The Place of Benediction.

[Tradition tells us that after the entombment of our Divine Lord, and while His Soul was on Its way to limbo, where the captive Saints of the Old Law awaited His coming, It passed over the earth, and gave a special Benediction to all those places where in future times His temples—whether lofty or lowly—were to be built. The following lines were suggested by hearing this beautiful tradition mentioned in an eloquent sermon, delivered by Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy, of Portland, Maine, at the dedication of the magnificent Church of St. Ignatius, recently erected in San Francisco, Cal.]

Love's dread sacrifice was ended—
And the mangled Form Divine
Lay, in silent rest extended,
Deep within Its rocky shrine.
But Its Soul, with love unsated,
Passed from out Its tomb of clay,
(E'en while earth, adoring, waited
For the radiant Easter Day.)
On Its glorious pathway speeding
Where the faithful, imprisoned band,
Dwelt in dark Purgation Land.
On That path, Its glances tender
Linered o'er the ransomed earth
Gleaming in the wondrous splendor
Of a new baptismal birth—
Gleaming with the matchless glory
Of a Mystic Dew of Blood,
That on vales and mountains hoary,
Shone, in bright redeeming flood.
And Its look, benign, caressing,
Gave Its fairest beams of grace,
Gave Its choicest balm of blessing
To each consecrated place:
Mountains high, or valleys lowly,
Where should be the homes of prayer.
Whence should rise Its dwellings holy,
Rudely formed, or built fair—
From the countless temples hidden
Far within the spacious East,
Where Love's eldest sons were hidden
To His wondrous Nuptial Feast,
To the walls where Mercy wages
Loving warfare in the West.
Where Its voice, through later ages,
Sweetly calls the favored guest—
From Religion's stately tower,
From the vast and mighty dome
Where the sway of world-wide power
Dwelleth in Its fadeless Rome.
To the rudest forest altar,

To the lowliest wayside shrine,
Where the Faith that cannot falter
Bows before the Land Divine—
Onward yet Love's journey wendeth
O'er the mount, the wood, the sea,
Till that mystic path extendeth
E'en beyond the sunset sea,
Till Its fond, prophetic glances,
Bright with benediction, lay
On the city of St. Francis,
Throned beside her shining Bay.
Then Its look, with halo tender,
Crowned each future home of prayer.
Crowned each shrine of stately splendor,
To be proudly builded there.

Downward through the sounding ages
Speeds the ringing steps of Time—
And upon the deathless pages
Angles trace the deeds sublime,
By Loyola's sons repeated,
Till, within the golden West,
Lo! a Temple shines completed,
Built by their labors blest,
While, with music grandly swelling,
Passed the pomp of holy rite.
Fondly to Its chosen dwelling
Came the Lord of Love and Light.
Came to give Its "Clean Oblation"
To the stateliest Altar-Stone,
Came to claim heart-adoration,
From Its Mystic Prison Throne.
Came to seal the benediction
Given while Its Body lay,
Victim of man's dereliction,
In Its tomb of rocky clay.
And by angel voice repeated,
Ancient warnings here resound—
Hail the House of God, completed!
Bow! for "this is holy ground!"—
Banish thoughts of earthly leaven!
Doff thy shoon of worldly care!
Thou art at the Gate of Heaven.
Thou art in the home of prayer.
Lo! the Lord is here! Adore Him!
In His sight with homage thrill.
Lo! the Lord is here!—Before Him
Earthly tumult—"Peace! be still!"

Mars in the Catholic Sentinel.

—Nature labors always for its own interest, to please and to establish itself; but grace labors only for God's sake, and watches incessantly over the motions of the heart, to preserve it from sin, and to enable it to seek only its establishment in Jesus Christ.
Reading matter of whatever kind—be it good or bad, refined or coarse, elevating or degrading in its nature—is classed under the general head of literature. There are, however, two grand divisions of literature which present themselves before our mind, and these are denominated the grave and the light. That a literary work be light, does not presuppose the fact that it is intrinsically evil; nor, on the other hand, that because a given book is classed under the head of grave literature, should we conclude the volume to be ipso facto harmless.

