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Spring.

I.
Slow receding in the distance
Gleams reluctant Winter's sun,
Sadly leaving far behind him
All the deeds Old Winter's done ;
Gazing first upon the mountains
For a cheering word to stay,
Next he tries to win the valleys
With a bright but lifeless ray.

II.
Failing there, he tries the woodlands,
Where his light has seldom been,
Trying hard to gain admittance
In the leafless trees between ;
But his efforts all are fruitless,
Not a friend on earth has he,
For his rays though bright and lovely
Seem but cheerless vanity.

III.
All the life that moves in nature,
On the land or in the sea,
Faintly from their bonds are crying
For the sun of liberty ;
Once again their merry voices
On the blustering tempest ring,
To the God of nature reigning,
For the goods of healthy Spring.

IV.
First their cries are heard unheeded,
All their pleadings seem in vain,
As the Winter, stern as ever,
Locks their prison doors again ;
But though bound, they're not despairing,—
Perseverance wins the prize,—
From redoubled efforts only
Stern resistance, conquered, flies.

V.
Then the aid so eager wished for
Comes with might unfailing strong,
Bearing food in rich abundance
For the hungry, begging throng,
Who, with hearty thanks receiving,
Bless the Hand alone that forms
Pleasures from the thorns of anguish,
Sunny noon from twilight storms.

VI.
Winter's forces soon are vanquished
By the conquering hosts of Spring,
Who to loose his strongest fetters
Burning rods of brightness bring,—
To unloose the ice-bound rivers,
Give them freedom once again,
To pursue their varied wanderings
By the mountain, through the plain.

VII.
Noble ships have left their moorings
Near the ocean's coral strands,
Heavily laden with the treasures
That they bring to foreign lands ;
Through the dark-blue land of Neptune
Onward fearlessly they glide,
Causing terror to the monsters
That are hid beneath the tide ;

VIII.
Plowing gaily through the billows
That as mountains loom around,
They despise the dread destruction

With which the surge is crowned ;
For their mission bids them hasten
Through all dangers, at all times,
To revive the friendly interchange
They have in distant climes.

IX.
Often Neptune chains his furies,
Smooths his wrinkles of despair,
To regard the bold intruder
Turning up his soil so fair,—
With her tresses flowing proudly
In the glad receiving breeze,
Embeamed in golden brightness,
Queen of beauty and the seas.

X.
Down the river sweeps the torrent,
Rushing, madness in its flow,
Hurling all within its passage
To the frightful depths below ;
Bound so long in Winter's fetters,
Gaining strength both night and day,
Till its power, all-sufficient,
Sweeps all barriers away ;—

XI.
Like the lion caged and hungry
In a moment fed and free,
Gazes wildly round for vengeance
For his long captivity—
More enraged at finding nothing
Strong enough to check his wrath,
Plunges through where chance may lead him,
Strewing death along his path.

XII.
O'er the valleys, hills and woodlands,
March in beauty, grace and ease
Feathery hosts of nature's songsters
From their far-off sunny seas,
Bearing on towards life northward,
Chasing lonely grief and gloom,
Followed not by death and famine
But by signs of life and bloom ;

XIII.
Often, too, they're closely followed
By those thieving birds of prey,—
Guilty, fearing even shadows,
Choose their homes in some lone way,
Where with reptiles more than odious
They divide ill-gotten gains,
Twins in life the most degrading,
Cheerless in their foul domains.

XIV.
All is life within the wildwood,
Not a moment left for rest,
Till the busy little toiler
Has completely formed his nest ;
And how patiently he labors
Till the meanest twig is right,
And the smallest little opening
On the side is bound and tight :

XV.
Then he proudly views the palace
That is his by labor won,
And though finished to perfection,
Something yet is to be done.
On the breezes comes a whisper
To the little monarch's ear,
Saying praise the God of nature,
All is His that's dwelling here.

XVI.
All is mirth and merry gladness—
Day or night is neither long,—
Ever on the balmy breezes
Comes a happy warbler's song ;
Every bush of hill or hollow
Claims a feathery bard its own,
While the winds that sweep the forest
Sweetly harmonize their moan.

XVII.
In the meadow, blooming flowers
Nod us welcome as we pass,
With their many lovely colors
Mingled with the waving grass,
Truly, here is royal beauty,
And so real does it seem
That we scorn the very idea
That life is but a dream.

XVIII.
In the fields the eager cattle
Crop the herbage fresh and green,
Yet in rambling o'er the pastures
Many oftentimes are seen
Not content in flowing plenty,—
They must ramble on for more,
Each succeeding place, though winning,
Less inviting than before.

XIX.
Thus it is with human nature,
Never easy when at home,
Always losing valued treasures
That are gained by those who roam.
Rushing waters catch the pebbles,
But they mostly fail to keep,
For that virtue only lingers
In the calm and silent deep.

XX.
Strange, but true, that man is foolish,
Feasting on an empty board,
Starving in the midst of plenty,
To accumulate and hoard
Up the wealth that others lavish
When he's numbered with the dead,
Heaping ridicule and curses
On the gray old miser's head.

XXI.
O'er the valleys grandly waring
In the calm refreshing breeze,
Is the farmer's growing treasure
Like the olden fortune trees,
Growing each a cone of pearls
Of more value far than gold,
And, like man, is formed from nothing,
In old Mother Nature's mould.

XXII.
With those treasures gathered round him
What cares he for other gains
In this world, when place and plenty
Harbor in his wide domains ?
Prouder far than sceptred monarch,
Blessed with health, with freedom crowned,
Troubled not with pangs of conscience
Is this tiller of the ground ;

XXIII.
Nature claims him as her keeper—
His the keys of all her stores,
That unlock her varied treasures,
Both of food and precious ores ;
His the right to independence,

First and foremost in her cause,
For he feeds the faint and hungry
As commanded in her laws.

XXIV.

Flocks are feeding on the highlands,
Glad that Winter's cold is o'er,
And that happy Spring in earnest
Has o'ertaken them once more;
Sportive lambs in groups for pleasure
Gather round a stump or mound,
Vieing with each other, seeing
Which can make the farthest bound;

XXV.

Happy innocence depicted,
Without reason to advise,
Less than man—like God in image,—
More than man in virtue wise;
Unambitious in their gambols,
Pure enjoyment only gleams—
Man by turning imitator
Might arise from sinful dreams.

XXVI.

Sober age is too excited
In the warm and brilliant sun,
Spring demands that all enjoy it,
And its will is gladly done.
Feeble limbs that late were useless,
Almost dead with years and pain,
Now reject the chains that bind them
And are supple once again;—

XXVII.

Youth and beauty bloom around them,
As in happy days of yore,
Till they often think those blessings
Are in truth their own once more;
And remembering but the pleasures
Unto which they've ever clung,
They imagine life in passing
Ever lingers fresh and young.

XXVIII.

On the face of nature's goblets
Full of lotion to the brim,
Birds that love the tranquil waters
Proudly arch their necks and swim,
Raising o'er each little wavelet
With a grace and noble pride
That excites our admiration
Ever for the dancing tide;

XXIX.

Trees, entranced, around the borders,
Cast their shadows o'er the stream,
Almost angry that their beauty
Is forgot or seldom seen;
While the waters spread beneath them
Number lovers by the score,
Who to gain their winsome beauty
Gladly sail their bosom o'er.

