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Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

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Our Chimes.

Air.—The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

I.

Our chimes that once at every hour
A peal of music shed,
Now hang as mute within their tower
As if the barrel arrangement, and the other
fixin's that used to set them agoing, had fled;
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's dream is o'er;—
The chimes that used our souls to raise,
Now raise our souls no more.

II.

No more ring out, on festals bright,
The chimes of Notre Dame;
No longer when we wake at night
We hear their cheerful psalm.
Their voices now so seldom wake,
The only throb they give
Is when some highly-privileged or extra inquisitive
visitor manages to get up into the belfry and
give them a shake
To show that still they live.

N. B.—If any rash person or persons should venture to sing the above stanzas to the air appended to the title, and should find some of the lines a little too long to "come in," we beg to assure them that a very fine effect may be produced by rapidly enunciating the greater part of the words on the highest note in the strain, and then coming down emphatically on the concluding words which form the proper cadence.

But seriously—*seriatim*, as we say in Latin,—why is it that the best chime of bells in the State of Indiana has been silent so long? Positively, there are gentlemen who have lived for months in our midst and have never heard it. Is it because they are not in tune with the big bell? But they needn't be rung with the big bell. They can play music of their own without the assistance of the big bell. They haven't any connection whatever with the big bell, if the subscriber understands it, and he thinks he doth. Or is it because the proposal to have a chime of seventy-two bells, at some future but undetermined epoch, has so engrossed the anticipatory admiration of all our bellicose friends that the present chimes seem unworthy of further attention? This would be a sympathetic sentiment with that which influences the school-boy to spill molasses on his shirt bosom on Saturday morning—"It doesn't signify; I shall put on a clean shirt to-morrow." The *dolce far niente* principle, which lies deep at the bottom of every human mind, even of the most restless and energetic, is always ready to suggest some such system of self-convincing argumentation.

But perhaps it is because the gentlemen, who have devoted themselves so kindly in times past to the regulation of those chimes, imagine that their efforts have not been appreciated,—that while other deeds and other benefits have received their meed of praise through the columns of the SCHOLASTIC, the chimes, and the labors of him who has devoted so many hours to the arrangement of their tunes, have been forgotten. Now, if

such is the case, let them be undeceived. The blessings that we feel the most are often the least spoken of. What is a greater blessing than the air we breathe, yet do we ever mention it, even when seriously considering the benefits received from Divine Providence? Let our kind friend continue his work of harmony and love, and be assured that the hours he spends in the dreary old tower will not be lost. Easter is fast approaching, and let that great festival be the date of the renewal of ancient melodies.

JIM.

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

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

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAST TEMPTATION.

But Ate, mighty and sound of foot,
Outran all by far, and is beforehand
In doing men mischief. —*Hom. II.* ix, 505.

Time, the great good angel, Time, the merciful healer, assuaged the violence of Eric's grief, which seemed likely to settle down into a sober sadness. At first his letters to his parents and to Fairholm were almost unintelligible in their fierce abandonment of sorrow; but they grew calmer in time—and while none of his school-fellows ever ventured in his presence to allude to Vernon, because of the emotion which the slightest mention of him excited, yet he rarely wrote any letters to his relations in which he did not refer to his brother's death in language which grew at length both manly and resigned.

A month after, in the summer term, he was sitting alone in his study in the afternoon (for he could not summon up spirit enough to play regularly at cricket), writing a long letter to his aunt. He spoke freely and unreservedly of his past errors,—more freely than he had ever done before,—and expressed not only deep penitence, but even strong hatred of his previous unworthy courses. "I can hardly even yet realize," he added, "that I am alone here, and that I am writing to my aunt Trevor about the death of my little brother, my noble, only brother, Vernon. Oh how my whole soul yearns towards him. I *must* be a better boy, I *will* be better than I have been, in hopes of meeting him again. Indeed, indeed, dear aunt, though I have been so guilty, I am laying aside, with all my might, idleness and all bad habits, and doing my very best to redeem the lost years. I do hope that the rest of my time at Roslyn will be more worthily spent than any of it has been as yet."

He finished the sentence, and laid his pen down to think, gazing quietly on the blue hills and sunlit sea. A feeling of hope and repose stole over him,—when suddenly he saw at the door, which was ajar, the leering eyes and villainously cunning countenance of Billy.

"What do you want!" he said angrily, casting at the intruder a look of intense disgust.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man, pulling his hair. "Anything in my line, sir, to-day?"

"No!" answered Eric, rising up in a gust of indignation. "What business have you here? Get away instantly."

"Not had much custom from you lately, sir," said the man.

"What do you mean by having the insolence to begin talking to me! If you don't make yourself scarce at once, I'll—"

"O well," said the man; "if it comes to that, I've business enough. Perhaps you'll just pay me this debt," he continued, changing his fawning manner into a bullying swagger. "I've waited long enough."

Eric, greatly discomfited, took the dirty piece of paper. It purported to be a bill for various items of drink, all of which Eric *knew* to have been paid for, and among other things, a charge of £6 for the dinner at the "Jolly Herring."

"Why, you scoundrel, these have all been paid. What! six pounds for the dinner! Why! Brigson collected the subscriptions to pay for it before it took place."

"That's now't to me, sir. He never paid me; and as you was the the young gentleman in the cheer, I comes to you."

Now Eric knew for the first time what Brigson had meant by his threatened revenge. He saw at once that the man had been put up to act in this way by some one, and had little doubt that Brigson was the instigator. Perhaps it might be even true, as the man said, that he had never received the money. Brigson was quite wicked enough to have embezzled it for his own purposes.

"Go," he said to the man; "you shall have the money in a week."

"And mind it bea'n't more nor a week. I don't chuse to wait for my money no more," said Billy, impudently, as he retired with an undisguised chuckle, which very nearly made Eric kick him down stairs. With a heart-rending sigh Eric folded and directed his letter to Mrs. Trevor, and then ran out into the fresh air to relieve the qualm of sickness which had come over him.

What was to be done? To mention the subject to Owen or Montagu, who were best capable of advising him, would have been to renew the memory of unpleasant incidents, which he was most anxious to obliterate from the memory of all. He had not the moral courage to face the natural consequences of his past misconduct, and was now ashamed to speak of what he had not then been ashamed to do. He told Graham and Wildney, who were the best of his old associates, and they at once agreed that they ought to be responsible for at least a share of the debt. Still, between them they could only muster three pounds out of the six which were required, and the week had half elapsed before there seemed any prospect of extrication from the difficulty; so Eric daily grew more miserable and dejected.

A happy thought struck him. He would go and explain the source of his trouble to Mr. Rose, his oldest, his kindest, his wisest friend. To him

he could speak without scruple and without reserve, and from him he knew that he would receive nothing but the noblest advice, and the warmest sympathy.

He went to him after prayers that night, and told his story.

"Ah, Eric, Eric!" said Mr. Rose; "you see, my boy, that sin and punishment are twins."

"O but, sir, I was just striving so hard to amend, and it seems cruel that I should be checked at once."

"Let it teach you a life-long lesson, dear Eric—the lesson that when a sin is committed *we* may have done with it, but it has by no means done with *us*. It is always so, Eric; when we drink the wine it is red and sparkling, but we come afterwards to the ragged and bitter dregs."

"But what shall I do, sir?" said Eric sadly.

"There is only one way that I see, Eric. You must write home for the money, and confess the truth to them honestly, as you have to me."

It was a hard course for Eric's proud and loving heart to write and tell his aunt the full extent of his guilt. But he did it faithfully, extenuating nothing, and entreating her, as she loved him, to send the money by return of post.

It came, and with it a letter full of deep and gentle affection. Mrs. Trevor knew her nephew's character, and did not add by reproaches to the bitterness which she perceived he had endured; she simply sent him the money, and told him, that in spite of his many failures, "she still had perfect confidence in the true heart of her dear boy."