Newspapers, novels, poems, etc., rank as light literature; while works on art, on biographical, historical and scientific subjects belong to what may be styled grave or serious literature. Books teaching false art, false history, false philosophy, and false science are generally written in a grave and serious manner; the authors thereof sometimes laboring under the false impression that they were doing nothing more than teaching truth to men; yet these same books will poison and have poisoned the minds of their votaries, and have led many to the very brink of destruction and ruin.

Hence, it is not because a work claims serious attention as regards its subject matter, that it can be read with safety. The world is filled with these same books—books that are a curse to society and a scandal to a civilized community. Again, if such books as we have enumerated above were of no evil influence, then it might be also said with equal force of reasoning, that bad newspapers, novels, etc., are good and harmless inasmuch as they are classed under the head of light literature; but this we all know not to be the case. Hence we may infer, that it is not because the reading matter of any publication is heavy or light that the work itself must be discarded, but the nature of its contents.

Now we see what literature is, and of what it is composed. We see that light literature may be harmless, and, that grave and serious literature may contain the poison of the serpent or the sling of the wicked; and furthermore, that as far as their names are concerned they offer no guarantee whatever for their destroying, or moralizing influence. Now, if we take into consideration the fact that the youth of our land must read something, and that this reading is to the mind what food is to the body, I think all will conclude with me that the reading matter presented our children, our youth, should be wholesome and good; for if bad food will soon reduce the body to a low and enfeebled state, so will bad reading leave its work upon the mind, and bring the whole individual person to a sad and gloomy state of existence. For when we consider man a fallen prey to the storms and winds of a corrupted nature, we cannot help censoring in the most severe terms a literature whose primary object is to vitiate the mind of the young and unsuspecting, to harden their hearts against everything noble, generous, good, and true, and bring them to a state of self-abasement, which can be more easily imagined than described.

It is the duty, then, of good and loving parents to provide their children with wholesome reading matter—that will not corrupt their minds, nor tarnish the purity of their innocent souls. And for this purpose they should select the lives of great and good men, stories of a refining and interesting nature, historical and traditional sketches; in a word, everything that is good, and nothing that is bad.

We have now in this country excellent books and periodicals, Catholic newspapers, illustrated weeklies, and monthlies, etc.—all sold at a very low price, and consequently there is no need of the dime-novel series, or of other similar productions, that are incapable of working good, but very capable of working evil.

Histories, when they are faithful statements of the past, and works on art, science, religion, etc., are the bread and meat, so to speak, of the mind and heart. They give a noble direction to the thoughts; they teach us to curb our unruly passions, and, and to look with care to the spiritual good of our soul—which is eternal in its effect—and not to the temporary and seeming good of the body, which after a few years will be consigned to a cold and silent grave as an unsightly object.

It is quite remarkable that those young persons of both sexes who love to study and to improve in their classes at school will seldom become downright novel readers; for in this they have acquired a serious turn of mind—a sound judgment, and a power of reasoning that will seldom, if ever, allow them to be duped by the trashy and unclassical matter which the yellow-covered books contain. But, perhaps, it may be said that all novels are not bad in themselves; this, it must be remembered, I do not say; I only say that novels for the most part produce bad effects, and as such should be avoided. But suppose I say that they are the sweetmeats, the confectionary-stores of the mind—and this they can but be at best; now all know that sweetmeats and confectionaries cannot be indulged in to too great an extent, otherwise, disease will be shortly brought about, and death will soon terminate a life of misery and pain.

