LILITH.

A LEGEND OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY HOWARD GLYNNON.

Lilith was Adam's first wife—Legends of the Talmud.
She was tired of strangling the hearts of boys
With the straddles of her gold-red hair;
She was tired of brightening the innocent brow
Of bath instar and trust;
So she said unto God:—"I pray Thee, Lord,
Let me wander upon the earth,
To teach new ways to the women there
Who are weary of home and heart."
But the wonderful Mother of Christ, who sat
On the topmost step of the throne,
She looked up to God the Father and said:
When the words of Lilith were done;
"Now for the sake of the Son I bore.
And gave him to wife the meeker Eve,
She that was first made equal with Adam,
And she wrangled and fought with Adam, until
They were too much alike to agree:
Therefore it had come to pass that Lilith
And who, in her sorrow for sin, was like
The voice of Mary was sweet and low.
Christ looked in the Father's face, and then
She looked up to God the Father and said:
"Let Thy least handmaiden speak;"
"Yes!" urged "Wildney; "only think, dear old
To the sands upon the shore)
each other somewhere. Come, cheer up, old boy—being sens'nt much a very frightful thing after all.

"No," said Graham; "and besides, the bagging of the pigeons was only a lark, when one comes to think of it. It wasn't like stealing, you know; that'd be quite a different thing."

Eric winced visibly at this remark, but his companions did not notice it. "Ah," thought he, "things are going now in my life which I never shall be able to reveal to any human soul."

"Come now, Eric," said Wildney, "I've got something to propose. You shall play cricket to-day, and play for an age, and it's a high time you should. If you don't, you'll go mourning about the shore all day, and that'll never do, for you'll come back glummer than ever."

"No," said Eric, with a heavy sigh, as the image of Vernon instantly passed through his mind; "no more cricket for me."

"You, but you must play to-day. Come, you mustn't say no. You won't say no to me, will you, dear old fellow?" And Wildney looked up to him with that pleasant smile, and the merry light in his dark eyes, which had always been so charming to Eric's fancy.

"There's no refusing you," said Eric, with the ghost of a laugh, as he boxed Wildney's ears. "Oh, you little rogue, Charlie, I wish I were you."

"I'm going too," said the other, pooh! now you shan't get sentimental again. As if you weren't fifty times better than me every way. I'm sure I don't know how I shall ever love you enough, Eric," he added more seriously, "for all your kindliness to me."

"I'm so glad you're going to play," thought Eric, "and I'll be good for you. The game will divert your thoughts."

So that afternoon Eric, for the first time since Vernon's death, played with the first eleven, of which he had been captain. The school cheered him vigorously as he appeared again on the field, and the sound lighted up his countenance with some gleam of its old joyousness. When one looked at him that day with his straw hat on and its next, light blue ribbon, and the crickety dress (a pink jersey, and leather belt, with a silver clasp in front), showing off his well-built and graceful figure, one little thought what an agency was gawning like a serpent at his heart. But that day, poor boy, in the excitement of the game he half forgot himself, and more and more the game went on.

The other side, headed by Montagu, went in first, and Eric caught out two and bowled several. Montagu was the only one who stayed in long, and that too, for Eric sent his middle wicket flying with a magnificent front, the shouts of "well bowled! well bowled indeed!" were universal.

"Just listen to that, Eric," said Montagu; "why, you're outdoing everybody to-day yourself."

The other side, of course, could not notice it, but at the time merely attributed it to some unknown gust of feeling, and made no comment. But Eric, hastily borrowing another bat, took his place again quite tamely; he was trembling, and as his next ball, he sponged a miserable catch into Graham's hand, and the shout of triumph from the other side proclaimed that his runnings was over.

He walked dejectedly to the pavilion for his coat, and the boys, who were seated in crowds about it, received him, of course, after his brilliant score, with loud and continued plaudits. But the light had died away from his face and figure, and he never raised his eyes from the ground.

"Modern Eric!" said Wildney, chaffingly, "you don't acknowledge your honors."

Eric dropped his bat in the corner, put his coat across his arm, and walked away. As he passed Wildney, he shook his head and whispered again in a low voice:

"I think we've all had a lesson once before not to suspect too hastily. Still, in a matter like this," said Montagu, "one must take notice of apparent cues."

"I know what you're thinking of, Monty," said Duncan.

"Well, then, did you hear anything when you and I surprised Eric suddenly two days ago?"

