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The Religious Life.

A joyous child, with eyes of blue, and hair
Like golden threads of light that catch the gleam
Of sunshine warm and mirror in the stream
By which he sports his glowing visage fair;
The dew is on the rose, and in the air
The wild-flower's breath, and on his face a dream
Of youth—so blissful sweet, it makes him seem
A shining angel dropt from Heaven there.

Cling not to earth! There is a fairer shore
Where all in happy freedom pure and blest,
Drink in each golden day in peaceful joy
Like dew from buds of Time—and Him adore
Who made for us a Paradise of Rest
If we are pure and love the Saviour Boy.

H. A. HOLDEN.

A Personal God.

The nineteenth century is perhaps not the greatest, everything considered, the world has ever seen; on the other hand, that it should rank as the least or worst, as some are inclined to say, cannot be admitted in the face of its numerous and important scientific discoveries. It is, no doubt, too far advanced in materialistic and atheistic ideas, though its predecessor is not so far behind in this respect as to be beyond comparison. The main difference is that in the last century atheism fought boldly and shamelessly without a mask, whilst now, disguised under the deceptive veil of so-called science, it seeks whomsoever it may devour. Then, the fool said in his heart, and cried out aloud, too: there is no God; now he makes, or we might say, rears a god to suit his own purpose and convenience, or to satisfy some favorite hobby. Now the real, living, personal God is replaced by an ideal, inert, problematic one. It

is not necessary to have an active, independent creator when the existence of the universe can be accounted for by the "laws" of eternity of matter, spontaneous generation, or evolution. The advancement of modern science thus eliminates the personality of God, and would have Him exist in the human mind as a concept or idea, without any reality.

God is spoken of by the positivists as the "Great Unknowable," whose existence cannot be ascertained by any scientific method, and whom we cannot know because He belongs to a "transcendental sphere." They say: we cannot and do not (they should say, will not) know anything positive about God; therefore we have nothing to do with Him. This reasoning, if it can be called such, is based on a false assertion. The truth is that we do know something about God and His attributes, of which we are as certain and positive as that the things about us are real, or that every effect must have a cause. It is true that man does not know God in the fullest sense; for it is unreasonable to expect that the limited, imperfect intellect of man could comprehend the Unlimited, the Infinite. But still we have a positive knowledge of demonstrable facts concerning the Supreme Being, of which we are in duty bound to take cognizance. It is, however, of no avail to debate with positivists, for they will not listen to reason.

Now, our purpose in this paper is to defend the personality of God. What is meant when it is said that there is a Personal God? A person is defined to be a "spiritual, or rational, substance complete in itself, having self-dominion and being responsible for its actions;" in other words, a complete being that knowingly acts as it wishes; thus a man is a person, as also an angel. By saying, then, that God is personal is meant that He really exists and is endowed with intel-

ligence and free-will. As a matter of fact, these faculties are not simply present in Him, but He possesses them in an infinite degree. Therefore, those who deny the personality of God make of Him a blind force, a slave to necessity, or else something finite and imperfect. They pretend that God necessarily created the universe as it is, or else that the universe is God.

According to some He is a "mysterious power pervading all the forces of nature with which He is necessarily identified": that is to say, He is simply a power which must of necessity act in accordance with fixed, necessary laws. Others approach the meaningless by making of God "the supreme category of the ideal." This probably means—if it mean anything at all—the highest condition of which an idea is capable; at any rate, it makes of the living and real God a mere concept, something unreal. Humanity, or man in general, is the object of praise and devotion, theoretically, if not practically, of some who, recognizing the natural impulse of religion, but too proud to repent, cannot face Divine Goodness. Comté, the leader of modern positivism, attempted to establish a religion of this kind with himself as the head.

The absurd and, at the same time, productive system called pantheism, very like to materialism, proclaims that matter was not created, but that it existed from all eternity; and consequently that matter is God, or a direct emanation of God's substance. According to it, the divine substance would not only be lifeless as in minerals, and living as in animals at the same time, but also be imperfect and guilty of the crimes of men. This monstrous impiety is rejected by sound reason which admits only an independent, infinitely perfect Creator.

That these theories are all absurd, and that there does exist a Personal God, can be demonstrated in many ways. The following proofs are selected as being, according to the opinion of the writer, the clearest and most conclusive. The universal consent of mankind is a test of moral truth, for it cannot be supposed that all men at all times should agree in admitting the same error. Besides such a consent arises naturally, and "all that is natural is never false." Now history, tradition, experience tell us that all men with common accord have believed in the existence of a Personal God.

This fact is corroborated by another, not less undeniable, which is its direct consequence, namely, the universality of religion. Man is naturally inclined to be religious, and there is not, nor was there ever, a nation, without any

exception whatever, which has not paid homage to a supreme Being. Darwin claimed to have found a tribe in some distant land which had no form of worship, no idea of a superior being; but further inquiries contradicted his statements which are ascribed to a want of knowledge of the customs and language of the savages in question. As to infidels or atheists they are either demented or not in good faith; for how can a man be convinced of what he knows to be false? As long as man's passions induce him to cheat his conscience he will endeavor to disprove the existence of the omniscient and just Judge, or at least His personality. It is very doubtful if there is such a thing in the world as a veritable atheist. We have all heard of infidels changing their notions in regard to the Supreme Judge when in danger of death. What a terrible death-bed must have been that of Voltaire!

This common consent of mankind was not produced by the propagation of the Christian faith, since it is anterior to the latter, and as old and universal as the earth itself. This is attested by history and tradition. Pythagoras, Zoroaster, Confucius, Plato, Seneca and all true philosophers, irrespective of the time or place in which they lived, have insisted that there is above us a necessary, infinite Being. Plutarch was a Pagan (as well as those mentioned above), and he wrote: "Cast your eyes over the face of the earth, you may there find cities without ramparts, without education, without magistrature; people without fixed habitation, without property, without money; but you will nowhere find a city where the knowledge of God does not exist." Moreover, the belief which all people have is not simply in the existence of a Superior Power, but also in that of an independent, self-existent, almighty and perfect Being, infinitely wise and good; in short, a Personal God. Such an active, indestructible faith could not have been produced by changeable, passive causes, like superstition, fear, ignorance, or policy. For it could not have been created by any of them; nor is the notion of the Supreme Being as just stated in conformity with the ideas which they originate. Nothing is plainer, then, than that it must be through an unchangeable law of nature that man professes his belief in a Personal God, that this feeling, common to all, is natural like the love of children for their parents. Unless one is willing to admit that an invincible error has risen spontaneously in the hearts of all men, he must conclude that the universal belief of mankind in a Personal God is the expression of truth.

Facts obtained by means of testimony do not

seem to impress the mind so deeply as those of experience. For this reason the proof just given, though direct and conclusive, is probably not so clear and striking as that derived from the order existing in the universe. Every one of us knows, or can ascertain for himself individually through observation, that the universe is constructed according to a harmonious plan; that nature is the grand and perfect example of unity; that "Order is Heaven's first law." This is almost self-evident to them that have eyes to see. Study the universe as a whole, or examine it in special departments; observe the working of nature superficially, or investigate its minutest details; consider the beauties of nature, or scrutinize its so-called monstrosities (for they too have their laws); experiment with inanimate bodies, or analyze the organs and functions of living beings; notice the bodily actions of man, or contemplate the operations of his soul; in short, study everything, anything, you will everywhere find a harmony, a hierarchy of laws more and more general, everything arranged in a grand incomparable order. All sciences, teaching this wonderful adaptation of the means to the end, reveal and demonstrate that unity reigns supreme throughout the universe.

Now, it would be absurd to suppose that such a beautiful order arose of its own accord, or that it is the result of chance; one might as well say that the paintings of a Michael Angelo were produced by an indiscriminate sprinkling of artists' colors on canvas. Neither can it be assumed that the Ordainer was merely a creature, even a reasonable one; for man does not comprehend the whole of the universe, and the laws of nature which to him remain inexplicable are not few. Who, then, laid down these wonderful laws and effected this incomparable unity? What is necessarily the nature of the Ordainer of this transcendent harmony? Besides having the power to cause this effect, that is, omnipotence, the Author of nature must be infinitely intelligent to conceive a plan the full comprehension of which is infinitely beyond the sphere of human understanding. Now, if God is all-wise and almighty, He must be free, since He could have made the world more or less perfect. The partisans of Absolute Optimism contend that the world is as perfect as it possibly could be; they thereby limit God's omnipotence and wisdom. Their fallacy can easily be seen when it is considered that rational as well as irrational beings could have been made less liable to defects, such as physical and moral ills, which experience shows, exist abundantly. It is also

plain that the Ordainer must be a real and independent Being; for had Homer never sung his inspirations, the "Iliad" would have been for him alone. Therefore, the order of the universe must have been instituted by a real, independent Ordainer, having infinite power, intelligence and liberty, in other words, a Personal God.

This argument is an old one. It is used in the most sublime passages of the Book of Job and in the most beautiful Psalms of David, as well as in almost every other book of the Bible. It was described or defined by almost all of the best philosophers of every age, Jew and Gentile, Christian and infidel. Kant, who finally gave it a precise and logical definition, expresses the idea strikingly in these words: "The incomparable magnificence and sublime immensity which arise from the artistic structure of the universe, enable us to ascend higher and higher, till, by means of scientific reasoning, we at last reach the absolute greatness and uncreated substance of an infinite, living and Personal God." Z.

Life in the World.

The lily decked in robes of purest white,
No fault might cause to wear a crimson hue;
The rose, whose blushing cheeks are washed in dew,
No wild-eyed fiery monster could affright
To make it pallid. Nor the powers of night,
Nor breathings of the summer air can woo
The stricken willow from the grief which drew
Its branches to the earth in woful plight.

