

CHAPTER XIV

THE MYSTERIES SORROWFUL AND GLORIOUS

WHEN the students had returned in September, '98 they found Shakespearean Hall again fitted up for use as the General Chapel; and saw Fathers McHale and Hayden determined upon the immediate restoration of the ruined building; and determined, if fire could wipe away the work of twenty-four years, energy must restore it within twenty-four months. But the twenty thousand dollars insurance gained would not nearly restore it to its pristine beauty, but would be almost sufficient to rebuild it into an auditorium; and as an auditorium it would remain until such time when funds would allow it to be restored into a chapel. In the meantime, the large chapel on the third floor must suffice for divine services. On May 30th, '99, nine months after the destruction, all the priests, seminarians and collegians gathered in the old chapel of the seminary wing at the requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Father J. T. Landry, who had just died in Baltimore. Four times had he been stationed at Niagara. In his first term he had been here only a few months when he saw the whole institution in ashes—in '64. Now while devoted friends should kneel about his ashes in Baltimore or at his grave in Germantown, his Niagara friends would sing eternal rest to his soul, and march from that Mass to bless another building risen from its ashes.

It was quite an imposing structure, and was called Alumni Hall. On the second floor was the auditorium, a real theatre with chairs, stage and modern lighting; and on the first, classrooms and parlors of the various societies—the S. O. L. A., the R. E. V. R., the B. L. A., etc. Nine days after the blessing, the people of Buffalo and the Falls gathered to applaud the actors in one of Father Grace's original dramas—

"Gaspard." What made the audience so enthusiastic was not only the smoothness of action, the reading of the actors and the beauty of the setting, but also, the dramatic use of the newly installed electric lights. Remember, the electric age was only in its infancy then; it was only fourteen years previously when the first electric car of the country ran along the streets of Baltimore. Now the University had installed its own power plant, and this was the first time that its lights were used for a public entertainment.

The age of the candle and of the oil lamps had, of course, long ago vanished. The age of gas had followed; acetylene, manufactured on the grounds, had begun in '97, a startling era, but an era that had many annoying defects, too. For instance, on any moonlight night in late spring or early fall, from collegiate windows there often floated the strumming of the guitar and the collegiate hymnings to the beauty of one elusive goddess named "Sweet Adeline." That was bad enough; but the spirits of moonlight and music both rebelled when the same strains carried other words anent the inconstancy of another goddess whose name was forced to rhyme with that of the former. The music had the unenviable charm of disillusioned youth wailing in barbaric despair a hymn of hate:

*"Sweet heart of mine,
Acetyline,
At night, dear heart,
For you I pine:
When'er I try
To read,—you fly!
You've the curses of my heart,
Acetyline!"*

It seems that this goddess openly professed a character rather "light," but had the habit in the most unexpected moments of leaving the troubadours in the dark. Likewise, with the characteristic tardiness of her sex, she was very unpunctual in keeping dates; she had promised to come faith-

fully every night in the gloaming; but oftentimes the evening star brightly shone while still, with unpoetic phraseology, the engineers vainly strove to coax her to leap from tanks to gas jets. And, moreover, when she would appear it would often be with a tantalizing hesitancy that seemed to indicate, "Really, I cannot stay!" Or when she would stay, she seemed rather dyspeptic, had a rather disgusting habit of belching. One despairing troubadour wrote in his diary that if she had not halitosis, she certainly had gas on the stomach. And, besides, this goddess was tricky as well as inconstant; she would make a fool of the troubadour, or frighten him to death. Sometimes the minstrel would be basking in her light, but not singing her praises, not even thinking of her. Rather his thoughts would be with Tacitus describing the dark Germanic woodlands, or with Anton in his forests of logarithms (just as dark). Then, in vengeance for his disregard of her, she would "go out," and leave him with Cimmerian spirits black as Erebus. Do what he would, he could not coax her back. At her shrine he might immolate a score of matches vainly. If in disgust he would forget to turn off the stopcock, and hie himself to bed, she might return; her presence would be felt, but not seen. Her breath, more vexing than lethal, would set him a-coughing and sneezing. And woe betide him if he left her dancing on the gas jet in all her brilliance and sought his pillow. Then sweetest revenge was hers. She might blow a million floating filaments of blackest carbon dust about the room. If he were a sound sleeper, and slept on one side motionless throughout the night, the exposed half of his face assumed a hue decidedly Ethiopian. And when at the sound of the bell he would in the morning arise and peer with one eye into the mirror, the line of demarcation on his face would make him doubt whether he was half dead or only twins.