Touched by the affection which all seemed to be showing him, it became more and more the passionate craving of Eric's soul to be worthy of that love. But it is far, far harder to recover a lost path than to keep in the right one all along; and by one more terrible fall the poor erring boy was to be taught for the last time the fearful strength of temptation, and the only source in earth and heaven from which deliverance can come. Theoretically he knew it, but as yet not practically. Great as his trials had been, and deeply as he had suffered, it was God's will that he should pass through a yet fiercer flame ere he could be purified from pride and passion and self-confidence, and led to the cross of a suffering Saviour, there to fling himself down in heart-rending humility, and cast his great load of cares and sins upon Him who cared for him through all his wanderings, and was leading him back through thorny places to the green pastures and still waters where at last he might have rest.

The money came, and walking off straight to the Jolly Herring, he dashed it down on the table before Billy, and imperiously bade him write a receipt.

The man did so, but with so unmistakable an air of cunning and triumph that Eric was both astonished and dismayed. Could the miscreant have any further plot against him? At first he fancied that Billy might attempt to extort money by a threat of telling Dr. Rowlands; but this supposition he banished as unlikely, since it might expose Billy himself to very unpleasant consequences.

Eric snatched the receipt, and said contemptuously, "Never come near me again; next time you come up to the studies I'll tell Carter to turn you out."

"Ho, ho, ho!" sneered Billy. "How mighty we young gents are all of a sudden. Unless you buy of me sometimes, you shall hear of me again; never fear, young gen'leman." He shouted out the latter words, for Eric had turned scornfully on his heel, and was already in the street.

Obviously more danger was to be apprehended from this quarter. At first the thought of it was disquieting, but three weeks glided away, and Eric, now absorbed heart and soul in school work,

began to remember it as a mere vague and idle threat.

But one afternoon, to his horror, he again heard Billy's step on the stairs, and again saw the hateful, iniquitous face at the door.

"Not much custom from you lately, sir," said Billy, mockingly. "Anything in my line to-day?"

"Didn't I tell you never to come near me again, you foul villain?" cried Eric, springing up in a flame of wrath. "Go this instant, or I'll call Carter," and opening the window, he prepared to put his threat into execution.

"Ho, ho, ho! Better look at summat I've got first." It was a printed notice to the following effect:

"FIVE POUNDS REWARD.—Whereas some evil-disposed persons stole some pigeons on the evening of April 6th from the Rev. H. Gordon's premises, the above reward will be given for any such information as may lead to the apprehension of the offenders."

Soon after the seizure of the pigeons there had been a rumor that Gordon had offered a reward of this kind, but the matter had been forgotten, and the boys had long fancied their secret secure, though at first they had been terribly alarmed.

"What do you show me that for?" he asked, reddening and then growing pale again.

"Billy's only answer was to pass his finger slowly along the words, 'Five pounds reward!'"

"Well?"

"I thinks I knows who took the pigeons."

"What's that to me?"

"Ho, ho, ho! that's a good un," was Billy's reply; and he continued to cackle as though enjoying a great joke.

"Unless you gives me five pound, anyhow, I knows where to get 'em. I know who them evil-disposed persons be! So I'll give ye another week to decide."

Billy shambled off in high spirits; but Eric sank back into his chair. Five pounds! The idea haunted him. How could he ever get them? To write home again was out of the question. The Trevors, though liberal, were not rich, and after just sending him so large a sum, it was impossible, he thought, that they should send him five pounds more at his mere request. Besides, how could he be sure that Billy would not play upon his fears to extort further sums? And to explain the matter to them fully was more than he could endure. He remembered now how easily his want of caution might have put Billy in possession of the secret, and he knew enough of the fellow's character to feel quite sure of the use he would be inclined to make of it. Oh how he cursed that hour of folly!

Five pounds! He began to think of what money he could procure. He thought again and again, but it was no use; only one thing was clear—he *had* not the money and could not get it. Miserable boy! It was too late then! for him repentance was to be made impossible; every time he attempted it he was to be thwarted by some fresh discovery. And, leaning his head on his open palms, poor Eric sobbed like a child.

Five pounds! And all this misery was to come upon him for the want of five pounds! Expulsion was *certain*, was *inevitable* now, perhaps for Wilkeny too as well as for himself. After all his fine promises in his letters home,—yes that reminded him of Vernon. The grave had not closed for a month over one brother, and the other would be expelled. Oh misery, misery! He was sure it would break his mother's heart. Oh how cruel everything was to him!

Five pounds! He wondered whether Montagu would lend it him, or any other boy? But then it was late in the quarter, and all the boys would have spent the money they brought with them from home. There was no chance of any one having five pounds, and to a master, he *dare* not

apply, not even to Mr. Rose. The offence was too serious to be overlooked, and if noticed at all, he fancied that, after his other delinquencies, it *must*, as a matter of notoriety, be visited with expulsion. He could not face that bitter thought; he could not thus bring open disgrace upon his father's and his brother's name; this was the fear which kept recurring to him with dreadful iteration.

Suddenly he remembered that if he had continued captain of the school eleven, he would have had easy command of the money, by being treasurer of the cricket subscriptions. But at Vernon's death he lost all interest in cricket for a time, and had thrown up his office, to which Montagu had been elected by the general suffrage.

He wondered whether there was as much as five pounds of the cricketing money left! He knew that the box which contained it was in Montagu's study, and he also knew where the key was kept. It was merely a feeling of curiosity—he would go and look.

All this passed through Eric's mind as he sat in his study after Billy had gone. It was a sultry summer day; all the study doors were open, and all their occupants were absent in the cricket-field, or bathing. He stole into Montagu's study, hastily got the key, and took down the box.

"O put it down, put it down, Eric," said Conscience; "what business have you with it?"

"Pooh! it is merely curiosity; as if I couldn't trust myself!"

"Put it down," repeated Conscience authoritatively, deigning no longer to argue or entreat.

Eric hesitated, and did put down the box; but he did not instantly leave the room. He began to look at Montagu's books and then out of the window. The gravel play-ground was deserted, he noticed, for the cricket-field. Nobody was near, therefore. Well, what of that? he was doing no harm.

"Nonsense! I *will* just look and see if there's five pounds in the cricket-box." Slowly at first he put out his hand, and then, hastily turning the key, opened the box. It contained three pounds in gold, and a quantity of silver. He began to count the silver, putting it on the table, and found that it made up three pounds ten more. "So that, altogether, there's six pounds ten; that's thirty shillings more than . . . and it won't be wanted till next summer term, because all the bats and balls are bought now. I dare say Montagu won't even open the box again. I know he keeps it stowed away in a corner, and hardly ever looks at it, and I can put back the five pounds the very first day of next term, and it will save me from expulsion."

Very slowly Eric took the three sovereigns and put them in his pocket, and then he took up one of the heaps of shillings and sixpences which he had counted, and dropped them into his trousers; they fell into the pocket with a great jingle.

"Eric, you are a thief!" He thought he heard his brother Vernon's voice utter the words thrillingly distinct, but it was conscience who had borrowed the voice, and, sick with horror, he began to shake the money out of his pockets again into the box. He was only just in time; he had barely locked the box, and put it in its place, when he heard the sounds of voices and footsteps on the stairs. He had no time to take out the key and put it back where he found it, and hardly time to slip into his own study again, when the boys had reached the landing.

They were Duncan and Montagu, and as they passed the door, Eric pretended to be plunged in his books.

"Hallo, Eric! grinding as usual," said Duncan, good-humoredly; but he only got a sickly smile in reply.

"What! are you the only fellow in the studies?" asked Montagu. "I was nearly sure I heard some one moving about as we came up stairs."

"I don't think there's any one here but me," said Eric, "and I'm going a walk now."

He closed his books with a bang, flew down stairs, and away through the play-ground gate. But he could not so escape his thoughts. "Eric, you are a thief! Eric, you are a thief!" rang in his ear. "Yes," he thought; "I am even a thief. Oh, good God, yes, *even a thief*, for I *had* actually stolen the money, until I changed my mind. What if they should have heard the jingle of money, or should discover the key in the box, knowing that I was the only fellow up stairs? Oh, mercy, mercy, mercy!"

