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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Moore.

Sweet as the song of some enchanted isle
Thy harp is sounding yet, O son of tears!
Thine was the gift, that music of the seers
That hushed sharp anguish into peace awhile,
And made the dying lift their brows to smile.
Again the Prophet's shrouded shape appears
The moving autocrat of youthful spears.
And Iran's hero crowns the fatal pile.
The proud Alliance wakes satiric gleams,
And the light Greek, in vain, the désert roves
To make immortal all the life he loves:
The voice of woman dominates thy dreams
But when, from thy sad Nation, shall a man's
Rise o'er the sea and call her scattered clans?

MARION MUIR.

[From *The Ave Maria*.]

Dr. Brownson.

A FIRESIDE SKETCH OF A GREAT MAN.

BY J. M'C.

"I brought nothing into the Church but my sins."

There is Dr. Brownson, self-revealed. This was his reply to those who taunted Catholics with making much of such converts as Brownson. But what a world of profound truth and honest humility there is in this saying,—a saying that Archbishop Hughes characterized as worthy of the great Augustine.

I made the acquaintance of Dr. Brownson in 1873, shortly before the revival of his *Quarterly Review*. He was then living with his daughter Sarah, in Elizabeth, N. J., in a quiet, out-of-the-way nook of a quiet, out-of-the-way town. Sarah, whose "Life of Prince Gallitzin" ranks among the best of biographies, married Judge Tenney, of Elizabeth, a convert to the Catholic faith. She died about three years after her marriage, leaving two baby-daughters; the elder, both in features and still undeveloped character, bearing a striking resemblance to Dr. Brownson. Mrs. Tenney inherited much of her father's literary capacity. She was an exceptionally gifted woman; and had she been spared, she might have enriched Catholic literature by many a valuable work.

I confess that I approached Dr. Brownson's house with something like fear and trembling. I had written a little, and, through mutual friends, knew that the Doctor had heard of me. But Brownson was to me as Wiseman, or Newman, or Manning, or Ward. I had seen and read stray copies of *Brownson's Review* when a lad, at college, on the other side of the Atlantic. So I naturally approached this great champion of Catholic truth, this great teacher and guide, with veneration. That veneration I never lost; but with closer acquaintance came, in addition, a feeling of the warmest personal regard for the man, quite apart from the philosopher and writer.

Dr. Brownson soon scattered all nervousness on my part, and in a few moments I was at my ease with him. There he sat, massive in frame, and lion-like in face, his bright eyes full of a soft light, and his broad and lofty brow stamped with the royalty of noblest manhood. None could look at Dr. Brownson without at once feeling that they were in the presence of an extraordinary man. Not that he posed at all: he, of all men, would have the uttermost contempt and loathing for any such feeling. There was not a small grain in the nature of the man. He was made large, built large; and the largest thing about him—larger even than his giant intellect—was his heart. That never went astray.

But Brownson loved the young. He was one of the most encouraging men I ever met. It has been my experience—limited as that may be—that the more a man knows, the more he discovers, or tries to discover, in others. It strikes me in this way: we ordinary folk move about the world treading carelessly on hidden treasures. What to us is mere earth is to another a gold vein. The stone that we kick carelessly out of our path is picked up by the scientist, examined, and a new discovery is made to all time.

So it was with Brownson. He found something everywhere and in everyone. He was a most captivating conversationalist. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," he touched all subjects with equal facility and zest. His whole being would leap up, as it were, to the skyey heights where the very principles of things were weighed and balanced. But in a moment he would drop from a fiery discussion of some great principle to a chat about the latest novel.

He was a great novel-reader; nor is this excep-

tional in a man of profound thought and wide knowledge. It has often been a wonder to me why such men read novels, or how they can do it; and the only explanation I find is, that they seek refuge from themselves at times. After all, men are men; and the greatest have their weaknesses. Just as Ward delighted in the theatre and the opera, so Brownson rejoiced in his novel. His daughter, Mrs. Tenney, gave me an amusing description of his peculiarity in this respect. Sometimes the wind would be "in the East," so to say. The Doctor suffered severely from rheumatism and gout, which by no means tend to soften tempers. The infirmities of age were on him; and it was only natural that he did not always feel in the serene mood. If a novel arrived by the morning mail, it would be laid by the side of his plate at the breakfast-table. He would not look at it, or make the slightest reference to it. Breakfast over, he would suddenly discover the new volume. "Humph! what have you here?" opening the book, and glancing at the title-page. "Another novel. More trash, I suppose. It is a wonder that people write such stuff." A glance at a few more pages; the "trash" would disappear under the Doctor's arm, as he mounted up to his room; and, as a rule, that was all heard of him until the novel was finished. Good, bad, or indifferent, it mattered little to him.

Indeed, it was a wonder how Dr. Brownson contrived to work at all. To anyone who called, he was always at leisure, and delighted to be at leisure. Yet he read everything; and his correspondence in his earlier years must have been enormous. Montalembert was a constant correspondent and great admirer of his. Long ago—before the present generation was born—Lord Brougham considered him one of the first thinkers and writers, not only of America, but of the age. Much of this personal history will doubtless be made known to the public by his son, Mr. Henry F. Browning, of Detroit, who has just published the first volume of a uniform edition of his father's works, to be followed by his life. The works will comprise seventeen volumes, of from five to six hundred pages each, and will form a library in themselves.

"How did St. Augustine, with his labors as Bishop, and in such trying times, ever contrive to write so much?" I asked once of an eminent ecclesiastic.

"Well," said he, "how does Dr. Brownson contrive to write so much?"

Indeed, his work, simply looked at as manual labor, is enormous. And there is the wonder in always finding such a man at leisure. Perhaps it was that his mind, which was extraordinarily swift and sure and far-reaching, caught in a flash things what it took others time and labor to reach; while his powerful physical frame enabled him, when called upon, to undergo any amount of fatigue without feeling the strain excessive. And then his style was clear as crystal, and lent itself readily to the expression of any idea. It was a gem completely subjected to the will of the great magician.

I was speaking to him, one day, on this subject of literary style. We were talking, by the way, about Dr. Ward of the *Dublin Review*—a philosophical antagonist of Brownson's—whose style, as is known, is rather cumbersome and top-heavy. If I recollect rightly, the Doctor said something to the effect that a clear mind was apt to express itself clearly. "Englishmen," he added, "are not logical. They refuse to be pinned down. An Englishman will go with you just as far as he pleases and no farther. He will not say two and two make four; though he will acknowledge they do not make five. There he'll stop if the case is against him."

I spoke of his own style, as a pupil would to a teacher; and asked him if it were born with him, or acquired. He answered that, such as it was, it was wholly acquired. It took him years and years of labor to form and fashion it into what it had become. "Reviewers," he said, "are very rare. I don't believe there are more than about four men in the country who can write a really good review article. To be a thorough reviewer, a man should have a fuller knowledge of the subject reviewed than the author himself." There was Dr. Brownson's standard. How many of those who write reviews come up to it?

He told me of a visit he had from Daniel Webster, when Webster was in his prime. Brownson was then, I believe, editing the *Boston Quarterly*. He was not a Catholic at the time. Politics were hot, and he took a vigorous part. He could never be anything but vigorous. Some political article of his attracted great attention. It was in accord with Webster's views; and the great orator and statesman called, with one or two friends, on the great reviewer, with whom at the time he was not personally acquainted. Making himself known, he complimented the Doctor on his article, and expressed the pleasure and admiration with which he had read it; saying, at the same time, it was a pity that such opinions and such articles were not more common.

"Well, Mr. Webster," said Brownson, in his jocose vein, "such articles never will be common."

"Why not?" asked Webster.

"In the first place, you have not the men to write them; and in the second place, you have not the men to appreciate them when they are written."

"I hope you will count me among the latter," was Webster's response, as he entered himself as a subscriber; "and I am very sure you will answer for the others."

"Doctor, what led you into the Church?" I once asked him, wondering, in a human way, that so independent a mind and disposition could ever yield to any authority. It was a foolish thought, for surely the clearer a man's intellect, the nearer he ought to be to truth, when not weighed down by ignoble passions, as Brownson never was. He told me that in his doubts and struggles he never dreamed of Catholicity. That did not enter into his thoughts even as a possibility. He was prepared to investigate and try and investigate anything but that. He absolutely knew nothing of it,

save in the general way of a reader and unbeliever. But the immediate cause, he told me, was a poor Irishman whom he fell across. He found him reading his prayer-book, which, I believe, contained a catechism of Christian Doctrine. He questioned his friend, and borrowed his book. His searching and honest intellect went actively to work. He could never rest until he unravelled a problem. The unravelling of this was that he entered the Catholic Church. It is the old story. God chooses His own instruments. It is the faith that moves mountains; and it was the intelligent faith of this poor and unknown man that helped to draw the scales from the eyes of the genius, and enable him to see and worship his God and Creator. The miracles of faith are constant.

All his family followed Brownson into the fold. His wife, Miss Sarah Healy, I never had the happiness to know. She died about a year before I met the Doctor. But the eminent ecclesiastic whose tribute to Dr. Brownson's genius I have already quoted has said to me that she was indeed a saint. Their eight children—seven sons, and one daughter, Sarah—were Catholics. All are dead save two; the eldest, who lives in Dubuque, Iowa; and Henry. In the latter's house the Doctor died, April 17, 1876.