In this wise she oft did prove herself a spirit of evil. Her days were numbered. The procurator would exorcise the whole plant. He did so by installing electric lights, with power from our own plant, four months before Gaspard had

threatened to spin the villain "like a pinwheel on my sword."

In exactly another year, Niagara Falls, the greatest power house in the world, supplied the light to the University. Now electricity is used, not simply for illumination, but for power in hot kitchen stoves and cold storage vaults, in laundry mangles and clothes-press irons, in radio rooms and laboratories,—for almost everything save for galvanizing sluggish brains to function. So far, Edison has invented nothing to supplant the will as the power house of knowledge.

With the opening of the century came a new cycle of prosperity as well as of time. But it came because, under God's blessing, the pioneers of the past forty-four years had blazed the trail. At first it came slowly, bashfully, as though fearful it should be recognized and expelled, as though it felt ill at ease in a place where so many sacrificial lives had given their blood. In fact, we think that very few contemporaries recognized it, because, though they were prospering and their faith was ever strong, fear was never absent. To be sure, there were trials now and again, but neither in quality nor quantity were these trials commensurable with those of their predecessors. Still, they were multiple and strong enough to make the leaders cautious. Tradition made these leaders wisely judge that, so far as the rearing of new buildings was concerned, "Tene quod habes" was a better motto than "Crescite et multiplicamini." A wary conservatism ruled the rulers. It were better to multiply professors than edifices; to intensify the work rather than diversify it. The age of the specialist had arrived; and in liberal arts as well as in science the days of the educational universalist were waning. As we now look back upon the work done by professors a generation ago, and done so well, we are forced to acknowledge that "there were giants in those days."

Luckily, at the opening of the century the Vincentians had so multiplied that more priests could be spared for specialized work, and more help could be given for the support of the

institution. In 1905 Fathers James Kennedy, Hulett Piper and Edward Farrell were sent to begin a mission band; and in the next year, Father Jeremiah Tracy joined them. From their headquarters here they would radiate throughout the province giving missions. Like their confreres of the classroom they would work for no personal gain. All the offerings received from their missions would be devoted to Niagara's efforts for the education of Catholic youth and for the training of secular priests for the sanctuary. And for the past twenty-six years their successors, always four in the band, have labored in the same way for the same cause.

But all the priests, whether they were specialists in the pulpit, at the desk or in the laboratory, intensified their efforts rather than spread them. The same policy ruled for the rearing of new buildings. Contrary to the Sabbatical cycle of old, for six years the builders rested, and on the seventh they worked. Seven years after the rebuilding of Alumni Chapel into Alumni Hall, under the Presidency of Father William Likly, the Genial, (Father John Maher, the Dynamic, being Procurator of Niagara and the territory beside the river) word came to the Alumni that a monster new building sat upon the pinnacle of Mont Eagle Ridge. It was St. Vincent's Hall. On the occasion of the University's Golden Jubilee, September 26th, 1906, it opened its doors. The Alumni saw a beautiful, gigantic, medieval castle of the Rhine transplanted to the shores of the Niagara. Its floor space almost equalled that of all the other four buildings combined. Its gymnasium was fitted for indoor baseball. Its swimming tank was the second biggest of any college or university in the country. Its dormitories, bowling alleys, billiard rooms, classrooms surpassed all wildest dreamings. It was the New Niagara making her stately curtsy to her chivalric sons. They gazed delighted; but their love was for the old, old walls where memories clustered more luxuriant than the vines. They sang their old songs, and gave ten thousand dollars towards the debt upon Alumni Hall, awaiting the

day when their Hall would again be their Chapel, their monument to Father Rice.

They had thirteen more years to wait; but events proved that it was well worth the waiting. They might have waited longer had not the realization been quickened by a disaster that proved a blessing in disguise. April 1st, '74 Father Rice had broken ground for the Chapel. Fourteen years afterwards it was finished and furnished. Ten more years, and it was decorated. In seven months it lay in ruins. A year afterwards it rose from its ashes as Alumni Hall. For another fourteen years it stood; and then, on March 14th, 1913, again it lay in ruins: another fire had added another woe. It was the "Fourth Sorrowful Mystery" of Niagara's fires. The "Fifth," thank God, has not been seen: we hope it never shall. We hope that the Lord is as content as we to leave the "Sorrowful Mysteries" incomplete.