"He's taking tea with the Doctor," said Wildney.

"Oh, then, I'll come too."

Wildney at once joined his friend. "There's nothing more to be said in it?"

"Yes, thank you, I must go."

"Oh, then, I'll come too."

Wildney again joined his friend. "There's nothing more to be said in it?"

"Well, then, I'll come too."

They entered his study, and he looked about everywhere for the key. "Hallo!" he said, "I'm nearly sure I left it in the corner of this drawer, amongst other things; but it isn't there now. What can have become of it?"

"Where's the box?" said Duncan; "let's see if any of my keys will fit it.Hallo! why, you're a nice treasurer, Monty! here's the key in the box!"

"No, it isn't thought about," said Montagu, looking seriously at him. "Here give it me; I hope nobody's been meddling with it."

He opened it quickly, and stood in dumb and blank amazement to see it empty. "By Jove!" was Duncan's only comment.

The boys looked at each other, but neither dared to express what was in his thoughts.

"A bad, bad business! what's to be done, Monty?"

"I'll rush straight down to tea, and ask the fellows about it. Would you mind requesting Rose not to come in for five minutes? Tell him there's a row."

He ran down stairs hastily and entered the tea-room, where the boys were talking in high spirits about the match, and liberally praising Eric's play.

"I've got something unpleasant to say," he announced, raising his voice.

"Hush! hush! hush! what's the row?" asked half a dozen at once.

"The whole of the cricket money, some six pounds at least, has vanished from the box in my study!"

For an instant the whole room was silent; Wildney and Graham exchanged anxious glances.

"Does any fellow know anything about this?"

All, or most, had a vague suspicion, but no one spoke.

"Where is Williams?" asked one of the sixth form, casually.

"He's taking tea with the Doctor," said Wildney.

Mr. Rose came in, and there was no opportunity for more to be said, except in confidential whispers.

Duncan went up with Owen and Montagu to their study. "What's to be done?" was the general question.

"I think we've all had a lesson once before not to suspect too hastily. Still, in a matter like this," said Montagu, "one must take notice of apparent cues."

"I think what you're thinking of, Monty," said Duncan.

"Well, then, did you hear anything when you and I surprised Eric suddenly two days ago?"

"I heard some one moving about in your study, as I thought."

"I heard more, though, at the time it didn't strike me particularly. I distinctly heard the jingle of money."

"Well, it's no good counting up suspicions circumstances, we must ask him about it and act accordingly."

"I think he'll come up to the studies again to night!"

"I think not," said Owen; "I notice he generally goes straight to bed after he has been out to tea, that's to say, directly after prayers."

The three sat there till prayer-time, taciturn and thoughtful. Their books were open, but they did little work, and it was evident that Montagu was filled with the most touching grief. During the evening he drew out a little likeness which Eric had given him, and looked at it long and earnestly.

"Is it possible?" he thought. "Oh, Eric, Eric! The kindest, Eric's bosom friend; can that face be the face of a thief?"
• No, Duncan," he said, looking up, "I do not know
• he had got cheered there for
• he had spent a pleasant, quiet evening, knowing what had happened, felt far more cheerful and hopeless than he had done before, although he was still ignorant how to escape the difficulty which threatened him.
• that as he entered he was the object of general attention; but he attributed it either to his playing that day, or to the circumstances in which he was placed by Billy's treachery, of which he knew that many boys were now aware. But when prayers were over, and he saw that every one shunned him, or looked and spoke in the coldest manner, his most terrible fears returned.
• He went off to his dormitory, and began to undress. As he sat half abstracted on his bed doing nothing, Montagu and Duncan entered, and he spoke to see them, for they were evidently the bearers of some serious intelligence.
• "Eric," said Duncan, "do you know that some one has stolen all the cricket money?"
• No—what—?" he cried, leaping up as if he had been shot. "Oh, what new retribution is this?" and he hid his face, which had turned sahy pale, in his hands.
• "Yes, a short, Eric, do you know anything about it?"
• "If it is all gone, it is not I who stole it," he said, not lifting his head.
• "You be a runaway, I'm thinking!" asked, turning to a rough-looking sailor who sat beside Eric on the bed, and put his arm round him to support him, for he shook violently. There, with deep and wild emotion, and many interrup-
• The prayer-bell dispelled his reverie. Eric en-
• and suspects. Never mind. I must give up my
• "Do you know anything about it?"
• "Yes, I know it must. Yet, oh, do be merciful, and don't yet condemn me. I have denied it."
• "You must know, Eric, that the suspicion against you is very strong, and rests on some definite facts."
• "No! No! Yet stop; don't let me add a lie... Let me think."
• "You cannot, then, Eric, that the suspicion against you is very strong, and rests on some definite facts."
• "Yes, I know it must. Yet, oh, do be merciful, and don't yet condemn me. I have denied it."
• "Am I a sinner, Monty? O Monty, Monty, believe me in this!