It was a lonely place and, and he flung himself down and hid his face in the coarse grass, trying to cool the wild burning of his brow. And as he lay, he thrust his hand into the guilty pocket! "Good heaven! there was something still there. He pulled it out; it was a sovereign. Then he was a thief, even actually. Oh, everything was against him; and, starting to his feet, he flung the accursed gold over the rocks far into the sea.

When he got home he felt so inconceivably wretched that, unable to work, he begged leave to go to bed at once. It was long before he fell asleep; but when he did the sleep was more terrible than the haunted wakefulness; for he had no rest from tormenting and horrid dreams. Brigson and Billy, their bodies grown to gigantic proportions, and their faces fierce with demoniacal wickedness, seemed to be standing over him and demanding five pounds on pain of death. Flights of pigeons darkening the air settled on him and flapped about him. He fled from them madly through the dark midnight, but many steps pursued him. He saw Mr. Rose, and running up, seized him by the hand and implored protection. But in his dream Mr. Rose turned from him with a cold look of sorrowful reproach. And then he saw Wildney, and cried out to him:

"O Charlie, do speak to me;" but Charlie ran away, saying, "You, Eric! what? *you* a thief!" and then a chorus of voices took up that awful cry, voices of expostulation, voices of contempt, voices of indignation, voices of menace; they took up the cry, and re-echoed it; but most unendurable of all, there were voices of wailing and voices of gentleness among them, and his soul died within him as he caught, amid the confusion of condemning sounds, the voices of Russell and Vernon, and they, too, were saying to him, in tender pity and agonized astonishment, "Eric, Eric, you are a thief!"

Mind Your Own Business.

The maxim, command, polite request, or whatever you wish to call the sentence that heads this, is neither ambiguous nor equivocal; indeed, the fastidious might say that it is more remarkable for emphasis than for politeness. Yet it is strange that in this world, where it would appear that each one would have enough to do during his natural life to mind his own business, we find time to attend to the affairs of others to the detriment of our own. Whether we are prompted to pursue this course through motives of charity or an innate desire to pry into the affairs of others, we leave to the decision of the learned.

The class of busy-bodies are susceptible of several divisions: those who have a mania for finding out little secrets, such as trying to obtain the result of a meeting before the time arrives for making it known,—a little Minim wishes to know if he will grace the Table of Honor, or perhaps he has not sat there for some time and he is very anxious to know what Professor has anything against him. This class, as a rule, do not injure any person. But the class we have in our eye are persons of great consequence in their own estimation. They appear to think that they have been delegated to attend to the spiritual and tem-

poral affairs of their neighbors; and from the manner in which they perform their supposed duties, a Christian would never be led to conclude that they received their instructions from the Prince of Peace.

We find these moral censors giving advice to their superiors, reproving their betters, and using harsh words to their equals. The little failings of their companions are magnified and made the subject of conversation, while on the other hand all their good qualities are carefully kept out of sight. If any of their acquaintances have been so unfortunate as to swerve from the path of duty, they make it their business to tell everyone they see, and they go to a great deal of trouble to see a great many. If there is the least flaw to be found in a person's character, they are the first to note it, magnify it, and trumpet it to the world as a rare morsel of news. How many a young man, standing on the threshold of the world, with ardent hopes and bright prospects for the future, has beheld all suddenly dashed to the ground by the tongue of one who did not know how to mind his own business.

Our superior civilization, our educational advantages, and the liberty of the press, are ever constant themes of admiration. Still, we are not too civilized to stab our neighbor with the venomous tongue of slander, and leave wounds beyond the human art to assuage. We afford ourselves the advantages of an education, but how few of us commit to memory, much less put in practice, the silver rule which enjoins us to speak of the good qualities of others, forget and keep silent in regard to their bad ones. The press, powerful for good or evil, too often becomes the medium of destroying that which man holds dearer than life. We all have sufficient to do if we mind our own business and leave our neighbors to mind theirs. Had we a lively imagination, what a charming picture we could draw of this world did everyone mind his own business! Quarrels and dissensions would be almost unknown; one of the chief sources of enmity would be removed; broken hearts and ruined characters would be rare—all brought about by simply minding our own business. Soho.

Remarks on Various, Divers and Sundry Other Matters of a Miscellaneous Character.

BY A. RETZCH.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

Absence of mind is not precisely the opposite of presence of mind. Presence of mind is invaluable in times of danger—second only to absence of body. But neither is absence of mind without its advantages. You can do lots of things with a vacant stare and an air of abstraction which would be resented as rude in one who would seem to have all his wits about him. For instance, if you are dining with a slight acquaintance, you may turn the conversation to metaphysics, and meanwhile help yourself liberally, (without appearing to be aware of it, of course,) to everything on the table. This kind of absence of mind can be acquired as an art, and may very well co-exist with presence of mind in a gentleman of civilization. Not but that absence of mind has its little inconveniences. We are all familiar with the illustration representing the philosopher boiling his watch, with an egg in his hand to time it by. As for the young lady that blew her sweetheart out and kissed the candle, we can only infer that, like the heroine of negro minstrelsy,

"Her breff was rather strong."

The climax of absent-mindedness was perhaps reached by the hunter who came home weary, cold and wet, put his breeches into bed and hung himself over the back of a chair to dry. He

never discovered his mistake till the following morning, when he awoke with a severe cold. Perhaps, on the whole, absence of mind is a faculty scarcely worth cultivation.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON MODERN LYRICS.

Rock me to Sleep, Mother.—As "Rock" is used nowadays as a synonym for "Sone," a d sleep is an image of death, this may be freely rendered "Stone me to Death, Mother." It was probably written in an agony of remorse for some act of filial disobedience, for which the tender conscience of the author exacted the extreme penalty of the Mosaic Law.

Put me in My Little Bed.—Had the request which forms the title of this piece been attended to, with that promptitude and despatch which the emergency required, mankind might have been spared the piece itself.

Her bright Smile Haunts me Still.—This ought evidently to be "Her Bright Smile Haunts My Still. It was written by the proprietor of an illicit distillery, who was perpetually annoyed by an old lady that used to come sniffling and sniggering around with an empty quart bottle to be replenished.

Illicit distillation has been a favorite diversion with mankind in all ages—even in the Golden Age, as it is so beautifully described by Ovid:

"Flavaque de viridi stillabant illice mella."

Here observe that *illice* is by poetical license for *illicité*,—and that the *potheen* is delicately mentioned under the name of *mella*,—whence our English word "mellow"—the natural effect of the beverage on the human subject. There is a hint at the flavor, too, in the beginning of the line, which deserves attention.

Shoo-Fly.—The origin of this beautiful melody is not sufficiently known. A young German boy, of great natural talent for music, was indulged by his father with *lager bier* to such a frightful extent, that at last he didn't care whether school kept or not. So he went swaggering up the street singing: "Schul-haus, don't bother me—Schul-haus, don't bother me, etc." The bystanders (especially as he happened to be scratching his head) imagined he was "shooing" an insect apt to be troublesome to the young and others. When the tune became fashionable, this hypothesis still prevailed, but the name of a less repulsive insect was substituted for that which was supposed to have tormented the little minstrel.

FRAGMENT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

PORRINGTON, March 4.

. A few words here may not be out of place on a practice of some of our students which shows oblivion of that good old aphorism for so many years as a used writing-copy: "Too great a variety of studies perplexes and distracts the mind." Teachers, especially out West, may be excused for attempting to teach a variety of branches, on the ground that men competent to teach at all are few, although they may not be in quite so bad a fix as the poor man in the early days of Ohio, who had to teach Greek and call off for cotillions at one and the same time, reducing his instructions to such forms as, "HE GRAUS—an old woman—first young-lady-taw-the-right!" But students, with nothing to do but study and make the best use of their time—that they should endeavor to grasp everything at once is inexcusable, even allowing that they are infatuated by the dazzling hope of a sheepskin. These are the lads that will come down from Mineralogy with their heads full of hornblende and mica schist, and ask the Professor of Algebra whether quadratics are gneiss—who electrify the Professor of Latin by gravely stating that adjectives signifying profit and loss and bills receivable govern the dative—who astound the Professor of Book-keeping by wanting to "swing their partners" after they have "balanced"—who mention second aorists among the trigonometrical

functions, and are not quite certain whether you calculate an eclipse by botany or rhetoric. They save themselves some trouble, however, by applying Ethics to the writing of compositions, and find the principle, *qui facit per alium facit per se*, a very handy one in the application they make of it, especially as it enables them stoutly to maintain, in defiance of all appearances, that "they wrote it all themselves." Let them remember the lesson inculcated by the beautiful fable of the cow and the wheel-barrow, and not, while trying to grasp everything, lose the little that they may have acquired.