Shortly after the "Fourth Sorrowful Mystery" had finished, the "Glorious Mysteries" began. They began about the same time that the World War started, though the latter was not the occasion of the start: the seven years previous to the start had prepared the way. In those years the deliberately planned and persistent, though unobtrusive work of the Presidents, Fathers P. J. Conroy and Edward Walsh, prepared the way for their successor, Father M. A. Drennan, to expect great things. Though the fire occurred during Father Drennan's leadership, it burned not up his courage, but only lighted the way for a glorious future. He was a man of systematic smile and smiling system. The faculty, the Alumni and the students responded to both. A year after Niagara had lost his guidance, Father Likly, again the President, resolved that if President Wilson could strive to make the "world safe for democracy," the President of Niagara would strive to make the Chapel safe for posterity: he rebuilt the Chapel fireproof,—as far as such things can be. Anyway, so far, his theory has proved more effective than Wilson's.

In November, '18, the Chapel was finished, and delivered to

the Government with other buildings for the housing of soldiers. For, while Niagara's alumnus, Colonel William Donovan of the famous 165th (the old Irish 69th) was digging his trenches back of the hills of the Ourcq, or peering from the trees of the Bois Colas for the Germans in the Bois Brule, or was telling his boys at St. Mihiel that the battle would be a walk-over, or was writhing wounded in the Argonne, or at Ramagen on the Rhine was standing at attention as Pershing reviewed the troops, his old campus on the Gorge was alive with khaki, and the hall that had heard his lines as a sailor in "Pluribus" now listened to the snores of the soldiers "in noctibus." And when the battle flags had been furled, and the battle drums hushed, Father Thomas Gorman turned his attention from the Students Army Training Corps to the finishing of the Hall's interior. By November 1919, the task was done. Again Alumni Chapel had come into its own. With its six arched chapels flanking the nave, its nine beautiful altars, its spacious sanctuary, its organ and its cozy, restful shrine of "Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal," it represents today fifty-seven years of ceaseless striving; and the end is not yet. The work is done,—almost. As we write these words on this gorgeous Easter afternoon, we see a pile of lumber outside the Chapel. Father Duggan has the artists in readiness. Tomorrow a scaffold arises within, and artistry will strive with its genius to honor Almighty God. And when our Alumni come for the Diamond Jubilee, we hope to show them their Chapel, if infinitely unworthy of Almighty God, at least eminently worthy of the memory of Father Rice.

But the work on this Chapel was not the only building done since the opening of St. Vincent's Hall at the Golden Jubilee of 1906. In the four years of Father Walsh's Presidency he erected two edifices—the O'Donohue Memorial and the Convent. Father Francis O'Donohue, after whom the Memorial is named, had spent two short terms here as professor. In '96 he was taken away from the classroom and sent into the mission field. Though as a priest

he had lived but five years here, his heart ever turned

*“Where’er he chanced to be,
To Old Niagara,
And her glorious scenery.”*

Instead of shouting “Hurrah for Old Niagara,” he did something more practical. He quietly went to his superiors and informed them that his folks had left him a legacy which he was free to dispense as he pleased, and that he pleased to give it for the education of Catholic youth for the secular clergy in the place he so dearly loved. So as long as the University exists his name is enshrined in the hearts, prayers and Masses of Niagara’s grateful sons. A better monument than a mausoleum ennobling dust is an edifice housing hearts that are panting for the altar. It is better to be remembered in the Masses every day than to be remembered by a stranger passing a tomb who asks “I wonder what manner of man was he?”

Another great thing that Father Walsh did as a preparation for Niagara’s “Glorious Mysteries,” was his induction into the University faculty of the Little Sisters of the Holy Family, a community of nuns from Sherbrook, Canada. It is hard for a world that is selfish to grasp the idea that there are actually hearts in the world that are perfectly selfless. The world witnesses the lives of sacrifice, and tries to seek a hidden selfish motive, whereas the motive is as plain as sunlight. The world that is ruled by appearances sees in these lives the appearance and the profession of sacrifice for an unseen spiritual ideal. Every heart professes to be an altar erected to the Unseen God. The world gazes at this altar and resolves that at this time it certainly will not be deceived by appearances, and states that the altar is like the one St. Paul saw upon the Athenian Hill, dedicated to the Unknown God. These lives reply to the questioning world that it is precisely of this God, well known to them, that they wish to tell—and to tell in actions that speak louder than words. But, like the Athenians, the world will not listen. However, curious as it ever is, it

