Ask Me not Why.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Precursors of the Reformation.

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

In the beginning of the Church's existence we meet with two great heresies, which have had the sad privilege of nurturing the reformers of all ages, and which may be called the mothers of heresies—Gnosticism and Manicheism.

If Gnosticism was produced for the learned, Manicheism addressed itself to the masses. Instead of shutting itself up—isolating itself, in abstract contemplation—it begins by forming a visible body, a society.

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 Yet what is it but the collection of doctrines already gone out of date?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

Take Pantheism, which has made so many partisans, especially in Germany. Is it more recent than Rationalism? No. It is contained in principle in that strange doctrine of Sabellius, who resolved the universe and the human race into an immense idealism. At the beginning of things, says Sabellius, God silently concentrated in His own ineffable Being absolute unity, without emotion and without revelation, had not as yet drawn anything out of that depth.
wherein all reposed. First the Soul of Christ, then the Holy Spirit, then finally the soul of man were produced in turn, and the moral universe was created. Thus the world and humanity vanished and were lost in God; universal nihilism became the defined object of universal mysticism. And to this the disciples of Sabellius had come, even as the Arians, later on, passing from transformation to transformation, ended by producing Socinianism, the father of modern philosophy. Having mentioned the Arians, it may be remarked that the destruction of all hierarchy by the Protestants is no more than anything else an invention of modern times, but owes its origin to the Arians, who were the first to give the example at Byzantium and elsewhere.

What were the Illuminati of Germany in the eighteenth century? The Estatics of the Germans in the seventeenth? Modern Montanists.

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

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

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

We have thus seen the origin of Rationalism, Pantheism, German illuminism, modern philosophy, Spinosism. Now what was that of Protestantism? Before answering this question directly, let us cast a glance at all those fanatical sectaries of France, the Petrousians, Henricians, Albigenses, whose appearance was the prelude of Protestantism. They are not to be separated from Luther; both are bound firmly together. Now, what were these heresies? Simply resurrected Manicheans. The inhabitants of the French coast on the Mediterranean had frequent intercourse with Byzantium and Greece, and easily became impregnated with Oriental ideas. A doctrine so popular and vivacious as that of Manicheism, establishing the two co-existing kingdoms of good and evil—their violent conflict, and the necessity for man to defend the good and resist the evil. This doctrine, at the same time mystic and active, impressed itself on the minds of the people in Southern France. The Cathari pretended to a life perfectly holy, chaste, poor, simple, ignorant of everything except religion. These ideas were everywhere adopted, first by the lower classes, and afterwards by the great. From the eleventh to the twelfth century the Cathari agitated all Europe. History shows them to be only rebels in arms against every civil and religious law of their times. Let us not forget Wyckliffe, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, the two latter the disciples of the former. All three were but the perpetuators of the Cathari, and in this way of the ancient Manicheans; but at the same time they were the immediate precursors of Protestantism. The doctrine of Wyckliffe, says a writer, may be considered from two points of view—the philosophical and the theological. Viewed philosophically, the doctrine of this heresiarch is a rude compound of Manicheism, Pantheism and Fatalism. According to him, God abandons the government of the world to the powers of evil, or in other words, the good is subservient to the evil; every creature partakes in the Divine nature. Blind necessity rules every event; whereas it follows that there is in God neither providence, nor power, nor liberty. From a theological point of view, the doctrine of Wyckliffe is pure, simple Protestantianism; the Pope was not the head of the Church Militant; there was no need of Cardinals, Patriarchs, Bishops, and Councils; priests and deacons could discharge all the sacred functions. It is here that we see the forerunner of the reformer of Wittenberg. The way was now prepared, and Luther was not far off.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century there arose a new heresy of immense proportions, possessed of a boldness until then unheard of—a frightful disturber of all social and religious order. It has been said that the spirit of evil had gathered into one vast system all the errors that ever existed, and communicated to them a force and energy hitherto unknown. We have called it Protestantism. Was Protestantism a discovery, an invention? The lines preceding give the answer. Not at all. To imagine it, to formulate it, required no effort on the part of Luther; he had simply to plunge into the impure receptacle of passed heresies, and take the substance of each one, and throw that incoherent mass in the face of Europe. Incoherent mass it was, because the reformer did not even take the trouble of putting any kind of order in his system. In it necessary to prove now what we have already advanced, that Protestantism, like all the sects that preceded it, was but the resurrection of old systems, which at some distant period were built up, then for some time forgotten, and at long intervals revived to infect the world? It seems unnecessary. We may, however, cite an authority which no one will gainsay. "The University of Paris, in condemning the doctrine of Luther, very wisely observed that the new sect concentrated in itself all the errors that had preceded it in taking from each one its dominant idea."