Yet man, creation's lord, aught else would be
Than what he is. So spurning his own life,
Drear discontent arises in his breast,
Forgetful of his noble destiny,
Despising his own action in the strife
He plods amain, nor finds a Place of Rest.

J. W. CAVANAUGH.

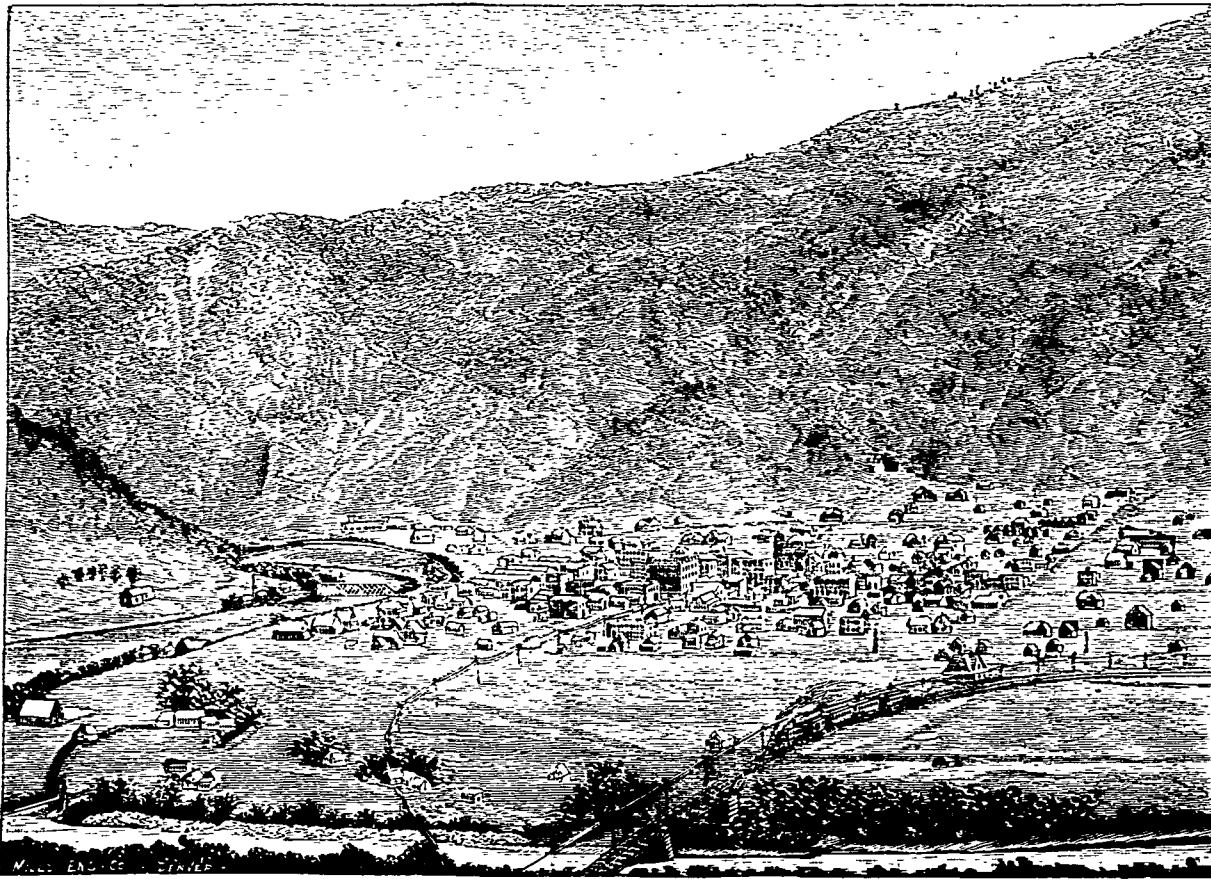
In the Heart of the Rockies.

Verily, ours is an age of surprises—of surprises, too, in a region that only a few years ago was labelled "The Impossible." The first part of our century has well been designated as the "Age of Iron," and the extent of the iron industry in all its manifold branches can leave no doubt about the appropriateness of the appellation. The last quarter can with equal truth be denominated the "Age of Electricity," not only by reason of the thousand and one applications of this force, but also because of the almost miraculous results that have been accomplished

through its agency. Indeed, from a utilitarian standpoint, the two noblest representatives of Matter and Force are iron and electricity. Iron and electricity it is that have made our modern civilization possible, and have brought the nations of the world into an intimacy of contact that even within the memory of those now living could never have been imagined. Time and space have been virtually annihilated, and man

to have fortified by impossible barriers, to have designed as the domain of some free and independent commonwealth.

It is only a few decades since, when a large portion of the trans-Missouri country was known as the "Great American Desert," and when all the vast tract of territory that intervenes between the Rockies and the Sierras was a veritable *terra incognita*. A quarter of a century ago



GLENWOOD.

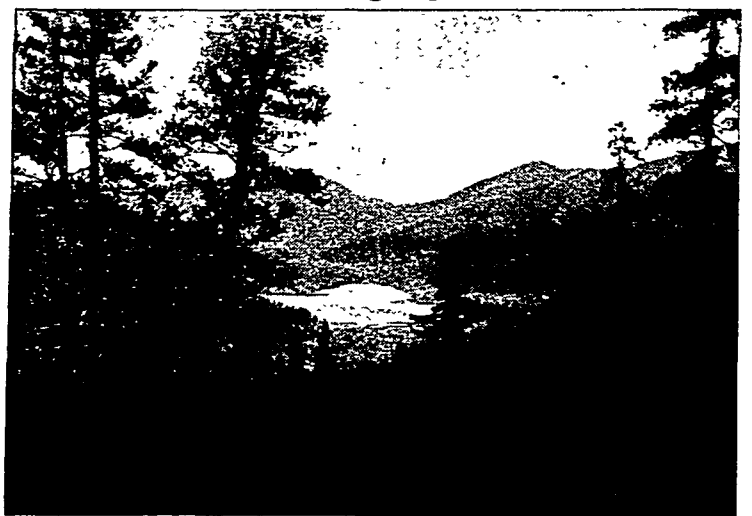
rejoices in what, as far as the world in which he lives is concerned, amounts almost to omniscience and omnipresence. The sayings and the doings of his fellows in the most distant parts of the earth are made known to him with what approaches the speed of thought; and a unity of human interest is thereby effected that far transcends anything that ever suggested itself to poet's fancy or sage's dream.

All this is especially true of our own country where there is such a vast extent of territory, and where there are so many and such diverse interests to be considered and harmonized. Without the bands of steel that connect the North with the South, and the Atlantic with the Pacific, and without the magical conductors of electrical energy that, like a network, overspread the country from border to border, the United States, as we know it to-day, would be more of an impossibility than any Utopia that was ever conceived. And more particularly is this true of the Great West. Nothing short of such agents as those mentioned ever could have developed and kept in the Union such an immense stretch of territory—a territory that Nature itself seemed

Pike's Peak was the name for all that now comprises the great State of Colorado. The Pike's Peak country was then supposed to be marvellously rich in veins and deposits of the precious metals; but then the question was how could they ever be reached and brought to the markets? No one then dreamed of ever crossing the mountains, or penetrating its deep defiles with railroads. It was regarded as one of the things which could not be done; and, when ques-

tioned about the matter, engineers unhesitatingly pronounced the project impossible.

But, in spite of all this, the work of construction was commenced only a few years later, and pushed forward with a determination that left no doubt in the minds of even the most skeptical about ultimate success. It is only a decade since the first narrow gauge road started out

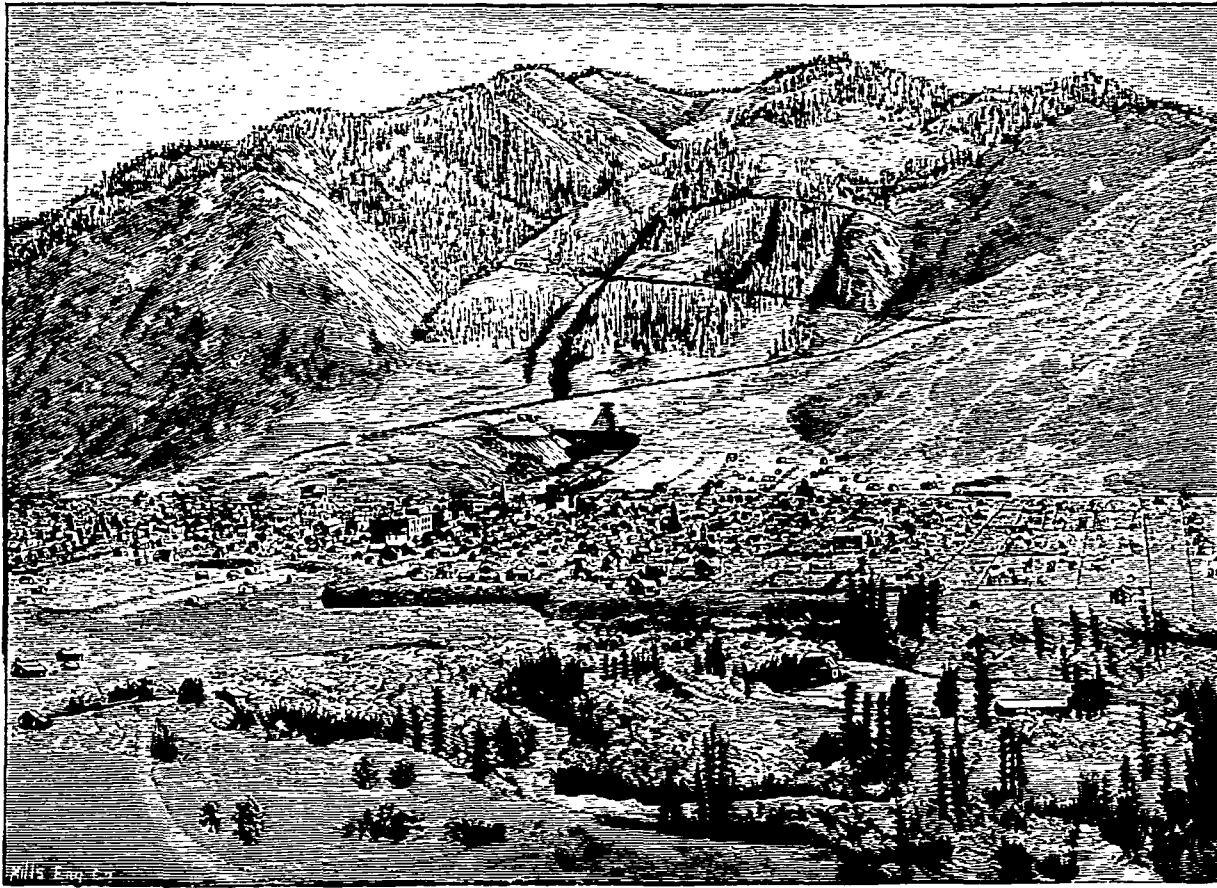


LOCH IVANHOE.