will seek an explanation from its own selfishness. It will say, "True, these lives give every appearance of sacrificing themselves for this Unknown God; but that appearance is worn only to deceive. What is the true motive? The lives, indeed, are sacrificial; but the motive professed is, of course, untrue. How can it be true! But what is the truth?" And so the world will try to pry into depths, try to dig out some motive of self (the only motive it can understand). It will allege a thousand unworthy motives; but to them who speak the only true motive it will say, doubtingly, "We shall hear you again concerning this matter," and will turn aside to burrow for some darker motive it can better comprehend.

These Sisters devote their lives to spreading the Gospel of Christ. They know that the spreading is done by means more Divine than human, by prayer more than by actions; and most of all, by actions inspired by prayer. They know that Divine works are more hindered than helped by efforts merely human; that souls are wrested from sin not by the human eloquence that falls from the lips of the most entrancing preacher, but by the prayers in his heart or in the hearts of the listeners. The preacher may or may not be eloquent: prayer always is.

They know, moreover, that prayer means not the mumbling of words, but the union of the heart with God; that actions inspired by prayer become prayers; that a life of such actions makes the life a prayer; the life-prayers of these nuns are devoted to two ends: First, to prepare their own souls for the Heaven which to them is as real as the earth whereon they tread. Second, to prepare other souls for Heaven by helping in the training of the priests who will work for those souls. Help is furnished by these Sisters not only by their prayers, but by their work in the years when these young men are moulding their hearts and minds for the future service of the altar. As Mary's life lay hidden for thirty years in the little home and shop of Nazareth, cooking, mending, cleaning, singing softly as she listened to the saw and the hammer in

the adjacent shed, and listening songless to her Boy's prattle with his foster father, she was preparing for the world's redemption. Had the rich worldly Caiaphas in passing by peered into the little home, and had someone told him, "She is helping the Messiah in His preparation to save the world from its sins," how he would have laughed! In the same way the world laughs now when someone tells it: "These nuns are helping youths prepare for the priesthood, to continue the work of Christ to save souls." What! Menial work in kitchen, laundry and refectory helps Christ in the saving of souls?—Friend, these are not menial works. Menial works are done for men, not for God. These women work for God. The men who benefit are but the occasions that bring forth this work Divine. The millionaire who hoards his gold, who spends it for selfish pleasures, or who lavishes it on the world for the world's applause is engaged in a work that is menial. In God's eyes he is a slave—a slave to his riches, his amusements, his renown. He is a slave because he gets no wages that are lasting. At death he goes empty-handed before his Judge, and finds that there are no wages awaiting him: he has already received his reward, the reward that has slipped as sand through his fingers. He may have helped men during his life; but they cannot help him after his death—during the unending years of his eternity. Men may rear a monument to his memory and proclaim that he had done great things; but he has learned that nothing is great that is not everlasting—nothing great that is not done for God. Too late has he learned that all his life on earth he had been doing menial work without a lasting wage.

But these Sisters believe that when done for God nothing is small: everything is great because the reward is unending. They believe that Christ spoke truth eternal when He said that the cup of cold water *when given in His name* receives a reward everlasting. They believe that He founded a priesthood to disseminate His truths till the skies shall depart "like a scroll rolled up." To help in the training of priests,

helps in the disseminating of these truths, helps Christ through His priesthood to the winning of souls for Heaven. If the cup of water may win a reward eternal, the saving of a soul will win a reward as lasting, but a reward that will be greater in proportion as a soul with its splendors of Divinity is greater than water squirming with microbes. To give relief to a tongue that thirsts for water may win a reward beyond all dreams of earth; but to give help to a God that thirsts for souls will win a reward beyond all our dreams of Heaven. How many souls have been saved by the priests that in the last twenty years have passed through Niagara's halls? Only God knows. But we know that in this harvest of Heaven these Sisters have shared. And there is not one of those priests who is not to these Sisters a debtor—and the debt should not by them be forgotten.