To conclude. It is then time that the spirit of lying, with all his activity, all his efforts, all his perfidy, after eighteen hundred years has been only able to turn around in a circle of errors, out of which he has not gone, and out of which he can never go. Powerless to build, he can but destroy. Neither the philosophers of our age, nor those before them—neither the Protestant reformers, nor those of more ap-
cient times, can lay claim to a priority in their opinions, or the honor of a revolt of which they were the heads; everything can be found in the first five or six centuries of the Church; the rest is but a copy. J.

Flowers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

All men rightly educated love flowers. So have they in all ages. The ancients gave to the victor in their contests a simple wreath of flowers. That wreath was cherished and handed down from father to son for generations, a touching emblem of her love and affection for the Creator of all that is good and beautiful. Are not, then, flowers connected with all our pleasant, all our noble thoughts?

Flowers teach us a greater and more solemn lesson. In the spring they come to cheer and please us, after the long, dreary months of winter. For a few months they make the world look cheerful and happy, then they die. Let us then learn this lesson from the flowers: To-day we are here, to-morrow we vanish. Why not, since the flowers our stay is so short, like them make those around us cheerful and happy? Our stay is to be short: then let it be cheerful. Let us laugh, and not cry.

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

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

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

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

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

The Farther Shore.

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

On the side of a hill that sloped gently down to a river, broad and deep and calm, the homes of the happy dwellers in this strange, far-away land were clustered. Very quaint and pretty the cottages looked, with their thatched roofs and vine-covered walls. Fruit-trees and blossoming shrubs were planted all around them, and bright-hued flowers edged all the garden beds.
The calm waters of the river stretched out deep and peaceful from the verdant bank. So wide was it that the farther shore could only be dimly seen. It looked always the same, a sea of green, foaming, sparkling, and restless. As the changing seasons brought their gifts to the happy land; day succeeded night; suns shone and clouds poured welcome rain; but always the same quiet peace rested over the waters, the same dim light, that was neither night nor day, fell upon them.

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

"What is it like?" the old men and women would ask. But the lads and maids would shake their heads. "No: It is like the sound of the wind in a forest of pines, as sweet as music, and as solemn as a prayer."

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

But the old men and women said: "The distant thunder is scarce louder or more awful; and blending with it is a sound as of one calling tenderly, and a promise of rest."

And they sighed, and still listened intently, while the others went on again with their work, and talk, and play.

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

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

Truly a fair heritage for the master, and a goodly serenity for those who planted the sunny fields, or dressed the vineyards and orchards. He called them not servants, but children. Day by day, from his home across the river, came tokens of his love for those who wrought to do his bidding: now a lily, pure and white, that, laid on the children in their play, would seem in their husbands' eyes fair as on their bridal morning.

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

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

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

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

One day when the earth was just awakening from its winter sleep, old Ubald and his grandchild Ursula walked by the river side. Wild flowers were blooming in the grass, and birds were singing in the trees, that were already covered with young leaves; they were busy building their nests, and Ursula watched them with a happy smile. The
sun shone warm, and the soft wind just stirred the leaves, and bent the blades of grass and rippled the beautiful green of the wheat-fields.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And the years went by,—quiet, peaceful years; and one day was like another day, and yet they all dwell apart in my memory, like pictures. They are my treasures now, and I count them over as I sit and wait; and they are all sunny with joy, and blossomed over with sweet content-
ment. And as I look at them I see again my mother's serene face, as she tells how Basil is growing wise and manly every day, and can tell the names of all the trees in the forest, and the birds that build in their branches, and can read the secrets of the rocks and the stars; and my father's pride as Sabina gives him the garment she has fashioned with her own hands, for she is growing skilled with her needle, and in all womanly arts; and my Ursula's glad smile, as the little one—who came to bear her face, and be called by her name—went from her arms to mine, with the first sweet, uncertain steps of infancy.

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

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

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

Scientific Notes.

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

—Liskeardite is the name of a new mineral obtained from Cornwall, which has been analyzed by Dr. Flight in the laboratory of the British Museum. It resembles Pitrite or "Iron-sinter," but its true place remains to be posed once during the day to the sunlight they remain figures on the dial are rendered luminous, so that if exposed once during the day to the sunlight they remain phosphorescent and visible throughout the night. Preparations are being made for the production of these watches on a large scale.

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

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

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

—To ascertain whether carnivorous plants are really fed by the insects they capture and kill, Mr. Francis Darwin cultivated about 300 plants of Drosera rotundifolia in soup-plats during most of last summer. Each plate was divided as to its contents, by a wooden partition, but was wholly screened by gauze. One half of the plants in each plate had a few small bits of roast meat fed to them, at intervals, by being placed on the leaves, the weight of the meat being about the fiftieth of a grain. The plants in the other half of each plate were not so favored; otherwise all were treated alike. At the end of the season the fed plants weighed 21.5 per cent, more than the others; the flower-stems, seed, and capsules of the fed plants were about two and one-third times heavier, and the seeds weighed about 3.8 times more than the unfed ones. This seems conclusive proof that the plants under natural conditions are largely benefited by their insect and animal enemies, which are assimilated as plant-food through the leaves.