People were sometimes captious with Brownson, forgetting that, as Cardinal Newman says, "men, not angels, are ministers of the Gospel." He was regarded as arrogant, proud, and self-opinionated; and, perhaps, to a degree this was true of him. But he was wholly honest and disinterested, and of so naturally simple a disposition that a child could turn him. He has read to me, who to him was a boy, a scorching review on a matter that touched him sorely, asking my opinion on it, and whether or not I thought it advisable that it should appear in the *Quarterly*. He did me the great honor to ask me to contribute to the *Review*, and I wrote one article, which appeared. Though invited to continue, other pursuits called me off at the time, and, I deeply regret to say, interrupted my visits to the Doctor. I only recall this to tell how my article was received. "Bring it over when finished, and we'll read it together," wrote Dr. Brownson.

I took it over, and, as usual, slept there that night. Our talks used to extend into all hours, and range over every kind of subject.

"Well, we didn't get at the article," said the Doctor, at breakfast, next morning. "Bring it up after breakfast and read it to me."

I stayed awhile, talking to Mrs. Tenney.

"You'll never read your article to him," she said, with a mischievous smile.

"But I am going to read it."

"You never will."

"Why not?"

"Because as soon as you mention somebody or something that interests him, he will start off at a tangent."

And so it proved. I had not read two pages of the manuscript before a name came up that set the Doctor going.

"I hope you have not said anything against so and so."

"No: quite the contrary."

"Because," etc. And he struck at once into a discussion that lasted an hour or two.

"Well, never mind the article. Let us talk. Leave it over, and I'll read it myself."

By the next mail the article was returned, but only to insert the pages of quotations. The old reviewer was in this respect a strict disciplinarian.

Of Dr. Brownson's public life and work, I am not speaking. I am simply giving a little fireside sketch of a great man, and of one whom I doubt not might truly be called a confessor of the faith. He is described by the Rev. Father Hewit as the "one illustrious champion" whom the Catholic laity of the United States have furnished to "the *corps d'élite* of Catholic laymen distinguished by their eminent superiority and illustrious services to the Church in this century; men," says the same eloquent writer, "who redeem the race, and are the only lasting glory of the age in which their task of labor and suffering is fulfilled." And he says of Brownson: "In a merely natural point of view, he was like the simple old men of the Greek and Roman heroic age and the early fathers of our degenerate commonwealth. His austere figure is an example and a reproach to a frivolous, luxurious, sceptical, perfidious generation."

I could go on writing forever about this great and good man, whom it was my happiness to know; and whose intellectual and moral stature so dwarfs the men of the day, who are worshipped while the day lasts, and are then forgotten. Who thinks of Carlyle now? Who is benefitted by his works? Brownson will last to all time in Catholic literature, especially in the literature of this country. God sent him to us when such a man was sorely needed, and when just the kind of bitter experience that he went through in working up to the light was needed in order to instruct and encourage others who were groping through the same dark and tortuous ways. It was heroic truth in him to say, "I brought nothing to the Church but my sins." Once in the Church, he never staggered, but went straight on to the end.

He was born in Stockbridge, Vermont, September 16, 1803, and named Orestes Augustus. His father died when he was a child. His mother was poor, and he was adopted by a worthy couple in Royaltown, who brought him up, as his daughter said, "in the most rigid form of the New England orthodoxy of that period." He early began to doubt, and at the age of nineteen was in great spiritual darkness. By way of relief, he became a Presbyterian. This was in 1822. Presbyterian severity chilled him, and his free spirit revolted against its chains. He went to the other extreme—to the verge of atheism. Still he always believed in God. He had already begun to write, and his power was at once recognized. He next became a Universalist and a minister, and edited the *Gospel Advocate*. At this time he was only twenty-two. He afterwards edited *The Philanthropist*, and contributed to the *Democratic Review*

and other periodicals. He was still restless, and in 1836 organized in Boston the Society for Christian Union and Progress. In 1838 he established his own review, the *Boston Quarterly*, which, in 1844, became *Brownson's Quarterly Review*. On October 20, 1844, he was received into the Catholic Church, and peace at last came to his soul. The *Review* continued, but changed its religion. The headquarters were soon removed to New York. In 1864, the publication was discontinued. For a time, the Doctor wrote a monthly leader for the *Catholic World*. He contributed also to the *Tablet*, and prepared what he himself described as some of his most careful articles for *The Ave Maria*. He also published various works, the chief of which is *The American Republic*. In *The Convert*, he recounts his own spiritual struggles. In 1873, he resumed the publication of the *Quarterly*, which failing health induced him to discontinue in 1875, the year before his death.

Brownson was, perhaps, better known abroad than any other American writer, and his judgment on European politics and the drift of events was singularly accurate and sagacious. When the Catholic University was started in Dublin, he was offered a chair by Dr. Newman; and, at Dr. Newman's instance, the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred on him. He declined the proffered honor, and ended his days as he began them, on his own soil, battling for truth and justice to the last, and leaving a glorious memory to the Catholics of this New World.

Anniversary Ode.*

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

O Day of days! O glorious feast whose grand
Immortal inspirations thrill the soul!
Whose memories of Faith and Fatherland
Float thro' the Present like a radiant shoal
Of sunset-clouds, (released from glad patrol
At sapphire gates by golden arches spann'd),—
Backward, at last, in serried ranks to roll,
Crowning the Past, with Fame's bright aureole!
Welcome your gracious reign, your hallowed hours,
When mid her wealth of amaranthine flowers,
Fond Maryland recalls with rapture sweet
The echoes of her *Catholic Pilgrims'* feet;
And strikes her lyre, and sings of Liberty
The freedom wherewith Christ hath made us free.
Long may her pæan sound,—long may those themes
Of deathless beauty brighten thro' her dreams!
Shrined in her very name, refulgent, lies
A brilliant jewel dropped from Paradise;
A pearl so precious in its peerless sheen
So changeless in its Godlike purity—
The splendor of the fair celestial prize
Proclaims to all from out its shrine terrene
That (spite of Earth's demand, of Time's decree).
Its proper setting must forever be
The azure circlet of the empyrean skies!

Terra Mariæ! tho' Tradition claim
That matchless jewel for the royal dame,
Maria Henrietta, beauteous star

* Read at the Public Demonstration given by the Archdiocesan Union of Catholic Literary Societies at Baltimore, Md., March 25, 1884, in honor of the 250th anniversary of the landing of the Maryland pilgrims.

Of England's court, and pride of old Navarre,—
Waiving *her* privilege, her sceptered fame,
The grand prerogative of sovereignty,
As queen of English Charles, to set her name
A seal upon this State—all praise be given,
(All homage ever given, full and free),
By Maryland's sweet name, dear Queen, to thee,
Not Albion's Queen, but MARY, QUEEN OF HEAVEN!

On this glad feast,—ANNUNCIATION DAY,
Two hundred, yea, and fifty years ago,
From the bright waters of old Chesapeake Bay
(Still sparkling with that pageant's after-glow);
Up the broad river, winding fair and fleet
To Clement's Isle,—from England far away,
Came the Vice-Palatine, with stately *suite*
Of priests and pilgrims. Here, on virgin sod,
(Feast of the Flow'r that bloomed from Jesse's rod)—
Devoted hands with benisons replete,
Planted with prayer, the Cross of Christ, our God.
And, from an altar reared upon the grass,
(Where foot of Levite ne'er before had trod)
Mid cedar-grove and spicy sassafras,
Offered to Heaven, Maryland's first Mass!

O wondrous vision! on that roofless shrine,
Like twilight stars, the altar-tapers shone;
The golden vessels, bearing bread and wine,
Glowed on the marble of the altar-stone;
The while the river lapsed upon the sand,
And heron's cry from out the sedges rose,—
The *sacring*-bell was rung, and priestly hand
Lifted on high the Victim of our woes,—
The Lamb Divine, whose blessing fell like dew
Upon those faithful souls, fond hearts and true.

Freed from their floating *Ark*, and, like the Dove,
Thro' a New World, enfranchised, glad to rove,
The English converts on this Eastern Shore,
Wandered apace, and journeyed with the tide
Of old Potomac, thro' the woodland wide,
Chanting their Latin hymns. Wealth, lineage, lore,
Forgotten in the dream of *That* which drove
Each Pilgrim from his friends and fireside,
To Indian wigwam, savage glen and grove,
Exiled for Conscience' sake, and Christ's dear love.

Foremost, the brothers of Lord Baltimore,
Leonard and George, brave cavaliers of yore,
Marshalled the Pilgrim-ranks,—while close beside
The younger Calvert near the Governor,
(By tend'rest bonds to truest hearts allied),
The sons of St. Ignatius knelt: the four
Grave Jesuits, Father Andrew White
With Altham, Knowles, and Jervis, names of light!

Green waved the promise of primeval woods,
Soft sighed the March-winds thro' those solitudes;
The gentle natives, plumed and painted bright,
Gazed in mute wonder on the mystic sight.
The lordly Calverts in their velvet cloaks,—
The courtiers kneeling 'neath the pines and oaks,—
And black-robed priests with crucifix and beads,
Breathing *Her* name who helpeth all our needs.
For, as Salvation's symbol smote the ground,
A cry arose,—“ST. MARY'S”!—Rapturous sound!
It filled the air, and floated down the river,—
A chime of spirit-bells, which echoed far
Telling each list'ning rock, and cliff and scar,
That Maryland was MARY'S LAND forever!
Blest MARY'S LAND forever and forever!

Still thro' the long, dark corridor of Time,
Bid those sweet bells ring forth their silv'ry chime;
Dust of decay, or dew of tender tears
Hath never dimmed or dulled them, thro' the years.
But, o'er the South, the North, the East, the West,
Thro' all the world, to every creed and clime,
They still are free to fling their music blest,
Their message of a mission all sublime!

