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Saint Cecilia's Vision.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

I.

There is a legend of the happy saint,
Beloved Cecilia, who died for Him
Who kept her heart free from all earthly taint
And tuned her song unto the Seraphim.
Her soul was with harmonious virtues bright,
Glowing encrystalled in God's tender day,—
Full of the splendor of eternal light;
With deathless glory in each beauteous ray.

II.

'Twas silent night; Cecilia's tired eyes
Closed on the busy charities of day,—
The incense of her merits seemed to rise
Sweet in humility, like flowers of May.
Her harp lay still beside her, but the wind
Breathed with a tuneful cadence o'er its chords,
When lo! an angel spoke unto her mind
And these—so says the legend—were his words:

III.

"To some, alone, the happy task belongs
To read with clearest eye the hidden page
Where the Creator writes His wordless songs,
Whose rhythm unerring is man's heritage.
How few may trace the Order which arose
From wild Disorder when God showed His face,
Or see Creation springing from Repose
Which, ever Active, is His dwelling-place.

IV.

"'Twas thine, Cecilia! with thy martyr palm
To join the magic lyre. For thee awoke
Celestial harmony of prayer and psalm
Whose heavenly light o'er thy serene soul broke,
And, in rapt ecstasy, thine ears did hear
The canticle of Being Infinite,—
The mystery which veils the Ever-Near,—
The Triune God, surpassing human wit.

V.

"When Darkness brooded o'er the awful deep,
And wild Disorder with discordant tongue
From depth to depth chaotic dared to leap
And sweep headlong the formless worlds among;
'Let there be light!' God said; and there was light,
The Universe harmonious sprang to life,
Then Darkness and Disorder took their flight,
And Order sang the end of Nature's strife.

VI.

"Those were the days when all the sons of God
Alternate with the stars made melody,
When the Almighty Eden's bowers trod
And face to face spoke to humanity;
When bird, and beast, and flower, and everything
Glowed with the freshness of Creation's birth,—
When Man stood 'mid the Universe—a King,
Less than the angels,—more than sodden earth.

VII.

"All the great universe of myriad life
Is one vast lyre whose chords do harmonize.
The passing discord of earth's petty strife
In Man's self not in Nature ever lies.
The smallest mite that lives its little hour
Has harmony creative as profound,
For end intended, as the thinking POWER
Who spurns with haughty foot the solid ground.

VIII.

"Yet visible Creation merely scores
God's notes majestic on the page of space.
'Tis but the symphony which overtures
The wondrous harmony of moral grace,
Which in such souls as thine, Cecilia, lives
Responsive to the Spirit's slightest breath,—
Each unto each accorded sweetness gives,
Concerted Love and melody in Death.

IX.

"If earthly concord of sweet sounds enthrall
The listening soul with dulcet ecstasy,
What thrilling strains upon the blessed fall—
First fruits of happy immortality—
When weary journeying to the lightsome clime
We near the golden portals and grow still
When from the hills of God the songs sublime
Of Zion's day, the vales resounding fill.

X.

"There are far finer chords than Genius dreams
Hid in the Chaldean scroll beyond the tomb,
Heard in the evening by Heaven's silvery streams
Whose flower-enameled banks perennial bloom.
There Infinite Beauty smiles,—His angel train
Touch with such sweetness their immortal lyres,
That the far spheres take up the deep refrain
And Love harmonious speaks her pure desires."

XI.

The angel vanished: from that happy hour
Music arose unto a higher plane,
Cecilia's genius read the heavenly power
Which good evolves from Nature's keenest pain
Hail, virgin martyr! earth may sing the bard
Who moved the senseless rocks with tuneful art,
But thou hast surely greater praise deserved
Who moved the deep springs of the human heart!

[SELECTED.]

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

By FREDERIC W. FARRAR,
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SILVER CORD BROKEN.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

They did not awake till noon. Montagu opened his eyes, and at first could not collect his thoughts, as he saw the carpeted little room, the bright fire, and the housekeeper seated in her arm-chair before it. But turning his head he caught a glimpse of Eric, who was still asleep, and he then remembered all. He sprang out of bed, refreshed and perfectly well, and the sound of his voice woke Eric; but Eric was still languid and weak, and did not get up that day, nor was he able to go to work again for some days; but he was young and strong, and his vigorous constitution soon threw off the effects of this fast and exposure.

Their first inquiry was for Edwin. The nurse shook her head sadly. "He is very dangerously ill."

"Is he?" said they both anxiously. And then they preserved a deep silence; and when Montagu, who immediately began to dress, knelt down to say his prayers, Eric, though unable to get up, knelt also over his pillow, and the two felt that their young earnest prayers were mingling for the one who seemed to have been taken while they were left.

The reports grew darker about Edwin. At first it was thought that the blow on his head was dangerous, and that the exposure to wet, cold, fear, and hunger, had permanently weakened his constitution; and when his youth seemed to be triumphing over these dangers, another became more threatening. His leg never mended; he had both sprained the knee badly, and given the tibia an awkward twist, so that the least motion was agony to him.

In his fever he was constantly delirious. No one was allowed to see him, though many of the boys tried to do so, and many were the earnest inquiries for him day by day. It then became more fully apparent than ever, that, although Edwin was among them without being of them, no boy in the school was more deeply honored and fondly loved than he. Even the elastic spirits of boyhood could not quite throw off the shadow of gloom which his illness cast over the school.

Very tenderly they nursed him. All that human kindness could do was done for him by the stranger hands. And yet not all; poor Edwin had no father, no mother, hardly any relatives. His only aunt, Mrs. Upton, would have come to nurse him, but she was an invalid, and he was often left alone in his delirium and agony.

Alone, yet not alone. There was One with him—always in his thoughts, always leading, guiding, blessing him unseen—not deserting the hurt lamb of his flock; one who was once a boy himself, and who, when he was a boy, did his Father's business, and was subject unto his parents in the obscure home of the despised village. Alone! nay, to them whose eyes were opened, the room of sickness and pain was thronged and beautiful with angelic presences.

Often did Eric, and Upton, and Montagu, talk of their loved friend. Eric's life seemed absorbed in the thought of him, and in passionate, unspeakable longings for his recovery. Now he valued more than ever the sweet remembered hours spent with him; their games, and communings, and walks, and Russell's gentle influence, and brave kindly rebukes. Yet he must not even see him, must not smooth his pillow, must not whisper one word of soothing to him in his anguish; he could only pray for him, and that he did with a depth of hope.

At last Upton, in virtue of his relationship, was allowed to visit him. His delirium had become more unfrequent, but he could not yet even recognize his cousin, and the visits to the sick-room were so sad and useless, that Upton forbore. "And yet you should hear him talk in his delirium," he said to Eric; "not one evil word, or bad thought, or wicked thing, ever escapes him. I'm afraid, Eric, it would hardly be so with you or me."

"No," said Eric, in a low and humble tone; and guilty conscience brought the deep color, wave after wave of crimson, into his cheeks.

"And he talks with such affection of you, Eric. He speaks sometimes of all of us very gently; but you seem to be always in his thoughts and every now and then he prays for you quite unconsciously."

Eric turned his head to brush away a tear. "When do you think I shall be allowed to see him?"

"Not just yet, I fear."

After a week or two of most anxious suspense, Russell's mind ceased to wander, but the state of his sprain gave more cause for alarm. Fresh advice was called in, and it was decided that the leg must be amputated.

When Eric was told this, he burst into passionate complaints. "Only think, Monty, isn't it hard, isn't it cruel? When we see our brave, bright Edwin again, he will be a cripple." Eric hardly understood that he was railing at the providence of a merciful God.

The day for the operation came. When it was over, poor Russell seemed to amend, and the removal of the perpetual pain gave him relief. They were all deeply moved at his touching resignation; no murmur, no cry escaped him; no words but the sweetest thanks for every little office of kindness done to him. A few days after, he asked Dr. Underhay, "if he might see Eric?"

"Yes, my boy," said the Doctor kindly, "he, and one or two other of your particular friends may see you if you like, provided you don't excite yourself too much. I trust you will get better now."

So Eric and Montagu were told by Dr. Rowlands that at six they might go and see their friend. "Be sure," he added, "that you don't startle or excite him."

They promised, and after school on that beautiful evening of early summer they went to the sick-room door. Stopping, they held their breath, and knocked very gently. Yes! it was the well-known voice which gave the answer, but it was faint and low. Full of awe, they softly opened the door, which admitted them into the presence of the dear companion whom they had not seen for so long. Since then it seemed as though gulfs far deeper than the sea had been flowing between him and them.

