounds that it loves to repeat,
Sounds sad to this innocent boy.

Yes, they made him pensive and sad,
To his heart directly they spoke:
When others were joyful and glad,
His cell's death-like silence he broke:

"Oh could I be home to my mother,
And brighten her long-troubled heart,
To tell her as never another,
From prison I long to depart."

'Ah! yes many years are we parted,
I'm innocent, free from the crime
That made mother dear broken-hearted,
Stamped me with the judgment of time.'

"O could singing bells in yon tower
But tell me of mother and home,
'T would far be my happiest hour,
My heart longs with mother to roam."

"This Christmas, indeed, she is far
Away from my sorrow and sadness;
She prays beneath Bethlehem's star
And many church bells telling gladness."

But scarce had the bells ceased their ring-
ing,

Till steps in the dark dismal hall
Announced that the guard slow was bring-
ing

Some friend to a prisoner's stall.

Before the iron door of my cell
He halted: the voice of another
With joy I perceived as I fell
Into the glad arms of my mother.

Oh truly a welcome embrace
For never was seen greater joy.
A smile on her mien I could trace
As fondly she spoke to her boy.

"To-day", she said, "gladly, my son,
The gate of your prison I lift.
Your work as a convict is done,
Your pardon is my Christmas gift."

"O mother, dear mother"! I cried,
Your efforts I'll never forget,
For God to your prayers has replied,
And cancelled a false-punished debt."

I felt that one day 'twould be shown,
The world would my innocence see;
And now on this feast 'twill be known
That I am both happy and free."

OUR COLLEGE MUSIC.

It is not the object of the band merely to please, as some seem to think, but also to diffuse a taste for good music among all the students. Although but a few among us understand the creations of Wagner's genius, we should nevertheless endeavor to attain to the degree of musical culture, requisite for the conception of the great master's ideas. The endeavors of Prof. Hemmersbach to acquaint us with the great artist are ably seconded by the band and highly appreciated. Many of us begin to realize how great a man Wagner was and look upon him with admiration and love. The rendition of the Wagnerian selections is very creditable to the band. The fact that Wagner's music has elevated their standard, ac-

counts for the facility with which they now execute less difficult compositions, such as the masterly "Selection from Faust" by Heinicke, that exquisite piece of harmony; the "Stabat Mater" by Dvorak, Phil. Sousa's marches and similar compositions. The band, however, does not now claim that it can do Wagner full justice. The orchestra is much less able to do so, but it excites the enthusiasm of all by the beautiful melodies, and graceful variations on popular airs, varying with stately themes and spirited compositions. But for the band and orchestra, life at St. Joseph's would not be so cheerful.

ARNOLD WEYMAN.

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

I.

Dear Santa Claus, when with your toys
You pass through Collegeville,
Do not forget our little boys,
But do their cravings still.

II.

Now some of them much priv'lege took
And thought it was all right
But thanks, we have it in our book;
We'll show you black on white.

III.

To these you shall not give a thing
But turn them from your sight,
Though they should pray, lament and sing
From morn till late at night.

IV.

I now for all the good entreat—
I know their wishes all,
Wherefore I lay them at your feet
And bid you on them call.

V.

Joe Foggy wants a big plug hat,
Monoc'lar and a cane
A black mustache and silk cravat
And a million worth of fame.

VI.

John Crony's wish is only one
With this, we pray comply,
For if not granted he's undone,
So check that college cry.

VII.

A poet little Joe would be,
But needs some inspiration,
So help him on that soon we'll see
His poems o'er all creation.

VIII.

Bring Aid-de-camp some corduroys,
A nice new silver sword
And when he thus commands the boys
Bid Samy hold his word.

IX.

Bring Pete dear for either knee
A pad both big and strong;
And for Ray's Higher bring a key
With a memory very long.

X.

Ed Bumpy wants some cigarettes,
Dime novels and a gun;
Give him command of Mish cadets
And all will smoothly run.

XI.

Hay Market, too, sent in his claims
He wants no foolish toy,
Bring him the Life of Jessie James
And the Life of Peck's Bad Boy.

XII.

Do little Maurice well supply
with candy cakes and fruit,
Edgar wants a lemon pie
And Harry wants a flute.

XIII.

Dear Santa Claus, as to the rest
I have no more to say;
Just serve them as you think it best
For they have gone astray.

HEDIAHN-BEI-BROSAM.

EXCHANGES.

It is with pleasure we again revert to The St. Mary's Chimes. It is pleasant and attractive, and in applying these adjectives, we incline to the opinion that we are scantily treating the charm of connection existing between the various contributions which display an intimate knowledge of the rules of literary composition. Washington Irving, under the more captious name of "The Humorist of Sunny-side", Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the lamented Eugene Field—a genial galaxy—are treated in an agreeable vein. But poetry, it appears to us, is its forte. Although the ascents on

Parnassus involve such difficulties, especially when we are not disposed for such a journey, we can detect no remembrance of the tedium in the numerous poetical trophies which have been returned from the land of the Muses. In the poems no abruptness occurs to mar or disturb the pleasant feelings which poetry awakens. Concluding from a cordial mention of exchanges in the last number, it is regretted the "Chimes" has no regular exchange column.

The stately *Mountaineer* anent the qualities which have raised it to an enviable literary eminence must be commended for regularity in its visits. When an exchange strays, especially when burdened with such literary excellence as is the *Mountaineer*, it seems a link dropped from the chain of our acquaintance. An essay on "The Scarlet Letter" meets the requirements of the subject. Reserve, as opposed to delivering indiscriminate tribute to a writer on the principle that many things we fain would criticize have been passed over by competent critics, is a prominent feature. "Thos. Moore" is brought to a fitting close. Quotations from the *Irish Melodies* and *Lalla Rookh* are pertinently introduced.

The Dial opens with a poem entitled "The Pale Goddess". The poem is pleasant in its nature, and easy and smooth in the manner of its versification. In "The figure in Black", the plot is well-contrived, the incidents so disposed as to keep alive interest during the perusal, and the descriptions are short though amply sufficient. Professor Boyesen is neatly taken to task for his assertions in the *Forum*. The analysis of Bryant's poem "To a Waterfowl" betrays a comprehensive grasp of the beauties and minor defects contained therein. *The Dial* is entitled to praise for its individuality. This is especially noticeable in a proper and discriminating notice taken of "The Prisoner of Zenda" the author of which has elicited admiration from the world of critics on its merits.

The leading article in *The Purple* is "Horace and some English Satirists." Cowper is introduced as a parallel. The comparison instituted between the productions of the poets is confined to proper limits, and the quotations used as illustrations lend additional interest. A tribute of esteem is written of the late Eugene Field. The editorials, though somewhat extended, are timely and instructive. The remainder

of the compositions are exhaustive of the subjects they purport to treat. The *Purpose* considered in general is gradually and successfully realizing the ideal of College publications.

Not speaking disparagingly of former issues, we believe the December number of *The St. James School Journal* contains much improvements. The amplification of thoughts selected from Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is, in a measure a tribute to the genius of that writer, and displays the correct perception the contributors possess of his productions. The essence of the few lines quoted is well developed. John Keats is the recipient of a literary wreath, and his praises are sounded forth in unbounded admiration, and the circumstances of his life are recounted in vivid coloring. The poetry does not claim to treat of poetical themes exactly, but in its nature is mediocre.

The European letters in the *Victorian* are instructive and possess a double attraction in being written in pleasant and descriptive style. A portrayal of Hamlet's character is well worthy of a mention. "Shakespeare on Mercy" shows a knowledge of his works.

Scripture and Science — a permanent feature of *St. Mary's Sentinel* has an intricate subject in the October number. Probabilism is "beyond our ken" in one regard but when we consider that it is of a philosophical nature, and could easily dwindle into an uninteresting composition, we deem it praiseworthy on account of the garb of vigorous English with which it has been clothed.

We are inclined to believe the *Boston Pilot* sustains its prestige, now, as well as in the day of the precocious Darcy McGee, and the gifted Boyle O'Reilly when their master-minds formed its tenor and kindred writers contributed to its pages. We are aware of the fact that it is not customary to mention papers among exchanges, but the kindly and grateful notice taken of college publications from time to time deserves a recognition.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. Michael Muehe, C. P. P. S., of Germantown, Mo., paid us a short visit

on the 29th ult., while en route from Carthage, O. It was his intention to have been present for our Thanksgiving entertainment, but a failure to make railroad connections made it impossible for him to arrive until the following morning.

Far off [Laugdon, N. D., is now represented at the College in the person of George and Hercule Dorval, who entered on the 2nd inst. Both are students in the commercial department.

Master Henry Kalvalage went home on the 8th inst. in response to a telegram announcing the unexpected death of his aunt. He returned to his studies on the following Tuesday.

The Rev. F. Jaumgartner, C. P. P. S., a former professor at the Indian Normal School, spent a few days at the College recently, visiting his old friends. Father Frederick is at present pastor of St. Peter's Church, St. Peter's Ohio.

We were honored on the 17th of the month by the presence of the Rev. Directors and Consultors of the Congregation of the Precious Blood, who came to hold a meeting in the interest of the community. The Fathers in attendance were, the Very Rev. Henry Drees, provincial of the community, the Rev. Kilian Schill, of Carthage, O., the Rev. J. Dickman, of Sedalia Mo., and the Rev. Andrew Gietl, of California, Mo. Fathers Augustine and Benedict are also members of the board.

Most of the Rev. Professors will be absent from the College during the holidays, especially on Christmas day, when they will assist at the services in many of the different churches of this and the neighboring diocese. Father Benedict will be at Sidney, Ohio, on that day, and Father Paulinus at Kentland, Ind.; Father Eugene has an engagement at Hammond Ind. for that occasion after which he will go to conduct a Forty Hours' Devotion at Celina Ohio; Father Raphael is contemplating a trip to the East; Father Maximilian will assist at the Christmas services at La Fayette and Father Marc at Peru, Ind. Father Clement will remain to conduct the Christmas music at the College after which he expects to join Professor Hemmersbach in a trip to Cincinnati.

LOCAL ITEMS.

All aboard!

"Train will leave station in ten minutes."

Buffalo Bill writing tablets — just the thing for classical compositions for sale at the stationary room.

Peter says "Skating is like parliamentary law, if you make a motion you are sure to be thrown off your balance."

Hours have been set apart at which the students may, in turn, enjoy the benefits of the bowling alley.

Classes closed on Friday noon the 20th, and the evening and Saturday morning trains were fairly captured by the different crowds of students homeward bound. It is needless to mention the mirth and exuberance of spirits that prevailed.

The chairs of the tansorial parlor have been almost constantly occupied during the last week. The patient artist was flatteringly induced to go through the operation whether the youthful cheeks were, as Milton says, "As smooth as Hebe's unrazored lips" or as "Brinky" remarks, "as rough as a newly mown hay field". Foot ball locs are now a thing of the past.

Tuesday, Dec. 3rd, being the feast of St. Francis Xavier, the patron of the community of the Precious Blood, a high mass was sung in honor of the Saint. The mass was said at 5 o'clock by the Rev. Rector.

The Columbian Literary Society is the recipient of a much prized curiosity for their museum; viz., a portion of the mail which sunk with the ill-fated steamer "Elbe". The gift is a theological magazine in the German language and was presented to the society by the Rev. Thos. Eisenring, of Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Every student that had skates and was able to use them could be seen gliding over the smoothly frozen surface of the Collegeville lake during the past month. Many, who before were unable through want of courage or practice, to enjoy this sport, have equipped themselves with the necessary outfit and are fast learning to stroke properly. There are yet a few hesitating, whether or not to make an attempt to-

learn. These should also join the merry throng as the exercise derived is very beneficial.

Through the energy and influence of Father Rector, the students going home for the holidays received the usual reductions on all the main railroad lines over which they had to travel. The rates varied on the different roads being either one, or one and one third, fare for the round trip.

The Normal Students through Father Mark their director in studies, have subscribed for several educational journals as aids to their class-room work, especially in the study of pedagogics.

Father Mark, Professor of the fourth English class, has procured a set of recitation books, containing the best selections in prose and poetry for use in his class work. On Wednesdays and Fridays a portion of the recreation hour is given to the reciting of these pieces. The good result of the work are shown by the ease with which the young Columbians of this class appear before the audience on the public programs of the society.

The Scholastics, C. P. S., are at present preparing a German play entitled, "Schuster, bleib' bei deinem Leisten", which they intend to render on the first evening after the students' return from their Christmas vacation. The play is of a comic nature, and if the scholastics keep up the reputation which they have won as dramatists the entertainment will certainly be a rich one.

The members of the fourth Latin class have just begun to read Caesar. With Father Paulinus as instructor, we hope that they will derive pleasure, and that at the same time increase their knowledge in Latin by the perusal of these commentaries.

The architect of that air castle, recently erected for the Collegeville pigeons, forgot to make the plans for the veranda, which these fowls need before they can enter their abode. They have naught whereon to rest their feet.

On Dec. 4th a mass meeting of both the regular and secular students was called in the college auditorium, to hear the report of a previously appointed committee to decide on the selection of college colors. The colors which the committee submitted to

the house for inspection were white, red, and Nile green. The white signifying purity; the red, love; and the green; classical knowledge: hence our motto as expressed by our colors is "Pure love for our classical Alma Mater". The colors were unanimously adopted and the committee instructed to procure a sufficient amount of ribbon, half an inch wide, to allow each individual a foot of the three colors.

Doubtless, one of the most interesting sermons of this school-year was delivered by Father Rector on Dec. 15th. This being the 25th anniversary of the day on which Pope Pius IX. solemnly declared St. Joseph patron of the universal church, the Rev. Father reviewed, in his sermon, the history of the last quarter of a century, carefully showing how the Church in the different countries profited by St. Joseph's protection, and how at present she has every reason to place all her confidence in him while soliciting his further protection. Among other things he said that here in America the time of trial is rapidly approaching, that in our own country, unlike other nations, the period of religious tribulation is just dawning, for the worst is yet to come; and unless the attacks and persecutions of the anti-Catholic societies now in existence will serve to unite her members and bring them to a sense of their duty, the Church may experience a rise of internal dissention resulting from indifferentism, that may produce far more injurious results than any or all the attacks of external foes.

On Dec. 8th, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and also the patron feast of the Marian Sodality, all the students went to Holy Communion in the morning at early Mass. Father Mark celebrated High Mass, and preached the sermon of the day, in which he beautifully depicted the many prerogatives of our Blessed Lady, our powerful patron.

In the afternoon the candidates who had received the requisite number of votes on the previous Sunday, made solemn profession and were received into the society. Father Benedict, the spiritual Director, then gave to each of the members, the old as well as the new ones, a beautiful diploma of membership. After a short talk by the Spiritual Director, in which he took occasion to impress upon the Sodalists their

duty as Children of Mary, the Office of the Immaculate Conception was recited and the meeting adjourned.

The Christmas vacation was of course the chief topic of conversation for some time before it commenced, not only among those who have gone to spend it at home, but also among those remaining at the College; and, if we are to believe all we heard, it would be hard to say which of the two classes are having the better time. To the former, home and friends, and the pleasures and amusements of home life, will, no doubt, go far to increase the joy peculiar to the season itself; while to the latter, the ice, the bowling-alley, the reading-rooms, and the conviviality of the recreation hall, not to mention an occasional peep into the boxes of good things sent from home, will furnish a round of pleasure that will make the time pass only too rapidly until the return of their companions, when an exchange of stories will be in order only to give way in a short time to speculations on, and preparations for, the dreaded February examinations.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 18th, an impromptu entertainment, or program was arranged in honor of Very Rev. Provincial Henry Drees, C. PP. S., Rev. Andrew Gietl, C. PP. S., Rev. B. Dickman, C. PP. S., and Rev. Killian Schill, C. PP. S., who were at the College that day on official business. The program consisted of an address by Mr. Jas. B. Fitzpatrick, several recitations, an extemporaneous, camp-meeting sermon, by Mr. Edward Vogel, music by the band and orchestra, a vocal solo by Mr. Edw. J. Mungovan, and a play: An Amature Debate, "Shall Our Mothers Vote", by the minims.

Considering that the arrangements for the program were made only an hour or two before it began, the participants are deserving of credit.

The minims, however, had for some time previous been rehearsing their play and were to give it at the close of the Columbian program on the next day; but, on account of the presence of the reverend visitors, they gave it one day earlier, and were thus forced to forego their final rehearsal. Every one of the young players performed his part creditably. Master Chas. Roemer occupied the speaker's chair and decided knotty parliamentary points with the ease of a Crisp or a Reed. Master Edgar Mur-



VOL. II.

RENSSELAER, (COLLEGEVILLE P. O.) IND., JANUARY, 1896.

NO. 5.

Our Leader in Battle.

Long years ago in Heaven's clime,
There soared angelic forms sublime,
Arrayed in snowy white, around God's Throne,
So near the Lord, the Master's very own,
Each changing words of love
With their great God above.

Pride some o'ercame and they rebelled,
By thousands soon their host was swelled.
But Michael, armed with zeal and pure intent,
Whatever power that he possessed he lent
To crush their evil cause,
Defending God's own laws.

Our valiant hero donned his sword;
The army captain of the Lord,
He fought until the out-break he did quell,
And from celestial realms he did expel
Unworthy angel bands
Into infernal lands.

Once shining bright with golden dew,
Now black! Of hideous, loathsome hue!
Their own rebellion brought them to disgrace,
From happiness they fall
Into a devil's stall!

Those same proud angels daily roam
To lead you from your Heav'nly home;
But Michael, victor once in days of yore,
Is now as powerful fully as before.
He'll bring you consolation
In moments of temptation.

And also in your daily strife,
Make his the motto of your life;
For he who smote bad angels with his rod
Was heard to ask them, "Who is like to God?"
His thoughts so well expressed,
Are watch-words of the blest.

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

OPEN SESAME.

Many, many years ago, in a certain town of Persia, a poor man, Ali Baba by name, went to a neighboring forest to cut wood. He soon perceived at some distance, a thick cloud of dust rising in the air, which appeared to be steadily advancing toward him. He watched it attentively and perceived a numerous company of men on horse-back, who were approaching at a quick pace. At once concluding they were robbers, Ali Baba took refuge in the branches of a large tree, which grew close beside a great rock. The company, each of whom had a traveling bag fastened on his saddle, soon reached the spot and dismounted. The robber nearest him, who as he at once decided, was the captain, came with a large bag on his shoulder, close to the rock, beneath the tree in which Ali Baba was concealed, and, after having made his way among the shrubs and bushes growing there, he pronounced the words "Open Sesame", which Ali Baba distinctly heard. No sooner were these words uttered, than a door opened, and, after having made all his men with their treasures pass through, he entered and the portals closed. At length the door was reopened, the brigands came out; Ali Baba heard their captain say, "Shut Sesame," the door closed, and they departed. Ali Baba then came down from the tree, made his way through the bushes and called out "Open Sesame." At these magical words, the door instantly flew open. He then saw before him a large, vaulted chamber, in which was heaped up all sorts of treasures. The further adventures of this fortunate wood-chopper need not be related; for, all of us, who in our childhood delighted in the Arabian Nights, are familiar with the charming sequel of this highly imaginative bit of fiction.

In this broad world, all treasures are

concealed. Gold is not found in places easily accessible to man-kind, but hidden away in little fissures of the rocks, so that man must delve and dig to obtain it. In the acquisition of all worldly possession, we must exert our best energies. Perchance, we have made a long and weary pilgrimage, in quest of that which would open the wonderful store-house of knowledge. Not unlike the acquisition of all treasures, that of knowledge is a laborious undertaking. Life is too short to waste any portion of it in groping for the pathway of knowledge, if we can secure a guide that will direct us at once thereon. Such a guide is education, that magic charm or key that will open vast treasure-houses at the master's touch. Yes, culture of heart and mind is the "Open Sesame," that will open the secret of truth and admit us into the precinct of wisdom. We have only so much time allowed us to secure this golden key and if, through negligence or indifference, we fail to do so, our opportunity is gone, and gone forever. Let us seek this key and hasten to the portals of the treasure-house of knowledge, grasping the golden knocker, calling aloud, "Open Sesame," for admission, that we might in triumph bear off the treasures, which in endless variety are heaped up in storage for our intellectual ware-houses. But when the golden portals are thrown open in response to our summons, we are confronted by the questions Ruskin has so wisely given us as a test for admission and which each one must decide for himself. "Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to become companions of nobles? Make yourself noble and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it and you shall hear it. But on other terms? No. If you cannot rise to us, we cannot stoop to you."

How fortunate he whose life-work has been such that he is deemed worthy to cross the sacred precinct, the passage of which is happiness! Oh, what a landscape then opens on our sight; the world has been transformed and we see it all in a different light; but is it different, or only the same, sweet tune played in a different key? Before we saw out-ward forms; we saw no beauty.

“In vain through every changeful year,

Did nature lead him as before,

A primrose by the river's brim

A yellow primrose was to him,

And it was nothing more.”

But now seeing not the flower which grew up to be rooted out like weeds, we see their marvelous texture and beauty. Now the whole realm of nature, that vast store house of God's choicest treasures, is open to us henceforth. And we gather and admire the primrose and daisies, and gaze upon the lilies of the field and gather fruit as the bees, from the leafless hawthorn, ruddy with the stores God has laid up for them. The earth becomes so rich and lovely with its sights and sounds, its mountains, its great blue lakes, its rolling prairies, its picturesque waterfalls, its ocean with its mighty waves beating night and day on the shore. Every spring becomes a new revelation, every summer a fresh chapter of experience, every autumn a fruition of hopes as well as seeds and buds. Every flower becomes a beautiful mystery which may be solved in part, every tree is stored sunshine for the hearth, and shelter for the storm, while it lives, a thing of beauty, of varied use after its life is taken. The clouds above us are not mere reservoirs of water for prosaic use, but their light, shade and exquisite coloring become a reproach to coarse minds. Before, Nature was cold and indifferent, but now she

stops to smile, caress and entertain with exhaustless diversion. It seems pitiful to have dim conceptions of beauty, but to those eyes enlightened by culture of heart no scene is barren, no tree leafless.

“The meanest flower that blows doth give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep

for tears.”

Thus the entrance into this charmed circle means culture of heart and of mind. The highest object of culture is the exercise of the powers of the mind, the developing and uplifting of the whole nature which may be accomplished in two ways; in the halls of learning and the conflicts of life. We not only foster natural gifts but bring out faculties which have long waited for the magical effects of refining influence to bring them to light. Our faculties cannot remain dormant, we must either use and improve or lose; so it becomes the knowledge of how to use one's whole self, for it has been said “there is nothing great in the world but man, and there is nothing great in man but mind” —that crowning treasure of God to man.

“Then deeply think, O man! how great

thou art.

Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;

Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,

And gaze and wonder there a ravished guest;

Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find.”

Someone has said, “Some men are like knives with many blades, they know how to open one, and one only; all the rest are buried in the handle, and they are no better than they would have been made with but one blade.” Many men use but one or two faculties with which they are endowed. A man is educated who knows how to make a tool of every faculty, how

to open it, how to keep it sharp, and how to apply it to all purposes. One way to obtain this culture is through contact with the best minds. We would all like to become intimately acquainted with a famous artist and watch the picture growing steadily under his skillful pencil; but we can watch the creation of more illustrious paintings, of variegated hues; pictures time will not dim, outlined in the mind of man, which we are permitted to enjoy through books, for in good books great men talk to us and give us their most precious thoughts.

“Thoughts half hid in golden dreams
Which make thrice fair the songs and streams
Of earth and air.”

Parker, in his advice to the young, has truly said: “It is right for you to enjoy yourself with the spirit of all pure literature, but he who makes a favorite of a bad book, simply because it contains a few good passages, might as well caress the hand of an assassin because of the jewelry that sparkles on his fingers.”

But there is great danger of becoming like the Book Collector:

“For while in common my books I turn
 and wind,
For all is in them, and nothing in my mind.”

The only solution of the troublesome question relating to the social, moral and religious aspect of the masses, lies in education whereby they may be brought to a higher plane of thinking and broader knowledge of the use of their powers as a means to the end of existence.

God has given man an intellect, which must labor workman-like under that great

architect—the Imagination.

All imagination, it may be said of imagination so called, proclaims activity of aesthetical emotions. But you say that is aesthetical; would that we all were. Aesthetics is the science of the beautiful in nature, which noble objects effect the mind, as sunbeams a bud or flower, they, as it were, open and unfold the leaves and call forth the powers that lie hid and locked up in it.

Culture of heart and mind brings out powers that are inspiring, noble, beautiful and holy, and so must wield an important influence on society. Shelley hardly exaggerated when he remarked that the Almighty has given man arms long enough to reach to the stars, if they would only know how to put them out. For “aesthetics is a heavenly ladder, where, like Jacob’s angels, pure thoughts and holy aspirations come from and go to God.”

If we perceive these treasures, that were before perhaps hidden and locked up, like those in the Arabian Nights which Ali Baba discovered in the dark recesses of the cave of the Forty Robbers, then we have rescued the soul of meaning, from a tale we read not so much for its charming fiction, but for the truths into which we may re-embodiment its contents.

In this broad land, there is only one true aristocracy none wish to destroy. He that tends to refine and exalt this little kingdom of the mind, by culture, for the glory of its Creator, for him culture of itself is advancement in life, and a great advancing soul carries forward his own age.

I. F. ZIRCHER.



MILTON ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

Milton's poems in general are characterized by seriousness. This seriousness, however, does not inspire gloominess. On the contrary, he well understands how to view nature in her brightest and gayest aspect. To be convinced of this, one needs only read his *L'Allegro*, an exquisite poem which he wrote already at an early age. In this poem he swerves from the path of pensive musing.

At the time when he wrote this work two entirely different ways of human life presented themselves to him; one was the life of a stern Puritan; the other that of a gallant cavalier at court. Then the idea suggested itself to him to write two poems; in one, to contemplate all the pleasures and delights that heart-easing mirth might afford him; in the other, to consider all the joys and pleasures that sweet melancholy could devise. It is the former that this little article treats of.

Milton was fond of solemn contemplation. But in this beautiful nature-lyric the poet shows his versatility of mind and sympathetic feeling. For the time he seems to have let pleasure and delight invade his heart, until in the exuberance of his spirits he bursts forth into the opening lines:

"Hence loathed Melancholy
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born."

He spurns gloomy melancholy that spreads "brooding darkness" around and would fain banish it to "Stygian caves," there to dwell alone under "ebon shades and low browed rocks." But he smilingly beckons Euphrosyne the fair goddess of mirth to bring with her jest and youthful jollity, sport and joyous laughter. And mirth comes to him on the "light fantastic toe." Awakened by the trilling notes of the morning lark and the lively

din of the barn yard, they sally forth together early on a beautiful summer morning into blooming fields and green meadows and roam about in wild delight.

"Oft listening how the hounds and horn,
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn."

Transported by the mystic lutes and luscious sounds from nature's symphony, they are suddenly recalled by the myriad misty dewdrops turning into as many brilliant diamonds.

"For the great sun begins his state
Robed in flames and amber light."

Pursuing then their sauntering journey, our poet is further delighted by the sedulous peasants "whistling o'er the furrowed land" and by the blithesome milkmaid giving vent to her joyous emotions, evoked by the sight of nature's fairness. On the hillside are espied the "nibbling flocks" and the sprightly shepherd boy, and ascending the eminence the poet tells us,

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
While the landscape round it measures;"

And the muse here unfolds a panorama of nature's variegated aspect. Sights sublime, such as

"Mountains on whose barren breast,
The laboring clouds do often rest,"

and not as yet dispelled by the uprising sun. Rivulets pouring down their crystal waters next direct the poet's eye to behold the beautiful

"Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks and rivers wide."