XXX.

See, yon tiny little streamlet,
Lately silent as the grave,
Now o'erleaps its grassy borders,
Hiding flowers in its wave;
Leaping, dancing, merry gladness,
Ever happy, joyous, free,
Wending onward to the Ocean
Almost hid in majesty;—

XXXI.

Lilies white, the badge of virtue,
Bend their eager eyes to gaze
On its bright and rippling pearls
That are born in sunny rays;
Gazing, too, upon its beauty,
On its guileless, happy face,
As it calmly glides or tumbles
On in unpretending grace.

XXXII.

Like the lily we may wonder,
But our stream is that of time,
Flowing on towards an ocean
That is endless and sublime;
In its current, too, are dancing
Jewels of celestial bright,
But by far the greater number
Is but darkness robed in light.

XXXIII.

As the modest lily gazing,
We may see alone the good,
Leaving rank deceit unnoticed,
Unregarded, as it should;
Like it, too, our cheeks may never
Redden with the glow of shame,
For the wiles of evil genius
Has no interest in our fame;

XXXIV.

And as down the stream we're gliding
Smoothly o'er each troubled wave,
Death with all his frightful minions
Pictures not a dreadful grave—
Pictures only life immortal
In a land where spirits sing
To the Son of living brightness
Lighting up eternal spring.

Divine Providence and the Existence of Evil.

BY M. B. B.

[CONCLUDED.]

From what we have thus far said, it follows, evidently, that the rational, free creature alone can be and is the sole cause of evil. Here an *apparent* difficulty presents itself. It may be asked how the creature can be the *sole* cause of evil, unless by supposing him to possess a creative power; for if all that God created is good, it would appear that no mere combination of things good could produce evil, and hence, to cause evil would also appear to be nothing less than to produce something out of nothing,—that is, to create. This looks plausible at first sight, but if we remember, first, that to create, means to produce something *positive* or *substantial* where nothing existed before, and that without the aid of any other substance or positive existence as a basis or component of the new object; and secondly, if we remember that evil has nothing positive or substantial in it, but that it is a mere negation or absence of some positive quality, or of some reality which ought, in the nature of things, to be present, we see at once that to cause evil is quite a different thing from creating. Indeed it is rather the direct opposite of creating, since to create supposes that something *real* is caused to exist, while to cause evil supposes that something real is destroyed, removed, or at least prevented from existing where in the nature of things it ought to exist. Hence, the creature may be the sole cause of evil without being a creator. Thus, if by mechanical appliances I expel every particle of air from a vessel, I by the very fact cause a vacuum to exist in that vessel. This vacuum exists, not as a substantial or positive thing, but as the absence of substantial and positive existence. Hence, although I have caused the vacuum to exist, I have created nothing, but simply displaced something already existing. So the evil-doer creates nothing when he sins, but simply destroys or removes, by an abnormal exercise of his free will, the positive quality of goodness in his soul, causing a blank to exist where something real should exist.

But how does the creature become the cause of evil? This question may be best answered by a brief review of the fundamental reasons of the distinction between good and evil, and of the process by which evil comes into existence. Although the fall of the angels was the origin of evil, we will confine our inquiry to evil amongst men, remarking, however, that the principles involved are the same in both cases.

God created man according to His own image and likeness, and thereby imparted to him, in a finite degree, such of His own perfections and attributes as comported with the nature and destiny of the being He had created. This collection of God's perfections and attributes, as they exist in

man, constitutes his resemblance to his Creator. Among these perfections are *reason* and *free will*,—reason, by which man is to understand his relations to his Creator and to his fellow-creatures; free will, by which he is to act voluntarily in accordance with those relations, and thus preserve inviolate within him the image of his Creator. This is man's destiny during the present life. In order to facilitate the accomplishment of this destiny, God established and promulgated a law, founded upon the relations existing between Himself and His rational creatures, in which the duties of man towards his Creator and towards his fellow-men are clearly pointed out, and by the faithful observance of which man may be sure that he acts always in conformity with his nature and destiny.

This law, as we have intimated, was established in order that man might the more easily, and the more securely, preserve in himself the image of God. Every act which man performs in obedience to this law, is in accordance with his relations to God; and being *voluntary* on his part, deserves a reward. Now, besides that life of everlasting happiness, which is to be the crowning reward of man's virtuous actions during the present life, we are assured, by our Divine Redeemer, that he will receive a hundred-fold reward, even in this life, for every good deed which he performs. This hundred-fold reward, we may well believe, is simply an increase in the brightness and distinctness of the divine image within us; for a virtuous deed is always attended with an increased perfection in the soul, and as the perfection of the soul is but the impress of God's perfections, and constitutes our resemblance to Him, to increase that perfection is but to increase our resemblance to Him, and consequently to render His image in us more distinct.

If then our good deeds, or those which we perform in obedience to the law of God, have the effect of rendering the image of God more distinct and bright within us, those acts which we do in opposition to that law should, by a natural antithesis, tend to obscure that divine image in the soul. Such, indeed, is the fact, and thus it is that evil is produced. But how does an act of opposition to the law of God obscure the divine image in the soul? Here is the reason: When a man acts deliberately in opposition to any law or command of God, he, by that act, opposes the perfection or attribute of God, on which that particular law or command is based; that is, he voluntarily rejects that perfection, so far as he can, and implicitly if not explicitly consents to have the impress of that perfection obliterated from his soul. Although he cannot actually destroy the image of God, or any part of it, yet that act of his will throws a veil or cloud, as it were, over that perfection which he opposes, and thus distorts the image of God in his soul. This obscuring or distorting of the divine image is that which specially constitutes the malice or evil of an act.

We now feel satisfied that we have established, beyond all doubt, that the creature alone is the entire and sole cause of evil, and that it cannot be attributed to God, as a cause, in any sense whatever. Yet, as God created beings capable of doing evil, and at the same time must have foreseen by his omniscience, all the evil that would be committed, it might appear to some that He is in some way, if not the cause, at least accountable for the sinful deeds of His creatures. But this is not the case, as a little reflection on the creation and nature of man will show; and what we say of man is equally applicable to the angels before the fall.

First, God could not create a being with *absolute* perfection, for the creature is necessarily dependent on the Creator, and that which is dependent, is necessarily limited, at least by the cause on which it depends. Hence the creature is necessarily finite (limited) and therefore imperfect. Consequently God had either to create man imperfect

or not create him at all. But existence is better than non-existence. Therefore, God did no injury to man, but on the contrary conferred a signal favor on him by creation.

Secondly, God created man for a supernatural and eternal happiness, and in order that man might be capable of enjoying this happiness, He gave him intelligence and reason. These endowments of man are evidently good; indeed, they constitute man's superiority over the rest of the visible creation, and hence the bestowing of these gifts was another signal favor conferred on man by his Creator.