But, as I alluded to before, it is not the novel or attractive story that is the only dangerous kind of literature. There are books, and plenty of them, too, claiming to be scientific, that teach what is directly opposed to morals, and virtuous principles. There are poems and novels which present scenes that would cause any good person to shudder, were they actually to behold them in real life. This is a good test. If you would despise a person who would violate all or any of the Ten Commandments, you should, on the same principle, burn the book that strives to make you admire the hero or heroine who sets decency and civility at defiance, and whose life is represented as full of deeds opposed to the known laws of order and justice. For the same reason, periodicals, devoted to portraying events of actual life, which are immoral, should not be read. Familiarity with vice has a bad effect. It is too true, that vice is a monster of so hideous a mien, that to be hated needs but to be seen; but, viewed too often, we become familiar with its face. We first endure, then pity, then embrace it. We may be said to view vice when we are in the habit of reading those publications in which the transactions of vicious people are registered, even to be condemned; therefore, we should avoid reading at random. Advertising almanacs, and such like publications, may do great harm by poisoning the mind. The fetae bear us out in our assertion. On the other hand, by the contemplation of circumstances, in which virtue plays the principal part, where noble and refined actions are enlarged upon, and honest, upright men and women are brought to mind, the understanding is won over to virtue. The reader’s soul becomes assimilated to the hero’s, and partakes of the noble qualities he possessed. If, in my little attempt at an essay, I made it somewhat clear how intimately
the sympathies of the reader become interwoven with those of the author, I think that in showing the power of literature I have at the same time also proved its legitimate province.

E. CHOUX.

Reflections.

Often on a summer's day, when I desired to give my self up to serious thoughts and calm reflections, have I wandered off into the woods, where, perchance, in some secluded dell, or under the shade of some stately oak, I would permit my mind to recall again the incidents of my boyhood days. There, secluded from everything, as it were, of a distractive nature, I would indulge my memory and imagination in a thousand devious wanderings. To my mind would spring up the distant shadows of departed time, which have gradually faded almost into oblivion.

I remember on one occasion looking through my half-closed eyes, I imagined I saw "a dusty savage roaming through the woods and wilds in quest of prey." At another time, I would think I saw into that mysterious realm above, and behold the grandeur of each and every one of God's numberless works. The tiny brook, murmuring on its way to a mighty world of waters, and rippling at my feet; the birds and insects sporting about, regardless of my presence, would complete this scene, the influence of which is so strong as to make resistance to it an impossibility, and under which influence reflecting beings like ourselves sink into a sort of melancholy reverie.

To mortals like ourselves eternity is incomprehensible, though, through serious reflection we can catch a faint idea of it. God speaks, and a human life answers His awful summons. In heaven dwell angels and saints who, while here on earth, led virtuous and holy lives, and performed heroic deeds of humanity and charity; and we, reflecting on them and their works, are incited to do likewise.

Through the gloomy corridors of Hades' room shrieking fiends, and the reverberating echoes that come to us from out those murky depths are the walls of endless woe. The human heart is a great ocean into which pour, in ceaseless stream, the tears of those who do not congregate in large numbers, nor dwell in communities, but whose labors in providing a sure place of protection for their young, are begun and carried through in each case, by one and the same individual, and hence these derive the appellation of Solitary Wasps and Bees.

It is remarkable that amongst these creatures it is invariably the mother who constructs the nest, and prepares and stores up the food required by the young grub when it leaves the egg. The female takes no part in the building of the hive and the nest of the common wasp. There are, however, others belonging to the same division of the order, who do not congregate in large numbers, nor dwell in communities, but whose labors in providing a sure place of protection for their young, are begun and carried through in each case, by one and the same individual, and hence these derive the appellation of Solitary Wasps and Bees.

The name of Social Wasps and Bees has been applied to those interesting members of the order of insects termed by entomologists hymenoptera, who, living in communities, accomplish by their united efforts and division of labor the beautiful results exhibited in the comb of the hive-bee and the nest of the common wasp. There are, however, others belonging to the same division of the order, who do not congregate in large numbers, nor dwell in communities, but whose labors in providing a sure place of protection for their young, are begun and carried through in each case, by one and the same individual, and hence these derive the appellation of Solitary Wasps and Bees.
ment of the young grub when hatched, she carefully closes up the nest with a thick coating of clay, and the business of her life is accomplished.