Mingling and mixing with their melody,
Rises, for aye, the anthem of the Free;
Rises the chant which tells to suffering man,
How Maryland, of old, cast wide her doors.
And open-hearted, welcome to her shores,
Safe from the bale of Persecution's ban,
Churchman and Quaker, Jew and Puritan!
Giving them there, (as the glad cycles ran,)—
Such sweet examples of the faith of Christ
That many a grateful refugee enticed
By Truth's fair aspect, lovingly took hold
Of dogma, and of doctrine, pure as gold,
Professed and practised by those saints of old,—
And (ancient errors bravely sacrificed)—
A refuge found within the One True Fold.

O Flower of Chivalry! O Southern Youth!
O Union, based on Culture and on Truth!
Young men and Catholics! privileged to be
The scions of such noble ancestry,—
Yours is the happy destiny to tread
In the blest foot-prints of your glorious Dead!
Yours, from their mouldering hands to catch the Flag
Of Christian Freedom, and from cliff and crag,
To fling it forth, untarnished, to the breeze,
Fraught with a thousand marvellous memories!

O by the splendors Faith and Freedom cast
Over the records of a Catholic Past,
O, by the sunshine of that calm content
Shed o'er the old Colonial Settlement!
Sons of the Pilgrims! heroes of To-day!
Heirs of a heritage that scorns decay,—
Give to the world assurance that ye be
True patriots of stainless pedigree,
Who strive to crown, with Zeal that never tires,
The glorious mission of immortal sires.
And, as of old, upon his death-bed chill,
(Dying, an exile on Italian sod)—
Illustrious O'Connell spake his will
In these grand sentences, "*My soul to God,—
My heart to Rome,—my clay to Ireland,*"—
So may ye, one and all, devoted band!
In Life's last hour, when fades the sunset beam,
And Earth drifts from you, like a broken dream,
When like soft air, the spirits breathed abroad;
So may ye, also, cry, "*Our souls to God,—
Our souls to God!*"—(O'Connell's blest command
Echo in death,) but add in accents grand,
"*Our hearts to Rome,—our clay to MARYLAND!*"

De Quincey.

THE GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS GENIUS.

In the following paper I propose to show, in the briefest manner possible, the "General Characteristics of the Genius" of this truly extraordinary and rarely gifted writer. De Quincey,—better known as author of the "Confessions of an Opium-Eater"—by virtue of his combining great emotional sensibility with great intellectual subtlety, belongs to the order of genius—*i. e.*, the *intellect constructive*, to borrow Emerson's formula; but he does not, like Cardinal Newman or Wordsworth, belong to the first rank in it. He has genius, but it is not, like that of his great contemporary, Walter Scott, *creative*. His writings (more especially his "historical, philosophical, and literary ones") possess originality and independence; but they are employed in analysing, interpreting and expounding, rather than in *creating* anything that would entitle him to the high priesthood of pure reasoners, the *Trimegisti*—*i. e.*, the expounders of the prin-

ciples of literary criticism from age to age. "There is," says Matthew Arnold, "such a thing as an original literary and independent *expositor*,"—such a one was De Quincey. In his "Essays on Literary Criticism" he exhibits in his remarks on "Style and Rhetoric," *par excellence*, a clear, subtle, and penetrating intelligence, though, at the same time, not without humor—the essential characteristics of whatever subject he takes in hand. As a late writer once remarked, "he has enjoyed and comprehended the spectacle himself, and he is resolved that you also shall enjoy and comprehend it." His consciousness of this is the cause of that didactic tone which is often noticeable, more especially in his essay on "Style"; as well as of that *digressiveness* so marked in his "Rhetoric," and *introduction of anecdote*, which some critics seem to have found somewhat wearisome.

His sixteen volumes are filled with essays in every direction of history, biography, scholarship, criticism, and literature. They are a perfect *mine* of instruction for anyone who is willing, not to take his information and his opinions *ready made* from his author, but, to have subjects opened for him, questions concerning them broached, foundations for future reading laid. In this way it is that De Quincey, more truly than, perhaps, any author that can be named, is a *popular* writer; he writes *to and for the people*;—and *for the people*, it is that his writings are more valuable.

Do De Quincey's works take rank under the *Literature of Power*, or merely under the *Literature of Knowledge*? Do they aim at moving the heart as well as teaching the understanding, or are they confined to the latter function alone? They are, if we except some bookish forms of expression and long-tailed words in "*osity*" and "*ation*," *militant* for a place in the *Literature of Power*, by virtue of the method and manner of treatment, in one comprehensive word by their Style—"that function," to quote from De Quincey himself, "by which rhetoric maintains a commerce with thought, and that by which it chiefly communicates with grammar and with words."

To be noted, finally, in this brief examination of De Quincey's characteristics is (1) the prominence in his genius of what Principal Shairpe, the ex-Professor of Poetry at Oxford, calls the *special faculty of poetic imagination*; or, what is commonly called *poetry in prose*; (2) of what Bentham called *pronunciability*, with *musical beauty* (a literary characteristic for which Prescott and Washington Irving, in this country, have been chiefly noted) superadded. Do I then, it may be asked, reckon on a long-lived popularity for De Quincey's writings? I certainly *do*. And why? To say it in one word, because of the total absence from them of the sophistry of their period.

H. J. LLOYD.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—*Tillotson*.

Books and Periodicals.

GLIMPSES OF THE SUPERNATURAL. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan and Company, 1884. Price, 75 cents.

This volume of some 290 or more pages presents a number of selections from the pages of Our Lady's Journal, *The Ave Maria*, which attracted unusual attention on the occasion of their first publication, and which, on that account, have been collected by the Rev. editor, and given to the public in their present form. We think that every religiously inclined reader of the book will thank the editor for his work. To say that these narratives give us "Glimpses of the Supernatural" is, we venture to say with all due deference, saying but little. To our minds they do more. They impress, when well understood, the thoughtful mind with a lively, active sense of the nearness of God to us, and the close interposition of Divine Providence in the affairs of men. We live in a sceptical age. There are but two foes in the field to-day—belief and unbelief—and that which counteracts the devil's work of a so-called "Spiritualism," which is but disguised infidelity—should meet with a generous reception. Bearing in mind that these are no fanciful narrations,—that all are so many facts, well authenticated, whose truth cannot be gainsaid, we have given us a most evident proof of a supernatural interposition in human affairs that the most confirmed sceptic cannot controvert. Any reader, no matter how sceptical he may have been heretofore, who will take the pains to make himself familiar with the circumstances of the narratives herein related, cannot naturally remain insensible to such unmistakable proofs of a Divine Providence. The table of contents will, to some extent, indicate the nature of the work. It is as follows:

"My Experience with St. Anthony of Padua"; "A Case of Demoniack Possession"; "The Children's Prayer"; "A Voice from the Other World"; "Back to the Fold"; "What Came of a Visit to the Blessed Sacrament"; "The Client of St. Stanislaus Kotska"; "Ethan Allen's Daughter"; "A Victory of Divine Love"; "The Invisible Messenger"; "The Fate of a Blasphemer"; "How Nannie's Cure was Effected"; "A Singular Grace"; "The Miracle of the Assumption."

THE REPORTER'S GUIDE. Designed for Students in any Style of Phonography. Abundantly Illustrated. By Elias Longley, Author of "The Eclectic Manual of Phonography," "The American Phonographic Dictionary," and other works. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co., 248 pages, 8vo. Price, \$2.

Shorthand text-books of various kinds have lately been pouring from the press in this country, but with very few exceptions they are not worth the paper upon which they are printed—and this notwithstanding the fulsome praise bestowed upon them by the newspapers. Mr. Longley's "Reporter's Guide" is, however, a really meritorious work—one that will prove useful not only to advanced students of phonography, but also to the reporter, no matter to what school he may belong. Various sources of brevity, many of which are original, and therefore appear for the first time in the "Reporter's Guide," are opened up to the student and practitioner. The copious shorthand

illustrations given in the text, to explain principles and rules, readily convey the author's meaning. Besides a list of 1,500 single-stem word forms, 2,000 contracted words, 13,000 phrase forms, and various special lists, there are sample speeches, sermon, testimony, deposition, decision, charge, correspondence, etc., to give an idea of actual work and forms in various branches of reporting. And all this from a successful reporter of twenty-five years' experience.

The phonography of the "Reporter's Guide" is eclectic in character, embracing many of the best features of the Isaac Pitman, Benn Pitman, Graham, and Munson styles, thus making it practicable to the followers of the various leading schools of shorthand in America, to whom it is proving and will continue to prove a great boon. Those, especially, who are touched with "contraction on the brain" will find in it a remedy for their woes, for Mr. Longley's system follows close upon Graham's in this respect, without many of the objectionable features of the latter. The "Guide" is a book for practical shorthand writers, every one of whom will find something new and valuable in it. Nothing like, or approaching it has ever before been published in this country, and no one who aims at perfection in his work should be without it. We say this unhesitatingly, although we do not belong to Mr. Longley's Eclectic School of Phonography, and do not agree with him in everything.

College Gossip.

—All Hallows College, Ireland, has sent out over eleven hundred priests to do the work of the ministry in all parts of the world.

—The Abbé Liszt has given 2,400 gulden to the Conservatory of Vienna to found an annual scholarship of 100 gulden for the best piano-forte player.

—The students of St. Xavier's College, New York, lately personated Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" for the benefit of their college Library.

—Mr. Isaac Burk, the well-known botanical author, has presented the University with his large and valuable herbarium.—*Pa. University Magazine*.

—The Rochester Seniors have petitioned the Faculty to be allowed to read Plato in the English instead of in the Greek, and the petition will without doubt be granted.—*Ex*.

—Professor Sumner, of Yale, asserts that the great question of the day, in educational circles, is "whether America is to have seminaries or universities."—*Herald-Crimson*.