But now comes the relations between the Creator and the rational, intelligent creature. The first of these relations, arising from the creative act and the nature of God, is that of Master and dependent, of Superior and inferior. God having made man, is necessarily Master of His own work, and man is just as necessarily dependent on God. Moreover, God being infinite, and by His very nature incapable of creating a being equal to Himself, He is necessarily superior to man, and man for the same reason is necessarily inferior to God. The second relation, arising from the nature of a rational being, is that of *obligation* on the part of man to act in obedience and subjection to the will of God; and on the part of God, a corresponding obligation to exact such obedience; for reason itself, which is man's highest natural perfection, teaches that the inferior and dependent should respect and obey the superior, and that the superior and master is bound by his very character to exact a due obedience from the inferior. In other words, reason teaches that an intelligent being should act in a manner conformable to his nature, and as man is *by nature* inferior to God, and dependent upon Him, he can act conformably to his nature only by obedience and submission to the will of God.

Now, in order that one being may act in obedience to another, and at the same time act as a rational being, he must necessarily possess liberty; for to act by necessity is to act not as the chief or real agent, but merely as the instrument of another agent, who is really the efficient cause of the act. If therefore man had not liberty, or free will, but acted through necessity in doing the will of God, he could not be said to do the will of God at all, since God Himself would be the real agent in the case, having imposed this necessity on man; and consequently man would be incapable of fulfilling the first relation of a rational creature to his Creator, whence would result the inadmissible and impossible case of an infinitely wise God creating a being with certain relations and duties whose accomplishment He at the same time rendered impossible. Therefore reason in the creature supposes free will.

But we have already seen that free will in man requires the establishment of a law for man's moral government. Consequently God, who always does what the nature of His previous acts requires, established such a law, and clearly manifested it to man. It is, as we have said, the deliberate and voluntary violation of this law by the creature that constitutes evil. We have also seen that God does not influence man to evil; on the contrary, He holds out ineffable rewards to the faithful observers of His law, and threatens with the severest punishment those who violate it; He is ever ready to aid by His grace those who sincerely desire to do His will; in a word, He does all that He can do, except destroy free will, to lead man to good, and it is only by wilfully resisting the mercy, goodness, and grace of God, that man can bring himself to act in opposition to the divine will, and thus commit evil. How, then, is it possible to suppose that God is in any way accountable for the evil done by His creatures? He did not cause evil; He does not influence man to evil; He does all that a God can do, consistently with the rational nature of man, to

prevent his doing evil; He could not Himself prevent this evil without depriving man of his liberty, and this privation would, in the very nature of things, necessitate the further privation of reason; this would unfit man for a supernatural enjoyment and reduce him to the level of the mere irrational animal. Which would be preferable: to be like the mere animal, without reason, or to possess reason and with it the power which it implies, to do evil, without however being in any way compelled to exercise that power? Evidently it is better to possess reason, with a hope of eternal happiness, though it be accompanied with the risk dependent on free will, than to be like the animal, without intelligence and without a future. But in creating man in his present condition, God did that which was incalculably better, and in giving man free will He only gave what the nature and destiny of man demanded. Therefore, His dealings towards man being marked with mercy and goodness in every respect, He cannot in justice, reason or propriety be held responsible, in any respect, for the evil that men do by a wilful abuse of their free will.

Some one may still insist and say that all this reasoning may be very good when we apply it to men in a general way, but when we come to particulars, and take the case of an individual who does evil all his life and is eternally lost, would it not be better for such an individual never to have been created; and does it not seem that God, who foresaw that this would be the case, and still brought that individual into existence, is in some way accountable for the evil which he committed and the misery which he has brought upon himself? No, certainly; not even in that individual case is God responsible in any way for the evil done; for we must remember that God creates individuals not by a separate act, but by the operation of a law of nature which He established in the beginning; and, consequently, to prevent the evil voluntarily done by the individual, it would be necessary either to suspend the law of propagation in his particular case and thus prevent his coming into existence, or to take away his free will, thus depriving him of the power to do either good or evil as a voluntary act.

In the first case God would not only interfere with the operation of a general law, without any obligation on His part to do so, since the individual always has the power to avoid evil, but He would actually destroy the distinctive character of the law, by making it apply only in particular cases. He would moreover interfere with the free will of the secondary agents by whose action this individual would, in accordance with the law, come into existence, and, consequently, with the free will of mankind as a class of beings, so far as the effectual application of that law is concerned. Were this, however, the only result of such an interference with the established order of things, we might expect God, in His infinite mercy, to interpose His almighty power between man and everlasting misery, by suspending the law, and thus preventing his coming into existence; but there are other and far more serious obstacles to such a course on the part of God, whose acts must necessarily be always not only good in themselves, but also consistent with one another. Our space will permit us to mention only the chief one of these obstacles. It is this: Man, as we have said, was destined for a supernatural happiness, which required that he should be endowed with reason and free will. But as God did not wish to admit man to the enjoyment of that supernatural happiness for which He created him, until he should prove himself worthy of it by a proper exercise of his free will—by a voluntary obedience to the law of God—He gave him this present life upon earth as a time of trial or probation during which he is to merit everlasting life and happiness.

That God had a right to postpone man's enjoy-

ment of supernatural happiness is so evident from the fact that He is absolute master of man's existence, and of the manner and object of his existence, that it requires no proof here. That this postponement is also a necessary consequence of the nature and destiny of man, is certain, although it may not be quite so evident at first sight. But when we remember that man, as a rational being, is bound to pay to his Creator a rational obedience, and as a free being, is bound to pay that obedience *voluntarily*, which supposes that he has the power to disobey, we see at once that God's infinite wisdom requires that He impose a penalty on the disobedient, and offer a reward to the voluntarily obedient. This reward and punishment are called by philosophers the sanction of the divine law. The reward which God offers to those who voluntarily obey His law is that supernatural happiness of which we have spoken. But to merit a reward necessarily supposes the previous performance of some meritorious deed, otherwise the prize would not be a reward, but a gift. Therefore, God having proposed eternal happiness to man as a reward of his voluntary obedience to the divine law, necessarily postponed the bestowal of that reward until man should actually merit it. Consequently a time of trial or probation was necessary.

This time of trial, as we have said, is the present life; but a trial or contest for a prize necessarily supposes uncertainty as to whether it will be gained or not; for if one is certain of gaining any prize, though there may still be a bare possibility of his not gaining it, his efforts are not those of a contestant or of one striving to obtain something which he still fears he may lose, but of one who goes confidently forward to take possession of something which he knows cannot escape him.

Now if God were to interfere in the manner above mentioned, and prevent the existence of all those who, if permitted to come into existence, would lose eternal life and damn themselves, it is quite evident that all those who did actually come into existence in this order of things, would be *certain* of finally gaining salvation, notwithstanding the fact that they possess free will and the actual power to lose eternal life; for they know with certainty that if that power were to be exercised to their eternal loss, God would not have allowed them to come into existence, and the fact that they do exist proves to a certainty that God foresees that they will be saved. Hence they go on through life, not as men on trial or probation, but as men certain of the prize of eternal happiness, to which they advance with confidence and a well-grounded conviction that they cannot fail.

It is evident from this that such an interference with the law of natural propagation as we have mentioned, would destroy the distinctive object of man's present state of existence, and render life no longer a time of trial, in the correct sense of the term. But we have seen that such a time of trial and uncertainty is strictly demanded by the present order of things. Therefore, God could not, consistently with the order which He established by the creation of man, and his destiny to a supernatural happiness, as a reward of his fidelity in doing the will of God by living in accordance with his own nature, render the salvation of some *certain* by preventing the existence of all those who would be lost by an abuse of their free will, if they were permitted to come into existence. Therefore God could not and cannot consistently suspend the law of natural propagation, even to save the souls of some of His creatures.