Notre Dame University Cornet Band.

The first regular meeting of the second session of the scholastic year 1871-72, was held Wednesday, February 21st. After the transaction of the usual introductory business, the semi-annual election of officers took place, resulting as follows:

Leader—Rev. E. Lilly, S.S.C.
President—Bro. Camillus, S.S.C.
Vice-President—G. Riopelle.
Secretary—G. W. Darr.
Treasurer—H. Clarke.
Censor—P. Cochrane.
Assistant Censor—J. Noonan.

Thanks to our friend, "Cornu Copia," who has so kindly awakened us from the lethargy into which we had fallen, we congratulate ourselves upon having escaped the terrible consequences of an explosion. Especially the Secretary considers himself under obligations to the friend who has so unexpectedly defeated the enemy by not allowing him sufficient time to apply once more his much-feared epithet, "Myth." If it is surprising to some that we—as a Society possessing so great an amount of "brass"—should prefer displaying our "blowing" abilities in the practice-room or under the clear sky, rather than in the SCHOLASTIC, we will, by way of explanation, attribute it to the insufficiency of excitement to support the energies of our somewhat procrastinating Secretary. But should we relapse into our former state, they need but propose an excursion to—no difference where—to reanimate and start us to "blowing."

Our modesty will not permit us to represent in glowing colors the past brilliant career of the Band as it should be represented; nor do we wish to appear conceited by declaring the anticipation of a more brilliant one in the future. Remembering that "Self-praise is no recommendation," we would fain confine ourselves to asking the remembrance of our frequent displays of musical talent and of the many victories honorably won, for they certainly have perpetuated our name. Even should we desire to do so, there is that awe-inspiring apparition looming up in the far distance—that "Afflicted Reader." Let it suffice to say, that during the approaching spring we intend to manifest our willingness to please by endeavoring to dispel, by choice music, the monotony of College life; and we sincerely hope to be a source of much pleasure to our fellow-Students. Since all musicians agree with us in saying that it is extremely fatiguing to perform, for any length of time, on so difficult an instrument as we unfortunately prefer, we think it not amiss to ask for an invigorator. Now, should our kind benefactors regard us with an eye of pity, and allow their generosity to take a well-directed course, they will—we were about to say occasionally, while meaning frequently—present us with a few horns, though of smaller dimensions than the ones now in use, still of equivalent strength, for which they shall receive the heartfelt thanks of the members of the Notre Dame University Cornet Band.

G. W. DARR,
Secretary.

A TAX no one likes—At it is on one's pocket.

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TERMS:

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BASE-BALL clubs are reorganizing and putting on airs of challenge.

THE THESPIANS will give an Entertainment on the evening of the 19th inst.

ST. JOSEPH'S DAY, the patronal feast of the Order of the Holy Cross, will be observed on the 19th.

HEBREW may be taught to persons desirous to form a Class in that language. An excellent Professor is on hand for that purpose.

REV. FATHER P. COONEY, S.S.C., has been appointed pastor at Watertown, Wisconsin, with Rev. P. Lauth, S.S.C., for assistant.

THE Drama, "The Expiation" and a short comedy, will be represented by the Thespians on the evening of the 19th. Our friends are invited.

SPECIMENS given by the Penmanship Classes were quite good. Bro. Camillus has again resumed the teaching of the Penmanship Classes, which were taught during his illness by Mr. J. Cunnea.

THE month of March is a month dedicated to St. Joseph, the foster-father of our Blessed Saviour. Pious Catholics honor this great Saint in a special manner and commend themselves to his protection.

LETARE SUNDAY being too much of a holiday for noisy amusement, the boys bethought themselves that Monday would be more appropriate for that, and early in the morning of that day a deputation made an appearance with a view to celebrate worthily Letare Monday. They were so eloquent in their pleadings that instead of half a day recreation they obtained a whole day. The day was pleasant and much enjoyed, even by those who do not fast.

THE Thespian Association will give an entertainment in Washington Hall, on Tuesday next, the 19th of March. The plays selected by them are "The Expiation" and "The End of the Tether." The first of these plays is a translation from the French; the second was written by Mr. Baddeley, an Englishman. The Thespians have not been behindhand in affording entertainment for the Students, and they deserve credit for their endeavors. They have had but one week in which to prepare for the next exhibition, and though it may not come up to that of the 22d of February, yet they will do their best to afford amusement an hour or so.

Don't Care.

Why is it that some students never get an honorable mention?

A. They don't care for it. In after years they will get neither fortune nor good name. They will not care for it. They will be known as vicious, good-for-nothing creatures. They will not care for it. They may, possibly, dishonor their family name and be classed among the villains and outlaws. Will they care for it? How dangerous, how full of ill-forebodings that "I don't care" is? And yet, at home, they care for it. Week after

week they look with anxious eye for the familiar name which never appears in the Honorable Mention list. They wonder what can be the matter; they try to explain the sad omission. They wish all was right with the boy; but something tells them that it is all wrong with him. The truth is the boy *does not care*; he does everything carelessly. His lessons are half learnt, his duties half done; his conduct is in keeping with the rest, a mixture of good and of bad. The lad is not precisely wicked, but he is not truly good; he does not deserve punishment, but he can get no reward. His teachers will not complain much of him, but if questioned they will say that the lad is losing his time, getting behind his companions in class, and, in fact, injuring the class by his presence in it. There are examples of students, formerly studious and exemplary in everything, who changed for the worse, gradually fell from their enviable position and became objects of pity to their comrades; but the majority of those who *don't care* belong to a class of students who lack true manliness and honorable ambition, and prefer rest to exertion; and rather than labor with energy to make themselves a good name among their fellow-students and send home good reports, they take it easy, in that care-for-nothing way which accomplishes nothing at school and creates sad disappointment at home. How many have not been honorably mentioned yet? How many are honorably mentioned but seldom? The records tell.

S.S.C.

These three letters stand for *Societas Sanctae Crucis*—in the vernacular English, *Society of the Holy Cross*—and in the vernacular French, *Congrégation de Ste. Croix*. Some persons, presuming to latinize English or French, satisfy their taste by using the three letters C.S.C., which means *Congregation Sanctae Crucis*, one half English or French and the other half Latin. The word *Congrégation* in French (it was in France that the Society originated, and exists under the name of *Congrégation de Ste. Croix*) means in English *religious society*, or *societas* in Latin, a number of persons associated. The word *congregation* in English means an assembly of persons, especially a religious assembly, such as belong to a church or compose a parish. Now C.S.C. does not designate at all a member of the *Society of the Holy Cross, Societas Sanctae Crucis*; it may designate at most that the person affixing C.S.C. to his name is pastor of the congregation of St. Cecil, or St. Clement, or St. Celestine. We have seen sometimes in public print the names of members of the Society of the Holy Cross with the three letters C.S.C. affixed. We have under our eyes at present an advertisement in a New York Catholic paper having the three letters C.S.C. at the end of the Rev. Father Corby's name. This mistake is the more strange, that the firm by which the paper is edited has had a thousand occasions of printing and seeing the same name printed with S.S.C. We are afraid they were directed to do so by some Don Quixote philologist.

Additional Entrances.

W. H. Graham,	Berrien, Michigan.
F. P. Donnelly,	Woodstock, Illinois.
H. Nirdlinger,	Fort Wayne, Indiana.
C. Nirdlinger,	Fort Wayne, Indiana.
J. S. McNally,	Chicago, Illinois.
J. J. Twohig,	Chicago, Illinois.
J. Shanks,	Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
R. H. Lewis,	Bergen Point, New Jersey.
R. Wilcox,	Indianapolis, Indiana.