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The problem leads me to believe the text is from a English school novel or a historical fiction piece. The dialogue and setting suggest a historical period. However, due to the fragmented and unstructured nature of the text, it is impossible to provide a coherent summary of the main plot or events. The text contains various snippets of conversations, including a dialogue about the theft of cricket money, a discussion about the possibility of a student being a thief, and reflections on past events and feelings. The narrative style is formal and contains references to events and people from the past, suggesting a historical context. It is challenging to extract a clear plot or character development due to the fragmented nature of the text. The language used is formal and suggests a historical setting, indicating that the text may be part of a larger work, possibly a novel or a historical account.
but not gaudy. The articles that fill up its columns are not only most interesting to the student, but are high-toned and worthy of the gallant corps of young editors.

New Omnibus Line.

Mr. Patrick Shileyke, of South Bend, Indiana, has established a new omnibus line between the depot of the I. S. Chattanooga, Notre Dame and St. Mary's, for the special benefit of all persons coming to Notre Dame and St. Mary's. Parents and friends coming here will be glad to know this line is in the hands of a reliable man, who will depend for his success on the merit of his line as a cheap, prompt and rapid mode of conveyance to and from all towns. We commend him to the patronage of our friends.

Holy Week.

Palm Sunday.

Palm Sunday (next Sunday), the first day of Holy Week, which is consecrated to the special commemoration of our dear Lord's passion and death, is so called from an ancient custom, still retained by the Church, of doffing sandals and placing them in the hands of a person whom they regard as a personification of the dead. In the case of our Lord this was done. It is therefore not unmeaning to touch the foot of the humblest person as a sacrifice, a type of the sacrifice of the Son of God. The feet of Jesus were washed by the Virgin, who with laudable equanimity of mind, but when a second person is touched, the feet of the humblest person, the humblest person of all, the humble body of our Lord, is touched. The Pharisees and scribes, who would do well to come out, would do well to show respect to the humblest person, who is Jesus seen in the body of a humble person. The Pharisees and scribes, in view of the great mystery of the foot-washing, would do well to show respect to the humblest person, who is Jesus seen in the body of a humble person.

The “Afflicted Reader” has been “gone for” extensively. Those who have kindly prodded him for giving unasked advice have shown their good taste and good sense much more by following his advice than by pitching into him. The taste and good sense of many are shown by their good taste and good sense in following his advice. Those who have kindly prodded him for giving unasked advice have shown their good taste and good sense much more by following his advice than by pitching into him.

The processions, and for this reason we need say nothing more about the year 818, by Abbot Theophylactus, is taken from a treatise on the subject of theodolites. The words and music so extensively. Those who have kindly prodded him for giving unasked advice have shown their good taste and good sense much more by following his advice than by pitching into him. The taste and good sense of many are shown by their good taste and good sense in following his advice.

At Vespers the touching hymn, "VexiOa Begis," is sung. It would require much space to speak of the two particles of the Host, one of which is consumed at the Mass of the Lord's Supper, and the other is retained by the Church, of solemnly blessing the Host. The Thursday of Holy Week is called Holy Thursday, and from the Mashtitum or command given by our Lord for washing the feet. On this day the Church commemorates the anniversary of that day on which Christ instituted the most august sacrifice of the Mass. In the week especially dedicated by the Church to sorrow, we are allowed one day on which to rejoice. It seems as if the Church would, even while she mourns, bid us lift up our hearts and rejoice. It seems as if the Church would, even while she mourns, bid us lift up our hearts and rejoice. It seems as if the Church would, even while she mourns, bid us lift up our hearts and rejoice. It seems as if the Church would, even while she mourns, bid us lift up our hearts and rejoice. It seems as if the Church would, even while she mourns, bid us lift up our hearts and rejoice. It seems as if the Church would, even while she mourns, bid us lift up our hearts and rejoice. It seems as if the Church would, even while she mourns, bid us lift up our hearts and rejoice.