from Denver on its way across the crest of the continent. It had, it is true, to encounter difficulties that never before had presented them-

selves to the engineer. Grades and curves were made and passed over that surprised even the engineers who designed them. But all obstacles were overcome, and genius demonstrated that wherever even a *burro* could find a footing a narrow gauge road could be built and operated. The result is that to-day there is not in the state a

panorama before me, the thought occurred to me that a railroad would eventually be built through the beautiful parks and the rich mineral ranges that then offered themselves to my vision; but I never fancied for a moment that the work would be accomplished in anything like the immediate future.



ASPEN.

town or a mining camp of any importance that is not brought into intimate contact with the rest of the country by both railroad and telegraph.

When the success of the narrow gauge was demonstrated beyond peradventure, engineers began to discuss the question of constructing wide gauge roads in these same mountainous regions. The wise-acsers of a few years before again shook their heads and said: "Impossible!" But, notwithstanding their opinions and predictions of disastrous results, the enterprise was undertaken, and before these prophets of ill had time to recover from their surprise, it was announced that the road was completed and open for traffic. To-day it is acknowledged to be one of the most thoroughly constructed and most perfectly equipped roads in the country.

It is known as the Colorado Midland or, more appropriately, as the Pike's Peak Route. Starting from Colorado Springs, it winds its way around the base of Pike's Peak and, passing through tunnels and cañons and climbing over passes and divides, it finally reaches its present Western termini, Aspen and Glenwood Springs.

In the summer of 1882 I was on the summit of Pike's Peak, and whilst admiring the magnificent

What changes have been effected in Pike's Peak and its surroundings since that time; and what far greater changes have come over this region since visited by that gallant explorer after whom the "Colossus of the Rockies" is named—Capt. Zebulon Pike! The transformation is complete. What was then the *Ultima Thule* of daring explorers is now the centre of the most famed and the most favored health and pleasure resorts in the land.

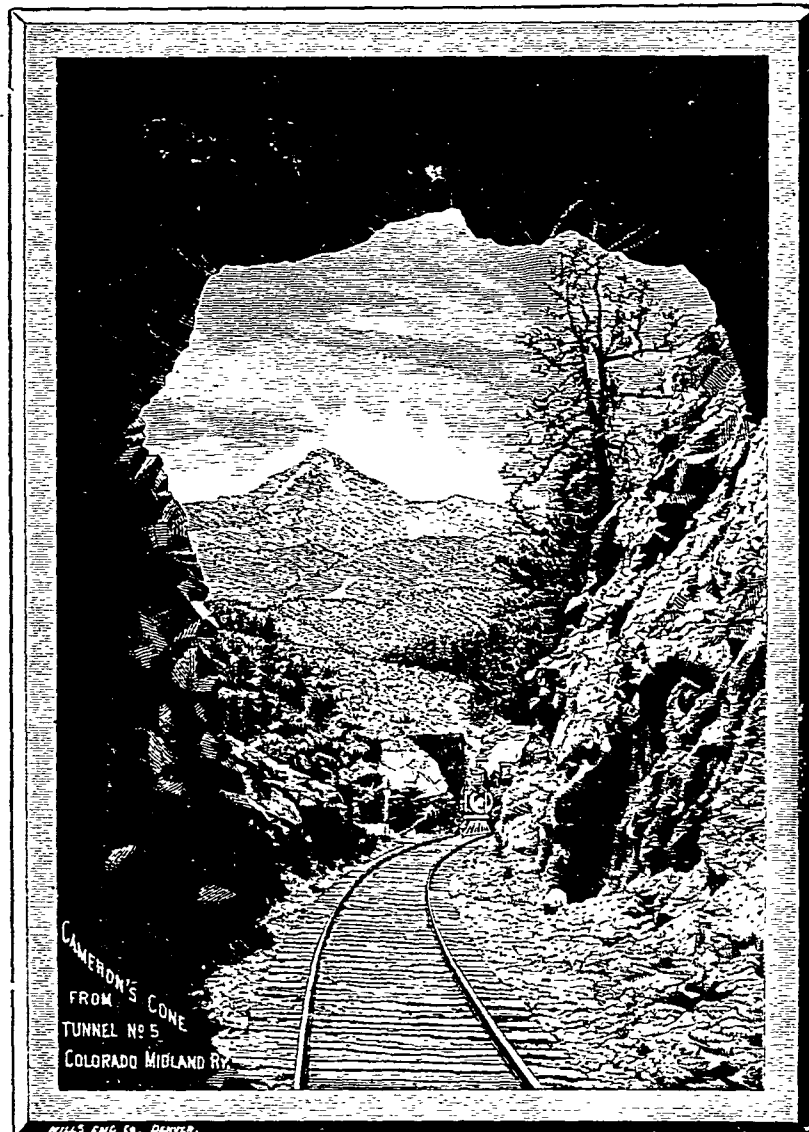
Just at the foot of Pike's Peak is the charming little town of Manitou—a place that rejoices in more natural attractions than any other one place either in this country or Europe. One will find here in



CECELIA FALLS, CASCADE CANYON.

an eminent degree all the beauty and grandeur of mountain scenery. Here are deep, rugged,

awe-inspiring cañons; there noble, matchless cascades and waterfalls. The Garden of the Gods hard by offers to the visitor the most peculiar and the most bizarre rock-structures to be seen anywhere in the world. A short walk from any of the hotels one can find, in the heart of the mountains, caves whose extent and wonderful stalactitic formations make them



CAMERON'S CONE.

and like complaints. But the largest hot springs in the State, and said by competent authorities to possess for a large class of diseases the most valuable curative properties of any hot spring in the Union, are to be found at the present western terminus of the Midland Road—Glenwood Springs. The steaming fountains at this place resemble in many respects those at Hot Springs, Ark., and at Las Vegas, N. M.; and if we may credit those who have carefully examined these wonderful waters, we are led to conclude that the waters of Glenwood Springs possess all the combined virtues of those of the Arkansas and New Mexican springs just named. And then the volume of water that wells out at the springs of Glenwood is immensely greater than that which issues from either of the other springs mentioned. It has been estimated that the flow at Glenwood is fully twenty times as great as that of all the Arkansas hot-

springs put together. Already large and luxurious bath houses have been erected, and many come here at all seasons of the year to seek the relief, if not the cure, that for a long list of dis-

the rivals of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, or of the famous Adelsberg Cave in Austria. And all along the delightful mountain stream that meanders through the town, are mineral springs of all kinds, affording an inexhaustible supply of water whose medicinal virtues are fully equal to those possessed by the waters of the most celebrated pass of Europe. Add to all this a naturally salubrious and sunny climate; an elevation of about seven thousand feet above the level of the sea—that guarantees a delightfully cool temperature in summer; a dry, electrical, invigorating atmosphere; numerous first-class hotels with all modern appointments; and one has some idea of what Manitou can offer to those in quest of health, recreation and pleasure.

But Manitou is not the only resort in the immediate neighborhood of Pike's Peak. Colorado Springs, six miles from Manitou, possess advantages, especially in winter, that Manitou does not. A few miles up the Midland Road is the beautiful summer retreat of Cascade, scarcely inferior in many respects to Manitou, and offering some attractions that cannot be found in the latter place or its environs. Cascade was laid out only after the completion of the Pike's Peak Route, but it is already one of the most popular of Rocky Mountain resorts.