—At the International Pedagogic Exhibition held last year at Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, the Brothers of the Christian Schools of Belgium got the lion's share of all the rewards bestowed on Belgian exhibitors.

—Science Hall, at the University of Wisconsin is falling to pieces, which, according to the *Un*

versity Press, is a witness to the lack of foresight and the miserly economy used in the construction of public works.—*Northwestern*.

—*Zeta Psi* succeeds in running a chapter at Princeton. The Faculty prohibition is evaded by initiating the men at Rutgers. The fraternity is considering the revival of its chapters at Brown, Union, and U. of North Carolina.—*Dickinsonian*.

—The recently published general catalogue of Vassar College records fifteen of Vassar's daughters practising medicine. Women as physicians have a large field for usefulness and profit among their own sex, and there seems to be no reason why they should not cultivate it.

—We learn from *The Lantern*, the students' paper at one of the Ohio State Universities, that two of the institutions bearing that title are to be merged. This is a move in the right direction. Better still if half a dozen or more of those universities or colleges were knocked into one and the teaching made more effective.

—Rev. Father Dombrowski, of Detroit, projects the erection in that city of a college for the training of Polish young men to the priesthood, and Bishop Borgess has approved the scheme. It is thought there are 500,000 Catholic Poles in the country.—*The Illustrated Catholic American*.

—A Professor remarked to a certain student in rather shabby attire that his coat was too short. To this he curtly replied, "It will be long enough before I get another." But the joke did not end here. The following day the said Professor, mentioning the wit of the student to a brother Professor, said: "When I told him his coat was too short, he said it would be a long time before he got another."—*University Monthly*.

—The McGill University, Montreal, medical students have carried their pranks into ruffianism. Professor Pennofold raised the standard of botany examinations and the students snow-balled him in the class-room till he was forced to leave. Thursday they refused to show their museum tickets, and broke open one of the Professor's rooms, threatening violence and shaking their fists in his face. The Faculty has taken the matter up and there will probably be a wholesale expulsion.—*St. John Sun*.

—THE "BATTLE OF THE GUM SHOES."—At Rochester, the Sophomores and Freshmen engaged in a fiercely fought gum-shoe battle. The fight continued until the president of the college appeared on the scene. Black eyes and bloody noses were the fashion. Only one student was badly wounded. The Sophomores suffered most. It is thought that the ill-feeling between the two classes will now be dropped and that the Faculty will take no action in the matter.—*Monmouth Collegian*.

—After the 1st of June the tuition fee at Columbia is to be raised \$50. A fee for matriculation of \$5 for each year is also to be charged, and \$25 for the degree. Hitherto no matriculation fee had been charged at Columbia; now there is a jump to the opposite extreme. One would be led to imagine that Columbia College is suffering

from a depleted exchequer, and yet it is said to be the richest college in the United States. Notre Dame charges \$5 for matriculation the first year only, and the general impression is that that is quite enough.

—The Academic Institute of St. Mary's of the Woods, Vigo Co., Ind., is the Mother-House of the teaching Order called the Sisters of Providence. Sister Olympiade, the only surviving member of the band of heroic women who assisted the venerable Mother Theodore in founding this great institution of learning, still resides there, loved and blessed by a grateful community which has increased from a small band of five or six devoted women to a large and flourishing community of several hundred teachers with branch schools and academies in Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan.

—A meeting held at Dubuque, Iowa, Thursday night under Catholic auspices, protested against the bill before the Legislature imposing a tax on private schools. A Presbyterian and a Universalist clergyman delivered the addresses against the measure.—*South Bend Register*, March 4.

And this in the 19th century! Oh, Iowa! Iowa, thou land of Typhoons, justly art thou punished by an angry Providence. Verily thou shouldst be kicked out of the Union. A State that attempts to impose a tax on education does not deserve a place in a free and enlightened Republic. Pass round the hat, boys, to send schoolmasters to Iowa.

—Throughout this broad land we find more buildings dubbed universities than all the world besides possesses. They number about 332. On what grounds they lay their claim to such an imposing title is rather puzzling for an ordinary man to understand. It is certainly not because of the vast store of learning their Professors so-called possess, or because of accumulated heaps of endowments and income. The process of making a university in some sections of the country is very simple. A teacher or two gather about them a few pupils, call themselves professors, the building they occupy becomes a university forthwith, and everything is in readiness to grind out finished scholars just for the ordering. The process is very refreshing and the stars and stripes wave grandly while the eagle screams incessantly over the glorious prospect of educating the rising generation of young Americans.—*Vidette-Reporter*.

A THRICE-TOLD TALE.

I.

Σπράττος ὠμωστὴς στέαρ ἐξέλειπεν·
Ἡ γυνὴ σφοδρῶς ἀπέφευγεν ἰσχυρόν
Εὐγαμοί, δεῖνῳ τυχέως ἔκαστος
πάντ' ἀπολείχει.

II.

Sprattus horrescens adipem recusat,
Uxor et non vult tolerare macrum:
Conjuges digni! potuere sic de-
tergere lancem.

III.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so between them both
They licked the platter clean.

—*Unity*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, April 19, 1884.

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 SEVENTEENTH 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.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

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—The subject of the final essay in competition for the English Medal has been announced. It is "The Advantages of Classical Studies." Strange to say, the competitors seem to forget the SCHOLASTIC, which obligingly offers itself as a means of immortalizing their productions. However, we wish them success, all the same, and "May the best man win!"

—We see and hear a good deal about the "stroke" in the accounts given of the practice of the boating clubs in various colleges, as well as among the members of the Boat Club at Notre Dame; and almost everywhere, the short, quick stroke seems to obtain the preference. Why it should be so is a mystery. Far from giving any advantage, it is reasonable to presume that the short stroke entails a loss of power. If a stroke can be lengthened to advantage, the time gained in less frequently shifting the oar is clearly an advantage to the oarsman, and that there is a gain is almost certain from the practice of boat's crews in the navy and other veterans in the art. The man-of-war's man's "stroke" is always remarkably long. It is reasonable to suppose that if there was any advantage in a short "stroke" it would be adopted

in the navy, but the long stroke is preferred. Of course in shells, with short oars, a very long stroke is impossible, but it is a mistake to adopt the "shell"-fashion in pulling in barges like ours. In the first place, the oarsman cannot throw his strength into the short stroke as he can in the long one; the movement is too quickly performed to admit of this. The body cannot be as well balanced to throw its weight upon the oar. Secondly, the sharper the angle formed by the oar, the greater will be the leverage, while the time necessary to the long backward movement required to effect it not only rests the oarsman but gives him a compensating advantage for the time lost by permitting him to throw the weight of his body upon the oar in the forward sweep.

There is a philosophy in rowing as well as in every other mechanical movement, and that this philosophy is not well studied is evident from the practice of amateur boat-crews in general. About two years ago, Yale led in college contests at the oar; and as Yale, for the lack of a better understanding, took a remarkably short stroke, it was generally supposed the short was the proper thing, and it became *en règle*. But Yale's fortune changed lately, and Yale—very judiciously, we think—attributed no small share of its failure to its quick, short stroke, and decided to change it.

Short strokes are decidedly amateurish, and do not give a chance for really good rowing. This is particularly the case in barges, where reasonably long oars are used, and which to be used to the best advantage require a long backward stroke.

—The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is a regular visitor to our sanctum, and in this fact we find much comfort and pleasure. The *Observer* claims not to be particularly vain, but finds it utterly impossible to resist the subtle influence of the following passage: "The *Vanderbilt Observer* for March has some excellent contributions. 'Some Inaccuracies of Speech,' shows considerable research—original or not, we cannot say." Now let us elevate the windows and catch a fresh cool breath of air to quiet the feverish excitement caused by such unbounded praise from the redoubtable NOTRE DAME. Is it not enough to disturb the equanimity of earth-born mortals to receive such praise, though it be given on the condition that stealing is not involved? Surely, when we reflect how liberal this college journal is, how broad its views, and how devoid of conceit—when we think on the justice, with which it comments on Martin Luther, with what assiduous, determined reserve it keeps its religious views out of sight, how skilfully its vision is adjusted for discovering the virtues of Protestantism, and its magnanimous acknowledgment of the same, the philosophical insight and fidelity to principle (to keep in darkness) with which the following is uttered: "It has been chiefly by means of the press that the pernicious doctrines of the religious rebels of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries have been propagated, and the minds of countless millions of unhappy men inflamed and incited to rebellion against the authority of their Creator;" and running over the other various admirable traits of dear NOTRE DAME; when our mind takes in the "Rolls of Honor," the fact that a Kentucky editor is dismissed from its august presence as being an ass, the general cross-legged air of criticism and censorship pursued by said NOTRE DAME. When we contemplate on these things, we do feel quite unable to stand up under the praise of our Catholic friend. Recognizing this fact, NOTRE DAME has wisely moderated its notice by throwing into it a cunning suspicion of theft. Be assured, friend,

your prudence is appreciated, and that it, together with your religious intolerance, conceit, and superstition, assign you a place among the blessed saints of the middle ages, about whom you so copiously discourse.

"Religious intolerance, conceit, and superstition"! *Vanderbilt*, the accusation is as unjust as it is intemperate and ungentlemanly in language. We may be a little conceited, for aught we know, but "intolerant" and "superstitious" we are not—neither the one nor the other. We challenge proof of a *single instance* of either, failing which we hope the *Vanderbilt* will have the manliness to retract the charge. The time was—and not very long ago—when English-speaking Catholics could be slandered with impunity, could be robbed of their fair name and of their worldly goods with impunity, but that time is passing away—never to return, we hope. Catholics under British rule could not hold an estate, could not own a horse worth more than £5; could not worship God according to the dictates of their conscience; they were denied an education; they were literally under the heel of Protestant tyrants in their person, in their name, in their property.