WHEN is charity like a top? When it begins to hum.

Honorable Mentions.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

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

Third Year—J. McGlynn, M. Foote, E. B. Gambee, D. Hogan.

Second Year—P. J. White.

First Year—W. Clarke, C. Dodge, J. Walsh, L. Hayes, D. Malony.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Fourth Year—N. S. Mitchell, T. O'Mahony.

Third Year—H. Walker, T. Dundon, P. O'Connell, J. D. McCormack.

Second Year—R. J. Curran, S. Dum, F. Arantz, F. P. Leffingwell.

First Year—T. J. Murphy, C. M. Proctor, J. Gillespie, J. Rourke.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Second Year—P. Cochrane, J. A. McFarland, H. Schnelker, O. Wing, J. Crumme, J. E. Carr, C. Berdel, B. Roberts, Geo. Riopelle, J. Stubbs, T. A. Phillips, J. Rumely, J. F. Wernert, O. Waterman, F. Anderson, J. Bowen, P. J. Cooney, W. Fletcher, C. W. Dulaney, J. E. Hogan, J. L. Noonan, E. Olwill, J. Wuest, J. Ward, E. Plummer, E. M. Barry, H. Dehner, C. H. Hodgson, J. D. Smarr, L. Godfroy, F. Phelan, T. Watson, Geo. Madden, M. T. Shiel, P. O'Mahony, W. Dodge, H. Hubbard.

First Year—V. Bacca, D. F. Gahan, C. Johnson, T. Finnegan, E. Asher, H. Beckman, J. B. Comer, Geo. Duffy, J. Devine, J. Dehner, M. Goit, W. R. Goit, J. C. Howe, C. Harvey, J. P. Hoffman, L. Hibben, E. Halpin, J. H. McMahon, T. R. Noel, J. Pumphrey, W. J. Quinlan, E. Hughes.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Second Year—M. Bastorache, E. Sheehan, M. Foley, J. Kilcoin, E. Graves, H. Hunt, F. Devoto.

First Year (First Division)—T. Renshaw, W. Beck, W. Ball, J. Caren, H. Heckert, L. Hibben, E. Howland, A. Kleis, J. McGinnis, S. Marks, F. McDonald, J. McMahon, W. Nelson, C. St. Clair, H. Shephard, M. Weldon, W. Canovan, E. Gribblings, J. Murphy, T. Hansard.

Second Division—F. Carlin, J. Cherlock, B. F. Fisher, J. Kenney, J. Burnside, C. Bloomhoff, F. Dowe, J. Dore, E. Edwards, J. Graham, H. Hoffman, H. W. Long, W. Lucas, E. Milburn, E. Mulheny, F. Miller, E. Marshall, L. Munn, J. Nevin, W. Morgau, D. O'Connell, A. Paquin, W. Quinlan, F. Smith, A. L. Wile, S. Wile, E. Cavanaugh, E. Charais, J. E. Porter, Geo. Roulhac, W. Allen.

DRAWING.

First Class—W. J. Clarke, W. Garr, F. Obert, G. Madden, J. Rumely, F. Devoto, J. Kauffman, J. Kilcoin, H. Long, W. Morgan, J. Graham, H. Nirdlinger, F. Anderson.

Second Class—J. E. Porter, E. Marshall, L. Muun, F. Miller, W. Ohlen, J. Haynes, W. Allen.

MUSIC.

Piano (Second Class)—C. Hutchings, W. Campbell.

Third Class—N. Mitchell, W. Beck, A. Schmidt, J. Campbell, W. Breen, C. St. Clair.

Fourth Class—W. Ball, M. Weldon, M. Bush, W. Dum, J. Porter.

Fifth Class—T. Ireland, J. Gillespie, E. Barry, O. Waterman, D. Hogan, W. Murray, A. Morton, W. Dee, F. Schmidt, E. McMahon, Geo. Gerew.

Violin (First Class)—J. Staley, T. Ireland, J. Kauffman.

Second Class—J. Carr, H. Heckert.

Third Class—J. Noonan, W. Quinlan, George Roulhac.

Fourth Class—E. Charais, F. Miller.

Fifth Class—H. Waldorf, F. Gahan, A. Wile, W. Kinzie.

Guitar (Third Class)—R. Curran.

Fifth Class—J. Clarke.

Clarinet (Fourth Class)—C. Hodgson.

Cornet—C. Hutchings.

Vocal Music (First Class)—Geo. Riopelle.

Second Class—W. Byrne.

Third Class—T. Renshaw, J. Gillespie, M. Weldon, E. McMahon.

PENMANSHIP.

J. G. Bowen, F. Hamilton, W. R. Goit, T. A. Garrity, J. Rumely, J. C. Howe, C. W. Goit, O. A. Wing, J. McIntyre, E. Newton, L. Godfroy, W. Easton, R. Costello, L. Hayes, T. L. Watson, T. H. Finnegan, G. L. Riopelle, J. B. Zimmer, T. Murphy, P. O'Mahony, J. F. Wernert, J. H. Clarke, J. B. Crumme, C. W. Hodgson, W. Moon, H. Dehner, J. Dehner, R. Hutchings, H. Beckman, L. Hibben, J. Graham, C. St. Clair, W. Kinzie, William Fletcher, J. E. Pumphrey, F. Livingston, M. McCormack, A. Dickerhoff, W. Burnside, D. O'Connell, H. Hoffman, J. Hoffman, W. Gross, T. J. Murphy, B. Vogt, E. S. Monohan, E. Plummer, F. Phelan, S. Dum, H. Waldorf, J. Spillard, J. Stubbs, F. Devoto, W. Breen, J. McMahon.

First French—L. Hayes, B. Hughes.

Second French—E. Charais, G. Roulhac, T. Ireland, E. Gambee, G. Juif, J. Juif, J. Dunn, V. Bacca.

German—F. Anderson, P. Cooney, A. Kleis, L. Busch, T. Garrity, J. Comer, E. Walker, C. Hodgson, W. Nelson, J. Devine, J. Carr, A. Schmidt, J. McNally, H. Faxon, C. Faxon, J. Bracken, H. Hoffman, S. Wile, A. Wile, W. Dodge, F. Huck, G. Roulhac, J. Kilcoin, E. Olwill, F. Arantz, H. Hunt, C. Bloomhoff, F. McDonald, C. St. Clair, J. Burnham, G. Crumme, E. Mulheny, E. Plummer, J. Rumely, H. Heckert, W. Müller, F. Devoto, C. Dulaney, J. G. Bowen, J. Luebke, F. Fisher, W. Beck, C. Duffey, J. Graham, G. Voelker, E. Kaiser, M. Davidson, W. Quinlan, T. Nelson, P. Gall, J. Dore, J. Nevin, D. Glückauf.

Religion and Heresy.

This is a life of good and evil. We are ever seeking happiness, and find that of ourselves it is impossible to attain it. But we are the creature of God, and He has established religion as the means of our being happy for this life and the life to come.

There are two kinds of religion, the true and the false. As God only can be the Author of religion, there can be but one, which is the true; and the false is from the devil and man. Those who are in error deny this, and to sustain it, the deception, is to confuse truth and error. They assert that there can be error in religion, because our nature, which is associated with it, is fallible. This is false, and having asserted other religion, it includes the true. But it is an utter failure, and I call attention to the fact, from themselves, that confutes it, viz., they do not deny that religion is only from God, and consequently cannot admit of error by association or otherwise. And they would also have denied that religion was only from God, if they could, but they could not, and obtain the object of opposing God in religion.

From what has been said, it is obvious that religion is ever infallible; God having to prevent error, after His departure, by reason of the association of religion with our fallible nature instituted the Holy Roman Catholic Church. There is no other, because the same ground cannot be taken.

I know that the men originators of false religion have principally passed away, but their successors are unconsciously propagating it.

I call attention to the fact that what I have said does not deny that there can be error in what is considered religion, by reason of our fallible nature, and the intermeddling of the devil and man with religion, which is God's exclusively. Religion is distinct from every other thing in our nature, and

has its own special evidence; and God, who is infinitely perfect, does not require us to believe in it without that evidence. The interpretation of Catholicity is best learnt from its own source.