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

Art, Music and Literature.

—Rev. John Long of Edinburgh, has completed a dictionary of the anonymous and pseudonymous literature of Great Britain, which contains 25,000 entries.

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

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

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

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

—The Council of the Holbein Society announce that, through the kindness of the trustees, the collection of British Museum hang in the Cabinet of Napoleon III, at the time, and sent abroad to be sold. It was recognized by Sir Edward Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." A companion prose volume is in preparation by the same editors.

—Mr. John Shillinglaw, of Melbourne, is engaged in collecting materials for the history of the early explorations in the Southern Hemisphere; and comprises selections from the period of Chaucer and James T. Fields have been editing will contain 1,014 pages, and comprise selections from the period of Chaucer and so on. The botanist, an ex-professor, was sent to jail for a month.

—The ninth volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica, Edinburgh, subscription edition, from the original plates, is now in press by the publishers, Messrs. A. & C. Black, of Edinburgh. And now the subscribers to this, the genuine subscription edition, are now being delivered by Moses Warren to his subscribers throughout the Northwest.

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

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

—The Royal Maximilian Gallery in Munich has at last been opened to the public, after having excited curiosity for some years. It is decorated with large historical paintings by modern French artists, illustrating the history of Germany alone, but the wider history of the world. Among the subjects represented are "Queen Elizabeth reviewing her troops before the Spanish Armada," by P. Piloty; "Peter the Great Founding St. Petersburg," by Kotzebue; "Washington Forcing Cornwallis to Deliver Up the Fortress of Yorktown," by E. Hess; "The Taking of Jerusalem Under Godfrey de Bouillon," by F. Piloty; and other paintings. The Royal Maximilianum at the end of the Maximilian Strasse is an institution for students entering the Government service, and the grand new paintings are intended to have an educational value.

—Referring to the late report of the Boston Public Library, the Academy says: "The report strikingly illustrates the fallacy of the popular American idea, accepted by many English librarians, that fiction should be supplied to an almost unlimited extent, in order to attract readers who will one day advance to higher things. The examining committee congratulates themselves that 'calls for works of fiction, especially those of a light and ephemeral character, are not so numerous as they have been'—the diminution being less than 1 per cent on any previous year! They add that 'the people, with the exception of a few young persons, are beginning to demand works designed to instruct and improve rather than only to amuse them. Yet it appears from the report of the Trustees that no less than 70 per cent of the books circulated from eight libraries—Lancashire—other branches, no less than 22 were considered of fiction and juveniles.' The few young persons get along by a good many volumes' apiece."

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

—At New York the first date of the New York Philharmonic Club for the coming season will consist of Mr. Richard Arnold, first violin; Julius Gantzbeg, second violin; Emil Gramm, viola; Charles Werner, violoncello; Eugene Wiener, flute, and Charles Werner, double bass.

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

—Mr. John Shillinglaw, of Melbourne, is engaged in collecting materials for the history of the early explorations in the Southern Hemisphere; and comprises selections from the period of Chaucer and James T. Fields have been editing will contain 1,014 pages, and comprise selections from the period of Chaucer and so on. The botanist, an ex-professor, was sent to jail for a month.

—The ninth volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica, Edinburgh, subscription edition, from the original plates, is now in press by the publishers, Messrs. A. & C. Black, of Edinburgh. And now the subscribers to this, the genuine subscription edition, are now being delivered by Moses Warren to his subscribers throughout the Northwest.
The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWELFTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:
choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical and Literary Gossip of the day.
Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.
Personal Gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.
All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.
A weekly digest of the news at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.
Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,
OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.
Terms, $1.50 Per Annum, Postpaid.
Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

The Record of a Good Life.

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

Dr. John M. Bigelow was born June 23rd, 1804, at Middlebury, Vermont. At an early age he removed with his father to Granville, Licking County, Ohio. He attended school only six months after this, having been put to work in his father's mill. But the love of knowledge was strong; stronger than the adverse circumstances surrounding him in a wild country, and the evenings found John poring over his books with all the ardor of a born student. The whirr of the mill-wheels, the splash of the clear water, so far from disturbing the ideal which had taken full possession of his youthful mind, helped rather to put him into a charmed solitude, drowned the discordant voices of chatting companions, and left him free to pursue his own train of thought. After a while he was qualified to teach in the neighboring district schools, and the money thus earned enabled him to attend lectures in the Medical College at Cincinnati, where he graduated. Immediately after his graduation he settled in Lancaster, Ohio, where he was married to Miss Maria Louisa Miers, who still survives him. The love of nature and of science inclined him to the study of botany, for which his rides as a physician in the open country around Lancaster in those days gave him ample opportunities. At the same time he took the interest of a genuine American in the politics of the day, so much so as to write many editorials for the Lancaster Gazette, then edited by Gen. George Sanderson.