Full of awe, and hand in hand, they entered the room on tiptoe—the darkened room were Russell was. What a hush and oppression there seemed to them at first in the dim, silent chamber; what an awfulness in all the appliances which showed how long and deeply their scholfellow had suffered. But all this vanished directly they caught sight of his face. There he lay, so calm, and weak, and still, with his bright, earnest eyes turned towards them, as though to see whether any of their affection for him had ceased or been forgotten!

In an instant they were kneeling in silence by the bed with bowed foreheads; and the sick boy tenderly put his hands on their heads, and pushed the frail white fingers through their hair, and looked at them tearfully without a word, till they hid their faces with their hands, and broke into deep suppressed sobs of compassion.

"Oh hush, hush!" he said, as he felt their tears dropping on his hands while they kissed them; "dear Eric, dear Monty, why should you cry so for me? I am very happy."

But they caught the outline of his form as he lay on the bed, and had now for the first time realized that he was a cripple for life; and as the throng of memories came on them—memories of his skill and fame at cricket, and racquets, and football—of their sunny bathes together in sea and river, and all their happy holiday wanderings—they could not restrain their emotion, and wept uncontrollably. Neither of them could speak a word, or

break the holy silence; and as he patted their heads and cheeks, his own tears flowed fast in sympathy and self-pity. But he felt the comforting affection which they could not utter; he felt it in his loneliness, and it did him good.

The nurse broke in upon the scene, which she feared would agitate Edwin too much; and with red eyes and heavy hearts the boys left, only whispering, "We will come again to-morrow, Edwin!"

They came the next day and many days, and got to talk quite cheerfully with him, and read to him. They loved this occupation more than any game, and devoted themselves to it. The sorrow of the sick-room more than repaid them for the glad life without, when they heard Russell's simple and heartfelt thanks. "Ah! how good you are, dear little fellows," he would say, "to give up the merry play-ground for a wretched cripple;" and he would smile cheerfully to show that his trial had not made him weary of life. Indeed, he often told them that he believed they felt for him more than he did himself.

One day Eric brought him a little bunch of primroses and violets. He seemed much better, and Eric's spirits were high with the thoughts and hopes of the coming holidays. "Theer, Edwin," he said, as the boy gratefully and eagerly took the flowers, "don't they make you glad? They are one of our *three* signs, you know, of the approaching holidays. One sign was the first of the summer steamers going across the bay; another was May eve, when these island-fellows light big gorse fires all over the mountains, and throw yellow marsh-lilies at their doors to keep off the fairies. Do you remember, Eddy gathering some last May eve, and sitting out in the play-ground till sunset, watching the fires begin to twinkle on Cronck-Irey and Barrule for miles away? What a jolly talk we had that evening about the holidays; but my father and mother were here then, you know, and we were all going to Fair-holm. But the third sign—the first primrose and violet—was always the happiest, as well as quite the earliest. You can't think how I *grabbed* at the first primrose this year; I found it by a cave on the Ness. And though these are rather the last than the first, yet I knew you'd like them, Eddy, so I hunted for them everywhere. And how much better you're looking too; such shining eyes, and, yes! I positively declare, quite a ruddy cheek like your old one. You'll soon be out among us again, that's clear—"

He stopped abruptly: he had been rattling on just in the merry way that Russell now most loved to hear, but, as he was talking, he caught the touch of sadness on Russell's face, and saw his long, abstracted eager look at the flowers.

"Dear fellow, you're not worse, are you?" he said quickly. "What a fool I am to chatter so; it makes you ill."

"No, no, Eric, talk on; you can't think how I love to hear you. Oh, how very beautiful these primroses are! Thank you, thank you, for bringing them." And he again fixed on them the eager dreamy look which had startled Eric—as though he were learning their color and shape by heart.

"I wish I hadn't brought them though," said Eric; "they are filling your mind with regrets. But Eddy, you'll be well by the holidays—a month hence, you know—or else I shouldn't have talked so gladly about them."

"No, Eric," said Russell sadly, "these dear flowers are the last spring blossoms that I shall see—here at least. Yes, I will keep them, for your sake, Eric, till I die."

"Oh don't talk so," said Eric, shocked and flustered; "why, everybody knows and says that you're getting better."

Russell smiled and shook his head. "No, Eric, I shall die. There stop, dear fellow, don't cry," said he, raising his hands quietly to Eric's face; "isn't

it better for me so? I own it seemed sad at first to leave this bright world and the sea—yes, even that cruel sea," he continued smiling; "and to leave Roslyn, and Upton, and Monty, and above all, to leave *you*, Eric, whom I love best in all the world. Yes, remember, I've no home, Eric, and no prospects. There was nothing to be sorry for in this, so long as God gave me health and strength; but health went for ever into those waves at the Stack, where you saved my life, dear gallant Eric; and what could I do now? It doesn't look so happy to *halt* through life. Oh Eric, Eric, I am young, but I am dying—dying, Eric," he said solemnly, "my brother—let me call you brother—I have no near relations, you know, to fill up the love in my yearning heart, but I *do* love *you*. I wish you were my brother," he said, as Eric took his hand between both his own. "There, that comforts me; I feel as if I *were* a child again, and had a brother; and I *shall* be a child again soon, Eric, in the courts of a Father's house."

Eric could not speak. These words startled him; he never dreamt *recently* of Russell's death, but had begun to reckon on his recovery, and now life seemed darker to him than ever.

But Russell was pressing the flowers to his lips. "The grass withereth," he murmured, "the flower fadeth, and the glory of his beauty perisheth; but—*but* the word of the Lord endureth for ever." And here he too burst into natural tears, and Eric pressed his hand, with more than a brother's fondness, to his heart.

"Oh Eddy, Eddy, my heart is full," he said, "too full to speak to you. Let me read to you;" and with Russell's arm round his neck, he sat down beside his pillow and read to him about the "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." At first sobs choked his voice, but it gathered firmness as he went on.

"In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

"And there shall be no more curse"—and here the reader's musical voice rose into deeper and steadier sweetness—"but the throne of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him; and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads."

"And they shall see his face," murmured Russell, "*and they shall see his face*." Eric paused and looked at him; a sort of rapture seemed to be lighted in his eyes, as though they saw heavenly things, and his countenance was like an angel's to look upon. Eric closed the book reverently, and gazed.

"And now pray for me, Eric, will you?" Eric knelt down, but no prayer would come; his breast swelled, and his heart beat fast, but emotion prevented him from uttering a word. But Russell laid his hand on his head and prayed.

"Oh gracious Lord God, look down, merciful Father, on us, two erring, weak, sinful boys; look down and bless us, Lord, for the love thou bearest unto thy children. One thou art taking; Lord, take me to the green pastures of thy home, where no curse is; and one remains—O Lord! bless him with the dew of thy blessing; lead and guide him, and keep him for ever in thy fear and love, that he may continue thine for ever, and hereafter we may meet together among the redeemed, in the immortal glory of the resurrection. Hear us, O Father, for thy dear Son's sake. Amen! Amen!"

The childlike, holy, reverent voice ceased, and Eric rose. One long brotherly kiss he printed on Russell's forehead, and, full of sorrowful forebodings, bade him good-night.

He asked Dr. Underhay whether his fears were correct. "Yes," he said, "he may die at any time; he *must* die soon. It is even best that he should;

besides the loss of a limb, that blow on the head would certainly affect the brain and the intellect if he lived."

Eric shuddered—a long cold shudder.

The holidays drew on; for Russell's sake, and at his earnest wish, Eric had worked harder than he ever did before. All his brilliant abilities, all his boyish ambition, were called into exercise; and to the delight of every one, he gained ground rapidly and seemed likely once more to dispute the palm with Owen. No one rejoiced more in this than Mr. Rose, and he often gladdened Russell's heart by telling him about it; for every day he had a long visit to the sick boy's room, which refreshed and comforted them both.

In other respects too, Eric seemed to be turning over a new leaf. He and Upton, by common consent, had laid aside smoking, and every bad habit or disobedient custom which would have grieved the dying boy whom they both loved so well. And although Eric's popularity, after the romantic Stack adventure, and his chivalrous daring, was at its very zenith,—although he had received a medal and flattering letter from the Humane Society, who had been informed of the transaction by Dr. Rowlands,—although his success, both physical and intellectual, was higher than ever,—yet the dread of the great loss he was doomed to suffer, and the friendship which was to be snapped, overpowered every other feeling, and his heart was ennobled and purified by contact with his suffering friend.

