"If I Were a King."

A Drama in Four Acts.

(Enter Genaro suddenly, agitated, vest open, hair dishevelled etc., etc.)

Silvio. (Rushing in with the other boys to greet him.)

"We were all speaking of you."

Phillippo. (Shaking hands with him.)

"Welcome home, Genaro; may God bless you! Are you well?"

Genaro. (Shaking hands and leading Silvio to a mound.)

"Have a seat!"

It seems an age since you have run away.

Pray, what has kept you?

(All regard him anxiously.)

Genaro. Oh! it's nothing, boys.

Baptisto. Genaro, had Cecato gone away, and staid without good reason, in that case—"We would think nothing of it; but for you—"We do not understand it.

Cecato. Hear the lambs! They welcome you, but want your own account.

Genaro. Which they shall have to-morrow; now, my friends, I rather think how pleasant 'tis to meet.

Cecato. You found more pleasant friends when away; therefore you staid so long.

Genaro. There you mistake.

Home is the sweetest place on all the earth.

But what did Banquo say that I was gone; or did he not observe it?

Cecato. Catch him blind!

He bustled like a hornet, and declared he'd beat you till the blood ran.

Genaro. (Rising proudly.)

"Beat me! No!"

Banquo shall never beat me!

Silvio. Let him try, and we will string him for it.

Cecato. But, I pray, what has disturbed your feathers? you, as near as a one year old lambkin,—what rude brier has torn your fleece?

Genaro. (Laughing.) My hair, then, needs a comb. Boys, I am tired; come, let me rest awhile, and in the morning all shall be quite smooth.

(Banquo appears on a mound)

Baptisto. (Music.) Yes,—rest, Genaro. Boys, come on,—let's dance to welcome Genaro. Silvio, tune your guitar. Now, boys, take your stand.

(Aaside.) 'Tis not our business why he was away.

(Phillippo, Cecato, Marco, and Baptisto dance an Italian step; Genaro looks on for awhile, then falls asleep and the dance closes.)

Cecato. (Approaching Genaro cautiously) Genaro is asleep. I'm glad he is! But I do wish I knew what happened him! Silvio. Stop talking, Cecato, or he will wake; besides, we ought to go and tend the sheep, and leave the poor boy resting. (Exeunt omnes but Genaro; he awakes after a moment.)

Genaro. (Rising to a sitting position.)

"Is it morn?"

No; only twilight—(he looks around to assure himself that he is done)—of a happy day. Because I've saved a fellow-creature's life; and this is my reward—a Cross of gold.

(Draws a Cross from his bosom and kisses it.)

How near we all came drowning! It is well my strength did not forsake me.

It is a happy day—to save a prince—The boat sank down so swiftly I saw not the coat of arms embossed upon the prow; I leaped into the bay and grasped the youth—My energies all bent on saving him—and, rescued once, my mind was so absorbed, if nobleman or beggar it was the same; but when he gave this Cross and promised me protection and undying friendship, then—His gentle, courteous words unnerved my strength. I swooned, and when revived the Prince was gone; but o'er me bent his servant, and he gave me reviving cordials, and a world of thanks; "For he whose life you saved," the servant said, "is the great king's beloved and only son."

(Thoughtfully) 'Twas odd how he was wrecked!

'Twas very strange! Would I could meet that Prince again, for I am tired of life without endeavor. Eat—drink—sleep,—no thought, no act to elevate my mind.

Oh! it is galling to me! I would learn..."
About the great, broad world. I want to be
All that my soul can make me. Here, I am
A poor, ignoble shepherd: but within
There pants a heart that burns for something higher.
Would I had means to cultivate my mind!
I pray to meet that generous friend again;
His words ring in my ears. I love the Prince.
(Mournfully) But no, no, no! I am but a simple shepherd—
The slave of Banquo,—treated as a brute,—
Bearing injustice till my soul is crushed.
Who thinks of poor Genaro? There's not one.

- (Enter Banquo.)

