

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Ask Me not Why.

I.

Ask me not why the moonbeams lie so pale
(Though mere reflections of a golden glare)
In silvery shimmering athwart the vale
Beyond compare.

II.

Ask me not wherefore roses breathe perfume—
That rich perfume to other flowers denied,
Why they are chosen from the mass of bloom
To be its pride.

III.

Ask me not why the diamond shines so bright,
Although it be but charcoal in disguise.
Chemists may solve this mystery aright—
I'm not so wise.

IV.

Ask me not why the human youth stops short
At six feet high, nor grows to seven or more;
Nor why obesity occasions sport,
Though it's a bore.

V.

Ask me not why Dame Nature's various laws
Conflict among themselves, or run a-muck;
Ask me not several other things because,
I should be stuck.

VI.

But if you *must* be so importunate,
And bitter questions mingle with my cup,
For sole response I humbly beg to state,
I give it up.

S.

The Precursors of the Reformation.

It must not be believed that modern heresies, especially Protestantism, were new things at the time when they first began to disturb the world: they date further back; their principle is doubt, and doubt is not only anterior to Christianity, but contemporary with the first man.

In the beginning of the Church's existence we meet with two great heresies, which have had the sad privilege of nurturing the reformers of all ages, and which may be called the mothers of heresies—Gnosticism and Manicheism. The ancient philosophers when the splendor of Christianity burst upon their sight could not renounce their ancient doctrines. The dogmas of Plato, the reveries of the Orient, the mysteries of Egypt, all this formed, under their hand, a mass of beliefs, strange and absurd, which had as followers the most distinguished minds. We cannot here make known in detail all the absurd and ridiculous ideas of Gnosticism; the vagueness and obscurity felt at each step would render the task very difficult; it may be remarked, however, that this very obscurity has

opened a way for those evil minds, who, in the course of ages, seek for inspiration at this source.

Gnosticism was produced only for the learned, the wise men of the world. Constituted as it was, it had no principle of vitality, and could not traverse ages. A fantastic creation of poetic erudition—an incredible amalgamation of dreams, devoid of all reality, it was not accessible to the masses. Proud of its hidden doctrine, Gnosticism sought not to communicate it to the common people. It wished not to be with the people, and the people knew this, and could take no interest in a purely contemplative philosophy. What the people wished was a teaching more palpable—some attraction more natural, and this they found in another sect—the Manicheans.

If Gnosticism was produced for the learned, Manicheism addressed itself to the masses. Instead of shutting itself up—isolating itself, like its predecessor, in abstract contemplation—it begins by forming a visible body, a society. In order to captivate the masses, to give them a clear and solid basis of unity, it made use of an idea the most common, perhaps the most trivial, but at the same time the easiest to understand. It divided the world into two sections, presided over by two principles: one good and the other bad. From this double source everything was derived—morality, philosophy, poetry, religion. Here was something tangible and ingenious, which the merest child could grasp.

We have said that Gnosticism and Manicheism were as two arsenals, to which the greater part of the reformers who have followed in the course of time have come for their arms. Let this general assertion suffice for the present. We shall find other sects to which modern heresies owe more especially their systems.

The Rationalism of our days believes itself new. Yet what is it but the collection of doctrines already gone out of date? The *Alogi*, in denying the Word of God, although from afar, opened the way. They rejected the infinite as something incomprehensible, admitted only that which their reason could seize, and directed their studies towards mathematics and the pure sciences. Such was the system of the Byzantine tanner Theodotus of Artemon, and especially of Paul of Samosata. They saw in Christ only a man endowed with divine wisdom, thus agreeing with many of the Protestants of the sixteenth century.

Take Pantheism, which has made so many partisans, especially in Germany. Is it more recent than Rationalism? No. It is contained in principle in that strange doctrine of Sabellius, who resolved the universe and the human race into an immense idealism. At the beginning of things, says Sabellius, God silently concentrated in His own ineffable Being absolute unity, without emanation and without revelation, had not as yet drawn anything out of that depth

wherein all reposed. First the Soul of Christ, then the Holy Spirit, then finally the soul of man were produced in turn, and the moral universe was created. Thus the world and humanity vanished and were lost in God; universal nihilism became the defined object of universal mysticism. And to this the disciples of Sabellius had come, even as the Arians, later on, passing from transformation to transformation, ended by producing Socinianism, the father of modern philosophy. Having mentioned the Arians, it may be remarked that the destruction of all hierarchy by the Protestants is no more than anything else an invention of modern times, but owes its origin to the Arians, who were the first to give the example at Byzantium and elsewhere.

What were the *Illuminati* of Germany in the eighteenth century? the *Ecstatics* of the Germans in the seventeenth? Modern Montanists.

Regarding only the prophecies of the Old Testament, the Montanists mixed in a strange manner democracy and inspiration. Inspired ignorance and holy poverty were the ideas of this party. The Montanist loved and deified ecstasy, but it should be joined with ignorance; the more ignorant the more pure. Every man was susceptible of the gift of prophecy; every Christian was priest, magistrate and king.

The great reproach of modern philosophy is that individuality is made dominant, the energy of the human soul immeasurably exalted. Now, the source of this system, which approaches to Stoicism, is founded in the doctrine of the English monk Pelagius. His was a doctrine purely stoic, glorifying at the same time the idea of duty and that of our moral energy. To place above everything the will of man would be to destroy the influence of God on our actions and render prayer useless. This error was spread abroad, and for a long time existed among the Western nations.

Much has been thought of Spinoza; he has been considered as a reformer without compare. An error. Spinoza is but a copy of Scotus Erigena, and especially of Abelard. Abelard, that ambitious and powerful spirit, full of subtlety and energy, is one of the men who have precipitated nations into that human wisdom and critical saturation of which Protestantism is the last echo. He has his own way of reconciling the will of man, his liberty and moral power and foreknowledge of God." "Man is free," he says; "his will, his caprice can always disturb the order of Providence. We cannot attribute the impossible to God—that is, the faculty of foreseeing that which man can do; but external things, opposing to the will of man a series of insurmountable obstacles, permit at most liberty of thought, but not that of action."

We have thus seen the origin of Rationalism, Pantheism German illuminism, modern philosophy, Spinosism. Now what was that of Protestantism?

Before answering this question directly, let us cast a glance at all those fanatical sectaries of France, the Petrusians, Henricians, Albigenses, whose appearance was the prelude of Protestantism. They are not to be separated from Luther; both are bound firmly together. Now, what were these heretics? Simply resurrected Manicheans. The inhabitants of the French coast on the Mediterranean had frequent intercourse with Byzantium and Greece, and easily became impregnated with Oriental ideas. A doctrine so popular and vivacious as that of Manicheism, establishing the two co-existing kingdoms of good and evil—their

violent conflict, and the necessity for man to defend the good and resist the evil. This doctrine, at the same time mystic and active, impressed itself on the minds of the people in Southern France. The *Cathari* pretended to a life perfectly holy, chaste, poor, simple, ignorant of everything except religion. These ideas were everywhere adopted, first by the lower classes, and afterwards by the great. From the eleventh to the twelfth century the Cathari agitated all Europe. History shows them to be only rebels in arms against every civil and religious law of their times.

Let us not forget Wyckliffe, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, the two latter the disciples of the former. All three were but the perpetuators of the Cathari, and in this way of the ancient Manicheans; but at the same time they were the immediate precursors of Protestantism. The doctrine of Wyckliffe, says a writer, may be considered from two points of view—the philosophical and the theological. Viewed philosophically, the doctrine of this heresiarch is a rude compound of Manicheism, Pantheism and Fatalism. According to him, God abandons the government of the world to the powers of evil, or in other words, the good is subservient to the evil; every creature participates in the Divine nature. Blind necessity rules every event; whence it follows that there is in God neither providence, nor power, nor liberty. From a theological point of view, the doctrine of Wyckliffe is pure, simple Presbyterianism; the Pope was not the head of the Church Militant; there was no need of Cardinals, Patriarchs, Bishops, and Councils; priests and deacons could discharge all the sacred functions. It is here that we see the forerunner of the reformer of Wittenberg. The way was now prepared, and Luther was not far off.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century there arose a new heresy of immense proportions, possessed of a boldness until then unheard of—a frightful disturber of all social and religious order. It has been said that the spirit of evil had gathered into one vast system all the errors that ever existed, and communicated to them a force and energy hitherto unknown. We have called it Protestantism. Was Protestantism a discovery, an invention? The lines preceding give the answer. Not at all. To imagine it, to formulate it, required no effort on the part of Luther; he had simply to plunge into the impure receptacle of passed heresies, and take the substance of each one, and throw that incoherent mass in the face of Europe. *Incoherent mass* it was, because the reformer did not even take the trouble of putting any kind of order in his system.

Is it necessary to prove now what we have already advanced, that Protestantism, like all the sects that preceded it, was but the resurrection of old systems, which at some distant period were built up, then for some time forgotten, and at long intervals revived to infect the world? It seems unnecessary. We may, however, cite an authority which no one will gainsay. "The University of Paris, in condemning the doctrine of Luther, very wisely observed that the new sect concentrated in itself all the errors that had preceded it in taking from each one its dominant idea."

To conclude. It is then time that the spirit of lying, with all his activity, all his efforts, all his perfidy, after eighteen hundred years has been only able to turn around in a circle of errors, out of which he has not gone, and out of which he can never go. Powerless to build, he can but destroy. Neither the philosophers of our age, nor those before them—neither the Protestant reformers, nor those of more an-

cient times, can lay claim to a priority in their opinions, or the honor of a revolt of which they were the heads; everything can be found in the first five or six centuries of the Church; the rest is but a copy. J.

Flowers.

As we return after spending our vacations at home or abroad, we find that already the foliage of the forest is beginning to change color and fall. In a short time the flowers will have faded away, and our mother earth will be stripped of her beauty. Stripped of her beauty! Does not this lead us to the thought that flowers are the most beautiful of all the many beauties of nature? There are those, without a doubt, who have never thought of flowers as beautiful. This is because they have never studied them. Look at a pretty flower, and if you have any appreciation of the beauties of nature it will bring to your mind many happy memories of the past.

When you returned home last spring, was not your home decorated, by the tasty hand of a loving mother, with flowers?—flowers which on every side bade you "Welcome Home"?

Do not flowers bring to the mind memories of friends now far away, parted with perhaps forever? Do they not endow memory with even greater charms than she before possessed? Does not the memory of bygone pleasures seem brighter and more charming when connected with those beautiful symbols of past happiness and pleasure, the lovely flowers with which God has adorned our earthly homes?

Are you cheerful? flowers are cheerful; and, if you are morose, admire and study them. To the repentant sinner they say, "Go on your way rejoicing." To the sorrowing, "Cheer up; although it rains to-day, the sun will shine to-morrow."

Flowers teach us to be cheerful and happy, but not to be coarse. On the contrary they teach us that no coarse pleasure can compare with those which are pure. Men who live coarse lives and satiate their unwholesome appetites with coarse pleasures never enjoy either this world or the world to come. Let them learn a lesson from the flowers and be pure, and their now disgusting countenances will become like the mien of the flowers, pure, cheerful and happy.