But their never resting and unweary sight discovers also in the distance amid the profuse foliage of trees and bushes scenes of the picturesque.

"Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted trees."

Around which is thrown the charm of
mediæval chivalry as the poet's thoughts
penetrate the vine-covered towers

"Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes."

The sun is now past its meridian and
the savory dinner tables in the neighbor-
ing hamlets are disencumbered

"Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat handed Phyllis dresses,"

When the loitering two readily follow
the strains of the "jocund rebecks" invit-
ing them to the "checkered shade" where

"Young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday."

Here they enjoy the jolly feasts and in-
dulge in the merriment and the laugh pro-
voking jests of the crowd until night.
Then Mirth leads the way into the city,
where they taste all the pleasures of social
life. Regaled by the pleasantries of knight-

errantry in the tournaments where they
behold

"Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream."

They proceed anon to the "well trod
stage" to be entertained by "sweetest
Shakespeare, Fancy's child" and enraptured
by the charms of music, the poet exclaims:

"These delights if thou can'st give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

All these joys, however, appeared to
Milton as a dream; for the poet never gave
himself up to the vain pleasures of the
world, as he thought them fit for idle
brains.

In Il' Penseroso he manifests that ser-
ious contemplation was more congenial to
his mind and shows, therefore, greater
sympathy with "divinest Melancholy."

This his subsequent career sufficiently
testifies, for Milton ever remained a staunch
Puritan.

GERHARD HARTJENS.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

(BY KARL MAY.)

AFFAD-BEI, THE BEARSLAYER.

II.

The Steppes—

In the south of Atlas, of Gharian and
mountains of Dema they lie, extending
from the district of the Mediterranean to
the barren Sahara, reaching, from
the picture of civilization to the sym-
bol of barbarism and it is of the Steppes
or rather the Sahara of which the poet says:

Stretched out from sea to sea she lies;

Her produce is but sand.

The toil of man she still defies;

Void like the beggar's hand.

Inducement she doth offer naught;

Her history knows no fame.

The gallant Mars who once there fought

Now lies a sun-bleached frame.

The buffalo's carcass in decay,

In truth, a vestige stands

Of some poor beast that ran astray,

And could not feed on sands.

The traveler she her story tells,

Who boldly would explore,

That in her naught but misery dwells,

Now as in days of yore.

They form a row of high plains and naked hills whose barren heights rise like the doleful lamentations of an unsoothed heart, from a dreary, desolate waste. No tree, no house. At most a lonely, half dilapidated caravansary offers the eye a place to repose. It is in summer only when a paltry tuft of vegetation penetrates the sterile earth, that a few Arabian tribes wander with their herds over this land of desolation, to offer their beasts a scanty pasture. In winter the steppe is entirely forsaken reposing 'neath its silent mantle of snow, which despite the Sahara's proximity sweeps its drifting flakes over the dead solitude. Round about nothing can be seen but sand, stone and rock, varying with gravel and sharp rubble. Wherever a body of water appears one beholds but a pool emitting a horrible scent.

There were once forests here, but they have disappeared. In summer the beds of the creeks and rivers meander from the heights in rocky ravines and even the snow of the winters is not able to conceal the confusion. If, however, the sudden heat, which usually sets in at this time, melts the snow, the mass of water, without further warning, madly rushes down and claims everything as a victim that did not succeed in escaping its ravaging claw. It is then that the Bedouin seizes his ninety-nine globuled rosary, to thank Allah that he vouchsafed to spare him from a watery grave.

The temporary floods and the standing waters of quagmires cause shrubs and thistles to spring forth, which the camel by virtue of his hard lips is capable to gnaw at, but beneath whose protection the lion and panther snore, recovering from their nightly exertions.

As already mentioned, I departed the next morning for Algiers, accompanied by Hassan and Joseph Korndorfer, the Ger-

man. We availed ourselves of the deserted coach till Batua, but here we met with an unexpected delay.

I had not yet quite forgotten the shaking I received on my journey from the Alps to Italy; I remembered well the terrifying "Allegro, allegissimo!" which the coach manager uttered when I bade him drive in a more moderate pace. The old coach drawn by a span of sprightly steeds was tossed about like a skiff on the angry sea; at times it would dash against the sharp edge of a huge rock, thus causing an unpleasant rebuff and again it would threaten destruction to its inmates by coasting the brink of some deep chasm.

But what was all this compared with the desert coach?

It was only a motion of positive degree. The desert-coach consisted of a large wagon drawn by eight horses. The vestige of a road (if ever there was one) was a matter of surmise; our motto was onward, straight forward in defiance of all obstacles, over holes and rocks through narrow passages and down declivities. Ever and anon we were obliged to alight and with no little patience unite our strength with that of the poor horses. Already after the first hour's ride I felt as though I had been put to the rack; my German friend, too, experienced no comfort, as his murmuring evidently betrayed, and Hassan el Kebihir subjected himself with all possible strength to those interesting distractions which usually accompany a sea voyage. The good Arabian of the tribe of Kubabish and Frekahen Nurab had never before rode in a wagon. I could not avoid thinking of his bombastic assertions: "The steppes quake and the sabel trembles when Djazzar-Bei approaches."

(To be continued.)

A. J. SEIMETZ.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

During the Scholastic Year by the Students.

OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

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EDITORIAL.

Occupying a conspicuous place on one of the shelves in the Columbian Museum may be seen a relic from the Catacombs of Callisti. It is a marble slab about four inches long and bears the inscription:

“EX. COEM. CALLISTI.”

It is the gift of the Rev. John Bleckmann, of Michigan City, Ind.; who obtained possession of the same while in Europe last summer.

The society also wishes to express its thanks to Mrs. E. P. Hammond, of LaFayette, Ind., for her donations to the C. L. S.

Judging from the references and quotations adduced in many of our Exchanges, Tennyson and Longfellow seem to be claiming a great deal of the attention of those engaged in College Journalism. We are glad to notice this for it will undoubtedly awaken more interest in the works of these two great singers of English verse.

Inspirations must have fallen abundantly, or a tidal wave must have inundated the *Sanctum* of College Publications, for there seems to be a general cry of “too much matter for publication in this issue.” The COLLEGIAN, too, was compelled to pass over several well-written articles for want of space. This, however, is a good omen, and the fact that it is so universal bespeaks much for the literary success of College Monthlies.

Now seems to be the time of a general brushing up, as the common phraseology has it, and the spiritual as well as the temporal is receiving due attention. We are pleased to welcome Father Wiechmann, of Gas City, Ind., as our Retreat Master again this year. His exhortations and sermons formed the theme of conversation for a long time after retreat closed last year, and we feel sure that the triduum of '96 will meet with the same success.

The beginning of the new school term reminds us somewhat of the New Year, since it might be termed an appropriate time for making good resolutions. During the examinations we have certainly noticed where our deficiencies in class work lie, and there, too, has been demonstrated the special benefits of private reviews and repetitions, while the full force of the Latin proverb: “Repetitio est mater Scientiae,” has surely been observed. But now let us institute a kind of *self-examination* and ascertain where we have grown lax as regards self-

discipline and strict adherence to principle. Both should be found in the preface, the body, and the supplement of our college curriculum.

We take this opportunity to call the attention of our readers to the changes made in the COLLEGIAN at the beginning of the New Year. As you will observe, this number contains twenty pages of reading matter, with its typographical appearance much improved. The type of its Local Department has been reduced to a smaller size, so that in reality this issue is equal to a twenty-four page Journal of the same style print as was formerly used. For the

sake of convenience and in order to bring the Editors into closer communication with the Publishers, the COLLEGIAN will in the future be printed in Rensselaer. Although these improvements will necessitate more labor and entail extra expense, nevertheless we shall consider ourselves amply repaid if the same success that has heretofore greeted us characterize these, our later efforts. It is a pleasure to recall the memories of our gradual growth from a *Journal* of twelve pages to our present thriving condition, and it shall be our earnest endeavor to continue our work for the success of the COLLEGIAN and the acquisition of many new friends.

AN INSPIRING PICTURE.

What can be more elevating than a heaven-born ideal of Christian art? It comes home to us as a glimpse of the supernatural and fills one's soul with ineffable delight.

Such an inspiring subject is, for instance, the picture of the virgin, bride and martyr, St. Caecilia. Among the paintings that embellish the apartments of the college can be seen the latest production from the master brush of Father Paulinus. It is an exquisitely fine picture of our Saint surpassing all former creations of the Rev. artist. The composition is entirely original. The whole production, the graceful position of the figures and their expression, the natural division of light and shade, betray a correct as well as beautiful conception. The soft, delicate colors so skilfully arranged as to give to the whole an ethereal and realistic appearance again exhibit the art student of the royal academy of Munich. The technique in the arrangement of colors and design is a judicious and happy eclectic combination of

realism and idealism, avoiding the repulsive extreme of each, and mutually supplying the defective characteristics of the two tendencies. The faint outlines of Roman architecture on the background inform us where Caecilia spent the days of her earthly sojourn. On the foreground of the picture we behold the stately figure of the Saint, in life size, sitting at the organ. The left hand rests on the keyboard of the instrument, whilst her right is slightly elevated as in wondering awe and ecstasy she listens to the mellifluous strains of celestial music. A silken tunic of soft rose hue clothes her beautiful form, and a richly ornamented mantle of violet velvet, fastened to the shoulders by heavy golden bosses, falls down to the floor in natural and graceful folds. Her dark, rich hair, interwoven with roses, is partly covered by a white tulle. On her holy face is depicted her God-loving soul, and her soft eyes sparkling with the sun-bright hilarity of innocence are gazing upward, admiring the chorus of chanting angels, rep-

resented by the artist in almost ethereal forms descending in the heavenly atmosphere and supernatural light that illumines the visage of the Saint.

The sanctity and purity of the soul is mirrored in the guileless countenance. The sweet calm that smiles through her features bespeaks the peace of heart, and that indescribable yearning expression which the artist is so fond of depicting in the looks of his saints is again strikingly exhibited on the heavenly mien of St.

Caecilia.

The attentive beholder, whose soul is elevated and edified by the expression of that celestial countenance, will certainly admit that the power and moral influence which Christian artists exercise by their pictures on the minds and hearts of their fellowmen is even greater than that of eloquence, for it brings home lessons to the soul which words cannot express.

G. HEIMBURGER.

MY CHRISTMAS VACATION.

Vacation,—The significance with which this word is fraught is only fully understood by those, who, after a period of concentrated effort, finally hail with delight the advent of a season free from the usual cares of life.

Especially is this true of a vacation at Christmas tide, when the very air itself is filled with joy and cheerfulness, and when good will and jovial fellowship are universal. Hence it is not surprising that the 20th of December, the day set for our departure, was a tedious and yet a joyous one; for from the time "Old Sol" showed his good natured face on that morning, until the hour of departure, it seemed to us an age. But at length it came, and after bidding farewell to our beloved professors, and our fellow students that remained in the college, we, with great exuberance of spirit, boarded our train and proceeded to make things lively until Chicago was reached. Here I was met by one of my former bosom friends, and after spending a very pleasant day with him, in viewing the wonders of the "Windy City," I proceeded to my final stopping place, Ft. Wayne. As the train approached the

city, my feelings began to bubble, as it were, here the ball-ground, there the swimming-hole, farther along my chum's home, until at last the train rolls into the depot. It was now that I experienced my greatest joy, that of being once more united with relatives and friends. The joy of being surrounded by all whom we hold dearest is ample compensation for the four month's absence from them. On Christmas and New Years days I assisted at Solemn Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral. The devotion which one naturally feels on these days, is greatly augmented by the beautiful ceremonies and costly vestments used in the celebration of the mass.

After the first few days, I began to realize that I was really and truly at home, and free to circulate among dear friends, and to renew acquaintances grown rusty with time. Every morning after we had heard mass at our respective parish churches, all the students of the city (and there is a goodly number of them) would assemble at the Library Hall, which is a magnificent structure erected by the Vicar-General of the Diocese at a cost of \$80,000; and amused ourselves with some of the

many games which may be played there, or in exchanging different anecdotes of our college life. The evenings were spent at home in receiving friends, reading, and other agreeable occupations.

But alas! The close of our vacation, Jan. 4th, put a grewsome end to our dream

of bliss, and again reminded us that it was time to return to our studies, where we may console ourselves with the thought that June is coming, and in the meantime realize that college life is after all not devoid of all pleasure.

THOS. D. TRAVIS, '99.

EXCHANGES.

The labor involved in rendering the Christmas issue of the *Dial* a notable one has not been expended in vain. The rich collection of stories, incident to the season, and the bright and pleasant poems, embodying the gift of the Muses to a remarkable degree, are certainly a good criterion to judge of its labors in the past, and what may be expected in the future, while fully establishing its claim to a foremost place among Christmas editions of College papers. Its characteristics have not been lost in the endeavor to excel all former issues, but have been blended admirably well with the additional improvement. Descending to particulars, though not forgetful of its tasty arrangement, we admire the sentiments of the prize poem and the manner in which they have been expressed. "At the eleventh hour," the plot of which has been laid and developed in Russia, is descriptive of the nihilistic attempts to overthrow the government, which are attendant upon the social condition of that country. The characters are so disposed as to permit the hero to be the cynosure of attention throughout the story. The incidents are graphic and related in appropriate coloring. The remaining articles are worthy of the standard of the *Dial*.

We can assure *The St. Vincent's Journal* that from our point of view the Christ-

mas edition "is worthy of the great festival and in keeping with the progress of the press." "The Angel's Gift" is a meritorious production. While we would wish the conclusion of a "Sad Christmas" otherwise, we cannot forbear admiring the grouping of incidents, and the clever manner in which interest is developed as the story proceeds. Its pathetic tenor is well sustained and we do not hesitate to commend it as well worthy of praise. "The Sport" receives a rough and deserved treatment at the hands of a reviewer of his peculiarities. A Christmas story under the title of "A Wanderer's Return" has several points of merit which make claim upon our admiration. Remembering the success which the *Journal* has achieved in the past, we have the assurance, in the present number, that it will continue to prosper and meet the good wishes extended to others.

The January number of *Mt. St. Mary's Record* is happy in the choice of a few dainty poetical effusions. The first with a Latin title is of a religious tenor and answers the expectations which the sense of the title awakens; the second is a narrative poem and is to be commended for its development. Ruskin's Lectures are treated in an easy and instructive manner. The amount of information brought within the

compass of this single article is noteworthy. The symposium, or rather, the debate, "Would Macbeth have murdered Duncan had there been no Lady Macbeth?" is replete in proof that the impressive drama of the Bard of Avon has received attention at the hands of the debaters. The motives underlying the actions must needs be well studied and the conclusions reached evince a good conception. Of course, the question of its nature is only problematical and reminds one of Stockton's "Lady or the Tiger?"

The Christmas number of *The Radiator* has a delicately drawn frontispiece which gives a very neat appearance to the paper. The extra endeavors for the Christmas edition are evident, and consequently the former prestige is not only sustained, but even advanced somewhat. A resume of the events of national importance during the past year are lucidly written. The stories are timely, well written, and contribute greatly to the paper. Longfellow's Hiawatha is parodied in an amusing manner.

It is a difficult task to review the different journals and point out their beauties and defects in a pleasing way, but "Madam Agnetian," as *The Agnetian Monthly* terms itself, obviates much of the difficulty

by assuming the role of a hostess and considering the exchanges her guests. The affair is called a "Yule Tide Luncheon" and the menu is served from classical authors. The beautiful frontispiece is an exponent of the value that lies within the journal.

The pictorial edition of the *Rensselaer Pilot*, gotten out especially for the holidays, must command unqualified praise from everyone who had the pleasure of being a recipient of that number. As an exposition of the county it is complete. The sketches accompanying the photographs of the progressive men, and cuts of the prominent buildings of the county convey an adequate idea of the progress which it has achieved. The thanks of the inhabitants of Jasper county are certainly due to the energetic editor of the *Pilot*.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Fordham Monthly*, *Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian*, *The Salve Regina*, *The Mountaineer*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *The Purple*, *The Abbey Student*, *The Santa Maria*, *The St. James School Journal*, *The Young People*, *The Viatorian*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *Leaflets from Loretto*, *The Boston Pilot* and the *Rensselaer Republican*.



DER GESCHEIDTE NAZL, OR SCHUSTER, BLEIB BEI DEINEM LEISTEN.

The first German play of this term was given by the Scholastics C. PP. S. on the first evening after the students had returned from their Christmas vacation.

The play is entitled "Der gescheidte Nazl." It is a comedy in three acts and well adapted to any small stage.

The following was the cast of characters:
Meister Pech, a cobbler, Simon
NAZL, his apprentice Germain

Joseph, an apprentice Didacus
Habenichts, a philosopher Arnold
Schmierhuber, a barber Theodore
Kibuz, a jew Ensebius
Steffel, a farmer Herman
Hafermusz, a farmer Ildefons
Schnappsweg, a printer Paschal
A priest Theobald
Der Teufel Cantus
Hoernichtauf } Litigants { Cyril
Lasmchtaus } } Gerhardt

Servants and lackeys were: Gabriel, Albin, Leonard, Placidus, Julian, Alexander, Roman, Faustin Lander, Conrad, Victor and Eulogius.

The play abounds in wit and humor. But, nevertheless, the moral contained in it is very wholesome. "Der geschaidte Nazl" is the principal character, and it is on him that the plot mainly depends. Nazl is an apprentice to a cobbler, but being tired of his trade he cherishes the wish to become learned and therefore associates with some would-be philosophers of the town. His talent was naturally very dull, but fancying himself to be a rare genius, he does not abandon the idea of becoming a great philosopher. While Nazl is thus revolving in his mind how he can obtain the knowledge necessary for this state, Satan appears to him and promises to give him all that is required to be learned under this condition, that our poor apprentice shall, after three years, deliver his unfortunate soul into the hands of Satan. Nazl at first hesitates but afterwards consents. From this time he lives a life of luxury. He does wonderful things. As a philosopher he solves many difficult questions with ease and correctness, and as a physician he cures all diseases, thus amazing the whole learned world. We now find him in wealth and in the society of nobles. However, he grows sadder as the time approaches that Satan is

to take possession of his soul. On the appointed day, as the minute hand of the clock pointing to twelve, tells him that his time has elapsed, he in his despair seizes a weapon to put an end to his life. Satan then comes to claim his victim, but at this very moment, co-operating with the grace which God is always willing to grant to the most miserable of sinners, Nazl sends for a priest and repents in the presence of Satan who, being disappointed, leaves the room with a roaring noise. At this very minute Nazl loses all the knowledge Satan had given him and soon after we see him again an honest apprentice to Meister Pech.

The players all deserve the highest praise for the excellent rendition of their respective parts. Special mention must be made of Students Simon and Germain for the manner in which they played their most difficult and important parts. Ensebius who played the character of the Jew, fairly captivated the audience while he was on the stage. Paschal must also be congratulated upon the ease and grace with which he departed himself upon this his first appearance.

The audience showed their high appreciation of the play by the hearty applause which followed each scene.

The students promise us another play on St. Joseph's day. We hope that they will meet with the same success.



WITH THE COLUMBIANS.

The holiday vacation seems rather to have instilled new vigor into the work of the Columbian Literary Society than to have detracted the least from the high position to which its merits had raised it during the first four months of this scholastic year. Before the students had deserted their desks for the more pleasant

occupation of Christmas-tide, the Executive Committee had arranged several programs to be rendered sometime within the first week of January. Notwithstanding the fact that the semi-annual examinations stared them in the face, those participating ably maintained the prestige of the Society.

On January 12th the following program was presented in the College Auditorium:

- Recitation,
 "The Charcoal Man" V. Muinch.
 Recitation.
 "An Order for a Picture" Ign. Zircher.
 Declamation.
 "America's Greatness" L. Baker.
 Oration.
 "The Necessity of Order" F. J. Koch.
 V Paper.
 "The Columbian" Editor Vogel.
 VI Discourse.
 "The Silver Question" J. F. Cogan.

The "Charcoal Man" was a very creditable effort on the part of Mr. Muinch, while Mr. Zircher, in his recitation "An Order for a picture" fairly captivated the audience. Noticeable above all the points of his effective delivery was the natural manner in which he entered into the spirit of his selection. Mr. Baker's rendition of America's Greatest was highly appreciated.

In his oration, Mr. Koch showed that he had studied his subject in all its phases, and, though the title of the piece in itself appeared to be devoid of interest, the speaker easily held the attention of his audience.

On this occasion the Editor of the *Columbian* ably sustained the growing reputation of his paper, which was replete with wit and humor.

Undoubtedly the most interesting and instructive number on the evening's program was Mr. Cogan's Discourse on the Silver Question. His treating of this subject had been anxiously looked forward to, and the enthusiasm evinced by those present proved that they greatly enjoyed his production.

The next program, rendered on Jan.

22nd, was mostly composed of serious and comic recitations and was as follows:

- I "American Flag" B. P. Heckmann.
 II "The Puzzled Dutchman" H. Fehrenbach
 III "Regulus to the Romans" . . . F. Ersing.
 IV "The Frenchman's Poudare"
 T. McLoughlin.
 V Debate.
 Aff. Neg.
 A. Weyman. L. A. Eberle.
 E. Vogel. G. Cotter.
 B. Besinger. A. Riester.

The declamations, although not interspersed by music, formed a very interesting private program.

The participants in the first half of the program were mostly all new members, but their different renditions show unusual talent that is only awaiting further development.

At this program a novel and enjoyable feature was introduced. It was an extemporaneous debate on the subject as announced by the chair: "Resolved that one of the Columbians should study Law." The debaters were chosen by lot, and no further comment is necessary than a mention of their names.

At the Business Meeting held immediately after the presentation of the above program, the Sec. of the Society was instructed to acknowledge the receipt of a rare collection of old postage stamps, and extend a card of thanks for the same to Mrs. R. H. Thurston, of Chicago, Ill.

On motion, the society decided to render play "The Hidden Gem" on St. Patrick's night, Mar. 17th. The following program to be given on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, was announced:

- I Instrumental Music Band.
 II Oration of the day J. B. Fitzpatrick.

III Vocal Selections. Columbian Quartette.	
IV Declamation.....	Gabriel Cotter.
V Music.....	Orchestra.
VI Recitation.....	T. P. Travis.
VII Vocal Solo.....	E. J. Mungovan.
VIII Debate: Resolved, that if the European Powers continue inactive, the Gov-	

ernment of the United States would be justified in interfering in Armenia.

Affirm.

Neg.

T. M. Conroy.

J. F. Cogan.

A. Weyman.....

G. Hartjens.

IX "*Columbian*".....

Editor

x Finale.....

Band



ORDER AND ITS NECESSITY.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow,

Is our destined end or way;

But to act, that each to-morrow

Find us farther than to-day."

In pursuit of their avocations some persons experience disappointments while striving to attain their end. Their efforts are thwarted in many things, even by the interposition of superiors. As a consequence many, especially students, look upon authority as being contrary to human interests. That order, the effect of the proper exercise of authority, is a far reaching and salutary principle can be proved, and by its application "each to-morrow," as the poet says, "will find us farther than to-day."

What then is order? Does it mean the most convenient, the most pleasing, or the most advantageous way of performing our actions? It may and may not mean this; all depends on the end sought. Order may be defined as any regular arrangement, any methodical or established succession by which some specified end may be attained.

Having defined my subject, I will attempt to enter into some of its details. If a person takes a ramble over hills and valleys, fields and forests, his thoughts are occupied with the many things he observes about himself; especially is this true when nature is awaking from her sleep. But go whenever or wherever he may, his attention is attracted by the objective world. He observes how the trees

are formed in a variety of regular as well as odd shapes. Yet, in this variety he sees order; he sees that their shapes are admirably adapted for a purpose. Just so he detects other similar characteristics. Take the oak for an example. No matter how large or how small different trees of this class may be; such properties as bark, sap, substance, leaves and seeds are common to all. The same can be asserted of all other classes of plants. What has been said of the vegetable kingdom is true of all other works of creation. Let a person make some observations in the higher regions, or contemplate those made by competent persons. Does he not by so doing become convinced that the myriads of heavenly bodies perform their journeys with such a regularity and precision as to confound his understanding? Many other examples can be cited. The conclusion must be that Order Is A Universal Law.

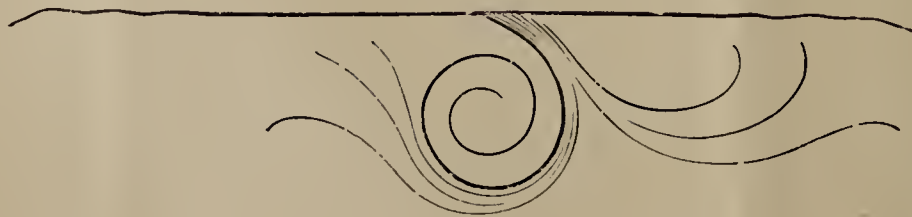
There is a great difference between knowing the existence of something and knowing the propriety, the utility, or the necessity of such. It is a fact that *order* is a *law*, but why it is thus is an entirely different question. A few thoughts should, therefore, be given to the effects of this law whenever it is observed and whenever it is transgressed. A scientific operation will serve as an example. The workmen of a particular quarry do their work by means of dynamite. They use

a thousand pounds of it daily. If they apply it scientifically, they can do wonders; whereas, if the explosive is applied by ignorant or careless persons, the result will be untold horrors and losses. The same reason which accounts for such a mismanagement is the key to the cause of the countless numbers of disasters which occur day after day. The daily papers bear ample testimony to this fact. Some are crushed to death because a railroad employe has culpably failed to do his duty. Others are devoured by the cruel flames which envelop an immense establishment; and all this because some one has forsaken a responsible post. I admit that such disasters may unavoidably occur, but if there were only the unavoidable cases, their number would be insignificant. As another instance of the necessity of order let family life be considered. The members of a well regulated family get along in unity and harmony; they are successful, prosperous and happy. But the opposite is true of an ill-regulated one as is confirmed by its baneful results. The same difference is found in all institutional life where there is order or disorder. Every county, state, or nation must have officials to attend the common interests of its constituents. If these functionaries are faithless in the discharge of their all-important duties, they become traitors; they will in a short time undo all that had required a century to be made grand and great. On the other hand, if these public servants are guided by honest principles, we have every reason to hope that "domestic tranquility will be

insured, the general welfare promoted, justice established, and the blessings of liberty secured." It follows, that when the wholesome laws of a country are set aside, such a country is the scene of internal dissensions, strikes, riots, anarchy and final disruption.

To further show the necessity of order, it might be asked why it was that the noted three hundred Spartans were able to prevent from crossing the Pass of Thermopylae a Persian army so numerous as to require seven days to cross the Hellespont; why it was that the Chinese, about a year ago, in spite of their immense resources, in spite of their almost countless numbers were conquered by the comparatively insignificant but skilled numbers of the Japanese. Lastly, allusion must be made to an institution remarkable for its systematic organization; an institution which on account of its inherent law and order has for nineteen centuries successfully baffled the efforts of conspirators, warriors, statesmen, and all powers striving for its destruction. Hence the grandest and most perfect model of law and order is our Holy Mother, the Catholic Church. It has been my endeavor to show both that order is a law and that without its observance this world would soon come to an end. Yet, this great law is not only temporal, but eternal; and he who would be happy in the world to come must thoroughly familiarize himself with this principle and its application here below, in order to enjoy its benefits hereafter; for "Order is Heaven's First Law."