It was while attending the State Medical Convention at Cincinnati, in 1844 or '45, that he was baptized by the Right Rev. Bishop Purcell, D. D., and his life ever after was that of a devout Catholic. While his natural delicacy prevented any display of his faith among those who were opposed to it, he never failed to manifest it on every occasion which called for a manly declaration of his fidelity to the Church.

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

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

After his return he resumed the practice of medicine at Lancaster, Ohio, until 1850, when, having received an invitation from Captain (afterwards General) George C. Meade to take charge of the meteorological department of the Survey of the North and Northwest Lakes, he removed to Detroit, Michigan. Dr. Bigelow remained on the Lake Survey some six years, when, through the recommendation of Gen. W. T. Sherman, President Johnson appointed him physician to the Marine Hospital at Detroit. This position he held until about a year after President Grant's election, when the political pressure caused him to be succeeded by another. He continued to live near Detroit, however, until his death, July 18th, 1878.

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

The piety of this man, who loved science and had made learning his daily companion, was as simple as the piety of a child. There had never been a discord between his faith and his science; they had always illustrated and
beautified each other to the refined and scholarly physi-
cian, who won the admiring esteem and even the venera-
tion of all who approached him. His intercourse with
Heaven was marked by the same sincerity which marked his
intercourse with his fellow-men; and when, after seventy-
four years of active life, he found himself prostrated by a
singular snapping of the bone of his thigh, he made no
complaint. His wearying sickness was borne with Chris-
tian patience. The Sacraments were his support to the
end, and his last words were: “Jesus! Mary! Joseph! I
give you my heart and my soul!”

This record of a good life seems peculiarly fit for the
pages of a college paper. This picture of studious youth,
passed outside the school-room or the academy, is one
which should encourage those who may be deprived of
opportunities they crave, while it is a rebuke to those
who think it a matter of indifference what one reads.

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

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

All such books and papers as we have described to be
bad should be carefully avoided, and their sale discouraged.
They should be avoided since they are evil, and it is the
duty of a Christian to avoid even the appearance of evil.

All such books and papers as we have described to be
bad should be carefully avoided, and their sale discouraged.

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

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

What we Should not Read.

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

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

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

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

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. 45
fla „—i- the 19th. The full number of instruments have not yet been taken, but still it did very well.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—To-morrow is the Feast of the Seven Dolors. High Mass for the students will be celebrated at 8 o'clock. The Missa Regina will be sung. High Mass for the Mishawaka pilgrims will be sung at 19 o'clock. Vespers are from the Common of the B. V. M.

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

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

It becomes necessary for us to again inform our contributors that no articles, even short items, will be used by the editor except the bear the name of the writer. Quite a large amount of anonymous MS. was found in The Scholastic box in the hall this last week, and all was duly consigned to the waste-basket. As the several houses here are heated by steam we have no use for this paper; hence it will be sent to the paper-mill where it will be ground down and used for the manufacture of pulp.

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

—At a meeting for the reorganization of the Mutual Baseball Club took place on Sept. 10th, when the following officers were elected: Bro. Leander, C. S. C., and Bro. Hugh, C. S. C., Directors; Geo. Donnelly, President; A. Ritz, Captain; F. Bloom, Treasurer; J. P. Quinn, Secretary. The position of the nine is as follows: Geo. Donnelly, c. f.; F. Clarke, p.; K. Scanlan, s. s.; F. Mug, 1st b.; R. Williams, 2d b.; A. Ritz, 3d b.; F. Greaver, l. f.; J. Nelson, c. f.; F. Bloom, r. f.; P. Caren and W. Latimer, substitutes. The nine will play for the fall championship of the Junior department.


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

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Sugg, T. W. Simms, J. Thompson, S. F. Terry, P. H. Vogel, G.
S. Walters, E. A. Walters, C. Walsh, F. X. Wall, F. Williams,

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

W. Adams, M. J. Burns, J. G. Brady, J. M. Rosee, F. Becker,
C. J. Brinckman, F. W. Bloom, P. C. Crowley, C. G. Castanza,
Gibson, J. C. Gilmore, P. A. Hugill, F. W. Heaton, J. F. Henry,
D. C. Conahan, C. H. Greer, F. Gleek, F. T. Gaffney, J. H. Hatte,
J. Kurf, J. A. Lamey, A. B. Mergen-


The soft gray shading, and delicate pink veins, joined to


a long time in this department examining the method of


and water-colors executed by some of the pupils who re-


—The Studio, with its wealth of superior advantages, is


in full drawing order,—not alone attractive to the young


and for the success of all the schools under


of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. On Monday the


be formed with the large number of new pupils, who were


—Among the visitors to the Academy during the last


suggested. The Chapel was


peers to swell with the effort, and stamps the whole with


as they twine between leaves


and flowers; one has reached above the cross, and stands


Saint Mary's Academy.