Banquo (Not seeing Genaro.)
That wretch of a Genaro! The young scamp
Is growing too large for his old shoes!
I'll teach him a good lesson!
(He flours his whip and perceives Genaro.)
Ha, you wolf!
Were have you been these three days? Speak, I say!—
You filthy, cheating viper! Were 've you been?
And what've you been about? Tell me, I say!

Genaro. (Proudly).
I've nothing, sir, to tell you.
'Tis a dream.

(Enter Valerio.)

Valerio. (Looking crossly.) Why, how odd you look!
(Abruptly) I understand! we both can run away!
Genaro. Or go in quiet to more worthy friends.
Valerio (Chapping his hands.)
Good! Let us go now and chat with the boys.
I'll tell them you are coming. So make haste.
(He runs off the stage, followed by Genaro walking slowly.)
(Curtain falls. Lively music.)

On Flattery.

It is an old French proverb that flattery is the hom­
age vice pays to virtue! There appears to be a great
deal of truth in this saying; at least it suggests to me some
thoughts that I shall try to express in my tedious and perhaps
round-about manner. Flattery certainly wears a
very pleasing aspect, and her approaches are always met
with favor; she does not encounter little checks and mortifica­
tions like other vices, unless she oversteps the limits
of modesty and abuses her privilege. All orders of society
are open to the seductive influence of flattery—the rich as
well as the poor, the master as well as the servant, the
wise as well as the foolish, the learned as well as the un­
lettered—so that opportunities for the exercise of it are
not wanting. We find, everywhere, that people are con­
tinually seeking out occasions to gain the applause of others,
that pride and vanity display themselves at every corner,
and that artifice and folly take the place of nature and com mon sense. How strange it is that people will suffer
themselves to be imposed upon by that which can be so
easily detected! for flattery may be as easily distinguished
from sincere admiration as mere thistle from pure gold.
But when we consider the weakness of human nature,
and how it falls into error at every step, this does not sur­
prise us; for we see that people are neglectful of every­
things that most nearly concern them; those professing to
be Christians, and believing that there is an eternity of
happiness or misery in store for them, they do not take the
precautions that would insure them against this greatest
of evils, the loss of their spiritual salvation; we hear people
speak of health as the best of temporal blessings, and yet
judge of human nature, and at the same time forsak­
ing
themselves to be imposed upon by that which can be so
easily detected! for flattery may be as easily distinguished
from sincere admiration as mere thistle from pure gold.
But when we consider the weakness of human nature,
ved, naturally feel pleasure when some one tells them that they have some peculiar excellencies, or that they have succeeded well in some undertaking. But too often they suffer themselves to be deceived by false blandishments, and pride themselves on accomplishments they do not possess, or at least not in the degree which they are led to imagine. It is in this manner that flattery operates as an irreparable injury, by sapping the foundation of self-improvement, and by concealing our defects until we are unable to distinguish our true character and make no efforts to correct the faults into which we have been led. It is in this sense that flattery has been accounted more pernicious in its effects than slander; for while slander destroys the good opinion of others, flattery undermines the character of the mind itself, until it fails like a tree whose root has been destroyed. A great deal more might be said of the artfulness and cunning of flattery, but I will content myself by hoping that all who desire either temporal or spiritual welfare will avoid it, or at least not be misled by it.

E. MCSWEENY.

The Ruins of Time.

Day and night, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, succeed one another; the earth moves on in its orbit, the appearance of the heavens is constantly changing before our eyes, and yet though we see these changes we seldom reflect upon the onward march of time—and that we, like the heavens, which we observe from night to night to be changing, are constantly undergoing alterations, though in a manner less perceptible. It is true that these changes, which are constantly taking place, do not sometimes cause even a thought, yet our ideas of things do not keep pace with what we know to be the case; if a child be taken from us, we notice it in particular no more. The rains, the winds, the frost, and the heat, are nevertheless at work changing, are interring, and we barely notice them, heeding nothing of the mind itself, until it fails like a tree whose root has been destroyed.