F. J. KOCH.



St. Boniface Literary Society.

The necessity of a German society adapted to the requirements of the students of the College who are learning the German language has been long felt, but no decisive steps were taken to form such society until the beginning of this year. Immediately upon returning from their vacation the question of its formation was discussed by the Secular, or "North Side" study hall students, and a numerous signed petition asking the permission and assistance of the faculty met with its hearty approval. Thus encouraged the petitioners assembled and took the preliminary steps towards forming a permanent organization. Mr. Eberle was made temporary president and Mr. Zircher, temporary secretary. Messrs Koch, Vogel, Betsner and Cogan were chosen a committee to act with the Spiritual Director in drafting a constitution. Father Clement was chosen as Spiritual Director.

The committee immediately went to work, and now have the constitution completed. The constitution provides for weekly meetings and makes it obligatory upon all members to use the German language exclusively not only during meetings but also when the members or any number of them are in the society room. It is the intention to have the society's room supplied with the leading German newspapers and periodicals, while several of the Professors and students have signified their willingness to donate to the society many German books which will form the nucleus of what is fondly hoped will soon be a respectable German library. Each member is required to pay an initiation fee of fifty cents and a term fee of twenty-five cents. From this fund the society room will be beautified and additions made to the library.

This society starts out under the most

favorable auspices. It cannot but prove beneficial to all its members especially the English speaking students of German. If the spirit of its founders is adhered to, its success is assured, as it has a clear and well defined field of labor before it, which does not in the least collide with any existing college organization. St. Boniface literary society we say to you:

"Moegest Du deine Zweige ausbreiten
Und durch Gottes Segen gedeihen."

Thoughts on Humility.

Humility is Christ's command,
A narrow gate-way for our souls
To enter into Heaven's land
And sip sweet love from nectared bowls.

However grand our station be,
Though marble tomb-stones mark our
Earth's poor in Heaven's eternity [grave,
Will be our brothers tried and brave.

And when our souls have flown away
To live and rest among the just,
Our lifeless bodies shall decay,
But *souls* shall *never* turn to dust.

Then why serve animated clay,
And on our minds its love engrave?
'Tis but the soul's own servant; pray
Shall we still be the servant's slave?

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

Personals.

The Rev. M. Zumbuelte of Hanover Center, Ind., was at the College on the 5th to pay a visit to his many friends and incidentally to be present for the play, given by the Students C. P. P. S. on that evening.

The Rev. G. Zern, assistant pastor at St. Mary's Church, Michigan City, paid his initial visit to St. Joseph's shortly after the close of the holidays. Father Zern has many friends here, not only among the Rev. Faculty, but also among the students, quite a number of whom hail from his home; all join in bidding him come soon again and as frequently as his duties will permit.

Mrs. Thurston of Chicago, Ill., was our guest on the 8th, accompanying her nephew, Master Geo. Jeffrey from his Xmas vacation.

The Rev. John Blum made a pleasant call on us early in the month. He is at present holding temporary charge of the congregation at Reynolds, left vacant for the time by the illness of its regular pastor, Father Schramm.

Mr. Frank Schloer of Hammond, Ind., one of our students in the commercial course last year, was with us again on Sunday the 15th inst. Frank is still holding his position in one of the largest banking firms at his home and has been promised a promotion to a higher clerkship in the near future. The COLLEGIAN extends its congratulations to him upon his success, resulting in a great measure, no doubt, from his studious application while at college.

Father John Berg of Remington made a pleasant call on us this month, driving over as usual in his buggy.

Mr. J. Smith of Elwood, Ind., is the latest addition to the roll of students. He intends taking up the commercial course at the beginning of the new term.

Mrs. E. P. Hammond of LaFayette, Ind.,

called on us recently while on a visit to her old home in Rensselaer. The many acts of kindness we have received at her hands, have given us reason to consider her one of our best friends, and her coming will always be welcomed.

The vacation occasioned to the Faculty through the students' retreat was the means of drawing a goodly number of visitors to the College this last week. Besides Father Weichman who conducted the retreat, we had the pleasure of welcoming many of the neighboring clergy, among others, Father Plaster of Hammond and his assistant, Father Shay; Father Oechtering of Mishawaka, and Father Berg of Remington.

Locals

Perhaps one of the most gratifying things connected with the parliamentary law and civil government classes of the C. L. S., is the increasing interest taken in them by the members of the Faculty. Since the beginning of January, Fathers Benedict, Stanislaus, Mark, and Maximilian have favored the meetings by their presence, and all express great pleasure at the rapid progress being made, and a high estimation of the advantages afforded by the course of lessons.

The Columbians have received two notable additions to their museum during the past month: A piece of marble from the Catacombs at Rome, presented by Father Bleckman, of Michigan City; and a rare collection of postage stamps, the gift of Mrs. Thornton of Chicago. The thanks of the Society are due to both persons for their interesting and valuable remembrances.

The unsettled condition of the weather, and several cases of the grip in a mild form, have kept most of the beds in the infirmary filled since Christmas, and Brother Victor has had his hands full preparing that great panacea, his celebrated tea, for his different

patients. Only one case—that of a student who became sick while at home during the holidays—required the attention of an outside physician. Most of the others speedily grew well again under the “tea treatment,” and the end of the examinations effected a wholesale exodus of the few whose cases had baffled the skill of the good brother, and remained unaffected by his potent decoctions.

The semi-annual examinations are over, and there is a universal relief felt not only by the students, but by the Faculty as well, that the harassing but necessary work and routine connected with it, is at last off their hands, and not to occur again until June. The examination commenced on Thursday the 23rd, but though the Faculty had resolved themselves into two divisions, yet it was Monday noon before the last classes had been heard. As a whole, the results were very satisfactory, and the Rev. Professors express themselves as well pleased with the classes which they reviewed. As might be expected, however, individual cases of neglected studies were brought to light; while every student was enabled to discover his own shortcomings and thus be prepared to overcome them during the opening term.

I see you're back—from a trip over the Mon-on route.

“Skinney” said, “I like to dream that I am a hero.”

Tom says, “Eddie talks like a monkey.” We think he meant to say a parrot.

Ignatius wants to know why everybody laughed when he said, “Horse necked collar.”

Oftener than the waking sounds
 Trouble Jack the “Sleeper,”
 Does his task of making rounds,
 Worry Jack the “Peeper?”

On Wednesday the 15th and Monday the 27th the students enjoyed an afternoon on the glassy surface of the winding Iroquois. Those not inclined to join in the sport con-

tented themselves with a walk.

The students feel very grateful to Father Stanislaus for his kindness in inviting them to the play entitled, “Tony, the Convict,” given by the members of the S. L. S. in the opera house at Rensselaer on Dec. 30th. They all declare that the rendition was excellent and would have done credit to professionals.

The rainy weather spoiled many plans of the students who remained at the College during the Christmas vacation. Nevertheless they enjoyed themselves as well as could be expected under the circumstances by either playing some games in the recreation room, or by rolling the balls in the nine pin alley.

The students of the south side study-hall wish to thank their Spiritual Director, Father Benedict, for the frequent permissions granted them to visit the Iroquois during the skating season.

Jan. 31st being the last day of the first session of the scholastic year and the last for three of our commercial students at college, an impromptu entertainment was arranged and rendered in the evening in the college auditorium. The exercises, as usual, were under the auspices of the *colored* people of Collegeville and consisted of comic recitations and an extemporaneous debate. The musical selections were rendered by the college band.

The familiar little machine, commonly styled the “Lung tester” has been introduced into the college. One has only to blow into the little tube attached and the machine does the rest. Many of the college patriarchs have been led into the baneful habit of powdering themselves and consequently had to be prevailed upon not to test their lungs again.

Following the examinations came the students' annual retreat which is generally held, as it was this year, during the interim of the

two terms. It commenced on Monday evening the 27th and closed on Friday morning following. Father Weichman of Gas City, Ind., who acted as retreat master last year, again conducted the exercises; and it would be hard to say where a better one than he could have been found. Although at the disadvantage of having to address an audience on subjects necessarily identical or closely related to those on which he spoke last year, yet he succeeded so admirably in presenting those topics in some other of their phases that, as some one expressed it afterwards, the conferences and meditations were "entirely new." The happy manner of delivery was the only thing that served as a reminder of the former retreat. It was no difficulty to follow the Rev. Father in his discourses, clothed, as they were, in such beautiful words and heightened by an occasional display of wit and humor; nor can we hesitate in predicting their salutary effects upon the students. His idea of a young man is truly an ideal one and embraces all that is high-minded and courageous, as well as religious, in youth; and no doubt an increased roll of honor next month will show some of the practical effects of his words, and make it plain that the boys have adopted his ideals as their's too. As the editorials are already in the printer's hands, the local editors take this opportunity of expressing here the thanks of all the students, and the gratitude they feel towards Father Wiechman for his labors in their behalf.

ROLL OF HONOR.

J. Abel, G. Aug, J. Betsner, W. Brinkman, J. Boeke, E. Byrne, J. Cogan, T. Conroy, J. Connelly, P. Cosgrove, C. Didier, M. Duffy, L. Eberle, J. Engesser, J. B. Fitzpatrick, C. Frey, W. Hordeman, B. Heckmann, F. Hurst, C. Klaas, F. Koch, E. Koenig, J. Kolme, H. Kalvelage, F. Kuenle, E. Ley, E. Mungovan, E. Misch, T. McLough-

lin, A. Riester, A. Roth, H. Reichert, W. Sullivan, F. Seroczynski, J. Steinbruner, M. Shay, F. Schulien, J. Smith, T. Travis, C. Vanvlandren, E. Vogel, J. Wechter, J. Wakefer, I. Zircher.

Sprays of '95.

Time's ever-moving cycle now
Has made another turn;
King Ninety-Five just made his bow
From him what shall we learn?

We saw him when he entered first,
How in his pride he grew;
Of fleeting time, the best and worst.
He is a mirror true.

His lamp of life was burning low,
When Ninety-Six, unknown,
Dressed like his friend—but his armed foe
Succeeded to the throne.

Great scientists we need not be
Nor versed in Plato's laws,
Herein life's picture plain to see,
And note its direful cause.

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

Popular Low-Price California Excursions

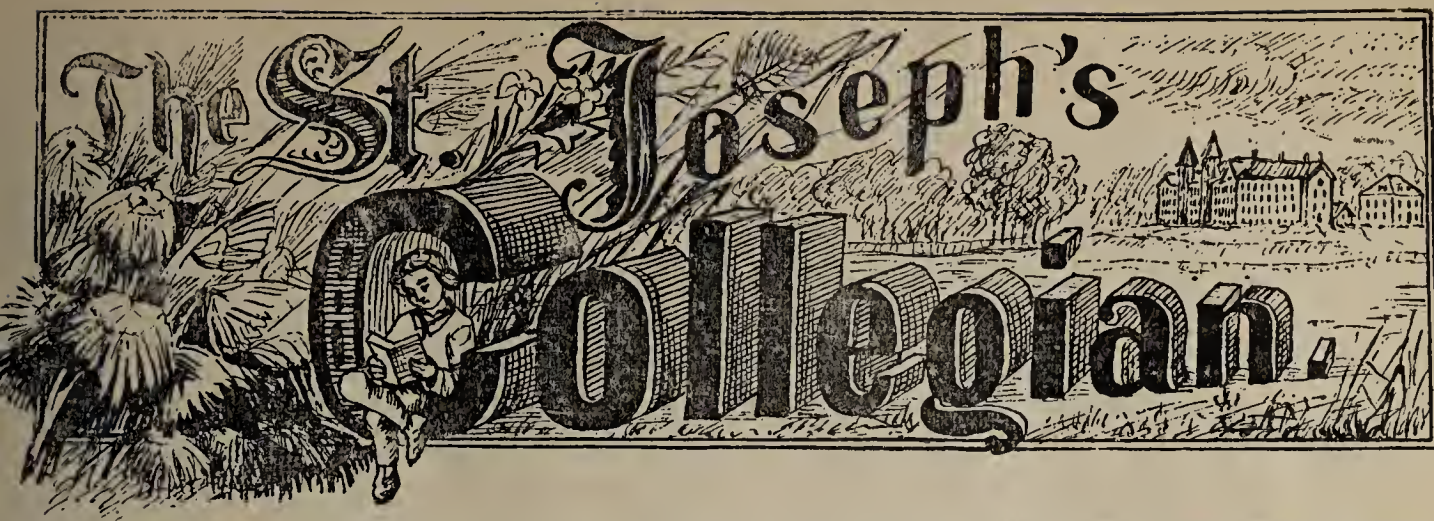
The Santa Fe Route personally conducted weekly excursions to California are deservedly popular with travelers who seek a wise economy in cost of railroad and sleeper tickets without sacrifice of any essential comfort. About one-third saved, as compared with first class passage.

The Pullmans occupied by these parties are of latest pattern and afford every necessary convenience. A porter goes with each car, and an experienced agent of the Company is in charge. Ladies, invalids, elderly people, etc., will appreciate this personal care.

The Santa Fe's California line passes south of the region of severe snow storms and is remarkably picturesque.

The daily service is same as above, except as regards agent in charge.

For descriptive literature and other information, address G. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A., Monadnock Building, Chicago.



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BALLADE OF HOPE.

WHERE is the boy whose every day
Is not beset by trials and woes.
Whose labors oft receive as pay
The fated buffets of his foes?

But why complain or why despair?
Such actions but appear uneous
When reason's dictates all declare
That sorrow shows eternal truth.

E'en after boyhood days are gone
And cares begin to multiply,
When o'er us manhood's cloak is drawn,
O, looking up above the sky,
May we perceive Hope's sun-like ray
Which brightened every step of youth,
There showing us some cloudless day,
As sorrow shows eternal truth.

Then also when the weight of years
Bears heavily on our tot'ring frame,
May Hope disperse our many fears
And our whole heart with joy inflame.
Let Heaven's sunbeam light the way,
O'erflow our soul, express sweet ruth
When death's own sadness makes us say:
"That sorrow shows eternal truth."

ENVOY.

Though disappointment often mars
The plans of enterprising youth,
Hope on; as darkness draws out stars
So sorrow shows eternal truth.

JAMES B. FITZPATRICK.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

It is a well known fact that the development of a language is marked by the literary productions that characterize the different eras of its history. We know this to be true of the English, German, Latin and Greek languages and the French is no exception to this rule. The gifted men who wrote in this language have, whether consciously or unconsciously, depicted for us the conditions of society and the speech of the people of their time.

French literature forms two periods. The first shows that the language was formed by mutilating the words taken from the Latin, thus becoming a distinguished tongue in the eighth century and marking the first period which reached up to the reign of Francis I. Already in the first period the language, though deviating in gradual corruption from the Latin once spoken by the Romans of old, has the secret of uniting brevity and clearness with purity and politeness, so much so that it became the language of the court, or, generally speaking, of the superior ranks in England, Italy and Germany. It is represented by able men in every phase of literature. The poets, essayists, letter and sermon writers have brought upon themselves names worthy of immortal fame.

In the constellation of French poets we find men of high rank and the foremost scholars of the age. Among others are Ronsard, Marot, LaFontaine and Renier. The satires of Renier have been highly praised by Boileau, the Horace of France. If we take dramatic literature, we see that it reaches its climax in Racine. "No other country," says Macaulay, "could produce a tragic poet equal to Racine," while the same is said of Moliere for comic poetry.

Moliere is most uniformly admired by his country, because her critics are most unwilling to find faults in him. Though the observations of Schlegel on the defects of Moliere are not without foundation, yet the poet's superiority over earlier writers of comedy is not doubted. The many dramatic pieces of Jodelle have won for him the name of the father of the theatre. These and the works of Fontenelle and Garnier, in which they chiefly drew from ancient history, are evidently framed according to a standard which has ever prevailed on the French stage. Besides these we have the comedies of Larivey and Corneille. Those of the former form a new epoch in literature, while those of the latter, under Richelieu, attained a high reputation in the French drama. It is true, some of their poetry is mistaking insipid allegory for beautiful creations of fancy or satirizing the vices of mankind, while many in their songs express their ideal love with more conventional gallantry than pathos of tenderness. Still we always perceive some of those light graces and touches which distinguish the style of French poetry. The metre is various. The Alexandrine adopted by Ronsard is appropriated to the lighter style, while the sonnets are regular. It may be said of the poetry in general that it is not low as may be imputed to earlier writers. It is not obscure, at least in the syntax, as the Italian is apt to be; for the genius of the language and the habits of society demand perspicuity. To become acquainted with these particulars one should read the Pastorells in Roquefort "Etat de la Poesie Francaise," or in Recueil des anciens Poets Francaise.

Literature received a new impetus in the person of Francis the first. He manifested

a design which was ably accomplished, namely, to countenance literature by public endowment. After having established a royal college of learning, many flocked to this school. After him we find a Montagne, Grolier and Baif. The essays of Montagne form in several respects an epoch in literature, less on account of their importance or of the novel truth they contain, than their influence upon the taste and opinion of Europe. The fascination of Montagne's writings are acknowledged by all who read them. His quotations seem a part of himself and are like limbs of his own mind. He is the earliest classical writer in the French language, the first whom a young man should read.

The literature of France is adorned by some of the most brilliant rhetoricians ever known. Massillon, Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue and Flechier are the most noted. The pulpit orator, Massillon, is too well known to need comment. Bossuet is the successful and acknowledged champion of the Catholic Church in France. Besides those already mentioned we have a Paschal, Arnauld and Malbranche, who ennobled and helped to preserve the standard of the French prose. The *Telemaque* of Fenelon has obtained the admiration of Europe, and there is no book in the French language that has been more universally read. *Telemaque* takes its place among romances, but still it is true that no romance has ever breathed so classical a spirit, none abounds more with the richness of poetical language; much in fact of Homer, Virgil and Socrates having been interwoven with no other change than a verbal translation and very few have preserved such beauty of diction. This book should

be read by all classical students.

Polite literature was brought in the van by DuVair. His works relate chiefly to the bar and some critics admit that his treatise on eloquence make an epoch in the language. Two French writers may be reckoned worthy of a place in this class. Patrué and Le Maistre. The pleadings of Patrué are excellent in their particular line of forensic eloquence. They greatly resemble what are called the private orations of Demosthenes. Those of Le Maistre are fervid and brilliant and whenever great moral or social topics, or vexed questions of history and human nature are under discussion Le Maistre has a great advantage; for the writers whom he took as models were, Sts. Jerome, Augustine, Chrysostom, Basil and Gregory.

France has produced hosts of illustrious men who have left their influence on French literature and although their names are not found in ordinary text-books on this subject, they are familiar to thousands of readers.

Those who have read the essays and letters of the authors above mentioned, will doubtless welcome with pleasure the literary completeness and good taste, as well as the precision, grace and strength of the language. If not it will be owing to the fact that in these days we are accustomed to a certain exuberance of language in English writers, especially when they are uttering rhapsodies of art, which makes their works fail to be really valuable, because what we notice first, last and continually, is the mode of expression, more than the thing expressed.

BASIL DIDIER.



THE BOAT IS LAUNCHED. WHERE IS THE SHORE?

The moon had already lighted up with her silvery rays, the time-worn church of a suburb of the "City of Spires;" it was a clear, frosty night in the depth of winter. The sky was studded with innumerable stars, the tall branches of the melancholy yews, which overhung the dwellings of the dead were white with hoar frost, and the frozen snow glistened like myriads of diamonds on the humble hillocks around the last resting-place of mortality.

The clock from the old church-tower, over which once crept the tinted lichens and ivy-clinging green, now decked white in silent softness, glittering in the stellar light, struck nine in tones pealing faintly clear like Alpine bells across the open country. The lights of the quiet suburb were one by one slowly extinguished, and no sound disturbed the dead stillness around, save a low sob of human anguish, for even in that cold winter night a mourner lingered there.

For nearly an hour had Edward Thorne-ton kept that mournful watch beside a mother's grave, when gradually he felt a death-like torpor stealing over him which warned him that he must hasten away, and, dragging his weary limbs slowly along, a heavy drowsiness crept over him, he could not advance one step, and uttering a low cry, he fell on the adjoining grave.

Edward had lain in this perilous condition for some time, until the venerable parish priest, Father Bonaventure, accompanied by a young man, providentially passed through the church-yard, on their way from a sick-call. "Why! what have we here!" exclaimed the good priest, for the grave across which Edward had fallen, lay near the path, and the strong light of the moon, penetrating through the leafless

branches on the trees, shone full on the black clothes of the hapless Edward, contrasting him with the whiteness of everything around.

"Why, God bless him!" exclaimed the priest, in surprising tones, pushing back the cap from the face and forehead of the unfortunate youth. "It is certainly our long unheard-of Edward." And so they bore him still unconscious and in the death-like sleep into which he had fallen by the cold to the priest's home.

We will now give a brief sketch of Edward to the time we have opened our story. He was the only child of the Thorne-ton family by whom he was daintily reared; but, when he was only eight years old, his parents died, leaving him forsaken with no relatives, save a cousin named Ernest, also an orphan, and their old uncle, Father Bonaventure, by whom the lads were adopted and tenderly fostered.

Let us loop back the curtain from the scene on the canvas of the present, which we beheld in the opening of our story, and, looking back on time's avenue, we will see the discontented path Edward has traveled, stretching far behind him. Instead of the leaden hues of death, which we beheld in the opening of our story, we see the gay, enameled colors of golden hue, the bright colors of the rainbow. The earth, like a virgin decked in her bridal robes, is crowned and damasked with flowers. The azure sky rejoices, for fair Aurora heralds from the east the dawning day, her fans winnowing the balmy air, perfumed by roses of the east.

We behold Father Bonaventure, an "old man hoary with the hair of old," accompanied by Edward and Ernest, two lads of

sixteen summers, in whose countenances bright-blue sparkling eyes shed grace, and on whose head were locks in curls like the blossoms of a hyacinth. Like the spring of life of the youths, so the spring of the year was cradled in the lap of nature. Dame Nature, as it were, was like the youths, in her prime. The little hopeful leaves peeped out so fresh and green, and the April buds are now unfolded, and decking the meadows white with May are like young lives pushing shyly into the bustling world. The fruit trees' blossoms of pink and white, impearled with mellifluous dew-drops whispering solemn secrets to the listening leaves, ever and anon, in a cloud of fragile splendor, hide each cottage they pass. The ambrosial scent of the flowers, and the notes of Nature's orchestra, in tones as sweet as ever Orpheus blew from his wreathed horn, by Zephyrus' breath, are wafted through the air. <

To Father Bonaventure and the two lads, as they bent their steps in the brisk morning air, this was indeed a "journey like a path to heaven." The priest was filled with joy and holy thoughts, and the lads entertained all the pleasures fancy can beget on youthful minds. Thrilling apprehensions filled their throbbing hearts, when they beheld a short distance before them, rising from circumambient green sward the very focus of their ideals, St. Ignatius College, whose strong bold outlines appeared the more distinct against the background of the faint blue sky, and invested the land with the dignity and emphasis of a purpose and was to the surrounding country what the figure of a human being is in a parterre of flowers. To Ernest and Edward, this was one of the most glorious days of their youth. On entering the portals of the college, their fresh, young blood rushed freely through their tingling veins and thrilled their throbbing hearts.

Thoughts were stirring in their bosoms,

telling them to go and conquer the ideals, welling up in their hearts. The day following their arrival Edward and Ernest were matriculated as students and Father Bonaventure left them at the College, which is henceforth to be their Alma Mater, under the guidance of the good priests who should instill into their youthful minds such useful knowledge to prepare them for the holy priesthood, which state the two lads wished to embrace and devote their lives to which crowned them kings of the earth. Before bright morning brought the third day around, Edward and Ernest had already made the acquaintance of all the students.

Ernest had a good disposition and an excellent memory, and by his virtues, especially his prompt obedience, delighted his instructors, and soon won the love and esteem of all his fellow students. Edward, however, did not prove docile nor show great aptitude for study, and possessed an irresolute disposition.

Swiftly the first four years of their college life fled away and their youth was drawing to young man-hood.

Edward still cherishing his ideals, idled his time away and passed his precious college years striving and struggling for little ends, and did not think of the vast fabric he must build up for God. While his fellow students plucked and culled nosegays from the fields and flower-beds of rhetoric, Edward in his heart's temple wove garlands and wreaths of withered memories which vanished in air at the first blast. While others were admiring the constellations of his bright galaxy of Literature, Edward was dreamily gazing into the deep blue of the firmament, or watching the fleecy clouds floating like white sailed ships across the depth. While others diligently studied all branches of useful knowlege, Edward would paint pictures of ideals in coarse daubs from the fancies of his imagination.

Being unable to keep up with his classes any longer, he gave up his intention of studying for the priest-hood, for he again formed other ideals. In pompous promises he planned his future fate, how he would go to some university to study law, and afterwards become an eminent attorney and heap up vast riches. He did not see that his plans were only unsubstantial, fleeting bliss. His many ideal thoughts came like truths and disappeared like dreams, or fled like the summer clouds or the shadows the sunbeams chase. He became irresolute and became like the youth in the Danish song which says:

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

When Ernest entered his senior years at St. Ignatius’ college, we find Edward entering the university to study law. After passing a year of unsuccessful study at the university, he was again dissatisfied; for he had again formed other ideals, he became tired of being barred up and buried in his books like a book-worm, as he termed it, and longed to be free and to enter the noisy world and come in contact with the winds and ways of the world. There is a story of a piper of Hamelin, how he drew the youths with him. What a curious legend that is! Wonder if it has any meaning at all. Indeed there seems something strange and deep lying beneath that rippling rhyme. That picture of the quaint, old piper piping through Hamelin’s narrow streets. The parents try to stay them, but the youths pay no heed. Edward also hears the wierd, witched music, the sweet enchanting and seducing Siren voices charm him. He leaves everything unfinished and drops his books from his careless hands. Heedless he follows and wanders with the piper on the rainbow road leading to unknown ends. The

mystic music stirs and vibrates in his ears, as he enters the blustering world. We will not, however, endeavor to describe the scene in which we behold Edward and his companions to whom he clung and with whom he indulged in all vices and even became addicted to the bottle.

And now behold our inexperienced Edward lost in the labyrinth of streets of a great metropolis. Vainly did he walk from street to street in quest of employment. Sick at heart, finally as night was coming on, he found work. As time passed on, having many debts to pay, he found that his wages were not half sufficient even for his little expenses, and to add to all, his work began to slacken. The agitation of his mind and the slender fare on which he lived soon hastened on a declining state of health. When he again recovered, on going to his work, he found the apartment locked against him. Our friendless and destitute Edward suffered many a heartless insult since he was turned from his work. And when in quest of other employment, one would bid him go hence, another turn him roughly out, and a third laugh at his melancholy face. At last, his fortune turning from worse to worse, he concluded to return to his uncle. So when the sun rising gilded the radiant east, he set out for home, and just as it sank into the western main he stood on the bridge where he had so often spent his youth. Then the fancies of his youth fell like a killing frost upon his heart; the tender shoots and expanded flowers are nipped and withered and of a vine that once yearned to stretch its tendrils round the world there is left naught but a sapless stump. His ideal hero is now a prince of littleness, and his enchanted ideals are “lost to life of use and name of fame.”

Thus with himself: “Can I return thus to my uncle, whose money I have squandered, and from whom I have not heard

since I left the university? Would that I had remained with Ernest!" Leaning against the parapet, looking down on the waters beneath moving sluggishly onward, his large blue eyes were fixed with a stony glare, and he convulsively clung to the parapet for support. Oh! Cannot our readers surmise the truth? Edward has gazed on the waters beneath and his lonely state saddened his heart almost to desperation. Oh! how he longed to be at rest; the tempter siezed this favorable moment and suggested the horrible thought of self-destruction. But onward, still onward, went the miserable Edward, till he came to the church-yard and in agony of grief proceeded to the grave of his mother, where we found him in the opening of our story.