As to the truth of the quotation from the SCHOLASTIC regarding the press, there can be no question. There is abundant proof of it in the admissions of candid and fair-minded Protestants like Sydney Smith and William Cobbett. Sir William Cobbett, a Protestant member of Parliament, a journalist, historian, and a lover of justice, in his time said that "he verily believed that there are more lies in English books than in all the other books in the world put together"; and Gibbon, that "the English are the most credulous and fanatic nation in Europe." And Sir John Parnell—also a Protestant—in his Historical Apology says: "To keep alive the prejudices of the public, the government employed all its long chain of influence and activity. It organized every exertion in reviving, *inventing*, and circulating every *libel and slander*, every pitiful jealousy, every sordid suggestion, every fierce defiance, against the doctrines, opinions, *character and persons* of the Catholics." Does the *Vanderbilt* wish to be the continuator of that nefarious line of policy in this free Republic of ours? Its editors have evidently been drinking from the poisoned fountain of English Protestant untruth and slander; if they would keep pace with the times they would do well to purge themselves, to become clean and unjaundiced men and see things in their proper light. It is evident that our criticism—by no means an unfavorable one—of the articles in the *Vanderbilt* is simply made an excuse for a show of bitter partisan feeling. The criticism itself does not justify the slander. We praised the article because it contained good matter, but while giving this praise we could not honestly disguise the fact that we had met something very much like it before. And this was all. If we were wrong we would cheerfully have made amends on being set right. It was evidently not the intention to make us aware of our mistake, if there was a mistake—and the present attitude of the *Vanderbilt* would seem to indicate that we were right—but to avert pub-

lic attention from their own shortcomings by heaping slander upon us. The *Vanderbilt* is not alone in this respect. It is only a few weeks since the organ of a college in this State not much bigger than our Minim's Hall at Notre Dame, and which organ a little before lamented that its college was comparatively unknown, and but poorly attended, published the following:

"The last issue of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contained a long and bitter article against the conduct and life-work of Martin Luther. The religious bigotry of this paper is most intolerant and its articles reflect disgrace and shame on the puny institution from which it is issued. The SCHOLASTIC deals mainly in abuse and slander, and the great reformer of the sixteenth century is a prime favorite against whom its disgusting epithets are launched. He did more for his God and humanity than the brazen superstition of Catholicism has ever wrought. From the degradation and corruption of that religion he snatched the smouldering brand of the true faith and cultivated the growth of a church, blameless in its purity, free from superstition and devoid of intolerance and bigotry. Before slurring the fair fame of Martin Luther, let the SCHOLASTIC go to the annals of its own Church and defend the monsters who shamed the history of their times under the saintly garb of their religion. Luther tore the mask of hypocrisy from the hideous face of Catholicism, under which crime nestled, and vice ran riot. He needs no defender, his memory needs no guardians. The faith which he gave to men is having its way through all the avenues of human life, and its wondrous growth bespeaks the divinity of the work to which his life was dedicated."

This from the *Lariat*, which in the same article boomed its institution as "the Harvard of the West," lamented its *obscurity* and thin attendance, and loudly called for printer's ink to make it known. We published that article, without a word of comment, and it was copied into the *Harvard Herald-Crimson* from our columns. And for our trouble and gratuitous advertising the *Lariat* abuses us! We hope the *Vanderbilt* likes its company. For our part we think any decent Presbyterian paper would be ashamed of the utterances of both of them. A short time ago the *Bethany Collegian* took us to task in a mild and gentlemanly way for offending some of our Protestant readers by repelling the attacks of one or two journals, but after reading the foregoing excerpts we think it will see that the provocation was strong, and that we had good reason for acting as we did. We are men, and as such feel an injury or insult as keenly as anyone—even though we are Catholics; as men, we have a right to defend ourselves when attacked. And now as to the cause of this bitter feeling, Luther. It is true that Mr. Tinley wrote a not very flattering sketch of the so-called reformer for the SCHOLASTIC, but that sketch was very mildly drawn, as anyone who knows Luther's real history is fully aware. The small clique that seeks to set up this apostate monk as a *hero* and an *apostle* of Christianity may do as they please with him, but when in his favor they slander and insult us, with Catholics in general, they must not expect us to submit tamely. That would be asking too much. The writer in the *Bethany Collegian*—a man of much higher and better stamp, seemingly, than either of the others—asks if we would not have a history of Luther made to order? No: we don't need it. Luther's history as written by Protes-

tants is already strong enough for his worst enemy. Zwingli charged him with being a corrupter of the word of God, and said in return for some coarse abuse from Luther that he was "not possessed by one evil spirit but by a legion of devils" (Stang); Œcolampadius, "He is puffed up with pride and arrogance, and is seduced by Satan." "It must be evident," wrote Erasmus, "to the most feeble intellect, that one who raised so great a storm in the world, who always found pleasure in using language either *indecent* or caustic, could not have been called of God. His arrogance, *to which no parallel can be found*, was scarcely distinguishable from madness; and his buffoonery was such that it could not be supposed possible in one doing the work of God." No one will accuse Erasmus of being favorable to Catholics. Luther's private character is abundantly evident from the passages given us from his infamous *Tisch Reden*, or "Table Talk"—an immense folio volume of 1,350 pages written by his boon companions at the Black Eagle tavern at Wittenberg, from his sayings during the fifteen years he resorted there, and so coarse and indecent that only a small duodecimo from it has ever appeared in an English dress. Mr. Tinley, in his article in the SCHOLASTIC, censured so severely, says nothing of all this. The *Lariat* would have us believe that Luther was "free from superstition and devoid of intolerance and bigotry." History will not bear out the statement; quite the contrary. Luther persecuted to the death those of his followers who dared to differ with his dicta in the smallest point, and he was the means of butchering the peasantry. The son of a farmer in Möhra who before Luther's birth had to flee for his life because in a moment of passion he had killed a fellow-peasant, Luther was naturally passionate, and these passions showed themselves both in boyhood and manhood. Even the more gentle Melancthon was a victim of his tyranny. Writing to his friend Camerarius, he says: "I am in a state of servitude, as if I were in the cave of the Cyclops: and often do I think of making my escape." His other fellow-reformer, Andrew Bodenstein, Luther caused to be driven from Wittenberg, and hunted from city to city of Germany, till at last the unfortunate victim of this would-be hero expired an outcast, in want and misery, at Basle, in Switzerland. Two other Lutheran theologians, Krautwald and Schwenkfeld, shared a similar fate. Rothmann, the Anabaptist, was at the Lutheran Diet at Augsburg in a similar condition to Luther at Worms. At the Synod of Hamburg (Aug. 7, 1536) sentence of death was pronounced against the Anabaptists. Zwingli and his followers were condemned, even Melancthon voting for the condemnation. So it was that the "hero" who through fear of what might result after quitting Worms, passed a year in disguise at Wartburg Castle under the name of "Yunker John," now persecutes to death all who venture to differ from him in religion or politics. The peasantry whom he had inflamed by his fanatical discourses, are in turn deserted by him because their masters pay him court in order to make him their tool. Under his fanatical teach-

ings on the one hand the infuriated peasants devastated churches by the hundred, and burnt down innumerable monasteries and seats of learning; they destroyed libraries and manuscripts that had been for centuries the pride of scholars. Partly disgusted with the havoc he had wrought, partly won over by the promises of the rulers, Luther now turns the tables on the peasants. "So wondrous are the times now," he writes in his altered mood, "that a prince can win heaven with blood more easily than others can with prayer. . . . Prick, strike, strangle, whosoever is able to! Well for thee if thou shouldst die doing so! for a happier death thou couldst not obtain." (*Sämmtliche Werke*, 24, 288-294.) "A wise man," he wrote to John Ruhel, "gives to the ass food, a pack-saddle and the whip; to the peasants oat-straw. If they are not content, give them the cudgel and the carbine; it is their due. Let us pray that they may be obedient; if not, show them no mercy. Make the musket whistle among them, or else they will be a thousand times more wicked." (De Wette, 2, 669.) Germany, after the battle of Frankenhausen, in which the peasant forces were literally annihilated, presented a dismal appearance. Over a thousand convents and castles lay in ashes; hundreds of peasant hamlets had been burned to the ground; the fields were uncultivated, the farming utensils stolen, the cattle slaughtered or taken away. Geissel (*Kaiserdom*, Köln, 1876, p. 315) tells us the widows and orphans of more than 150,000 slain peasants were living in the deepest misery. "By their fruits ye shall know them," says the *Bethany Collegian*, referring to the SCHOLASTIC's remarks upon Luther. Contemporary writers inform us of the early fruits of the Reformation. Bensen, a Protestant author, says: "While the Catholic Church has never, at least in theory, sanctioned the oppression practised by prelates and nobles, and has ever defended—sometimes successfully, but always obstinately—the right of individuals and nations against even emperors themselves, the evangelical reformers are justly reproached with having been the first to teach and preach to the Germans the doctrine of servile submission and the right of the stronger." And Erasmus, who was anything but friendly to the Catholic Church, writing to Luther (*Hyperaspistes*, 1, 1032), says: "We are now gathering the fruits of your preaching. You disclaim any connection with the insurgents [the peasants], while they regard you as the author and expounder of their principles. If Luther's opposition to, and coarse revilings of, the Papacy could justify such enormities, then the Papacy must have been very bad indeed. And yet—strange inconsistency!—at the meeting at Marburg in October, 1529, arranged by Philip of Hesse in the vain endeavor to reconcile Luther and Zwingli, the former, among his friends and free from constraint, said, in opposition to Zwingli: "We must acknowledge that in the Papacy are the truths of salvation which we have inherited. We, moreover, acknowledge that in the Papacy we find the true Scripture, the true baptism, the true Sacrament of the Altar, the true

keys for the remission of sins, the true office of preaching, the true Catechism which contains the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the articles of Faith. I say that in the Papacy we find the true Christianity."