“But for their services are they not paid in the coin of the country?” Certainly they are. They must be housed and fed and clothed. But do you know what they do with what is left over? Not a cent do they retain for their own personal use. With what remains over and above their living expenses they help to house, clothe, feed, and train other devout women who wish to forsake the fleeting pleasures of life, and in a convent to hide themselves “with Christ in God;” and, veiling their faces as they veil their names, they wish to spend their lives in helping their Lord save souls from sins.

But to have these Sisters at Niagara meant that a convent must be built for them, away from the University buildings, where they might have a real home of their own, with all the privacy and abundance of ground their lives would demand. So on the southern bank of the college lake twenty-four of these Sisters dwell in a beautiful convent to which the laundry is attached. They do their work ceaselessly, noiselessly, effectively. We are sure that not one of the collegians, theologians or professors knows the names of all of them; and we are confident that of the above not more than ten know the names of more than two or three; and just as confident

that several hundred of the above are in the same class as the writer who by name knows not one of them. But we all know their names are known to God, and that their spiritual and material help is appreciated by Niagara University.

The twenty years from the time the beautifully decorated Alumni Chapel crashed in ruins, up to the time it was rebuilt and used as Alumni Hall, and crashed again, and again was rebuilt and used as barracks for soldiers, may have been years of trial; but they were years, too, of bodily strength and buoyant health. Maybe they needed to be. We know of the strength and health from the record of Niagara's "Bureau of Vital Statistics." Let us be more exact. Brother Daniel Kearns died July 9th, 1898; Brother Patrick Hennelly died March 31st, 1917. In these nineteen years (less four months) there were stationed at Niagara 78 Vincentians (72 priests and 6 Brothers). Between those dates not one Vincentian stationed at Niagara died. It is true that 5 of them who had been stationed here during these nineteen years died; but they did not die at Niagara. They had to go somewhere else to do it. After the nineteen years, 4 of them have died here; and of the 4 who died here, one (Father John Brady) was not at the time a member of the faculty. He had ever wished to die at Niagara, and he was here on a visit when the Lord heard his prayer. And the 3 who died here after the nineteen years (Fathers Antill and Hickey, and Brother Patrick O'Connor) had an average age of seventy-nine years.

In the seventy-five years of Niagara there have been stationed here 213 Vincentians (183 priests and 30 Brothers); but there are in the cemetery only 24 Vincentian graves (10 priests and 14 Brothers). Of these 24 there are buried 4 who were not stationed here at their death (Fathers Kavanagh, Walters, William Walsh, and Brady). However, one (Father Antill) died here and was buried in Germantown. That means that in seventy-five years, of the 213 stationed here, only 21 died here—one death every three and a half years, which of itself is a remarkable record when we consider that ordinarily

a member of the faculty is of middle age (the average age of the present faculty is forty-three). In these nineteen years preceding March 31st, 1917, we should have expected at least five or six deaths. But there was none. Verily, verily, keep away from Niagara if you wish to die young—or if you be an undertaker.

After these nineteen years had gone, came the war into our homes. Fifty-six days before Brother Patrick had died, the United States broke off relations with Germany; and three months after his death our troops landed in France. And ten months after they had landed, the dreadful scourge of the influenza landed on our shores. These were the days of "strict and most observant watch," when "nightly toiled the subjects of the land;" of brazen cannon and implements of war,

*"With impress of shipwrights whose sore task
Did not divide the Sunday from the week."*

Obviously, there could be no thought of erecting new buildings when material was scarcer than mutton, and when the cost of each soared higher than aeroplanes. Necessities for existence of the University were more pressing than the needs for expansion.

Luckily, the University had at the time a Procurator who delighted in attempting the impossible: Father Rosa came into office when war invaded the campus. Was there a shortage of sugar? Impossible to buy any? Then the Procurator would mount his Ford, whisper into its tin ear some cabalistic directions; and in a couple of hours would be back with a barrel of it. No one knew where he got it. No more coal? Even preferential shipments all blocked at the mines? Railroads could not haul it though it lay on their sidings? There was nothing else for the students to do than to wrap themselves up in their studies and to shiver till the spring sunned the swards? Yes? The Procurator would vanish into the night; and the next morn a carload would stand beside the steam house.

His powers to meet emergencies seemed almost uncanny.