It was a June evening, and he and Russell were alone; he had drawn up the blind, and through the open window the summer breeze, pure from the sea and fragrant from the garden, was blowing refreshingly into the sick boy's room. Russell was very, very happy. No doubt, no fear assailed him; all was peace and trustfulness. Long and earnestly that evening did he talk to Eric, and implore him to shun evil ways, striving to lead him gently to that love of God which was his only support and refuge now. Tearfully and humbly Eric listened, and every now and then the sufferer stopped to pray aloud.

"Good-night, Eric," he said, "I am tired, so tired. I hope we shall meet again; I shall give you my desk and all my books, Eric, except a few for Horace, Owen, Duncan, and Monty. And my watch, that dear watch your mother, my mother, gave me, I shall leave to Rose as a remembrance of us both. Good-night, dear old boy."

A little before ten that night Eric was again summoned, with Upton and Montagu, to Russell's bed-side. He was sinking fast; and as he had but a short time to live, he expressed a desire to see them, though he could see no others.

They came, and were amazed to see how bright, how beautiful, the dying boy looked. They received his last farewells—he would die that night. Sweetly he blessed them, and made them promise to avoid all evil, and read the Bible, and pray to God. But he had only strength to speak at intervals. Mr. Rose, too, was there; it seemed as though he held the boy by the hand, as fearlessly now, yea, joyously, he entered the waters of the dark river.

"Oh, I should so like to stay with you, Monty, Horace, dear, dear Eric, but God calls me. I am going—a long way—to my father and mother—and to the light. I shall not be a cripple there—nor be in pain." His words grew slow and difficult. "God bless you, dear fellows; God bless you, dear Eric; I am going—to God."

He sighed very gently; there was a slight sound in his throat, and he was dead. The gentle, holy, pure spirit of Edwin Russell had passed into the presence of its Saviour and its God. Oh happy and blameless boy, no fairer soul has ever stood in the light of the rainbow-circled throne.

A terrible scene of boyish anguish followed, as they bent over the lifeless brow. But quietly,

calmly, Mr. Rose checked them and they knelt down with streaming eyes while he prayed.

They rose a little calmer, and as they turned back again and again to talk one last fond look at the pale yet placid face, Mr. Rose said in a solemn tone:

"For ever with the Lord,
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
And Immortality."

The Example of Sir Thomas More.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

Our object in writing this paper is not so much to detail the varied scenes through which this great man passed. As to take a general glance at an epoch in English history which seems to us of parliament importance as an example to our times, Sir Thomas More died as he had lived, a saint. "Good people," he said on the scaffold, "I am here to die for the faith of the Catholic Church." He was a martyr to the same principles for which Saint Anselm suffered and Saint Thomas à Becket died. And we sincerely hope that the day may come when it will be permitted to us to honor the illustrious victim of a heretical king upon our altars.

The chief motive of this article is to exhibit to people of this age one of the heroes of Catholicity, who was true to his faith in an age of universal defection. If ever such models were necessary, it is now, when evil men have organized themselves against Jesus Christ and His Church. So widespread, so universal, so persistent is the rebellion against Truth, that there is great danger for the unwary faithful at every step of their existence. The devil knows how to transform himself into an angel of light. The skepticism and infidelity of this unhappy age assume such captivating forms that simple minds are sometimes bewildered, and hardly know what to say. The incredulity which Protestantism has engendered is a subtle and cunning spirit. It talks loudly of human liberty, the emancipation of mind, the progress of peoples, the prosperity of the greatest numbers, the amelioration of the condition of the poor, the equality of labor with capital, the sufferings of the masses and the crying injustice of great possessions; the ignorant, the discontented, the indolent, the disobedient classes are attracted by those sounding phrases. They lose sight of the destructive principle which underlies this false pretence of philanthropy. They forget that the elevation of peoples must depend upon their practical submission to the Catholic Church, which God has established as the standard of moral for mankind. There can be no prosperity without God. There can be no progress without the Church. There can be no true liberty except Catholic, that is Christian, principles be accepted as the laws of popular life. The opposite course has been tried over and over again, but it has resulted in the upheaving of the very foundation of society. The excuses of the Albigenses, the frantic anarchy of the German sectaries of Munser, Zwinglius and others, the horrors of the revolutions of England and France, should make even the most thoughtless pause. Let them read the solemn page of history by the light of a vast capital in flames—philanthropy of Communism. Let them ask themselves the question: Whither are our principles carrying us? It will soon be too late. They will find their fine system a moral saturn.

The world has gone after false gods, and, consequently, the Catholic Church is looked upon as a bitter enemy. Liberalism is the order of the day. To their eternal shame, there are some men, nominally Catholic, who are getting infected by this nineteenth century cant, like poor, foolish Lord Acton, their heads are turned by the brilliant

phantasies of half crazy infidels. They have an indulgent word for the most delusive theories,—a half friendly nod for the most monstrous errors. They even dare the base conciliation of good and evil, by a melancholy sigh now and then over the undue firmness—stubbornness they mean—of the Church. They avoid, by cowardly subterfuge, an open confession of their adhesion to the clear, well-defined and strict principles of Catholic polity. They explain away the uncompromising propositions of the Syllabus, and give their own opinions as definitive of what Catholics understand respecting such difficulties. Such men would have encouraged Henry VIII, patted Cranmer on the back, and called More a weak-minded fanatic. Now, if they boldly entered the ranks of the unbeliever and skeptic we might grieve for their souls' sake, but certainly there would be a kind of manliness in declaring for the enemy in an open manner. Pretending to be Catholics, they injure Catholicity. We care but little whether they call themselves ecclesiastics or laymen. They are equally traitors to principle, and a weakness in the camp of the most High. Any one who is more disposed to refine upon the proposition which the Church in every age, and especially in this, has presented to mankind for its guidance, than to accept them unreservedly, should come forth from their hypocritical concealment and say so. This is no time to treat snakes with charms. We should crush them beneath the heel of honest Catholic indignation. If not rebels, they afford aid and comfort to rebels. How often do we hear sneers against Ultramontaniam by men who seem to be ignorant,—let us hope through a want of intelligence rather than malice—that Ultramontaniam simply means unreserved obedience to the voice of God speaking through His representative on earth. It is a reproach which heretics and infidels fling at true Catholics. It does not mean the land beyond the Alps; it means Truth, pure and undefiled, speaking across the barriers which separate evil from good, and telling unbelieving man his duty. Hence the rage of the sects and their progenitor, Henry, against Ultramontaniam.

The stand which More took against the disintegrating spirit of the sixteenth century should teach every Catholic, learned and unlearned, rich and poor, humble and powerful, his true duty in the nineteenth. Over three hundred years have passed away since the great champion of God's Church resisted the world "unto blood." The same hand which struck him down now menaces the Church. In principle it is the same,—its name only is changed. Henry VIII was the embodiment of modern skepticism and corruption. Our age sees the tyrant multiplied millions of times. His illustrious victim is as a voice "crying in the wilderness"—the wilderness of England's moral degradation and ruin. Let Catholics hear him and be warned, for the destruction of morality and religion is a necessary result of the temporary triumph of such principles as Henry inculcated and the world now believes. Incredulity may say "no," but history is beyond its power, and history, in letters of flame and blood, teaches us the terrible consequences of casting away the faith "once delivered to the saints." The victories of skepticism have ever their fearful reaction. The unbelief of one age is the germ of revolution and anarchy in the next. If we consider the irreligious, rebellious uprisings against the Church in every age, there is one fact which proves them children of the same father. They base themselves upon negations rather than upon any positive grounds. They deny God, reject the Church refuse obedience to constituted authority. There is nothing practical in their system. They talk abstractions and philosophize impossible conditions. They talk solemnly about Humanity, the aspirations of Nature, the sufficiency of Positivism, and other much desired phantoms of their

social and intellectual *millenium*. They tend to destroy not build up. They wish to be considered *les esprits choisis* of the epoch. They imitate the *auruspices* of old who affected special revelations not granted to the common herd, and, like the Roman soothsayers, they laugh in their sleeve at the gullibility of their followers. They are the leading statesmen of the empire of Satan.

The struggle to-day is the same as that which characterized the sixteenth century, with, possibly, a little more infidelity. The chief end of all their efforts is to eliminate God from the affairs of this world. The existence of God is inconvenient to men without morality, therefore, they reject Him altogether. Champions of the cause of Satan, the very thought of God fills them with some of the rage which blasts their dark master. They are not satisfied with simply ignoring the Most High. They gnash their teeth, tear their hair, shake their clenched fists at Heaven, figuratively speaking, and foam at the mouth with blasphemies which makes the devils themselves tremble. They howl with the energumene in the scripture: "Why dost thou torment me?" Even while they indulge in boasts and vaunt their indifference, the demon of despair possesses their unfortunate souls. The "abomination of desolation" is their inheritance, —they are overwhelmed by the waves of their own malice. They cry: Peace, peace, when there is no peace, for "there is no peace for the wicked," saith the Lord.