No person, however excellent he may be in the order of nature, for we are not saved by that order, can take religion to himself, unless God gives it to him.

It is most painful to soundly believe in one only true religion and to see father, mother, brother, sister, relative, friend or humankind in error as to it. And so long as there is no fault in trying to convert them, it is our duty to do so. But many persons with a mistaken prudence, arising most likely from proselytism being made odious, do nothing at all to that purpose. And when such an one is dead, they grieve in vain, because they did nothing for his conversion.

If more than the superficial is required for the understanding of anything that has been said, let it be had, for it can be. It is like wisdom, the least must or should have some.

Let us pray "to cease to do evil, and learn to do good." For those who pray ever win salvation. This includes those in error, when they are brought into the truth by the prayer. Let us "love God above all things, and our neighbor as ourselves," so that those who are in error may come to the truth.

Dangerous Literature.

It is a pity that the law against indecent publications includes only those of the utterly undisguised filthy class. There are others, though not illustrated with disgusting pictures, that are but little less destructive to the morals of the young. The reading matter in these journals appeals forcibly to the lowest passions of human nature, and is more dangerous in one view, as it makes its approaches under the guise of a pretended moral sentiment. These publications are particularly dangerous to the half educated young girl. The trashy nonsense is devoured by hundreds of work girls, and creates an unhealthy yearning for the heroic, and a dislike for their work day existence. Such reading familiarizes them with the details of viciousness, and their better nature is overshadowed by the fictitious existences depicted, and the ability to resist temptation is slowly but surely weakened. There is no doubt that many a weak-minded girl can trace the beginning of her downfall back to the insidious lessons of that class of literature. As the law is helpless in killing all the noxious weeds that crowd the literary field, a close supervision by parents and guardians over the publications that find their way into the family circle, and the exclusion of all of an immoral or of a sickly romantic character, should be strictly observed. Such publications are prolific fountains of vice. They bring disgrace and destruction upon all weak enough to be influenced by their baleful teachings. *N. Y. Advertiser.*

PHILOSOPHY may destroy the burden of the body, but religion gives wings to the soul. Philosophy may enable us to look down upon earth with contempt, but religion teaches us to look up to heaven with hope. Philosophy may support us to the brink of the grave, but religion conducts us beyond it. Philosophy unfolds a rich store of enjoyment, religion makes it eternal.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me, an American, to make use of my privilege of answering a question by asking another. Is "Heraclitus" a subscriber to the SCHOLASTIC?

THE AFFLICTED READER.

CAPITAL letter—One containing a remittance.

A Word on Religion and Science

IN CONNECTION WITH A REPORT OF
THE NOTRE DAME SCIENTIFIC
ASSOCIATION.

In this *progressive* age of national prejudice, partisan narrowness, sectarian exclusiveness, bigoted fanaticism, religious antipathy and materialistic tendencies, the rational-minded man, habituated from infancy to hear and see the most virulent abuse and opprobrious epithets hurled against and heaped upon a divine Religion, has long since ceased to be surprised at the inconsistency of views, manifold errors, false assumptions, and bacchanalian rantings of the implacable enemies of Christianity as it is represented by and exemplified in the Catholic Church. The excessive changeableness of their minds in devising new schemes, maturing wicked plans, and superintending renewed onsets against the incorruptible and immutable Church of God; the impotency of their dearly-cherished attempts to subvert the only legitimate basis of all truth in the world, and eradicate from the polished and deceptive surface of a corrupt civilization the preservative influence of those necessary and eternal principles upon which the superstructure of a perfect liberty, morality, justice, and religion is securely built, and whereon, likewise, the temple of an enduring Christian civilization must be firmly raised, find a just counterpart in the insincerity of their motives, the unlawfulness of the means employed in striving to attain unto their unholy end, the sophistry of their reasonings on the nature and province of things and power divine, and the mere nothingness of their landed intellectual skill and strength when grappling with those great questions of the natural and supernatural orders, of which their diseased minds are incapable of forming the least conception, even much less of understanding them intelligently. Wildly abandoning the ways of prudence, moderation, judgment and common sense, and unresistingly allured from the path of rectitude, honor, honesty and truth, by the siren voice of a rebellious and unenlightened reason, mingled with the discordant but to them harmonious notes of an infidel philosophy, they rush into a profound abyss of the most incongruous extravagancies and monstrous absurdities while nefariously misrepresenting the doctrines and practices of the unimpeachable depositary of God's truth and revelation, and persistently vilifying her claims to a supernatural origin, and combatting her adaptability to be the religion of mankind. Their hearts, the seat and sport of unrelenting prejudice, their minds wandering ever upon the illimitable sea of speculation and doubt, and ever filled with those irreligious ideas so productive of restlessness and disquietude to themselves and malice towards others, and, in fine, they themselves the disciples of a tyrannical progress, are ever prepared to hurl the barbed shafts of their fiercest ridicule and frothy declamation against the good, the beautiful and the true Church, because, forsooth, instead of divesting herself of the venerable habiliments of a glorious antiquity, putting on the tinselled trappings of the vaunted liberty of the age, compromising her teachings with its ungodly and heretical maxims, cutting herself loose from the rock of her exalted prerogatives and ancient faith, and changing her principles so that they may coalesce with the chimerical theories of infidels and accommodate themselves to the pantheistic ideas of the times, she, on the contrary, appears to-day clothed in the primitive garments of her full-robed perfection, professing the same mild yet unbending doctrines as characterized her of old, condemning all religious and scientific innovators, seated upon the immutable rock of ages, and looking pitcously down upon the tempest-tossed waves which lash its base with fury.

Prominent among the stereotyped charges preferred from time immemorial against the Church is that invidious one of taunting her with the unpardonable crime of being an uncompromising opponent of modern progress, religious, scientific and intellectual, of enslaving the human mind, clipping the wings of its genius, blighting its fondest hopes and smothering its lofty aspirations, by keeping it forever shut up within the narrow limits of her own contracted view, thus effectually preventing it from exercising its faculties unrestrained in traversing the broad field of science, philosophy and religion, and thereby depriving it not only of the supreme pleasure to be derived from searching out for itself the truths of the deep mysteries of nature and nature's God, but also thwarting the complete fulfilment of its noblest destiny—free inquiry and an unrestricted range in examination of matters temporal and eternal, the human and divine. Such incoherent ideas as these regarding the true nature of our holy religion, and such unsupported though constantly reiterated assertions regarding its opposition to intellectual advancement and the full development of other things not less essential, are lamentably prevalent to-day.

The Church is continually reproached from the press, the pulpit and the street with being inimical to the acquisition on the part of her children of any knowledge save the little musty portion which she sparingly dictates, and that she has ever proved herself to be diametrically averse to the pursuit, development and dissemination of liberal knowledge, and, consequently, a cruel tyrant, deserving the execration of all true men for her perfidy in destroying the liberties and retarding the progress of the intellectual man. How strange the thought that men in the littleness of their own blank intelligence should presume to convey the impression to the minds of a credulous race that they have discovered an incompatibility of claims between the nature and doctrines of divine revelation as they are interpreted and promulgated by the representative of Christ, and the perfect and untrammelled freedom of the human mind guided by the light of faith in scientific, philosophical, in a word, universal research in all the departments of human knowledge.

Some there are who lay great stress upon the supposition that the Church is particularly prejudiced against the interests of those studies known as the natural sciences, lest, perchance, as they allege, the studied pursuit of the natural sciences and the investigations of scientists would bring to light some irrefragable proofs of the falsehoods of religion and break the charm of eighteen centuries of mental darkness. Those persons are truly worthy of commiseration who are webbed around by the vain delusion that if the Catholic heart worships conscientiously at the altar of its religion and its God, it is debarred thereby from paying homage enthusiastically at the shrine of science, and forfeits, despite its unappeasable thirst after mental food, all right to explore her hidden depths and exhume her invaluable treasures.