With pensive face and tear-dimmed eyes he stood beneath the melancholy yews. A solemn sadness reigns around, and floods of thoughts came upon him, standing in the stillness under the vast dome glowing with sapphires. And when carried to the priest's house by his uncle and cousin, Ernest, who was spending his Christmas vacation at home, there to consign his troubled heart, his toils and solitary cares, lo! to the dim-eyed tenant of these un-blessed visionary thoughts. that strayed to count the joys of fortune, happiness is again resumed and the long lost and hapless Edward is restored to the glowing

hearth and social board of his uncle. Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flowed, when he awoke from his drowsiness and found himself embraced by Father Bonaventure and Ernest. Now he realized how rarely he learned the true enjoyment of his fleeting youth, ever anticipating or procrastinating, like an idle child he stripped from the fair young tree of hope its blossoms, and then wept because he gathered no fruit.

Yes, he passed his whole youth, as if watching the growth of some centennial plant, whose scentless blossoms he can never hope to behold.

Well might he have exclaimed with the gentle poet Coleridge, who spent his entire youth in day-dreams and afterwards so beautifully and tenderly expressed these pathetic words:

"Sense of past youth and manhood come in
vain,

And genius and knowledge won in vain!

And all that I have culled in wood walks
wild,

And all that patient toil has reared and all
Commune with thee has opened out but flowers,

Strewed on my hearse and scattered on my
bier,

In the same coffin for the self-same grave."

I. F. ZIRCHER.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

OF CARL MAY.

Now he shook and trembled and it was apparent that he was not much at ease; but it was not until we arrived at Botna that he gave vent to his rage ensuing from the unpleasant tour.

"A lah kerihm, God is merciful and

thanks be to him that my skin still conceals my flesh. Is Hassan—Ben Adulfeda—Ibu—Hankal al Wardi—Jussuff—Ibu—Abul—Toslan—Ben—Isahk al Duli a leech that he must again dispose of what he has once enjoyed? I swear by the

heard of the Prophet that I shall never more ride in a house propelled with wheels. Djezzar-Bei, the Manslayer is at home in the saddle and he desires henceforth to ride on horseback.

Our German friend, too, entertained the same desire. "The plague," said he, on such rumbling and tumbling in that crackling cot which they call a coach. We are drawn by eight horses and yet I should hitch on and contribute my own strength. This is too much for me, I would prefer riding the most ferocious beast than again even look into that barrack.

I was forced to acknowledge my displeasures with the coach, though I had resigned myself to its further avail. A delay at Botna could not be permitted, wherefore I engaged a Bedouin to convey us to Biscara where I intended to purchase camels, to pursue our journey. The Bedouin, however, disapproved of my intention and offered his assistance in the purchase of better camels which could be obtained at an Arabian village known to him.

I adopted his plan for I myself believed that I could procure a choicer stock at a village than in a city, where perhaps only such as have served their better day could be found. Still there was another incentive inducing me to abide by the view of the usher. In the valleys of the Aures mountains, where this village lay, the lion is no unusual thing, and should the velocity of our journey prevent me from coming in contact with the king of beasts, there was, nevertheless, a possibility that I might see his tracks or perhaps hear his voice. It seemed to me an eternity since I last discharged my gun and I had a most earnest desire to relieve it of its noxious contents and again hear its clang announcing the prostration of some victim. The valleys mentioned, no doubt, offered the opportunity. I therefore in anticipa-

tion brought forth my gun.

We were far in advance of the coach; our little ponies, despite their heavy burden, showed no signs of fatigue. Our journey was not interrupted until we reached the Wed-el-Kantara in whose waters Gerard the Lion-slayer met with death. An humble vestige, the architecture of French soldiers, marked his burial place. Ruminating on the heroic deeds of this bold adventurer, thoughts of reverence were inspired and to these we gave vent by saluting his mouldering frame with the report of our guns. Here we reposed a short time and then again entered upon our journey towards the pass of Kan-Aara.

Having, as I supposed, encountered the inconveniences of our journey I learned, much to my displeasure, that our hardships thus far were but a prelude to the worse.

We were now confronted by stone walls which extended to the very banks of the river, and which, owing to their great height, prevented our further journey in that direction.

But we were determined to continue our journey and the only means to carry out our determination was to brave the foaming waves of the river. This we did and after a quarter of an hour's ride (or better, swim) we landed in a valley of an inspiring character.

The steep and rugged slate walls seemed to touch the skies. In the south they represented a gigantic work of masonry resembling a colossal chasm.

This was the mouth of the desert which lead to the oasis Siban. The rugged rocks at the right formed a part of the Aure's range and the dark slate-colored walls at the left were the beginning of the Dshabel Sultan. In the center lay the caravansary, El Kantara, where we put up for our night's lodging.

We were well received and the greatest

concern of the host was to prepare some genuine Turkish coffee, and, according to our taste, he had succeeded fairly well. Having taken our frugal meal, pipes were ordered for our service and I sat down, to listen to the conversation of the various travelers.

The chief spokesman was Hassan, who left nothing undone, to convince his auditors that he was Djazzer Bei, the manslayer, and that as such he wished to be recognized. Joseph Korndorfer, on the contrary, sat quietly at my side though now and then he would betray his displeasure at the self-glorification of Hassan.

The conversation now turned upon a subject which interested me exceedingly. The landlord, namely, possessed a small flock of sheep, upon which a panther, without further negotiation, would feast every night.

I now joined in the conversation and accosted the landlord thus:

"Are you certain that it is a panther that steals your sheep?"

"I am. I have seen its tracks and they give evidence of its enormous size and furthermore it is a female; would to Allah she were dead. I am poor and have but twenty-three sheep. The panther might well practice her audacity on the flock of some wealthier person."

The angry Mussulman appeared to entertain no very good opinion of the female panther.

"Why do you not make an effort to kill the beast?" I asked.

"Kill a female panther! Shede, are you not aware that Satan dwells beneath her hide, who would immediately destroy the person attempting to do her injury?"

"And do you know that the Satan of timidity dwells beneath your hide who has devoured your heart and drank your blood, you are a man of God and fear a female

panther? May Allah protect your house, lest the panther may enter it and repose on your divan."

"She will devour my flock, but never will she approach my house, for the recital of the Suratilklass thrice a day protects me from the attacks of wild beasts.

"The Surat is good, for the Prophet has taught you it, and as long as you have recited it thrice a day the black cat has not devoured you: I have a Surat which is more powerful than the Ayat of your holy book, at my disposal it destroys every foe."

"Recite it that I might learn it."

"I shall not recite it, but show it to you."

I brought forth my gun and presented the muzzle to his view. "This is my Surat wherewith I avert the enemy."

Seized with fear, he sprang to one side.

"For Allah's sake, betake yourselves to flight, men, this Shede is deranged. He declares his gun more powerful than the Surat and intends to kill us."

I disposed of my gun and bade them remain.

"I am still in possession of my senses, but I consider the female panther, not a devil, but merely a cat which I can readily dispatch with my Surat," and rising, I added, "show me the hurdle wherein you keep your sheep."

"Are you mad, Shede, that you desire me to accompany you to the hurdle? The night is dark, and the panther, unlike to other beasts of prey makes its appearance about midnight. She may devour my sheep but she shall not devour me."

"If so at least describe the place that I may find the flock."

"You will find it about one hundred paces north from here."

I equipped myself with the necessary articles and was about to proceed to the place whereto I was directed, but I had scarcely raised my foot, preparatory to the

expedition, when my motion was checked by the voice of Hassan.

"Allah akbar! God is great and it is in his power to slay the lion and destroy the panther. But you are man whose flesh affords these beasts a sumptuous meal, I entreat you forbear to undertake such bold attempt, for the panther will certainly devour you and in the morning we shall find nothing more than the soles of your shoes."

"You shall not only find the soles of my shoes, but also the person that wears them. Seize your weapons and follow me."

Much terrified, the powerful man sprang back and positively declined. "Thank the Lord I am living and I shall never offer my flesh to appease the hunger of a beast."

"Why, does Hassan fear a cat?"

"I am Djazzar-Bei, the Manslayer, but not Hassan, the Beast devourer. Demand that I resist a hundred foes and I shall slay them all, but the Mussulman despises to confront a panther of feminine gender."

"If so, remain."

My intention was merely to try him. I proceeded towards the entrance and soon observed that my German friend pursued me.

"May I accompany you?"

"Why?"

"Why! shall I perhaps witness that you be torn to pieces by a ferocious beast, for what purpose have I a gun and knife? It is but duty that I should be where my master is."

"I thank you for your offer, but I cannot avail myself of your service."

"Why not, if I may ask?"

"Because you are no hunter. You would unnecessarily expose yourself and, perhaps, even frighten my anticipated prey."

It was with no little effort I persuaded the good man to desist from his intention and it was only after a due explanation

that I really did succeed; I then marched out into the night in quest of the hurdle."

In the direction described there lay a confusion of massive rocks; these rocks formed one side of the hurdle, the other three sides were composed of stakes driven in the ground.

In this simple enclosure the sheep were silently lying, nor were they disturbed at my approach.

The night was starlight and I could well view the outlines of the rocks. 'Twixt two huge rocks I observed an opening of such dimensions as would admit an ordinary man; this was a very suitable place for my purpose, it offered protection from three sides and afforded a splendid view over the hurdle from the fourth side. If the panther really would approach the hurdle, I had a most favorable chance to lay him. To kill him was, at any rate, no heroic deed.

I took my position in the opening, making it as convenient as possible. With my gun in readiness to discharge its fatal contents, I patiently awaited the approach of the panther. Midnight had already passed and if the enemy would come, he must soon make his appearance. Suddenly I noticed the sheep move in a manner which betrayed some eminent danger. I strained my eyes to ascertain the cause, but saw nothing unusual. Now, however, I heard a scarcely audible moving overhead.

The beast had stationed itself on the rock above me that it might thus seize upon its prey with a spring. Now I saw the panther very plainly, already whetting its claws, as it were—one leap—a dark figure plunges down amid the sheep—a mournful bleat announces death. The panther now stood erect in the center of the hurdle, beneath its forepaw lay the bleeding sheep. It was a panther of extraordinary size and, as I noticed, a female.

Raising her head she gave vent to her cry of victory, produced in a terrifying guttural tone, but its echo was not yet heard when the report of my gun disturbed the silence of the night. The large green eyes of the beast afforded me a sure mark. The panther issued a loud roar and made a leap towards me, but fell dead at my feet. As I later observed, the bullet had penetrated the eye.

The report of my gun had caused the approach of the male panther, a roar in the distance announced his coming. Scarcely a moment had elapsed, when I observed the avenger coming crouching to the scene. I watched his every movement; he was sniffing around the carcass of his mate and seemed not at all to notice me, but turned and was about to start in quest of the perpetrator, when he detected me in my retreat; he now pawed the earth and was about to make his onslaught, when the contents of my gun laid him prostrate. I returned to the house and found the inmates yet awake; for one person to attack a panther at night seemed to them above the courage of man, they therefore were very anxious to ascertain the issue of my attempt. When I entered they gazed upon me as if I were a ghost. Korndorfer soon convinced them that it was I by joyfully approaching me.

"Welcome, Shede," exclaimed Hassan, "you have acted nobly. We have heard the report of your gun and I assure you the panther that has also heard it, will not disturb the flock to-night. The landlord, too, expressed his thanks. As their utterance betrayed, they were under the impression that I had shot only to frighten the panther. But when I told them that I had killed, not only the female panther, but the male also and bade them to assist me in bringing them to the house their surprise was beyond description. Reluctantly they followed me to the hurdle and

when they arrived and saw the bodies of the beasts which they feared so much their surprise was all the greater. Hassan now turned to me and said: "Shede, you are the greatest man I ever beheld, you even surpass Gerard the Lionslayer."

Korndorfer, too, expressed his surprise.

Both panthers were brought to the house where I flayed them, after which we all retired. On the following morning the skins were placed below our saddles and we again resumed our journey. We reached the village that had been marked as the destination of our day's travel. We were well received by the Arabians and before the night had entirely overtaken us I was in possession of six camels and all the necessaries that a journey to Bab-el-Ghud requires.

It was a sultry day. At about noon the heat became so intense that we concluded to seek a shady place, if there was one to be found, lest we should succumb. Not far off we observed a row of tents whither we directed our course.

It would have been an unpardonable insult had we passed the first tent, and taken up our lodging in either of the next. The inhabitant of the steppes is a born thief, but the right of hospitality is still held sacred by him.

"Welcome stranger," was the address of a fair maiden. Following her tottered an aged man whose hair was suggestive of no less than ninety years.

Addressing him, I inquired if he had room to accommodate us. He extended a most courteous welcome and began to explain the circumstances of his tent.

"I am already sheltering three guests, yet there is room for you. Alight and permit me to kill a lamb for you."

A. J. SEIMETZ.

(To be Continued.)

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EDITORIAL.

The voices of adverse criticism, heard throughout the English speaking world, are subsiding into a lull and the new poet laureate lives apparently unnoticed, while it seems that nobody expects new inspirations from the pen of Mr. Austin. Meanwhile, we shall sing the songs and revel in the measured sweetness of other bards, whose notes are not rendered inaudible by the roaring of the British Lion.

Before the next appearance of the COLLEGIAN our Rev. Rector will most probably be on the other side of the Atlantic, sur-

rounded by the historic scenes of Rome. Although we are not informed of the exact date of his departure, we do not consider it too premature to extend our best wishes for a happy journey, an enjoyable sojourn in the old world, and a safe return to the sacred precincts of Collegeville. Father Benedict will be Rector of the College during the absence of Father Augustine.

Perhaps many have already noticed the superior benefits resulting from public debates on current questions of the hour. While such discussions demand greater attention, and consequently, extra exertion on the part of the debators, nevertheless, in view of the profitable results accruing to those participating, as well as the wholesome advantages they present to those who should, but are debarred by circumstances, from making a special study of these topics, we cannot adequately express our encouragement for this manner of imparting amid enthusiasm all the phases of our greatest and most important questions.

Much has been said by the Catholic press about Mr. Purcell's *Biography of Cardinal Manning*. While we would prefer to pass books of that stamp unnoticed, we cannot but experience a feeling of sincere satisfaction when we observe the promptness of the whole literary world in defending the cause of the great Cardinal, as evinced by the universal condemnation of the utterly untrustworthy life-sketch recently published. With due respect for the intentions of the Catholic author, it cannot be denied that he has neglected to paint any of those admirable qualities peculiar to His Eminence, that he has omitted a description of the *saintly* prelate, and has made the character of a *zealous* priest succumb to the peculiarities of an ambitious minister; while he has completely ignored the greatness of his

subject in superceding it entirely by a picture of his weakness. The decision of every critic, from his intimate friend, Cardinal Vaughan, down, is, that the author of the *Biography* has failed in his purpose, and, as the *Ave Maria* so beautifully expresses it, "instead of a finished portrait, attractive and life-like, he has presented a caricature that is repellent and false in every feature."

It is a regretted fact that the *Catholic* life of Cardinal Manning has yet to be written.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

The silver question is one that has claimed a great deal of public attention for several years and is very likely to be one of the prominent features of the approaching presidential campaign. Many long articles treating on this question have appeared frequently in our newspapers and magazines, but, as a rule, they have been written for the purpose of converting or convincing those holding opposite views and of bringing the undecided to the writer's side of the question, and are therefore almost unintelligible to the young readers, for whom this article is especially intended. To understand the "silver question" it is necessary to have at least some knowledge of our entire monetary system as the two are so closely interwoven as to be inseparable.

Money as is well known, has, in some form or other, been used by all civilized nations, and in many instances by savages, since the earliest times recorded in history, and is defined as a "medium of exchange" or "standard of value."

We are not only justified, but obliged as intelligent citizens to inform ourselves in regard to everything pertaining to our country's money, and need not fear that by

so doing we may lay ourselves open to charges of covetousness or avariciousness, for in its capacity as a medium of exchange money is absolutely necessary to us for the obtaining of the most necessary articles such as food, clothing and books.

Our monetary system is a rather complicated one and in order to acquire the information for which we are seeking it is best to briefly review the history of the subject.

The constitution of the United States in defining the powers of Congress says: "The Congress shall have power to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures."

In pursuance of this right, Congress passed the first coinage law, the act establishing the mint, in 1792, and authorized the coinage of both gold and silver, the gold dollar to contain 24.75 grains of pure gold and the silver dollar to contain 371.25 grains of pure silver. Thus the silver dollar contained just 15 times as much pure silver as the gold dollar did of pure gold,—that is one ounce of gold was equal to 15 of silver.

The next important measures relating to our money were the acts of 1834 and 1837, the first of which changed the ratio and the other fixed the proportion of gold and silver the coins at nine parts pure metal and one part alloy, and this composition is now called standard metal.

By the act of 1837 the weight of the gold dollar was placed at 25.8 grains and the silver dollar at 412.5 grains, thus making the silver dollar about 15.95 times as heavy as the gold dollar, or as we commonly say, sixteen times as heavy, thus establishing the ratio of "16 to 1."

Congress was induced to change the ratio for the following reason: Prior to 1834 silver was used to the exclusion of gold.

The cause of this is found in the fact that the principal European nations were then coining gold and silver at a ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. The operation which took gold to Europe and left the silver in America was about as follows. The holder of 15 ounces of silver could exchange it for one ounce of gold, bring the gold to Europe and there obtain with it $15\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of silver. By a little mathematical calculation you will find that the person making this exchange got a profit of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent for his trouble. The act of 1837 which changed the ratio from 15 to 1 to 16 to 1 had the effect, by precisely the same operation reversed, of taking the silver out of this country and leaving nothing but gold. By the terms "nothing but gold" or "nothing but silver" reference is had to the metals only. Previous to the late war there was a great amount of paper in circulation known as state bank notes.

J. F. COGAN.

(To be continued.)

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY AT THE COLLEGE.

The anniversary of the birth of the father of our country was a festive day for the students of St. Joseph's.

This day has, it seems, come to be celebrated in a manner entirely different from that of any other in the calendar of our College holidays, its distinguishing feature being the games or contests that take place on that day in the basement of the College.

For this reason, the 22nd of February was a day to which the students looked forward with joyful eagerness. The exercises of the day began with the celebration of High Mass, Father Eugene being celebrant. At 9 A. M. the students assembled in the recreation hall which had been profusely and very tastefully decorated with flags and bunting. The forenoon entertainment was in the hands of the College

Battalion and consisted of a drill by the Boebner Columbian Guards and various indoor contests interspersed with music by the band under direction of Father Clement.

Highly creditable features of the drill were the bayonet manual and the complicated marches, which were rendered from beginning to end without the assistance of one command by the instructor, aide-de-camp Eberle, thus showing how thoroughly the squad has mastered the tactics.

Among the various contests, the "style race" was especially amusing and interesting in which two Columbian Guards, themselves remaining passive, had to be furnished and dressed with collar, cuffs, tie, and completely equipped with uniform, by two contestants who had to fetch the separate articles from the furthest end of the hall.

The "bun race" evoked rounds of laughter from the spectators.

Handsome prizes were awarded consisting of books, candy and nuts, donated by several Fathers of the house.

First prizes were captured by W. Horde-man, T. Travis, W. Laibe, A. Roth, A. Riestter, E. Sweitzer, C. Vanvlandren, F. Diefenbach, and H. Dorval. Second prizes were given to J. Boeke, F. Seroczynski, E. Koenig, C. Frey, C. Vanvlandren.

At 7 P. M. the literary part of the day's exercises began on the College auditorium under the auspices of the Columbian Literary Society.

The program was a model one and was rendered as follows: Overture, "Lustspiel," by the band. Prof. Hemmersbach wielded the baton in his usual masterly manner. The next number was the oration of the day by Mr. Jas. B. Fitzpatrick on "America." His ideas were clear and clothed in beautiful language. "Old Glory" received its share of poetic praise from the Muse. The College Quartette, or Glee Club, directed by Father Clement, then sang to the mani-

fest gratification of all, "Comrades in Arms." They cheerfully responded to an impetuous demonstration of applause and a hearty encore. Mr. Thos. Travis next appeared and delivered a declamation, "Battle of Bunker Hill." His manner of delivery was brilliant though at times overspirited, and he showed more than ordinary elocutionary abilities. Following this was a recitation by Mr. Gabriel Cotter, entitled "Balthasar's Feast." Mr. Cotter displayed a nice conception of the poem and interpreted the piece admirably well.

Mr. Edw. Mungovan then entertained the audience with a vocal solo, "The Cruel Hiss." Of course Ed had to appear again and he sang "A Widow's plea for her Son" in a masterly manner. The debate was now in order. The subject, Resolved, that if the European powers continue inactive, the U. S. Government would be justified in interfering in Armenia, called forth at once universal interest, as a question pending in our own time.

Messrs. Conroy and Weyman upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. Hartjens and Cogan defended the negative. The debate was one of the most interesting features of the day. The arguments on both sides were strong, giving every indication of close study and careful research. Logical acumen and genial wit were not wanting in the speeches. The judges decided in favor of the negative. After the debate the College orchestra filled the hall with sweet strains of music. The last number was the reading of the *Columbian* by the Editor, Mr. Muinch. This was the first paper prepared by Mr. Muinch and it showed that he is eminently capable of maintaining the standard of the *Columbian*.

The students retired about 9 o'clock conscious that a pleasant and profitable day had been spent.

C. DANIEL.

REVIEWS.

Benziger Brothers have brought out a new illustrated edition of Cardinal Wiseman's famous "Fabiola." It is hardly necessary to speak of the worth of this well known work here as its reputation has long since been established. But we would like to call attention to this latest edition, especially to the large number of its beautiful illustrations, which are the work of the great artist Joseph Blanc. To one who has read the book without the additional advantage of the fine illustrations found in this edition it will be quite a surprise to note the new interest that will be imparted to this entertaining and instructive story. Everyone that has read the book will be sure to recommend it in the highest terms to their friends who have not yet done so, and if they manage at the same time to place this latest edition of the Benziger Brothers in their hands they will find that the relish for the story will be greatly increased. Although this edition is so far superior to others in binding and illustrations, it is nevertheless placed on the market at a price that places it within the reach of all—\$1.25.

The Catholic Reading Circle Review is a magazine devoted to history, science, religion, literature, art, and philosophy, and is the organ of the Catholic Summer School of America; and (Catholic) Reading Circle Union. There is no monthly magazine coming to our reading room from which the students derive so much profit. A glance at the contents of the February number will give an idea of its character. The first article is "A Study of Tennyson's Princess." The writer, besides giving a most excellent analysis of this beautiful poem, gives a clear insight into the character of the poet and shows his exalted and true conception of what constitutes woman's sphere. The next subject in the table of contents is "Margaret Roper," which

is a very appropriate sequel to "The Princess." Here we have a woman in real life comforting as best she could the last hours of her great immortal, martyred father, Sir Thomas More, and thus showing, "that the higher education of woman, when accompanied by the practice of religion, is quite compatible with her feminine obligations." "St. Thomas A. Becket and the Zeit-Geist" gives a history of this glorious saint and the times in which he lived. "Socialism, some of its Forms and Advocates" and "The Conferring of the Red Hat," (Investure of Card. Satolli) are two articles appropriate to the day. "History of the Persecutions" and "Controverted Points in Church History" are replete with interesting and instructive information on the questions of which they treat. "Teachers' Council," a department devoted to the interests of teachers, contains articles on "Daily Preparation for Class Work," "How to Arouse Thought in Pupils," and a "Teachers' Query Box." The reading of this department is almost as good as attending a teachers' institute. Under the general heading "Reading Circle Union" is found an account of the work done by the Reading Circle, reports of various local circles, book reviews, and interesting matters pertaining to the Catholic Summer Schools.

EXCHANGES.

Amid the adverse criticisms heaped upon the productions of the lately appointed laureate, it is pleasing to notice a charitable word now and then—especially when expressed as a conviction—in order to lend variety to an otherwise worn subject. The laureate finds a defender in the *Stylus*, but, we think the critics were correct when estimating his poetry to deem it poetically deficient. The writer remarks that Mr. Austin left the practice of law for the society of the Muses. If his effusions are not to be regarded as criteria by which to judge of his reception on Par-

nassus the Muses were very reticent when he proffered his friendship, or, he must have found their society incongenial when admitted. We agree that he rises above mediocrity in his lyrics, but his poetry lacks the "incense of divine poesy," and his verses are labored. The glimmer of inspiration noticeable, at times, together with a tolerable command of words, not of the choicest quality either, are apt to delude a person into the belief that his poems possess more worth than they do in reality. The writer has fallen into fault by being too profuse of adjectives, especially, when he adduces lines to justify the appellation "Laureate of the Seasons," and characterizes them as harmonious. Even viewed in the light of a versifier, Austin does not marshal his words with a very great degree of proficiency. His metres are correct, but there are different degrees of harmony—some words and their arrangement producing a better effect than others, though every word may be rightly applied as regards metrical restrictions. The same praise, given to the verses alluded to above, might suitably be conferred upon any of Thompson's poems to the *Seasons*, but if we place them parallel with Austin's effusions, a gulf of difference is immediately perceivable. In introducing other quotations the author uses more discretion. The composition is colored too highly, and evinces too exalted a conception of Mr. Austin's poetical powers, otherwise it is consistent and worked out in an able manner. The treatise on the pronunciation of Greek betrays a firm grasp in dealing with a mooted question.

Genuine pleasure is felt when writing of the *Ave Maria*. Its object and the efforts made to reach its aim, demand unstinted praise. Its tenor is dignified and cheerful. An excellent standard has been maintained, always giving evidence of greater possibilities so that a person admires its beauties, and perforce of habit, fails to delve for something upon which to exercise his critical acu-

men. A fault-finding critic would be treading barren ground, in case he entered its domain, but one intent on discovering merits and appreciating them would observe in its qualities of the highest order. The poetical tributes to the Blessed Virgin are dainty bits of verse never failing to impart their pious sentiments. In a February number a learned account is written of the *Wandering Jew*, an ubiquitous personage whom the writer does not endeavor to confine to country, but gives the legend as it is current in the different lands in which the *Jew* is said to have been conspicuous.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following: *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Mountaineer*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *The Agnetian Monthly*, *The Viatorian*, *The Purple*, *The Dial*, *St. Vincent's Journal*, *The Chimes*, *Mt. St. Mary's Record*, *The Salve Regina*, *St. James School Journal*, *Boston Pilot*, *Rensselaer Pilot*, *The Universe*, *Rensselaer Republican* and *The Abbey Student*.

SOCIETIES.

Columbian.—At the quarterly election on Feb. 5th, the usual amount of interest was manifested. The following officers were chosen to serve for the ensuing term: Pres., Mr. W. Sullivan; Vice Pres., Mr. Jas. Connelly; Sec., Mr. F. J. Koch; Treas., Mr. Wm. Brinkman; Critic, Mr. N. Greive; Marshal, Mr. Law. A. Eberle; Executive Com., Messrs. E. Vogel, A. C. Riester, I. F. Zircher; Editor, Mr. V. Muinch; Librarian, Mr. G. Heimburger.