Another variety selects a hard and compact sand-bank exposed to the heat of the sun, and bores into it a tubular gallery, forming at the mouth of the burrow a sort of outwork or tower with the sand she removes from the interior, by moistening with saliva, and kneading it into pellets for building purposes. In this gallery she makes the cells for her eggs, and rolls up in each the food required. The tower, which in shape and size corresponds to the body of the insect, is apparently erected for the purpose of sheltering the little architect during her labors, and perhaps also as a protection to the young from the violent heat of the sun, and from the inroads of their implacable enemy, the ichneumon-fly, although, in some instances, the wasp destroys it after closing up the nest. The food provided by the mason-wasp consists always of green caterpillars, which she arranges in a spiral column, and in such a manner that, although still alive, they have not the power of moving. When the grub is hatched, it devours the store of nourishment, forms a cocoon, becomes a chrysalis, and, after the usual transformation, leaves the nest a perfect wasp. In South America, these sand mason-wasps construct a pouch-shaped nest, two inches in length, and attached either to the branch of a tree or some other prominent object, and stock it with a peculiar sort of spider, closing it up when the eggs are deposited. While occupied in building their nests, which they sometimes place about the windows and doors of houses, they make a loud humming sound, varying their tone according to the different parts of the work they are engaged in.

The mason-bee employs a variety of materials in the formation of her nest, although the principle of its construction is similar to that of the wasp; the food stored up in it is pollen and honey, instead of caterpillars. It may sometimes be found in the cement between two bricks; in others, wood and earth together being employed in building it. A cake of dry mud, apparently thrown against the wall, may be frequently met with, which, with on closer inspection, will be seen to contain more stony particles than are usually found in common red mud, and to have a circular hole on the side. This will prove to be the entrance to a mason-bee's nest, and will lead to a cell about an inch in diameter, and nearly at right angles to it. The earth which has been excavated from the gallery, has been observed to be heaped at the opening, and to be afterwards used to close it against the depredations of the ichneumon and other enemies.

Another of these solitary workers is the carpenter-bee, so called from her nest being built in wood only—posts, paling5, and decayed woodwork being selected by her for the purpose. We must not suppose, however, that she will take up her abode where adulter or dry-rot are established, for these she carefully avoids, and only seeks such a measure of them as will soften the wood and diminish the labor of her task. Her first employment is to chisel out of the wood with her jaws, the space requisite for her nest, and in doing this she is fully as careful as the mason-wasp, in removing all trace of the fragments, although she does not appear to carry them to so great a distance. After the chiselling process is completed, she makes the sides as smooth as possible, and then divides the nest, by means of partitions of clay, into cells, each containing its egg and store of pollen. When the work is completed, the artificer closes the entrance with clay, thus keeping out all parasites, who might place their eggs by the side of her own, and thus endanger the life of her offspring.

The violet carpenter-bee, well-known to French naturalists, has been seen to bore in an upright piece of wood, a perpendicular tunnel of twelve or fifteen inches in length, and half an inch in breadth. This is entered through an oblique passage about an inch long, and is divided into cells in a peculiar manner. The bee collects the sawdust, if we may so term it, which she gnaws out of the wood during the chiselling process, into a little heap at a short distance from the excavation, and having deposited her egg, and covered it with pollen and honey to the height of about an inch, she proceeds to make a ceiling of the dust in a most curious manner, which also serves as the flooring of her next cell. She fixes to the wall of her tunnel a ring of chips from her store heap, glued together, and within this she cement another smaller one, until the circular plate forming the division or ceiling is completed, when it will be about the thickness of a silver dollar, and very hard, showing the concentric circles, as does a transverse section from the trunk of a tree. She thus perfects ten or twelve cells, and closes the entrance in a similar way. As the egg in the lowest cell, is, of course, the first laid, and will, consequently be the first hatched, it stands to
these insects, believed them to be the work of a magician, and sent them to his master, asking what could be done with some of the wonderfully beautiful nests made by the bees, and the provision stored up consists of grats and flies, instead of honey and pollen.

The upholsterer-bee next claims our attention. One species of it is termed the poppy-bee, from the fact that she chooses the bright petals of the dazzling scarlet poppy for the lining of her cells. Her nest is a hole about three inches deep, increasing in breadth as it descends, some, in the shape of a flask. The little laborer, having smoothed and polished the interior of her chamber, next proceeds to collect the brilliant lining with which she intends to embellish it. Tails she effects by cutting off small oval pieces from the petals or the poppy, taking them up between her legs, and carrying them to the nest. At the lower part of it she places three or four pieces in thickness, and never less than two around the sides. If the piece should be larger than she requires, she neatly nips off the excess, fitting it exactly, and taking away the cuttings. Having thus arranged her tapestry, which she extends beyond the entrance of her nest, she fits it with pollen and honey, lays her egg, and folds down over it the scarlet drapery from above, filling in the top with earth.