In the second case, viz., by taking away the free will of the individual, God would by the very fact deprive him of the power of fulfilling the first relation of a rational creature to the Creator; for, deprived of free will, whatever the individual does is done though necessity, and hence the individual himself is not the real agent, but merely the instrument in the hands of the necessitating cause. But

the relation of the rational creature to the Creator requires, as we have seen, a rational, and therefore a free submission and obedience to the will of the Creator. Hence the privation of free will would render the individual incapable of fulfilling his first relation to his Creator, and consequently the bestowal of reason, which is the source of this relation, would be inconsistent with the wisdom and perfection of God; and without reason man would be rendered incapable of a supernatural happiness. Hence to deprive a man of free will would be simply to reduce him to a level with the mere animal. But this God cannot consistently do; for our supernatural destiny, with reason and free will, is a gift bestowed upon man, not individually, but as a class; and each individual of that class has an equal claim to that gift; and as this is a good in itself, God could not withhold it from some individuals without an evident partiality in favor of those on whom He bestows it. But God is not "an acceptor of persons," and cannot show partiality; therefore He cannot take away the free will of the individual, unless as a punishment, and he cannot punish unless for a fault or evil actually done; consequently he cannot take away individual free will merely to prevent the commission of evil.

Now, if God could not, consistently with His own perfections, and man's nature and destiny, suspend the law of natural propagation in particular cases, and if He could not consistently interfere with individual free will to prevent evil, it logically follows that the permission of evil is a necessary consequence of the present order of things,—viz., of man's existence as a rational being,—and, therefore, that God is in no way responsible for the evil done by men, not even in individual cases, since, though possessing, in an absolute sense, the power to prevent evil, still He cannot without inconsistency exercise that power.

If, therefore, the existence of man as a rational and free being is in itself a great good, and better than an irrational existence, or non-existence, (and we think we have sufficiently shown that such is the case,) it further follows that this necessary permission of evil by the Creator is in no way inconsistent with His goodness, mercy or providence. Therefore, in the full unrestricted sense of the expression, we may address God with the Psalmist: *Non Deus colens iniquitatem tu es.*—Thou art not a God willing iniquity (evil); and hoping that our humble efforts to explain this truly difficult question may be of real service to many of our readers, and especially to the esteemed friend at whose suggestion it was undertaken, we bring our essay to a close, convinced of its truth yet conscious of its many defects in style and clearness of expression.

THE BOTANICAL GARDEN is assuming a more perfect and defined shape day after day. The work required to transform the once wild and forlorn locality which it occupies has been immense. The old grounds can scarcely be recognized to day, and despite the difficulties and obstacles which had to be surmounted, a fine spot which will soon deserve fully the name it bears, invites the lover of retirement to its shady walks. Rev. Father Carrier deserves great credit for carrying out so perseveringly this remarkable undertaking. We hope that he will include in his garden the shore of the lake from the boat house to the northern line of his grounds. The shores of the lake are yet in their primitive wildness, not to say ugliness; the hand of art has persistently turned aside from them until now. The proximity of the favored spots which on various sides surround the lake ought to suggest that the time has come for beautifying at least the shore nearest to the college. Bro. Simon with his wheelbarrow and spade could do wonders there in a few days.

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BRO. HYACINTHE continues to beautify the premises.

THE Geography Class is all right, and ready for next week.

BOOK closed in Students' Office. Hereafter only cash business!

THE graduating class will be examined Saturday, 22nd inst.

A GREAT many visitors are expected from Chicago and other cities.

THE Examination in Music will take place Saturday, 22nd inst.

REHEARSALS in Music, Declamations, etc., are the order of the day.

REV. JOHN FORD is now in Iowa, where he will remain during vacation.

TWO or three little boys intend to go home before the Examination.

THE dramatic performers employ their leisure hours in learning their parts.

THE new Philharmonics promise us a new cantata, which, they say, will be grand.

THE speakers, orators, etc., are busily engaged writing their speeches and orations.

THE Brass Band and the Orchestra are not at all behind in the go-ahead movement.

BADGES have been ordered by several societies and clubs for the Commencement Days.

SOCIETIES and Clubs which have not yet sent in their yearly reports should do so promptly.

THE Literary Societies are closing their yearly exercises, and preparing for the solemn disbanding.

THE crews of the Boat Club are preparing for a lively contest—badges are awaiting the victorious ones.

MR. BONNEY and Old Sol are as busy as nailers making false presentations of individuals and classes.

REV. FATHER COLOVIN brought his highly entertaining instructions to a close on Wednesday morning.

WE are glad to hear that the Professor of Book-keeping is in salubrious health and is to have his class photographed.

A VERY neat little boat, 16 feet long, christened the "Nina," is to be added to the N. D. B. C. fleet for the Commencement.

THE work on the new church is pushed on vigorously. The old towers will soon be taken from the front of the old church to give room for a prolongation of the new church. Subscriptions continue to be generously sent for the erection of the edifice which promises to be worthy of our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

CISTERN water is far more healthful than well-water. The use of the former ought to supercede entirely that of the latter.

CLASS photographing is all the rage now. Mr. James Bonney the College photographer has as much work to do as he can possibly attend to.

ON arriving at South Bend our friends will be promptly brought to the College or the Academy if they take the regular omnibus for Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

BRO. BONAVENTURE will exhibit a pretty garden in spite of the photograph amateurs and other semi-barbarous individuals who walk over his flowery grounds.

THE members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association will give their twelfth annual banquet, on Saturday, June 15th, at 3.30 P.M., sharp, in the Senior Refectory.

THE Programme of the Commencement will be printed in the next number of the SCHOLASTIC. It will be in every particular equal if not superior to the programme of other years.

THE Written Examination will take place on Monday and Tuesday 17th and 18th inst. The Oral Examination will last during Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday.

WE were in the shop opposite the Post-Office, and were surprised to see the great variety of engravings, photographs and objects of art and *virtu* kept on hand by Bro. Francis Xavier.

LAST Wednesday we interviewed the Rev. Prefect of Discipline who expressed himself as highly pleased with the general state of affairs in Study-Hall, Class-room, and Recreation grounds.

THE music of the Exhibition will be publicly rehearsed Saturday 22d inst. It will take the place of the concert which was intended to be held during June, but which circumstances prevented.

NOW that the Baseball Championship is decided, the play-grounds will assume a quieter appearance and gives the Champions, as well as others, a chance to attend to something else of graver importance.

WE hope that the gold medals of preceding years will take an airing on the breasts of many during the Commencement Days. It pleases every honest heart to see the rewards of merit where they ought to be.

WE have heard from an authentic source that it has been stated by one on whom the most perfect reliance can be placed, that Professor Lyons has said that he thinks that it is probable that he may go to Chicago next Wednesday.

AT a meeting of the standing committee of the Associated Alumni, the following gentlemen were appointed a committee of reception for the approaching Commencement Day: Professors Lyons and Baasen, and Mr. James Cunnea.

THE Compositions in Penmanship, intended for Competitions, seem fully equal to those of the preceding years. Some are truly beautiful and were it not that personalities are odious, especially at the approach of the Commencement, we would give the names of the best writers. . . . We will wait a week longer.