—The Societies will be reorganized next week.

—Many students make music, painting, or languages a

—On the evening of the 15th the first academic reunion

—On the first Monday of September the Mass of the

—The Voice and Instrumental departments are filling

—Many students make music, painting, or languages a

—Among the visitors to the Academy during the last

—The Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross is one of

—The bell rang for the regular opening of classes on Tuesday

—The Studio, with its wealth of superior advantages, is

—Among the visitors to the Academy during the last

The Studio, with its wealth of superior advantages, is

—The Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross is one of

—The bell rang for the regular opening of classes on Tuesday

—The Studio, with its wealth of superior advantages, is

—The Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross is one of

—The bell rang for the regular opening of classes on Tuesday

—The Studio, with its wealth of superior advantages, is

—The Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross is one of

—The bell rang for the regular opening of classes on Tuesday

—The Studio, with its wealth of superior advantages, is

—The Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross is one of

—The bell rang for the regular opening of classes on Tuesday

—The Studio, with its wealth of superior advantages, is

—The Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross is one of

—The bell rang for the regular opening of classes on Tuesday

—The Studio, with its wealth of superior advantages, is

—The Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross is one of

—The bell rang for the regular opening of classes on Tuesday
PROSPECTUS OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

THE ALDINE.
The Art Journal of America.

SOLD ONLY TO SUBSCRIBERS.

COMPLETE IN 24 PARTS, AT 50 CENTS EACH.
ISSUED MONTHLY.

It is the purpose of the publishers to persevere in their efforts to keep The Aldine as an exponent of Art work, free from competition, and to spare neither thought nor expense to still further beautify and improve the broad pages of the work.

While urging the advantage of cultivating a taste for the beautiful in Nature and Art, The Aldine has not been unmindful of the force of example and illustration, therefore it has been a constant study to show, in the pages of the work itself, the improvement so certainly consequent upon sincere devotion to such subjects.

As in the past, so in the future, The Aldine will continue to be an exponent of the progressive and interesting influences of connection and association with the beautiful and true.

The volume now in preparation, while it will not suddenly depart from the general course of its predecessors, will yet present many modifications and improvements, the result of study and experience in the last three years. The Aldine will continue the evidence of its appreciation of these efforts to make up, changes, in themselves slight, will largely enhance the general beauty of the pages, which had already won admiration so hearty and sincere.

It is the purpose of the publishers to persevere in their efforts to maintain an Art publication that shall be characteristic and worthy of the progress and liberal tastes of Americans, and which shall be introduced and given a proper personality by sketches of American natural scenery than any of its predecessors.

The Aldine will deal broadly and fairly with Art in general and American Art in particular. Carefully prepared papers will keep the reader well informed on all Art topics of the important Art centres of this country and Europe.

The important exhibitions will receive full and timely notice; and artists whose achievements have won for them the right, shall be introduced and given a proper personally by sketches biographical and critical. It will be the purpose of the Editor to earn for the Critical and Literary Department of The Aldine a recognition in every way worthy of its established and admired pre-eminence in Art Illustration.

While urging the necessity of cultivating a taste for the beautiful in Art, The Aldine has not been unmindful of experience in fitting the parts actually received, and no canvasser or deliverer is authorized to vary the prices set out in the plan of publication. The Aldine will not be sold by book or newsmolders generally.

Any person desiring to act as the agent for any particular locality, should apply promptly, giving full particulars as to locality, should apply promptly, giving full particulars as to

The Aldine Publishing Company.

JAMES SUTTON, President.

18 Vesey St., New York.
Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov 11, 1877.

- Mail
- Day Express
- Rail. Ac. Express
- Atlantic Express
- Night Express

| lv. Chicago | 6 30 a.m | 9 00 a.m | 4 00 p.m | 11 00 a.m | 12 00 a.m | 8 30 a.m |
|Lv. Chicago | 6 30 a.m | 9 00 a.m | 4 00 p.m | 11 00 a.m | 12 00 a.m | 8 30 a.m |
| Mich. City | 10 45 | 11 10 | 12 30 | 2 15 | 2 55 | 7 17 |
| Kalamazoo | 3 45 | 4 00 | 4 55 | 6 45 | 7 55 | 8 50 |
| Jackson | 3 45 | 4 00 | 4 55 | 6 45 | 7 55 | 8 50 |
| Detroit | 6 45 | 6 50 | | | | |

- Mail
- Day Express
- Evening Express

| lv. Detroit | 6 40 | 6 45 |
|lv. Detroit | 6 40 | 6 45 |
| Niles | 3 45 | 4 00 | 5 30 | 7 50 | 8 47 | 10 15 |
| Detroit | 6 45 | 7 00 | 10 20 |

Niles and South Bend Division:

- *Going North*
  | lv. So. Bend—8 45 a.m. | 9 30 a.m. | 12 00 a.m. | 12 15 a.m. | 12 30 a.m. | 12 45 a.m. |
  | lv. Niles—7 00 a.m. | 7 45 a.m. | 10 15 a.m. | 11 30 a.m. | 12 00 a.m. | 12 30 a.m. |
  | Ar. Niles—9 35 | 10 05 | 12 30 |

- *Going South*
  | lv. Niles—7 00 a.m. | 7 45 a.m. | 10 15 a.m. | 11 30 a.m. | 12 00 a.m. | 12 30 a.m. |
  | Ar. So. Bend—7 45 | 8 15 | 10 45 |

*Sunday excepted. Daily.* Saturday and Sunday excepted.