As might be expected, the Church and her supreme head on earth are the objects most hated by those Ishmaels of the moral world. The Pope is the mouthpiece of God, whose voice is the oracle of Truth, and, consequently feared and detested by the spirit of the age, the scoffers, the humanitarians, the philosophers and the whole mob of material optimists who laugh at the idea of a Providence overruling the affairs of men. We have a sufficient proof of the aims and tendencies of such levellers in the reception of the Syllabus. They howled like a pack of hungry wolves from which their prey has been just snatched. They howled, too, because they received a mortal wound. Their evil designs were exposed by that immortal document—the Magna Charta of Christian social order and religious principle. From their dens and hiding-places they rushed frantically forth to do battle against the Truth. Their journals teemed with insult and opprobrium against the immutable principle which had spoken. Their frenzied dance around the altar of the Golden Calf of their own ideas, was suddenly ended by the appearance of the glorious Moses of the nineteenth century who came down the mountain of God with the Law which was destined to dash them and their idol to atoms. In a thousand workshops of mental iniquity they sharpened their intellectual daggers and slunk into bye-ways and hedges that they might stab Truth as she passed upon her mission of good.

To any man not totally devoid of common intelligence, this hatred of God and the Pope must be very suggestive. Let us ask one question: why are not the weapons of modern skepticism turned against the Greek schism, Protestantism or the other Protean forms of heresy? It will not do to answer, because those systems are friendly to progress and the elevation of mankind. The whole explanation lies in the difference between a fixed, unchangeable principle, and one which follows the contradictory modifications of human caprice. The infernal movement knows perfectly well that heresy is but part of one great infidel whole. It knows that Socialism, Communism, International Societies, Illuminati, Carbonari, Free Masonry, &c., are but logical corollaries of the rebellion of the sixteenth century. It knows that if Protestants stop short of the legitimate results of a rejection of the Church, that it is due to the fact that they are better than the system they uphold.

Hence the incredulous strike at the Pope and the Catholic Church; for, if they could succeed in their design, the field would be clear for their subversive war against all social order and virtue.

Let Catholics remember that he who dreams of any friendship or compromise with the spirit of the age, unconsciously strengthens the hands of those who are at once the enemies of God, His Church and that daughter of the Church, truly civilized and properly ordered society. Let Protestants remember that if they possess any security in life or property,—any consciousness of stability in their pursuits of liberty and happiness,—any great moral principles of justice and right, overshadowing society and protecting individuals,—any spirit of community with clearly defined principles, touching the important relations of *meum* and *tuum*, that they owe it to the Catholic Church and to her alone. Let them not proudly condemn this assertion while pointing to constitutions and national parchments. Those documents are simply based upon the just conditions which the Catholic Church taught nations as the true safeguards of the prosperity of states. Even the *Lex Communis* was but a poor bond of union until the Church breathed into that natural code the verifying principle of Christianity. If these United States have a constitution, which might well be termed *Libertas Scripta*, let them thank the sturdy freedom of the Catholic Church which inspired Stephen Langton to become the mouthpiece of oppressed nationalities in the presence of tyranny.

To destroy this social order is the ill-concealed object of the spirit of the age. It finds itself at a standstill before two facts—God and the Church. If it can wrench the dependence on God from the minds of men, and bring about a rejection of the supreme authority of the Church on earth, the destruction of society is easy.

For years they have worked silently and energetically toward this purpose. By newspapers, periodicals and books they have insidiously infiltrated their atrocious ideas into the popular mind. They have appealed to two classes: the learned and ignorant, the powerful and weak. They have whispered into the ears of the masses the wonderful results which will follow their novelties. The apple of their Tree of the knowledge of good and evil contains—according to them—magnificent possibilities of human progress and happiness. They have made labor a disgraceful, abnormal condition, and laugh at the idea of its being the result of the *fiat* of the Creator. They are well aware that the majority of men are like children—easily seduced by brilliant coloring and specious promises. Upon this weakness they work with a diabolical ingenuity, and gloat with satisfaction at their International Societies and other organizations, which they intend to use for one purpose—the destruction of society.

But they have their monarchs, too,—fitting successors of Henry VIII and the tyrants of the Lower Empire. We all know with what skill they managed to fill the highest offices of every state in Europe with their tools. It became the fashion for Kings and Emperors to ignore the warning voice of the Vicar of Christ. He was an old man, stuck fast in the mire of mouldy traditions. His *metier* was to prophecy evil.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Additional Entrances for 1871-72.

H. W. Walker,
Jacob Barth,
Santiago Valdez,
David Salazar,
J. E. Darrow,
G. G. Roulhac,

Chicago, Ill.
Notre Dame, Ind.
Taos, New Mexico
Albiquin, New Mexico.
Chicago, Ill.
Hickman, Ky.

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SEVERAL letters and exchanges have failed to reach us in time because they were directed to South Bend instead of to Notre Dame. Will subscribers and friends generally bear in mind that our address is

Editor SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

THE entertainment given by the St. Cecilians of the Junior Department on the night of the 12th inst., was altogether to the credit of the young gentlemen engaged in it. If the introductory exercises were rather too prolonged for our taste, and if convenient seats could not be had by the "representatives of the press," it was no fault of theirs. Though there were too many songs and speeches, etc., before the beginning of the play to suit our notions of a *Dramatic* performance, we have no words but those of praise to utter concerning the singing, the instrumental music, the poem and the declamation, but as an able and appreciative critic has given an account of the exhibition in full, we refrain from entering into details.

WE regret we have not the list of the pieces played upon the piano, and of the songs sung by some of the young ladies of the Academy at an informal *soirée* on the 9th inst. We enjoyed it very much, but are too little conversant with classical music to give a correct criticism of the pieces off-hand. We were highly gratified to meet our friend Mr. McMahon there, with whom also we had the pleasure of taking a cup of tea and a cigar, the latter of which we smoked.

THE members of the Sodality of the Holy Angels, in a body, received Holy Communion on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Their general communions should be made, however, in the College chapel and not in the large Church.

A Suggestion.

As there seems no likelihood that, at least for some time, our Literary Societies will favor us with a public debate, we would suggest that they would unite with the class of drawing, in an exhibition of a different kind. We would propose that a certain number of persons be appointed from each of the Societies to prepare essays, poems, etc., to be read in public in the College parlor—that at the same time the members of the drawing classes make a display of their work of this part of the session. To this might be added some good music—and thus all of the fine arts—Poetry, Painting and Music would contribute on the same evening to our entertainment.

The lovers of music, the lovers of the drama, the lovers of debate, have all been many times favored at Notre Dame, and we hope they may often be so favored again. But should we not also encourage our young artists in their work? Indeed, would we not be the gainers of new pleasures? Certainly an evening could not be passed with more pleasure than by uniting in one exhibition the beauties of Music, of Poetry, and of Art.

We should like to see more of our Students attending the drawing classes than there are at present. It may be that there is no hidden Raphael or Michael Angelo in the University, but we do know that there are many not attending the classes who, if their taste for art were fostered and rightly directed, would make very fair artists. All men were not made for the office and the counting-room and the workshops. All men were not made to apply themselves to trade, to law, to medicine, to the useful arts. He who gives pleasure—not merely earthly pleasure, but the noble intellectual pleasure which fills the soul of man with the great thoughts of his hereafter is a benefactor of man. No one to whom God has given a taste and natural skill for Painting, has a right to slight this beautiful gift and turn his attention to those trades and professions by which he may, perhaps, become more wealthy. He is bound to cultivate his talents so long as he has the means of cultivating them.

The pleasures which arise from mere money-making, are not to be compared to the joys of the intellect. The pleasures of the money-maker are "of the earth, earthy," and yet can never be satisfied on earth. The pleasures of the poet, the artist and the musician, it is true, can never be satisfied here, but the are, as it were, a foretaste of—may we say a participation in—the joys of heaven?

Perhaps you seek fame? Who would exchange the name of Longfellow or Bryant, Bierstadt or Powers for that of any living rail-road king? of any living lawyer, statesman or general? Excepting the fame of a *just man*, no fame is more praise worthy than that of the poet and the artist. Why seek the fame which must—I had almost said necessarily—be soiled by its contamination with parties and cliques, in preference to that fame which is won by our pursuit of the true and the beautiful?