Another well-known upholsterer is the rose-leaf cutter bee. A French naturalist tells us that a gardener having met with some of the wonderfully beautiful nests made by these insects, believed them to be the work of a magician, who had placed them in the garden with some evil intent, and sent them to his master, asking what could be done to exorcise the malignant spirit! This industrious little upholsterer first bores a cylindrical hole in some beaten path, or occasionally in a wall of decaying wood, and in this she forms from the cuttings of leaves, neatly folded together, several thumble-shaped cells, the end of each one being placed in the mouth of that immediately below it. For this purpose she prefers the rose leaf, although she occasionally employs that of the birch or mountain ash. In order to accomplish the necessary feat of cutting the leaf, she fixes herself upon its outer edge, keeping the margin between her legs, and, beginning near the stalk, she cuts with great rapidity cuts out, by means of her mandibles, a circular piece. When this becomes nearly detached, and she feels that her weight might tear it away, she balances herself on her wings until she has completed the incision. She then flies off to her nest with her cut piece, and fits it into its place with marvellous exactitude, using no glutinous matter, but merely trusting to the natural bend of the leaf to keep it in position. It is supposed that about ten or twelve pieces are used by the bee for one cell, and one side of each piece is always formed by the serrated edge of the leaf, which is invariably placed outermost. She makes use of several layers of leaves, and never places the joinings opposite to each other, but so arranges the pieces that the centre of one comes upon the margin of the other, thereby adding considerable strength to the junctions. Her cells are stored with pollen and honey, principally collected from the thistle, and of a beautiful rose-color. In each she deposits one egg, closing in the opening with three pieces of leaf, all cut with such regularity that no compasses, however skilfully guided, could describe a more perfect circle; and in this way she fills her nest, exhibiting the greatest perseverance and industry in restoring it to order, should any interruption or derangement occur during the work.

With such mathematical exactitude, do these little creatures execute the work which an Almighty Creator has ordained for them to accomplish!

Art, Music and Literature.

—One of the finest amateur banjo players in New York is the daughter of Ex-Secretary McCulloch.

—Prior to becoming an opera manager, Col. Mapleson played the violinconcerto in the orchestra in Italy.

—It is expected that over fifty bands will participate in a bad tournament to be held at Pittsburg, May 17-18.

—The Philadelphia Musical Association has voted $250 to the Irish Relief Fund, and a similar amount in aid of the sufferers in Silesia.

—A book on "The Theatres of Paris," by J. Brander Matthews, is in press by Charles Scribner's Sons. It will have a number of illustrations.

—There is being written for a New York theatre an operatic extravaganza entitled "Enoch Arden," libretto by Mr. W. P. Laidman, music by Mr. Max Maretsk.

—Many of the most prominent ladies of Cincinnati have joined a society just formed in that city for the purpose of surprising operatic and theatrical performances on Sunday evenings.

—A Dubuque, Iowa, paper in a review of Remenyi's recent concert there says: "He imitated the cat, or rather two cats; the canary bird, the chicken, a dying pig and a man getting a tooth pulled."

—According to the Atlantic Constitution: "Campanini had "syncope" in St. Louis," and adds: "they do have the funniest names for mixed drinks, in these Western towns. Anything to be an American."

—A Kansas city critic has discovered that Miss Emma Abbott drinks better between the acts, is fond of fried oysters, and goes to clairvoyants to have her fortunes told. She does one foolish thing at least.

—At the farewell concert of Wilhelmi, in San Francisco, he was presented with a box containing a gold cup, a gold shield on which was a violin handsomely engraved and enamelled, and a certificate of stock worth $3,000.

—Joseph Hoover, 629 Arch St., Philadelphia, offers for sale a splendid chromo-lithograph of Pope Leo XIII. The likeness is a good one, and is well suited as a premium picture. The price is $33 per hundred. Size, 28x24 inches.