When an edifice is erected, we admire the beauty and polish of the material, the excellence of the workmanship, and the genius of the architect. But this admiration is but for a day or two; it then becomes commonplace to us, and we notice it in particular no more. The rains, the winds, the frost, and the heat, are nevertheless at work changing, are interring, and we barely notice them, heeding nothing of the mind itself, until it fails like a tree whose root has been destroyed. A great deal more might be said of the artfulness and cunning of flattery, but I will content myself by hoping that all who desire either temporal or spiritual welfare will avoid it, or at least not be misled by it.

We step into our library, take up the Iliad of Homer, and read of the downfall of Troy, of the thousands and tens of thousands of soldiers whose ashes have long since been scattered by the winds. We cast our eyes upon the books that grace the shelves, and see there a history in many volumes—literary works by men whose final resting-place is not known; but what does all this teach us? We take down a volume of history, read from it the events of the times of which the historian is speaking, and we read there of nations whose very existence is now no more. Livy speaks to us of the founding of Rome, and carries us back into the mystic past, apprising us of the fact that there was a time in the history of Rome when written history did not exist. Yet though it is of great extent even now, how little compared to the whole! and Rome, how changed from the time when Livy penned his immortal lines! And thus with the histories of other nations and other peoples. But even these are but the brief outlines of the events of the times. The pyramids—who can unveil the mystery in which they are shrouded? who can relate their origin? who can give the name of the builder? They most probably stand as the monument of events considered great in their time, but what these events were no one can tell,—and we stand in silent admiration of them. Truly did some one say "time flies,"—and, he might have added, the memory of it.

Within the period of written history, how many and how great changes have taken place! A Mahomet among men declares himself the last of the prophets—is at first hooted at, and made to fly for refuge from his native city, yet in less than fifteen years he counts his followers by thousands and not by units, and his armies are threatening the destruction and plunder of the whole Christian world; Kings and nations bow in humble submission to his sway, and yet he is but a blind fanatic. Look at the world to-day, and reflect what it was nineteen hundred years ago. Where now are the worshippers of the Court of Mount Olympus? Where are their altars? A world steeped in the drags of sin and licentiousness, in vice and corruption,—a world looking upon immortality as a virtue; but how different to-day: Though wicked and sinful still, yet it is saintly in comparison. All these things have taken place before the eyes of men, and yet who noticed them? Like changes may be going on now, and we cannot be expected to notice them. The hour-hand of a clock travels around the dial-plate twice in the twenty-four hours, and if we watch it steadily we cannot perceive it is moving: so with these changes that are brought about by the addition of little. All we can do is to compare the state of things now with that of some period in the past which is sufficiently distant to enable us to see the cause and the effect. The pages of history present to us strange incidents that have taken place, and we feel that we are reading a romance rather than a collection of facts they are strange to us—for the times have changed, and mutilation has crept in. History is indeed the monument of the ruins of time, yet how time-worn are even its scanty pages! Scarcely does it extend over one half of the time since man's creation. We follow it back from age to age, and begin to notice, even in it, changes of great importance. As we observed of Livy, it takes us back into the mystic past; not indeed that the past was in itself any more mystic than the present, but history has made it appear so.

But it is in language especially that we are able to mark
the changes by well-defined outlines; for this is a thing of
primary importance, and of such a nature that a change in
it can be more readily noticed than in the manners and cus-
toms of the people which, though they change more rapidly,
still are not of so much consequence. It is an established
fact that no living language can remain permanent; there
is constantly at work in it some elements that are causing it
to change form in some respect. And it is by these little
changes that language reaches its perfection, then becomes
corrupted, and finally is called a dead language.

Yet these are but the moral changes that are and have
been taking place since the time man came to reside upon
dearth. But these are not all; we open the volumes of
science, and what startling facts are not demonstrated to
us. The earth itself has undergone wonderful changes.
We look into its rocks, and read therefrom a history of the
world’s formation and of the changes it has undergone
since first it began to revolve in space. Deeply buried in
the rocks of the different formations we find the fossil re-
minis of animals long since extinct. In what is called the
Reptilian Age by geologists there existed huge monsters
and gigantic beasts to which the largest animals with which
we are acquainted are but as infants. The change of the
dearth from an inanimate state to that which it now has,
and the various effects that this transition must have
casted, is a subject well worth the attention of any one—in
fact it forms one of the most important as well as being
interesting of the natural sciences.