God loves flowers. He has strewn them in profusion all over the earth, for the admiration and edification of man. Many a man, wise in the knowledge of books and men, could learn a grand lesson from the little flowers. They are teachers, and if we will only heed their admonitions we will reap a harvest therefrom which will be a lasting benefit to us.

All men rightly educated love flowers. So have they in all ages. The ancients gave to the victor in their contests a simple wreath of flowers. That wreath was cherished and handed down from father to son for generations, a most precious heirloom. The path of the conquering hero was strewn with flowers. This was the greatest compliment the masses could pay him.

To-day the Church adorns her altars with flowers, a most touching emblem of her love and affection for the Creator of all that is good and beautiful. Are not, then, flowers connected with all our pleasant, all our noble thoughts?

Flowers teach us a greater and more solemn lesson. In the spring they come to cheer and please us, after the long, dreary months of winter. For a few months they make

the world look cheerful and happy, then they die. Let us then learn this lesson from the flowers: To-day we are here, to-morrow we vanish. Why not, since like the flowers our stay is so short, like them make those around us cheerful and happy? Our stay is to be short: then let it be cheerful. Let us laugh, and not cry.

Flowers teach us that our lives are short. When we realize that our sojourn in this world, like that of the flowers, is but for a day, then come the solemn thoughts of the hereafter and eternity. With those thoughts comes the knowledge of God. A true knowledge of God, His love and mercy, leads to a better and purer life. Flowers are emblems of a better life.

Let us cultivate a love for these precious gems. With a love for flowers will come refinement. As we cannot be refined without being pure, we will become pure. Purity naturally inculcates nobility, and we cannot possess a noble character without its companion virtue, the great and final end of earthly ambition, a love for God. Thus we see that a little flower can teach us the noblest lesson in the power of man to comprehend. That time spent in the study of flowers is not time thrown away. A little flower, considered rightly, will teach us lessons which will be to us an eternal blessing. Hereafter let us study these flowers, of all God's creations one of the most beautiful. We should cultivate and acquire a taste and love for these earthly beauties. They will awake many a noble thought, and give birth to many a noble sentiment. May we learn from flowers to be good, cheerful, and pure. To strive to please and accommodate our companions. To love and serve God. To "do unto others as we would that others should do unto us." To consider that, like the flower, we live to-day and die to-morrow, and therefore should prepare ourselves for the hereafter.

Having learned and observed these teachings of the flower during life, we may rest assured that our pathway in the next world will be strewn with flowers more beautiful and more lasting than any ever servilely thrown beneath the disdainful feet of the worldly conqueror; that in eternity we shall be even more cheerful, more lovely, and more pure than the most beautiful flower which God ever placed in this world for our enjoyment and education.

Lovely flower, teach us to be ever true to ourselves and our God.

Beautiful flower! thy smiling face tells me to ever cherish bright and glowing memories of the pleasant past, and quiet confidence for the unrevealed future.

MIGNON.

The Farther Shore.

It was long ago, and in a far-away land—a strange, beautiful country. It was an oasis of beauty, set in the midst of a great plain. There were hills, softly rounded, where the sunshine lay bright and warm on the green grass; and dim shady valleys, where great trees rustled their leaves overhead, making a pleasant sound to blend with the ripple of the cool water trickling over mossy stones; there also were to be heard the wild sweet songs of birds.

On the side of a hill that sloped gently down to a river, broad and deep and calm, the homes of the happy dwellers in this strange, far-away land were clustered. Very quaint and pretty the cottages looked, with their thatched roofs and vine-covered walls. Fruit-trees and blossoming shrubs were planted all around them, and bright-hued flowers edged all the garden beds.

The calm waters of the river stretched out deep and peaceful from the verdant bank. So wide was it that the farther shore could only be dimly seen. It looked always the same; spring and summer, autumn and winter, the changing seasons brought their gifts to the happy land: day succeeded night; suns shone and clouds poured welcome rain; but always the same quiet peace rested over the waters, the same dim light, that was neither night nor day, fell upon them.

Always sounds, solemn yet sweet, were heard on the waters; and yet they did not sound alike to all. "Listen!" the old men and women would say, lifting their trembling hands, and bending their grey heads towards the river; and the men and women would stop their work, the lads and maidens cease their cheerful talk, and the children pause in their merry plays, to listen to the voice of the waters.

"What is it like?" the old men and women would ask.

"Sweet and faint, like the first sigh of the evening breeze in the treetop when the summer day has been calm," the little children would answer.

But the lads and maidens would shake their heads. "No: it is like the sound of the wind in a forest of pines, as sweet as music, and as solemn as a prayer."

And the men and women smiled fondly on their children as they answered: "Surely young ears are growing dull. It is loud and deep as the sound of instruments well played, and the chant of many voices."

But the old men and women said: "The distant thunder is scarce louder or more awful; and blending with it is a sound as of one calling tenderly, and a promise of rest." And they sighed, and still listened intently, while the others went on again with their work, and talk, and play.

On the farther shore, seen dimly through the mist, unreal and lovely as a vision, was the city Beautiful. If one looked long and steadily, shutting out all things beside, he could trace the white walls, and catch a glimmer of gates of pearl, and see above the shadowy trees, waving ever softly to and fro, the silver domes and spires of the great temple. Night had no power over the soft light of the city; exceeding peace was round about it, and the dark shadow of sorrow was unknown.

There dwelt the Lord of this far-away beautiful land. A goodly heritage it was, and he had walled it round with care. Grim famine had no power there, for heat and cold, shunshine and rain, came each in its appointed time, and the earth failed not to give her fruit to the toilers. Peace and health kept the gates; and war and pestilence came not near the borders.

Truly a fair heritage for the master, and a goodly servitude for those who planted the sunny fields, or dressed the vineyards and orchards. He called them not servants, but children. Day by day, from his home across the river, came tokens of his love for those who wrought to do his bidding: now a lily, pure and white, that, laid on the heart of him to whom it was given, would cause sweet and holy thoughts, and a peace passing the joys of earth, so that those who met him would murmur: "Joy for our brother! he has hidden the lilies of the Lord in his bosom." And to the maidens when they were wedded there came garlands of roses, red and fragrant; and when, in the years to come, they laid them on their brows, they would seem in their husbands' eyes fair as on their bridal morning.

And clusters of other flowers, that were like, and yet unlike, those those that grew all around; and they had

strange, quaint names; a blue blossom fashioned like a violet, that was called Humility; and Perseverance, with glossy green leaves and bright berries; and many others. And bunches of sweet-smelling herbs to hang up in the houses; and they bore such pleasant names as Patience, and Fortitude, Mildness and Temperance, and there was a charm in all; they never withered quite away, like other flowers, but when from neglect they drooped and faded, a little careful tending and they bloomed bright as ever.

And, one by one, when they had done the work given them, the Master sent a messenger to summon them to his own home, that they might rest and be happy with him. Very grave and sweet was the face of the messenger, with steadfast solemn eyes, and a strange power in his low voice. When he called a name and beckoned, the one called answered not, but dropped whatever he held, turned slowly, and followed after him to the waterside,—sometimes with backward, longing looks at those who followed afar off, for all in that happy land loved each other, and none could come back when once they had crossed the river; and when they went down into the clear rippling water, those who watched from the shore saw how the face of the messenger grew each moment more tender; he supported the faltering steps as the waters deepened, and the little children he carried in his arms. And then a cloud hid them, and they saw them no more; but sometimes, as they lingered, they thought they heard a sound as of music, in a song of love and welcome; but it might be only the voice of the waters, and the sound of ripples breaking on the shore.

They could not surely know all that waited beyond the river; but there were stories the old men told in the long winter evenings, and said their fathers had told them, of verdure that never withered, and flowers that never faded; of a fountain clear as crystal in the midst of the great city, and those who crossed the river drank there, and it gave them immortal beauty, and youth, and eternal life; of the sweet songs of joy and praise, and the music of golden harps well played, that echoed forever from the mansions of peace; and how toil and weariness, pain and care and grief vanished forever at the smile of the master.

Some there were who, long ago, weary of the peace and quiet of this strange, happy land, weary of the gentle service of the master, passed over the wall, and, lured by bright false lights that went ever just before them, wandered away over the plain. They spoke of them in fearful whispers, and with a great pity in their hearts; for in the night time could be heard wild beasts growling and fighting outside the wall; and Sin and Remorse, horrible ghastly phantoms with faces of dread, went ever to and fro, seeking whom they could enslave, and their chains were heavy and hard to break. Two or three came back after a long time, wounded, and spent with weariness, asking only the lowest place and humblest shelter; but they always all gathered together, with great joy that the wanderer had returned, and clothed him in fair new garments, and made a feast, and gave him of their best, and crowned him with the sweetest flowers.

One day when the earth was just awakening from its winter sleep, old Ubald and his grandchild Ursula walked by the river side. Wild flowers were blooming in the grass, and birds were singing in the trees, that were already covered with young leaves; they were busy building their nests, and Ursula watched them with a happy smile. The

sun shone warm, and the soft wind just stirred the leaves, and bent the blades of grass and rippled the beautiful green of the wheat-fields.

"Look over the waters, Ursula," said Ubald, as he rested on the shoulder of the young girl, leaning his weakness on her strength. Shading his eyes with his hand, he gazed long, but shook his head. "Do you see nothing? My eye sare growing dim. I am old, so old! Surely the Master will soon bid me come. Is it not strange, Ursula, the trees I planted yonder in my youth, the flowers at my feet, even your dear face, seem far away and dim; and yet when I look towards the farther shore the temple walls shine bright and clear; and long ago, when my eye was like an eagle's, they seemed but shadows! Look yet once more, fair child. Do you not see the messenger? He must be coming."

The girl shivered, and laid her soft pink cheek against the brown withered hand that rested on her shoulder, and strove to draw him away. "Come," she whispered. "Why should you care to go when our home is so fair? Do I not love you well, and Marcellus, will he not be a son to you? Come away; only the brooding mist is over the river. I cannot see the messenger. Once, long ago, I saw him. When he came for Agnes I was with her, and I shivered with cold as if the summer day had been mid-winter; it seemed as if a black cloud had blotted out the sunshine; and my heart beat fast and heavy with dread. But the face of Agnes was bright and peaceful, and the sound of her good-bye was sweet and clear as the morning greeting of dear friends. She drew from their hiding-place in her bosom the lilies of the Lord. I did not know before they had been given to her; and her hand did not tremble, nor her step falter. I hid my face in the sweet springing grass and violets, that I might not see her go. I felt the warm sunshine, and the grass was cool and soft against my cheek, and far up the sky was blue, and I did not care for a home more beautiful. An oriole flashed by; I heard his song loud and clear; and a tiny wren, trembling with ecstasy, twittered and trilled on a branch over my head. And then as I listened, I heard Dorothy talking to herself about her work, and your dear voice calling, 'Ursula,' from the garden, and Marcellus singing in the meadow; and I thought I had never heard sweeter music. It seemed the songs of the blessed dwellers on the farther shore would not be so sweet. Come: I do not like to be here by the river; I wonder when you come, and watch, and gaze with looks of rapture. I can see nothing on the farther shore. It is so far away! It is like a low bank of silver cloud. And the solemn sound of the waters make me sad. Come: the roses are drooping from their stalks, they must be tied afresh; and Marcellus said he thought the bees in the hive by the south wall would swarm to-day."