—It is related of Blind Tom that when at his home in Georgia he remains alone with his pianoforte, in a building apart from all others, and plays day and night, with brief intermissions. He plays at these times almost like a madman.

—In addition to eminent talent the services of Mdm. Calista Huntley-Hiccol and Mdm. Rivé-King have been secured for the annual concert of Miss Abby Noyes, which is to be given at Boston Music Hall, April 2d. It will be a brilliant musical event.

—The fifth volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince-Consort" is promised for March. This volume completes the work relating the Prince's life during 1860, and to the time of his death in 1861. It will be supplied with three portraits and a complete index.

—During the reign of Louis XIV, the sun and moon were so well represented at the French Opera that, as St. Evremond informs us, the Ambassador of Guises, assisting at one of its performances, leaned forward in his box when those orbs appeared and religiously saluted them.
Sir Julius Benedict has lately resigned the conductorship of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, a position which he held for thirteen years. The resignation does not take formal effect till the close of the present season. Meanwhile, it is understood, Sig. Randegger will fulfill the duties of conductor.

In our judgment, to teach well it is necessary that the teacher should have sung well, as mere theory will not suffice any more in music than in other arts; practice must be insisted upon; and to tell a beginner how or she ought to give emission to a note is quite useless, except the professor can give an illustration of his doctrine.

In 1873 the Corporation of London erected, on the exact spot where Peter worked as a carpenter while in England, a large board bearing the words: "Here worked as a ship carpenter Peter, Czar of all the Russians, afterwards Peter the Great." It is curious that the Russians should not have erected some more enduring monument on the spot in memory of their greatest, and, with all his crimes, revered monarch.

An attempt was made last summer to reproduce, from the original Latin manuscript of Thomas à Kempis, the treatise of which he is the reputed author—"De Imitatione Christi." It was preserved in the Royal Library of Brussels. But the minute Gothic handwriting has grown so dim in parts, through age and the number of hands that have turned its leaves, as to puzzle the operations of photography, and the effort is a failure.

A well-known French geographer, M. E. Levasseur, has invented a geographical game of great interest. It is known as a number of workmen are daily engaged upon the work.

Sweden and Norway are beginning to pay attention to the condition of their fortresses. The national system of defence has reference mainly to attacks by sea, and great stress is laid upon the necessity of fortifying Christiania. Works are greatly needed at Drobach, which is situated in the narrowest part of the estuary of the Skager Rake. A system of forts could be established there which the Russians should not have erected some more enduring monument on the spot in memory of their greatest, and, with all his crimes, revered monarch.

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New Publications.

—We have received from Joseph Hoover, publisher of fine chromos, etc., 633 Arch Street, Philadelphia, a splendid new chromo-lithograph of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. This is an excellent likeness of our saintly Pontiff, and to our mind forms a most suitable and appreciative premium picture. In fact, we know of no premium that would be so acceptable to students as this. The lithograph is 32x44 inches, and when framed makes a picture suitable to the drawing-room, parlor, or private chamber. The price, too, is so low, that teachers in parochial schools and colleges will save a good deal, and, at the same time satisfy the pupils by introducing this well-executed portrait as a premium. The lithographs are sold at the exceedingly low price of $25 per hundred, so that there is no excuse whatever as regards the price. The likeness, too, is good, very good; in fact, the best we have seen yet. Once more we recommend it as a suitable present or premium picture, and can safely say that as one or the other it will give entire satisfaction.

—We acknowledge the receipt of "Outlines of Determinative Mineralogy." By C. Gilbert Wheeler, Professor in the University of Chicago.

College Gossip.

—May not the Freshmen in Trigonometry be considered angle-worms as well as book-worms?—Harvard Echo.

—The Catholic Church has in this country no less than 687 seminaries, colleges, and academies, besides 2246 parochial schools.

—Harvard will not be able to get through the year without running into debt. The number of students is less this year than last, and the expenses are greater.—Princetonian.

—Ruger's boating interests seem to be away down, as sufficient money is not forthcoming with which to redeem the boat from the factory, where it has been sent for repairs.