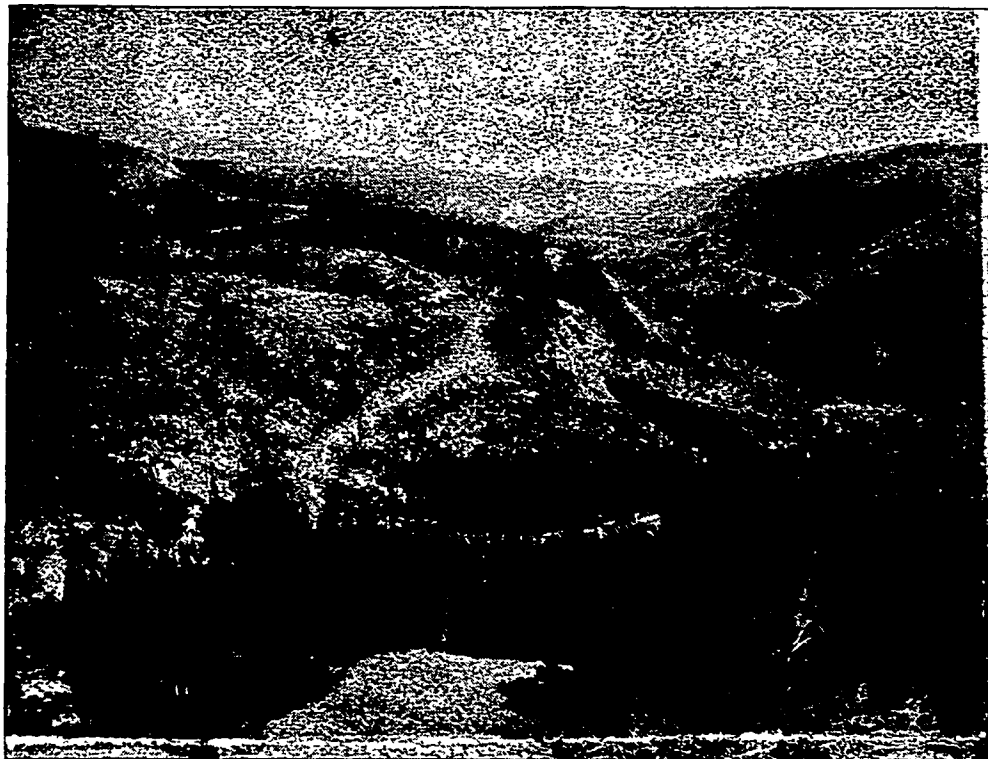
A few miles west of Cascade are Hartsel Hot Springs, whose waters are sought by those who are suffering from rheumatism



PIKE'S PEAK FROM MANITOU PARK.

eases, these remarkable waters are sure to effect. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the places of interest along the Pike's Peak Route are limited to those above indicated. They are found all along the line, from one end to the other.

Probably few of these places will attract the attention of the Eastern visitor more than Lead-



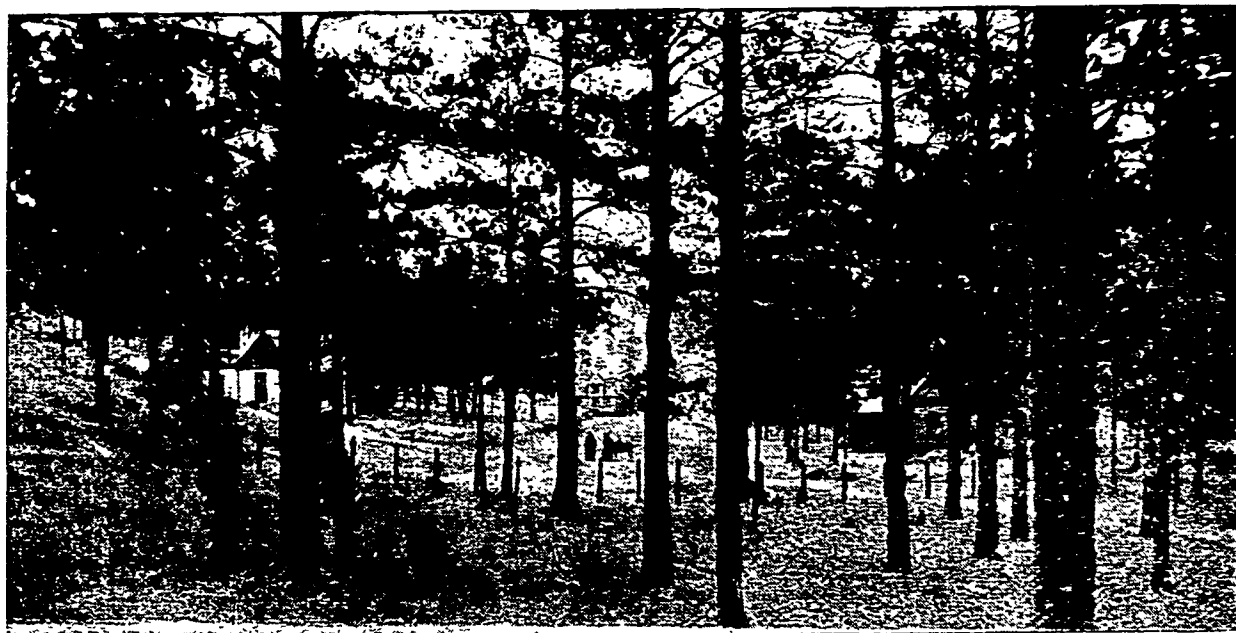
THE "LOOP" IN THE SAGAUCHE RANGE.

ville, which is justly considered the largest mining camp in the world, and which has contributed more than any other place within its boundaries to make Colorado the great State it is to-day. Here, better than anywhere else, one can have an opportunity of studying the methods and appliances of the dominant industry of the State—mining. Everything here is on a mammoth scale, from the engines employed in hoisting the precious mineral from the depths at which it is deposited to the smelters, where it is converted into bullion preparatory to shipment to the refinery.

Just across the Continental Divide is another mining camp that is rapidly developing into a second Leadville. Nestling in the heart of the mountains like an

Alpine village, Aspen is one of the prettiest of towns, of which the Centennial State can boast. As to location, it has only one superior in the State, and that is Ouray, and the site of Ouray eclipses anything of the kind in America.

One could not, however, within the limits of a short article tell of the numberless attractions of every kind that are presented all along the line of the now celebrated Pike's Peak Route. In the lakes and mountain streams, along which the road passes, the angler can have an opportunity of indulging in that rarest and most exciting pastime—fishing for speckled trout, that are here still found in large numbers. The hunter, too, will find a great variety of both large and small



GROVE IN CASCADE CANYON.

game. On the west side of the Divide, especially, having been less visited than the eastern slope, there is still an abundance of the larger game, particularly antelope, deer and bear. If one wishes to camp out for a few weeks, and get the full benefit of the fresh and health-giving mountain air, he can find no more beautiful places than Twin Lakes near Leadville; or Loch Ivanhoe, near the Western terminus of the celebrated Hagerman tunnel—remarkable for being, next to one in the Peruvian Andes, the highest railroad tunnel in the world—and a number of

glades and glens that might be named along the Frying Pan and the Roaring Fork rivers.

But no mere description can give even a faint idea of the manifold beauties and wonders of the Rocky Mountains as seen in the parts of the State alluded to in this article. To be able to appreciate their grandeur and magnificence one must visit them and see for himself, and there is no better way of reaching their inmost recesses than that afforded by that most marvellous example of railroad engineering—the Pike's Peak Route.

DON GIOVANNI,

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, June 1, 1889.

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

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—Persons here have often wondered why it is that many friends of Notre Dame will persist in locating the Congregation of the Holy Cross and the University of Notre Dame in South Bend. Our neighboring city is indeed prosperous and flourishing, rapidly growing in extent and population; but, as yet, there is no University nor House of the Congregation of Holy Cross within two miles of it. Many of those friends who misplace our *Alma Mater* have visited here and know that Notre Dame, with its numerous buildings and establishments of various kinds, is quite a little town in itself, with its own post-office to which all mail matter should be addressed, and that it is not within the corporate limits of the thriving city of South Bend. They should remember, then, that Notre Dame, Indiana, is the place where our University is situated and the seat of the Order, and there all friends and visitors will be assured of a hearty welcome.

—A distinguished and very welcome visitor to Notre Dame this week was the Very Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., formerly Provincial of the chief province of his Order in this country, and now President of Boston College. The Rev. Father has been sojourning at Hot Springs for the benefit of his health which has been somewhat impaired by unusually arduous labors during the past few years. Few men have worked harder and accomplished more in the cause of Christian education in the United States than Father Fulton, and we trust that a life so useful will long be preserved. To untiring zeal, great and varied learning, wide experience, and rare administrative ability, he unites many qualities which have made him a favorite wherever he is known. Notre Dame was a surprise to the eminent Jesuit, who declared that he would always have pleasant recollections of his visit here. We are sure he will not be forgotten by those who had the privilege of making his acquaintance.

A Hint about Conduct.

There is often a disposition among young people to show levity—a thoughtless levity it may be, and undoubtedly is in many cases—in church, by words and looks. Every slight incident is by some made an occasion of distraction—nay, even of a smile, or a titter, and a whisper to their neighbors.

All levity in church shows plainly that the one guilty of it has not a proper appreciation of the sanctity of the place, and he is therefore worthy of rebuke.

What is a church?

It is the house of God, because it is a place of prayer. It is the audience-room of God, where He listens to our petitions; if, then, we would have these petitions granted, we ought to avoid even the semblance of levity in our conduct, and deport ourselves with all the respect possible. But to Catholics the church is a most holy place of prayer. It has been consecrated by the ministers of God to His use alone, and in it God dwells, residing day and night in the tabernacle of the altar. Believing in the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, the Catholic ought, then, to behave with the same reverence and respect as he would were he to see Christ, no longer under the form and appearance of bread and wine, but in human form on the altar as on a throne of state.

Those who by word or look display levity of conduct in this holy place show that they are at least forgetful of the great Mystery of the

altar, and offer an insult alike to the believers assembled in the church and to God who dwells therein.

All persons, then, should show the utmost respect while in church. Their devotion should in the first place, be interior, by having a will and an endeavor to please God. But it should, at the same time be exterior, by a decent behavior, becoming at once to the place in which we kneel and the Person in whose presence we are. Hence talking and laughing, whispering and gazing about, dozing and inattention while services are going on, are entirely out of place. No one should enter a church in unbecoming clothes, and it is not befitting to walk precipitately or negligently, to spit upon the floor or pavement, or to make the least noise that might trouble the silence and recollection of the assembly.

He shows himself a man of gentlemanly instincts who by his actions on all occasions gives no offence to the feelings of his neighbors; and he who would willingly not only wound the feelings of his neighbors while in church, but would insult God in His own house, in nowise displays the manners of a true gentleman.