"Ah yes, ah yes!" muttered Ubald; "the voice of Marcellus, and the love-light in his eyes, are dearer than all the glories of the beyond, or the greeting smile of the Lord. And the bridal roses the Master sent are fairer than all the flowers that bloom in his garden. Well, well! old Ubald, grey-haired and bent and feeble, was young and straight and strong, once; and a girl as fair and dutiful as you, Ursula, walked by my side through the forest paths, or over the hills. She had bright hair, and soft eyes, and a smiling mouth like you. And her face, too, was colored like an apple-blossom, dainty pink and white.

"Sit here, Ursula. Bear with the old man yet a little

longer. There will be many days to care for the roses and tend the bees. But my days are few. The sound of the waters is solemn, but the love of the Master breathes in every tone, and it blends well with the dreams of the young and the last hope of the old. Sit here with me, child, and let me talk of the time when I too was young and all my love and all my hope were centred here. I had taken my beautiful Ursula to my home, crowned with her bridal roses, and lovelier than they, I proudly thought. My father was hale and strong, and my mother's step as quick and firm as ever; and my fair young sister, gentle and sweet, was like a sunbeam in the house. The day of parting seemed far off; so far it was as if it would never come. I did not think of it, for why should I let a shadow from the dim far-away future fall over the brightness of the present? And if I looked at the farther shore, it was only to wonder, as you do now, that one could long for it. My gentle sister would stand sometimes in the twilight and gaze over the waters with a wistful, tender look in her blue eyes,—the love of the Master was deep in her pure heart,—but for me, all that was dearest was sheltered by the thatched roof of our little cottage. I gave the Master willing, cheerful service; faithfully I wrought through the day to do his bidding, and I cherished his gifts with gratitude, but I did not long to see his face or hear his voice.

"And there were none waiting for me in the city Beautiful for whom my heart cried out. It was with me, as with you, dear child. The messenger had crossed the threshold, but it was so long ago it was like a dream. My little sister I never saw; the baby beauty of my brother's face was like some sweet half remembered dream; and my grandsire's gentle age was an almost forgotten vision of peace. The hands I clasped, the voice I heard, the eyes that looked tenderly into mine, were all I cared for.

"And one sunny summer day, as I watched the butterflies flitting around, the shadow of the messenger fell on the threshold, and I heard his voice calling: 'Sabina, the Master waits for you.' My eyes were hot, and my heart seemed beating out the words, over and over, with heavy throbs, as my sister, my fair, gentle little sister, my only one, followed the messenger down to the shore, into the deepening waters, smiling and fearless, until the silver mist hid her from even my straining eyes, and I knew I should see her no more.

"Ah me! It was never quite the same again. It was as if the lilies of the valley had failed in the spring, or the evening star faded from the sky. There are other flowers, beautiful and sweet; other stars, soft and clear, but we long for the lilies and the star that is set.

"And then a new joy came to us,—our little babies; Basil and Sabina, we called them. It was sweet to hear her dear name once more in the house, and to fancy that the little Sabina grew like the dear one we missed so sorely; and we came at last to speak of her calmly and peacefully. Only, I grew fond of walking with my baby Sabina in my arms on the shore at twilight, and as I looked across the water the mists seemed to grow thinner, and I dreamed of the city Beautiful as I sang to my baby. It was more like home, for one I loved was there; but still I did not long for it.

"And the years went by,—quiet, peaceful years; and one day was like another day, and yet they all dwell apart in my memory, like pictures. They are my treasures now, and I count them over as I sit and wait; and they are all sunshiny with joy, and blossomed over with sweet content-

ment. And as I look at them I see again my mother's serene face, as she tells how Basil is growing wise and manly every day, and can tell the names of all the trees in the forest, and the birds that build in their branches, and can read the secrets of the rocks and the stars; and my father's pride as Sabina gives to him the garment she has fashioned with her own hands, for she is growing skilled with her needle, and in all womanly arts; and my Ursula's glad smile, as the little one—who came to bear her face, and be called by her name—went from her arms to mine, with the first sweet, uncertain steps of infancy.

"And then the messenger came again. He called two names this time, my father and mother. Hand in hand they had walked together through the changing seasons of forty years, and hand in hand they went down into the river. And before the shadow of his coming had passed from our home I saw his face again, and the places of my boy, my good, brave Basil, and my gentle little Sabina, were vacant forever.

"Ah, the farther shore seemed nearer every day, and sometimes, when the sunset fires lit the sky, I saw the glimmer of the gates of pearl. And the love of the Master grew in my heart, for he had my dear ones in his tender keeping. Tears, Ursula! Do not weep, dear one. Marcellus must not see you sad. And I am well content. It is such a little while. I shall go so soon. I am like one who sees the treasures he has gathered around him taken, one after another, to a new and fairer home, until only one is left; and he can leave that one in the old home for a little time, content that it will have loving care, and he will surely find it again.

"And they have all gone, all gone! And my fair daughter, my Ursula, was the last. And see, the Master did not leave me desolate, while I wait for his summons, for my child left me her little Ursula to love. And sometimes, as I look at your face, and listen to your voice, the years fall away, and the loved ones come from the past like visions; and some day I shall hear a voice calling, and my dream will be true. It will not be long now, for I am old, so old, and Marcellus will comfort you, and you too will have one to love and long for in the city Beautiful, on the farther shore."

S. L. B.

Scientific Notes.

—An Observatory is about to be erected on the summit of Mount Ventoux, in the Vaucluse, by the aid of contributions from the department of the South.

—Liskeardite is the name of a new mineral obtained from Cornwall, which has been analyzed by Dr. Flight in the laboratory of the British Museum. It resembles Pictite or "Iron-sinter," but its true place remains to be determined.

—Prof. Reuleaux has drawn attention, in a lecture delivered at Leipzig, to the paper employed in public offices. He states that it consists entirely of wood, and that in the course of ten or fifteen years we may anticipate the destruction from natural causes of important official records written upon such paper.

—An acoustic experiment was made the other day with the captive balloon. Twenty musicians went up in it and played Bilse's "Storm," while the other half of the band responded from below. The ruins of the Tuileries gave back a decided echo. The experiment is to be repeated under more favorable atmospheric conditions.

—A notable improvement in watches is reported from Chaux de Fonds, Switzerland. By a peculiar process the figures on the dial are rendered luminous, so that if exposed once during the day to the sunlight they remain

phosphorescent and visible throughout the night. Preparations are being made for the production of these watches on a large scale.

—A Mr. Wallace, of Ansonia, Conn., has invented an instrument which he calls the telemachon. By means of it water or any other power may be transmitted by electricity hundreds of miles and be used in manufactories. Prof. Edison, who has examined the instrument, has the utmost confidence in it, and we may expect to find the vast water power of the Niagara Falls utilized in New York city before many years.

—The site of Westminster Abbey was in early times an island in the Thames covered with a jungle of thorn-bushes, whence its name of Thorney Island. In digging the grave for the remains of Sir Gilbert Scott, the eminent architect, who died not long ago, the virgin sand of this ancient island was laid bare, showing clearly the marks of the waves on what had been its shore. As nearly every foot of the soil had been disturbed at one time and another, it is remarkable that these wave-marks have been preserved for so many centuries.

—The history of research in the direction of the electric light began with this century. George Adams on "Natural and Experimental Philosophy," published in 1794, makes no mention of it, but in 1801 we find Davy experimenting with a battery of 2,000 plates, each four inches square. "He used charcoal points, made of light wood charcoal, which had been heated to redness and immersed in a mercury bath." Since the time of Davy a good deal of attention has been directed to methods of utilizing a current of electricity for general illuminating purposes. In Paris a few streets have at length been fitted experimentally with electric lamps.

—To ascertain whether carnivorous plants are really fed by the insects they capture and kill, Mr. Francis Darwin cultivated about 200 plants of *Drosera rotundifolia* in soup-plates during most of last summer. Each plate was divided as to its contents by a wooden partition, but was wholly screened by gauze. One half the plants in each plate had a few small bits of roast meat fed to them, at intervals, by being placed on the leaves, the weight of the meat being about the fiftieth of a grain. The plants in the other half of each plate were not so favored; otherwise all were treated alike. At the end of the season the fed plants weighed 21.5 per cent. more than the others; the flower-stems, seed, and capsules of the fed plants were about two and one-third times heavier, and the seeds weighed about 3.8 times more than the unfed ones. This seems conclusive proof that the plants under natural conditions are largely benefitted by the capture of insects, which are assimilated as plant-food through the leaves.

—An English antiquary in the last *Athenæum*, not without a sense of the ungraciousness of his unromantic task, suggests that the bodies found at Mycenæ, instead of being the actual form and feature of Homeric heroes, once belonged to some of the barbaric Gothic chiefs who overran Greece in the Christian era, and he brings a long array of reasons: 1. The style of ornamentations of many of the gold objects belonging to the north. 2. The layers of pebbles under and over the bodies are another northern feature. 3. The sword-hilt lying across the loins, according to barbaric custom, and not on the right shoulder, as a Greek would have worn it. The absence of greaves and the enormous length of the swords, and the fact that one of them had a wooden sheath, are northern peculiarities. 4. The resemblance of the ornamented tombstones to the sculptured stone of Scotland. 5. The shape of the chariot-wheels, identical with those sculptured in tombstones from Kivik in Sweden. 6. Obsidian arrow-heads of marked Scandinavian type. 7. Iron keys. 8. The similarity in shape of the gold crowns to the bronze of diadems of North Germany. 9. The presence of crystal, not used for ornamentation until late Roman times. 10. Gold signet-rings of a degraded rather than a primitive art. The author's theory is that some Gothic chiefs, slain in the invasions, were buried here with their plundered treasures, as Alaric was buried in the Busento. Some objects would thus be Gothic, and others the plunder of conquered cities. This view accounts for the absence of coins and inscriptions. The undoubted early Greek

pottery would be the rubbish disturbed in digging the grave. The theory also accounts satisfactorily for some other anomalous facts.—*The Nation*.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Rev. John Laing of Edinburgh, has completed a dictionary of the anonymous and pseudonymous literature of Great Britain, which contains 22,000 entries.

—The Marquis de Colbert-Laplace has opened a competition for architects to furnish the designs for a monument to be erected in Normandy, in honor of Laplace.

—Rev. J. De Concilio, author of the books "Catholicity and Pantheism" and "Knowledge of Mary," has written a work on "The Elements of Intellectual Philosophy."

—A son of the Rev. Lord Sidney Godolphin-Osborne (for many years a notable contributor to the London *Times*, under the signature "S. G. O.") has become a convert to the Catholic Faith.