Some of the Students attending the drawing classes display great taste and skill, a true love of art, and they should be encouraged. The encouragement we give them will stir others to emulation in this beautiful art, and our drawing classes will increase in numbers and proficiency. We know of no better way in which to encourage them and excite them to emulation, than by exhibitions of their skill. When may we have the first of these exhibitions?

Celebration of St. Cecilia's Day.

St. Cecilia's time-honored festival was celebrated here this year (by special transfer) on the evening of Tuesday, the 12th. Arriving at the portals of Washington Hall, we were supplied with programme by the amiable and courteous Master Benjamin Roberts, and we immediately proceeded to take our position in a sequestered nook, whence we might see without being seen. The arrival of Right Rev. Bishop Borgess was the signal for the Band to commence operations, after which the Orchestra commenced operations. There is something dreamy and inexpressibly tender in our orchestral music, which appeals rather to the *sensus intimus* than to the *perceptio sensuum*. Hence those grosser spirits, whose taste is confined to the mere titillation of the sensorium, not unfrequently fail to appreciate it, and disturb the more psychical and transcendental delight of others. We were glad to see our friends, the Philharmonics, on the stage again, singing the surging chorus in united voice. We closed our eyes and opened our souls to harmony alone—*Vox et præterea nihil* reigned therein awhile. The charming idyllic and idealistic ode, entitled "St. Cecilia's Vision," by the gifted "Mariaphilos," was admirably rendered by Master Foote. "They made her a grave too cold and damp"—Mr. Berdel did, we mean—and, in fact, made it so nicely that she ought to have been satisfied with it, even if it was a little cold or so. Mr. Riopelle's "Fairer far" was very fair. There

is something about Mr. Riopelle—shall we call it a *dolce far niente* in his pose or a *je ne sais quoi* in his *tout ensemble*?—which never fails to commend him to the appreciation of his audience. Our "beautiful bird," Master Filson, appeared, accompanied by his mate, and warbled that sweet and well-known, appealing—gushing—address to Norma, which is laid up in the melodic sympathies of every educated mind. And here let us pause for a moment and enquire whether the delight we feel in music is mnemonic or anticipatory—whether the chords of the heart vibrate to the harmonies of the past, or forestall some methexis of a palingenetic future. If entirely the latter, why does old music possess such a charm? If the former exclusively, why does new music—though heard for the first time—thrill the pulse with such a magic spell? This is an interesting question in metaphysics, or rather in metaphysical aesthetics; and lo! while we are thus debating within ourselves, Prof. Regnier has made his bow to the audience. The Professor is an enthusiastic cultivator of what Plato would call *to kalon*, and this time he gives us a song of "Farewell;" not, we are happy to add, his farewell song, but a melody of depth and pathos, which his glorious *basso* is eminently adapted to render. Nor was Thalia, among her sister Nine, forgotten. Mr. McHugh appeared in such a state of corporosity that his dearest friends would have hesitated to embrace him, (even could they have identified the individual,) and proceeded to proclaim divers Sanitary Regulations and to expatiate on the virtues of a new and cheap *panacea*, lately invented by himself, and worthy of the serious and earnest consideration of every thinking mind.

But now—"Conticure omnes intentique ora tenebant"—for the Drama—the great event of the evening is to commence. The Drama—"The Recognition"—a happy flight of the genius of our talented Vice-President, Rev. Father Lemonnier, which to-night is to be presented by a worthy *corps dramatique*, and with due accessories in the shape of scenery, music, and costume. First, before the curtain appear the three stars of the Junior Department to speak the Prologue—a Prologue which we are glad to know forms no part of the Drama, for it contains too large a spice of self-glorification—too much of the spirit of sifflicating one's own *cornet-à-piston*—to be worthy of the piece which it was written to introduce. On the rising of the curtain we beheld the bereft father (C. Dodge) bewailing the loss of his only son, and receiving meagre comfort from his faithful Squire (C. Hutchings). Chance throws in his way Antonio (F. Egan), the son of Count Bartolo, and ambition instigates him to appropriate the boy. Scarce has he done so ere Bartolo (M. Foote), the other afflicted father, appears upon the stage with servants and torches to seek Antonio. They find his scarf only. But were we to trace this beautiful drama through all its scenes, it would extend this notice beyond the limits which our esteemed friends of the SCHOLASTIC have assigned. The play itself may be found in that new work which has lately appeared in our midst, and whose echoes are beginning to reverberate through our collegiate halls—the "American Elocutionist"—sprung, like Minerva armed—from the comprehensive brain of Prof. Lyons, and put into its graceful exterior by the zeal of Messrs. E. H. Butler & Co., of Philadelphia. But we cannot refrain from noticing the fervid and impassioned impersonation of Bartolo by M. Foote, the manly bearing of C. Dodge, the warlike and, at the same time, jovial demeanor of C. Berdel, and the tender and affectionate, yet spirited rendition of Master Egan. Stephano, the old cowardly pedant, warmed at last into something like courage by the danger of his pupil, was well understood by J. McHugh—his scenes with Leonardo (M. Mahony) were particularly amusing. The "*post nubila jubila*," as it were,—

the Recognition itself,—the *dénouement* of the drama, was touching in the extreme, and the fencing which followed was performed with such skill and *vraisemblance*, as to render the nervous tension of the more sensitive among the audience positively painful. We exclaimed (in Arabic), "*Bismillah!*" It was *guerra al cuchillo*—as we say in Spanish. We could have sat for hours, in fact

Emos d'erigeneia phane rhododactylos Eos,

as old Homer says, but inexorable nature now began to plead (in Chinese)—Poot-Mee-In-Mi-Lit-Tel-Bed. The closing remarks by the Rt. Rev. guest of the evening, expressed in eloquent terms the delight which all the audience had experienced, and the credit due to the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association of the Junior Collegiate Department, for the highly satisfactory manner in which they had conducted the entertainment. He detailed also some interesting events in his own career, especially in connection with the celebration of the Festival of St. Cecilia. But we must conclude. In the preparation of this brief notice we have endeavored to observe the German maxim:

Rede wenig, aber wahr!
Vieles Reden bringt Gefahr.

We have no fear of the "*Gefahr*" part, but we do fear we have already said too much. Need we add that the audience dispersed to the air of "Home, Sweet Home"?

MATHETES.

The Archconfraternity.

We notice with pleasure the fact, that in most of the College Societies, a lively and energetic spirit manifests itself. The St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society, has made a large increase in members, and under the "go-ahead" and yet prudent management of Rev. J. C. Carrier and Prof. A. J. Stace, it displays a boldness and energy which it has never before surpassed. This is really gratifying to all the friends of the old Society. The St. Edward's Society, under Father Lemonnier, still continues weekly its spirited meetings. The St. Cecilians are as they have always been, active and lively. Under the efficient management of Father Lemonnier and Prof. J. A. Lyons, they still retain their original *vim*—or rather a new and increased vigor. The Philharmonics monthly make themselves heard at the evening soirées. The Saint Gregory's still retain their organization and promise much. The Holy Angels, have increased their membership this year and every month place themselves still farther on in the way to perfection. The Band and both Orchestras are in flourishing conditions. The Thespians have already entertained the Students with one exhibition of their skill, and will soon entertain them with another. Of all these we hear frequently in the SCHOLASTIC, but there is one Society of which we do not hear—The Archconfraternity. Why is this? There are few of the College Societies, which can show as honorable a record as it can. It is the oldest of all of our Societies. If we trace back the history of the College, we will find that one year after the charter was granted to Notre Dame, the Archconfraternity was established. We will find that it was one of the *active* Societies of the College in every successive year; we will find that every Catholic student who has distinguished himself while at Notre Dame, for his gentlemanly deportment and mental culture, was connected with it; we will find on its roll the names of Rev. Fathers Gillespie, Kilroy, Letourneau, Shortis, Corby, James Dillon, Glennan, O'Callaghan, Brown, Spillard, Vagnier, Flynn, O'Reilly, Corey, Mears, Lauth and others; we will find the names of McGean, Ferris, J. and D. Collins, Naughton, Carroll, Howard, the Healys, Fitzgibbon, the Lonergans, M. T. Corby, Corcoran, E. M. Brown and every Catholic graduate of the

University! Can any other Society in the College show a like record?