B.

An Intercepted Letter.

From Miss Laura Matilda Gaby, now sojourning in Paris, to Miss Euphemia Jane Dodd, of Thompkinsville.

MY DEAR EFFIE:

You will be glad to hear that we have arrived safe in Paris—Ma, and Pa, and I, with Professor Wynx, who is such a treasure because he knows French. After all the trouble we had, you know, learning Ollendorff in Miss Dabney's Academy, I find that there's something wrong about it—whether it's the pronunciation, or what. I asked the *garçon*—that's the waiter, my dear—for *beurre* the other day, and what did the wretch bring me but an immense glass of beer—shocking, wasn't it? But Professor Wynx explains everything. Yesterday, Pa brought home a new overcoat,—very cheap, as everything is except at hotels and restaurants. He was telling us what they called it in French, but could only remember that it began with a *p*, and he thought it was either a *porte cochère* or a *poste restante*, but he couldn't say which. Professor Wynx explained that it couldn't be a *porte cochère*, because that was only worn by coachmen, and as for the *poste restante*, it wasn't a garment at all, but only the post against which the coachman leans when unemployed. In fact, the overcoat

subsequently turned out to be a *pardessus*, which proves that the Professor was perfectly right. I am afraid he makes mistakes sometimes, though, but who does not? I was admiring a large building near the river the other day, and I made out that the name of it was *Defense d'Afficher*, and I asked the Professor what it meant. He said it was one of the principal defenses of Paris; but Pa thought it strange that a defense should be built in the middle of the city, so far from the fortifications. But the Prof. said that this was the place where they kept the *means* of defense—gunpowder and dynamite and such, and then Ma thought it very strange that they should have illuminated it so extensively as they did a few nights ago. The Professor reminded us, however, that the French were always a little disposed to be rash. Ma thought it lucky that we didn't live anywhere near that horrid *Defense d'Afficher*, but next morning we discovered another one just round the corner, so that we should be blown up to a certainty if anything should happen to the gunpowder. We made up our minds to change our lodgings at once, but the landlord assured us that *Defense d'Afficher* only meant "Stick no Bills." Ma said she would never believe that nasty Professor Wynx again, but I don't think she ought to be so hasty.

The city is decorated with flags of all nations, the French predominating, of course. The tricolor is generally arranged in groups around a shield with the letters R. F. on it. I supposed at first that this meant *rinforzando*, as our music master always taught us. But here they say it means "Marianne," although I can't understand how that can be. Perhaps they are the initials of her surname. There is a statue of Marianne in the middle of the *Place de la République*—she looks like Liberty Enlightening the World, only she is brandishing an olive-branch instead of a torch. I can't understand how so statuesque a lady can be spoken of with such unseemly familiarity. Sometimes they even call her "*Marianne la gueuse*."

But talking of statues, my dear, it's awful—I mean the statues in the Exposition building, without a stitch on them. I had to let my veil down and lower my parasol, only peeping out now and then to see if we were past the objectionable features. I don't mean to say that they were all objectionable. There was one of a young lady, for instance, in a contemplative attitude, with hands clasped as if in prayer. The name of this statue, as I read it, was "*Prière de ne pas Toucher*." Professor Wynx thought she must be one of those very sensitive young

ladies that won't let anyone come within a mile of them. But I thought it very sweet and touching, and so did Ma. We afterwards found the same inscription "*Prière de ne pas Toucher*" on a set of elegant drawing-room furniture, which perplexed us a little; but then you know, dear, there are so many perplexing things in France. It's a delightful city, however—the ladies' costumes are just too lovely for any use. But I don't believe there's as much business to the square inch, as there is in New York.

Don't forget to feed the goat regularly until I return. I shall have lots to tell you that I couldn't say in a letter. Remember me to Aunt Peculiaranne and all inquiring friends.

Ever thine,

LAURA MATILDA GABY.

Music and Morals.

BY F. L. JEWETT, '90.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

—*Merchant of Venice.*

The sun smiling through crystal drops shakes its white light into blue, and red, and yellow hues; and, as the beads of fresh fallen rain tremble in the wind, we may watch the primary colors of the rainbow combined and recombined with wondrous alchemy into more subtle flame of emerald, purple and orange. The painter goes forth each day into a new Eden and finds his palette already laid for him. He cannot choose, but take the materials and follow the suggestions which Nature has so freely given him. Thus, Nature gives man the art of painting, as it were, ready made. For him the sun sets and rises, and the summer glows, and the woods change so softly and slowly beneath his gaze that he has time to record every tint before it has passed away.

But what has Nature done for the musician? She has given him sound, not music. Nowhere does there fall upon his ear, as he walks through this world, such an arrangement of sounds as can be called a musical subject, or theme, or melody. Far less does he find anything which can be described as a musical harmony. The thunder is not affecting because of its melody, but because it is loud. The mocking-bird's song, when at its best, has the advantage of being a single and not unpleasantly loud whistle. But the notes of the mocking bird can be imitated so as to defy detection. The English cuckoo is the nearest approach to music in nature; but

this tuneful fowl gets less credit for his vocal powers than almost any other, and so he is hunted from hedge to hedge, as the very outlaw among birds, and is rated but a coarse and vulgar songster by man. The cries of most large birds, such as the ostrich and peacock, are intolerably disagreeable. Nor are the voices of animals from the pig, the cat and the donkey downward any better.

The poets, from time immemorial, have tried to throw dust in the eyes of mankind whenever they have touched upon this subject. The harmonies of Nature are purely metaphorical. There is no music (as understood by a musician) in Nature—neither melody nor harmony. Music is the creation of man. He does not reproduce in music any combination of sounds he has heard, or possibly could hear, in the natural world, as the painter transfers to his canvas the forms and tints he sees around him. The painter's art lies upon the surface of the earth; its secrets are whispered by the yellow cornfields spotted with crimson fire, and the grand oaks upon the hillside; but the musician's art lies beneath the surface. His rough material of sound is like a dull diamond, earth-incrusted and buried in deep mines; it simply does not exist as a brilliant and priceless thing of beauty until it has been refined and made luminous by deliberate arrangement, and set in splendor of chaste gold.

What is the value or dignity of the art of music? When we come to a symphony by Beethoven philosophy is dumb, or rides off upon a quibble about the scientific structure of music, or its technical qualities, all true and interesting, no doubt, but still leaving untouched the great art problem of music.

Music as distinguished from the rude attempts of ancient times, is only about four hundred years old. The music of the modern times is alone worthy of the name, and is the youngest of arts. Music has been brought to the highest perfection, but still ranks unfavorably with the other fine arts. The secret of the wonderful power of music is still unfathomed; but the day is at hand when the "veil of the prophetess will be lifted," and music will stand perchance the mightiest of arts.

The early violin-makers by long lives of solitary toil and intense thought, slowly discovered the perfect lines and proportions which made the violins of Cremona the wonder of the world. And so the different schools of painting in Italy brought out the elements of form and color, which are found united with such richness and grace in the masterpieces of Raphael, Titian and Michael Angelo. Thus the great masters

of the sixteenth century began to arrange the rudiments of musical sound in combination; not merely correct according to their narrow code of melody and harmony, but in studied and sympathetic relations, adapted to the ever-changing emotions of the heart. Palestrina, to whom we owe modern melody, and whose harmonies enchanted Mozart and Mendelssohn when they first heard them in the Pope's chapel at Rome, was born in 1524. In two hundred and fifty years from that date the delights of melody and the depths and resources of harmony had been explored. The powers of the human voice, the capacities of stringed instruments,—and the different wind instruments—the modern organ and pianoforte had been discovered. Music could no longer be called *terra incognita*. The symphony, cantata and opera have been given to us and elaborated by Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Schumann, the great masters of the eighteenth century.

The high culture of music for which Italy had been famous passed from her hands about the year 1736 into the hands of the Germans. Germany was destined to see the rise and progress of the Symphony and Oratorio, while Italy devoted itself henceforth to the "Italian Opera."

Italy has the gift of sweet and enchanting melody. Rossini has shown himself master of the very limited effects of harmony which he chose to cultivate. The musicians claim that there is a wide gulf between the music of Rossini and Beethoven, because the German music possesses the truer expression of the emotions. The Italian music makes us sentimentalize, the German makes us feel. One gives the emotional conception of artificial suffering or joy, the other the emotional conception which belongs to real suffering or joy. For this reason German musicians such as Handel, Haydn, Glück, Mozart, Schumann, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Wagner are placed in the first rank. Still we must not forget that Rossini, Verdi, Auber and M. Gounod have composed music which holds the admiration of the civilized world.

The life of a great singer or instrumentalist is full of peril—peril to virtue, peril to art, peril to society; but this is not owing to the gift of music in itself, but entirely to conditions imposed upon the artist in the outer world. There need be nothing in the life of a prima-donna to demoralize, any more than in the life of any other gifted woman. There are songs which stir within us the finest impulses, and great operas which are calculated to ennoble while they delight. The majority, in fact nearly all of the characters impersonated on the operatic stage,

do not shock decency, but tend to promote the highest sentiment. Give a right selection of songs, give a course of operas, dealing if you will with a certain amount of crime and a fair instalment of horrors, but so constructed as to be effective in results without being immoral in tendency (and the greater works of Shakspeare and Wagner satisfy both these conditions); give the singer good remuneration and, above all, sufficient repose, and, lastly, a recognized and an honorable position in society, and all special peril to personal virtue ceases. But, of course, good people who think music and the drama necessarily wicked must be respected, but cannot be reasoned with. Still in society there is an undercurrent of belief that the executive musicians are less distinguished for their morality than their neighbors. Inspect any equally small class of persons exposed to similar temptations and morals will not be one of its strong points.