IF the N. D. B. C. were a rich corporation, we would suggest that they hire workmen for the purpose of improving the grounds to which they resort so frequently, but their receipts barely cover their Club expenses. We cannot have much hope from their side, and yet something ought to be done there before the Exhibition days.

SOME grand suppers, rural lunches, etc., are on the tapis; the fine flower, the cream of the cream of everything that can be had, enters into the *carte* or bill of fare. Well, *Que voulez vous?* The end is approaching—all ends well which begins well.

As Commencement Day draws near, the number of visitors to Notre Dame and St. Mary's increases, and those who avail themselves of the regular conveyance of Mr. Shickey have been perfectly satisfied with the fast accommodation train he runs between the Michigan Southern R. R. Depot, in South Bend, and our two Institutions. We add our commendation of his 'bus, and our appreciation of his disposition and power to make the trip from South Bend rapid and agreeable to all whom he conveys.

ONE of the most stupid practices of schoolboys is witnessed every year in some part or other of the grounds. It is thought mainly by some of the younger lads to go puffing about with enormous cigars. Some think it looks smart, and that it shows an extra supply of brains; others imagine that it may very well do for the lack of premiums, and may console in time of affliction. As a rule, the talented, gifted boy seldom avails himself of the first moments of freedom to go about stupidly smoking as if he had gone through fifteen campaigns; that belongs exclusively to a certain class of boys of which the less said the better.

R. R. R.

Mr. Shickey drives a Ready, Regular and Rapid Omnibus from the Michigan Southern Railroad Depot and the College. Passengers for St. Mary's will also find it to their advantage to patronize the R. R. R. Omnibus of Mr. Shickey.

Boards of Examination.

Very Rev. W. Corby, S.S.C., President, and General Supervisor of the Boards.

CLASSICAL BOARD.

Rev. A. Lemonnier, S.S.C., Presiding.
Rev. T. Colovin, S.S.C.
Rev. J. Lauth, S.S.C.
Rev. A. Louage.
Mr. D. Tighe, S.S.C.
Prof. J. A. Lyons, A.M.
Prof. M. A. J. Baasen, A.M., Secretary.
Mr. J. Cunnea, A.B.

SCIENTIFIC BOARD.

Rev. J. C. Carrier, S.S.C., Presiding.
Rev. T. Vagnier, S.S.C.
Rev. J. O'Connell, S.S.C.
Prof. T. E. Howard, A.M.
Prof. W. Ivers, A.M.
Prof. A. J. Stace, A.M.
Prof. D. A. Clarke, M.S., Secretary.

ENGLISH BOARD (Preparatory Course).

Rev. J. M. Toohey, S.S.C., Presiding.
Rev. P. W. Condon, S.S.C.
Rev. M. B. Brown, S.S.C.
Rev. Mr. Bigelow, S.S.C., Secretary.
✓ Mr. D. E. Hudson, S.S.C.
✓ Mr. J. Zahm, A.B., S.S.C.
Bro. Benjamin, S.S.C.
Bro. Emmanuel, S.S.C.
Bro. Albert, S.S.C.
Bro. Gabriel, S.S.C.
Mr. J. Edwards.

COMMERCIAL BOARD.

Very Rev. W. Corby, S.S.C., Presiding.
Prof. L. G. Tong, L.L.B., Secretary.
Prof. T. E. Howard, A.M.
Prof. J. A. Lyons, A.M.
Prof. W. Ivers, A.M.
Prof. D. A. Clarke, M.S.
Bro. Camillus, S.S.C.

MUSICAL BOARD.

Very Rev. W. Corby, S.S.C., Presiding.
Rev. E. Lilly, S.S.C.
Bro. Basil, S.S.C.
Bro. Leopold, S.S.C.
Prof. Van de Velde.

LANGUAGES.

Rev. A. Lemonnier, S.S.C., Presiding.
Rev. P. W. Condon, S.S.C.
Rev. J. Lauth, S.S.C.
Prof. M. A. J. Baasen, A.M., Secretary.
Mr. Sneider, S.S.C.

MINIMS' BOARD (Saturday, 22d).

Rev. Mr. Bigelow, S.S.C., Presiding.
Mr. D. Tighe, S.S.C.
Mr. D. E. Hudson, S.S.C.
Bro. Gabriel, S.S.C.
Bro. Emmanuel, S.S.C.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

June 7—M. Keeley, D. Maloney, T. Murphy, O. Wing, T. Finnegan, W. Clarke, J. Finley, T. Fitzpatrick, T. White, F. Leffingwell.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

June 7—C. Hutchings, J. McHugh, W. Dodge, F. Egan, L. Hibben, E. Milburn, J. Carr, J. Stubbs, J. Spillard, F. Phelan. D. A. C., Sec.

Complexity of Language.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC: Argument does not consist in glittering generalities or fourth-of-July grandiloquence, and, whatever may be the excellencies of the German or the Latin, or whatever the peccadillos of poor old John Bull, Simple Simon still insists that the composite is not necessarily defiled, impure or ignoble; but, on the contrary, that the very essence of beauty is harmony, which is nothing else than the proportional union of parts forming one whole. In this all art and nature agree: no picture is complete without its light and its shade, its principal and its accessory; and no landscape delightful without its thousand varieties. In fact, art increases in excellence, and nature rises in grandeur, in proportion to the number and variety of parts harmoniously united in one object; so sculpture is superior to architecture, and painting to sculpture; while music, and poetry yet more complex, rise in excellence over them all; so is the vegetable kingdom above the mineral, and the animal more excellent than the vegetable, while triple-natured man is at the same time the most complex and the most noble being upon earth; so, too, was the Greek language, the combined product of nature and art, more beautiful than any of the rude tongues of which it was composed, or of the numerous dialects which contributed so much to its flexibility. Simple Simon therefore cannot see that calling the English language "composite" is as much as to say that it does not exist: as well might one deny the existence of the Iliad, or of its copy the Æneid, for these poems are certainly compositions, in which a thousand parts are composed into one whole, nor, however composite they may be, is either of them in consequence defiled, impure or ignoble.

To have an absolutely original language it would be necessary that a nation should spring up from the ground; and yet some people would seem to require that we should not speak the language of our fathers and mothers, but must forsooth forget that and take up a more original one, as the Latin or the German. This is an example of that superficial criticism which takes the skeleton for the soul, and will have it that nothing is original but the dry bones. It would deny originality to Dante because somebody had a vision of hell before him, or to Goethe because the story of Faust had been

traditional for ages. Pray did those Romans and Germans invent their languages? On the contrary, they merely perfected them from the rude tongues of half-savage Italian and Asiatic tribes. Has not our own speech, derived from these same tongues thus perfected, quite as noble a parentage? It is in this very parentage that the nobility of the English is manifest; it has the simple force of the Saxon with the grace and majesty of the Latin, and is therefore the only language that can ever unite the two great civilized races, the Germanic and the Romanic, and thus do for the modern world what the Latin did for the ancient.

Indeed, in their origin and growth the Latin and the English present a striking resemblance. The original Latin was a rude, strong tongue, like our own Saxon, and its writers never attained any greater fame than have the Saxon poets and chroniclers; but the Romans were captivated and their language enriched and beautified by the elegant Greeks, as were the Saxons and their language by the more polished literature of France and of Italy.