There can be no antagonism between religion and science, neither as to the sublime facts which both reveal and the lofty thoughts with which both inspire us, nor as to their primary source and chief end. Both emanate directly from God; both have their limit in God; both show forth His superlative glory; both were destined by Him to be wedded together in indissoluble union, and to go hand in hand to the end in perfect conformity one with the other, the supernatural watching over and refining the natural, the natural the fair companion and willing handmaid of the supernatural.

Science separated from the purifying embrace of Religion is made to exist in an unnatural state; and if it does not languish and decay, like a sensitive flower transplanted in a foreign soil uncongenial to its nature, it nevertheless becomes degraded from

its high destiny, and appears to the Christian eye—when made the hobby of the sceptic and infidel, and brought to assist them in their tirades against truth—the distorted semblance of its former self. But she who proudly raises her virginal form from the midst of the ruins of two thousand years of departed glory and decayed greatness, possessed of truth in its plenitude, and knowing the intimate connection there is between herself and Science, so far from being in battle array against her handmaid and her *true* votaries, is in reality, as every unbiassed mind must admit, the ever watchful guardian of the one, and the most liberal encourager and patron of the others. Her never failing solicitude in watching over the first dawns of the mind, in directing its movements in the way of truth, in rendering it more Godlike, in subjecting it to legal authority, in shielding it from becoming victimized either by its own false notions of things or the subtle doctrines of pagan philosophers, her incessant warnings to her children not to venture so far upon the dangerous sea of Science as to lose sight of the beacon-light of Religion which alone is sufficient to direct their bearings aright and which is the only pilot that will ensure the safety of their bark from the distended jaws of the Charybdis of infidelity, must not be looked upon as acts of high-handed tyranny and reprehensible measures on her part to stay the onward march of mind, nor as showing her to be an uncompromising adversary of her fair sister, Science. The Church, but too well aware, from her varied experience of more than eighteen hundred years that man when left to the caprices of his own passions and guided exclusively by the dictates of his own blind reason, will inevitably fall into error the most grievous, especially when he essays forth upon the wide expanse of speculation without a rudder or a compass to direct him upon the trackless waste, takes him to her bosom, nourishes him with spiritual food, leads him safely through the crooked ways and treacherous quicksands of life, while he is battling with those who would seduce him from his allegiance to truth and right, and finally sheds her divine radiance upon his path and illumines the way which will bring him to the true fountain-head of Science and the source of all perfection and knowledge, the great Eternal Himself. The heart, the will and the soul of the true Christian intuitively feels that it is under the shadow of the Church that Science does and must flourish in perennial growth, and that it is within her inspiring sanctuary where the intellect enjoys its real, preordained and widest latitude and most perfect sphere of high and well-directed action. If the blessed influence of Religion were banished from the world—if its supernatural grace ceased to be infused into nature—if its moral and heavenly truths were prevented from permeating the lessons of Science—if its living spirit no longer animated and directed the souls of those who strive to penetrate into the profound secrets of nature and become acquainted with the mysterious workings of nature's laws, then indeed there would follow a sad state of things, and if the world with its denizens would not go arm in arm back to chaos primal, it would undoubtedly drift to an opposite if not to a kindred extreme, a universal unbelief and infidelity, and, consequently, an unreserved denial of religion and God. 'Tis true, the men of sciences of all kinds would continue to make wonderful discoveries, but every step forward would but lead them a step, yes, perhaps a thousand paces backward from the true object of their being. The astronomer might determine approximately the true relations and relative distances of the fixed stars; he might explain the endless course of the sun in reference to his satellites and other planets as he rolls grandly on through the immensity of the ethereal depths of the heavens, while at the same time not a single ray from the Star of Bethlehem nor a stray beam from the Sun of Right-

eousness enters the dark recesses of that astronomer's heart, to roll back the dense cloud of spiritual darkness from, and open his eyes to, the light of truth. The geologist, too, would eagerly traverse the halls of the rock-bound world, carefully examine with kindling interest the quaint inscriptions left by other races and other beings upon the rocky tablets beneath, beside, and above him, proceed onward with hastening speed till he imagines he finds himself breathing the air and standing upon the domain of ages, millions of years prior to the dawn of human creation—and yet, notwithstanding all his scientific research, all his inductions, he fails to discover the workings of a necessary, self-existent, and all-powerful Being in moulding, forming, and overruling the whole realm of external and internal nature, but rather concludes with the fool to cry out in his heart: "There is no God."

How dark would be our contemplation of such a life stretching on before us, did we imagine the radiant light of Religion blown out from the world, leaving it all buried in chaotic darkness. We might admit that science and philosophy might polish the hard surface of heathenism, and bring out some better traces of its inner nature, and perhaps refine its manner,—but what could dissipate its spiritual darkness; what could breathe life and truth into it; what could elevate the soul to the higher regions of pure intelligence by filling it with pure and noble thoughts of its true destiny; what, lastly, could mould this wicked world into such a scene of moral beauty and grandeur that God again could look upon it with complacency, save, and save only the heavenly teachings of a true religion?

The foregoing remarks suggested themselves to our mind while present at the recent organization of the Notre Dame Scientific Association for the present session, an Association which has for its object the interchange and diffusion of scientific knowledge, a fact which very beautifully illustrates the admirable harmony that exists in our Catholic schools between religion and science, between faith and reason, between grace and nature, between truth and truth.

It may afford some pleasure to those readers of the SCHOLASTIC who are devoted to scientific pursuits, and who would encourage a like disposition in the more advanced students of the University, to learn that this Association has organized lately with greater numbers and under more favorable auspices than at any previous time of its existence. The officers for the session are as follows:

President, Rev. J. C. Carrier, S.S.C., the soul of the Association; Vice-President, Prof. A. J. Stace, A. M.; Recording Secretary, T. O'Mahony; Treasurer, J. D. McCormack; Corresponding Secretary, M. Keeley.

The high standing, both educational and moral, necessary for admittance to membership is an index of the present worth and future success of the Association. All the talent of both departments will be brought to bear upon making it the banner Society of the House. Thus has fair Science erected her throne amongst us, and many there are who will lay the tribute of their homage upon her altar, and imbibe deeply of the crystal waters welling forth from her pure fount.

Though the premeditated researches of the Association may not result in any new discoveries, yet they may serve to excite within the members themselves a spirit of honorable emulation, and of earnest inquiry into various subjects, and perhaps lay the foundation whereon to build in after life the temple of a scientific fame which will stand long after those who reared it may have stepped from off the stage of life.

M. KEELEY,
Cor. Sec.

A BAD sign—to sign another man's name to a note.

MR. EDITOR:—If it is not trespassing on the valuable columns of your esteemed paper, and if you think it will have no *bad effect* upon the "Afflicted Reader," (whom we pity very much (?) we would be pleased to have you give notice of the reorganization of the Junior Orchestra for the second session. At a meeting held, the following officers were elected:

Director—Bro. Aloysius.
Musical Director—Bro. Leopold.
Leader—Joseph Rumely.
President—Chas. Dodge.
Secretary—Mark Foote.
Treasurer—Chas. Hutchings.

Believing in the motto that "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," we are fully determined to surpass any association of the kind, conducted by students *alone*, that ever existed at our *Alma Mater*.

Yours truly,
"FIDDLER."

The Alpines.

At a meeting of the Alpine Base-Ball Club, held March, 3d, 1872, the following officers were elected, viz.:

President—R. Dougherty.
Vice-President—H. Quan.
Secretary—W. Gross.
Field Directors—T. Hopkins, F. Butters.
Correspondent Secretary—C. Campeau.
Censor—O. Tong.
Captain of First Nine—J. Bracken.
Captain of Second Nine—W. Byrne.

The first day that all the members of the club are in recreation after dinner, we intend challenging some of the clubs in the neighborhood.

C. CAMPEAU, Cor. Sec.

Quick-Step Base-Ball Club.