—Two new compositions will be produced shortly in England—"La Nativité," a sacred work by M. Marechal, the other a cantata, the words by Mr. W. Grist, and music by Mr. E. Prout, both at the Crystal Palace.

—The Council of the Holbein Society announce that, through the kindness of the trustees of the British Museum, they have in preparation a fac-simile of the block-book, known as the *Ars Moriendi*, printed circa 1450.

—A volume of historical essays by Prof. von Ranke has been published in England. Savonarola, Cosma de' Medici, Philip the Second, Don Carlos, and the administration of Cardinal Consalvi are among the subjects which are considered.

—In the new edition of the Dictionary of the French Academy three hundred words have been suppressed as obsolete, and twenty-two hundred new ones introduced. In the words "poeme" and "poete" the grave accent is substituted for the diæresis.

—The New York Philharmonic Club for the coming season will consist of Mr. Richard Arnold, first violin; Julius Gantzberg, second violin; Emil Gramm, viola; Charles Werner, violoncello; Eugene Weiner, flute, and Wilhelm Lowack, double bass.

—The collection of British poetry which E. P. Whipple and James T. Fields have been editing will contain 1,014 pages, and comprise selections from the period of Chaucer to the present time. A companion prose volume is in preparation by the same editors.

—Mr. John Shillinglaw, of Melbourne, is engaged in collecting materials for the history of the early explorations of Australia. In his researches he has recently discovered the first historical records of the survey of Port Philip by Mr. Grimes, Surveyor-General of Sydney.

—A beautiful picture has just been found at Brussels, which formerly hung in the Cabinet of Napoleon III, at the Tuileries. The painting was stolen after the 4th of September, and sent abroad to be sold. It was recognized by a former Chamberlain of the Imperial Court.

—Prof. Skeat has undertaken an etymological dictionary of the English language, illustrated by a few selected quotations approximately illustrating the period of introduction of the various words into the language. It will take about three more years to complete the work.

—Among the Japanese books lately added to the library of the British Museum is the first volume of a translation of Sir Edward Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." The author's name appears as Idowardo Kureshi, and the volume consists of the account of the battle of Marathon.

—The Rev. George Gilfillan, the eminent clergyman of Dundee, Scotland, who died Aug. 14, left in completed form a life of Robert Burns, which had already gone to the publishers, besides another book, described as a "semi-philosophical, semi-poetical romance," which is considered his most important work.

—The ninth volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica,

Edinburgh, subscription edition, from the original plates, is now in press by the publishers, Messrs. A. & C. Black, of Edinburgh. Volumes seven and eight of this, the only genuine subscription edition, are now being delivered by Moses Warren to his subscribers throughout the North-west.

—*The Popular Science Monthly* for October will be issued about September 20th. This number will open with an illustrated popular article by Prof. J. S. Newberry, of Columbia College, on "The Geological History of New York Island and Harbor," and will also contain articles by Bain, Huxley, Spencer, Kirkwood, Brooks, and other eminent home and foreign writers.

—Eliza Allen Starr, so well and favorably known as an artist, art critic and general writer, has, we understand, now etched, and ready for the press, twelve illustrations for the second volume of her "Patron Saints." The first volume of this deservedly popular work was issued some years ago from the press of Murphy & Co., Baltimore, and we have no doubt the companion volume will meet with a welcome reception. The etchings are from the hand of the talented author herself, and if they partake of her success in other branches they will greatly enhance the value of the book.

—The Royal Maximilian Gallery in Munich has at last been opened to the public, after having excited curiosity for some years. It is decorated with large historical paintings by modern German artists, illustrating not the history of Germany alone, but the wider history of the world. Among the subjects represented are "Queen Elizabeth reviewing her troops before the Spanish Armada," by F. Piloty; "Peter the Great Founding St. Petersburg," by Kotzebue; "Washington Forcing Cornwallis to Deliver up the Fortress of Yorktown," by E. Hess; "The Taking of Jerusalem Under Godfrey de Bouillion," by Karl von Piloty; and other paintings. The Royal Maximilianum at the end of the Maximilian Strasse is an institution for students entering the Government service, and the grand new paintings are intended to have an educational value.

—Referring to the late report of the Boston Public Library, the *Academy* says: "The report strikingly illustrates the fallacy of the popular American theory, accepted by many English librarians, that fiction should be supplied to an almost unlimited extent, in order to attract readers who will one day advance to higher things. The examining committee congratulates themselves that 'calls for works of fiction, especially those of a light and ephemeral character, are not so numerous as they have been'—the diminution being less than 1 per cent on any previous year! They add that 'the people, with the exception of a few young persons, are beginning to demand works designed to instruct and improve rather than only to amuse them. Yet it appears from the report of the Trustees that no less than 75 per cent. of the books circulated from eight libraries—in other words, no less than 675,237 volumes—consisted of fiction and juveniles.' The few young persons get through a good many volumes apiece."

—At Paris recently one Pariset, a respectable-looking old man of seventy-two, was charged with stealing a fac-simile reproduction of a precious manuscript prayer-book contained in the National Library, the "Heures d'Anne de Bretagne." He confessed the theft, and said he was led away by his passion for botany. He was composing a work on the ancient flora, in which he gave the history of each plant through successive ages, the names it had borne and the properties that had been attributed to it at different periods. "But," the Judge interposed, "that does not explain why you should have stolen a book of prayers." "Yes" the defendant replied, "it is not an ordinary 'Livre d'Heures'; the pages are illuminated with plants painted in miniature on a gold ground. There are 392 of them, and the names are written in Gothic and Latin at the bottom of each page." Such was indeed the case. Three centuries ago the French called the white pink a white violet; the digitalis was a *demoyselle*; the chamomile, *mere martyre*; the veronica, *ne m'oublie pas*; the myotis, *souviens-toi de moi*, and so on. The botanist, an ex-professor, was sent to jail for a month.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, September 21, 1878.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWELFTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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The Record of a Good Life.

[Under the title of the record of a good life, E. A. S., an esteemed friend and occasional contributor to THE SCHOLASTIC, gives a sketch of the life of the late Dr. John M. Bigelow, of Detroit, whose death we announced in the first number of this volume. E. A. S. writes:]

Dr. JOHN M. BIGELOW was born June 23d, 1804, at Middlebury, Vermont. At an early age he removed with his father to Granville, Licking County, Ohio. He attended school only six months after this, having been put to work in his father's mill. But the love of knowledge was strong; stronger than the adverse circumstances surrounding him in a wild country, and the evenings found John poring over his books with all the ardor of a born student. The whirr of the mill-wheels, the splash of the clear water, so far from disturbing the ideal which had taken full possession of his youthful mind, helped rather to put him into a charmed solitude, drowned the discordant voices of chatting companions, and left him free to pursue his own train of thought. After a while he was qualified to teach in the neighboring district schools, and the money thus earned enabled him to attend lectures in the Medical College at Cincinnati, where he graduated. Immediately after his graduation he settled in Lancaster, Ohio, where he was married to Miss Maria Louisa Miers, who still survives him.

The love of nature and of science inclined him to the study of botany, for which his rides as a physician in the open country around Lancaster in those days gave him ample opportunities. At the same time he took the interest of a genuine American in the politics of the day, so much so as to write many editorials for the Lancaster *Gazette*, then edited by Gen. George Sanderson.

It was while attending the State Medical Convention at Cincinnati, in 1844 or '45, that he was baptized by the Right Rev. Bishop Purcell, D. D., and his life ever after was that

of a devout Catholic. While his natural delicacy prevented any display of his faith among those who were opposed to it, he never failed to manifest it on every occasion which called for a manly declaration of his fidelity to the Church.

Meanwhile the beautiful science which had such a hold upon his youth was quietly pursued, and in 1847 he published a catalogue of plants growing in Fairfield County, Ohio. When the Mexican Boundary Commission was sent out, he received through the influence of the late Senator Thomas Ewing, the appointment of physician and botanist to the expedition, and his collection of plants made at this time was very large.

While in the Boundary Service he made the acquaintance of Major A. W. Whipple, who, it will be remembered, was killed in the Battle of the Wilderness. When Major Whipple was given charge of one of the Pacific Railway surveys, Dr. Bigelow was appointed botanist to the expedition, and again he made large collections of plants, his report being published in Vol. IV of the Pacific Railway Reports.

After his return he resumed the practice of medicine at Lancaster, Ohio, until 1860, when, having received an invitation from Captain (afterwards General) George C. Meade to take charge of the meteorological department of the Survey of the North and Northwest Lakes, he removed to Detroit, Michigan. Dr. Bigelow remained on the Lake Survey some six years, when, through the recommendation of Gen. W. T. Sherman, President Johnson appointed him physician to the Marine Hospital at Detroit. This position he held until about a year after President Grant's election, when the political pressure caused him to be succeeded by another. He continued to live near Detroit, however, until his death, July 18th, 1878.

His life of seventy-four years had been crowned with honors; and yet, when those who knew him well compared these honors with his merits, they could not but feel that his singular modesty alone had prevented his career from being one exceptionally brilliant. This modesty was so inherent in his nature that no scientific attainments could divest him of his characteristic aversion to notoriety. Dr. Bigelow loved science for its own sake, and for those glimpses which its study gave him into the perfections of the Creator, and therefore the study of science was to him its own regard. The sincere recognition of the charms or the benefits of science by his fellow-men was also a pleasure in itself, but the emoluments resulting therefrom, which bolder men grasp at so eagerly, were rather forced upon Dr. Bigelow by the enthusiastic friendship of those who knew his merits, and who wished to see him reaping, to some degree at least, the just rewards of his studious labors. Side by side with this genuine scientific modesty ran the stream of an habitual beneficence, which gave an almost sacred character to his vocation as a physician. Never was there a more genuine charity than that exercised by Dr. Bigelow in his profession. No call from the Ewings or Shermans, or other wealthy families of Lancaster, was more sure of a prompt response than one from the poorest cabin in his circuit, nor was the senator attended more faithfully than the roughest railroad-hand or his family. This is the testimony of the late Bishop Young of Erie, for ten years parish priest in Lancaster, and of all who knew him, of every degree.

The piety of this man, who loved science and had made learning his daily companion, was as simple as the piety of a child. There had never been a discord between his faith and his science; they had always illustrated and

beautified each other to the refined and scholarly physician, who won the admiring esteem and even the veneration of all who approached him. His intercourse with Heaven was marked by the same sincerity which marked his intercourse with his fellow-men; and when, after seventy-four years of active life, he found himself prostrated by a singular snapping of the bone of his thigh, he made no complaint. His wearying sickness was borne with Christian patience. The Sacraments were his support to the end, and his last words were: "Jesus! Mary! Joseph! I give you my heart and my soul!"

This record of a good life seems peculiarly fit for the pages of a college paper. This picture of studious youth, passed outside the school-room or the academy, is one which should encourage those who may be deprived of the opportunities they crave, while it is a rebuke to those students whose only pleasure seems to be in wasting the precious privileges given them in these days of schools and books, and the noble innocence of the life may well excite the emulation of those who aspire to goodness as well as to knowledge. The career of Dr. Bigelow reminds us of the career of Dr. Ozanam, the father of that Frederic Ozanam whose name is now associated with the literature of all climes and of all ages. Neither Dr. Ozanam nor Dr. Bigelow aspired to fame as the world understands it, yet we find their names on a list which will shine bright on the day of Judgment, and in the good works of their children their "names will be known from generation to generation," while we may say in the sweetness of an assured hope: *Requiescant in pace!*

What we Should not Read.