The Office of Tenebrae, which is chanted or recited on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Holy Week, consists merely of the lessons and prophecies chanted during the Office, from the Fathers of the Church. The Holy Thursday services, and the Holy Thursday ceremonies, are taken from different parts of Scripture and from the Fathers of the Church. The Holy Thursday services, and the Holy Thursday ceremonies, are taken from different parts of Scripture and from the Fathers of the Church.
placed before our eyes. But the repository is covered with white. No signs of grief or death are to be seen. We are to regard our Lord as on His throne of glory. The Church celebrates the death of her Saviour by sorrow. She now shows us in an image a throne that the faithful may indulge their devotion towards the most Holy Eucharist. And while she adorns with flowers and costly ornaments the place where the Lord rose, she leaves the principal altar, stripped of all ornament, to exhibit the desolation of the passion.

The washing of the feet, or mandatum, as it is called, takes place generally in the evening. This custom is very ancient in the Church. Indeed, no period since the days of the Apostles can be fixed upon for its introduction. Most writers agree in holding that the ceremony was continued from the time of our Lord and His Apostles. The persons whose feet are washed differ according to the special rites of each particular church. But all now agree in selecting some two or thirteen persons. We believe that at Notre Dame the custom exists of washing the feet of thirteen members of the Sodality of the Holy Angels. Pope Zachary, in the year 741, decided that this ceremony might be performed in convents—the masses washing the feet of each other.

GOOD FRIDAY.

All nations, even the English alone, call the Friday of Holy Week Holy Friday. We, more appropriately, call it Good Friday. This day has from the first ages of the Church been held as a day of sorrow and mourning. It was in its earliest ages styled the Paschator, and such was it called by Tertullian, because on that day Christ, our passover, was slain. The Essenians or Asytes of Egypt great and small, fasted, watched, and sang for this day when the sacred ministers approach the altar they prostrate themselves upon the floor. A chanter sings a lesson from the prophesy of Ose, in which our Lord calls upon the people for repentance. The subdeacon sings a lesson from Exodus, describing the Institution of the passover, which is, in a great manner, prophetic of the death of Christ. The passion of our Lord, as related in the Gospel of St. John, is sung by three choirs with nearly the same ceremonies as on Palm Sunday. On Good Friday, the anniversary of the day on which Christ laid down His life in expiation of the sins of the world, the Church prays for all persons. First, she prays for the Church, then the Pope, the Bishops, Priests, Deacons, etc., of the Church of Rome, for the catechumens; second, to remove all error, of disease and famine, to liberate all captives, and bring the wanderer home. She prays for heretics and schismatics, for the present, and for the future. When prayers for the Jews the ministers and people do not bend the knee, because on this day the Jews bent their knees in mockery and derision before our Lord, making the more shadow of a king. After these prayers, the Cross is uncovered and exposed to the adoration—not the worship—of the faithful. This ceremony brings to the minds of the devouts the whole history of the passion and death of Christ, as related in the Gospel of St. John, and there, at the foot of the Cross, they can make some slight reparation for the indignities daily heaped upon our Divine Saviour. This ceremony having terminated, a procession leaves the principal altar, stripped of all ornament, to exhibit the desolation of the passion. This day has appropriately, call it Good Friday. On this occasion the concluding ceremony of the week begins. At the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the Mass is celebrated. A censer filled with incense is drawn over the altar, and the holy water is blessed. The Passion is chanted, and the ceremonies of Holy Saturday are begun.

The expression of our Lord to his disciples, "Peace be with you," is followed by the Institution of the Holy Eucharist, which is most solemnly celebrated on this day. In the morning, before the celebration of the Mass, the reader of the liturgy reads an extract from the history of the passover sacrifice to explain the various institutions of this great sacrifice. The following is an extract from the Latin text of the Ho
Tables of Honor.

Senior Department.

March 15.—J. F. Leftingwell, J. Rossko.
C. Hodgson, D. Maloney, J. Swartz.

Junior Department.


D. A. C., Sec.

The Exhibition of the 19th.

In years gone by it was customary for various societies hereabouts to produce a play at long intervals. When these exhibitions were to be given was always pleasantly anticipated. In our days, though, the redundant Thespian shortens these intervals—have given tragedies, dramas, comedies, farces, etc., and thereby have added many a pleasant reminiscence of our Alma Mater to our already long list.