It is idle to say that "it became a fashion, by no means a necessity, to bring into the Latin text an occasional word of Greek origin;" for with as much truth we might say of Chaucer and Spenser "it became a fashion with them, not a necessity, to bring into the English text an occasional word of Latin origin." No matter what the cause, fashion or necessity, the question is, *Were the words and the constructions of one speech brought into those of the other?* So far as the Latin is concerned Horace is good authority, and he at least did not belong to "the decline of the Empire." He tells us expressly that none of the Latin poets have deserved the least honor who have dared to desert the footsteps of the Greeks,

Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ:
Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græcæ
Ausu deserere.—*Ars Poet.*, 285-7.

Certainly no English poet was ever guilty of such servility as that. In the same spirit he counsels his poetical disciples to despise the old Latin models and to study the Grecian night and day,

Vos exemplaria Græcæ
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.
—*Id.*, 268, etc.

To Simple Simon, this seems something more than bringing into the Latin an "occasional" Greek word. But why insist on a point which was made a boast by the Latin writers themselves and which appears evident on every page they have left us? The native vigor of the Latin language received grace and beauty from the Greek, even as our own strong but homely Saxon has been beautified by the Latin. If there is anything ignoble in this fact Simple Simon fails to see it, and is rather of opinion that the English and the Romans were both very sensible to take the best they found and use it with such admirable success, rather than plod along for centuries, in order to have something more "original."

In conclusion, Simple Simon thinks it strange that one who uses the English language so well should go out of his way in an essay on temperance in order to apply such an offensive epithet as "ignoble" to our common speech, and still more strange that he should attempt a defense of so palpable an error, an error which at first seemed a slip of the pen, but which now seems to have been made in earnest, and which, at any rate, seemed to need correction—at least in the opinion of

SIMPLE SIMON.

MR. EDITOR: No doubt a few words regarding the Boat Club would be of interest to your readers, especially since the time for the annual race is fast approaching. The race between the two crews is intended to take place on Tuesday, the 25th inst.,

in the afternoon. The contending crews will consist of the following named gentlemen:

Crew of Pinta—M. Keeley, stroke oar; T. J. Dundon, second oar; P. J. O'Connell, third oar; B. W. Drake, bow oar; G. L. Riopelle, coxswain.

Crew of Santa Maria—J. M. Rourke, stroke oar; D. E. Maloney, second oar; E. Graves, third oar; N. Mitchell, bow oar; J. W. McAllister, coxswain.

There is some prospect of the addition of a flag-boat being made to our navy before the end of the year.

Respectfully yours,

J. D. McCORMICK, *Rec. Sec.*

Graces.

A CARD OF THANKS.

Though we have been vanquished in a series of "matches," we are far from forgetting those who, in some way or another, conferred favors upon us. Our Directors and Bro. Ildefonsus, who has so many times favored us with a *lunch*, are not forgotten; we wish them God-speed.

Mr. F. P. Hamilton, who might be seen on the occasion of every match at the scorers' table, with his score-sheet before him, keeping a sharp lookout for and recording thereon "the where" every man batted, how he made the different bases, how put out, and in fine, every point of play, will please take this as a token of our many obligations to him.

The umpire, though, is the one who most of all deserves the thanks of the players, for he fills a very responsible position, and one which is not very desirable, for players *will* grumble at the umpire. He stands there the sole judge of fair and unfair play, and when he performs well his duty is certainly most deserving of the gratitude of the players. Therefore we say to Mr. McHugh, you have performed well and satisfactorily your duty as umpire. We do not hesitate to pronounce him not only the best at present, but the best we ever saw at Notre Dame. And now, Johnny, accept for this our *gratias tibi domne*.

E. B. GAMBEE, *President U. N.*

A Retrospect.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:—We write amid the quickly closing days of another collegiate year. For us, there are always connected with the finishing up of a year's mental labor and the prospect of a speedy departure from the cloistered retreat where we were virtuously instructed, from the beloved teachers who imparted that instruction, and the genial companions of our schoolboy days, feelings if not of poignant anguish of soul and deep sorrow of heart, surely of unfeigned melancholy and oppressing sadness.

We feel that many, very many, of the more industrious and intelligent students would gladly prolong these waning days; and though bright visions of home and friends dance before them and throw their seductive circle of allurements across their path, nevertheless when the precious time flees by on hurrying wings, and the solemn moment is present when part they must, they would yet fondly linger around the lovely borders and hallowed precincts of dear *Alma Mater*, to whom they are tenderly and enthusiastically attached, refreshing their souls still longer with the atmosphere of Christian piety and tranquillity pervading her peaceful domain.

Yes, indeed, they will be loth to part from scenes of so much solid joy to them in their young days, scenes and places of so much pleasant sunshine, where their time was passed in sweet tranquillity and friendship. To us individually, for whom perhaps the year now passing away will be the final one of our College days, peculiarly indescribable feelings come,

"Feelings that resemble sorrow only,
As the mist resembles rain."

We seem to stand upon an elevated ridge which is about to divide our life into two great and vastly different epochs, the *sunny past* and the *mysterious future*, the one already beyond our reach, the other waiting to receive us into its dark bosom.

Upon this dividing line we stand; and though the past has fled from us, we are, as it were, with one hand reluctantly realizing our hold upon it, while with the other we stretch forward into the unfathomable future and strive to grasp something tangible, something which may throw a ray of light across our subsequent path and open up what may be in store for us in the inevitable days to come. While thus we muse, the panorama of our whole College life both at Notre Dame and elsewhere is passed in rapid review before us. As an interested party we may be suffered to examine it slightly in detail. The variegated picture which a review of our College days presents is by no means calculated to call forth expressions of admiration, nor even to command our satisfaction. Its general *contour* is quite unprepossessing even to minds less artistic than our own, while its lineaments are roughly drawn, and the nonconformity and non-harmony of its lights and shadows bespeak but too plainly the many imperfections noticeable upon it; though we must say, in justice to our *Alma Mater*, that since our sojourn as a student within her walls there was nothing left to desire for its improvement and polish which it was in the power of propitious circumstances to bestow.

The events of our College life are easily gathered up and grouped together in as many lines, and the intimate knowledge of the guiding and fundamental principles of these events, and the unsatisfactory consequence thereof, has been but too faithfully committed to memory, and is now painfully reproduced when we yield ourselves wholly to pondering on the days, the precious golden days that have gone forever.

And why are we thus dissatisfied with the events of our College career heretofore? Have not our studies done us a vast amount of good? Why then look back upon these early College days with one sigh of regret, with one pang of remorse? Has not our life for the last two years at least passed along as quietly and beautifully and brightly as the meadow's silver brook, placed as we happily were among those in every way sensible of our best interests, keenly alive to their advancement, and always desirous of making us completely happy while struggling along the tortuous way of the student? Why envy the chances of those who are just now starting out on their collegiate course? It is the old, old story,—old but ever true. We will repeat it here. As we glance back upon those college days, the shadow of whose decline is now cast around us, we see a multiplicity of things which we would change with pleasure could we but live those days over again and have our present experience to guide our footsteps. Were we again permitted to go back to the Eighth Latin, the Sixth Greek, the Fourth Arithmetic, and kindred studies, we think that we would begin our course more properly and profitably than we have done, and enter upon our work with a more correct conception of what is meant by a real collegiate education than that which our mind had formerly entertained, and which we must say has so successfully deceived us that we have often within the last few months found ourselves sinking almost to the ground, the victim of a vain delusion, when the cruel fallacy of our early false notions and rash judgments flashed upon our mind.