Exchanges.

—The young ladies of *The Heidelberg Monthly* have adopted for their motto,—*Vita sine pueris, mors est!* Next!

—*The Sunbeam* for April reprints entire Mr. W. H. Johnston's excellent paper on "Vivisection," lately published in the SCHOLASTIC.

—*The High-School Bulletin*, from Lawrence, Massachusetts, will rank with even the better class of college papers. We are always glad to receive it.

—*The St. Mary's Sentinel* for March 29th contains a fairly well-written essay on "Wellington"; the exchange-notes are not as interesting as usual, and Mr. T. W.'s poem is very prosy, indeed. Still, as a rule, the *Sentinel* holds a very high place among our many exchanges.

—The Exchange-editor of *The Alabama University Magazine* is compelled to admit that he is not good-looking! The remainder of his dissertation on us and our journal waxes here and there unintelligible. The magazine, by the way, is a very good paper. More Anon!

—"Ah! alive yet and kicking! O malicious NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, to tell us *The Illini* was dead! Guess we will be necessitated to keep our wig; the SCHOLASTIC-man will become pious by retaining his collar-button. We thought *The Illini* had too much vitality to die for a while yet. Long live *The Illini*!—*Niagara Index*, April 1.

Alas!

"We never nursed a young gazelle,
For very obvious reasons why;"
But if we had, we know too well
When it ought, it wouldn't die!

O thou hypocrite of the *Index*! Verily, wouldst thou rejoice to be at once rid of thy wig and *The Illini*. "Go to, thou art not Cassius!" Fare thee well!

—*The College Rambler*, from Jacksonville, Ill., insists upon afflicting the public with some prize orations—the bane of the college press. How Mr. John Thomas Beggs must have laid awake of nights before he could tell us that,—

"Active personal freedom is a necessary condition of intelligent existence! When the mind is thoroughly awakened to a realization of its surroundings, it is in perpetual agitation. (!!) Never content with inactivity, it constantly seeks to produce a change in its external relations, with a view of improving its condition. With every new acquirement of knowledge there comes a corresponding rise in its aspirations, until at length it casts off the iron yoke of despotism, and bids defiance to the proudest monarch!"

The editorials of *The Rambler* are on pertinent subjects, and sensibly written.

—Prescinding from college newspapers, we are almost tempted to assign the first place among our exchanges to *The Columbia Spectator*. It is a semi-monthly, printed on superfine paper with excellent illustrations,—full of pure fun and good

sense. The number for March 28 is fully up to its average. The sketches, "A Day in the Bush" and "Her Fifth Birthday," though so entirely different, are both excellently written; the poetry, is very good, being certainly equal to the best *bric-à-brac* in *The Century*. The notes from the different schools and sister-colleges are models of careful editing. Beneath one cartoon, we read the following comment:

MISS BEAUMONDE (to Mr. Prettyface at the opera for the first time): "Well, Mr. Prettyface, do you think you like 'Meyerbeer?'"

MR. PRETTYFACE (Absent-mindedly): "Oh, no! I much prefer 'Budweiser,' Miss Beaumonde."

—We have been positively coaxed into good nature by reading the last number of *The King's College Record* from Windsor, Nova Scotia. The usual rather dreary opening poem is this time supplanted by a humorous *operetta*, called "The New Patience," full of wit and humor, and evidently bristling all over with local hits. Among the *dramatis personæ* we notice: "Alfredius, an author of no mean reputation; Simonides, a philosopher of the Platonic school; Carolus, an ardent and æsthetic lover"; with students, love-sick maidens, etc., in the background. Listen to Alfredius (writing):

"And we, poor earth-worms, evermore
Shall tread the coming what-shall-be,
And gaze upon elysian fields
Deep-set with animalcule."

Ah! there's a poet-scor for you, with his hypophenated lines and his sweet unintelligibility! Simonides has a more practical philosophy—thus:

"Shun the fair sex that live in Windsor town,
And, when you meet them, cast your eyelids down;
Just nod to them or venture a 'good-day.'
And then pursue the tenor of your way.
This way with you will soon become quite chronic,
And then, like mine, your love will be quite Platonic."

"Should you an evening spend in glorious ease,
Next day you cut your Aristophanes;
And if you dare attend the social ball,
You lucky are to pass your 'terminal!'"

Some of the "Patience"-verses are exceedingly good; for example, "Petrus"—a student—sings:

"I'm a voice like a lyre, young man,
Sing higher and higher, young man,
A High-diddle-diddle,
Come, play on the fiddle,
I sing in the choir, young man."

And again, "Libratus":

"I'm a keep my own sleigh, young man,
Get a drive every day, young man,
A deep mathematical,
Nothing but practical,
Go my own way, young man."

The hit of the piece, however, is where the students endeavor to frighten Carolus into relinquishing his passion for "Patience." It is evidently modelled on the witch-scene from "Macbeth"; the scene is laid at night, and the persecutors, clad in white, are encircling Carolus. Their refrain seems to be,

"Dew-drops fall and rain-drops patter
On his head, his hat let's batter." [*They do so.*]

It is unnecessary to say that the scare soon takes

effect, and poor Carolus, after the second or third battering, beseeches for mercy:

"Please, noble ghosts, please give me no more pain:
I'll not, indeed, I'll not do it again;—
No more, I'll woo or write a single sonnet
To those dark bangs that peep from 'neath her bonnet.
Where'er I meet her, I will pass her by,
Nor lift mine eyes, nor even dare to sigh," etc.

The *Record's* exchange notes, too, are well written; but why does the editor notice no periodical from the States? The rest of the paper is of mainly local interest, but apparently well put together. Glad to note your improvement, *Record*; come again!

Personal.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week were Mr. J. B. Eisenhower, Huntington, and Mrs. W. Schott, of Ft. Wayne, Ind.

—Rev. Richard Maher, C. S. C., of '73, after spending a few weeks at Notre Dame, left yesterday for a new mission in Lima, Ohio.

—Daniel S. Corry, of '83, was at the College the past week. Mr. Corry was on his way to California where he is occupied with an extensive lumber business.

—Rt. Rev. Dr. Richter, Bishop of Grand Rapids, Mich., visited the College on Monday last. The learned prelate's visit, though brief, was welcome, and we hope soon to be favored with another and a longer one.

—Prof. J. P. Lauth, of Chicago, visited Notre Dame last week, and his numerous friends here were greatly pleased to see him. The Professor is principal of one of the most flourishing academies in Chicago, and his ability, industry and superior qualifications fully deserve the prosperity he is enjoying. His genial disposition and firm character have made him many warm friends and contributed to achieve success in all his undertakings.

—John J. Fitzgibbons, of the Chicago Distilling Company, was married at Morris, Ill., yesterday, to Miss Annie Cunnea, daughter of James Cunnea, of that place. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. Sullivan, a former schoolmate of the groom, and, after a sumptuous feast at the residence of the bride's parents, the happy pair started for an extended trip East and South. Upon their return they will make this city their home.—*Chicago Times*, April 16th.

The many friends here of the happy couple extend their congratulations and best wishes. The groom was a member of the Class of '59, and the bride a graduate of St. Mary's Academy, Class '70.

—Very Rev. Father General left Notre Dame on last Monday for Texas. He will return in about three weeks' time, after the completion of the proposed visit of the houses of the Order in the South. The many friends of Father Sorin will rejoice and thank God for the good health and vitality with which the venerable Founder of Notre Dame is still blessed. It was with heartfelt pleasure that all at Notre Dame and the numerous visitors from abroad beheld him officiating at the grand solemnities of Holy Week and Easter Sunday. To many an "old settler" it recalled glorious memories of the past, while the younger generation were

impressed by the grace and dignity which shone forth in that venerable form and gave its impress to the conduct of all the ceremonies.

Local Items.

—Spring has come!

—Keep off the grass!

—Our friend John is unwell.

—Did you get an Easter card?

—"Dickie" says he's not guilty.

—A new dude has come to light!

—The Juniors' Park is blooming!

—"Gag" denies that he wrote his local.

—The students enjoyed "rec." on Easter Monday.

—What has become of the Scientific Association?

—The Philopatrians will appear on or near the 28th.

—"Fendy's" moustache is the envy of all the Juniors.

—The automatons were in working order last Saturday.

—Gregori's new painting is rapidly approaching completion.

—All weather-prophets now consult the *Scholastic Annual*.

—A large number of visitors were present on Easter Sunday.

—The Orpheonics are busily at work preparing "William Tell."

—The Gymnasias have a deserted appearance, these pleasant days.

—The Euglossians will appear in full force next Wednesday evening.

—There will be a hard struggle for the Junior Scientific Medal this year.

—Two handsome new pictures have lately been placed in the Juniors' study-hall.

—Our friend John wants to know when the Prize Essays will be heard from.

—To-morrow, Low Sunday, Mass, No. 4, page 23—*Credo*, page 106—will be sung.

—Work on Science Hall has been suspended for a short time, waiting for pillars, etc.

—The Academy "Circle," Thursday night, was a grand success. The "Col." did nobly.

—One of the Muggletonians has written a book entitled, "How I keep out of Detention."

—*On dit* that the Graduates of '84 will take a trip to Colorado and the West, next June.