Since the last report two programs were rendered. The first being a private one was presented before the society on Feb. 12th. Mr. Krull deserves special mention for the excellent rendition of his declamation entitled, "Excelsior." Mr. Hordeman favored the society with the humorous recitation,

"What to do in Case of Fire," and fully upheld his reputation as a humorist. Mr. Ed. Byrne recited "Pictures of Memory." Another program was rendered on Washington's Birthday of which mention is made on another page.

Military.—A meeting of the military officers was called by Major Cogan on Feb. 10th to make preparations for a program to be given under the auspices of the battalion on Washington's Birthday. The result of the meeting was the appointment of a committee on arrangements consisting of Aide-de-Camp Law. A. Eberle, Capt. J. B. Fitzpatrick and Capt. Edw. J. Mungovan; and another on decorations composed of Adj. T. M. Conroy, Lieut. Fr. Kuenle, and Lieut. Edw. Koenig. The program proved to be one of the most unique entertainments ever presented by the military organization. A sketch of the proceedings will be found in the article of the day given on another page.

Marian Sodality.—The importance of choosing young men qualified to fill the offices of this society always makes the election of much interest to all Sodalists. The Rev. Spiritual Director presented the following three names for the office of prefect: Messrs. B. Besinger, C. Daniels, and Jas. J. Betsner. The vote resulted in the election of Mr. Jas. J. Betsner as Prefect and Messrs. B. Besinger and C. Daniels as first and second assistants. The meeting closed, after a few salutary remarks by the Spiritual Director, with the recitation of the "Office of the Immaculate Conception." The newly elected officers then selected Mr. A. Missler as Secretary of the sodality and then together appointed the following members to act as consultors for the ensuing term: Messrs. I. F. Zircher, A. Reister, T. Travis, J. Steinbrunner, C. Didier, H. Fehrenbach, C. Faist, P. Kanney, R. Stolz, D. Neuschwanger.

St. Boniface German Literary Society.— On Feb. 2nd the members of St. Boniface Society met to adopt the constitution drawn up by the committee; and the following day the election of officers took place which resulted in the choice of the following: Pres., Mr. Law. A. Eberle; Vice Pres., Mr. W. D. Sullivan; Sec., Mr. A. C. Riester; Treas., Mr. Fr. Kuenle; Critic, Mr. F. J. Koch; Marshal, Mr. T. Travis; Ex. Com., Messrs, T. M. Conroy, Edw. Vogel, Jas. B. Fitzpatrick.

The constitution provides for weekly meetings of one hour each, during which programs are rendered, business transacted, and German conversation car-

ried on. Two meetings have been held and from the interest displayed great hopes are entertained for the future. The Faculty has provided a large pleasant room for the use of the society and the Rev. Spiritual Director, Father Clement, has donated a number of books as a nucleus for a library.

St. Aloysius Minim Lit. Society.— The following officers were elected to serve the ensuing term; Pres., Geo. Aug.; Vice Pres., C. Frey; Sec., A. Dorval; Treas., R. Peele; Editor, H. Kalvelage; Marshal, G. Deifenbach, Executive Com.; Masters E. Sweitzer and W. Laibe.

L. A. EBERLE.

LOCALS.

Professor in Natural Philosophy: "Can you give me an example of a good whispering gallery?"

Student: "Yes, Father. Our study hall."

An apparatus for increasing and regulating the pressure of gas has just been placed in position in the basement; and it is to be hoped that the low and uncertain light so frequent of late, is now a thing of the past.

He of the compound larynx has lost none of his old time vigor, as was fully demonstrated at the last Columbian program; and now that he has been studying acoustics, it would be difficult to say where it will all end.

Gabriel, hearing some one commenting on the prediction according to which the final dissolution, or crack of doom, is to happen on the 15th of March, exclaimed, "why then we shall not be able to celebrate St. Patrick's day this year!"

Since the beginning of Lent Father John's book, *Charity for the Suffering Souls*, is being read in the refectory. The applause that followed the reading of the introduction was a neatly

paid compliment to Father John, and shows in what fond remembrance he is still held among the boys.

Ed to Jimmy: "Please have me placed in a red barn after my Greek exercise is finished."

Jimmy, alarmed: "Why?"

Ed: "I heard a theory the other day which states that the inner cells of insane persons should be painted red."

The sixth Latin class has been very fortunate throughout its whole course, at least from a numerical standpoint; and even now at this eleventh hour, their ranks have again been strengthened by the admission of Mr. Anthony Wagner, of Chicago, Ill., who matriculated on the 2nd.

On the 14th the students were granted the privilege of enjoying a sleigh-ride, but unfortunately the unusual heat of the forenoon marred their pleasure. After driving the distance of about half a mile, they were obliged to return on account of the poor condition of the roads. Some were so angry at old "Sol" that they walked instead of riding back.

We are glad to note the rivalry which exists among the minors in regard to literary work. As a result a number of them have assembled and with permission of their Prefect, organized a literary society under the patronage of St. Aloysius. We hope to see their undertaking prosper and can but laud them for this praiseworthy act. They will render programs on Saturday afternoons.

The custom of celebrating "Fastnacht," and stalking forth in masquerade was not forgotten this year, at least by one in our midst; but the final removal of his disguise seems to have escaped the mind of the bearded individual; and those who caught a glance of the awful apparition that intruded upon the silence and sanctity of the study-halls on Shrove Tuesday evening are happily for him—still in ignorance of his identity.

Judging from the loud and frequent detonations coming from the rear of the boiler-house many have been led to believe that our good-natured engineers are having a protracted Washington's birthday celebration all to themselves. A little investigation soon upset this opinion. There is no battery of artillery planted in that neighborhood; the brothers were engaged in no more patriotic occupation than blowing up some stumps for the furnaces.

The higher classes in the three courses—classical, normal and commercial—attended "Shaun Aroon" at the Rensselaer opera house on the evening of the 17th. The play was under the auspices of the Stanislaus Literary Society of the parish church, and was rendered in a manner that reflected much credit upon the persons in the different roles. The recitations and songs between the acts were a pleasant feature of the entertainment; while the numbers by the College orchestra seem to have been held in special favor, if the frequent and hearty applause that followed them, may be taken as a true index of the feelings of the audience.

Those stories by the fifth class in Literature were a matter of much interest and comment this month, even to those not directly concerned. The "Novelty-Seeking Boy at College" met with all sorts of adventures, troubles and disappointments at the hands of his narrators. All coincided however, when it came to bringing him to the end of his days at school—they made him "skip." Should there be any restless minds amongst us, bent on the same purpose, they can come to no quicker determination as to the best "ways and means" of carrying out their desires than by a perusal of these sketches. But whatever plan they may select, let them not forget as they leave the College grounds, to cast that "last backward glance at their Alma Mater, the scene of their joys and sorrows, towering above the trees in the silvery light of the moon." The writers are universal in declaring that this is the proper thing to do.

Through the kindness of the Rev. Prefect, a melodeon from one of the class-rooms has been placed at the disposal of the secular students; and on many evenings and holidays this month—and Washington's birthday, especially—the recreation-hall received new life from the circles that gathered around the instrument, singing snatches of song, either from the books at hand or, oftener still, from memory. While it would certainly be an exaggeration to attribute much melody to these first efforts of the boys, the movement is nevertheless worthy of hearty approval. There is nothing that will contribute more to union and good-fellowship among students than these little gatherings in common, and nothing that will be remembered with greater pleasure in after years. With a little more practice in the basement, it would be no great difficulty to sing out doors; and what could be a better excuse for "free" when those hot evenings finally creep on, than a plea for a volunteer chorus on the campus. There is complaint of a great dearth of popular songs at present, but

it can confidently be asserted that these will soon be forth coming if the results will only justify the procuring.

GUARD OFF.

Did you ever play this game with your companions? It is very interesting and affords many pleasures. Most of you, no doubt, are acquainted with it, but for the benefit of those, who have no knowledge of the game, I will give a short explanation.

In playing "Guard Off," a pole is secured to keep the guard at. The guard is a club or stick. Then you choose up, to see who will have to "be it." One of the men will now take the guard, and tapping on the pole three times, saying "guard off," throws the guard. Upon this all hide. The one who "is it," must hunt the guard, and having found it, brings it back to the pole. Here he must tap the pole three times saying, "guard the pole," and starts in search of the men. No sooner is one discovered than both run for the guard. If he, who "is it," reaches the guard first, he will take the guard and say "guard off" for Tom, or Joe. or whatever the boy's name is. The one captured must remain at the pole. The boy who "is it" then goes in search of the others. This is repeated at each discovery until all are captured. But should anyone, before being caught, reach the pole, he will then take the guard, and tapping the pole, throw it. saying, "guard off," whereupon all the captured are set free, go and hide again and the game begins anew. It may last sometimes for hours, until another one will have to be 'it.' The best time for playing the game is in the evening when it is dark, on account of the guard not being found so easily.

EDGAR J. MURPHY.
(Minim Dept.)

HONORARY MENTION.

J. Abel, G. Aug, J. Betsner, W. Brinkman, J. Boeke, E. Byrne, J. Cogan, T. Conroy, J. Connelly, P. Cosgrove, C. Class, C. Didier, J. Dwenger, H. Dorval, L. Eberle, J. Engesser, J. Fitzpatrick, L. Fralich, C. Frey. W. Hordeman, B. Heekman, F. Kuenle, E. Ley, F. Hurst, F. Koch, J. Kohne, H. Kavelage, W. Laibe, E. Mungovan, T. McLoughlin, H. Meighan, R. Peelle, A. Riester, A. Roth, H. Reichert, W. Sullivan, F. Seroczynski, J. Steinbrunner, F. Schulien, J. Smith, T. Travis, E. Vogel, C. Vanvlandren, J. Wechter, J. Wakefer, A. Wagner, I. Zircher.

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JOHN EGER,

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RENSELAER INDIANA.



VOL. II.

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NO. 7.

EASTER FLOWERS.

Our Easter flowers have special charms,
They speak directly to the soul
In words converting our alarms
Into reflections that console.
But of all lovely Paschal flowers,
The lily far excels the rest;!
By nature clothed with royal powers,
'Tis purest, sweetest, and the best.

It is a touching figure true,
Of virtue, and devoted saints
That bloom and thrive on Heaven's dew,
Despite the barren world's restraints.
It calls to mind our Master's might,
That King whose praise all lilies chant,
That peerless Bud of purest white,
Frown from a stainless virgin plant.

It represents the feast we keep,
Our Savior risen from the tomb,
For after Winter's death-like sleep,
Again it rises forth to bloom.
On Paradise's shaded slope,
Unwithered reigns that Flower of fame,
Whose verdant mantle bids us hope,
Whose soul bears purity's own name.

His life within the Church's pale,
God's infant blooming garden bed,
The lily rises up to hail,
And welcome Him its spotless Head.
His sepulchre it, too, suggests,
For deep within its petal walls
Entombed, a floral monarch rests,
A pris'ner locked in nature's halls.

Like Him, we, too, shall conquer death
And enter our eternal home,
As plants, preserved from Winter's breath,
In Spring are planted in new loam,
We, too, as lilies here below,
Are destined monarchs for above,
Transplanted as we holier grow,
To live there reigning kings of love.

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

THE POET IN THE CHAIR OF ETHICS.

The Muses are the friends of all hours. In their gracious company we are never alone or lonesome, be our home ever so lonely. Rapt in the sweet mazes of poetical reverie, the moments flit by and leave to us their lingering charms of happy recollection. We are delighted by the beauties of nature and the inspirations of sentiment, and pleased as well by the exquisite maxims of wholesome instruction afforded us in concise language by the muses.

Thus we kindly take to their wise counsels and felicitous apothegms, cull them carefully and treasure them in our memory, and all the more in as much as they are usually conveyed according to the advice of the poet when he says,

“Men must be taught as if you taught them not,”

Shakespeare among the nature poets and Pope among the artificial poets are perhaps more frequently quoted than any other writer, because their pages sparkle with gems of thought.

However, when poets attempt to establish a system of ethics or theology, and thus force their moral reflections upon us, they will not succeed as well; as they must invariably fail either to present the truths with the required precision or to satisfy the first demands of their readers, the object of pleasing them.

Pope in his *Essay on Man*, like in every one of his works, has transmitted to us passages both delightful and instructive that will be immortalized with his name; as when he tells us,

“On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the eard, but passion is the gale.”

Or when he conveys in one single line that pointed bit of advice which youth in the task of building up their character should constantly keep before their minds,

“Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow.”

In the following lines we have another specimen of the poet's comprehensive style in which he condenses a sermon in a few figures of rhetoric, all with the exception of one, aptly expressed,

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

To all those who fear that pleasures of holiness and the joys of Heaven may not be congenial to their taste, and which in consequence do not offer them a potent inducement to live for the future bliss of happy immortality, he uses this sarcastic argumentation:

“What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt
joy,

Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility, a coach and six,
Justice a Conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.

Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us
there

With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?

The boy and Man an Individual makes,
Yet figh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?

Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife.

As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.”

These are few of the many exquisite and familiar passages Pope has bequeathed us

in his memorable Essay on Man. However, by ascending the chair of theology, or rather by being delicately raised into it by his compeers and associates, in order to give us a "short, yet imperfect system of Ethics" as the author informs us in the design of the poem or when he proposes to indicate Providence, he ventured to the length of presumption, and became the oracle of the false principles of Bolingbroke and others. He reflected the spirit of a deistically tinctured age.

Revelation seems to be left out of question in his "system of Ethics" or rather his Essay tends to draw men away from it. In such passages as the following;

"Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven's
in fault;

Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:

His knowledge measured to his state and
place,"

or in the line which he is fond of repeating,

"One truth is clear, Whatever is, is Right,"

the lapsed state of man is not taken into consideration nor is the necessity of the Redemption admitted. What is meant by the term *is* in this all-important instance he has left us no passage to determine.

We almost hesitate to declare between pantheism and mysticism in these lines:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;

That chang'd through all, and yet in all the
same;

Great in the earth, as in th'ethereal frame;

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all Life, extends through all
extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent;

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal
part.

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart:

As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph, that adores and burns."

That self-love and the passions receive a sinister interpretation and undue importance from the pen of the poet is clearly perceptible. His notion of them is manifestly opposed to genuine asceticism.

It is, therefore, to be regretted that notwithstanding the exquisite passages that occur in the Essay on Man, the entire poem is greatly disfigured by the baneful principles it contains.

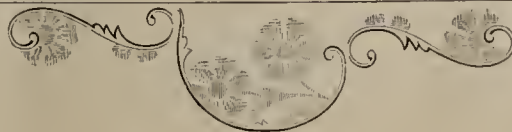
While the children of the Church to which Pope belonged will ever have to bewail his aberrations in religion and his approach to atheism, our dissenting brethren may justly join in the common regret; but we have the joy and consolation that our poet died a devout Catholic.

The Essay on Man will ever reflect the atheistical spirit of the times in which the poet lived and show likewise that he suffered by its influence.

Well may we recall in the "System of Ethics" Pope's own advice:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing.
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring!"

SIMON KUHNMUENCH.



FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

[FROM THE POLISH.]

'Twas the crime of loving his country more than her oppressor, and striving to throw off her shackles, that brought the patriot Pole Migurski in the clanking chains of an exile to Siberia. Though an exile he was not destitute of all consolation; for like an Emmet he might have stood proudly among the foremost of his country's oppressors, but he felt that which the "Wizard" so aptly expresses when he sings:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own my native land.
If such there breathes go mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentred all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown."

What nerved him still more was that his faithful wife had volunteered to accompany, cheer, and comfort him in that land where so many a noble Pole had suffered and found a grave in the ever frozen soil.

Having arrived at their destination, the unfortunates found that life on the steppes was not so unbearable as it had at first appeared to them. The exiles are far from being the degraded set which they are represented to be. On the contrary they are men of piety, learning, wealth and rank; criminals in the eyes of a despot only; and though the Siberian clime is cold and bleak, the hearts of the convicts are warm with a sympathetic love.

Thus the noble Migurskis lived in sad yet peaceful contentment, the only drawback to their happiness being the thought of their separation from father-land, home, parents, and kindred. God, the exile's only hope,

supplied this want by giving them two children, whom needless to say, they loved most dearly. So cheerful were they in their banishment that they came to be called "The happy 'midst the unhappy."

It is but natural that in proportion to our love for anything, our sorrow will be when deprived of it. So it was that the sorrow of the noble exiles was unbounded when cruel death robbed them of their darlings. The mother who had already withstood so many trials had scarcely rallied from the blow only to become dangerously ill. The almost heart-broken husband not only mourned the loss of the children, but was in imminent danger of losing the sole companion of his misfortunes, his wife. In this his hour of sore distress his loyal wife encouraged him, though sick, with whispered mysterious words of hope. The words were to him as incense to the censor: they nerved him for action.

It was noticed by his fellow exiles that Migurski was becoming more despondent as the days wore on. They realized that unless matters would improve he would occupy a maniac's cell or a suicide's grave.

Their worst fears were soon confirmed by the sudden disappearance of Migurski; days elapsed and still no traces of him were found. Lady Migurski begged that a diligent search might be made. Her request was granted and on the third day the cap and cloak of the missing man were found on the bank of the neighboring stream. Without doubt the unfortunate man had ended his wretched life. The wife, it seemed, accepted her fate with admirable resignation to the Divine Will. She

“Whose spotless deeds must ever stand

Like lilies in a barren land,”

seemed to realize that she must drink the bitter chalice to the very dregs, for she neither complained nor even spoke to any one of her misfortune, but her formerly bright and cheerful eyes were growing dim and were filled with restlessness.

Every one pitied her, and it was expressed on all sides that Lady Migurski would find a grave side by side with her children. Having lost all that was dear to her in her exile she begged the governor to permit her to return with the remains of her children to her native land, there to die. The governor, a man of qualities too noble for his office, readily granted her request and that she might not be interrupted with her precious burden, a cossack was detailed to accompany her to the boundary line. When at last all was in readiness for the journey, which was to be a fast one, she took leave, not without many a tearful “Godspeed” from those who had befriended her in her sorrow.

While on the journey she scarcely ever stepped out of the sleigh. Bent over the two caskets, not even glancing at the surrounding country, she lived as one entombed. Having already passed Symbirsk, they came to a station where they halted for a change of horses. The cossack took her passports to be inspected and returned without so much as a word to the woman. Being used to the silence of his passenger, he did not come near her but leaned against the back of the sleigh waiting for the horses to be attended to. While standing there he seemed to hear the voice of a man proceed from the chest which contained the coffin's. Again he listened but again all was quiet.

A faithful Muscovite is too dutiful to think of mercy when obedience forbids. Not knowing what his discovery might lead to, he hastened to the inspector to inform him of what had occurred. Without a moment's notice the unfortunate inmate of the sleigh

was surrounded by guards, soldiers and officers, who immediately began to examine every corner of the sleigh.

As the terrible truth dawned upon Lady Migurski, she swooned. No attention was paid her, however, as the inspection progressed.

The two caskets which contained the remains of the children were found, not in the chest as supposed, but in the extreme bottom of the sleigh. On opening the chest they found a man more dead than alive—Migurski. The unfortunates were immediately placed under arrest, the entreaties and proffered bribes had no effect whatever on the Russians.

On investigation it was learned that soon after the children's death when Migurski was becoming despondent, the faithful wife, who had already borne so much for her husband's sake, planned a scheme which if executed as planned would at once restore freedom to both. It was she who advised him to pretend despondent and willing to end his life, and after having hidden him well in their humble abode threw his cap and cloak on the river's bank. She then obtained permission to return with the remains of the children; but instead of putting the coffin's in the chest, the husband was hidden therein. On the journey she shared her food with him and scarcely ever spoke for fear of betraying her secret. But alas! now all was lost. A board had become loosened in some manner and bore heavily on Migurski, who believing that no enemy was near, made bold to ask his wife to adjust it. Fatal words! for by them both were lost. Now not only Migurski was a prisoner, but his wife as well. He doubly so and she for having conspired to free a convict, though that convict was her husband.

“Back to Orenburg,” was the sentence for both. In fetters they were compelled to return. The longest stop was made at

Symbirsk where the children were buried, not to be disturbed again till the Judgment day.

The funeral was indeed a sad one, witnessed by the entire populace. Behind the coffins slowly walked the unfortunate parents, the clanking of their chains being a doleful knell and requiem for their children.

All showed pity and commiseration for the parents and many lamented loud and brought them gifts as tokens of their sympathy. All blamed the obsequious cossack and when he dared to appear at the funeral was met by open manifestation of their disapproval. They again proceeded on their way and reached Orenburg only to be ordered forward to Nerczynsk some six hundred miles further, just one thousand miles from Polish soil. At Nerczynsk their lot was

harder than at Orenburg, the husband being sentenced for life and the wife well knew that now there was no hope, nor even alleviation.

It was evident that she could not long survive the blow, and one year later she went to her final resting place.

Thus did this brave Polish lady, a most faithful wife and mother suffer, and a thousand miles from home and parents end her sad career 'neath the Siberian sky. On her grave no flower raises its head, no prayer is offered, but all is the very typification of her,

Who faithful, e'er remained
Until her dying breath,
In life a criminal stained,
A pris'ner freed by death.

FELIX SEROCZYNSKI. '99



A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

[OF KARL MAY.]

Seeing that I would be a burden to him, I concluded to take up my lodging in some other tent, but the old man would not consent to this. I was compelled to stay with him. Refreshments were now plentifully served. When we had partaken of all such delicacies as a place of this kind affords, the old Arabian began a conversation.

"You will sojourn many days in the tent of your friend?"

"I shall be obliged to leave as soon as I have enjoyed a short repose."

When he had learned my intention I was very much entreated to desist from my plan. He demonstrated the dangers to which I should expose myself if contrary to his admonition I would leave the tent at night. I

told him I feared neither man nor beast and asked him if he had not seen the panther's skin beneath my saddle. I related the incident of the previous night and he was not a little surprised.

"God is great! you are a brother to the renowned Emir-el-Areth who was drowned in the Wed-el-Kantara?"

"His native home is also mine and like him I have a gun which speaks in similar words."

"I have now learned that I am at liberty to speak."

He moved close to my side and in a tone not above a whisper related the molestation his people suffered from a lion which haunts the neighborhood. And at the present time," continued he, "the vil-

lagers are on his trace."

I inquired where I might find the hunters, that I too might join the chase.

The direction whither they had gone was described to me and soon I was in their midst.

I arrived just in time to save one who had fallen a victim to the ferocious beast.

I was now considered as one whom Allah had sent as their saviour. The hand of friendship was extended from all sides and one who seemed more interested in me than any of the rest inquired the object of my sojourn in this strange land.

"Timbuktu" responded I, "is my destination."

"If so you may journey with me; I belong to the warriors Ulad Sliman that live towards the south, but I must yet wait here for some of our men who were sent to the city Franker, to deliver a message."

These last words excited my attention. He was one of those guests of whom I had learned particulars from the old Arabian.

"I cannot wait, nevertheless, you can overtake me since you possess better camels."

"How many men accompany you?"

"Two."

"And you are not seized with fear to traverse the desert?"

"I never fear."

"And does not the thought of meeting Hedjan-Bei inspire you with fear? It is very possible that you may meet him."

"He will not obstruct my passage or he will share a fate not unlike to that of the lion."

Further conversation convinced me that he was in connection with Hedjan-Bei and was now awaiting the return of him who was captive at Algier.

With the assistance of Joseph I skinned the lion and returned from whence I came.

Several weeks had elapsed since our last adventure and I had learned, in the mean-

time that Hassan was a very able leader; this fact fully compensated me for the timidity which he frequently evinced on other occasions. His affection grew so warm towards me that I might have fearlessly imparted to him my intention, had there not been another reason extant which prompted me to conceal from him my designs. I noticed of late in the actions of Hassan evidences betraying mental derangement, or touching it a shade lighter, aberrations. At any rate he would sit down on a mat and soliloquize on various themes; at times he would applaud his heroic deeds and again he would condemn them.

I left nothing undone to ascertain the cause of this peculiar behavior in the person of Hassan that I might if possible remedy it; for I was not very much inclined, under present circumstances, to entrust myself to his further leadership.

However, I could do nothing with him, so, trusting to fortune, I concluded to follow him with a determination to meet the fate in store. We were yet only three and well equipped we entered upon our journey hoping to reach Bab-el-Ghud within three days.

My hedjih (camel) surpassed by far the other in speediness, for which reason I would start at a later period than the rest and when I had overtaken them I would still continue and again leave them in the rear; this I did that alone I might the better muse upon the grandeur of nature. Whilst thus amusing myself viewing the various scenes, I observed at a short distance a hillock which was evidently not the work of nature. I made an investigation and found that I had not been mistaken. The hillock was but an artificial accumulation of sand covering the corpse of a man and the carcass of a camel, a small hole above the nose announced the fate of both victims. I knew this master-shot, it was the work of Emery. On closer inspection, I found that his ca-

push, and also the handle of his knife bore the initials A. L. I knew enough. This was one of the guns and Emery, too must be in the vicinity. I knew well that this was not the only frame which the gun of Emery had left in the desert to bleach, and again I was not deceived, for I had proceeded but a short distance when I found several more that had shared the same fate. Journeying farther I soon met a track intersecting our course. I could not imagine whither it led for, according to my knowledge there was nothing to pursue in the direction indicated by the track, yet I was desirous of learning who the person was, hoping also to hear from him the secrets of this fear-inspiring place. I motioned to Hassan and Korndorfer, who were now in sight, to continue their journey and immediately I set out in pursuit of one, I knew not whom. Ere long I caught sight of an object which I supposed was he. My camel under the urgency of whip and spur rapidly gained space and I was soon within gun shot of the stranger. "Rrree." I cried.

He stopped but fearing trouble seized his gun.

I bade him peace, telling him I came not as an enemy. My salutation had its desired effect and soon we were conversing in the most friendly terms. I was very anxious to learn the motives of his sojourn in this desolate portion of the world; for at first glance, I saw that he was a Tebu whom I wished to acquaint with my purpose.

"I am from the distant land of Germany and you are a Tebu from"—

But before I had finished the last sentence he interrupted me in a tone expressing great surprise. "Are you acquainted with Sihdi Emir?"

"I know him well, "Have you seen him?" "I have. Are you the man whom he is expecting from the land of Germany?"

"I am."

"Thank Allah who guided my steps, I am sent to meet you."

"Where may Emir be found?"

"In the Bab-el-Ghud you shall behold the impression of his foot."

"I, too, may thank Allah that I caught sight of your camel and followed his track otherwise we should never have met."

"I would have found you, Sihdi, for I intended only to get some water, after which I would again have pursued my former course, which was the one you followed."

"Pardon me, but I should be pleased to know your name."

"My name lies buried in the shade of my tent until I have avenged a wrong, unjustly inflicted, but, in the meantime, you may call me father without children."

This wish explained all; his sons had fallen victims to the Gun.

He related the fate which had befallen his sons, then asked me if I had not met any corpse on my way. I responded in the affirmative. "They, said he, have fallen by the bullet of Emery,"

When I heard the mention of Emery again, I became the more desirous to meet him and upon my entreaty to guide me to the Bab-el-Ghud, my newly gained friend consented.

We started at once and soon we were again in the company of Hassan and Korndorfer who continued their journey as directed. When Joseph beheld my new friend he was very much pleased to learn who he was. I gave him the desired information, telling him he is Abu-Beni, who shall lead us to the Bab-el-Ghud.

When Hassan heard that this man should henceforth be our leader, he poured out a stream of curses which well manifested the supply of interjections contained in the Arabian language. Hassan, who thought himself quite able to act as a guide, took it very

much amiss that I had chosen Abu-Beni. I succeeded in dispelling this harsh feeling which Hassan entertained towards me, and again our journey proceeded in peace. At length we arrived at a group of small hills at which place we spread our robes and put up for the night.