How vast, then, are not the ruins of time! Age after
age has rolled into the mighty past, and yet how scanty are
the recollections of them! How frail human knowledge!
We look upon it and attempt to span the immensity with
the mind’s eye but in vain. At best we can catch but a
brief outline, so immense and grand are these ruins, speak-
ing to us in voices of thunder the mutability of temporal
and physical beings and calling upon us to admire the omi-
nipotence, immensity and wisdom of Him who thus
ordained all things and to whom all things are known.

An eminent scientist, writing of the struggle for life
among plants, makes this striking statement: “Each plant
endeavors, almost consciously, to destroy its neighbor, to
occupy his ground, to feed upon his nutriment, to devour
his substance. There are armies and invasions of grasses,
barbarian inroads, and extirpations. Every inch of ground
is contested by the weeds; the forest is a struggle for pre-
cedence; the wars of the roses are a perennial feud. The
serenest landscape, the stillest woodland, is the mortal
arena of vegetable and animal conflict.”

St. John Chrysostom advises us to give to detractors
the following warning: “Have you anything good to say of
your brother, I am ready to listen to your communication
with gladness; if it be anything bad, my ears are shut
against you; they refuse to be sullied. What profit am I to
derive from hearing that some one has behaved badly? I
was ignorant of it, and your telling me of it can only make
me sad. Why should you not speak to him? Let us meddle
in our own business only; we have quite enough to give an
account of our own thoughts, words, deeds, and omissions;
let us bring that restless curiosity and scrupulous exami-
nation to bear on our own conduct, instead of setting up
ourselves as censors of others, and spending so much val-
uable time in scrutinizing and diving into the deepest re-
cesses of other people’s hearts.
The Pier which has for ages stood out into the upper lake has at last been obliged to succumb, and is now visiting various parts of the lake. The high water of which we spoke in a former issue was the cause. It however could easily be restored to its old foundation, though a new one would probably answer better. The fishermen miss it.

Meteorological.—The weather is getting pretty good-natured, and everybody feels willing enough that it should be so. Of course we have a little snow when we least expect it—still this is not so frequent as formerly. Warm rains are still frequent, which occasionally choose a Wednesday or an extra recreation day on which to set in an appearance.

The Yard.—Much change has been made in the front yards of the two Departments; as we before said, a slice has been taken off both, which is being planted with trees. This cannot fail to be a most beautiful place, and that too in a few years hence. In fact it is somewhat so already, and when the trees have decked themselves in their livery of green it cannot fail to attract the notice of the visitor.

Gone Home.—We, with the Band, regret the loss of Mr. W. H. Wallace, who left for home a few days since. Though the Band is deserving of much praise for its excellence, we are not a little surprised that it should be what it is—for it will be remembered that during the whole year the Band has been very unfortunate with regard to the loss of its members. Thus during the present session it has lost no less than five of its best members. Their places had to be filled, and yet we find the organization comparing very favorably with the Band of former years, a fact which cannot but redound much to the credit of the present members and more especially to that of its energetic leader.

The St. Oscillans.

The 35th and 36th regular meetings were held on April 18th and 19th respectively. At these meetings the following read compositions and delivered declamations: Messrs. E. Omer, B. Baca, E. Dougherty W. Gross, J. McGrath, J. Devine, J. Quill, J. Stubbis, W. Meyers, and H. Hunt. Then the Debate.

"Resolved, That it would be better for Ireland to be a Republique than to be Annexed to the United States." was discussed. W. Breen, F. M. Osker, D. O'Connell, J. Stubbis, A. Reid, J. O'Connell, F. Sweger, J. Marks, and O. Tong. upheld the affirmative; while J. Devine, W. Fletcher, O. Waterman, J. Dunne, E. A. Dougherty, J. Ewing, and R. Hutchings defended the negative. The President, having weighed the merits of both sides, gave his decision in favor of the affirmative. There was much enthusiasm displayed during the debate, and a great deal of historical knowledge exhibited. Among those present, besides the members, were Messrs. Devine and J. P. Lauth, of Chicago. Mr. Lauth, having been requested by the President to address the members, did so in a forcible and eloquent manner. Mr. Baca closed the exercises by giving a very spirited declamation in the good old Castilian language.