But leaving this question unanswered we return to our former one. Why is it we do not hear frequently in the SCHOLASTIC of the Archconfraternity? It will not do to say that the work of this Society is "hidden work," and that it should not engage in any of those forms of emulation which bring other bodies into notice. Its work is to be done openly—its emulation should be of the highest kind. Nothing ever succeeds without emulation. All religious seek to emulate the heroic acts of charity performed by the saints. Every religious congregation strives to emulate the exertions of other congregations. In the olden times at Notre Dame, was their a public procession—the Archconfraternity formed a goodly part in it, with its banners flying and every member with his badge. Was their a lecture delivered—five to one it was for the Archconfraternity. Was there a dispute in the yard about the merits of the different Societies—the members of the Archconfraternity contended as strongly for their Society as do the members of the St. Aloysius', the St. Edward's and the St. Cecilia Societies of to-day. It is really too bad to let the oldest religious sodality in the College take but a second place among our Societies. It was formerly a rule in the Confraternity that the members with their badges on, and in a body, should on the first Saturday of each month, approach Holy Communion. Has this rule been done away with?

We hope to see the members put their hearts and souls into this Society; that they increase the number of their members; that on the festival of their patron, the Queen of Heaven, they take the proper steps to celebrate her glories, and that in the public processions the Archconfraternity takes the place that it occupied in the olden time.

The Musical Soirée.

The soirée on the 10th of this month was well attended and passed off in fine style, except that some persons will persist in talking when the really fine music is played. We were particularly annoyed during the best part of the programme—we mean during the excellent trio of the cello, the French horn and the piano. We have, as yet, heard nothing at Notre Dame to equal this trio, and we hope that it and others will be given to us time and again. We never are tired when our ears drink in such melody.

The University Orchestra was, as it always is, excellent, but would it not be well to bring out more performers? Of course, we must not expect much from the Junior Orchestra in the way of classic music. However, they exceeded our expectations on this occasion. There was, everybody must admit, too much energy displayed in the scraping of violins, and we soon got tired of the noise. It seems, however, that it is very popular, judging from the amount of applause bestowed upon it.

The pianists of the evening were E. DeGroot, C. Hutchings, J. Nash and Prof. Regniers. Master DeGroot, we understand, is making rapid progress in his studies; but of this we are unable to judge, as we heard him on this evening for the first time. Mr. Hutchings played with more confidence than he did at the former soirée. It is evident that he studies well and that his professors take pains to teach him the right method, for he has improved greatly. Mr. Nash did much better than at the former entertainment. We notice with pleasure that the style of music he favored us with was far superior to his former production. We are delighted to see a change for the better in this respect. Let him advance still farther in classical music with each succeeding soirée. Prof. Regniers played with his usual good taste.

The violinists of the evening were Messrs. Ireland, Foote and Rumely. Mr. Ireland has studied music only some twelve or fifteen months. He showed that he had not studied in vain. There were many faults in his playing which we must expect in all beginners. Messrs. Rumely and Foote played, with considerable appreciation, a medley from the operas. Mr. Rumely is the best violinist among the students. He handles the bow with considerable freedom and skill, bringing out every note clearly and sweetly. Mr. Foote handles the bow in rather a nice style, but he does not show full confidence in himself.

Mr. Dodge's clarinet playing was rather good; he should, however, endeavor to throw more expression into his music. The clarinet, when handled with skill, can be made to express the sweetest and most delicate of melodies. Mr. Dodge was accompanied on the piano by Mr. S. Dum. Mr. Dum's playing was very fair, but he should "restrain his ardor."

Mr. Riopelle sang in good style. His voice is coming more under control and is managed by him with more precision than it was formerly. Mr. Filson's song was not sung as well as we expected. The duet between Messrs. Emmonds and Filson did not come off, though it was on the programme. We do not know the reason why. Mr. Deloulme sang "I'm a merry Zingara" excellently well. We were greatly annoyed during the singing of this song by the conduct of some of those present. Mr. Deloulme sings well and, for our part, we would be happy to hear him often.

Jo.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEP'T.

J. McGlynn, T. O'Mahoney, J. Kinney, T. A. Phillips, E. Sweeney, J. Comer, D. Maloney, T. Renshaw, J. Zimmer, J. Crummey.

JUNIOR DEP'T.

G. Gross, M. Kelly, P. Cooney, E. Ottenville, B. Luhn, W. Meyer, F. Eagan, J. Caren, W. Kelly, P. Reilly.

Dec. 9, 1871.

D. A. C., Sec.

Honorable Mentions.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Fourth Year—T. Ireland, M. Keeley, J. Shanahan, M. Mahony, J. McHugh.

Third Year—J. McGlynn.

Second Year—P. White, J. Hogan, D. Hogan.

First Year—W. Clarke, C. Dodge, C. Gamache, L. Hayes, D. Maloney.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Fourth Year—T. O'Mahony.

Third Year—R. Curran, T. Dundon, G. Darr, J. McCormack, P. O'Connell.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Second Year—P. Cochrane, J. Ireland, J. McFarland, H. Schnelker, E. Sweeney, F. Wing, J. Crummey, J. Carr, C. Berdell, L. McOsker, E. Newton, B. Roberts, G. Riopelle, J. Stubbs, H. Taylor, J. Spillard, J. Wuest, C. Hutchings.

First Year—J. Bowen, T. Badeaux, E. Barry, V. Bacca, H. Dehner, J. Darmody, C. Dulaney, M. Howel, C. Hodgson, T. Phillips, J. Stinson, H. Schulte, J. Smarr, F. Whitney, J. Zimmer, C. Anderson, F. Eagan, L. Godefroy, E. Olwell, J. Noonan, W. Kelly, F. Phalon, J. Quill, O. Waterman, J. Waters, H. Waldorf.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Second Year—M. Bastorache, M. Foley, J. Hogan, P. O'Meara, J. Rourke, F. Arantz, W. Campbell, A. Dickerhoff, J. Kilcoin, P. Reilly, F. Sheehan.

First Year—J. Devine, E. Graves, H. Hunt, G. Wirthlin, H. Beckmann, J. Caren, A. Chouteau, F. Devoto, J. Dunne, F. Garity, H. Heckert, J.

Hoffman, L. Hibben, G. Kurt, A. Kline, V. McKinnon, J. McGinnis, W. Myers, J. McMahon, E. Ottenville, W. Nelson, H. Shephard, M. Weldon, J. Wernert.

Second Division—A. Brown, J. Bell, W. Bercaw, J. Comer, F. Carlin, B. Drake, J. Dehner, W. Easton, F. Hansard, C. Harvey, J. Kenney, J. Karst, P. Logue, W. Moran, E. Asher, J. Birdsell, F. Bauer, B. Blackman, C. Bloomhoff, R. Dooley, H. Enneking, E. Edwards, E. Halpin, H. Hoffman, F. Hopkins, C. Karst, W. Kinzie, J. Kauffman, R. Kelly, W. Kelly, H. Long, F. Livingston, E. Milburn, W. Murphy, W. Morgan, D. O'Connell, W. Olhen, T. O'Neil, A. Paquin, W. Quinlan, H. Quan, T. Stubbs, A. Schwab, F. Smith.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Grammar—First Class—A. McIntosh, E. DeGroot, H. Faxon, P. Gall, A. Morton, M. Farnbaker, T. Nelson, J. Porter, F. Huck.

Second Class—W. Dee, C. Beck, C. Walsh, H. Edgell, E. Dasher, Ed. and S. McMahon.

St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association.

The Association having been prevented from having a session at the regular time, held a special meeting on the evening of the 7th of December, the President in the chair.

Besides the attendance of the regular members, many honored visitors were present. Some miscellaneous business was transacted, the principal part of which consisted of the election of Messrs. E. Sweeney, C. Hughes, and C. Thomas, gentlemen well able to appreciate the benefits arising from a connection with a Society whose aim is so deserving of commendation.

Mr. F. C. Bigelow, the lecturer of the evening, was then requested to ascend the rostrum. The subject he had chosen was "The American Poets." He commenced by excellently showing how the dependence upon the mother-country prevented any poet of merit from arising in the New World while in subjection to England, and showed also how, as soon as America became independent, gradually the number of distinguished poets increased, until at present her category of them, considering all concomitant circumstances, is not inferior to that of any other country's.

He then continued by faithfully exhibiting the beauties and defects of each writer, enlivening as well as rendering the discourse more interesting by following the separate examinations with choice specimens taken from the writings of the poets just examined.

When Mr. Bigelow had finished, an unanimous vote of thanks was tendered him in return for favoring the Society with so excellent a lecture.