The thought of meeting with Emery aroused me earlier than usual. I awoke just in time to witness a very strange affair, which, though of a comical nature, might well have ended in a tragedy. I always had in my possession a vessel containing alcohol in which I preserved the various species of insects and reptiles that I chanced to procure in the different climates. My vessel contained already quite an accumulation consisting of worms, amphibia, vipers, scorpions, salamanders, sand-flies etc. I always had the vessel concealed by keeping it well wrapped up in a blanket. Hassan, by chance or otherwise, discovered it and, as we may well suppose, was tempted by its alcoholic smell, at any rate, when I awoke I found him in the act of quaffing the dregs of this sauce with as much delight as though he were partaking of delicious nectar.

I approached him, struck him on the shoulder, and asked him what he was doing.

In his fear he dropped the vessel and answered: "Drinking Sihdi,"

"What are you drinking?"

"Ma-el-zat," responded he, according to the Mussulman's logic wine is no more considered an intoxicating beverage when it is called by another name.

I revealed to him the contents of the vessel and greatly exaggerated the fatal issue of the drink. He stretched out his legs, extended his hands and his fierce grimaces reproduced the vessel's contents.

Beholding his doleful condition I told him Allah would yet preserve him if, in future, he would desist from the use of al-

cohol, he promised faithfully to do so and was again at ease exteriorly.

Again we entered upon our journey, but there was another surprise in store for me. We had not gone a great distance when we discovered the trace of a caravan. The evidence of a caravan in this strange place, was a motive of suspicion.

"These people go to Kiffilat, or perhaps to Tibasti," was the expression of our Tebu friend. "Their leader," continued he, "is taking them estray, they shall surely fall victims to Hedjahn-Bei."

"This dare not be, we must rescue them; forward! to save them," I added.

Despite the former exertion of our camels they still had enough speed at my command, for soon we had the pleasure to behold at no great distance before us a huge cloud of dust which soon revealed the strangers; rapidly gaining space we finally overtook them.

Confronting him whom I supposed to be the leader, I accosted him thus:

"Whither goes this caravan?"

"To Safilil."

"Safilil, too, claims my attention, will you permit myself and comrades to swell the ranks?"

"When I have learned your name I will respond."

"I am a German."

He now turned to the others of his tribe and chid them severly for accepting water from a Christian, then turning to me he wished to know where I procured my camel.

"It was given to me by one whom I have saved from the jaws of a lion."

"You lie!"

I drew my whip and threatened to avenge the insult.

A. J. SEIMETZ.

(Concluded next month.)

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EDITORIAL.

To the students of our college, March has been a most eventful month. Many great feasts have followed each other in close succession; but especially did it bring happiness in the recurrence of the festivals of that heavenly trio, St. Thomas, St. Patrick, and our patron, St. Joseph.

We have received a number of valuable donations this month, for which we wish to express our grateful acknowledgment. Among others, a collection of metals, minerals and precious stones, the rarest known in the State of Arkansas, many of which are found in no other part of the Union,

was presented by the Revs. J. H. Guendling and G. M. Schramm. The gifts were properly assorted and labeled by the government mineralogist at Hot Springs, who also forwarded a complete list, showing both the species and the parts of the State in which they can be found. For the present they will be preserved in the Columbian Museum.

A description of the literary entertainment presented in honor of Father Rector before his departure for Rome, will be found in our local department. It was but a fitting testimonial of respect to him whose name is inseparably connected with St. Joseph's College, from its infancy up to its present thriving condition. For the last five years our institution has rapidly been coming to the front under the able presidency of Father Augustine, whose every effort was exercised to further it in its onward march. Yet it was not only his untiring energy during the past *lustrum*, nor his sedulous labors for a number of years as Professor at St. Charles Seminary, Carthage, Ohio, but also his eminent services to the Order that merited for him the rest and pleasures of his present voyage and sojourn on European soil. He went as a delegate to the General Chapter of the Community of the Most Precious Blood, to be held at Rome sometime after Easter.

Easter-tide is another station that affords the student a short surcease of labor in the long run of studies, and the boys are all anticipating the happy season. But the joys of Easter, like those of Christmas, are not merely mundane joys; they emanate from a higher source and are therefore attended with such intense and universal happiness. Every Christian feels that Christmas and Easter are something more than a national or ordinary holiday.

Our thanks are due to the Rev. Mathias Kenk, C. P. S. of Chicago, for the donations he has made, and the interest he has manifested in the department of Physics at our College, as well as to the Rev. Adolp Schott for some rare specimens of coin.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

The most important of all the acts of Congress, relating to silver and the one that is now most talked about was that of 1873. By this act Congress made gold a single standard, suspended the coinage of the regular silver dollar and in its place substituted what was known as the trade dollar. This act put our government on a gold basis where it has been ever since. It seems that Congress was induced to pass this act in imitation of the conduct of several European countries which had discontinued the free coinage of silver about that time, in the same manner that England had done some forty years before. This act did not receive much attention at the time from the fact that the parity of the metals was almost equal, with silver slightly in advance of gold, and consequently very little silver was being offered for coinage.

Shortly after the passage of this act, silver began to rapidly decline in value as compared with gold, and the friends of silver loudly clamored for its readmission to coinage. In consequence of this agitation, Congress passed an act in 1878 authorizing

the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase not less than two nor more than four million dollars worth of silver per month at its bullion value and coin it into silver dollars of the standard fixed by the act of 1837. It was thought at the time that this action would serve to restore and maintain the metals at a parity, but still silver continued to depreciate. In 1890 congress substituted for this act another known as the Sherman law, very similar to the one of 1878. This law authorized the purchase of four million ounces of silver every month and instead of coining it authorized the issuance of treasury notes based upon the amount purchased and redeemable in coin. Under this law \$152,000,000 worth of treasury notes were issued for silver.

Congress in special session repealed this law in 1893, and thus left the country on almost the same footing as it was placed by the act of 1873, except that the silver now in use is honored as a full legal tender, unless otherwise specified by private contract. It was upon the urgent request of the president that Congress repealed the Sherman law, and the reasons urged for its repeal were first, that it had failed in its purpose, viz, to raise silver to a parity with gold, and secondly that the treasury notes issued under its provisions were really additions to the gold obligations of the government.

Besides our gold and silver and the treasury notes above referred to, there is in circulation a large quantity of paper money known as gold certificates, silver certificates, national bank notes and United States notes or "greenbacks."

The silver and gold certificates are bills which show that so many silver or gold dollars as the case may be, have been deposited with the treasury of the United States and will be paid upon presentation

of the certificate. The national bank notes are issued by the national banks, with the permission of the government, after the bank has deposited in the treasury government bonds to secure the issue.

The greenbacks may be called certificates of indebtedness and were first issued by the government during the war. When issued, and for several years after the close of the war they were at a discount but in the seventies provisions were made to redeem them in coin upon their presentation at the treasury. It was also provided, that when redeemed they should again be re-issued and serve as money. It has, however, been the invariable custom of holders of greenbacks to request their payment in gold when presenting them at the treasury and the Secretary of the Treasury has always honored this request. Of late years there has not been gold enough in the treasury to redeem all the greenbacks and treasury notes presented and the government has, as a consequence, been compelled to issue interest bearing bonds in order to redeem the greenbacks and treasury notes upon presentation. Thus you see a man could, and it seems that many do, under the existing law take non interest bearing greenbacks to the government and obtain gold for them and with the same gold buy interest bearing bonds.

This historical outline is necessarily very brief and many interesting phases of the question have not been touched upon, but enough has been said to enable us to know something of the different kinds of money we use.

Now what is meant by the free coinage of silver? In its broadest signification it means that the government should coin all the silver offered at the present ratio, 16 to 1, just as it does gold. This is the proposition advanced by the friends of silver and it is claimed by them that such action

would make money plentier and consequently make the country more prosperous; that it would cause silver, which is now worth as bullion only half what it is worth in the coined state, to resume its former standard as compared with gold.

They go on to maintain that the Secretary of the Treasury should not issue bonds to secure gold for the redemption of greenbacks when he has a legal right to redeem them with silver, and thus bring silver into more common use. They further assert that the action of the great nations of the world in discontinuing the use of silver and thus throwing all the work of exchange on gold, thereby greatly increased the purchasing power of gold, and consequently reduced the ability of the debtor class to pay their debts; for instance a gold dollar can now, they assert, purchase more goods than it could twenty-five years ago, consequently the man who is in debt, and must pay that debt in gold dollars, or their equivalent, must dispose of more goods, or property to obtain the requisite amount of gold now than was required twenty-five years ago. It must be understood in this connection that gold is the security of all our money and that our silver passes at its full face value only because our present financial system permits it to be exchanged for gold.

Those who advocate gold monometalism or are opposed to the free coinage of silver reply to these arguments by asserting that the United States would not be able to raise silver to an equality with gold, and the result would be the entire withdrawal of gold from the country; that gold is the money in use by the most powerful nations of the world and the money most desirable for purposes of trade; that a change of our coinage laws would mean a change of values and unheard of business calamities; that very few debts are now owed that were contracted twenty-five years ago and consequently a change would be unjust to

creditors; that the laboring men would suffer because the purchasing power of their wages would be decreased while the wages themselves would not likely be increased.

These arguments and the many others that are presented, pro and con, and sustained by strong reasoning, show us that there is much to be said on either side of this question. Our most able and patriotic statesmen are found on different sides and "silver men" and "gold men" are to be found in both of the great political parties.

We also find many that are urging compromises of one kind or another, and many

that oppose the free coinage of silver under existing conditions, would be glad to see it brought about by international agreement.

It is hoped that this sketch, will place the younger readers of the *Collegian* in a position to grasp and understand the arguments that are sure to be made on this question during the approaching presidential campaign, and thus to better understand one of the most important subjects of the times.

JOHN F. COGAN.



FATHER RECTOR'S DEPARTURE FOR ROME.

March has been pre-eminently a month of festivities at St. Joseph's, not only in point of number, but also in the importance, of the holidays and celebrations which mark its calendar. In diversity of nature, there has been as much as the days were many; and literary programs, receptions and patron Saints' days have followed one another in such rapid succession that it would be no easy task to establish a criterion to place them in the order they belong. Should the general interest and concern manifested in the event be taken as a stand-point, there would be little difficulty, however; all would unite in giving first place to the occasion of Father Rector's departure for Rome, as one of the delegates to the General Chapter of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood.

As mentioned in the last issue of the *Collegian*, the date for the party to sail could not be determined at the conference at which they were appointed; and it con-

tinued a matter of speculation until the arrival of the Very Rev. Provincial here on the 2nd of the month, when it was found that the start would have to be made much sooner than was expected, and that Father Augustine would have to leave the College on the following Sunday.

Plans for an elaborate program in his honor had been under discussion for some time; but this sudden news frustrated them all. It was decided to leave everything in the hands of the graduating class, who would thus be enabled to give their beloved Rector a parting testimonial of their gratitude and esteem, since he could not be present for their final exercises at the close of school.

The program occurred on the following Saturday evening, the 7th, and was successful in every respect, and a complete surprise to Father Augustine, who had been purposely kept in ignorance of the conspiracy that had been contrived against

him. In its nature, it was decidedly novel, and a complete departure from anything that had ever before been presented in the Auditorium; being what might be called a "polyglot" entertainment, or a series of original addresses and poems in all the languages in the curriculum; and as such, a practical exponent of the abilities of the class. The opening address was made by Father Benedict, who, as Vice Rector, spoke in behalf of both the Father Professors and the students; he gracefully voiced the sentiments of regard that all felt towards their common superior, their best wishes for a pleasant journey, and their solicitude for his safe return.

John F. Cogan was the next speaker; and in his talk on "Our Class" caused many a ripple of mirth through the audience, and many a thought of the old days, as he lifted the veil from the past and called to mind all that had occurred during the evolution that has gradually transformed a crowd of mischievous youngsters in knickerbockers into the sedate poets and orators, the graduates of '96.

Following Mr. Cogan, came the addresses and poems by the other members of the class. The numbers were in all cases original and well suited to the occasion; but from the very fact of their being delivered in "divers tongues" it would be presumption in anyone not a linguist to attempt to make special mention of all. Suffice to say that each was highly creditable to its author; no one participant could be singled out for praise without injustice to the oth-

ers. The order in which they delivered their respective parts was as follows: Latin Address, Christian Daniel; Latin Poem, (Hexameter,) Jos. R. Wechter; Greek Discourse, Bartholomew Besinger; Address in French, Nicholas Greive; Address in German, Jacob Betsner; German poem, Joseph Abel.

Selections of orchestra and vocal music came next, and after that the English numbers; a touching poem by Jas. B. Fitzpatrick, followed by Thos. M. Conroy's address, a beautiful tribute of the class' appreciation of all the efforts made by the Rev. Rector in its behalf. The Seifert Light Guards then claimed attention when Captain Fitzpatrick presented a handsome silk umbrella with the appropriate names engraved on silver plate, as a remembrance to him whose name the S. L. G. are so proud to bear.

Father Augustine then rose to thank the students for their many expressions of kind feeling towards him, and after asking a continuance of their prayers for the success of his journey, promised to remember them in turn at the holy shrines he hopes to visit. An hour before his departure on the following afternoon, the different organizations, military and band, assembled at the front of the College where, with all the students, they formed an escort to the depot.

After leaving the College he spent a few days visiting friends and relatives in Ohio and with the other members of the committee set sail from New York on the 18th on the City of St. Paul.



St. Joseph's Day.

Among the many Saints which cluster about God's throne none is more cherished by the Catholic world, and above all by the students of St. Joseph's College, than our glorious patron St. Joseph. Appropriate, indeed, were the exercises with which this feast was commemorated. At 8:30 A. M. solemn high mass was celebrated by the Rev. John Berg, of Remington, assisted by Rev. Frederick Schalk of the College as deacon, and Rev. Francis Schalk of the Indian Normal School as sub-deacon. Father Benedict acted as master of ceremonies. Father Bonaventure delivered an eloquent sermon, in which he dwelt chiefly on the ennobling virtues of our great patron and the signification of the spotless lily which he bears in his hand.

At two o'clock solemn vespers were sung at which Rev. M. Zumbuelte, of Hanover Centre, was celebrant, Rev. John Berg of Remington deacon, Father Raphael sub-deacon, and Father Benedict master of ceremonies. The choir, under direction of Father Clement, rendered at high mass in the morning Witt's famous "Lucia Mass," with splendid effect and at Vespers in the afternoon Kaim's Vespers for four voices equally well, and thus enhanced the solemnity of the divine service in a manner never before enjoyed at the College.

In the evening the students C. P. P. S. rendered a drama entitled, "Joseph and his Brothers," and an afterpiece, "Wurst wider Wurst." The former was an excellent translation from the English by Fath-

er Raphaeli. The following are the Dramatis Personae:

Joseph.....Didicus Brachman
 Jacob.....Cantus Faist
 Benjamin.....Vitus Schnette
 Utabal (Joseph's servant), Gerard Hartjens
 Brothers of Joseph: Eulogius Deininger,
 Julian Meyer, Simon Kuehnmuensch, Albinus Missler, Gabriel Cotter, Victor Scharf.

The students all played with their characteristic ease and dramatic talent. Mr. Brackman's graceful and natural action in the title role of Joseph was especially commendable, as well as Mr. Faist's fine impersonation of the good old Patriarch. Among the many brothers of Joseph, Simon could easily be singled out in the person of Mr. Kuhnmuensch. The youthful gentleness and guileless innocence of Benjamin was pleasantly exhibited in Master Vitus Schuette. The scene in which the venerable form of Jacob appeared lying in his tent in the twilight was truly idyllic and was rendered pathetic when Joseph approached and recognized his dearly beloved and aged father. The play must have left wholesome memories in the minds of all.

The afterpiece, too, is deserving of mention. It excelled in wit any effort yet made in this direction. If the language was not completely mastered by all the students, the facetious Eusebius, Herman, Ildefons, and Germain easily compensated for the drawback by the exquisite drollery of their voice and action.



Reviews.

The Circus Rider's Daughter is the title of a new novel by F. von Braeckel, translated from the German by Mary A. Mitchell and published by Benziger Bros. This is one of the most interesting books that has appeared for some time. The aim of the author is to please and she pleases. If a novel is only to be read for the amusement or entertainment it furnishes, then *The Circus Rider's Daughter* fulfills its end for it is sure to hold the reader's attention from the first page to the last, as not one of its chapters is lacking in the spirit that makes the book such a desirable companion for the spare hour.

The writer has been wonderfully successful in producing a thoroughly cosmopolitan novel. The circus rider's daughter, Nora, the heroine of the story, unites the strong faith and fervent piety of her beautiful Irish mother with the vivacity and perseverance which she inherits from her German father, Franco in such a way as to make her one of the most charming characters in contemporaneous fiction. The scenes deftly change between Europe and America in such a manner as to portray society and life in two worlds without violating the exquisite harmony that pervades the entire story.

In this volume are found all the features that make a work of fiction attractive, a true delineation of the passions that exert such a powerful sway for good or evil over human nature, love, sorrow, hope, fear, and a confident faith that permitted Nora, after having labored many years as a nun, in the life the Lord had sent her, and that she was true to till the end, to say, "He guided all for the best and we have followed the paths laid out for us as though we had chosen them ourselves. The Lord sends now sorrow without its

beam, I thank Him that He led me into His service."

(Price \$1.25.)

"*Amy's Music Box*," and *The last Christmas Tree*," are the titles of two handsome little volumes which take their names from the first story found in each book. They are from the facile pen of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly and contain several short stories and verses for children. The stories are religious in character and convey useful lessons in a most pleasing manner. The author's high reputation as a writer is a guarantee of the literary worth of whatever she gives to the public. Although these books are written for children, the larger boys and girls may read them with profit and draw many a valuable lesson from the moral they contain. It must be encouraging to the lover of good literature to see such books as these given to the public in answer to the demand for something to read, something that will entertain our young people while instructing them, and counteract the effects of the silly sentimentality of the Godless novel and story paper.

H. L. KILNER & Co.

(Philadelphia.

Publishers.)

With the exception of the Holy Bible there is no book that shows such strong evidences of Divine inspiration as "The Following of Christ." Not only do Catholics of all countries turn to it for spiritual guidance, but many Protestant denominations as well, draw from its rich treasures. It is very important that books of this kind should be of convenient size and shape. The firm of Benzingers have just published a new edition of this little book that is most commendable for its tasteful arrangement and appropriate form. It also has a short appendix containing the litanies, Mass

prayers, devotions for confession and Holy Communion and a few other short but meritorious prayers, which render it serviceable as a prayer book as well as a book of meditation. (Benziger Bros. N. Y. Price 50cts.)

Exchanges.

The Angelus Magazine, under the editorship of Chas. O'Malley has made a very promising debut. Although it would seem to be handicapped in its endeavors to gain a worthy place among the older magazines, nevertheless, a glance at its contents for February reveals the fact, that it is of a high standard. A story entitled, "A Romance of the Backyard" is crisp and entertaining. It is a production of Miss Bessie Boyle O'Reilly. Before attempting a separate mention of each article, we deem it pertinent to reproduce a remark in which the editor indulges. The *Angelus* has the *first* poem published in the magazine world on Armenia; the *first* article on the revival of American Toryism; and the first illustrated contribution on the latest photographic wonder the Roentgen discovery." An excellent critique is written on the poetry of Francis Thompson. The passages which have been culled from his poems, to serve as illustrations show the writer's ability as a critic. In order to bring out more fully his opinion of the relation existing between Thompson and the reading public of our time, he censures the age which esteemed Cowley a great poetical genius and languished into apathy as far as the productions of the organ toned bard Milton were concerned. He conveys his appreciation of the present age in the following: "Year after year the tendency has been from the free inevitable, full-mouthed utterance of beautiful thoughts, for their own sake, to the expression of far-fetched ideas, strained conceits, forced

or strange metaphors and the presentation of trifles in impressionable form." A Revival of American Toryism from the facile pen of the Editor reviews the utterances of prominent divines and educators whose patriotism has been blatant at inappropriate times. "Catholics of the Hour" contains a literary estimate of Alfred Austin and Marion Crawford. It also touches upon the *personnel* of the Venezulean Commission, reference being made to Frederic Coudert. Wilfred Laurier, who has identified himself with the Manitoba school question, is mentioned. The comparative cheapness of the Magazine, one dollar a year, and its table of bright and timely contents render it worthy of a large patronage. It is published by The Angelus Magazine Company, 31 Longworth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The concluding article on Goethe in *The St. Vincent's Journal* is a fitting companion to the one which preceded it in a former issue. In both the touch of a discriminating critic is distinguishable. They are void of any startling views—no outbursts to Goethe's genius, nor does the writer incur our displeasure by running into the opposite extreme in viewing it coldly and indifferently. The treatment is highly judicious and praiseworthy. The saying *Artis est artem celare* is applicable in this instance. In "Our Country as I see it," the writer views the condition of the Country rather pessimistically, and is keen in his denunciation of prevailing methods. We do not gainsay his assertions, but believe the picture could be relieved of its sombre aspect. The ills are not so deep-seated that they cannot be eradicated without resorting to measures that might eventually undermine our government. The light colors of hopefulness could be introduced, so as not mar the harmony of the scene, seeking a justification of such a step in the fact that our country has disposed of difficult problems and untied Gordian knots ere this.

The pages of *The Notre Dame Scholastic* of March 15th, are taken up with a lucid explanation and references to the Laetare medal which has been conferred upon Gen. Rosecrans. The recipient's war record and the distinguished qualities which have entitled him to so high an honor are well described. In the same number the works of Bulwer Lytton are reviewed. The versatile Author is considered in the *role* of dramatist. The article evinces ability. The writer pleases by diverting to the circumstances under which Lytton was impelled to write his dramas and to those who used his productions as a medium to distinguish themselves in the histrionic art.

The Holy Ghost College Bulletin arrived too late to receive a more extended notice;

but a casual glance at the contents convey the impression that it, in every way, merits the favorable remarks which the exchange editor appends to his department.

The following have been received and read with pleasure and profit: *The Mountaineer, The Dial, The Abbey Student, The Viatorian, The St. Mary's Record, The Stylus, The Purple, The Salve Regina, The St. Mary's Chimes, The St. James School Journal, The Young People, The Mt. St. Joseph Collegian, The Radiator, The Agnetian, The Fordham Monthly, The Boston Pilot, The Rensselaer Republican, The Rensselaer Pilot*, and others.

T. M. CONROY.

St. Patrick's Day.

St. Patrick's Day was observed this year with all the characteristic features of former celebrations—High Mass in the morning, sung by Father Maximilian and rendered doubly impressive by the special music of the regular choir; the Columbian program in the evening; and the time-honored custom, "the wearing of the green," all day.

The evening entertainment was of course the chief event, and found much favor with the attentive audience, which included besides the Fathers and students of the College, the Stanislaus Literary Society and many other visitors from Rensselaer.

Cardinal Wiseman's celebrated drama, "The Hidden Gem," was the play presented. As its plot is almost universally known, it needs no explanation here; while praise for the literary merit of anything from his pen is unnecessary.

The program with the cast of characters read as follows:

Overture, Selection from Faust by Gounod
Band.
 Introductory Address.... Wm. D. Sullivan.

THE HIDDEN GEM.

Dramatis Personae.

Euphemianus, a Roman Patrician.
Fr. J. Koch.
 Alexius, under the name *Ignotus*, his son,
Gabriel Cotter.
 Carinus, a boy, his nephew
Thos. P. Travis.
 Proculus, his Freedman and Steward
Albert C. Riester.

SLAVES:—

Eusebius, freed after Act 1. Ign. Zircher
 Bibulus..... Alb. Missler
 Davus..... Vincent F. Muinch
 Ursulus..... Jos. Engesser
 Verna..... Victor Scharf
 Gannio, a Beggar..... Jas. F. Connelly
 Imperial Chamberlain..... Alphons Roth
 Officer..... Wm. Hordemann
 Robbers..... { Alex. Cook
 { Roman Theiss

And between the different scenes musical numbers under the direction of Prof. Hemmersbach:

"A Hunting Piece" "Lustspiel".... Band.

Vocal Solo, "Anchored" Edw. J. Mungovan
Mia Bella by Roeder. Orchestra.

Gabriel Cotter as Ignotus, was the central figure on the stage, and by his admirable interpretation of his role lent it a charm that won the sympathy of all. The ease and clear enunciation with which he spoke his lines plainly showed the attention he had given them; and no doubt explains the little trouble he had in throwing himself into the spirit of his part. Much the same may be said of Mr. Travis. As Carinus he displayed a conception of the character, that made it easy for him to turn to advantage that dramatic talent and rhetorical ability which he has used to such good effect in his recitations and which will certainly win for him new laurels in the future. But no student ever appeared on the boards with better effect than Mr. Riester. His acting was excellent; but what is more to

his credit is the easy and interested manner he affected while in repose, a thing that contributed greatly to give him first place in the minds of the audience. As Eusebius, the friend and protector of Ignotus, Mr. Zircher met with great success, and lent a fine contrast to the persecuting spirit of Bibulus, played so well by Mr. Missler, who deserves special commendation for the praiseworthy efforts he made to impersonate the character. Messrs Connelly, Muinch and Engesser were the wits of the drama and with Mr. Sharf as the boisterous Verna injected into it a vein of humor that set off to good effect the more serious dispositions of their associates.

The Band and Orchestra can always be depended upon for something good and they contributed in no little measure to the success of the evening.

WM. D. SULLIVAN.

PERSONALS.

Father Ganzer, of Kentland and Father Willibald of Pulaski called at the College the fore part of the month.

Mr. Sylvester Hinen arrived in Collegeville on the 2nd from Ft. Wayne, where he had been canvassing for the *Messenger* and *Botschafter*. He reports excellent success.

Revs. John Berg, of Remington; M. Zumbel, of Hanover Center; John Blume, of Reynolds; Wm. Berg, of Schererville, and Adolph Schott, C. PP. S. of the St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Chicago, were with us on our patron's feast.

Our fellow student, Mr. Edmund Ley, who has been ill ever since the Christmas vacation, returned to his home in Gas City, Ind., on the 16th. We hope Mr. Ley's recovery will be speedy and final and that he will return as he so ardently desires, next fall fully recuperated, and be able to continue his studies without further interruption.

Brother William, our popular mail-man and overseer spent a few days in Ohio about the middle of the month looking after some business matters and visiting friends and relatives.

It is with much pleasure that we welcome Rev. Bonaventure Sommerhauser, C. PP. S. as an additional member to the College faculty. Father Bonaventure was recently ordained at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio, and celebrated his first Mass at Tipton, Mo., only a few days before his arrival here. His genial disposition has already gained him many friends, and it may safely be predicted that his popularity will continue to increase as he becomes better known. He has charge of the Minim Department.

The Very Rev. Provincial, Henry Drees, C. PP. S. was our honored guest for a few

days previous to embarking on his long voyage. On the afternoon of the 2nd he visited the different study halls and gave each student a little souvenir that will remind them of their promise to pray for him often during his absence. In answer to a request of the small boys, seconded by the larger ones, he granted them free for the remainder of the afternoon. The students took advantage of

the opportunity thus presented and assembled in the auditorium at 4 P. M. to give a musical entertainment in his honor. The band boys were in excellent condition and produced several of their best pieces, and Mr. Cogan delivered an address on the part of the students to which Father Henry feelingly responded and closed by giving his blessing to all.

LOCALS.