C. & N.-W. LINES.

THE CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

Embraces under one management the Great Trunk Railway Lines of the WEST and NORTH-WEST, and, with its numerous Branches and connections, forms the shortest and quickest route between Chicago and all points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, California and the Western Territories. Its

OMAHA AND CALIFORNIA LINE

Is the shortest and best route between Chicago and all points in Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, China, Japan and Australasia.

CHICAGO, ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS LINE

Is the short line between Chicago and all points in Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, and for Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, and all points in the Great North-West. Its

LA CROSSE, WINONA AND ST. YETER LINE

Is the best route between Chicago and all points in La Crosse, Winona, Rochester, Owatonna, Mankato, St. Peter, New Ulm, and all points in Southern and Central Minnesota.

GREEN BAY AND MARQUETTE LINE

Is the only line between Chicago and Janesville, Watertown Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Appleton, Green Bay, Racine, Kenosha, Marquette, Houghton, Hancock and the Lake Superior Country. Its

FREEPORT AND DUBUQUE LINE

Is the only route between Chicago and Elgin, Rockford, Freeport, and all points via Freeport. Its

CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE LINE

Is the old Lake Shore Route, and is the only one passing between Chicago and Evanston, Lake Forest, Highland Park, Waukegan, Racine, Kenosha and Milwaukee.

PULLMAN PALACE DRAWING-ROOM CARS

cars are run on all through trains of this road.

The Chicago & North Western has:

- 52 Ticket Offices: 415 Broadway, New York, 431 Broadway, Boston, 345 Broadway, Chicago, 431 Montgomery Street, Atlanta, 52 Clark Street, under Sherman House, 72 Canal, corner Madison Street, Kline Street Depot, corner W. Kline and Canal Streets, Wells Street Depot, corner Wells and Kinzie Streets.

For rates or information not attainable from your home ticket agent, apply to


MARTYN HUGHITT, Gen. Manager, Chicago.

Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago

AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

MAY 12, 1878.

TRAiNS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT.

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

On arrival of trains from North and Northwest.

GOING WEST.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. 1</th>
<th>No. 2</th>
<th>No. 3</th>
<th>No. 4</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburgh</td>
<td>11.45 P.M.</td>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>9.00 A.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochester</td>
<td>10.50 A.M.</td>
<td>10.15</td>
<td>2.28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alliance</td>
<td>3.10</td>
<td>12.50 P.M.</td>
<td>3.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orrville</td>
<td>4.45</td>
<td>2.30</td>
<td>7.13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mansfield</td>
<td>7.00</td>
<td>4.40</td>
<td>9.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crestline</td>
<td>7.30</td>
<td>5.15</td>
<td>9.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crestline</td>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>7.50 A.M.</td>
<td>5.40 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forest</td>
<td>9.35</td>
<td>7.35</td>
<td>11.55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lima</td>
<td>10.40</td>
<td>9.00</td>
<td>12.35 A.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ft. Wayne</td>
<td>1.20 P.M.</td>
<td>11.53</td>
<td>4.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plymouth</td>
<td>3.45</td>
<td>2.46</td>
<td>4.55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>7.00</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

GOING EAST.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. 5</th>
<th>No. 6</th>
<th>No. 8</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>9.10 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plymouth</td>
<td>1.45</td>
<td>11.45 A.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ft. Wayne</td>
<td>6.55</td>
<td>2.10 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lima</td>
<td>8.55</td>
<td>4.05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forest</td>
<td>10.10</td>
<td>5.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crestline</td>
<td>Arrive</td>
<td>11.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crestline</td>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>12.05 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mansfield</td>
<td>12.35</td>
<td>7.44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orrville</td>
<td>2.30</td>
<td>9.38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alliance</td>
<td>4.00</td>
<td>11.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochester</td>
<td>6.25</td>
<td>1.20 A.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburgh</td>
<td>7.30</td>
<td>2.30</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Trains Nos. 3 and 6 run Daily. Train No. 1 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday.

THIS IS THE ONLY LINE

That runs the celebrated PULLMAN PALACE CARS from Chicago to Baltimore, Washington City, Philadelphia and New York without change. Through tickets for sale at all principal ticket offices at the lowest current rates.