What have been our first conceptions, our first notions of a collegiate education? They were, to say the best of them, impractical and impracticable speculations of an untutored mind.

The moment the young student crosses for the first time the sacred threshold of the college and inhales the atmosphere of the class-room, in nine cases out of ten he immediately begins to construct

aerial castles far above the clouds, which he will inhabit after he has passed from the college walls, never questioning in the mean time the feasibility of his imaginative schemes, nor doubting for a moment that, when the last nail is driven and his course finished he will be furnished with well-developed wings which will bear him away and up to his lofty mansion, the golden Eldorado of his school-day dreams, the Eutopia of his vivid imagination.

Thus it has been with us, and now we feel how egregiously we have been mistaken in indulging such fanciful surmises and futile hopes.

If we return in mind to the first day we entered College, we will be convinced that though our undigested thoughts of what it was that constituted a real education in the highest signification of that often misapplied word, and our imperfect views of the necessary measures of procedure to attain thereunto, were shrouded in vagueness and indefiniteness, nevertheless we were simple enough and presumptuous enough to imagine that at the other end of the five or six or seven years' race through college we would be found if not on the topmost round of the ladder of general knowledge, at least perched far up above the lowest, pretty well elevated upon the pinnacle of learning. Despite all human preventatives, we were to come forth into the world, after spending the time assigned for the student to jump through the curriculum of his studies within the shadow of our *Alma Mater*, living and breathing cyclopædias of knowledge, classical, historical, and scientific.

Surely nothing would be more easy for us than to show ourselves complete masters of Latin and Greek, as far as being perfectly initiated into the knowledge of their great beauties, irregularities of declension and conjugation, idiomatic constructions, varied dialects, and able without a moment's review to peruse any of the old authors, is concerned.

Perhaps also we would speak occasionally and dream all our dreams in those grand old noble tongues of the polished Grecian and the lordly Roman. The stronghold of mathematics would be laid siege to and made to surrender up its treasures, which would find a safe resting-place in our capacious minds.

Philosophers would we be, qualified to investigate profoundly, and discuss intelligently the most abstruse questions of metaphysics and ethics.

As historians, we would have a critical and comprehensive knowledge of all the most remarkable events, personages, dates, nations, etc., which make up the history of the world, from Adam to Noah, from Noah to David, from David to Alexander, from Alexander to Cæsar, from Cæsar to Napoleon, and from Napoleon to U. S. Grant. Our ideas of geography would be commensurate with those of history.

But it was in the field of the natural and physical sciences that we were to excel.

We would be capable, from our extensive researches in geological lore, of advancing arguments and supporting theories for the probable manner of the formation of our earth, the causes of the various changes it has undergone throughout the lapse of ages, the kind of workings that are going on in the profound and unexplored depths beneath its crust, as well as for the most plausible term of existences of those primeval organisms whose traces are engraven upon the stony tablets of the lithological history of geology.

The kindred sciences, zoölogy and mineralogy, with all their beautiful conformation of parts, would be brought within the scope of our intelligence, while in botany we would be perfectly at home in the full understanding of the complicated anatomy of plants, their structures and functions, modes of reproduction, peculiarities of growth and form, geographical distribution, etc.

In a word, after leaving College we would be

brilliant *literati*, profound mathematicians, deep dialecticians, efficient chemists and physicists, and skilled scientists, while in the more general branches of learning we would be literally beyond improvement, because, forsooth, we would be perfect.

What has all this grand expectation, this gleaming anticipation of what the treacherous future would bring about, amounted to? As the smoke vanisheth in air, so our immature hopes vanish away in the light of the present. All this castle-building has turned out a huge mistake. We rested our foundations upon floating clouds, upon shimmering vapors, and we watched to see the structures spring up beautiful and fair to the eye, but lo! the clouds have fled away and separated, the vapors have disappeared, and the fine castles which our imagination has been building for years have toppled to the ground, "leaving not a wreck behind."

The grand idea of the future which we had formed in our mind some years back has indeed collapsed, but the lesson is not lost upon us. We were wrong in supposing that the few years which it takes to hurry a student through College would or could make a philosopher or a sage of him. We must endure our disappointment with heroic fortitude, and find solace in the reflection that as a general thing all that can be hoped for in a course of study at College is, first, to form abiding habits of industry and promptitude in the work before us, and then to form some general conception of the great departments of human knowledge, the importance thereof, and the inestimable value of the limited time given for a mere acquaintance only with it.

This latter end can be fully attained if the student, at the beginning of his course, estimates correctly its real value, and starts forth with habits of close study and earnest application,—the neglect of those habits is what we have to regret in our own case,—for his success depends entirely upon those habits, and persistently keeps this end fully in view. But he who at the outset victimizes himself to a careless and slovenly way of studying, relying upon the College alone to draw him out, make him an educated man, and set him far above his fellows, is sure to fail. His own imagination plays him false; the College fails to give him even the veneer of an educated man, and he goes forth into the world a mental babe, but too late aware of the meaning of a student's life-duties, and sadly incapable of judging correctly of what part he will fill in the activities of the world. He has passed through College it is true; but any countryman could do the same thing, going in at one door and out at the other. We may not, and we may, in a certain sense; consider ourself in such a predicament; for though in this bustling College life the student has not time to do everything as thoroughly as he otherwise might, and is, moreover, hurried on from class to class and from grade to grade without cessation, still much precious time has been wasted, erroneous views have been indulged, and very frequently the real object of our course has been lost sight of completely.

But we must here cease our moralizing and strive to forget the deception which has been practised upon us. To those who are even now entering upon their studies we would say: Make a good beginning; reflect that everything depends upon yourselves; be studious; let not your youthful imaginations bear you away to Eutopian realms to be at your disposal when you leave College; be not solicitous about *how much* you will know after you get through, but what *you do know* know it well; and, finally, forming a just conception of the real signification of your College days, the difficulties to be overcome and the knowledge to be acquired, then, at the end, you will have no reason to be regretful, no desire to turn away in sadness from the contemplation of the sunshine, shadows

and issue of your College life. It may be that we will never again meet the students of the University in the capacity of one of themselves; we may therefore be permitted to wish them a joyful time during the vacation months—many hours full of bright sunshine, and all that sweet happiness which is found at home. While they feast upon those social delights, seated around their beloved parents, and holding high converse with their friends and laughing maidens, may we not hope that in the midst of these transports they will remember *Alma Mater* and their friend and fellow-student

KAPPA GAMMA KEE.

An Essay on Language.

BY E. B. G.

[From the Philodemic Owl.]

This wonderful possession of man is the sign and at the same time the "means of his superiority" over all other animals of creation. What then can be more important, what more interesting, than the study of language? Linguistic science has, like geology, astronomy, physics, been brought to the rank of a science by the exertions, genius and study of modern times, built upon the scanty investigations and precepts of ages gone.

To an American who has never heard, or having heard did not understand, the language of an Italian or a German, these languages sound strange, and he is inclined to pronounce them barbarous and uncouth, and think that because he does not understand them no one else does, and will say that he does not believe they understand them themselves. This brings us to ask ourselves the question, "Why do we speak English?"