—Student under examination in physics: "What planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, sir, there were Venus and Jupiter," and "after a pause"—"I think the earth, but I'm not quite certain."—The Portfolio.

—the names of twenty-nine ladies appeared in the list of candidates who passed the matriculation examination at the London University in January. Seventeen passed in the first division and five in the second division.—Harvard Echo.

—a tutor tried to scare a small boy with the following declaration: "Boy, you've been smoking. You can't fool me. I've got a nose like a dog!" The small boy protested against the first part of his declaration, but entirely agreed with him in the last part.—College Men's Club.

—The Queen's College Journal begins to fear the possibility of the co-education wave sweeping into Canada, and is showing up some of the principal opinions running counter to it in the United States and elsewhere. Among the authorities quoted are the Trinity Tablet of Trinity, the Nausicaa, of Princeton, the London World, Notre Dame Scholastic, and the Acta Colombiana.

—"For lack of funds William and Mary College will soon be closed." A paragraph to this effect appeared in a certain paper last fall, and since then poor William and Mary have continued to travel back and forth in every college paper throughout the land. They have just reached the Berkeleyan. It is about time the college was shut up, or else the papers discontinue to publish the statement as news.—The Brunonian.

—The Amherst Student and the Scholastic continue to enjoy themselves in an unsocial way. The latter shows the better knowledge in the controversy, the former takes refuge in irony. The Student informs us that twenty men are training for the nine, and "run a fast half-mile a day." We respectfully suggest that instead of having twenty men run a half-mile, they set one man to running ten miles, and so produce at least one good ball player.—The Brunonian.
have been admitted, as members, and those who have grown footsteps of her most faithful Spouse, Christ Himself. As Divinity upon her brow, and she wears this same stamp it is but the poor in spirit that can possess the kingdom of the Scripture says had not where to lay His head, and that become poor through circumstances, or are poor by birth, tip within her bosom, and whose laws, by this very fact, they an independent and perfect society, the Church has her festivities, her feasts, etc., all of which she pays careful atten­tion to, and enforces their observance upon those who teach men to love and respect one another, to live to­gether in the bonds of brotherly love, to be good and faith­ful qualities that should be found in the heart of every Chris­tian—a man in appearance, in so far as his exterior is con­cerned with superstition, and a thousand-and-one other epithets, those, of course, who differ from us in religious belief cannot see the object, end, or aim of one half of the actions of the Catholic Church; and not frequently charge her whose importance, and a thousand-and-one other epithets, whose import, are for the most part, but poorly under­stood—if understood at all. They ridicule, forsake the workings of the Spouse of Christ—that Church with whom He promised to abide until the consummation of ages. But, let such who are prone to mock and laugh at every thing religious, beware. If God has established a Church for the guidance of mankind unto salvation, then we are bound to hear the voice of that Church; if He has not estab­lished such a Church, but left every one to do the best he can for himself, in regard to the individual worship of God, then the words of Christ are false, carry with them no meaning, and consequently they could not be the words of a God. This is precisely how the matter stands; let people, then, be careful what they say about that institution which claims to be both Apostolic and Divine.

During the past week, then, there were carried out in full at Notre Dame the services of Holy Week. On Good Friday and Holy Saturday the ceremonies were very im­pressive; and on Maudy Thursday the ceremony of vesting the altars of their ornaments, etc., reminded us of the sad state of affairs at the time our Lord was about to pay the penalty of the sins of man by the ignominious death of the cross.

To-morrow, Easter Sunday, the celebration at Notre Dame will be of an imposing nature. Solemn High Mass will be celebrated at ten o'clock, a.m. and in the evening Solemn Vespers will be sung.

If there is any virtue that a man should strive to possess, it is the virtue of charity; for if we take away charity from a man—if we divest him of this most precious mantle, we have left but a poor specimen of humanity—a man in appearance, in so far as his exterior is con­cerned, but possessing none of those grand and ennobling qualities that should be found in the heart of every Chris­tian.