The executive musician is always before the public and, as a consequence, his private life is more frequently and rudely handled than other people's. But look at the lives of some of our greatest musicians, such as Handel, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Every composition of the illustrious Haydn's was begun with the words the name of God. And whenever he found it difficult to write he would resort to his Rosary in prayer, and he declared it was always accompanied by the happiest results.

Music is like the sound of bells at night, breaking the silence only to lead the spirit into deeper peace. And, like a laden cloud at morn, rising in gray twilight to hang as a golden mist before the furnace of the sun,—like the dull, deep pain of one who sits in an empty room, watching the shadows of the firelight full of memories; like the pæans of exalted praise; like sudden songs from the open gates of paradise. Such is music.

Local Items.

- Read the illustrated article on the "Rockies."
- One week more before the final examinations!
- The waiters last Sunday did nobly, Mr. Hennessy excelling.
- Companies "B" and "C" will take a trip to the Farm to-morrow.
- Melady says that he never did have much confidence in mascots, anyway.
- That little affair at second base was a very pleasant diversion in Tuesday's ball game.
- Mr. Tiburtius C. Goebel, of the Class of '89, will be the Valedictorian at Commencement.

—There promises to be an unusually close contest for the special base-ball medal this season.

—The "Greens" won the first championship game in the Junior 3d nine by a score of 33 to 11.

—The parts have been assigned for the commencement entertainment of the classes in elocution.

—New strong doors have been placed at the entrance to the subterraneous cavity underneath the pie-house.

—J. B. O'Sullivan officiated as umpire for the Minim base-ball game last Tuesday afternoon. He escaped in safety.

—Tewksbury asserts that he never studied elocution. The mellow cadence of his silvery voice was kindly nature's gift.

—Melady assures us that the two "ladies of color," who were interested spectators of last Tuesday's game, "jonahed" his mascot.

—One of the inventions in the near future is a small sized foot-ball: we think it will obtain a large sale in the Senior base-ball nines.

—The dedication of the new St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Rev. D. J. Hagerty, rector, will take place to-morrow, Sunday, June 2.

—Our local orators are hard at work on the orations for the "Grand Contest." Things will be lively on the evening of Tuesday, June 18.

—The embankment on the west side of the road behind the Presbytery has been sodded. This improvement adds greatly to the beauty of the landscape in that locality.

—Just to convince himself that his hand had not "forgot its cunning," Jove Foster stripped off his coat the other day and carried bricks for the workmen in Music Hall.

—The "Reds" of the Juniors say that their defeat last Tuesday was in a great measure owing to the absence of F. Krembs, their first base man and one of their best batters.

—With the advice and assistance of about two hundred of the Senior students, the workmen are progressing rapidly in their work upon the new steps in front of Music Hall.

✓ —We understand that the cataloguing of the University Library has been begun by Assistant Librarian Berry, and it is expected to be published by the opening of school in September.

—The new pedestal for the statue, which the members of the Archconfraternity recently received from France, is a real work of art. It is the skilful production of Mr. J. Erb, of Mishawaka.

—What has become of the musical music box that, earlier in the session, was wont to regale the cultured ears of the Senior dep't on "rec" mornings? Has it fallen into "innocuous desuetude?"

—The painstaking care that Bro. Bonaventure and his corps of assistants have bestowed upon the grass plats this spring has resulted in the unusually neat and beautiful appearance of the College lawns.

—It is the opinion at Sorin Hall that if the Boston ball team advances its lead a few more points, Tiernan will cease altogether to tread the common dust of earth, and walk entirely upon the ether.

—The members of the choir deserve great praise for the beautiful music which they contributed to the Church services during the month of May. Under the skilful direction of Prof. Liscombe this organization has met with great success.

—The devotions of the month of May were solemnly closed on yesterday (Friday) evening. A sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by the Rev. Father French, after which Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. President Walsh.

—Last Sunday was a day long to be remembered by the Junior Archconfraternity: the trip to the Farm was all that could be desired. Rev. President Walsh sang High Mass and gave Benediction. The boys returned about 7 p. m. and gave the new college cheer, which we think is far better than the old one.

—A welcome visitor to the College on Saturday last was the Rev. J. T. Callaghan, Assistant Rector of the Church of the Holy Angels, Chicago, of which the Rev. D. A. Tighe, '72, is the esteemed Rector. Father Callaghan was pleased with his visit here as were his friends, and we hope he will find time to visit us often.

—The first of the series of games for the base-ball championship between the second nines of the Senior department was played on Tuesday last. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
REDS:	6	1	0	0	0	5	0	2=14
BLUES:	2	2	4	1	1	0	5	*=15

—On Friday morning the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dwenger, Bishop of Ft. Wayne, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of seventy-six students. The ceremony, which was very solemn, was preceded by the celebration of Holy Mass by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, after which, though suffering from a severe cold, he preached an eloquent discourse on the special grace which the Sacrament conferred, and on the great duties of the young Christian in the warfare of life. The words of the Rt. Rev. Bishop made a deep impression upon all present.

—The Junior Branch of the Archconfraternity enjoyed an excursion to the Farm on the 26th ult. They were accompanied by St. Joseph's Band of Mishawaka, which discoursed pleasing music on the way and at the Farm. The dinner was a regular *fête champêtre*, tables being spread under the waving oaks of this delightful retreat. The day was all that could be desired, and naught occurred to mar the festivities of the occasion. The members of the Confraternity, under the direction of Rev. Father Stoffel, were accompanied by Rev. President Walsh, Rev. Father Kirsch; Bros. Basil, Augustus, Laurence and other invited guests.

—The Herbarium lately procured from Mr.

W. W. Calkins, of Chicago, contains over 4000 species of North American plants. The best collectors of American plants are represented, such as all the fascicles of Curtiss and most of Pringle, Mohr, Arthur, Eggert, Mary Reynolds, Addison Brown, Dr. Short, of Kentucky, etc. The collection is especially available for class use, as the species are arranged in alphabetical order in thirty volumes, and are well and securely mounted. The fruits constitute a separate collection, and in this are to be found nearly all the representatives of the Carpology of North America. In addition there is a collection of about two hundred wood section, illustrating structure, etc.

—On Thursday last, the festival of the Ascension, thirty-two young students of the University made their First Holy Communion in the college church. During the previous three days they had carefully prepared themselves for this, the greatest act of their lives, under the direction of the Rev. Father Granger assisted by the Rev. Father Regan. At eight o'clock on the morning of the festival Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. President Walsh, assisted by Revs. J. A. Zahm and N. J. Stoffel as deacon and subdeacon. After the Gospel an eloquent and appropriate sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Kirsch. At the Communion of the Mass the "acts" were read, and the young communicants, neatly and tastefully attired, advanced, two by two, to the altar steps and received from the hands of the celebrant their Lord for the first time. The ceremony was solemn and impressive, and will long be remembered by those who participated in it.

—The annual excursion of the Senior Archconfraternity to St. Joseph's Farm took place on May 19. No little credit is due the genial director, Rev. Father Stoffel, and to his industrious co-worker, Mr. Ed. Prudhomme, the Society Treasurer, for their untiring efforts to make the affair a success; and that it was a success is beyond question. The day dawned fair, and the faces of the stately Seniors beamed with pleasure and joyous expectations. At 9 a. m., P. Shickey, Notre Dame's "Old Reliable" hackman, pulled up before the College steps with his assortment of carriages, busses, hay-racks and farm wagons which have done service for a quarter of a century. Soon one hundred and fifty of the University's best students and invited guests, consisting of Rev. Fathers Walsh, Stoffel and Morrissey; Profs. M. F. Egan and J. Fearnley, were aboard for a holiday. The company reached the Farm at about 10.30. Rev. Father Morrissey, assisted by Rev. Fathers Walsh and Stoffel as deacon and subdeacon, offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Seniors had been preparing a Mass for the past week, and it was the verdict of all that they acquitted themselves admirably. At 12 m. dinner was announced. The tables had been placed in the grove, and fairly groaned under the weight of many delicacies.

And need I say the Seniors did ample justice to the repast? Well, hardly! During the afternoon the excursionists traversed the broad acres of the St. Joe Farm o'er and o'er. At 3.30 p. m., they again assembled at the chapel to assist at Benediction. The hour had now advanced, and after thanking the religious for their kindness, preparations were made to return home. At 7 p. m. we were once more within the portals of our college home; and the vigorous, hurrahs of a hundred lusty voices testified to their appreciation of the day's enjoyment.