P. R. MEYER, G. P. & T. A.

A NEW SYSTEM

of

German Penmanship.

By the Professor of Penmanship, in the Commercial Course, at the University of Notre Dame, Ind.

Published by FR. PUSTET,
52 Barclay Street, NEW YORK, and 204 Vine Street, CINCINNATI.

This System is adapted to the Analytic and Synthetic methods of instruction, with Principles similar to those adopted in the best English Systems. The copies are beautifully engraved.

Explanations and Diagrams are given on cover.

Price, 85 cents per Dozen.
University of Notre Dame, INDIANA. Founded 1842. Chartered 1844.

This Institution, incorporated in 1844, enlarged in 1866, and fitted up with all the modern improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred Students. It is situated near the City of South Bend, Indians, on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad. The Michigan Central and the Chicago and Lake Huron Railroads also pass near the College grounds. In the organization of the house everything is provided to secure the health and promote the intellectual and moral advancement of its students. Three distinct courses of study are established: the Classical, the Scientific, and the Commercial. Optional courses may also be taken by those students whose time is limited.

The Minim Department.

This is a separate Department in the Institution at Notre Dame, for boys under 15 years of age. Thorough and comprehensive instruction in all primary branches is imparted. The discipline is parental, and suited to children of tender years. Personal neatness and wardrobe receive special attention from the Sisters, who take a tender and faithful care of their young charges.

Full particulars are contained in the Catalogue, which will be mailed on application to

Very Rev. W. Corby, C.S.C., Pres't., NOTRE DAME, IND.

Chicago, R. I. & Pacific.

Through trains are run to Leavenworth and Atchison, connecting with trains for all points in Kansas and Southern Missouri. This is acknowledged by the travelling public to be the

Great Overland Route to California.

Two express trains leave Chicago daily from depot, corner Van Buren and Sherman streets, as follows:

OMAHA, LEAVENWORTH AND ATCHISON EXPRESS.

Leave, 6 a.m.; Arrive, 

Kansas City, 7:30 a.m.; Emporia, 10:55 am.; Atchison, 3:45 p.m.; Denver, 8:30 p.m.


CHICAGO, ALTON AND ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO KANSAS CITY AND DENVER SHORT LINES.

Union Depot, West side, near Madison street bridge; Ticket offices at depot and 12th Randolph street.

 Leave, Arrive.

Kansas City, 4:30 p.m.; St. Louis, 9:30 a.m., 12:40 p.m.; Chicago, 3:45 a.m., 6:30 p.m.; Denver, 9:00 a.m., 6:00 p.m.

A. M. Smith, A. Kimball, Gen'l Ticket Agt., South Bend.

Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago RAILWAY.

Time Table, December 30, 1877.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Northward Trains</th>
<th>No. 2</th>
<th>No. 3</th>
<th>No. 1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Perú</td>
<td>6:30 P.M.</td>
<td>12:30 P.M.</td>
<td>7:30 A.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kokomo</td>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>9:30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ar. Peru</td>
<td>9:25</td>
<td>3:20</td>
<td>10:47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lehi</td>
<td>11:02 A.M.</td>
<td>1:55 P.M.</td>
<td>2:35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michigan City</td>
<td>1:40 A.M.</td>
<td>3:30</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Southward Trains</th>
<th>No. 2</th>
<th>No. 3</th>
<th>No. 4</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Perú</td>
<td>6:00 P.M.</td>
<td>12:00 A.M.</td>
<td>6:18 A.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kokomo</td>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>7:25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michigan City</td>
<td>9:35 A.M.</td>
<td>10:45 A.M.</td>
<td>11:05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plymouth</td>
<td>11:37</td>
<td>12:35</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ar. Peru</td>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>12:50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

L. S. & M. S. Railway.

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

GOING EAST.

2:35 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9:50; Cleveland 2:30 p.m.; Buffalo 8:35 p.m. 11:05 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5:35 p.m.; Cleveland 10:10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m. 12:15 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 2:50 p.m., Cleveland 8:30 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m. 10:12 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 6:00 a.m.; Cleveland, 7:03 a.m.; Buffalo, 1:10 p.m. 4:50 and 4:45 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5:40; Chicago, 8 a.m. 8:05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5:50 a.m.; Chicago, 8:50 a.m. 4:50 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5:40; Chicago, 8 a.m. 8:05 p.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5:50 a.m.; Chicago, 8:50 a.m.

GOING WEST.

2:43 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3:35 a.m.; Chicago, 6:30 a.m. 8:05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5:50 a.m.; Chicago, 8:50 a.m.

Look to Your Health.

Boland's Aromatic Bitter Wine of Iron is the best Spring remedy for impoverished blood, physical exhaustion, or impaired digestion.

Ladies troubled with ailments incident to delicate constitution will find it invaluable.

St. Mary’s Academy,  
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.  