Whatever we read exercises an influence for good or evil on our minds and hearts; and since this is the case it is of the utmost importance that books should be selected with care. Those who think it a matter of indifference what one reads are greatly mistaken; it is of as much importance to avoid reading bad books as it is to banish bad thoughts and refrain from bad acts, for the reading of such books leads alike to thoughts and actions.

If this is so, and it most assuredly is, then we should endeavor not only to cultivate a love for good reading but a horror for that which is bad.

In our endeavor to discriminate between what is good and what is bad, or doubtful, we should be led by the consideration that books and writings are good inasmuch as they conform to the truths of Christianity and the dogmas of the Church, and serve in a measure to illustrate them, explain them, defend them, or apply them to man's conduct in life.

In order to entitle a book to pass muster even as unobjectionable, it is necessary that there should be absolutely nothing in it having a tendency to sap the foundation of faith or morals, to lessen our respect for the revealed truths of Christianity, for its holy ministry, or for virtue. Good books never have anything of this kind, and when the matter of a book assumes a different character, though ever so vaguely, it should at once be set aside. Bad books are those in which loose morals are inculcated by precept or example, or in which Christianity is assailed; and they are bad whether the attack be open or covert—whether they brazenly deny the truths of religion, or whether they seek to undermine them by ridicule or misrepresentation, by speaking lightly or disparagingly of the Church or her

Divine Founder, of her clergy or religious institutions, or whether they indirectly seek to attain their end by gilding vice and palming it off as a natural virtue, or by seeking to excuse the vices of the world and making them pass for merely slight and pardonable faults.

We say books are *good* or *bad* in so far as they have an influence for good or evil. Almost all books are to be placed on one side or the other. Very few there are which can take a neutral position. They are either more or less advocates of virtue or of vice. We have on the one hand all sorts of good books, from the light and edifying romance, at the bottom of the scale, up to the Holy Scriptures, and on the other all sorts and grades of bad books from the dime novel to the openly obscene books or the writings of the infidel scientists of the day, which endeavor to sap faith and morals.

For the young and inexperienced, perhaps the most dangerous kind of reading is that which pretends to be neither vicious nor virtuous, which may even give some semblance of the latter but which are in reality active propagators of vice in one form or other, and sometimes in many forms, though under a disguise. We refer to the fast juvenile literature of the day, such as may be seen in the many story-papers for boys that teem from the press in New York and elsewhere, and for which the dime novel so well paved the way; those stories in which a boy is lectured for his faults and then is represented as showing what they are pleased to show up in the light of manliness and independence, in which he makes of himself a disobedient son—a scapegrace, lost to all feeling and sense of filial virtue—and then is brought out on some wild-goose chase from which they make him turn up as a millionaire, or something of the sort—something which never, or only once in nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine times, happens in real life, for which these stories altogether unfit their victims.

All such books and papers as we have described to be bad should be carefully avoided, and their sale discouraged. They should be avoided since they are evil, and it is the duty of a Christian to avoid even the appearance of evil. Their sale should be discouraged, since the sale of them would encourage, not only vice, but the propagators of vices by pecuniarily aiding them in the circulation of their works. Besides, there is always scandal given by reading works of this kind, and by the evil example of one, many are sometimes led to purchase and read what may be to their temporal and eternal ruin.

He who is given to the reading of bad books soon becomes corrupted at heart. His mind cannot be pure who reads what is evil and is amused with wickedness. A carcass is food for carrion-birds only. All others avoid it. The bad book is a moral carcass on which pure minds will not feed. We cannot plead an excuse that we read for our improvement. Deck the carcass as gaily and as richly as you may, it remains a carcass still.

If, then, we wish to cultivate our minds, there are good books enough to enable us to do it. In reading bad books there is something which will remain in our memory; we gradually get accustomed to evil, and in the course of time we will enjoy what would at first have disgusted us. Like sin, it may at first be hateful to us, but by familiarity with it we "pity, then embrace." This familiarity with bad books is what has led thousands into sin and immorality.

We have frequently spoken in our pages of the importance of never reading immoral books, and we do so now because of the temptations to read that beset students. A

flashy novel has attractions for young people, and if it can be smuggled into a study-hall it will be eagerly devoured. To the young it may not seem injurious, but that such is the case the reports of the police-courts in our large cities furnish many examples. Let everyone avoid all such avoid reading-matter that is not strictly moral and useful and show a gentlemanly contempt—nay, a manly resistance—to anyone who attempts to advocate or introduce it.

Personal.

- Rev. A. J. Zahm arrived home, in good health, last week.
- M. T. Corby, of '65, visited Notre Dame on the 18th.
- Valentine Hansen (Commercial, of '71,) is in business at Michigan City, Ind.
- Rev. Jno. Fitzharris, of '68, is stationed at St. Joseph's Church, New York city.
- Frank Brown (Commercial, of '71,) is running a stock farm at Queen Island, Iowa.
- Rev. Fathers O'Connor and McLaughlin, of Clinton, Iowa, visited Notre Dame last week.
- J. Allen (Commercial, of '60,) is a member of the firm of Bond & Allen, 95 and 97 Clark St., Chicago.
- Rev. F. Gloden, of Berwick, Ohio, and Rev. F. Adams, of New York city, visited Notre Dame this last week.
- G. F. McCurdy (Commercial of '76,) is in business at Wanatah, Ind. In addition to his own business he is the agent of the P. F. W. & C. Railroad.
- Thomas Cashin (Commercial, of '74,) is living at Cashel, Ireland. He was lately visited by a friend and made many enquiries about old friends.
- Rev. Peter Beaudoin, P. S. V., President of St. Viateur's College, Ill., Rev. M. J. Marsèle, P. S. V., and the Rev. pastor of the church at Goshen, Ind., visited Notre Dame on the 19th.
- Among the visitors of the past week were S. S. Zahm, Huntington, Ind., E. W. Freeman, Battle Creek, Mich., Peter Devoto, Chicago; D. E. Maloney, of '74, Elgin, Ill. and Thos. Maloney, Harvard, Ill.
- We learn that Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., has been elected a member of the French Society of Physics. This Society is one of the most energetic in Europe. It holds its meetings at No. 44 Rue de Rennes, Paris.
- Rev. Messrs. S. J. French, Michigan City, Ind.; A. J. Perkins, South Bend; C. C. Tate, Fort Wayne; M. C. Stanley, Bristol; J. L. Boxer, Goshen; D. L. Trimble; Garret, Ind.; A. E. Bishop, St. Joseph, Mich.; and M. Hamilton, Bellevue, O., visited Notre Dame this last week.
- Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, of '75, who was ordained lately, and whom THE SCHOLASTIC reported to have been appointed assistant pastor to his brother, has only been spending his vacation with the latter, and is now definitely settled in his parish at Sigourney, Keokuk Co., Iowa. A friend and contributor to THE SCHOLASTIC, who called to see him at his house in Dubuque, reports him to be in the best of health.

Local Items.

- Notes were read for the first time last week.
- The farmers here are busy putting in their wheat.
- The regular weekly reviews began last Wednesday.
- A number of Juniors went fishing on Wednesday morning.
- A fine large 'coon was killed here on Wednesday by E. Collins, of Laporte, Ind.
- The Mutuels defeated a picked nine of the Juniors on the 15th by a score of 17 to 7.
- The Thespian Association and the Boat Club have been organized for the session.
- The St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society will be reorganized for the year the coming week.

—The Mutuels and Actives played a close game of baseball last Wednesday. Score, nine to eleven.

—With a little trouble each one of our subscribers could procure two or three new ones. How many will do it?

—The steam-pipes throughout the College building are being repaired, so that as soon as cold weather comes they can be put to use.

—Every spare dime may very profitably be dropped in the box near the students' office for the relief of the yellow-fever sufferers.

—There will be the usual boat-race on the 13th of October,—or rather, it will take place on the 12th this year, as the 13th falls on a Sunday.

—The Senior Orchestra made its first appearance on the 15th. The full number of instruments have not yet been taken, but still it did very well.

—We are glad to see that the classes of Elocution are quite large, and that even now great improvement is visible in those attending the classes.

—The bi-annual retreat of the secular clergy of the diocese of Fort Wayne will begin at Notre Dame on the 7th of October, and will last one week.

—There will be a sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament to-morrow afternoon for the pilgrims. Vespers for the students will be at the usual hour.

—A few disciples of Isaak Walton stood for a couple of hours on the banks of St. Mary's lake last Wednesday. What the luck was we were not informed.

—At the High Mass for the pilgrims to-morrow one of the Cecilian masses will be sung. The sermon will be given by Rev. John Oechtering, of Laporte.

—The postage required to send a copy of THE SCHOLASTIC through the mail is one cent. If more than one copy is sent in one wrapper, additional are required.

—We expect to organize THE SCHOLASTIC Press Club in the course of the next two weeks. Anyone desiring to join this Club must send in his specimen article by the 28th of this month.

—The first musical *soirée* of the year will be given the last week of October. The programme will be made out in a few days to enable all who are to take part in it to practice for the occasion.

—On the 15th inst. an interesting game of baseball was played between the Quicksteps and Young Americas, resulting in a score of 15 to 10 in favor of the Quicksteps. Umpire, W. Jones of the Slimjim nine.

—To-morrow there will be a pilgrimage to the new church at Notre Dame by the members of St. Joseph's parish, Mishawaka. This will make the third annual pilgrimage of that parish to Notre Dame.

—Mr. Shickey still runs his excellent 'bus to and from South Bend and Chicago. Besides the 'bus, Mr. S. has carriages on hand at all times, and will be pleased to accommodate all his friends and visitors to the College.

—The Curator of the Museum most gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a large collection of geodes from Hon. Jno. Gibbons, of Keokuk, Iowa. He also returns thanks for a donation of specimens by Jno. B. McGrath, of New York city.

—Among the scientific curiosities brought home by Rev. Father Zahm on his return from Europe we noticed two microphones of unusual delicacy of construction. He has also made arrangements for a phonograph, which he expects to receive soon.

—To-morrow is the Feast of the Seven Dolors. High Mass for the students will be celebrated at 8 o'clock. The *Missa Regia* will be sung. High Mass for the Mishawaka pilgrims will be sung at 10 o'clock. Vespers are from the Common of the B. V. M.

—The following players compose the Clippers nine—first session: A. Coghlin, Capt. and p.; H. McDonald, l. f.; H. Snee, s. s.; Jos. Inderrieden, c.; F. Parsons 1 b.; Jos. Courtney 2 b.; J. Garrity, r. f.; E. Esmer, 3 b.; J. Crowe, and F. McGrath, substitutes.