—BALL GAME.—The University "Reds" won last Tuesday's ball game. The game was the second one of the championship series, and was the second victory for the "Reds." Pitchers Long and Cooke did excellent work; but their support was only passable. In the eighth inning Long left the box on account of sickness, but he afterward covered left field very acceptably. The game was one of little interest after the fourth inning when the "Reds" lead became so great that there was little hope of their opponents overcoming it. Long's throw to first and Mattes' catch in centre, together with timely hits by Campbell, Combe, Kelly and Hayes were the features of the game. Bronson did his usual excellent work on first. The score:

REDS.	T.	A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	H.	S.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Kelly, 3d b.....	6	3	1	4	1	2	4						
Hayes, r. f.....	7	3	3	2	3	0	0						
Bronson, 1st b.....	7	4	1	4	10	1	0						
G. Cartier, c.....	5	6	4	5	6	1	0						
Inks, c. f.....	6	1	1	2	0	0	3						
Mattes, 2d b.....	7	3	4	0	2	2	0						
Fleming, l. f.....	5	4	2	1	4	1	0						
Cooke, p.....	6	1	1	1	1	10	0						
Kehoe, s. s.....	4	1	0	0	0	3	0						
Total.....	53	26	17	19	27	20	7						
BLUES.	T.	A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	H.	S.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Campbell, s. s.....	4	2	1	1	0	5	3						
Tewksbury, 2d b.....	4	1	2	3	2	3	1						
Gallagher, c.....	3	1	0	0	6	4	2						
Mackey, 3d b.....	4	0	0	0	6	1	2						
Long, p.....	5	0	0	0	0	12	1						
D. Cartier, l. f.....	4	1	1	0	0	0	2						
Melady, 1st b.....	4	0	0	0	13	0	2						
Combe, r. f.....	3	1	1	0	0	0	1						
Brown, c. f.....	4	1	0	2	0	1	1						
Total.....	35	6	5	6	27	26	15						

Earned Runs: "Reds," 4; "Blues," 3. Two base hits: "Reds," 3; "Blues," 2. Three base hits: "Blues," 1. Base on balls: "Reds," 7; "Blues," 5. Hit by pitched ball: Kehoe. Struck out: by Long, 6; Campbell, 2; Cooke, 7. Pass balls: Gallagher, 5; Tewksbury, 3; Cartier, 2. Time of game: 2 hours, 45 minutes. Umpires: Coady and Smith. Scorer: T. H. Brown.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
REDS:—	2	2	1	1	2	3	2	1	12=26
BLUES:—	1	1	2	0	0	0	1	0	1=6

—The 15th and 16th regular meetings of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association were held Wednesday evenings, May 8th and 15th. Master W. O'Neill was admitted to membership. J. Mooney read an excellent criticism on the 14th regular meeting, and H. Bronson was appointed critic on the 16th regular meeting. The feature of the meetings was the debate: Resolved,

"That High License is a more potent factor towards stemming the abuse of alcoholic liquors than Prohibitory Legislation." The judges chosen were J. McGrath, E. Hughes and H. Pecheux. J. Reinhard opened the debate with an excellent paper. E. Berry spoke extemporaneously on Prohibition, and showed his abilities as a speaker to good effect. F. Peck and C. Mooney finished the debate after which the meeting adjourned.

—THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, in a flattering editorial notice of the *Journal's Centenary Supplement*, says in closing: "No doubt it was through an oversight that the congratulatory telegram from Notre Dame was omitted from the published dispatches received during the Centenary." We discovered the omission just as we were going to press. Somebody charitably called our attention to the fact that neither Bishop Keane's Roman telegram nor the message from Notre Dame was on our list. We tried to remedy the blunder, but it was too late. The *Journal's* representative to whom the telegrams were lent for publication had mislaid the two in question. It was impossible to wait longer; so we went to press without them. Nobody regrets the omission more keenly than ourselves. Those who heard the burst of applause with which Bishop Keane's telegram and the Notre Dame message were received, when read in Memorial Hall, will testify to the appreciation felt by every Georgetown boy of the courtesy that prompted their sending.—*Georgetown College Journal*.

—The first game of the series for the spring championship in the Junior department, was played Tuesday, May 28. The game was devoid of any brilliant plays with the exception of the pitching of P. Fleming and T. Wilbanks; the former's pitching was very effective, striking out 6 out of 7 batteries in the two first innings; the latter held the Blue pounders down to 3 scattered hits, both pitchers struck out 8 men. The following is the score:

REDS.		A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	S.	H.	S.	B.	P.	A.	E.
T. Wilbanks, r.	4	0	0	0	2	2	11	0				
McNulty, l. f.	4	0	1	0	1	0	0	0				
McGrath, 2d b.	4	1	1	0	0	1	2	2				
Mooney, 1st b.	4	2	1	0	1	9	1	2				
H. Pecheux, 3d b.	3	0	1	0	0	3	1	2				
O. Ibold, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	1	0	0				
J. Connors, s. s.	4	1	1	0	0	0	2	2				
E. Berry, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0				
E. Hughes, c.	4	0	0	0	1	8	3	3				
Total	35	4	6	1	5	24	20	11				
BLUES.		A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	S.	H.	S.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Kehoe, 3d b.	5	2	1	0	1	2	1	1				
Bronson, s. s.	5	1	0	1	0	0	1	1				
McIntosh, l. f.	5	0	0	0	1	1	0	0				
Moncada, 1st b.	3	0	0	0	2	7	0	0				
Fleming, p.	3	0	0	0	0	5	9	0				
Duffield, 2b b.	4	1	1	0	1	1	3	2				
C. Shear, c. f.	3	1	0	1	0	1	0	1				
Ramsey, r. f.	2	1	0	0	1	1	0	1				
Hannin, c.	2	1	1	0	1	9	0	1				
Total	32	7	3	2	7	27	14	7				

Earned runs: "Reds," 1. Double plays: Wilbanks to Hughes, 1; Moncada, unassisted, 1. Base on called balls: "Reds," 0; "Blues," 5. Base hit by pitched balls: "Reds," 2; "Blues," 2. Pass balls: Hannin, 2; Hughes, 4; Wild pitches: Wilbanks, 3; Fleming, 2. Struck out: by Wilbanks, 8; Fleming, 8. Time of game: 1 hour, 50 minutes. Scorers: Hoffman and Reinhard. Umpire: Toner.

SCORE BY INNINGS:	—1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
REDS:	—0	0	0	0	1	1	0	2	0=4
BLUES:	—1	1	0	5	0	0	0	0	0=7

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Alvarez, Akin, Brennan, Burns, Burger, Blessington, Barnes, Brewer, H. Brannick, Barrett, Burke, Brelsford, Blackman, Cassidy, Cooney, S. Campbell, E. Chacon, G. Cooke, Cusack, Cullen, Carroll, Cavanaugh, Carney, T. Coady, P. Coady, L. Chute, W. Campbell, L. Chacon, Dacy, Dore, Dougherty, Dwyer, Davis, Eyanson, Finckh, Fehr, Ford, Fitzgerald, Goebel, Giblin, Gallardo, Galen, Garfias, Gallagher, Guillen, Houlihan, W. Healy, Hayes, Hackett, Hughes, L. Herman, M. Howard, Hoover, Hummer, Heard, F. Jewett, H. Jewett, Knight, Kelly, Kenny, Karasynski, Lahey, Lozana, Lesner, Leonard, F. Long, L. Long, W. Larkin, McNally, McErlain, H. McAlister, Mackey, McAuliff, McKeon, Jas. McCarthy, McGinity, Meagher, Murphy, A. O'Flaherty, E. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Hara, O'Donnell, P. O'Flaherty, L. Paquette, C. Paquette, Prichard, Prudhomme, Powers, Reynolds, W. Roberts, Rothert, C. Roberts, Stewart, Schmitz, Steiger, Sullivan, Stephenson, H. Smith, Spencer, Tiernan; V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Woods, Wade, C. Youngerman, F. Youngerman, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, W. Allen, J. Allen, Ayer, Aarons, Adler, Anson, Berry, Bates, Brady, Boyd, Baltas, Bradley, T. Cleary, Cunningham, Case, Connelly, Cauthorn, Chute, Covert, L. N. Davis, Des Garennes, E. Du Brul, Doherty, Ernest, Elder, Falvey, C. Fleming, P. Fleming, Frei, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Ferkel, Green, Heller, R. Healy, Hesse, Howard, Hoerr, Hughes, Hanrahan, Hague, Hartman, Hahn, Hammond, Ibold, Johnson, Jösllyn, Krembs, King, A. Kutsche, W. Kutsche, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Malone, Morrison, Mackey, Merz, McGrath, McMahan, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, McDonnell, F. Neef, A. Neef, Noe, G. O'Brian, OMara, O'Donnell, O'Rourke, Populorum, Pecheux, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Quinlan, Reinhard, S. Rose, I. Rose, E. Roth, A. Roth, Rowsey, Rice, C. Schillo, C. Sullivan, A. Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Shear, Sachs, Staples, Talbot, Tettard, Welch, Weitzel, Willian, Wilbanks.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, Brown, Boyle, Blease, Connelly, Cornell, Creedon, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Crane, Cudahy, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Carter, Clark, L. Downing, Durand, Doherty, Jas. Dungan, J. Dungan, J. Dempsey, Dorsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Dodson, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, F. Evers, G. Evers, Eckler, Elder, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, W. Furthman, C. Furthman, E. Furthman, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Gerber, Girardin, Gilkison, Gray, Hendry, Hamilton, Hagus, Hill, Henneberry, Hedenberg, Johns, Kroolman, Kane, Keeler, Kirk, Kaye, Koester, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Lonergan, Lehnberg, Lee, A. Marre, J. Marre, Maternes, Marx, McPhee, Mattas, McDanel, McDonnell, McGuire, Mooney, Mayer, Montague, C. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, Miller, Marr, Morrison, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Mosier, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Plautz, L. Paul, Parker, C. Paul, Powell, Quill, Roberts, Seerey, Snyder, Seidensticker, Stone, Steineman, Stange, Staffin, Thornton, Trujillo, Witkowsky, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, L. Wilson, W. Wilson, Watson, Waterman, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Two tennis courts add much to the pleasure attendant upon recreation hours.

—The examination in Christian Doctrine will be held Sunday, June 2; the musical examination immediately follows, and at its close that in studies.

—Rev. Father Zahm, who presided at the regular distribution of notes last Sunday, complimented the young ladies who recited and read: they were Misses N. Gibson, G. Rentfrow and little Maggie McHugh.

—On Tuesday morning, one of the Rogation days, the Children of Mary and the Community, singing the Litany of the Saints, walked in procession to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace, and on their return to the church High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father L'Etourneau. Monday and Wednesday the weather did not permit a procession.