Another of these fine entertainments was given by that society on last Tuesday evening, in honor both of St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's feasts, the celebration of St. Patrick's day being postponed because it fell on Sunday. All day long at Notre Dame the great theme of discussion was the forthcoming play which at so many places "boys" were "gobbled," play, play, resound-ed on all sides; in the afternoon everyone was exc-it-ed, supper was hurriedly dispatched, and exc-ele-mence had a high school rushed fever heat several "boys" were seated in Washington Hall. Presently Very Rev. Father Provincial and many others of the clergy entered; we likewise noticed Dr. Bligh, Mr. Mahon, his excellent lady, and the accomplished Misses McMahon and Boyne, besides several other ladies and gentlemen. The Band struck up the noble overture to Triscend, under the direction of their talented leader, C. R. Lilly. Not satisfied with playing a single piece, they proceeded to get away with the "Ranger's Quickstop," which was followed by the general applause of the audience. But what does that idios copia mean which moves so gracefully through the air? It is the band of Brother Leopold, the indefatigable teacher of the Junior Orchestra, that guides it. Suddenly the glorious strains of the "War Chimes" by Mendelssohn, and right gallantly those Junior pupils; & finished, the little bell tinkles—once—twice—and the curtain goes rapidly up upon the first scene of the benediction of the human soul. It is unnecessary to write a long, extended notice of the merits of the respective actors; their names are a sufficient guarantee of their being as nearly as must be possible for everyone's behoof. Mr. Moriarty, as "Count Flavy," was—Moriarty—what more can we say? His acting was superb. Mr. Darr, in his character of "Loredan," though suffering from an indigestion, fully sustained the reputation which he has earned on the stage at Notre Dame.

Mr. P. J. O'Connell as "Bland Smyle, Esq.," did well; he should, however, remember Hamlet's speech to the players: "Speak the speech . . . . trippingly on the tongue." Stevens' closing "speech ing" was naturally given by Mr. T. F. O'Mahony; he strongly reminded us of those patron venders whom we so often see. May his "Patent Poker and Chimney-service" move with the success of a Scotch flush which such a ridiculous invention so justly deserves! Those two inimitable spirits of the "Aris-tocracy, Mensa," "Adolpbus" and "Augustus First-water," in the personages of "J. F. M. Rourke," T. Watson, and T. Ireland were all that could be desired. "Eh! Augustus!" They excited the risibles of their audience in a very effectual manner and deserve the credit for their impersonation. "Oh! such a ' Dolphus!" Mr. M. J. Moriarty in the triple rôle of "Jukes the Detective," "Ephraim Cage, of the Amalgamated Society," and "Bullford the escaped murderer," displayed his remarkable talent to decided advantage. "Drudge," the music, was well done by J. M. Rourke. "Puffa," by H. Walker, and "Niffs," by J. Zimmer, had not much to do, but what they did do was done well. "Mr. John Gour-lings" was well played by E. Gambel. This play was gotten up within a few days, under many inconveniences; but notwithstanding all these things—despite facts which speak for them selves—we believe the members of this society that deserve high praise for their efficient acting. The play having been finished, Father Corby arose and in a few well-chosen remarks, especially the one about sleeping until half-past six, closed the proceedings.

The assembly then dispersed to the tune of the "Sharp-Shooter's March" by the Band, and we think the performers were highly pleased with their evening's entertainment. Should the outrageous "Afflicted Reader" think this report contains too much about "Tom," and "Harry," let him have a look at this with.

J. Frizzell.

Programme:

Music (Unsecured), N. D. C. G. Band; Music, Junior Or­chestra.


Cast of Characters.—Count Flavy, M. J. Moriarty; Lore­ Java, G. W. Darr; Gaunt, A. A. Torna; Robert de Lancy, H. H. Hunt; Hinsdi, P. Cochran; Beppa, D. Maloney; Jan-hakker, H. Walker; Ghost, Assassins, Knights, etc. music, N. D. C. G. Band; Junior Orchestra.

"The End of the Tether, or a Legend of the Patent Office," a farce in two acts, written by G. C. Buckley, was played as an after-piece.