The S. L. G. are to be complimented on their forethought in having themselves photographed so early in the season. By doing so they were enabled to include Father Augustine in the group—a thing which the intervening Atlantic would make difficult to be done later on when the other societies will line up before the camera.

The tables in the Columbian room are well covered with magazines this month. Besides the regular ones and the exchanges there are several others for which the Society is indebted to Mrs. E. P. Hammond of Lafayette, Ind.

The news of the discovery of a gravel pit on the premises was hailed with delight by the road-packers on the south walk; and there is joy in the heart of the author of *Good Roads* at the idea of being able to put his pet theories into practice.

Many of the boys have taken the opportunity afforded by the Easter holidays to take a trip home, either on business or to spend the great feast in the family circle. Such is not the usual order of things since there is no regular vacation at this time; and those who have gone home are indebted for the privilege to the kindness of Father Benedict.

Mungovan (describing a shock from the magneto-electric machine) "Why, it didn't hurt me a bit, boys; it was only like a lot of splinters running through my nose."

Schweitzer (outside the bath-room), "Hurry up there; Joe; aren't you through yet?"

Joe (on the inside impatiently waiting for the tub to fill), "What! do you tink I can take a bat in dry watah?"

There were two hidden gems in the St. Patrick's day program. One received due recognition on the hand-bills, but the identity of the other was known only to those behind the scenes. Not so with his work, however; for the tasty costuming of the play was a subject of comment by all. It gives us pleasure, then, to reveal the treasure, and express the thanks of the Columbians to Edw. Vogel, the efficient chairman of their executive committee for the many hours he sacrificed in the interests of the Society.

It is now an assured fact that before long a Grotto of the Blessed Virgin will adorn one of our picturesque groves. The motives that inspire its erection are indeed praiseworthy, and the holy spot will, no doubt, be frequented with all the reverence and confidence becoming children of Mary. It will be erected under the auspices of the Marion Sodality, whose members glory in being able to give this mark of public honor to their powerful patroness, the Mother of God. The statue has already been promised by the Faculty.

IN RENSSELAER.

There has been a great deal of moving and changing of business places in the thriving

little town of Rensselaer this spring.

Among others may be mentioned the removal of W. A. Huff's jewelry store to the large room in the Ellis Opera Building. Mr. Huff has fitted out his new quarters in first class style with large, handsome plate glass show cases having panel doors of fine finish, large wall shelves also having slide doors, and an abundance of shelf room for the display of his large stock of clocks, and a four ton burglar proof safe. Mr. Huff is to be commended for his enterprise, as his store room would do credit to a city far more pretentious than Rensselaer.

Mr. John Eger has removed his grocery to his commodious new building and has both the first and second floors filled with his large stock of groceries. Mr. Eger has put in an elevator that makes access to the second floor easy and pleasant.

Mr. C. D. Nowels has removed his dry goods establishment two doors east of his old stand to the room formerly occupied by Mr. Fendig. By this removal Mr. Nowels secures more room for his increased stock.

ALOYSIAN.

The Editor in Chief of the Collegian has consented to give a portion of the space of our College paper to the minors to be used by them for the publication of our society programs, essays by members of our society and the like.

We are very thankful for the favor and shall try our best to make our part of the paper interesting.

The St. Aloysius Society gave the following program at its last meeting:—
 Declamation, Duties as Americans

..... Master Chas. Frey
 Baltazar's Feast..... Master H. Kalvelage
 Poem, Casibianca..... Master Wm. Laibe
 Poem, My First Sorrow... Master E. Murphy
 Poem, Ballade of Hope.... Master M. Peele
 Recitation, Speak Gently, Master G. Dorval
 Paper, By the Editor... Master H. Kalvalage

The hearty applause of the audience bespoke well the merits of the program.

Everyone on the program performed his part well and received loud applause. Father Bonaventure attended the exercises, and at the close gave a short address in which he complimented those that appeared for the excellent manner in which they performed their parts. Father Bonaventure now teaches several classes in the minim department and we are glad that he honored our society by giving his first address since coming to the College at our meeting. After Father Bonaventure finished speaking several members of the Columbian who were present were called upon for addresses to which they cheerfully responded.

CHARLES FREY.

HONORARY MENTION.

J. Abel G. Aug, J. Betsner, W. Brinkman, J. Boeke, E. Byrne, J. Cogan, T. Conroy, J. F. Connelly, P. M. Cosgrove, C. Class, C. Didier, J. Dwenger, L. A. Eberle, J. B. Fitzpatrick, C. Frey, W. Hordeman, B. Heckman, H. Dorval, F. J. Koch, J. Kohne, H. Kalvelage, F. Kuenle, E. Ley, W. Laibe, E. J. Mungovan, T. McLoughlin, H. Meighan, E. Murphy, J. McNeil, A. Riestter, A. Roth, H. Reichert, W. D. Sullivan, F. Seroczynski, J. Steinbrunner, F. Schulien, T. Travis, E. Vogel, J. Wechter, J. Wakefer, I. Zircher.

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VOL. II.

RENSSELAER, (COLLEGEVILLE P. O.) IND., APRIL, 1896.

NO. 8.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

Hail season of vernal delight,
Hail welcome deliverer of man,
Proud Winter must flee at thy sight,
Whilst devotees welcome thy van;
He, tyrant for many a day,
Recedes from his kingdom alone,
Since subjects that once would obey
Have raised milder Spring to the
throne.

Spring comes in all Majesty grand,
His chariot borne on the breeze
Of Zephyr's own breath, to that land
Which he, from all tyranny frees,
Commanding the sun's splendent ray
To shatter the fetters of ice,
And gradually change and array
Our home as a sweet Paradise.

Thus faster and faster he speeds,
The altering of Nature his care,
The sweet measured pace of his steeds
Attuned to the music all fair
Of those winged chorister's song, [bring
Whose chirpings and warblings must
All pleasures that truly belong
To our reigning ruler, fair Spring.

His palace embraces the whole
Of Nature's own decked spacious hall,
As pure as a flow'r's spotless soul,
Inviting and pleasant to all.
Then welcome, thrice welcome, thou sage,
Who driest our tears, thou our King,
And givest as our heritage
The beauties and pleasures of Spring.

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

CHARACTER SKETCHES IN SARACINESCA.

In the estimation of our students Marion Crawford is one of the most popular living writers in the field of fiction. Perhaps the greater number of Mr. Crawford's works will not survive the test of time, yet *Saracinesca* will no doubt secure for itself a place among the English classics. Nearly all unite in saying that it is one of the most powerful and artistic efforts of this accomplished novelist.

It is the first of three volumes which form in reality one closely connected history. *Saracinesca* with *Sant'Ilario* and *Don Orsino* picture to us in a style at once graphic and captivating the life of two generations of a noble Roman family. Already in the first pages the attention of the reader is secured by the perfect description of Roman society, which the author's long residence in Italy enabled him to give us. The fact that the plot is placed in the declining years of the Pope's temporal power also increases the interest by adducing characters whose names are inseparably blended with the modern history of Italy. No one can take up *Saracinesca* without finishing it, or having completed it will not be eager to follow up the fortunes of the hero and his son so realistically described in *Sant' Ilario* and *Don Orsino*.

One of the most interesting characters is the elder *Saracinesca*, a man brusque, irritable, proud, yet kind and devotedly attached to family traditions. The least opposition on the part of his son at once excites his anger, but in spite of this, he loves his son with an intense fatherly affection.

The younger *Saracinesca*, or *Sant' Ilario*

as he is called later, is physically the perfect image of his parent. He possesses the noble qualities of his father in a higher degree without his rashness. In him especially do we see a type of the Roman patrician too proud to stoop to a disgraceful action. He is a man of superior intelligence yet so unassuming as to pass for an ordinary personage. In the greatest dangers when most men become excited, he continues calm and collected, retaining the use of his faculties in any situation, concealing a very active mind beneath a passive exterior. He was, as *Corona* the heroine of the story called him, "the most ambitious man she ever knew and nobody had found it out."

The most beautifully drawn character is *Corona*, who being called from the seclusion of a convent-school by the selfish entreaties of an unfortunate father, led on by a sense of filial devotion saves her father from ruin and almost starvation by consenting to a marriage with a wealthy old count. Thus she by this heroic act closes the gates of terrestrial happiness upon herself. Supported by the thought that she is simply doing her duty she suffers with a praiseworthy constancy until she is released by a fortunate circumstance and assumes the position to which her rank and virtues entitle her.

Del Ferice, the informer and traitor, also plays an important role. Although he talks openly of progress and enlightenment, which are construed as implying hostility to the Papal government, yet he is allowed to go his way unmolested as an idle chatterer. The younger *Saracinesca*, with the intuition peculiar to great minds, sees

through the carefully woven veil of hypocrisy. Together with his father he becomes convinced of the treasonable transactions of Del Ferice. The father actuated by dislike of the traitor, now changed to hatred by the latter's attempt to ruin the life prospects of his son, accuses him to the prime minister of Pope Pius IX, Cardinal Antonelle.

In the last named character we see the wise diplomat and accomplished man of the world, for as is seldom the case the Cardinal was not a priest, but had raised himself by his great talents and unwearied exertions to the high position which he now held. It was he that sustained almost unaided the temporal power of the Pope during the last turbulent years of its existence. The desperate position in which his government was sometimes placed, led the Cardinal to adopt extreme measures. Hence many hate, few love, and nearly all fear him. By his frank and confidential conversation he draws over to the conservative party Gouache, a rising young artist, who has been hesitating on the borders of Socialism. This artist is so enthusiastic in defence of his newly-adopted principles that he surprises his friends by donning the garb of a Papal Zouave.

One of the characters that frequented the studios of the painter Gouache was Donna Tullia, who claims a large share of our attention by the relation she bears to Del Ferice and by her prominence in Roman society. Despite her vulgarity of manner, her vanity and haughty bearing, she fully sustains her prestige throughout her career. Stung by the coldness with which the younger Saracinesca receives her advances and excited by her jealousy of Corona, whom she chooses to consider a rival, and led on by her hatred and desire for revenge, she becomes a willing instrument in the hands of the unscrupulous Del Ferice for the furtherance of his own private ends.

The novel presents an ennobling picture of firmness and fidelity and places the vices of avarice, hypocrisy, and intrigue in their own base and unmistakable light. In Saracinesca, Marion Crawford exhibits to us such a close connection of incidents, and so great a variety of expression as to entitle him to the enviable position to which he has attained among writers of fiction. No student should fail to devote some time to the perusal of this author who is at present receiving at the hands of our students that attention which his merit deserves.

A. C. RIESTER. '98.



A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

[OF KARL MAY.]

He cocked his gun preparatory to shooting, but I averted the impending danger by thrusting the stock of my whip into his face and his expression immediately evinced his fear.

"Allah is great, Sihdi you may travel with us as long as you wish."

Our loud conversation attracted the attention of Uelad Sliman; he, mindful of the fear his name inspired; aware of his brothers proximity and seeing himself surrounded by five able men, was now nerved enough to acknowledge the name which I had previously mentioned.

"Allah, God is merciful, I am Hedjahn-Bei. To-morrow this caravan will arrive at Safileh in safety, if they deliver to me this Frank and his associates. Dismount your camel, Giaur, and kiss my shoes." Many of the Arabians withdrew from the scene so great was their fear for this man.

"Notwithstanding this," I calmly answered, "you will slay these people whom you are now leading into perdition; their leader is a traitor, he led this caravan into the Bab-el-Ghud, where this very night they will fall victims to the Gums."

Enraged at this, he again uttered the former insult: "you lie!"

"Man do not venture another time to call me a liar."

"Scorpion, your tongue is venomous," he continued in his rage, "you lie!"

My camel was hard at his, and scarcely had he finished the last sentence when my whip blustered in the air and violently twirled about his face, causing an issue of blood from nose, mouth and cheeks. In this exciting moment the escaped messenger leveled his gun but I prevented his design by the introduction of my revolver.

"Do you know this shot an inch above the nose, murderer, you are a brother to Hedjahn-Bei, and I am a brother to Behluvan-Bei. Take your flight to hell and there announce the coming of your associates. My second shot fairly penetrated his brain; a third shot proceeding from the muzzle of Korndorfer's gun disburdened a camel, and the spear of our Tebu pierced the breast of another victim. This was the scene rendered in the duration of two minutes and frustrated the resistance of the others.

We now disarmed the remaining banditti and under threats of violence obtained a long desired information regarding Renald.

The caravan in the meantime held secret council and their topic was soon revealed

by one who vouched their sentiments by entreating me to be their leader. I stated the condition under which I would accept the proposition and all agreed. The sun was fast approaching the horizon and I ordered the caravan to proceed. The slain Arabs were left to the mercy of the vulture.

THE MIRAGE.

Through the lonely desert, scorched by the rays of a tropical sun, the caravan is plodding its weary way; already several months have been passed in this tiresome wayfaring and the number of the party has been greatly increased by the annexation of various personages. Wealthy Arabians mounted on the choicest camels are riding at the side of a poor pedestrian who is entirely dependent on the charity of the public and whose wealth consists of an only coin, a ferriage in demand at the Red Sea.

Young men yet retaining the trace of boyhood are marching beside the emaciated frame of a hoary Arab who is desirous once more to view the holy Kaaba before the hand of Allah crushes his existence. The yellow Beduin, the sun-burned Tuareg, the tinted Tebu and the dark native from Mekka are murmuring in melancholic accents their pious prayer, or revering the Prophet with their accustomed phrase: "God is God and Mohammed is his Prophet."

The heavens are glowing like melted ore and the earth radiates a like intensity of heat. The water vessels have yielded their contents and the distance to the next oasis is yet very great. A goodly supply of bread, flour and dried dates is yet on hand, but to what avail is bread and flour to those languishing for want of water? A drink of water, Oh how refreshing it would be! The traveler seizes his flask presses it to his parched lips, but again puts it aside

sorely disappointed.

Prayer is now uttered in a softer tone, ejaculations are heard but seldom; the tongue so firmly pasted to the palate is now rendered unfit to murmur the Surat which is usually recited at the hour of death.

Suddenly a cry of joy is heard.

Amid the densely veiled horizon the outlines of the long desired oasis become visible. The stately date palm submissively bows to them and the gentle breeze bids them welcome, amid verdant groves the glittering surface of a lovely lake is conspicuous and its evaporations seem to moisten the air. Camels are seen wading in the deep and stretching down their long necks, to drink in the reviving liquid.

"Praise God that is the Ulah; the Lord has saved us," such were the cries in their delusion. They spur their beasts, to hasten their speed, but these will not be deceived, their keen scent would have long since betrayed it if the reflection were a reality.

Whilst these poor people were joyously anticipating relief, the prayer of the experienced leader is heard: "Have mercy on them, O Lord, the painful sensation of heat and thirst has wrought this error, they consider the Fata Morgana that dangerous reflection to have its original existence where they behold it.

This utterance creates greater dejection among the deceived wayfarers. Despondent they slowly move on perhaps only to meet that doleful fate of falling victims to excessive exertions.

According to the directions of our leader I continued our eastward course and was soon surprised by a singular phantom.

The rays of the sun dazzled several feet above the earth resembling a glowing sea. We were approaching the battle-field between Ghud and Serir, where we observed the gradual appearance of a vast mountain

in the vibrating rays before us.

A refracted figure of gigantic stature and in inverted order was visible in this strange mirror and at its side another was soon beheld; we also noticed, despite the indistinct outlines, a camel lying on the ground, hard by an Arabian. It was evident that the original of this picture was present in reality behind the down lying before us. The Arabian could be none other than a guard commanded by Hedjahn-Bei, to observe the approach of the caravan. The Fata Morgana had disclosed to us the situation of the Gum whilst the position of the sun rendered our detection at such a distance impossible.

"Halt, dismount and pitch your tents, the Gum is before us!"

Whilst we were thus engaged, the sun was rapidly sinking and the phantom rose in proportion.

The vision of a new figure now appeared in the rear of the former; this vision apparently sprung up from the ground. We could observe every movement, it raised an arm and leveled a long instrument in the direction of the guard—A single moment—a peculiar staggering and swinging of the picture and the Arabian lay prostrate on the ground.

"Allah Kehirm! God is merciful," spoke Hassan, "I praise the Prophet that yonder picture is not the refraction of my person, for a man has there been shot.

So it really was, and had the distance not been so great we might have heard the shot.

Who was the perpetrator? Now the figure bent down to the fallen one and again the instrument, which was naught else but a gun, was raised, its muzzle towards the camel—again a staggering of the vision—the beast shrugs its mighty form and sinks to the earth.

"Men do you see him?" I cried, "that is Behluvan-Bei; he has sent the guard of the Gum to the land of the dead; the caravan will remain here. Mount Abu, Korndorfer, we must be off."

But a few moments and we were riding in the direction of the vision.

We approached the scene and found the slayer's victims, but Emery had since disappeared.

Determined to find Emery, we strode into the night mindful of imminent danger.

Suddenly our course was impeded by one who was all but a friend. He threatened our lives but immediately witnessed the threat executed on his own person, the contents of my gun settled the matter at once.

Scarcely was the report of my gun sounded when the cry "Hailo-i-oh" became audible in the distance; it was the cry which I was accustomed to exchange with Emery when separated from him by forest or prairie.

"Hallio-i-oh!" I responded unconcerned about Hedjahn-Bei and his Gum.

Whilst approaching each other the cry was once more repeated and then, as we had pledged our words when leaving the United States to meet again in Africa, we stood face to face in the Sahara.

Emery seized my hand and bade me welcome to the Sahara; this sufficed. We spoke nothing about the past, the present demanded our attention.

We contemplated the capture of the entire Gum and after due consideration we adopted such plans as would insure a successful issue.

I advanced a few paces, placed my hands to my mouth and imitated the hyena's cry (by means of which the various members of the Gum imparted to each other an intelligence of their whereabouts. I was informed thus by one of the members;) it

brought about its desired effect, for at a short distance from where I stood a response was similarly vocalized. I bade Emery remain whilst I continued. An Arabian was slowly advancing towards me.

"Where is Hedjahn-Bei," I asked.

"Are you the leader?" responded he.

"I am."

"Beware of Behluvan-Bei! have you not heard the reports of his gun?"

"I have heard them and have seen the effects of them. Three men, members of the Gum were dispatched at my side. Inform Hedjahn-Bei immediately that I must see him."

"But why," accosted he, "do you permit the caravan to remain at so strange a place?"

"Can I lead them into a place haunted by Behluvan-Bei?"

He left and, as I expected, soon returned.

"Direct me to the caravan and when all is quiet the Gum will come."

I did as requested. This guard was evidently a new member of the mob for he was not acquainted with the leader. I returned to Emery and his men and unobserved by the Arabian led them to the caravan which was anxiously awaiting me. The caravan was briefly instructed how to betake themselves when the Gum would approach.

After a short intercourse, Emery and I concluded to divide our little band (not including the caravan) so as to bring the Gum between a cross fire. We took our position accordingly and were now lying in ambuscade awaiting their arrival. Considerable time elapsed before any voice betraying their approach was heard.

Finally two Arabians were perceived carefully reconnoitering the situation; they passed, despite their watchfulness, without observing us and proceeded onward until the caravan was reached. They found, to

their satisfaction, a prevailing silence. A piercing shrill rends the air and the banditti congregate, to learn the will of their leader.

This was a most favorable time to open fire on them, for now a poor marksman could not fail. The crash of my gun broke the silence of the night and before I had shot a second time the bullets of my comrades had created havoc among the Gum. The surviving ones, including Hedjahn-Bei, succeeded in making their escape. Our work was good, but not yet complete. We could do no more at present, so we stationed the necessary guards and awaited the morrow. Emery and myself passed the night in the recollection of former episodes. The night passed without any new disturbances.

When morning had arrived we resumed our journey and continued in a direct eastward course until very near evening, then we put up for the night.

I noticed at a far-off distance, whilst the caravan was in motion, a strange sight. I made no allusions to it then, fearing it would cause delay, but now I had ample time to ascertain what it is. I drew forth my telescope, Bothwell did the same.

"El Kasr", was the expression of Bothwell, I agreed with him, for according to the information I received on a former occasion, I concluded that the object before us must be El Kasr, the place where Renald is held captive.

This structure resembled a ruined castle which, as its dilapidated walls suggested, was erected many ages ago, a convincing proof that formerly some parts of the desert were not so void of human beings as they are to-day.

El Kasr was now our destination and again we began our tiresome wayfaring which was continued until we had arrived at such distance that we could plainly see

the place without the aid of a telescope.

Fearing our approach might be observed, we halted. I ordered the caravan to conceal themselves, a ravine hard by afforded a suitable place for the purpose.

Emery and myself then returned towards the ruin well observing our surroundings as we went, for we hoped to discover that subterranean passage of which I had been informed.

Our undertaking was successful; we crept up unnoticed and arrived at a crevice which was chiseled in the rock below the Kasr; this we supposed to be the entrance which led to the top, we entered and found it so. We pushed forward until debarred by a huge rock which our strength proved insufficient to move; there was no alternative, so we retreated as quickly as possible and sought access at some other place. We had fairly succeeded when suddenly four guards confronted us, who demanded an account of our intrusion. The monosyllabic crash of our revolvers was the prompt response. Every shot was fatal. Having thus overcome the resistance of the four guards we began our search, for we were convinced that if Renald be yet among the living we should find him here. We sought but found him not. We were now walking through a spacious hall. Suddenly Emery pointed to a pillar back of which stood another guard with his back turned towards us, he had not yet observed our approach. Emery made a dash at him, seized him, and held him fast with an iron grasp. I commanded him to disclose the place of Renald's custody, but he refused to do so until I threatened death.

"You force me to break an oath, but the responsibility rests upon yourself. Follow me." In the farther corner of a vault a niche was hewn in the rock; in it lay a human figure firmly bound with ropes.

The light of the link fell upon the stately figure of the Englishman.

"Renald!"

"Emery!"

The appliance of my knife released Renald and two true friends were then soon fondly caressing each other.

Our commission now was to deal to the surviving a fate similar to that which had befallen the others and this we did. Hedjahn-Bei and his subjects having now returned and not knowing we had taken possession of the Kasr, entered quite unconcerned. When they discovered the lifeless bodies of the guards they attempted to withdraw, but the discharges of our guns ended their career of iniquity.

A fortnight hence we had crossed the Livir when a most beautiful panorama was enrolled. The palmiped leaves of myriads of trees touched by the gentle breeze were wantonly flitting on their slender boughs. The trunks of the trees stood amid a garden of unrivaled beauty. Brambles adorned with flowers bespeaking the genius of Nature were objects expelling monotony; perched upon gentle twigs the nightingale sends forth its harmonious medley. This

(THE END.)

was the oasis Safleleh whither we led the caravan. After a few days sojourn in this Paradise we departed tendering a hearty farewell to the caravan and our faithful Tebu friend.

The Tebu seized my hand speaking thus: "May Allah protect you; you have enriched the caravan with the spoils of El Kasr and excluded yourself in the distribution. Sons I have no more, but I have yet a blessing to bestow, take it with you to your native country: may all evil be ever remote from you.

And again after the lapse of several weeks we entered Algiers when the presence of Renald created an inexpressible joy. Hassan had accompanied us to this place and Korndorfer refused to leave me but determined to cross the deep with me where he would again have occasion to quaff the favorite beverage from which he was obliged to abstain so long. To Latre-amont our departure was most heartrending but he to consigned himself to circumstances and finally bade me God-speed on my way home to Europe.

A. J. SEIMETZ.

THOUGHTS FROM THE PRAIRIE.

The train was north-bound and I was on my way returning to the College from a brief sojourn in the city that commemorates in our Hoosier State the name of Washington's famous aide. Our iron horse had just regained his full speed which was handicapped by a rickety bridge leading across the tortuous river that skirts the city, when the brakeman called out, "Battle Ground!" In an instant every

stranger was anxiously endeavoring to catch a passing glance of the historic hill, the battlefield of Tippecanoe.

A section of the Constitution of the State of Indiana reads as follows: "It shall be the duty of the General assembly to provide for the permanent enclosure and preservation of the Tippecanoe Battle Ground." This requirement has been faithfully complied with, thus attesting the undying

pride of Indiana's citizens in this famous field.

It is a place fortified by nature. In the distant back-ground may be seen a ridge of hills covered with shaggy forests whose sable brows seem to bow to the mistress of the prairie as she leads her congregated streams with rippling joy through smiling fields and verdant meadows.

Hard by the track is the oak-crowned eminence, encircled by an iron fence which completes its park-like appearance; here General Harrison undermined the pillars of a Western Indian Empire, planned by the famous Indian chief and sagacious warrior, Tecumseh and the visionary Prophet his brother.

It was in 1811. The tide of colonization and civilization was fast moving westward. The Indian titles to millions of acres were honorably purchased by the whites, but the jealousy of the Red men was soon aroused and they became loathe to abandoning their cherished hunting-grounds.

Tecumseh and his brother, in a spirit of self-aggrandizement, planned the coalition of all the tribes of the North-west and as far south as Tennessee, in one supreme effort to oppose the onward march of the white settlers. Nor was the cunning of the Red men slow in seeking out this spot, so well suited as a stronghold and an ambush.

But the superior skill and watchfulness of Gen. Harrison, who was at that time Governor of Indiana territory, thwarted the plans of the ambitious brothers in the battle of Tippecanoe, which was one of the greatest and most important of Indian battles ever fought on American soil, as it left the western territory open to the whites at a critical time.

I now understand how aptly the name of *Indiana* has been given to our State.

The train was by this time speeding through monotonous pasture lands where but a short time ago the camp and council-fires glowed, but the wily scheme of the noted leader of the Shawnee tribe, who aimed at nothing lower than to become a mighty Indian King, reminded me of another far-reaching design fostered by the French during the colonization period, when they attempted to establish a vast inland empire to extend from the longitude of the great lakes to the Pacific. Incidents, however, which tended to realize this idea, occasioned the French and Indian war in America, which forever destroyed all French claims based on the right of settlement in the territory of the United States.

But for the defeat of the French in this war, St. Joseph's College would in all probability be to-day on French soil. Even now traces of French colonization may be found in the nomenclature of some cities in western Indiana and eastern Illinois; just as the footprints of Spanish settlements can be seen in the topographical geography of the south-western part of our Union.

In both the Indian and French schemes just mentioned, our college grounds were comprised in the territory which formed part of the boundaries of two prospective governments.

Since my return home from my trip, I have often roamed along the banks of the Iroquois that partly encircles the college grounds, and recalled to mind that there the colored natives were wont to dip their noble limbs in its sedgy waters and paddle their light canoes along its winding shores.

Where but eighty years ago, hideous war-whoops resounded in the forests, to-day terror-inspiring college-yells re-echo from huge majestic walls.

THOMAS P. TRAVES, '99.

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EDITORIAL.

The first regular Commencement Exercises at St. Joseph's College will be held on Tuesday, June 16th. This is the question of importance that has been agitating the minds of the students for some time past, and now, since the date has been settled by the Faculty, let us not lose enthusiasm. Though the final examinations appear before the Class of '96 like a swift, swollen river that must be crossed before the long-sought goal is reached, the dreaded trial will soon be a thing of the past, and, for the majority at least, a favorable verdict will be the fruit of their many years of labor. Preparations for the celebration have

been considered and the combined efforts of the Class and Faculty will make the occasion an unparalleled success.

The concluding chapter of "A Story from the German" translated from the standard works of Karl May, is printed in this issue of the COLLEGIAN. While the favorite author's German text must necessarily suffer by any translation, since many fine expressions native to that language can find interpretation in the English only by means of circumlocution, much of the beauty and strength of the original is therefore lost. But the translation will give our readers some insight into the works of that gifted German author.