"Pot's that?" said Mickey, when the waiter brought him a plate of hash. "Wittles!" Mickey eyed the compound suspiciously, and concluded, "Be jabers, the man has chawed that can ate it."

My Once Happy Home!

By Mc.

Faint in the distance the last ray is gleaming
Of Erin, the land of my once happy home,
Ille mountains, so lovely, in sunlight now streaming,
Seem kissing farewell to me over the bare

Farewell, lovely Island, our parting's forever,
Your picture alone is engraved on my heart,
Which the strength of a tyrant, though great, cannot sever—
While memory linger it cannot depart.

Oh, never, fair land of my once happy childhood,
Shall time mar the image that's here in my breast,
The image of valley, of highland, of wildwood,
And image of virtue, that Erin loves best.

Oh, sweet do they seem as a heaven-born vision,
Enticing my heart with a wish to return;
But fate casts the yearning aside in decision,
Saying here are your joys, to lament and to mourn.

Oh, God! but it's painful to leave, and forever,
The home, though a cabin, where childhood was blessed
With fond love of parents that weakened no never,
Till death laid the dear ones forever at rest.

Oh sadly they lift my lone heart in its breaking,
Their sweet faces lit with a false smile of joy,
They knew how I valued what heaven was taking
And smiled but to cheer up the heart of their boy.

My dear little sister, who left them in sorrow
And winged her lone flight to the home of the blessed,
Knew little, at leaving, that soon on the morrow
Her parents would follow to share in her rest.
Oh! little she knew that the sword of the slayer
Would rob me of parents, the child's earthly trust,
And force me away without time for a prayer
To breathe o'er the cold earth that covers their dust.

My prayers must reach them across the rough bilow;
No other resort has the poor Irish boy;
Oh, would that my head too but pressed the cold pillow,
My soul be with theirs in the realms of joy.
Oh! then might the tyrant boast over his power,
That blots from existence the family and name
That otherwise stands as a mark from that hour
A witness in proof of his murder and shame,

"Forgive them and pray!" were the words of my mother,
As dying she pressed her cold lips to my brow;
"There's pains in this world, but there're joys in another,
That must be obtained by our suffering now."

To pardon the tyrants who stole such a treasure
Is hard—but, Almighty! revenging is Thine;
To Thee is the power of justice to measure,
To wait on Thy goodness and mercy is mine.

It is said that Don Alfonso, the younger brother of Don Carlos, has won all hearts in Catalonia. His Princess, Doña Marin de las Nieves, is with him. A letter from Vidra, in the Esperanzas, describes their dress. The Prince wears red pantaloons with black braid, Hessian boots, a white pelisse and boina (the round cap worn by the Carlists). The Princess also wears the white boina, with a long gold tassel falling over her left shoulder. At San Quirce they were received with every honor, and were attended by the chiefs Torres and Saballs, now generals, holding their commissions from "His Majesty Don Carlos."— Correspondent London Post.
The Columbians.

The 4th regular meeting was held April 15th. When the meeting was called to order, and after the miscellaneous business had been transacted, the President introduced to the members the efficient superintendent of the Ave Maria printing office, Mr. W. C. McMichael, who delivered an address on the duties of young men to their country. The speaker was listened to with the utmost attention. His address was well written, and delivered with that clear, modulated, emphatic voice which would do credit to older adepts in elocution. Before the exercises of the evening were concluded, the members unanimously tendered a vote of thanks to Mr. McMichael for his able address. Next came the debate.

Resolved: "That Poverty is better than Riches for the Development of Character."

The affirmative was supported by Messrs. J. McAllister, P. O'Sullivan, J. B. Comer, and E. J. Plummer. After the criticisms by Prof. A. J. Stace, the Promoter, which were rather keen, though praiseworthy, the President briefly reviewed the discussion, dwelling chiefly on two points deduced from the debate, and accordingly gave his decision in favor of the affirmative. The debate was carried on in a very amicable manner, and those who participated in it may well be proud of their first efforts.