—Several interesting games of baseball have been played by the Juniors during the week.

—A large force of masons are at work on the Western wing. The work is going on rapidly.

—Last Wednesday the students assembled in front of the College and had their pictures taken.

—The youth with the high water pants dodged the inspection, last Thursday. Why is this thusly?

—A large number of Juniors, accompanied by Bro. Julian, took a stroll to Mishawaka, Monday.

—The Academy held a very interesting meeting on Thursday evening. A full report will be given in our next.

—On "Arbor Day" 140 trees, of various species, were set out in the Seniors' Campus. The Juniors' is well stocked now.

—The two "Deacons" became very atheistical, Thursday night. They hadn't got to their "hard" objections (they say) at 10 o'clock.

—The Euglossians' Shakspearian entertainment will be Thursday evening. Rumor says 'twill be the "boss" entertainment of the year.

—By the appearance which the boat crews make at practice, we may rest assured the race will be exciting. They are well matched.

—Prof. Hoynes lectured last Wednesday evening in St. Cecilia Hall, on "Parliamentary Law." The favored ones present were the St. Cecilians, Philopatrians and Euglossians.

—The Sorin nine of the Minim department and a picked nine of the Juniors played a game of baseball on Thursday. The Sorins won the game: score 17 to 9. Mr. T. McGill acted as umpire.

—Three Easter-eggs, beautifully painted in water-colors, were presented by Very Rev. Father General to the three best Minims. The Princes voted one to be placed at the foot of the statue of the Infant Jesus, one at the Blessed Virgin's and one at St. Joseph's in their study-hall.

—The Easter *musicale*, Wednesday night, was well attended by an appreciative audience. The following programme was excellently rendered:

Overture—"National Medley".....Crescent Club Orchestra
Vocal Solo, "Alpine Horn"; Guitar Acc't, Prof. Ackerman
Cornet Solo, Piano Acc't.....J. Guthrie, A. Coll
Tenor Solo, from *Il Trovatore*.....A. Coll
"Olivette".....Crescent Club Orchestra
Guitar Solo.....Prof. Ackerman
Duett—Violin and Piano.....Prof. Paul, A. Coll
Piano Solo (*Mendelssohn*).....J. Carroll
"Waiting" (Arranged for four male voices)

.....Crescent Club Quartette
"Patience".....Crescent Club Orchestra

—The Curator of the Museum returns thanks to Mrs. J. Regan, and Miss R. Laveny, of San Francisco, for several large and small sea-shells, and other specimens lately presented to the Cabinet of Conchology.

—Signor Gregori finished last week a very life-like portrait in oil of Mr. W. Hetz, of Muskegon, Mich., father of William and Jacob Hetz, students of this year. All who had the good fortune to see the picture pronounced it an excellent likeness. The portrait was painted from sittings given by Mr. Hetz on the occasion of his late visit, and was intended as an Easter gift and surprise for Mrs. Hetz.

—The 17th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Club was held April 6th. An interesting debate was the chief exercise of the evening. The principal speakers were P. Howard, L. Mathers, D. Reach, J. Rogers, J. Wagonner, T.

Callaghan, P. Galarneau, W. Fogarty, J. Carroll, and F. Combe. A criticism on the previous meeting was read by E. Smith. Two musical selections were given by J. Carroll and P. Galarneau, which closed the exercises of the evening.

—An unusually large congregation of visitors to Notre Dame attended Mass on Easter Sunday. The ceremonies were carried out in keeping with the great solemnity. The sermon, which was a masterly and eloquent one, was preached by Rev. Father O'Brien. A specially-trained choir, under the direction of Prof. Paul, rendered a beautiful Cecilian Mass. The style of music might be called a harmonization of the chant of the church, and its rendition elicited the most favorable comments from all who heard it. In this connection we must say that we are at a loss to understand why it is we cannot have such Masses oftener and even every Sunday. It is rather annoying to have dinned in one's ear talk of "the grand Masses of old," when we less privileged mortals are favored with such music but on Easter Sunday. What was done in "days of yore," surely can be done now. We love the grand old music of the church, and we would wish to hear it in its full beauty and harmony at least oftener than once a year.

—An interesting game of baseball was played on Thursday afternoon by two nines, captained respectively by Messrs. Guthrie and Wheatly. The playing was close, and though somewhat loose in the beginning was warm at the close. Some good batting was done and some good plays made in the field. The score was as follows:

	A.	B.	R.	O.		A.	B.	R.	O.
Warren.....	5	1	3		Carroll.....	5	1	4	
Steis.....	5	2	2		Cella.....	5	2	3	
Guthrie.....	5	0	4		Devoto.....	5	2	3	
Dickerson.....	5	1	3		Shea.....	5	1	3	
Hetz.....	5	1	4		Wheatley.....	4	0	3	
Coghlin.....	5	2	3		Porter.....	4	0	3	
Comb.....	5	3	2		Burke.....	4	2	2	
Heffner.....	4	0	4		Gibert.....	4	1	3	
Kaufmann.....	4	0	2		Murphy.....	4	0	3	
TOTAL.....	73	10	27		TOTAL.....	40	9	27	

INNINGS:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
GUTHRIES.....	3	1	3	0	1	0	0	1	1	—10
WHEATLEYS.....	3	0	1	2	1	1	0	1	0	—9

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Anchondo, Ancheta, Aguilera, F. Alvarez, Arce, Banigan, Baca, Barron, Becerra, V. Burke, F. Burke, F. Combe, C. Combe, J. Carroll, Coll, Cass, Crawford, Cella, Conway, Cussen, Callaghan, Creel, De Groot, De Wolf, De Haven, A. Dennis, Delaney, F. Diaz, A. Diaz, Feltz, Fogarty, Farrell, T. Fenlon, E. Fenlon, Fitzgerald, Fraiz, Fox, Grothaus, Gonser, Goulding, Gonzalez, Guthrie, Gutierrez, F. Gallagher, J. Gallagher, Galarneau, Hyde, Howard, Hausberg, Hamlyn, Hotaling, Johnston, Kelly, Kavanaugh, Kaufmann, Kolars, Kleiber, McGinn, McErlain, J. J. McCabe, Jno. McCabe, McKinnery, Marquez, Mittendorf, J. McNamara, T. McNamara, McLaughlin,

Mahoney, Madden, Morris, Mahon, G. O'Brien, Ott, O'Dea, O'Rourke, Orchard, Otis, O'Kane, O'Connell, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Pour, Quinlan, Rudge, Rogers, Reach, Rul, Solon, Steis, Slattery, Spencer, Saviers, G. Smith, Sanchez, Snouffer, Tinley, Uranga, Veale, F. Waggoner, Warren.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Anchondo, Aguilera, Borgschulze, Barela, Baur, Brown, Benner, Breen, G. Cartier, D. Cartier, Curtis, Chaves, F. Combe, Costigan, Cassilly, Dwenger, Dorenberg, Dexter, Eisenhauer, Fitzgerald, Fendrich, Fierro, Foote, Finckh, Garrity, Gerlach, Grunsfeld, Hemisbaugh, Hagenbarth, Houck, E. J. Howard, E. A. Howard, Halligan, Huestis, W. Henry, Houlihan, Hagen, Holman, Hagerty, Jensch, P. Johnson, Letcher, G. Lewis, Leoni, Luther, Lane, Monschein, Muhler, Miller, Mason, A. Moye, Mug, Major, Martinez, McCabe, McDonald, J. McGordon, Norfolk, O'Brien, J. O'Donnell, Plishke, C. Porter, E. Porter, Pohl, Perley, Quill, Rogers, Regan, Reynolds, Ruppe, Shea, Sedberry, Schmauss, Schott, Schaefer, M. Scheuerman, M. Scheuerman, Saunders, Shields, Talbot, G. Tarrant, Tewksberry, Uranga, H. Warner, Wabraushek, Wilkes, Portilla, A. Parres.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Adams, J. Addington, H. Addington, Amoretti, S. Arrache, A. Arrache, Boos, Bunker, Butterfield, Benner, M. Crawford, Curtis, W. Cole, Costigan, Cummings, M. Coad, Delaplane, Devine, J. Devereux, A. Devereux, Ernest, Fitzgerald, Fulwiler, Gibson, W. Grimes, Garrity, Grunsfeld, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, Johns, Jones, Krause, J. Kelly, E. Kelly, La Tourette, Landenwich, Lewis, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, W. McCourt, M. McCourt, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, T. McGuire, McGill, McPhee, McVeigh, Manzanara, Meehan, Morrison, Morgan, F. Mullen, A. Mullen, A. Nester, Noonan, M. O'Kane, Otis, O'Connor, R. Papin, V. Papin, Paden, Quinlin, Quiggie, Quill, Studebaker, Sumner, Stange, Schmitz, Salmon, Spencer, Shöneman, Sokup, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, L. Scherrer, Smith, Servis, Thomas, J. Uranga, West, A. Welch, Weston, C. Young.

Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. G. Smith, Reach, McIntyre, C. Murdock, S. Murdock, Farrell, Otis, V. Burke, Saviers, Bailey, F. Gallagher, Ancheta, Tinley, Dickerson, Guthrie, Steele, Kolars, H. Porter, Mathers, Steis, Johnston, McKinnery, Ewing, Goulding, Callaghan, Banigan, Solon, McCarthy, Taylor, Fendrich, Mug, J. Smith, Dailey.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.]