We were more than pleased to hear from our friend, the Rev. Jos. Schaeper, C. P. S., who under date of Mar. 18th, writes that he is busily engaged in giving a Mission at Carpineto, Italy, the birthplace of our present reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII. In his correspondence he gives expression to words of praise for the COLLEGIAN, which we appreciate very highly.

Among the letters received from foreign correspondents since the last appearance of the COLLEGIAN, two highly interesting, descriptive epistles came from the pen of our Rev. Rector. The first, written on board the steamer "St Paul," was mailed immediately upon his arrival at Southampton, England, and informs us that his voyage was pleasant and prosperous. He has visited, as he says in his second letter many famous places in France, stopping at points of interest on his way to Rome, where he held services in one of the churches on Good Friday. He reports that all of the Fathers who accompanied him are enjoying the scenery of the Old World. Our latest information says that the party is still at Rome.

No doubt many of our readers noticed in last month's issue that the final page of the COLLEGIAN was devoted to essays written by the Aloyisians, or more properly, by the Minims. Hereafter this will be a regular feature of our journal, and although it may only be of passing interest to many of our subscribers, to some, particularly to parents and guardians, it will prove a page of special import and pleasure. Be-

sides this the youthful contributors will derive much benefit therefrom, and though their articles cannot be expected to compare with other contributions in beauty of expression, command of language, or development of ideas, they may, however, serve as stepping-stones from that path which youth is prone to follow,—desultory reading and writing and lead them to the broader field of more polished composition.



The Catholic Press.

The subject of the Catholic Press, its necessity, its field of labor, and the obligations of Catholics to give it a hearty support, has been claiming considerable attention for some time past. The great interest and importance attached to this question may be better understood when it is remembered that that great Catholic organization, the Apostleship of Prayer, made it the general intention for the month of April. If, therefor, the Church considers a good Catholic Press of such vital importance to her welfare as to direct the prayers of so many thousands, nay millions of her faithful children to this end, we are then bound to consider the subject as deserving of our most earnest consideration.

It would be a waste of words to call upon the readers of the Collegian to patronize our Catholic periodicals, for it gives us pleasure to state that The COLLEGIAN'S subscribers are liberal patrons of our best Catholic publications. But if we are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Church we will not be content merely with subscribing for one or two such papers, we will do more, we will try to induce others to subscribe also, and thus, by extending their circulation, broaden the field for one of the most powerful missionary agents of

our times.

The next question that naturally arises is, which papers are most deserving of our support. Not all papers edited by Catholics are equally deserving of patronage, for the only influence some can have on their readers is to make them narrow-minded, prejudiced, and bigoted. How then are we to distinguish the good? The best general rule to follow is to patronize those that have the approbation, or at least the encouragement, of the ordinary of the diocese in which they are published. Books treating of dogmatic or moral subjects must have the imprimature of a bishop before they may be considered void of serious errors and worthy of general circulation. Newspapers are of necessity often called upon to discuss these subjects and should, therefore, especially if the growing importance of the press is taken into consideration, come under the same general rules.

The high literary standing of many Catholic papers place them on a plane far above the secular newspapers. In fact the literary standard of many of them is so high that the average reader of the voluminous Sunday paper is unable to appreciate properly their true value. Another mis-

take that is frequently made, even by well informed persons, is that of expecting all Catholic newspapers to attain the high standard of those that have on their editorial staff writers of the first order in the domain of letters. If the local diocesan paper faithfully reports the news as it may be found in the ordinary weekly city or country paper of the rural districts, it has done its duty and we should not require more of it. We unhesitatingly support our local paper without demanding more. But the truth of the matter is that most of the papers published with the approbation of the ordinary of the diocese are of the very highest order. We hear from time to time the old assertion that Catholic pa-

pers are published at a financial loss. The emptiness of this statement may be seen by looking at the number of our best journals that have been in existence twenty-five, fifty or more years, and have amply repaid their publishers for their time and labor. As for the much talked of great daily we can rest assured that the publisher will be found when the demand for it justifies the venture. For the present let us give our loyal support to the Catholic Press as we find it, and unite our prayers with those of holy Church, for those valiant champions and zealous missionaries of our holy faith, the Catholic newspapers of America.

JOHN F. COGAN.

THE PILGRIM'S CHORUS.

Out of the goodly number of pieces in the Collège Band's repertoire, the several selections from Wagner's music dramas were at first thought dull and tiresome by our local connoisseurs, while they are now not only admitted to be replete with meaning and decidedly interesting, but are even listened to with emotions of pleasure and delight. Either a wave of the Wagner craze, now sweeping the country, has struck us, or the grandeur of Wagner's productions has at last dawned upon us.

Indeed, the Bayreuth school of music could not fail to be recognized as the true one. It is not the chief aim of music to please by a charming melody to which the text is made subservient, as it is the case in most of the Italian operas, but to express the feelings and passions of man, and this Wagner has done eminently well. Unhampered by the code of laws of the old school, he has translated his thoughts into music as freely as a great

painter gives expression to his ideas on canvas. While the musician's language is audible—a sort of acoustic painting—that of the painter is purely intellectual; though it is well known that there are many things which cannot be rendered audible, but must be supplied by the intellectual ear. While listening to music, we cannot remain passive, but must let our imagination engage with it, as we do in reading a fine piece of poetry. Dryden's noble lyric, Alexander's Feast, for instance, would lose much of its charm if fancy would not vivify the scenes.

All this the Bayreuth wizard clearly suggests. He is the Shakespeare in the realms of harmony. Like him, who is the poet of all ages and all climes, Richard Wagner will at all times and wherever true music is cherished, strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the people, though a want of musical culture or national prejudice may for a time pervert the judge-

ment of many.

None of the selections which have been played to us by the band is less difficult of comprehension than the well known Pilgrims' Chorus from the first act of Wagner's *Tanhaeuser*. Without having seen the opera one may fancy the Pilgrims on their way to the Eternal City ascending the rugged mountain pass in the palmer's garb which gives the scene a sombre coloring, relieved, however, by the alacrity of the pilgrims' march under the influence of their arduous hearts.

The penitents are brought vividly before our eyes as they descend the mountain side and give vent to the strong emotional feelings of true compunction and a longing desire to reach the place of their destination. Solemnly impressive the wailing voices are heard coming from the distant heights, like the murmuring waters rippling down overhanging cliffs, when presently the chorus burst upon the stage with all the vehemence of commingled pathos of sorrow and hope. The procession moves slowly onward. By degrees the voices grow faint and the band of pilgrims disappears behind the distant hills. A few strayed chords which are yet wafted by the gentle breeze to our ears, lull us into a sweet slumber, during which our minds accompany the pilgrims and experience all the hardships

as well as the joys and consolations of their journey.

The grandeur of the pilgrims' chant is likewise impressive in the third act when the returning band of pilgrims reach the highest elevation of a mountain pass, where they spy their beloved homes in the valley, and burst forth into the joyous words: "Be-glueckt darf nun dich o Heimath, ich schauen." What emotions of heartfelt joy and gratitude are not conveyed by their solemn chant. They have overcome the dangers and hardships of their journey and regained the peace of their souls. At first we hear them faintly, but on approaching the foot of the mountain, their song increases in loudness.

With feelings of gladness of having received pardon, and with the prospect of a new life and eternal bliss, they sing the mercy of God.

We are all pilgrims on our way to the celestial city of Zion. Though we walk the path of the Lord with joy, it is nevertheless steep and narrow. The perils of our pilgrimage as well as the uncertainty of reaching our destination produce in us feelings similar to those entertained by Wagner's pilgrims and we therefore love to hear the chorus which they chant on their journey to Rome.

ARNOLD WEYMAN.

Athletics.

BASEBALL.

Baseball, the all prevailing American game, again claims our attention in the line of sport, and it is with no little interest that the practice and games of the different teams are watched.

The "Star and Crescent," the representative club of the north-side study hall,

donned in its blue and white, can again be seen upon the diamonds and although severely crippled by the loss of three able members, bids fair to uphold the former standing of the organization. The prospects, however, of regaining the lost laurels of last season appear somewhat discouraging; but, nevertheless, enthusiasm

reigns among the members and they are determined to compel their sturdy opponents to play fast ball. The necessary articles having been procured, practice has been resumed and marked progress is reported each day. The infield has already strongly developed, while the out-field shows signs of grasping all that comes within its reach. The battery is undoubtedly the weakest spot of the team, but by sharp fielding and heavy hitting the club expects to overcome this obstacle.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing term: Manager, J. B. Fitzpatrick; Captain, Ed J. Mungovan; Secretary, J. F. Connelly.

The members of the club for the season are: Diefenbach, Mungovan, Fitzpatrick, McNeil, Travis, Connelly, McLaughlin, Conroy, Fralich.

A second nine has been organized and bids fair to develop the latent base ball talent of some of the heavy weights among the north-side students. They have taken the name "Stripes" in contradistinction to their rivals the "Stars."

The "Stripes" organized by electing John Steinbruner, Manager and Edw. Byrne, Captain.

Saturday Apr. 6, the Minims crossed bats with the "Young Americans" of the Indian Normal School and were defeated by a score of 21 to 11. The youngsters with few exceptions, played excellent ball, but were fairly out-classed by their opponents. Masters Koenig and Dorval did the battery work for the Minims, and Masters Rapp and Lutz for the "Young Americans."

The south-side students are as enthusiastic as even over the national game and preserve their last year's organization intact. The boys are in superb condition physically, and their practice games show that the club understands each other perfectly. The "Young Eagles" will undoubtedly

maintain the high standard reached by the club last season.

LAWN TENNIS.

Lawn Tennis is the latest game added to the list of sports, and promises to become as popular among its followers as base ball has always been with the many devotees of the diamond. The association recently formed is known at present only as "The Tennis Club," the matter of a permanent organization and the selection of a suitable title, being still in the hands of the committee. The racquets and nets are on hand, and the boys are busily engaged in mastering the intricacies of the game on a court at the extremity of the campus. The existing club is limited to twelve members; but the interest the game is beginning to arouse will doubtless prompt the formation of other sets, until the playground will present a gala sight with its many plays and diversions.

SPRING.

The trees are in blossom, the flowers in bloom
 And Nature's sweet Orchestra's playing
 her tunes;
 For bright plumaged Spring in her vernal
 delight
 Has spread her broad wings over Win-
 ter's dark night.
 Then hail thee, thrice hail thee, loveliest
 of year,
 We bid thee a welcome mid glorious
 cheer;
 And while thy cool Zephyrs our heavy
 brows kiss,
 Enrobe us with raptures of sweet earthly
 bliss.

EDW. J. MUNGOVAN.

SOCIETIES.

COLUMBIAN.

The quarterly election of the Columbian Literary Society took place on the 16th and the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

- President.....Mr. A. Weyman.
- Vice President,.....Mr. J. Connelly.
- Secretary,.....Mr. F. J. Koch.
- Treasurer,.....Mr. J. Engesser.
- Critic,.....Mr. E. Mungovan.
- Editor,.....Mr. J. Wakefer.
- Marshal,.....Mr. F. Seroczynski.
- Exec. Com.....

}	Mr. E. Vogel
	Mr. A. Riester
	Mr. I. Zircher

The society has a very strong staff of officers at its head and may feel confident of great things at the bright prospects. The programs of the past month have been up to the usual standard. The following is the public program rendered March the 29th, in the College Hall:

1. Declamation,.....Mr. D. Brackman
The Slave's Dream.
2. Recitation,.....Mr. E. Walters
New Year's Night of an Unhappy Man.
3. The Quarrel Scene from "Julius Caesar."
Brutus,.....Mr. Eberle.
Cassius,.....Mr. J. Connelly.
4. A Play,....."The Mad Cap Student."

CHARACTERS:

- Frank O'Driscoll,.....Mr. J. Boeke.
- Jerry O'Donovan,.....C. Vanvlandren.
- Father President,.....E. Deininger.
- Soldiers, Messrs. Kuenle, McLoughlin, Hordeman.
- 5. Squad Drill, by the Boebner Columbian Guards.

The rehearsal of the play was in charge of the executive committee and its good success reflected no little credit on the first attempt of the players, as well as on the members of the committee.

Besides the public program several private ones were rendered that proved interesting and showed that the society is in earnest about its work.

The constitution, as revised by a committee appointed for the work some time ago, was reported to the society Apr. 16th and was unanimously adopted. The principal points of difference between the new constitution and the old one are in regard to the admission of members, impositions of fines, or penalties, and the management of the society library.

The gentlemen that revised the constitution were, Messrs. J. F. Cogan, J. B. Fitzpatrick, T. M. Conroy, B. Didier, A. Seimetz, Wm. Sullivan.

St. Boniface German Literary Society.

The St. Boniface German Literary Society held its election of officers at its last regular meeting and the following officers were selected.

- President.....Mr. Ed. Vogel.
- Vice President,.....Mr. J. Wechter.
- Secretary,.....Mr. A. Roth.
- Treasurer,.....Mr. C. Frey.
- Critic,.....Mr. A. Wagner.
- Marshal and Librarian, Mr. Ed. Mungovan.
- Ex. Com.....

}	Mr. W. Hordeman.
	Mr. F. Kuenle.
	Mr. J. Fitzpatrick.

The Society is faithful to its great aim, German literary culture. It has shown this to be true at its first public program given last Sunday. The program was as follows:

1. Introductory Remarks.. Mr. Ed. Vogel.
2. Oration.....Mr. A. Wagner.
(The Practical Benefits of the German Language.)
3. Song.....Choir.
("Waldandacht" by F. Abt.)
4. Recitation.....Mr. Kuenle.
(Abschied des relegirten Studenten Eulogius Suffle.)

- 5. Recitation.....Mr. T. Conroy
(Theilung der Erde.)
- 6. Paper.....Mr. L. Eberle.
(Entitled "Der Jasper County Bote.")
- 7. A play, "Gruendlich Curirt."
Dramatis Personae.

Michael Schlanmeier (Wirth) Mr. A. Roth
 Casper } Mr. A. Reister.
 Studenten
 Peter } Mr. Ed. Vogel.
 August (Kellner).....Mr. T. Travis
 Johann (Hausknecht).....Mr. J. Boeke.
 Wilhelm (Sohn des Wirthes).....
Mr. F. Seroczynski.
 Dr. Eisenbart, (Physician).....
Mr. W. Hordeman.

The entertainment was highly creditable to the society and especially to the members on the program. T. M. Conroy, T. Travis, and F. Seroczynski received merited praise from a discriminating audience for their very effective and successful pronunciation.

Military Day

The date for the annual celebration of Military Day has been set for Thursday, May 21st. The enthusiastic manner in which the cadets enter into the drills promises that the day will be one of unusual interest. Several new features have been added to this year's program. Prominent among these is the competitive drill for the colors between Co. A. and Co. B., and the battalion maneuvers. The judges who are to decide on the merits of the competing companies will be experienced men not connected in any way with the battalion.

The following is the program which will be adhered to as closely as possible.

- 8:00 A. M.....Military Mass.
- 2:00 P. M.....Dress Parade.
- Battalion Inspection.
- Oration of the Day.
- Battalion Drill.

Competitive Drill.

Exhibition Drill by B. C. G.

7:00 P. M.—Drama—entitled.....
 "The Last of the Narragansetts."

Exchanges.

The Notre Dame Scholastic still sustains its prestige, and in the Easter number display is made of the reserve power which has imparted dignity and force to its prose and poetical compositions. It would approach a disparagement of the various merits of former issues were we to refrain mentioning that the Easter number evinced unusual ability in order to surpass the efforts that were made in preceding numbers. *The Scholastic* had formed a standard that was worthy of every exertion, and since this has been eclipsed, unqualified praise is due. The charm of Mr. Casey's story which graced the pages of the Easter issue of '95, has not been entirely obliterated from our memory, although we have wandered through the mazes of intricate plots of numberless stories since. But for general handling and development, "A Gentle Conspiracy" excels "Ted's Lilies." The *denouement* is particularly striking. The corrupted vernacular of "Jack" does not abate a jot from that which we would expect from one who has been compelled to assume the *role* of an urchin on account of the caprice of circumstances. Jack's sincerity in his delusion in mistaking hyacinths for onions is everywhere apparent. It serves to intensify the happiness which dawned upon him and his sister, to whom the bright and blooming hyacinths were on Easter morn an effective means in dispelling the gloom that attends an invalid's apartments. The appropriateness of the story augments its value. The question of recognizing the Cuban insurgents is ably discussed. It may be inferred therefrom that Pres. Cleveland is justified in his presumed determination not to accord the

insurgents the rights of belligerents. The arguments are mainly based upon international law. The paper is instructive and ably written. Other essays there are, noted for originality and attractiveness, which render the Easter *Scholastic* the best *par excellence* that has fallen under our observation.

It has been our intention for some time past to include the *Fordham Monthly* among our "Notices;" but at the most, an intention is only a germ of action and we were disappointed by unforeseen interpositions. Nevertheless, the qualities that attracted our attention have not waned in the least. According to these words of commendation are not prompted by the merits of any single number but by the general uniformity of attention given to the features that brightened its different issues. The question of Laureateship is again resuscitated. Austin's efficiency is decided by the history of his predecessors. A distinction, though, is made between a poet and a laureate. Richelieu was not recognized as ruler during his life time, but he ruled France nevertheless. Perhaps, recognition is similarly withheld from Austin—we think not. This, beyond a cavil of doubt, he will hardly receive from future generations, unless he mounts his Pegasus and rides direct to the summit of Parnassus shunning the enticements offered at the base.

Many of our exchanges donned a new attire to celebrate Easter; incidentally in them and in others also, we are able to trace a vein of excellence through which courses a brighter and healthier life sustaining fluid than before. Though, perhaps, nothing radical has been introduced, we can distinguish a purpose to strengthen and improve characteristics upon which they lay claim for favor. Apropos of this, it seems a few have retrenched themselves within the infallibility of inaction as far as progress is concerned—on the principle that one who persists in remaining within the same confines, cannot possibly

make a wrong departure. These will certainly be relegated to the rear and may have reached their destination ere this. Their retention will continue until endeavors are made to gain the van, or at least to emerge from the company of stragglers. From this number, we received a school paper lately which is remarkable solely for nonsense and flippancy.

The following we read with profit and pleasure. *The Mountaineer, The Dial, The Abbey Student, St. Vincent's Journal, The Viatorian, St. Mary's Sentinel, Mt. St. Mary's Record, Leaflets from Loretto, The Boston Pilot, The Stylus, The Purple, The Salve Regina, St. Mary's Chimes, The St. James School Journal, The Young People, The Radiator, Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian, Agnetian Monthly, The Month, Ave Maria and Catholic Universe.*

T. M. CONROY.

Reviews.

The Child of God is the title of one of the neatest little prayer books we have ever seen. It is published by Benziger Bros. and intended for very small children. Its diminutive size, it is only 2½ inches long, and attractive appearance will surely please the little ones. It contains the most necessary prayers, those which every child learns at its mother's knee long before it is able to read, and other simple prayers and instructions, adapted to the capacities of those for whom the book is intended. The various illustrations will also prove interesting to the little people. (Price twenty cents.)

The bread of Angels, is the title of another prayer book published by the same enterprising firm. Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O. S. F. of Lafayette, is the author and compiler of this valuable work. The table of contents shows that this is a complete prayer book, embracing instructions, prayers, and devo-

tions suitable for all seasons and adapted to the various ceremonies of the Church. The quality of paper used in this little manual is very fine, and, although the book contains over 600 pages, renders it of such a size that it may be carried in the pocket without the least inconvenience. (Price forty cents.)

The Outlaw Law of Commarague, by A. De Lunothe, translated from the French by Mrs. Anna T. Sadlier, is a new Catholic novel that is certain to find many readers. It opens with a beautiful description of the habits and customs of French Society in the years immediately preceding the Revolution. The reader is gradually led on to the bloody days of the reign of terror, and this darkest page in the History of France is described in a manner that will leave a lasting impression on the mind. The good Theresine and her father are beautiful examples of the loyalty of faithful servants to the persecuted master, while Marius embodies all the treachery and greed that are even more abhorrent than the passionate outbreaks of a misguided, frantic populace. There is just enough of love and match making injected into the novel to make it interesting, about as much as is found in actual life. (Benziger Bros price \$1.25.)

Personals.

The Rev. M. Byrne of Whiting, Ind. was a welcome visitor during the fore part of the month. Father Byrne is a prime favorite here with both professors and students and his visits are always sure to be appreciated.

Miss Mary Reidlbach and the Misses Shank of Pulaski, Ind., spent a day at the College recently, the guests of Father Raphael their former pastor.

Father Kubaski of North Judson was our guest on the 15th. He has been visiting Father Berg of Remington whom we were also happy to have with us on the same day.

Mr. Nicholas Krull of Dayton Ohio, paid a brief visit to his brother Virgilius of the Community, on the 14th.

The Rev. Willibald Schlimmer, C. PP. S. of Pulaski, Ind., called on us the 16th bringing with him his usual genial disposition.

We were honored of late by the presence of Father Anselm Schmidt C. PP. S. of Cassella, Ohio, who spent a pleasant day with his fellow-priests of the Order, at Collegeville.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker of Dyer Ind., spent last Sunday the 26st with their son, Leonard of the students C. PP. S.

Locals.

First annual commencement exercises at St. Joseph's College, June 16th, 1896.

The thanks of all are due to Professor Hemmersbach and the Band for the delightful treat of last Saturday evening—the first open air concert of the season. May there be more to follow:

"Skinny" in a letter about it to a friend, composed in his usual masterly style, wanted to say that "music always moved his soul." He made a mistake though, and wrote it *sole*; which perhaps isn't far from the truth, after all.

A fine chandelier for electric lights now adorns the interior of St. Augustine's Church. It is a piece of exquisite workmanship and sets off with fine effect the tasty mural decorations.

The graduating class of '96 is now reading Horace in Latin, Demosthenes in Greek, and Telemaque in French. They report no particular phenomena as yet from the study of astronomy, except that they recently discovered a gas jet burning in one of the corridors at midday.

The College road seems to be one of the most popular in the vicinity for cyclists.

Every evening they may be counted by the score as they glide by, evidently in full enjoyment of the exhilarating country air and the diversified scenery along the way.

Father Eugene's class is now occupied with a series of Latin conversations and a review of grammar, having finished Wilkin's Prose Exercises before Easter. Cicero's First Philippic against Antony is also receiving due consideration by those devoted admirers of the great Roman orator.

The season is at hand when the beetle comes "to wheel his droning flight" around the study-hall lamps, or to tickle the visages of our early-to-beds as they nod over their books, wrapt in "the honey dew of slumber" and all unconscious of the mental anxieties of their neighbors vainly trying to solve the perplexities of a Greek verb.

Since Spring opened, the lake has been a center of attraction to a score or so of the latter-day disciples of Isaac Walton, casting the hook and line with more or less success into the uncertain depths before them. For awhile the total extinction of the finny tribe therein seemed impending; but now a prohibition from the Rev. Prefect has gone into effect, and indications show that it will be more closely obeyed than most game-laws are wont to be.

The usual Easter Monday outing to the river was not forgotten this year by those who remained at the College during the vacation. Hunting, fishing, and strolling through the woods were the chief sources of amusement, and a general good time is reported. As a result "Trapper" has many new stories to tell, all very interesting as narrated by himself; but unfortunately we cannot put them into print owing to their lack of tru—we mean *our* lack of space.

Now that the sultry evenings are again upon us, it is to be hoped that dispensations from study, substituted by suitable recrea-

tions, will come as frequently as of yore. Those trips to the Iroquois were always a relief when application to our books became burdensome; while the popularity of the Sunday evening band concerts is so well known that further commendation for them is unnecessary.

The little rotund band stand located in the woods near the studio, took legs to itself on a recent afternoon, and now finds a more suitable location in the grove skirting the campus. Our modern Timotheans are to occupy it during their hours of rehearsal; which will incidentally lend additional pleasure to those bent on recreation, as the "soft lydian airs" are wafted over the play-grounds to their ears.

The Columbians have just received a letter from Father Augustine containing an interesting account of his journey, and a description of his present surroundings in Rome. We are sorry that the missive arrived too late to receive an extended mention in this issue; but the readers of the Collegian may expect to find it in full in the May number. The other members of the delegation—Fathers Henry, Kilian and Dickmann, are also in excellent health, writes Father Augustine; and all are enjoying to the utmost the wonders and novelties of the Eternal City.

At last we are to have a Shakespearian play! Such has been the decision of the fifth Literature class; and when their *ipse dixit* has gone forth, all uncertainty is passed.

The Merchant of Venice arranged for male characters only, is the one selected. The play will, in all probability, be presented on the Monday evening of Commencement week. As distributed by Father Maximilian, all the characters save one will be impersonated by his own pupils; but it is a high compliment to the underclass to find that the chief part, that of Shylock, will be given to it, and be played by Albert Riester, whose

brilliant acting in the Hidden Gem has shown him to be the best qualified for that difficult role.

The final examinations which the sixth Latin class will be obliged to undergo before obtaining their diplomas have benumbed the facetious spirits of its members and consequently nothing better than a Sardonian smile is obtainable now and then.

Many improvements tending to beautify the college premises are at present being effected. Among the most noteworthy are: the conversion of the "Collegeville Sahara," immediately north of the college, into a beautiful lawn, intersected with walks and studded with evergreen shrubs; the enlargement of the campus to nearly again its size; and the planting of shade trees. The gravel which was discovered in the agricultural districts some time ago serves admirably well for walks. Mr. Daniels, under whose supervision the work is progressing so nicely, deserves credit for the excellent taste he exhibits in laying out the lawns.

Aloysian Notes.

Prompted by various motives, the society has so far withheld from appearing on public programs; from this, however, it is not to be inferred that the members have been resting in dreamland; their active minds would not permit them to be silent, to check a work in which so much zeal has already been displayed. Even if they are not noticed, like the busy ant, they apply themselves to their task, and climb the hill of difficulties and obstacles, and though perhaps often falling, yet at length succeed in reaching the goal.

The members are thinking about giving a public program consisting of recitations, and a play "Wanted, A Confidential Clerk," and they are certain that their busy tongues can just as well recite a lesson of elocution

as chide a fellow student, when after three attempts, he fails to strike the ball.

EUG. SCHWEITZER.

Chm, Exec. Com.

Speak Gently.

If we would be one of God's servants we must comply with this holy command, "Love one another." This we do by the advice given in the beautiful little poem which forms the subject of this essay.

Then we not only serve God, but we also serve ourselves, for we merit the esteem of our associates and this is not of little importance to man in this life.

No one should be excluded from our practice of gentleness.

Particularly not the poor. The world in general has nought for them but contempt; let us learn to treat them better, they are God's friends.

The innocent child, that most perfect likeness of God is another that should never hear from our lips a harsh word.

Remember that a kind one makes a far better impression upon its tender mind; its sojourn on earth is perhaps of short duration, we should therefore not mar the happiness of its days by harshness.

The aged, too, are most deserving of our kindest words. Though they should be peevish let us bear their infirmities and not enhance their misery by uncharitable words.

Mindful of the proverb "A kind word turneth away wrath" we will act accordingly.

HERCULES DORVAL.

Honorary Mention.

J. Abel, G. Aug, J. Betsner, W. Brinkman, J. Boeke, E. Byrne, J. Cogan, T. Conroy, J. Connelly, P. Cosgrove, C. Class, F. Diefenbach, C. Didier, J. Dwenger, J. Engesser, J.