The 5th regular meeting took place April 22d. At this meeting the Constitution was voted upon and adopted, after which the Promoter, Prof. A. J. Stace, gave a dramatic reading which was most enthusiastically listened to by the members. The Director, Rev. Father Lemonnier, President of the University, was present, and was well pleased with the exercises.

A. A. Allen, Cor. Sec'y.

Class Honors.

[Under this heading will appear each week the names of those students whose conduct was in every respect satisfactory during the week preceding the given date.]

FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1873.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.


THE SCHOLASTIC.

SAINT MARY’S ACADEMY.

TABLET OF HONOR, (Sr. Def’t.) April 31, 1873.


Second German Class.—E. Zell, L. Pfeiffer, L. Black, M. Comer, L. Beckman, M. Faxon.

Second German Class.—L. Scheiber, H. Miller, L. Weinreich, K. Schmidt, T. Schulte, A. Goldhardt, K. Finley.

Third German Class.—Misses S. Shipley, E. Quinlan, A. Todd, R. Marr, E. Richardson, E. Plamondon, M. Wicker, N. O’Meara, M. Wicker.

First French Class.—R. Spier, L. Dent, M. Letoumeau, M. Cochrane, M. Kearney.


Second Division.—A. Todd, and M. Lassen.


Latin.—Miss J. King.

Dress Making.—Miss L. Dragoo, K. Haymond, E. Boyce, A. Church, A. Reid, M. Waltz, B. Johnson, K. Casey, M. Kane.

DRAWING.

First Class.—Misses K. Young, B. Reynolds, R. Devoto, L. Black.

Second Division.—Misses E. Wade, B. Wade, L. Weinreich, A. Keeline, L. Pfeiffer.

Second Class.—Misses D. Simonds, S. Chenoweth, R. Woolman, N. McEwen, L. Penniman.

Second Division.—N. McAuliffe, S. Smith, N. McMahon.

Third Class.—Misses K. Finley, C. Smith, M. Booth.

OIL PAINTING.

First Class.—Misses L. Blake, B. Reynolds, B. Wade.

Second Division.—L. Pfeiffer, S. Slapley, A. Keeline, R. Woolman, N. McMahon.

WATER COLOR PAINTING.

Misses K. Young, R. Devoto, S. Chenoweth, D. Simonds, N. McAuliffe, A. Goldhardt, S. Smith.

CELATION.

Misses S. Slapley, L. Weinreich, and E. Wade.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN VOCAL MUSIC.

First Class.—Miss Lillie West.

Second Division.—M. Ward, R. Devoto, L. Black, M. Prince, E. Haggrity.


Second Division—Lillie James, M. L’Tourneau, L. Beckman, Sarah Shipley, J. Locke, B. Beckman, A. Goldhardt.

Third Class.—L. Daly, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, E. Quinlan, M. McGuire, R. Marr, R. H. Mahan, A. Reid, S. Smith, G. Smith.


INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—E. Plamondon, R. Young, J. Walker.

Second Division—L. Black, R. Spiers.

Second Class—A. Goldhardt, E. Quinlan, A. Todd.


Exhibition by the Pupils of the Cathedral School.

A very fine Exhibition was given by the pupils of the Cathedral School, Fort Wayne. The Sentinel, of that city, says:

"The Cathedral School Exhibition last night was patronized by a large number of people. Colewick Open House was crowded and everybody was pleased with the efforts of the parties participating in affording the amusement. It is seldom that so young amateur talent so satisfactorily please the criticizing people who attend performances of the nature of the one last night; yet all who were there, who have expressed themselves at all, say that the entertainment was decidedly entertaining. The amateurs did all they could to please, and in their efforts succeeded. We cannot particularize, and thus 'puff' any one or more characters, but can only say that all were good. In fact, we were surprised at the talent exhibited, and wonder at the stage presence of the youthful people who helped fill out the programme. The affair, too, was financially a success, for which we are glad. We hope these same persons will favor the public again." The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne and many of the Clergy were present. We give the programme:

Overture . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . ...
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