—The apple crop in this section is better than usual. The Minims are glad of this, from the fact that an orchard

joining their Campus enables them to taste the flavor of the apples every day. Like all boys, they show the usual partiality for fruit of this kind.

—At least twelve hundred people will take part in the pilgrimage to-morrow. Catholics of South Bend and Lowell who wish to join in the procession to the church will assemble near the church at Lowell, so as to meet the procession as it comes from Mishawaka.

—Vesperals and Kyriales may be procured *gratis* at the students' office. All that is required of those desiring the use of them during the year is that the books be not abused, and that they be returned before leaving Notre Dame. Everyone should procure them and use them in church.

—All persons who received a circular will please remember that it is now time to renew their subscription to THE SCHOLASTIC. It may happen that circulars may, by mistake, be sent to others than those for whom they are intended. Should any such thing happen, we beg pardon in advance.

—On the 14th inst. the Quickstep nine was reorganized for the first session. The following are the positions: W. McDevitt, Capt. and c.; J. Gordon, p.; N. Nelson, s. s.; Jno. Inderrieden, 1 b.; Geo. Rhodius, 2 b.; P. Fitzgerald, 3 b.; W. Rheinhardt, 1. f.; Wm. Coghlin, c. f.; H. Backman, r. f.

—The College authorities are under obligations to the M. S. & L. S., the M. C., the P. F. W. & C., the C. & N. W., the M. & St. P., the C. R. I. & P., the C. B. & Q., the C. St. L. & A., the I. C., the C. C. C. & I., the C. H. & D., the I. P. & C., the Erie, and the Pa. Central railroads for favors received and for care and courtesies extended to students.

—At a meeting of the Boat Club, held Wednesday, Sept. 11th, the following officers were elected: Directors, Very Rev. W. Corby and Rev. T. E. Walsh; President, Rev. C. Kelly; Commodore, J. J. Coleman; Secretary, J. P. Hagan; Treasurer, J. Kinney; Captain of boat "Minnehaha," H. Nevans; Captain of boat "Hiawatha," M. J. McCue.

—All subscriptions to THE SCHOLASTIC are payable in advance. We never send the paper to subscribers more than two weeks after our circulars are sent off. It is much better to have people complain of having their names taken off the list than it is to have them, after the bill has run along for two or three years, say they did not want the paper.

—The following form the College Orchestra: B. Leopold and A. J. Burger, 1st violin; F. Bloom, Thompson, and B. Claggett, 2d violins; R. F. Lilly, viola; G. Walters, 'cello; D. Hagerty, double-bass; P. Kollop, flute; B. Basil, clarinet; J. P. Quinn and L. Evers, cornets; R. F. Frère, trombone. The French horns have not yet been given to any players.

—On making our rounds we find that the play-grounds were never in better condition. The grass has been cut short on the Campus, and the baseball grounds are all that can be desired. The Minims have a new patent valedore. Bro. Polycarp has put things in ship-shape order in the Junior and Senior yards, for which the boys feel grateful, and all goes merry.

—The Active Baseball Club was organized on Monday, Sept. 16th. The officers are: Bro. Leander and Bro. Hugh, Directors; J. Lumley, Captain; E. G. Sugg, Secretary; D. French, Treasurer; J. A. Gibbons, field-captain. The players and their positions are as follows: D. French, c.; J. Lumley, p.; H. Niles, s. s.; E. G. Sugg, 1st b.; J. Burns, 2d b.; F. Rock, 3d b.; J. A. Gibbons, 1. f.; E. Walter, c. f.; F. Scheid, r. f.; Wolfe and Weisert, substitutes.

—The second regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Sept. 15th. Masters Ewell, Murphy, Zahm, and F. Pleins were elected members. Master Frank Bloom read an essay. Declamations were delivered by Masters Frank McGrath, M. Burns, G. Donnelly, J. G. Brady, K. Scanlan, A. Rietz, Frank Weisert, Frank Clarke, J. A. Gibbons, J. Caren, A. Zahm, Frank Pleins, W. McCarthy and J. Murphy. The monitor read his weekly report.

—The Thespians organized Wednesday, Sept. 11th. The following are the officers for the ensuing session: Very

Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., and Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., Directors; Rev. C. Kelly, C. S. C., and Bro Theodore, C. S. C., Promoters; Prof. J. F. Edwards, President; A. Hertzog, Vice-President; J. J. Coleman, Rec. Secretary; J. P. Kinney, Cor. Secretary; J. P. Quinn, Treasurer; L. Evers, Librarian; H. McGuire, Prompter; J. P. Hagan and J. J. Quinn, Censors.

—It becomes necessary for us to again inform our contributors that no articles, even short items, will be used by the editor except they bear the name of the writer. Quite a large amount of anonymous MS. was found in THE SCHOLASTIC box in the hall this last week, and all was duly consigned to the waste-basket. As the several houses here are heated by steam we have no use for this paper; hence it will be sent to the paper-mill, where if any of the workmen have a taste for reading, they may be read before they are transformed into pulp.

—The game of foot-ball played on last Wednesday by the Juniors was not as good as might be expected from such strong teams. The game was played for a barrel of apples, and the contending clubs were the "reds" and "whites." The reds seem to have the heavier kickers, but the whites used better tactics, and consequently won the game. It was the best three in five. The whites won three consecutive beats and were awarded the prize. J. Nelson acted as captain for the whites, and M. Wolf for the reds.

—A meeting for the reorganization of the Mutual Baseball Club took place Sept. 15th, when the following officers were elected: Bro. Leander, C. S. C., and Bro. Hugh, C. S. C., Directors; Geo. Donnelly, President; A. Rietz, Captain; F. Bloom, Treasurer; K. Scanlan, Secretary. The position of the nine is as follows: Geo. Donnelly, c.; F. Clarke, p.; K. Scanlan, s. s.; F. Mug, 1st b.; R. Williams, 2d b.; A. Rietz, 3d b.; F. Greaver, 1. f.; J. Nelson, c. f.; F. Bloom, r. f.; F. Caren and J. A. Gibbons, substitutes. This nine will play for the fall championship of the Junior department.

—At a meeting of the Boat Club, held Saturday, Sept. 14th, the following young gentlemen were elected to membership: W. McGorrisk, M. McEniry, C. J. Clarke, C. K. De Vries, N. Proctor, A. Keenan, A. Hertzog, B. Kratzer, J. English, and J. Baker. The following are the crews for the race of the 13th of October—"Minnehaha": H. W. Nevans, Captain and stroke; J. P. Hagan, second; W. H. Arnold, third; J. Baker, fourth; W. McGorrisk, fifth; J. P. Kinney, sixth; C. J. Clarke, coxswain. "Hiawatha": J. J. Coleman, stroke; M. J. McCue, Captain and second; M. McEniry, third; A. Keenan, fourth; O. Rettig, fifth; W. Murphy, sixth; A. J. Hertzog, coxswain.

—The steamship "City of Berlin," James Kennedy Commander, of the Inman Line, alike famous for speed, safety and comfort, has just arrived from Liverpool, making the trip in 7 days, 23 hours and 39 minutes, to America. The steamers of this line are commended by the most competent and experienced officers; their crew, picked men, affording to passengers assurance that their treatment aboard will be all that can be desired by the most fastidious, and their safety and comfort a constant study. The outfits and apartments of these steamers are marvels of beauty and convenience to passengers, equalling any first-class hotel in the country, Jacob Wile, Esq., of Laporte, is the General Agent for Northern Indiana, and will gladly give any information desired.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. F. Arentz, W. H. Arnold, R. E. Anderson, J. Brice, J. B. Berteling, M. T. Burns, T. J. Burns, J. M. Byrne, J. G. Baker, J. J. Coleman, A. B. Congar, G. P. Cassidy, T. J. Conlan, W. H. Connolly, E. E. Collins, W. H. Carpenter, W. H. Claggett, C. J. Clarke, C. K. De Vries, J. H. Delaney, D. J. Donohoe, C. Cavanaugh, D. Coddington, L. J. Evers, M. English, J. Eberhart, A. J. Hertzog, P. J. Hagan, M. J. Hogan, J. C. Herrmann, L. Horn, J. Q. Johnson, J. P. Kinney, J. F. Krost, A. Keenan, J. R. Kelly, R. E. Keenan, A. A. Lent, P. B. Larkin, W. J. Murphy, W. B. McGorrisk, M. J. McCue, J. B. McGrath, J. J. McLain, M. J. McEniry, W. N. McGee, R. P. Mayer, H. W. Nevans, R. O'Brien, L. N. Proctor, S. S. Perley, J. J. Quinn, J. P. Quinn, O. P. Rettig, R. Russell, J. J. Shugrue, T. S. Summers, R. D. Stewart, G. F.

Sugg, T. W. Simms, J. Thompson, S. P. Terry, P. H. Vogle, G. S. Walters, E. A. Walters, C. Walsh, F. X. Wall, F. Williams, J. R. English, J. Sleuzak, J. Scheiber, C. L. Stuckey, E. Ward.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

W. Adams, M. J. Burns, J. G. Brady, J. M. Boose, F. Becker, C. J. Brinkman, F. W. Bloom, P. C. Crowley, G. C. Castanedo, G. H. Donnelly, O. C. Eigholz, R. French, H. J. Fenner, J. A. Gibbons, J. W. Guthrie, W. D. Cannon, F. H. Grever, F. Glade, F. T. Gaffney, J. L. Halle, J. Kurz, J. A. Lumley, A. B. Mergentheim, T. F. McGrath, J. L. Nelson, J. F. Mug, J. A. O'Donnell, A. S. Rock, F. C. Sheid, A. S. Manning, E. Piekenbrock, F. T. Pleins, F. B. Phillips, A. P. Perley, A. Rietz, W. Rietz, C. F. Rietz, K. L. Scanlan, J. M. Scanlan, J. A. Seeger, F. C. Weisert, E. S. Walter, A. F. Zahm, H. E. Canoll, A. A. Caren, T. F. Clarke, W. J. McCarthy, H. G. Niles, J. M. Schneider, E. G. Sugg, J. W. Devitt, H. F. Devitt, J. M. Eisenhauer, C. F. Fogarty, H. G. Guynn, H. M. Haerly, W. G. Jones.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. McDevitt, James Courtney, C. Crowe, W. Rheinhardt, H. McDonald, Joseph Courtney, C. Long, A. Hartrath, John Inderrieden, J. Gordon, C. McGrath, A. Coghlin, L. Young, F. Parsons, John Crowe, E. Esmer, C. Garrick, J. McGrath, T. McGrath, C. Welty, J. Williams, P. Brady, E. Howard, J. Chaves, G. Rhodius, J. Garrity, F. Garrity, A. Chirhart, E. Chirhart.

Saint Mary's Academy.

—The Societies will be reorganized next week.

—Many students make music, painting, or languages a specialty, and devote their time to those branches.

—The Vocal and Instrumental departments are filling very fast, every day bringing more, and from the ardor shown we shall expect the musical Roll of Honor to be full. Theoretical Classes are organized and hard at work.