Certainly we do not inherit it from our parents, for if did we would speak the English, no matter what might be the language of those with whom we associate and by whom we are surrounded when commencing to speak; besides we have every reason to believe that we would speak much sooner than we do. Such being the case, the language of a child would be as correct, and its vocabulary as large as that of an adult. The fact of the case is, that a child, no matter what may be the nationality of the parents—other circumstances being the same—will learn one language as readily as another; not only this, but will learn and distinguish several at the same time. We speak English as our mother-tongue, because we learn our language from those around us,—they speak it and we learn it from them,—we speak it because they do. It becomes *our* mother-tongue,—in it we write, speak and think; its principles are planted deep in our minds at an age when the mind is most susceptible of receiving indelible impressions; we learn the construction and words in common use, and use them parrot-like until we are old enough to study them,—when a grammar is put into our hands, and we are required to learn and imbibe what is set forth therein, that we may know when we speak or write correct language and when we do not. Grammatical mistakes are like early-acquired bad habits, difficult, very difficult to correct; so much so that one who has learned in his childhood to speak incorrectly will seldom, if ever, become entirely correct in the use of his language. Of a like nature as this is the acquisition of a foreign tongue. It matters not how hard we study it, how well we understand and write it, there is always something either in our pronunciation or construction of sentences that will tell that it is not our native language.

There is no field of labor in which more has been done—though unnoticed—by man than this. Look at the literature that is possessed by all the civilized nations of the globe, and are they at a stand-still? Each day adds its portion; new books are daily issuing from the press. As we

have before hinted, the language must not only be in existence, but must have reached a moderate degree of perfection before it will begin to bear a literature. Thousands of years had passed before any nation had a literary production or had gained anything like perfection in language. When man first walked forth, he did not have a language presented to him, to be master of which he had but to learn it. Almighty God had created him gifted with reason, memory and will; he must go forth and name the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, the plants and herbs of the garden and the trees of the forest. All could not be done in a moment, but required years and centuries before he began to give names to immaterial things; and much more time must have passed before he could have thought of polishing and refining this jargon. So, then, we should not be in the least astonished that the human family lived so many years upon the earth before they commenced to place their thoughts upon liber or parchment for the perusal of others. And it is not until within a short time since that the critical and accurate investigation of language has risen to the dignity of a science.

The cultivated languages of the present day belong almost if not exclusively to the so-called Indo-Germanic family, and we must also observe that the Latin and Greek belong also to this refined and highly cultivated family. Of the languages of this family, large as it is, there is, perhaps, none that contains more innate richness than this our mother-tongue, English. To come to this conclusion, we have but to examine the literature of the other languages, and compare it to that of the English. We must, however, confess that what has just been said is a question, the discussion of which would not only take us beyond the limits of the present essay, but also beyond ourselves; yet while we may be compelled to yield the first place to the Greek, still of modern languages it stands without an equal. There is, perhaps, no language that is better calculated to express one's thoughts with precision; for though we have a great number of words that are synonymous, still no two of these mean precisely the same thing. This, we should observe, is one of the beauties and excellencies of our language; by means of it are given variety of expression as well as beauty and harmony of sound. In English we find the finest epics of modern times, and no one pretends to doubt the superiority of her dramatic literature even over the Greek; in this she stands without a rival in the world, past or present. What literature and language, then, comes to us better recommended than our own—English? But the thorough understanding and appreciation of it requires more than a knowledge of grammar and rhetoric; we should strive to acquire some of the other modern languages with which it is closely allied, for though our language is but a "refined conglomerate" of various other languages both living and dead, still the Latin, French and German elements predominate. These should be studied if for no other reason than that the study of a foreign language sharpens and draws out the linguistic faculty of the mind and prepares it to understand and appreciate more fully the beauties of one's own language.

And now, kind reader, permit me to close this essay with a passage from "Language and the Study of Language," by Professor Whitney:

"It may well be the case that a thorough reform of English orthography will be found forever impracticable; it certainly will be so while the public temper remains what it now is. But let us, at any rate, acknowledge the truth, that a reformation is greatly to be desired, and, perhaps, at some time in the future, a way will be found to bring it about. If we expect and wish that our tongue become one day a world-language, understood and employed on every continent and in every clime, then it is our bounden duty to help prepare the way for taking off its neck this heavy mill-stone."

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, }
June 11, 1872.

Our Exhibition Hall is being enlarged and much improved. This will be good news to the many visitors who have had, on former Commencement Days, to content themselves with an outside view of the performances.

The examination of the lower classes in Music has already commenced. The higher classes will be examined on the 26th.

A temporary chapel, large enough to accommodate the Sisters and pupils, has been fitted up in the new building. The whole building will soon be tenatable, and then the frame houses which now obstruct the view may be removed and this elegant, spacious structure will be visible.

The pupils seem earnest and hopeful about their success at the coming Examination. Some few, however, have evaded the ordeal, but they will be the losers by their timidity. Respectfully,
STYLUS.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

June 9—Misses I. Edwards, E. Culver, M. Leonard, J. Walker, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, E. Dickert, M. Brown, A. Hamilton, C. Creveling, M. Kelly, M. Layfield.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

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

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

Second Senior—Misses L. Duffield, E. Plamondon, I. Reynolds, V. Ball, F. Butters, A. Piatt, L. West, J. Coffey, D. Green, J. Millis, C. Woods, A. Woods, R. Spier, I. Logan.

Third Senior—Misses A. Lloyd, I. Wilder, M. Prince, R. Devoto, M. Letourneau, B. Reynolds, A. Robson, S. Addis, J. Walton.

First Preparatory—Misses A. Emonds, H. McMahon, A. St. Clair, N. Sullivan, F. Moore, N. Duggan, E. Greenleaf, N. Ball, G. Kellogg, A. Calvert, E. DeBoyle.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, M. Nash, F. Taylor, J. Luce, L. Eutzler, E. Brandenburg, M. Roberts, B. Johnson, K. Casey, M. Addis, E. Crawford.

Third Preparatory—Misses K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake, B. Schmidt, L. Buehler, J. Valdez, R. Manzanara, N. Vigil, K. Greenleaf, M. McNellis, L. Pease, A. Tucker, L. Harris.

First French—Misses M. Quan, N. Gross, R. Spier.

Second French—Misses M. Cochrane, M. Letourneau, L. West, M. and J. Kearney, K. Haymond, M. Wicker, M. and E. Thompson.

First German—Misses L. Pfeiffer, K. Brown, B. Schmidt.

Second German—Misses N. and V. Ball, J. Millis, R. Wile, A. Rose.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEP'T.

June 11—Misses J. and M. Thompson, M. Walsh, A. Noel, M. Sylvester, L. Cronin, M. Carlin, M. DeLong, E. Lappin, D. Allen, M. Hildreth.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

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

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

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

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Quill, L. Tinsley, M. Faxon, E. Parker, M. Hepp.

Junior Preparatory—A. Lynch, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, A. Gollhardt, L. Harrison, A. Walsh, L. McKinnon, F. Munn, B. Quan, A. Burney, M. Reynolds.

First Junior—Misses K. Follmer, A. Rose, M. Farnum, N. O'Meara, K. Boltin, L. Walsh.

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