It is said that when the cows caught the strike-fever and banded for more meal and less milk, he went into the barn and talked to them. A large photograph of one of them hung on the wall where all could, at their meals, look side-wise down the aisle and see it. She was a superb creature, a winner of all kinds of ribbons at county fairs. Her stall was the furthest from the photograph, in order that distance might dim her pictured beauty, and that vanity might not corrupt her winsome disposition. But she had a very unruly son who was really breaking her heart. Not that he stayed out late at nights, or that he was addicted to strong liquor. Oh, no; but the lad had such an unruly temper and unconquerable obstinacy. Whenever he decided to move, he moved. Obstacles only whetted inclinations; and obstinacy only fed on opposition. His neighbors wondered how he had come by such a disposition. His mother thought he must have taken after his father. Well, his pen was right beneath his mother's picture. The sight might tend to soften him.

On this eventful evening when the Procurator entered, the herd was sullen. They knew that there was not a scab among them; and they were determined that this time their boss would not cajole them out of their determination—as many a time and oft he had done before. He “had such a way with him!” But he need not think that because for twenty-five years he had been swaying audiences in big cities he was now going to coax a herd of Holsteins to do his bidding. And if he should hurt their feelings they would tell the unruly bull to make a motion—and the meeting would adjourn automatically. The Procurator placed his lantern on a barrel beneath the photograph of the Creature Superb. The light shone as a votive offering before the shrine of Bovine Beauty. The Procurator leaned one elbow on a little shelf, and rested his head on his hand, and spoke so low they could hardly hear him.

He did not scold them. He told them he was going to ask them a riddle—trying to distract them from the main issue. “Why have I always loved cows? Of course, none of you can

guess the answer, so I'll tell you. In 1662 my ancestor, Alavenzi Roosa (that's how we used to spell our name then), came all the way across the ocean from Holland to Manhattan on a cow. That's a fact—believe it or not." The bull raised one arched eyebrow, and the others stopped their munching. "It was a spotted cow." The elevation and concavity of the arch increased, and one occupant of the stalls snorted some bran dust across the aisle in utter derision. "Oh, it was not your kind of a cow: it was a fighter, and it helped fighters across the seas to this country. It was the name of a boat. Yes, Sir—the 'Spotted Cow.' From that day Alavenzi dearly loved cows and fighters, and all his children loved them. Two years afterwards he fought the English in Manhattan. When after the English occupation he moved up to Fort Orange (which is now Albany) he fought the Iroquois. His sons fought them all up the Mohawk Valley—up to this region. All through the Revolution they fought the English. In 1812 my grandfather was taken prisoner and was lodged in Fort George opposite Fort Niagara. His sons fought against Mexico, and afterwards against Spain. Now we are fighting against Germany. My kin are over there in the trenches. I was not allowed to go; but I can fight to help the fighters. Did you ever know anyone connected with a Rosa that would not fight for his country? And here you are, lying down on the job when most we need you! You are sulky, like girls at an academy. You are not academy cows! You are University cows! Look at those boys out there on the campus training for the trenches. If you send them over the seas half fed, how will they fight?" Then he talked of the Aisne, of the Meuse and Argonne; and perorated with: "Will you

*'Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell?
Up roar the universal peace? Confound
All unity on earth?'*

I'm ashamed of you." Fifty pairs of eyelids blinked, and big tears rolled down the Holstein cheeks. The speaker walked

up to the other end of the barn, suddenly turned around and snapped, "I'll sell the whole lot of you tomorrow!" The big bull broke down, sobbed aloud and roared, "Oh, save my mother's picture from the sale." And ever after there has been a flood of milk.

You may doubt the oratory if you will (and the chronicler will not respect your judgment unless you do); but do not doubt the ancestry of the orator, or his love for all dumb animals and all the outdoor life. In 1920 he gave up the Procuratorship; and at his own request spent his time on the farm, except for occasional excursions back into his old mission field. The farm has become the good-natured envy of all the neighbors. Two hundred and forty acres are under cultivation: orchards, vineyards, rye, corn, wheat. Six horses, about one hundred hogs, two thousand chickens; and thirty-six head of cattle—all pure, thoroughbred, registered Holstein. One bull captured the Blue Ribbon at Lockport Fair, and four cows did the same at La Salle Fair. From Buffalo to Fort Niagara along the river there is not a cleaner, healthier looking farm than this. One could not have gained such success had not one the love for the work. But modern University exigency has gonged its warning: ninety acres of the farm are to be converted into a golf course this summer; and in a short time after, ninety more acres are to follow. The niblick supplants the ploughshare; and where robins pecked at grapevines, men will peck at vulcanized pellets.