Dramatis Personae.—Mr. Bland Smyle, Moby Bobble Com­pany Promoter and Flirtation Agent, P. J. O'Connell; Stevens­on Goring, an Euthenistic Inventor, T. F. O'Mahony; Lord Adolphus and Augustus First-water, Twa spits of the Aris-tocracy, T. Watson and T. Ireland; John Grant, brother to Stevenson, and steward to the two lords, E. F. Gambel; Drudge, Nibs and Puffs, Clocke to Smyle, J. M. Rourke; J. Zimmer, H. Walker; Jukes, a Detective, Eph­raim Cage, of the Amalgamated Society's Tenet, Bullford, and Presently the Farce—erroneously called a Mon­ument in honor of a third, and laud to the artists and painters, drink to the memory of one, drop a tear over the melancholy fate of another, erect monuments in honor of a third, and laud the virtues and valor of Washington and Napoleon, can scarcely suppress a snore, a smile or a laugh when the word saint is mentioned. The clergymen, the doctors, the lawyers, and the lawyers, all the pleasures of house, society, and country, and encountered dangers of every description in order to convert the heathen and civilize the savage; Saints, men who were covered with marvellous heroism, the most intense pain on the rack, at the stake, and in prison; Saints—men who, though eminent for their talents and distinguished by their birth, yet relinquished the highest worldly honors that they might devote themselves to a life of prayer and poverty. We do not wish to depreciate the honor due any man for the services he may have rendered society, but we can safely assert that greater men have lived, more eloquent justice never breathed, more practical benefactors of the human race never trod the earth than the saints, and consequently no class of men are more entitled to all the admiration of our everlasting gratitude among whom none holds a higher rank in the affections of the people than St. Patrick. To prove that his labor was in earnest, and that it received the special approval of Heaven, we need but consider the unwavering fidelity of the Irish people to the faith which he planted on their soil. It makes little difference where St. Patrick was born but that he was born for a question. When he landed upon her shores he found the people, though pagan, bountiful, warm-hearted and hospitable. They manifested towards him that same genuine kindness which his descendents, even at the present day, are noted.

In a short time he had the satisfaction of converting many of them to the true faith,—every day saw the rapid decline of paganism, till at length every vestige of idolatry disappeared from the land. Pagan superstitions vanished before the light of Christianity, temples dedicated to the living God sprang up on all sides as if by magic; schools were opened, and in every country, every man's redemption towered towards heaven, mostintense exertion all to place their hopes on high. After forty years' labor in the vineyard, St. Patrick was called to receive the rewards of his saintly labors.

His successors continued the labor he began, and soon the whole island was dotted with monasteries,—monasteries which were, only another name for seats of virtue and learning. To these monasteries the people from all parts of civilized Europe flocked, that they might quench their thirst for knowledge at one of the purest fountains then existing. So deeply was Ireland become that the education was not doomed complete unless finished on the soil. Her sons crossed the seas and were welcomed by all the schools of Europe, where they freely in­herited their knowledge to a host of Irish students.

This wonderful change was effected in Ireland without shedding a single drop of blood. No pagan hands were raised to strike down the humble ministers of God; proscriptions and persecutions were reserved for a more enlightened age. So fruitful was Ireland in virtue that all Christendom styled her the "Isle of Saints," a title that she has never forfeited by heresy or apostasy.

But she could not have retained that proud title had she been permitted to live without suffering. In the middle of the twelfth century Ireland was betrayed into the hands of England by one of her
The Irishman. Occasionally in the life of a Student, there are moments of pleasure which, when they come, go down through life in his heart as a bright spot in his College career. Such a time came on last Sunday evening.