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Latin—Messrs. Johnston, Burns, Mahoney, Bailey; Greek—Messrs. F. Gallagher, Dickerson; Moral Philosophy—T. Steele; Logic—Messrs. Mahoney, Otis; English Composition—Messrs. Ott, Hagenbarth, G. O'Brien; Rhetoric—Messrs. Ancheta, Madden, Taylor; English Literature—Messrs. C. Murdock, Mug, Taylor, McCarthy; Criticism—Messrs. Mahoney, Farrell, Geiser, Dickerson; Algebra—Messrs. Ancheta, J. Smith, Hagenbarth; Geometry—Messrs. Hagenbarth, Ancheta; Trigonometry—Jas. Smith; Surveying—Messrs. C. Murdock, Mug, McCarthy; Mechanics—J. McIntyre; General Geometry and Calculus—Messrs. C. Porter, H. Porter, Johnston, Kolars, Tinley, Guthrie; Astronomy—S. Dickerson; Botany—Mr. Ancheta; Zoölogy—C. Kolars; Physiology—Messrs. Reach, L. Cavanaugh, J. McNamara, Callaghan, Berthelet; History—Messrs. Farrell, Spencer, Hagenbarth, Dexter, McCarthy, Monschein, Halligan, Saviers, C. Murdock, Mug.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—At the regular reunion in the Junior department, the readers were Clara Richmond and Hannah Stumer.

—Many hearts leap with delight at the proof that they are fondly remembered at home, and the pleasant tokens of affection received in the Easter boxes.

—The altars on Easter Sunday were charming. Gold and gleaming lights and radiant flowers seemed almost as if conscious of the happy event celebrated; their beauty speaking of the Resurrection to the eye as the *Alleluia* speaks to the ear and to the heart.

—Easter congratulations on the part of the Minims were paid to Mother Superior by E. Chapin, B. Murray, and A. Schmauss; and to the Prefect of Studies by M. Lindsey, L. Johns and J. English. From the Novitiate came a fine basket of gay Easter eggs as a gift from the Mistress of Novices.

—The repository on Holy Thursday was beautifully adorned. The Tabernacle of the new altar is rich and exquisite in design and workmanship. The arrangement of the flowers, of which there was a great profusion, was very graceful. Their pure and delightful odor surrounded the temporary dwelling-place of our Blessed Lord, as a fitting symbol of the homage young hearts were paying Him in silence and recollection.

—The Annual spiritual retreat was never made with greater apparent fervor. The eloquent sermons have done their work well, and the future, not only of this world but of the world to come will bear witness to the good wrought in the golden silence, broken only by the voice of God's anointed speaking from the sanctuary the words of eternal life; or that of words from books selected for the purpose of deepening the impression made by the sermons. The Rev. Father Walsh conducted the exercises, and the utmost seriousness and intelligent interest were manifested by all. The free time was taken up in quiet walks through the avenues. It was no slight edification to observe the perfect silence maintained. The young ladies present their most profound thanks to the Rev. Father Walsh.

—The early Easter Mass, at which those in retreat received Holy Communion, was offered by Rev. Father Walsh. A beautiful instruction preceded the Mass. One could have wished that many of our separated brethren might have been present to witness this touching triumph of faith over sight, of grace over nature, of the Church of God over the stolid intellect of the world. But faith is a gift of God. Happy they who have received it. Let them treasure the prize as the miser hoards his gold; yet not like the wealth of the miser will his gift forsake him. It will go with him and unlock for him

the gates of life everlasting. Such were the thoughts that occupied the mind as the triumphant Easter hymn rang out on Sunday morning, and the keys of the organ responded thrillingly to the skillful fingers that, for more than thirty years, have without interruption at this season offered up the same sublime praise to our risen, Incarnate God.

Man Never is, but Always to be, Blest.

The human mind has been so constituted that it can never find satisfaction in this life. What are histories and biographies but so many illustrations of this truth, hence the mutations of states and empires,—the changes in the fortunes of mankind.

The fable of Tantalus and the yearning of the human heart teach the same lesson. The air castles, reared by the light of dawn so high in their sunny splendor, so far above the sapphire mountains of the future, are buried, alas! forever, when the sun goes down. Day after day repeats the process, and the story told of the rise of an empire, a hamlet, a home, is never one of final earthly fruition. How often it is of an overthrow!

Nevertheless, from age to age, experience must repeat the homily, for youth will not accept the testimony of the past. In his opinion he is an exception to all the rest of the world. The enchanting mirage of hope and prosperity is a reality to him. He follows the alluring shadows, never dreaming that they are a deception.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is, but always to be, blest."

As the blossoms of spring shed their beautiful petals, their loveliness disappears. To the casual observer nothing remains to admire; nevertheless, the capsule is teeming with hidden treasures, to be unfolded in augmented loveliness, when another year shall roll round.

"Have you heard the tale of the aloe plant
What grows in the sunny clime,
How everyone of its thousand flowers—
As they drop in the blooming time—
Is an infant plant, that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls to the ground,
And fast as they fall from the dying stem
Grows lively and lovely around?
By dying it liveth a thousandfold
In the young that spring from the death of the old."

So it is with our aspirations. We outgrow them as a child outgrows his toys and vesture; but as vital heat, and consequently the health and strength have been preserved in the child by his cast-off garments, so are we made better and more noble by the hopes we have outgrown, and the aspirations that have lost their interest to us: that is to say, if we have humbly recognized the Providence of God in all the events of our earthly career.

It is, however, the misfortune of the majority of the human race to regard the means as the end,

and the real object of our existence is accordingly lost sight of altogether. This poor, perishable world affords no object upon which our hearts may worthily repose. Everything is valuable only in proportion as it enables us to attain that which is better and more estimable than what we now possess. Justly has Adelaide Procter embodied the thought now suggested, and, as we may not hope to express the idea one-half so well, we will present her own beautiful words:

"Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty, but alone
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.
Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper Life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.
Learn the mystery of Progression duly—
Do not call each glorious change decay;
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they passed away."

Should one entertain the foolish desire to be misled by phantoms, he could find no surer way than to lose sight of the object for which he was created, and to act as if earth and not heaven were the worthy object of his highest endeavors. Alas! how many have adopted this course! Wise in their own conceit, they see before them the alluring torch of their destiny.

The *ignis fatuus* leading one to the dark goal of destruction is avarice. He knows it not, for a syren voice is continually persuading him that his pursuit is legitimate; and, before he is aware, his heart is as hard as the coin for which he has bartered his soul. To another, the sparkling vision of the world's applause, a crown of priceless gems set in fine gold—so it appears to his infatuated soul—hurries him onward. Everything is relinquished that he may grasp the prize; and when the tinsel falls to ashes in his fingers he finds his mistake, and not before. So of all the various futile objects for which the heart so eagerly yearns: friendship degenerates into idolatry; and the inordinate pursuit of science, alas! into stolid and debasing materialism.

St. Thomas of Aquin—surnamed the "Angel of the Schools"—has given a beautiful definition of peace. He says, "Peace is the tranquility of order." If we accept this definition, we may clearly understand what causes the agitation and discontent which may be seen everywhere in the world. Ill-ordered lives, untamed inclinations, unrestrained selfishness, leave no room for peace.

"Man never is, but always to be, blessed!" Fortunately, poets are not infallible, and the above we shall dare to contradict; for, when we are once convinced that we can find no real happiness in this life, the acceptance of this knowledge, and the practice which must necessarily follow thereupon, if we act reasonably, will constitute the highest favor which it is in our power to receive, and we shall be indeed blessed.

M. W.

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On and after Sunday, Nov. 18, 1883, trains will leave South Bend, as follows:

GOING EAST:

2.04 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 9.22 a.m.; Cleveland, 1.57 p.m.; Buffalo, 7.36 p.m.

10.54 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.07 p.m.; Cleveland, 9.44 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.31 a.m.

8.41 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.17 a.m.; Cleveland, 6.37 a.m.; Buffalo, 12.46 p.m.

11.53 a.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.12 p.m.; Cleveland, 9.42 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.31 a.m.

5.54 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.00 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.07 a.m.; Buffalo, 6.41 a.m.

GOING WEST:

2.04 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.56 a.m., Chicago, 5.41 a.m.

4.28 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.22 a.m., Chicago, 7.51 a.m.

7.11 a.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Laporte, 7.52 a.m., Chicago, 10.11 a.m.

1.02 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.02 p.m.; Chesterton, 2.47 p.m.; Chicago, 4.31 p.m.

4.07 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.54 p.m.; Chicago, 7.31 p.m.

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

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

A. G. AMSDEN, Sup. W. Div., Chicago.

W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

P. P. WRIGHT, Gen'l Sup., Cleveland.

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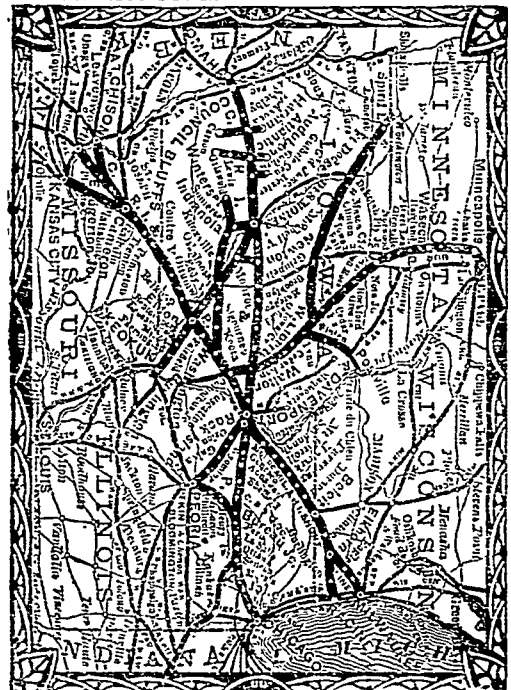
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