—On the evening of the 15th the first academic reunion was held. After the reading of the Roll of Honor, Very Rev. Father General made some interesting and practical remarks relative to the duties before them—obedience and respect to teachers, on the exterior polish expected by parents when their daughters return to them, etc., etc. He dwelt particularly on what he considered one of the most necessary accomplishments, fine penmanship, and closed by saying that during his last seven months' stay in France and Italy he had visited the best institutions, and found none of them equal to St. Mary's either in regard to advantages for education or in naturally beautiful surroundings.

—On the first Monday of September the Mass of the Holy Ghost was sung in the Convent Chapel by Rev. Father Saulnier, C. S. C., to invoke the blessing of God on the Academy, and for the success of all the schools under the care of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. On Monday the pupils began to arrive in good spirits, and anxious to begin the scholastic year. Many were the happy greetings between the teachers and their loved pupils—much talking and running round to see the improvements—acquaintances to be formed with the large number of new pupils, who were soon chatting merrily with their future companions. When the bell rang for the regular opening of classes on Tuesday morning, all repaired to the study-halls, where the teachers awaited to conduct them to the recitation-rooms assigned by the Prefect of Studies.

—The Studio, with its wealth of superior advantages, is in full *drawing* order,—not alone attractive to the young artists, but to the numerous visitors, who never fail to spend a long time in this department examining the method of teaching and the various specimens of skill in crayon, oil, and water-colors executed by some of the pupils who remained to improve themselves during vacation. We cannot speak of all; but one piece, by Miss M. Smalley, would do honor to any gallery. It represents a marble cross covered with morning-glories on a black enamelled ground. The soft gray shading, and delicate pink veins, joined to the finished polish of the pure white, gives the idea of the sculptor's chisel rather than the artist's brush. The flowers, taken from nature, are of various hues; the tender little tendrils peep out gracefully, as they twine between leaves and flowers; one has reached above the cross, and stands

erect, as though seeking a place of rest; the very stem appears to swell with the effort, and stamps the whole with lifelike growth.

—The Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross is one of the days which the Church has set apart to honor the precious death of Jesus Christ on the Cross. The Chapel was handsomely decorated. Conspicuous among other devices were four illuminated crosses. The Benediction of the Cross was given by Very Rev. Father General; during the ceremony the ancient hymn "*Vexilla Regis*" was sung in two choirs. This Feast is doubly dear to the Congregation, being the thirty-seventh anniversary of the arrival of Very Rev. E. Sorin from France and his first celebration of Mass in the New World—a most auspicious coincidence, and the remembrance of that hour must have been a balm to the soul of the young missionary, who subsequently wended his way to the then wilderness of Indiana, where he established a branch of the noble Congregation of which he is now the revered and beloved Superior General. Few are now living who bore with him the labors and privations of that humble beginning, but they recount with pleasure their struggles in the New World, and the often miraculous assistance received when the little colony were on the verge of ruin. The faith of their Father was unshaken; long may he live to cultivate that spirit in the hearts of his spiritual children, now spread in the Old and New Worlds.

—Among the visitors to the Academy during the last few weeks were Rev. F. Oechtering, Mishawaka, Ind.; Rev. Father Revillé, O. P., Washington, D. C.; Rev. Father Gunn, Burlington, Iowa; Rev. D. Tighe, Chicago, Ill.; Charles S. Rafter, Springfield, Ill.; Edward P. Flynn, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Joseph McManus, Marshall, Mich.; Mr. McDonald, New York; Mr. Mark Foote, Sr., Burlington, Iowa; Mrs. Rosing, Hyde Park, Chicago; Mr. Cartwright, Hyde Park, Chicago; Mrs. Townsend, Chicago; Mrs. Crowley, Niles, Mich.; Miss H. Townsend, Berrien Springs, Ind.; Miss Crowley, Niles, Mich.; Miss Monteith, Elkhart, Ind.; Miss Brigham, Battle Creek, Mich.; Miss Ryan, Sheffield, Ill.; Miss Hanbury, Coldwater, Mich.; Miss Walsh, Sheffield, Ill.; Miss Cain, Elkhart, Ind.; Miss Chalfant, Rushford, Minn.; Miss Spoor, Burlington, Wis.; Mr. Sturgis, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Burns, Mrs. J. Burns, Mrs. L. Burns, Miss Kent, Michigan City; Miss Killelea, Ottawa, Ill.; Mrs. Whelan, Mishawaka; Mrs. and Mrs. Donelan, Vinton, Iowa; Mr. J. Byrnes, Chicago; Mr. Freeman, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mr. J. Barnes, Michigan City; Mr. and Miss Moe, Sturgis; Mrs. H. Townsend, Mrs. E. Luers, Huntington, Ind.; Miss J. Townsend, Mrs. D. Snyder, Bryan, Ohio; Mr. and Miss McKerlie, Sturgis; Mr. Campbell, Washington, Ind.; Mrs. Wells, Denver; Mrs. L. Glasser, Michigan City; Mr. Whitman, Chicago; Mr. J. Kur, Dubuque, Iowa; Mr. Way, Winchester, Ind.; William Marmion, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. Garrichee, Chicago; W. Connelly, Crescer, Iowa; Mrs. O'Donnell, Chicago; Mrs. Butts, South Bend; Mr. and Mrs. Piepenbrock, Miss Piepenbrock, Dubuque, Iowa; Mrs. J. Hermann, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Geiser, Chicago; Mrs. E. Niblett, Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. Meyers, Finlay, Ohio; Mr. VanNamee, Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. Franks, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. M. E. Thomas, Niles, Mich.; Mrs. S. B. Finley, Niles, Mich.; E. S. Franks, M. D., Toronto, Canada; Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, Boston, Mass.; Rev. Father Walker, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Shies, Chicago; Mrs. Purdy, Burlington, Iowa; Mrs. Congar, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. Williams, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Wilson, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. Fitzgerald, Pekin, Ill.; Mr. Gallagher, Cincinnati; Miss Salley, Chicago; Mrs. Dunbar, Waukesha, Wis.; Mrs. E. Cooper, Mr. George Cooper, Laporte, Ind.; Mr. Freeman, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. Smith, White Pigeon, Mich.; Mrs. T. W. Butterworth, Laporte, Ind.; Mr. Ward, Lockport, Ind.; Miss L. Butterworth, Chetopa, Kansas; Mr. Crowley, Cairo, Ill.; Mr. C. Butterworth, Mishawaka, Ind.; Miss Whelan, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Brady, Tuscaloosa, Alabama; Miss E. Fowser, Plainfield, Ill.; H. Schnull, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. J. B. Salisbury, Quincy, Mich.; Mrs. H. S. Norswell, Chicago; Mrs. R. O. Greenleaf, Chicago; Miss Hill, Angola, Ind.; Mrs. Doxey, Anderson, Ind.; Miss A. Boyd, Mishawaka, Ind.; Mr. Marrie, Idaho; Mr. and Miss Zahm, Huntington, Ind.; J. Shephard, Ill.; Mr. Jas. Delaney, Mr. J. H. Delaney, Fort Howard, Wis.; Mrs. Swerty, Chicago; Mr. Plattenburg,

Canton, Ill.; Mrs. Freeman and child, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mr. O'Neil, Plymouth, Ind.; Mrs. M. Rupel, North Liberty, Ind.; Miss A. Everhart, Laporte, Ind.; Mr. Devitt, Chicago; Mr. Carroll, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Mrs. Whitsitt, Denver, Col.; Miss L. Bowman, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. P. L. Garrity, Chicago, Ill.; Miss A. Fitzsimmons, Chicago; Miss Birch, Indianapolis, Ind.; Rev. Father Noll, Elkhart, Ind.; Rev. Father Hannin, Toledo, Ohio; Rev. Father Baroux, Ecorse, Mich.; W. D. Westervelt, Mrs. L. Westervelt, Morristown, N. Y.; C. H. Gates, Lacrosse, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Foote, Flint, Mich.; Mr. Hammond, New York city; Mr. Farley and lady, Niles, Mich.; Mr. Dailey, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. M. Leyda, New Carlisle, Ind.; Miss M. Martin, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. G. Fox, Buchanan, Mich.; Mrs. M. C. Manger, Dubuque, Iowa; Miss Oechtering, Mishawaka, Ind.; Miss Murray, Miss Howley, Miss Earley, Toledo, Ohio; Mayor Cawley, M. P., Ind.; Mr. Ozier, Chicago, Ill.; Miss M. Sullivan, Miss J. Campbell, Miss I. Campbell, Allegan, Mich.; A. McDuffie, White Pigeon, Mich.; Mrs. Flynn, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mr. H. Parsell, Miss Fannie Watson, Flint, Mich.; S. H. Darling, Lockport, Ill.; L. Douglas, Columbus City, Ind.; Mrs. Thompson, Ottawa, Ill.; Mrs. Werling, Laporte, Ind.; Addie E. Bishop, St. Joseph, Mich.; James L. Boser, Goshen, Ind.; Moses Hamilton, Bellevue, Ohio; M. C. Stanley, Ann Arbor, Mich.; T. Maloney, Mr. D. Maloney, Harvard, Ill.; Mr. Trimble, Garrett City, Ind.; Mrs. C. H. Matthews, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. A. Lyons, Mrs. Milligan, Huntington, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Fisk, Niles, Mich.; Mrs. Cleary, Chicago; Miss Danagher, Lansing, Mich.; Mr. T. Dillon, Chicago; Mrs. Mulhall, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. J. H. Whitser and lady, Miss J. Whitser, Miss Coleman, Mishawaka, Ind.; Miss Salisbury, Quincey, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Preston, Albion, N. Y.

For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, and correct deportment the following young ladies are enrolled on the

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Hope Russell, Ida Fisk, Ellen McGrath, Clara Silverthorn, Ellen Keenan, Anna Wooden, Rebecca Neteler, Teresa Killelea, Elizabeth Kirchner, Adela Gordon, Adelaide Kirchner, Ellen Galen, Catharine Hackett, Jessie Glover, Mary Sullivan, Philomena Walford, Grace Glasser, Teresa Walters, Lucie Chilton, Mary Usselman, Henrietta Hersey, Alice Donlan, Margaret McNamara, Angela Dillon, Anna Courtright, Henrietta Rosing, Minnie Lober, Julia Barnes, Mary Mullen, Ina Capelle, Alma Moe, Kathleen Wells, Julia Kingsbury, Mary Fitzgerald, Mary Tam, Ollie Williams, Mary Ludwig, Anna Herman, Caroline Gall, Sarah Purdy, Mary Campbell, Alice Hiltman, Della McKerdie, Teresa Zahm.

Lessons in Music.

PROF. EMIL ZOTT, having now taken up his residence in South Bend, is prepared to receive pupils or give private lessons in Music, Vocal or Instrumental, at moderate charges, in South Bend, Niles, Mishawaka and the surrounding neighborhood. Persons wishing to engage his services may apply at his residence or address him through P. O. Box 1027, South Bend.

To those who desire the services of a competent Music Teacher the following testimonial from Rev. M. Oakley, S. J., Pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Chicago, will be a sufficient guarantee:

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, CHICAGO, Feb. 20, 1878.