Directly after supper, the summons came to the St. Cecilia's Men that an improvement in the band was wanted, in honor of some gentlemen who were then here. In a twinkling, the Orchestra—the renowned Junior Orchestra—stepped forth, with all the paraphernalia of processional music, and, as it were, gathered their manuscript; and, after a tearful and oratorical address, every one repaired to the big parlor. The active participants went to their respective places; the others retired to the seats prepared for them, and in fifteen minutes after the first notice, every one was ready for business. The director noticed the presence of some of the absent. Rev. President, Father Corby, then entered and took his seat. The Orchestra then struck up the beautiful "Milanillo March," which was greeted with enthusiastic applause. This was followed by the "Brookfield Gallop," also by the Orchestra. Mr. A. C. F. Filson, who had kindly offered to render a beautiful song—"From the Alps the Horn Resounding"—by Proc. Mr. Mark M. Foose then arose and read some selections from the new "Journal paper," the "Philomathian Standard." His clear enunciation and graceful manner earned a round of hearty applause. Mr. Filson then sang the song called "After," with success. Mr. C. Dodge followed with his excellent rendition of the "Sailor Boy's Dream." This was said to be one of the finest pieces of eloquence ever given here, and any one to endorse this, needs but to hear it given by the young gentleman mentioned. Mr. Filson then amused the audience with "Popsey Wopsey." Mr. Berbel also excited the risibles of the audience with his rendition of "Der Schmacher's Boy," and calmed them down with "The Knight's Toast," both well rendered. Mr. D. J. W. then proceeded to the piano, played a medley, introducing "St. Patrick's Day," which was encored; he responded with "St. Patrick's Day" with variations. Messrs. W. Dodge, M. Mahoney, and J. F. McIlhagh, spoke about "Washington," "Tobacco," and "Heolendiwen with variations." Mr. McIlhagh was especially enthusiastic in introducing, with two side-splitting pieces of poetry, which convulsed his audience. The Orchestra then played the Germasi Quadrilles. Mr. H. Hunt, who had been called on for a speech, became the speaker, and expressed his obligation to the society. Father Corby then arose and made a few remarks, laudatory of the Association, and expressing his pleasure at the performance of the evening. All then retired to the tune of the "Firefly Waltz." PHILLY.

Juanita Base-Ball Club.

Although you have not heard from us for the past few weeks, do not think that we are entirely inactive in this cause and have remained all this time without stirring ourselves. The rush of applicants for membership was so great that besides the regular semi-monthly meetings we were often compelled to call special ones. On the 17th inst a meeting was called, and after transacting the usual amount of preliminary business, we proceeded to the election of members, of whom I am happy to mention the names of Messrs. W. Davis, the latter of whom is an old and efficient Juanita. After a few remarks of encouragement by some of our prominent officers, the meeting, on motion, adjourned. D. E. M. COR. SEC.
TABLE OF HONOR—SIL DEPT.


HONORABLY MENTIONED


First French Class—A. Todd, M. Lange, E. Culver, E. Plemenson, A. Mast, F. Taylor.

First German Class—K. Zell, E. Brown, K. Miller, M. Dillon.

Second German—M. Paxon, P. N. Ball, N. Ball, J. Mills.


DRAWINGS

First Class—D. Green, A. Clarke.

Second Division—M. Kelly, S. Hayman.


First Class—A. Robson, J. Mills, G. Kellogg.


SOCIAL MUSIC


TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEPT.

March 17—Misses L. McKinnon, A. Gollhardt, F. Munn, B. Quan, T. Cronin, K. Quan, T. Cronin.

HONORABLY MENTIONED

Senior Class—Misses K. Leontoun, N. Gross, A. Clarke.

Senior Class—Misses K. Quinn, M. Quan, A. Clarke, S. Honeyman, J. Duffield, M. Paxson.

Preparatory Class—Misses G. Kelly, E. Morgan, L. Harrison, J. A. Walsh.


Notre Dame Scholastic

St. Cecilia Philomathian Association.

The 23th, 26th and 27th regular meetings were held, respectively, February 28th, March 3rd and 6th. After J. Dunn and J. Devine had read their compositions for admission, and were elected, the regular exercises commenced, consisting of declamations and essays. J. Spillar's "African Prince" was well delivered. J. Rumley handled the "Soldier's Ode" with dexterity. P. Cooney was at home on board "The Old Trossides." C. Dodge's "Dream" was delivered in an excellent manner. P. McHugh's "Dream" was rich. J. McHugh's "Procession" was short and keen. J. Quinlan's "Dream" was delivered in an excellent manner. Great applause was due to Messrs. Clarke and Mitchell, who constituted the committee of management, for the way in which everything was arranged to contribute to general comfort and social feeling. P.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

The "Ave Maria," A Catholic Journal, particularly devoted to the Holy Mother of God. Published weekly at Notre Dame University, Indiana, exclusive of the College Press. 12¢ per copy, in advance, or 10¢ per copy at the mailing office. 10 copies or more, in advance. 5 copies at a time, in advance.

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" 6.30 p. m
" 7.50 a. m.
" 11.00 a. m.

" 12.30 a. m.
" 7.00 a. m.

" 8.30 a. m.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAIN No. leaves South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST

Leaves South Bend 10 a.m. Arrives at Buffalo 3:10 p.m.
10:00 a. m.

GOING WEST

Leaves South Bend 5:00 p.m. Arrives at Chicago 8:20 p.m.
6:30 a.m.

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To Lafayette and Louisville.

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