Mr. Bigelow's lecture was followed by some well-chosen and well delivered declamations by Messrs. Crummey, Barry and Godefroy.

After some suitable and appropriate remarks by Mr. Carr, who, as Critic, occupied the floor, and who generously distributed well-merited praise to the several participants in the exercises of the evening, the meeting adjourned.

T. A. IRELAND, Cor. Sec.

[Translated from the German.]

The Death of Abel.

PART III.

[CONTINUED.]

Abel, full of sadness, proceeded to the fields, the tears still flowing from his eyes. When he arrived, he threw himself on the ground, and inclining his head to the flowers, bedewed with tears, prayed thus to the Lord:

"Praised be Thou who with infinite goodness and wisdom directest the fate of mortals! I venture, in the midst of our misery, to supplicate Thee,

for Thou hast permitted the sinner to implore Thee; this soothing consolation Thou hast granted to us in our misery. But why shouldst Thou deviate from the course of Thy wisdom to fulfil the desire of a pitiable, supplicating worm? Wise and good are Thy ways, O Lord; only consolation and strength do I ask of Thee. But if it be not contrary to the ways of Thy wisdom, then restore to us—oh! then restore to her her husband—to her who, disconsolate, weeps at his side. Restore to her him who shares with her happiness and misery, whose life is intertwined with hers inseparably. Restore our dear father to his wailing children; postpone the hour of his death to a distant day. Give only a sign, O Lord, and these burning pains will cease, and joy and ecstasy and grateful thanks will ascend to Thee from the huts of mortals. Let Him, who gave us life, remain among us still longer; let him yet longer instruct our sons and daughters, his grandchildren, in Thy praise. But if it be in accordance with Thy eternal wisdom that he should die, oh! then, pardon my grief if my feeble tongue stammers forth, and my inmost soul quakes! If my father is doomed to die, oh! then, assist him in his last agony; pardon our lamentation and grief; send consolation and strength to us in our misery; do not abandon us in our wretchedness; preserve us that we do not die in our grief, but still continue in our misery to praise Thy wisdom."

Thus prayed Abel, prostrate on the earth in the deepest humility. Of a sudden, he heard a rustling, while lovely perfume filled the air. He raised his head from the earth, and beheld one of the guardian angels in heavenly splendor before him. Roses encircled his head, and his smile was lovely like the morning tint of a spring day. In melodious accents he spoke:

"Friend, the Lord has heard your prayer, and He has instructed me to envelop myself in a denser body, and bring consolation and help to you in your grief. Eternal wisdom, which always watches over the welfare of all creatures and takes care of the creeping worm as well as of the bright angel, has kindly commanded the earth to produce medicinal herbs for the consolation of its inhabitants whose bodies are now exposed to pains, and all malarious diseases which nature exhales since the curse. Behold, friend, take these flowers and herbs, they are of a medicinal kind; boil them in the clear water of the spring, and give to your suffering father health with this drink."

The angel then gave him the flowers and herbs, and disappeared. Abel stood still, full of unspeakable delight.

"O God!" he exclaimed, "who am I? what am I? I, a sinner, whose petition Thou so mercifully deignest to grant. How can a mortal thank Thee? How can he worthily praise Thy infinite mercy? Mortal man cannot do it; even the praise of angels cannot do it."

He quickly hurried back to his hut, joy lending fleetness to his feet, and with longing impatience prepared the healing drink. Now he ran to the hut of his father, where Eve was sitting by the bedside weeping, with Mehala and Thirza standing, disconsolate, by her. Full of astonishment, they beheld his great haste, the joy in his eyes, the smile upon his cheeks. Then he spoke:

"Dearest, praise the Lord,—dash away the tears of grief from your eyes; the Lord has heard our prayers and has sent us help. As I was praying in the fields, an angel appeared to me; he gave me herbs possessing healing properties; he directed me to boil them in clear water, and to give my father health with the drink."

Full of amazement, they listened to his words, and praise and thanks sounded forth loudly from their lips. The father, who had now partaken of the fragrant drink, sat upright on his couch and with fervent devotion thanked the Lord; he then took his son's hand, pressed it to his lips, moistened it with tears and said:

"Oh, my son, my son! blessed be thou, through whom the Lord has sent me help, and whose prayer He so mercifully heard; blessed be thou!"

Eve and her daughters also embraced him through whom the Lord had given help. As they were thus embracing him, Cain returned from his fields.

"Anxiety torments me," said he; "I will go to the hut of my father; perhaps they may need my assistance; perhaps he may die, and I, wretch, will not hear the last blessing from his lips."

He then hurried on; astonished, he saw their joy and tender caresses, he also heard how the father had blessed Abel, and now Mehala ran joyfully to meet him and embrace him, and to relate to him how the Lord had assisted their father through Abel. Then Cain stepped to the couch of his father, kissed his hand and said:

"Welcome, my father; the Lord be praised who again restores you to us! But, father, have you no blessing for me? You have blessed him through whom the Lord has helped you, bless me also, father, I am thy first-born."

Adam looked tenderly at him, took him by the hand and said:

"Oh! Cain, Cain, blessed be thou, thou first-born! May the mercy of the Lord be with thee! May peace always reign in thy heart and happiness in thy soul!"

Cain now went to his brother and embraced him; (for how could he otherwise, when all, full of tender emotion, had embraced him?) He then left the hut, and, creeping along the borders of a dark wood entered it. After standing for some time in a melancholy mood, he broke forth:

"Peace, . . . happiness in thy soul, . . . how is that possible? . . . I, . . . be happy? Was I not obliged to ask the blessing which, unasked, descended upon my brother? 'Tis true I am the first born; fine advantage! wretch that I am; I have the exclusive privilege of being miserable and despised. Through him the Lord has helped; all means are employed to make him more beloved than me. Shall they honor me, whom neither the Lord nor the angels honor? Angels do no not appear to me, they pass me by in disdain; when I tire out my limbs in the field, when perspiration flows from my sunburnt countenance, they pass me by in disdain to seek him, who with delicate fingers plays with the flowers, or idly stands by his sheep, or who from his excessive tenderness sheds a few tears, because forsooth the clouds are red where the sun sinks, or because the dew glistens upon the beautiful flowers. Woe to me that I am the first born; for as it seems to me the curse is to fall upon him alone, or at least its largest portion. All nature smiles upon him, while I alone wearily eat my bread in the sweat of my brow—I alone am wretched."

Thus he wandered in the woods making gloomy, melancholy reflections. The sun was just setting behind the azure-blue mountains, and throwing his evening tints into the glowing clouds and the country around when Adam spoke.

"The sun is now disappearing behind the mountains. I will go out into the green patch in front of the hut, and, before the day closes, praise the Lord who has assisted me."

He arose from his couch, youthful strength having returned to his limbs. Eve, with her daughters, accompanied him to the green patch in front of the hut. The evening sun was beautifully smiling upon the region, when Adam knelt down, and, with reverential devotion, prayed:

"Here, O Almighty, here I again lie prostrate before Thee, and praise Thy infinite goodness! Where are ye, ye pains? Ye have penetrated my bones, and burned my marrow as if with fire; but my soul arose superior to the tumult, and hoped in the Lord; thereupon the Lord heard our prayer, and, looking down from heaven, caused the pains to cease, and joy and strength to return to my

limbs. Death was not yet to claim my dust, I was still to praise Thee in mortal body, still to experience more wonders of Thy infinite mercy. Oh! I will praise Thee, O Infinite One, from the time the morning dew falls till the moon appears. My soul shall utter praise and thanks to Thee till she separates from this clay, and then, O Infinite Goodness, shall the soul of the sinner triumphantly hover over these ashes, to live and enjoy Thy splendor. Ye shining angels, look down into the habitation of the sinner, look down into the habitation of death. This earth is the scene of the wonders of infinite goodness; look down and praise it in holy astonishment. Man, alas! can only weep in astonishment. Welcome again, thou lovely sun,—welcome ere thou sinkest! When thy morning rays pierced the dark cedars, I lay prostrate on my couch of sickness; at noon I greeted thy genial warmth with sighs; but now thy evening rays, casting increasing shadows, behold me prostrate on my knees, thanking the Lord who helped me. Welcome to me, ye mountains, ye hills scattered o'er the plain; my eye shall yet see ye glow in the morning and evening rays of the sun. Welcome to me, ye birds, whose songs shall yet delight my ear, and rouse me early to praise the Lord. Welcome, ye sparkling springs, my weary limbs shall often rest on your flowery banks. Ye groves, ye woods, welcome. Welcome thou beautiful nature. The Lord be praised! He has recalled my pains, and supported my dust that it did not sink."