—Among the visitors of the past week were: Rev. J. F. Callaghan, Mrs. J. Clifford, Mrs. T. A. Rooney, F. G. Moore, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Chute, Miss Chute, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. F. L. Standfield, Miss M. S. Knoblock, South Bend, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Reuhman, Mrs. E. Compagne, Denver, Col.; L. De Montcourt, Cairo, Ill.; J. R. Claffey, Bertrand, Mich.; W. S. Brewer, Woodville, Mich.

—The Children of Mary all during the month of their loved Patroness showed an edifying regularity in their attendance at the different exercises. All assisted at the Holy Sacrifice each morning; after dinner a brief visit was made to the Blessed Virgin's shrine, and in the evening were held the regular May devotions, consisting of hymns, the Act of Consecration and the Rosary, or an instruction.

—Thursday, the Feast of the Ascension, seven little girls had the happiness of making their first Holy Communion. They were: Hanna Cooper, Virginia Erpelding, Jennie Smyth, S. Smyth, of Chicago; M. Scherrer, of Denver; Zetta Johns, of Terre Haute, Ind., and M. Louis McHugh, of New York. In the afternoon the first communicants renewed their Baptismal vows, Sadie Smyth reading the formal act.

The Month of May.

"The voice of one who goes before to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine, sweet May."

There are few natures, even among the most prosaic, who are altogether insensible to the charms of this most delightful of months; while on the poetic soul it acts as an inspiration through which influence bloom the choicest flowers of fancy. Before the last bright days

of May 1889 are numbered with the past, forgetting its few unpleasantly cool ones, let us dwell for a moment on its claims to pre-eminence over the other months of the year.

Yes, truly is this the month that calls back the birds from their flight; that whispers to the sleeping flowers and shrubs, and bids them open their delicate petals to the sun. Now do the leaf-buds expand, and clothe the naked trees in beautiful foliage; while the cold and piercing winds of winter are transformed into soft, delightful zephyrs, and the frozen sleet into refreshing showers. The atmosphere is balmy, the sky assumes a mellow appearance, and the stars seem to shine with increased splendor. The stately trees sway majestically to and fro in the evening breeze, or bend to bathe their branches in the clear waters of the river.

The month of May has well been termed the month of flowers; for on every side are we greeted by these delightful objects. The river banks wear their royal robe of purple violets; the pale, fragile anemone charms the eye, while the May-apple extends its white petals to the warm sunlight. At this happy season, earth with her thousand voices invites us to ramble through forests made musical by songs of birds—the true companions of nature. At every step dainty flowers bend to welcome us; the rippling brooklet joins its voice with that of the merry birds, and everything speaks of the magnificence and harmony of Nature. As we wander out of her echoing temples, we are attracted on one side by hills clad with verdure, on the other, by blushing orchards that bend beneath the weight of their burden as their perfume is wafted on the air.

In other days and other lands, merry children were wont to welcome this month by appropriate festivities; and as they danced around the May-pole, their feet were not lighter than their gay, young hearts; while to her whose lot it was to be their May queen, did this month bring especial happiness. Sweet though this association may be, the month has another and one of higher significance.

The Church, ever responsive to the promptings of beauty, has selected this month as the one most appropriate to do honor to the Blessed Virgin, who was the fairest of the daughters of men, and whose days beamed upon the world like a beautiful spring making it bright by her heavenly virtues. Nor do the faithful children of Mary hesitate to honor her whom the King of heaven delighted to honor; for within the humble little rustic chapel of the wayside as well as beneath the dome of the stately cathedral,

everywhere are her praises sung; everywhere are loving petitions laid at her feet, for to each Catholic heart the Queen of Angels is indeed the Queen of May.

We who, as pupils of St. Mary's, dwell in a retreat dedicated to her honor, and where on all sides we are reminded of her protecting care should aim to be outdone by none in copying her virtues. Yet not by lip service alone; not by wearing her colors, shall we win the favors of this queen, but by our virtuous lives. Thus only will we earn the right to say to her:

"As we drift o'er death's dark tide,
O Help of Christians be our guide."

MARY DAVIS,
First Senior Class.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ADVANCED COURSE—Miss H. Guise.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses M. Rend, L. Van Horn.

1ST CLASS—Miss A. Reidinger.

2D DIV.—Misses E. Flannery, O. O'Brien.

2D CLASS—Misses M. Barry, K. Gavan, M. Horner.

3D CLASS—Misses H. Coll, L. Ducey, M. Davis, A. Donnelly, C. Moran, M. Smith.

2D DIV.—Misses C. Hurley, M. Piper.

4TH CLASS—Misses M. Ansbach, L. Dolan, J. English, M. Gibson, E. Healy, N. Morse, E. Quealey, I. Stapleton.

2D DIV.—Misses I. Bub, M. Clifford, F. Hertzog, M. Hull, M. Jungblut, E. Linneen, M. McPhee, A. Regan, E. Wright.

5TH CLASS—Misses E. Balch, M. Bates, M. Beck, A. Caren, E. Dempsey, M. Fitzpatrick, N. Gibson, L. Henke, E. Lewis, M. Schoellkopf, G. Wehr, N. Wurzburg.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Anson, T. Balch, M. Flitner, A. Koopman, M. McHugh, F. Marley, H. Nester, E. Nester, A. Penburthy, C. Prudhomme, M. Smyth, R. Van Mourick, B. Wagner.

6TH CLASS—Misses E. Burns, M. Burton, Bush, M. Coll, L. Dreyer, M. Dunkin, N. Dunkin, E. Ernest, M. Fosdick, M. Geer, A. Hammond, L. Hubbard, F. Kahn, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, M. McCune, M. Northam, A. O'Mara, H. Pugsley, G. Rentfrow, L. Reeves, G. Roberts, L. Sauter, I. Schoellkopf, K. Sweeney, L. Taylor, B. Webb, J. Zahm.

2D DIV.—Misses C. Beck, S. Brewer, M. Burns, S. Campeau, J. Connell, I. Cooke, C. Daly, E. Davis, M. De Montcourt, G. Fosdick, C. Haight, S. Hamilton, M. Harmes, B. Hepburn, M. Kelso, R. Kasser, J. Ledwith, L. Levy, K. McCarthy, M. Miller, E. Nicholas, M. Patier, D. Spurgeon, B. Smith, A. Thirds.

7TH CLASS—Misses M. Ash, F. Burdick, R. Campbell, A. Cooper, C. Dorsey, V. Erpelding, A. Graves, S. Göke, M. Hagus, M. Hoyt, L. Johns, E. Kaspar, C. Kloth, J. Patrick, C. Quealey, A. Schrock, F. Soper, M. Thayer.

2D DIV.—Misses K. Barry, M. Davis, L. McHugh, F. Palmer, E. Regan.

8TH CLASS—Misses B. Davis, V. Kelly, M. McHugh, L. Mestling, M. Rose, N. Smith, J. Smith, M. Watson.

9TH CLASS—Misses P. Griffith, K. Moore, M. Scherrer.

10TH CLASS—Miss E. Burns.

HARP.

4TH CLASS—Miss E. Nester.

GUITAR.

3D CLASS—Miss M. Burton.

5TH CLASS—Misses L. Griffith, F. Marley.

6TH CLASS—Miss C. Haight.

VIOLIN.

Misses H. Studebaker, L. Johns, H. Nester, M. Northam.

MANDOLINE.

Miss S. Smith.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Misses K. Gavan, H. Guise, C. Moran.

2D CLASS—Misses C. Dempsey, M. Barry, B. Hellmann.

2D DIV.—Misses L. Meehan, R. Kasser.

3D CLASS—Misses E. Balch, F. Marley.

2D DIV.—Misses O. O'Brien, I. Horner, M. Horner, M. Fitzpatrick, M. Linneen, T. Balch, L. Dolan, I. Bub.

4TH CLASS—Misses F. Hertzog, U. Bush, G. Rentfrow, E. Hamilton, J. English, M. Schiltz, M. Piper, C. Beck, C. Prudhomme, E. Healy, A. Keeney.

5TH CLASS—Misses G. Wehr, M. Anson, C. Haight, H. Nester, I. Webb, M. Dunkin, M. Thayer, M. De Montcourt.

Notes.

WHAT alterations has nature itself suffered! What islands has the sea swallowed up, one of which, as Plato reports, was larger than all Europe or Africa; and what others has it not cast up anew! What buildings, or, to say better, what mountains have earthquakes left secure; many hills have been overwhelmed or turned topsy-turvy, and others have appeared, or sprung up, that were never known before. What cities have been sunk; what rivers dried up, and others burst forth through new channels; what towers have fallen; what walls have been ruined; what monuments defaced; how often has the face of things changed; how many revolutions have kingdoms suffered!

THE Roman empire never belonged to any nation or people, but held its seat in the single city of Rome; and the necessity for one man being exalted to supreme power has been abundantly proved by the example of its people who would never have reconciled themselves to the autocracy of Augustus and his successors if they could have seen any other possible means of escape for themselves from the horrors of anarchy and the bloodshed of rival factions.

HOMER died of grief, and Sophocles of an excess of joy; Dyonisius, by the good news of a victory. Aurelianus died dancing when he married the daughter of the Emperor Domitian. Thalys Milesius, when beholding the sports in the theatre, died of thirst. Fabius, a Roman senator, was choked with a hair which he swallowed in a draught of milk. A little grain of grape took away the life of Anacreon, and a pear which Drusus Pompeius was playing with fell into his mouth and choked him.

IF an act may be viewed in a hundred different lights look at it always in its fairest. If we cannot excuse an action, we may soften it by excusing the intention; if that be not possible, we may ascribe it to the force of temptation, or ignorance, or surprise, or human weakness: always preserve charity.

FEW have travelled far on life's pilgrimage who can look back on its chequered pathway and see it not thickly bordered with mounds raised above dead hopes and buried opportunities, over which the fitful gusts of memory sweep ever and anon, wailing: "Too late!" R.