Under the Direction of the Sisters of Holy Cross.

The course of Studies is thorough in the Classical, Academical and Preparatory Departments.

In the Art Department the same principles which form the basis for instruction in the great Art Schools of Europe are embodied in the course of Drawing and Painting. Pupils in the Schools of Painting or Music may pursue a special course. Those who have passed creditably through the Academic and Classical course receive the Graduating Gold Medals of the Departments. Graduating Medals are awarded to the students who have pursued a special course in the Conservatory of Music or in the Art Department. License for German, presented by Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne.

Gold Medal for Domestic Economy, presented by Right Rev. Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland.


Gold Medal for English, presented by Dr. A. C. Pfein, of Lancaster, Ohio.

Number of teachers engaged in Preparatory, Academical and Classical Departments, 14; Modern Languages, 6; Drawing and Painting, 5; Instrumental Music, 10; Vocal Music, 21; Dress-making, plain and fancy needle-work, 7.

Simplicity of dress enforced by rule. For Catalogue, address, MOTHER SUPERIOR, St. Mary’s Academy, Notre Dame P. O., Indiana.

THE "AYE MARIA,"  
A CATHOLIC JOURNAL  
Devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.  

(16 pp. Imperial 8vo.)  
Published Every Saturday at Notre Dame, Ind.

BLESSED BY OUR LATE HOLY FATHER PIUS IX., CONFIRMED BY POPE LEO XIII.  
AND ENCOURAGED BY MANY EMINENT PRELATES.

Among the many contributors to the AYE MARIA may be mentioned:


TERMS:

One Year $ 2.50  
Five Years $10.00

Clubs of Ten (and over, at the rate of $2 each)........... 20 00

A specimen copy sent free to any address on application. Payments invariably in advance. Money should be sent either in Registered Letter or by Post Office Order on Notre Dame Post-Office.

All communications should be addressed to the  
REV. EDITOR OF THE "AYE MARIA,"  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dealers Supplied by the American News Company  
39 & 41 Chambers St. New York.

Civil Engineers & Surveyors.

M. PROCTOR (of '73), Civil Engineer of City and County of Elkhart. Office, 67 Main St., Elkhart, Indiana. Special attention given to Hydraulic Engineering.

ARTHUR J. STACE (of '74), County Surveyor for St. Joseph County. South Bend, Ind.

Weekly Newspapers.

THE CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN, published weekly at Columbus, O. Subscriptions from Notre Dame's students and friends solicited. Terms, $2 per annum.

D. A. CLARK, of '72.

THE AVE MARIA, a Catholic journal devoted to the Blessed Virgin, published every Saturday at Notre Dame, Ind. Edited by a Priest of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Subscription price, $2.50.

Hotels.

THE BOND HOUSE, A. McKay, Prop., Niles, Michigan. Free back to and from all Trains for Guests of the House.

THE MATTESON HOUSE, Corner of Wash Ave. and Jackson St., Chicago, Ill. All Notre Dame visitors to Chicago may be found at the Matteson.

Book Binders.

EDWARD F. FLYNN, Plain and Fancy Book-bind er, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Visiting Cards.

25 CALLING CARDS—no two alike, with name neatly printed, for 10 cents.

E. A. WILKIE, Mishawaka, Ind.

25 CENTS will obtain you a Copy of THE SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC for 1878. Address J. A. LYONS, Notre Dame, Ind.

Attorneys at Law.

BROWN & HARVEY (R. M. Brown of '66), Attorneys at Law. Cleveland, Ohio.

SPREE & MITCHELL (N. S. Mitchell, of '72), Attorneys at Law, No. 253 Brady St., Davenport, Iowa.

THOMAS B. CLIFFORD, (of '62) Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Commissioner for all the States, 41 Broadway (cor. Fulton), New York. Special attention given to Depositions.

PANNING & HOGAN (D. J. Hogan, of '74), Attorneys at Law, Room 36, Ashland Block, N. E. Cor. Clark and Randolph sts., Chicago, Ill.

JOHN F. MCGUGH (of '72), Attorney at Law, Office 65 and 67 Columbus St., Lafayette, Ind.

DODGE & DODGE (Clara J., Notary Public, and Wm. W., both of '74), Attorneys at Law. Collections promptly made. Office, Dodge & Black, Burlington, Iowa.

ORVILLE T. CHAMBERLAIN (of '71), Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds Office, 13 Main St., Elkhart, Ind.


WILLIAM J. CLARKE (of '73), Attorney at Law, Rooms 5 & 6, Law Building, No. 67 S. High St., Columbus, O.

JAMES A. O'REILLY (of '89) Attorney at Law 28th Street Court, Reading, Pa. Collections promptly attended to.

JOHN D. MCMICCHICK (of '73) Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Lancaster, Ohio.

DAVID B. HUBBARD, Jr., (of '78), Circuit Street, Detroit, Michigan.