It gives me pleasure to state that Prof. Emil Zott, bearer of present, gave perfect satisfaction as an organist and as a gentleman to his employers, and to me in particular, during the five or six years that he was Organist at the Holy Family Church in this city.

From my own experience and that of others, I know him to be very competent to teach the Piano, and especially Vocal Music. He is an excellent director of music and trainer of a choir.

Ever since he ceased his connection with the Holy Family choir he has always enjoyed the reputation of a good moral man and a perfect gentleman.

M. OAKLEY, S. J.

Prospectus of the 9th Volume, 1878-9.

THE ALDINE, The Art Journal of America.

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While urging the necessity of cultivating a taste for the beautiful in Nature and Art, *The Aldine* has not been unmindful of the force of example and illustration, therefore it has been a constant study to show, in the pages of the work itself, that improvement so certainly consequent upon sincere devotion to such subjects. As in the past, so in the future, *The Aldine* will continue to be an example of the progressive and refining influences of connection and association with the beautiful and true.

The volume now in preparation, while it will not suddenly depart from the general course of its predecessors, will yet present many modifications and improvements, the result of study and experience in fitting *The Aldine* to worthily maintain its position as the "The Art Journal of America."

In the more mechanical department of the arrangement or make up, changes, in themselves slight, will largely enhance the general beauty of the pages, which had already won admiration so hearty and universal.

EDITORIALLY, *The Aldine* will deal broadly and fairly with Art in general and American Art in particular. Carefully prepared papers will keep the reader well informed on all Art topics of the important Art centres of this country and Europe. The important exhibitions will receive full and timely notice; and artists whose achievements have won for them the right, shall be introduced and given a proper personality by sketches biographical and critical. It will be the purpose of the Editor to earn for the Critical and Literary Department of *The Aldine* a recognition in every way worthy of its established and admitted pre-eminence in Art illustration.

The Art Department of this volume will be richer in representations of American natural scenery than any of its predecessors. To aid a popular decision on the claims of rival localities to the title, "The Switzerland of America," our artists are exploring the wonders of those regions of our country which have more recently been brought into notice. The Yo Semite and Yellowstone, the Sierras and the Rockies shall be brought home to the patrons of *The Aldine*—but not to the exclusion or neglect of our glorious old Alleghanies and their more familiar surroundings.

Experience, and capital largely increased by the liberal patronage of an appreciative public, has made possible the introduction of greater system and plan in selecting the Art exhibits so as to better cover all desirable ground, enabling an harmonious and judicious combination and progression, so to speak, through the wide world of Art. Examples by figure, animal and landscape painters of every school—ancient and modern—American or foreign, will appear with all the old refreshing variety, but with an added advantage of more deliberate arrangement and defined purpose, to instruct and inform as well as to delight.

The publishers have entire confidence that the public will continue the evidence of their appreciation of these efforts to maintain an Art publication that shall be characteristic and worthy of the progress and liberal tastes of Americans, and they anticipate with pleasure the opportunity for a practical verdict on their past achievements which the commencement of a new volume affords.

PLAN OF PUBLICATION.

The Aldine volumes will, in future, be completed in 24 parts, at 50 cents each, published monthly and sold only to subscribers for the complete volume. Subscribers will pay on delivery for the parts actually received, and no canvasser or deliverer is authorized to vary these terms in any way or to make any representations on the faith of the publishers outside of the regular prospectus. *The Aldine* will not be sold by book or newsdealers generally.

Any person desiring to act as the agent for any particular locality, should apply promptly, giving full particulars as to business, references, and territory desired. Liberal arrangements will be made with the best parties.

THE ALDINE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

JAMES SUTTON, *President*,

18 Vesey St., New York,

Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov 11, 1877.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	‡Night Express.
Lv. Chicago.....	7 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 00 p.m.
" Mich. City...	9 25 "	11 10 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 15 "
" Niles	10 45 "	12 15 p.m.	8 12 "	9 00 "	12 35 a.m.
" Kalamazoo...	12 33 p.m.	1 40 "	10 00 "	10 26 "	2 17 "
" Jackson.....	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a.m.	4 45 "
Ar. Detroit.....	6 48 "	6 30 "	*Jackson Express.	3 35 "	8 00 "
	*Mail	*Day Express.	5 40 a.m.	†Pacific Express.	‡Evening Express.
Lv. Detroit.....	7 00 a.m.	9 35 a.m.	4 45 p.m.	9 50 p.m.	6 20 p.m.
" Jackson.....	10 20 "	12 15 p.m.		12 45 a.m.	9 40 "
" Kalamazoo...	1 13 p.m.	2 38 "	4 30 a.m.	2 53 "	12 35 a.m.
" Niles	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 30 "	4 24 "	2 38 "
" Mich. City...	4 30 "	5 20 "	7 55 "	5 47 "	4 15 "
Ar. Chicago.....	6 55 "	7 40 "	10 30 "	8 00 "	6 45 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a.m.	6 30 p.m.	Lv. Niles— 7 05 a.m. 4 15 p.m.
" N. Dame—	8 52 "	6 38 "	" N. Dame— 7 40 " 4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 "	7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—7 45 " 4 55 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted.
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Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago

AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

MAY 12, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT,

Cor. Canal and Madison Sts. (West Side).

On arrival of trains from North and Southwest.

GOING WEST.

	No. 1, Fast Ex.	No. 7, Pac. Ex.	No. 3, Night Ex.	No. 5, Mail.
Pittsburgh,.....Leave	11.45 P.M.	9.00 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	6.00 A.M.
Rochester,.....	12.53 A.M.	10.15 "	2.58 "	7.45 "
Alliance,.....	3.10 "	12.50 P.M.	5.35 "	11.00 "
Orrville,.....	4.45 "	2.30 "	7.12 "	12.55 P.M.
Mansfield,.....	7.00 "	4.40 "	9.20 "	3.11 "
Crestline,.....Arrive	7.30 "	5.15 "	9.45 "	3.50 "
Crestline,.....Leave	7.50 A.M.	5.40 P.M.	9.55 P.M.	
Forest,.....	9.25 "	7.35 "	11.25 "	
Lima,.....	10.40 "	9.00 "	12.25 A.M.	
Ft. Wayne,.....	1.30 P.M.	11.55 "	2.40 "	
Plymouth,.....	3.45 "	2.46 A.M.	4.55 "	
Chicago,.....Arrive	7.00 "	6.00 "	7.58 "	

GOING EAST.

	No. 4, Night Ex.	No. 2, Fast Ex.	No. 6, Pac. Ex.	No. 8, Mail.
Chicago,.....Leave	9.10 P.M.	8.00 A.M.	5.15 P.M.	
Plymouth,.....	2.46 A.M.	11.25 "	9.00 "	
Ft. Wayne,.....	6.55 "	2.10 P.M.	11.35 "	
Lima,.....	8.55 "	4.05 "	1.30 A.M.	
Forest,.....	10.10 "	5.20 "	2.48 "	
Crestline,.....Arrive	11.45 "	6.55 "	4.25 "	
Crestline,.....Leave	12.05 P.M.	7.15 P.M.	4.30 A.M.	6.05 A.M.
Mansfield,.....	12.35 "	7.44 "	5.00 "	6.55 "
Orrville,.....	2.26 "	9.38 "	7.10 "	9.15 "
Alliance,.....	4.00 "	11.15 "	9.00 "	11.20 "
Rochester,.....	6.22 "	1.20 A.M.	11.06 "	2.00 P.M.
Pittsburgh,.....Arrive	7.30 "	2.30 "	12.15 "	3.30 "

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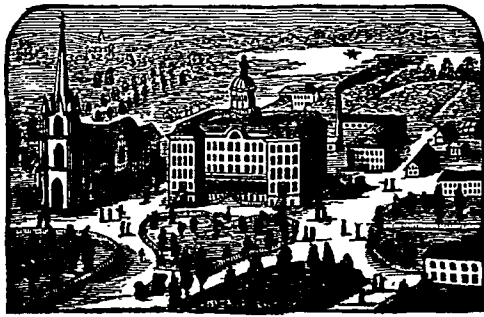
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	Arrive.	Leave.
Kansas City and Denver Express via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	3 40 pm	12 30 pm
Springfield and St. Louis Ex. via Main Line	8 00 pm	9 00 am
Springfield, St. Louis and Texas Fast Ex. via Main Line	7 30 am	9 00 pm
Peoria Day Express	3 40 pm	9 00 am
Peoria, Keokuk and Burlington Ex.	7 30 am	9 00 pm
Chicago and Paducah Railroad Express	8 00 pm	9 00 am
Streator, Wenona, Lacon and Washington Ex	3 40 pm	12 30 pm
Joliet Accommodation	9 20 am	5 00 pm

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On and after Sunday, May 12, 1878, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2 25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9 50; Cleveland 2 30 p m; Buffalo 8 05 p.m.
11 05 a m, Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 25 p m; Cleveland 10 10 p m; Buffalo, 4 a m.
12 16 p m, Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5 40 p m, Cleveland 10 10 p m; Buffalo 4 a m.
9 12 p m, Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2 40 a m; Cleveland, 7 05 a m; Buffalo, 1 10 p m.
4 50 and 4 p m, Way Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 43 a m, Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 35 a m, Chicago 6 a m.
5 05 a m, Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50 a m; Chicago 8 20 a m.
4 50 p m, Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 40; Chicago, 8 p m.
8 03 a m, Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 05 a m; Chicago, 11 30 a m.
7 30 and 8 03 a m, Way Freight.

F. C. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

J. H. PARSONS, Sup't West Div., Chicago.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Supt.

Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago RAILWAY.

Time Table, December 26, 1877.

Northward Trains.	No. 5.* Peru and Mich. City Ex.	No. 3. Chicago & Toledo Ex.	No. 1. Mail, Ft. W., Tol. and Detroit Ex.
Lv. Indianapolis.	6.10 P. M.	12.25 P. M.	7.25 A. M.
" Kokomo	8.30 "	2.42 "	9.52 "
Ar. Peru	9.25 "	3.50 "	10.47 "
Lv. Peru	9.30 P. M.		11.02 A. M.
" Plymouth	11.27 "		1.07 P. M.
" La Porte*	12.55 "		2.35 "
" Michigan City	1.40 A. M.		3.20 "
Southward Trains.	No. 2. Mail Ft. W., Chi. & Detroit Ex.	No. 4. Chicago and Mich. City Ex.	No. 6. Ft. W., Toledo & Detroit Ex.
Lv. Michigan City	9.35 A. M.	8.05 P. M.	
" La Porte	10.25 P. M.	8.55 A. M.	
" Plymouth	11.47 "	10.33 "	
Ar. Peru	1.40 "	12.35 "	
Lv. Peru	2.00 P. M.	12.40 A. M.	6.10 A. M.
" Kokomo	3.05 "	1.45 "	7.05 "
" Indianapolis	5.25 "	4.00 "	9.35 "

* Palace Sleeping Cars are attached to trains leaving Indianapolis at 6.10 p. m., Michigan City at 8.05 p. m. Passengers may remain in the Sleeping Cars during the day.

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