Thus did the father of the human race praise the Lord; all nature appeared to respond to his prayer. The sun, shooting forth brilliant rays, sank behind the mountain; the flowers presented lovely fragrance to the gentle zephyrs; the birds sang merrily around him.

Cain and Abel now returned, and beheld with holy joy the restored father. He arose from his prayers and embraced his spouse and children, who could not restrain their tears of joy. The father now returned to his hut. On the way, Cain said to Abel:

"Brother, how shall we thank the Lord for having granted our petition, and for restoring to us our dear father? I will go to my altar, now that the moon is brightly shining, and will sacrifice to the Lord the youngest of my lambs. Will you, dear brother, also go to your altar and sacrifice to the Lord?"

Cain looked askance at him, and said:

"I will also go to my altar, and sacrifice to the Lord whatever the poverty of my fields offers."

Abel answered in a friendly manner:

"Brother, the Lord cares little for the lamb that burns before Him, little for the fruits of the field, if only pure devotion burns in the heart of him who sacrifices."

Then Cain answered:

"Of course fire will quickly descend from heaven to consume your sacrifice, for through you the Lord has sent help; He has not thus honored me. Nevertheless I will go and sacrifice; sincere thankfulness glows in my bosom; the restored father is as dear to me as to you. The Lord do with me, wretch that I am, according to his will."

Abel tenderly embraced his brother, and said:

"Oh! my brother, should grief lurk in your breast because the Lord has given help through me? If He mercifully sent help through me, He still helped all. Oh! brother, dispel this grief. The Lord who sees our inmost thoughts, perceives this unjust grief and this secret murmuring. Love me as I love you; go and offer sacrifice,—but let nothing, no impure passion, sully your devotion; then the Lord will mercifully accept your praise and thanks, and from His throne bless you."

Cain did not reply, but went away to his fields. Abel looked at him compassionately, and then proceeded to his pasturage. He killed the most beautiful of his young lambs, placed it upon the al-

tar covered it with fragrant flowers and herbs, and set fire to the sacrifice. Then, filled with holy devotion, he knelt before the altar, and, with an innocent heart, offered praise and thanks to the Lord. In the meanwhile the sacrificial flame shot high up into the air and lit up the night, the Lord commanding the winds to cease, and the whole country around to celebrate in stillness, the sacrifice being agreeable to Him.

Cain placed on his altar the fruits of the field, set fire to the sacrifice and knelt down in the night. Quickly a rustling among the trees was heard, and soon a whirlwind came dashing along, which scattered the fruits, and enveloped the wretched one in smoke and flame. He started back from the altar, terrified; and presently a terrible voice proceeded from the dismal gloom of the night:

"Why dost thou tremble? and why is horror and affright depicted on thy countenance? If thou repentest, I will forgive thy sins; if thou repentest not, then shall sin and its punishment dwell before thy hut. Why dost thou hate thy brother? Why dost thou persecute the just one, who loves thee and who honors thee as the first-born?"

The voice was silent, and Cain, filled with horror, left the altar, and retraced his steps through the night. His heart beat, and cold perspiration stood on his brow. Then he saw far in the distance the sacrificial flame of his brother ascend high into the air in graceful tongues, lighting up the darkness around. Full of despair, he turned his face aside, his trembling lips muttering:

"Yonder—yonder sacrifices the favorite. Ha! I cannot endure the sight; if I look once more there, I would (for hell is within me,) I would, with trembling lips, curse him. Oh, death! where can I find thee! Come upon me, a wretch! Oh, father, father, that you have sinned! Shall I go and stand before you that you may see my despair, my utmost misery, and then feel its sting? No; be miserable, but do not revenge yourself upon your father; he would fall dead in cold horror, and the spectacle would only increase my misery. Yes, the anger of the Lord rests upon me; I am the most wretched creature that lives on this earth. I envy the animals of the field, the creeping worm. O God, All-merciful One! if Thou, canst yet have mercy on me, turn away Thy wrath from me, or let me perish! But, . . . thou cursed wretch, if thou repentest He will forgive thee thy sins. Choose between forgiveness and misery—eternal, unspeakable misery. Yes, I have sinned; my sins cry out to Thee for vengeance, O God! The farther removed from perfection and goodness, the more wretched one becomes—therefore am I so wretched. Oh! I will return from my evil ways. Blot out my sins from Thy memory. Have mercy on me, O God! have mercy on me. Mitigate my misery, or, . . . annihilate me!"

Astronomy—No. 9.

A SYNOPSIS OF ITS HISTORY.

Le Verrier, although quite a young man, established at once an enviable reputation. He was literally overwhelmed with honors received from the sovereigns and Academies of Europe. He was created an officer of the Legion of Honor by the King of France, and a special chair of Celestial Mechanics was established for him at the Faculty of Sciences. From the King of Denmark he received the title of Commander of the Royal Order of Dannebrog, and the Royal Society of London conferred on him the Copley Medal. The Academy of St. Petersburg resolved to offer him the first vacancy in their body, and the Royal Society of Göttingen elected him to the rank of Foreign Associate.

It now became a question of the greatest interest to determine with precision the elliptic elements of the planet. Its heliocentric motion, amounting to only about two degrees in a year, caused this to be an object of unusual difficulty. Mr. Hinds, of London, adopting the predicted elements of Le Verrier, examined Leland's and other observations for this purpose, and satisfied himself that the new planet was not there to be found. An American astronomer, Mr. Sears C. Walker, was more fortunate: having examined various catalogues of stars, amounting to over two hundred thousand, he discovered that one in this vast number was missing—that it had been marked and located by Leland in 1795. On the 2d of February, 1847, the great equatorial telescope of the Washington observatory was turned to this part of the heavens, and *this star was missing*. Where Leland in 1795 saw a star of the ninth magnitude, there remained only a blank. The conclusion, therefore, seemed certain that *that missing star was in reality the planet*. He accordingly computed the path upon this data, and found that a single elliptic orbit would, with mathematical precision, represent the observations of 1795 and 1846. The steamer which left Boston on the 1st of March carried to M. Le Verrier a copy of the *Boston Courier*, containing an account of Mr. Walker's researches. On the very day of its arrival he also received a letter from Altona, dated March 21st, announcing that *this very star was now missing* from the heavens. Mr. Walker made the same discovery February 2d, and therefore he has the priority of six weeks in the discovery.

But when it was announced that the planet had been seen at Berlin—that it had been found within one degree of the computed place—that it was indeed a star of the eighth magnitude—that it had a sensible disc, then the enthusiasm, not merely of astronomers but the public generally, was wonderful. The sagacity of Le Verrier was felt to be almost superhuman. Language could hardly be found to express the general admiration. If the planet had been found even ten degrees from where Le Verrier had assigned it, this discrepancy would have surprised no astronomer.

Twenty-five years since, the only planets known to men of science were the same which were known to the Chaldean shepherds thousands of years ago. Between the orbits of Mars and that of Jupiter, there occurs an interval of no less than 350 millions of miles, in which no planets were found before the commencement of the present century. Nearly three centuries ago, Kepler had pointed out something like a regular progression in the distances of the planets as far as Mars, which was broken in the case of Jupiter, he hazarded the conjecture that a planet really existed between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and that smallness alone prevented it from being visible to astronomers. In Germany it had been predicted that a planet existed between Mars and Jupiter, and the Baron de Zach went so far as to calculate, in 1785, the orbit of an ideal planet, the elements of which he published in the Berlin Almanac for 1789. In 1800, six astronomers, of whom the Baron was one, assembled at Lilienthal, and formed an association of twenty-four observers, having for its object to effect the discovery of the unseen body.

On the first of January 1807, Piazzi, the celebrated Italian Astronomer, while engaged in constructing his great catalogue of stars, was engaged in carefully examining, for several nights in succession, a part of the constellation of Taurus, in which Welleston has by mistake assigned a position to a star which did not really exist. He observed a small star, which, on the following evening, appeared to have changed its place. On the third, he repeated his observation, and he now felt assured that the star had a retrograde motion in the Zodiac.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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" "	12.22 p. m.	" "	11.00 a. m.
" "	9.20 p. m.	" "	2.00 p. m.
" "	12.35 a. m.	" "	5.30 p. m.

GOING WEST.			
Leave South Bend	5.05 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago	8.20 p. m.
" "	3.15 a. m.	" "	6.50 a. m.
" "	4.30 a. m.	" "	7.20 a. m.
" "	5.22 p. m.	" "	9.30 p. m.

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