MR. EDITOR:—A meeting of this Club was held in the Minims' study-hall on Tuesday evening, March 1st, for the purpose of reorganization. The following officers were elected for the coming season:

Director—Bro. Emmanuel.
President—E. DeGroot.
Vice-President—H. Dechan.
Secretary—H. Faxon.
Treasurer—S. McMahon.
Field Directors—M. Farnbaker and E. Regan.
Captain First Nine—E. McMahon.
Captain Second Nine—C. Beck.
Captain Third Nine—C. Faxon.

As soon as the weather permits, the Senior and Junior Base-Ball Clubs may expect to be challenged at any time. *Star of the West, beware!*

H. FAXON, Cor. Sec.

AN IRISH RESPONSE.—Jerry Whalen, an Irishman and good-hearted fellow, was a sergeant in the Seventh New York State Volunteers, and always ready to lighten the load of a weary comrade by carrying a haversack for a while. One warm day, during a march on the Peninsula, an officer, observing that Jerry was pretty well loaded, and wishing to see how far his good nature would go, asked him to carry his haversack a while. Jerry assented, and added it to his pack. Soon another officer made a similar request. Jerry complied. By and by the word, "Halt—rest!" was heard, and for five minutes the men leaned against the fence, letting the weight of their knapsacks rest on the top rail. While thus standing, another officer strolled along, and seeing Jerry so heavily laden, said, "Sergeant, you have the load of a donkey there."

"Yes, sir," replied Jerry, touching his cap, "I have the loads of two of them!"

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
March 12, 1872.

On Thursday evening last, Prof. T. E. Howard read before the Faculty and Pupils of St. Mary's a very interesting Lecture on "History," in which the advantages to be derived from a diligent attention to that important branch of a good education were forcibly set forth.

The ceremony of presenting a Golden Rose to the most deserving young lady among the Senior pupils, took place (according to custom) on *Lent* Sunday. This graceful compliment to excellence is an imitation of a long-established custom existing in the Roman court of sending on that Sunday a Golden Rose to the most worthy female sovereign. In this, our blessed country, *all* are sovereigns; therefore, the great difficulty is to make a choice among the many who are worthy. The custom at St. Mary's is to name as candidates those in the Senior department who have, at least for two continuous sessions spent at St. Mary's, never forfeited their good notes for excellence in conduct and politeness of deportment. From this roll of honor one is chosen by vote or lot. This year the Golden Rose was awarded by vote to Miss MARY KIRWAN, of Ottawa, Illinois. When this young lady came forward to receive it from the hands of Very Rev. Father General, her young companions greeted her with a generous burst of applause.

Among the visitors present were the Hon. P. B. Ewing and lady, of Lancaster, Ohio, with their daughter, Miss Agnes Ewing, a past graduate of St. Mary's Academy. On Monday evening the visitors were entertained by the pupils with some very choice music. A vocal duet (Martiana); Trio, "La Serenade du Anges," "Pretty Zingera," "Judith" (Scene and Aria), and "Merry Zingera," were given by the young ladies of the private Vocal Class.

The concerted pieces were well rendered. The lively solo, "Zingera," was sung by Miss J. Hynds with her usual correctness and vivacity. The pathetic grand song and recitation, "Judith," was given by Miss H. Tompkins with excellent effect. Misses J. Forbes and R. Devoto also acquitted themselves well. The instrumental pieces were "Valse Poetique" (Gottschalk), "Silver Spring" (Mason), "Bird Fantasia" (Strakosch), performed by Misses M. Sherland, M. Kirwan, and J. Hynds. Each of these young ladies did full justice to their well-established reputation as excellent pianists.

Respectfully,
STYLUS.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEPT.

March 10—Misses E. Wade, B. Wade, A. Hurst, B. Schmidt, C. Germain, L. Pfeiffer, L. Buehler, K. Miller, J. Valdez, R. Manzanarez, N. Vigil, M. McNellis.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shirland, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Clarke, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahon.

First Senior—Misses K. Zell, M. Cochrane, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, K. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior—Misses L. Duffield, E. Reynolds, V. Ball, F. Butters, A. Piatt, D. Green, J. Millis, C. Woods, R. Spiers, I. Logan, H. Tompkins, M. Donahue.

Third Senior—Misses A. Lloyd, I. Wilder, M. Prince, R. Devoto, M. Letourneau, B. Reynolds, J. Edwards, M. Armsby, E. Culver, M. Leonard, J. Walker, L. Ritchie, E. Paxson, E. Howell, E. Dickerhoff.

First Preparatory—Misses M. McIntyre, A. St. Clair, L. Sutherland, A. Hamilton, N. Sullivan, F. Moore, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Good.

body, M. Kelly, N. Duggan, E. Greenleaf, M. Layfield, N. Ball, G. Kellogg.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, M. Nash, L. Eutzler, M. Roberts, K. Casey.

Third Preparatory—Misses K. Greenleaf, L. Pease.

First French—Misses J. Forbes, L. Marshall, N. Gross, M. Quan, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, R. Spiers, M. Kirwan, A. Borup, K. McMahon.

Third French—Misses M. Lange, E. Culver, E. Plamondon.

First German—Misses A. Clarke, B. Schmidt, L. Pfeiffer.

Second German—Misses C. Crevling, R. Wile, A. Rose.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—Misses J. Hynds, M. Shirland, M. Kirwan.

Second Division—Misses K. McMahon, H. Tompkins.

Second Class—Misses R. Spiers, H. Niel, G. Hurst.

Second Division—Misses L. Duffield, L. West.

Third Class—Misses I. Logan, M. Quan, M. Prince.

Second Division—Misses M. Donahue, M. Lange.

Fourth Class—Misses I. Wilder, J. Forbes, N. Gross.

Second Division—Misses L. James, F. Moore, B. Schmidt.

Fifth Class—Misses J. Millis, E. Paxon, M. Walker.

Second Division—Misses L. McKinnon, M. Booth, L. Tinsley.

Sixth Class—Misses K. Haymond, L. Pfeiffer, J. Luce.

Second Division—Misses J. Duffield, E. Wade, F. Lloyd.

Seventh Class—Misses A. McLaughlin, M. Nash, V. Ball.

Eighth Class—Misses M. Hildreth, L. Harrison.

Ninth Class—Misses K. Follmer, N. O'Mara, F. Kendall.

Tenth Class—Misses M. Gall, E. Lappin, M. Farnum.

Harp—Misses M. Shirland, K. McMahon.

Guitar—Misses H. Tompkins, B. Crowley.

Harmony—Misses M. Shirland, J. Hynds, M. Kirwan, A. Borup, R. Spiers.

Theoretical Classes—Misses E. Plamondon, D. Greene, L. West, I. Logan, K. Zell, M. Letourneau, A. Shea, A. Todd, M. Lassen, C. Davis, M. Kearney, K. Brown, A. Clarke, H. McMahon, A. Byrnes, J. Walker, J. Kearney, M. J. Layfield, E. Wade, L. Eutzler, M. Walsh, N. Ball, C. Germain, E. Culver, L. Walsh.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEPT.

March 12—Misses M. Quill, F. Lloyd, A. Lynch, M. Faxon, L. Wood, L. Harrison, A. Walsh, E. Horgan, G. Kelly, L. McKinnon.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Second Senior—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, N. Gross, A. Clarke.

Third Senior—Misses M. Quan, J. Kearney.

First Preparatory—Misses M. Walker, M. Cummings, A. Byrnes.

Second Preparatory—Misses L. Tinsley, M. Quill, S. Honeyman, J. Duffield.

Junior Preparatory—Misses M. Reynolds, A. Gollhardt, F. Munn, B. Quan.

First Junior—Misses K. Follmer, M. Walsh, A. Noel, A. Rose, M. Sylvester, M. Booth, T. Cronin, E. Lappin.

Second Junior—Miss L. Walsh.

Fancy Work—Misses M. Quan, A. Gollhardt, L. Wood, M. Faxon.

Plain Sewing—Misses M. Cummings, E. Horgan, A. Clarke, M. Kearney, A. Walsh, M. Booth.

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Leave South Bend	10:28 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo	2:10 a. m.
" "	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.
" "	4:33 a. m.	" "	7:20 a. m.
" "	5:22 p. m.	" "	9:20 p. m.

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