How can a man lay claim to be a follower of Christ, and at the same time be without a spark of love or charity for his fellow-man? The idea is preposterous, and nothing else; it is opposed to every law; both human and divine, to every principle of morality and virtue.
We have men in this world of ours—and many of them, too,—that seem to be kept alive by a spirit of deviltry, by a spirit of rancor—finding, or striving to find fault, everywhere, and with everything, telling stories, speaking ill of everyone—in a word, a source of continual annoyance to their fellow-mortals—those poor creatures who have the misfortune, and, perhaps, the sad fate of having to come in daily contact with those would-be props of society. The world is, in fact, full of such men; we find them everywhere, and can be easily distinguished by the mantle of feigned or pretended piety, or of some other appreciated disposition or habit, with which they strive to clothe all their devilish actions. Would that the world were rid of such men! would, too, that society were not so often duped by their well-laid schemes, and their underhand workings!

But we suppose man was made to suffer and to die; and, after all, if we bear patiently with the trials and crosses of this unhappy, but more ungrateful world, the possession of God will be our reward in the next.

That the country is at present flooded with novels of a most pernicious nature is a fact which no observant person may deny. That the country would not be flooded with them if they were not encouraged is another fact too evident to need proof. How, then, in the face of these two facts, can we account for this morbid curiosity on the part of so many members of the community?

The majority of novel-readers tell us that they peruse those works simply to acquire style in writing: but all are well aware that to read immoral works for the purpose of forming a person's style, is a very lame excuse. Writings that dress vice in the garb of dignity, or in any manner palliates or conceals its natural hideousness, can answer no other purpose than to weaken the influence of virtue and promote the cause of dishonesty and crime. Writings that attempt such a purpose, are so many efforts to counteract and destroy whatever is salutary in religion, government, and laws.

Those writers who would demoralize the lower orders of society, by persuading them that the institutions of religion and law, which protect every man in the possession of his own, are un sanctioned by the dictates of natural justice or the promptings of sound reason, are the most mischievous pests of literature. They would render the noblest of arts—that of printing—subservient to the destruction of sound morals and social happiness. The works of such writers, no matter what talents they may display, or how fashionable soever may be their name, ought not to be purchased by any virtuous person. Nay, more, to afford praise to genius, when it is perverted, or to wit, when it is misemployed, is censurable—for, in any shape to encourage wickedness is to partake of its guilt. If society suffers by the dissemination of vicious principles, it is a poor apology for the promoters thereof to allege that they do so, not from approbation of the principles, but from the admiration of the dress in which they appear, as if poison were the less deadly because it is offered in a golden cup.

We write our mercies in the dust; but our afflictions we engrave in marble. Our memories serve us but too well to remember the latter; but we are strangely forgetful of the former.

The Late Father Champeau, C. S. C.

On the seventeenth inst., news reached Notre Dame that the Rev. Louis Dominic Champeau, C. S. C, so well and favorably known to most of the members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, had slept the sleep of death, and was buried on the first of March, at Neuilly-sur-Seine, Paris. This sad intelligence was keenly felt by all—even by those who knew nothing about the good Father, save what they heard from others; and hence we must say that Notre Dame mourned for the loss of a good and holy soul—a man who sought God in everything, making Him the beginning and end of all his actions.

We take the following obituary notice of Father Cham peau, from the columns of L'Univers:

Neuilly-sur-Seine has lately experienced a great affliction. Its Christian families had the sorrowful duty yesterday of consigning to their last resting place the earthly remains of Rev. Father Louis Dominic Champeau, First Assistant-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, and President of the College of Our Lady of Holy Cross at Neuilly, who fell asleep in the peace of the Lord on Saturday last, at the age of sixty-two years. It may also be said that this good priest sleeps surrounded with the affectionate regret of his religious brethren, of his dear pupils, and of all the families who had entrusted to his ripe wisdom and great knowledge the education of their children. Rev. Father Champeau was successively a college President at Mans, Nevers, and Orleans. Afterwards he came to Paris to establish in the Quartier des Ternes the noble Institution of Holy Cross, which he afterwards transformed into a college, and removed to Neuilly-sur-Seine, a situation delightful in every respect. In the difficult position which he occupied, he invariably displayed the dignity of the priest, the consummate prudence of the skilful administrator, and the ripe wisdom of the Christian teacher. In him, zeal and prudence were harmoniously blended, and this union gave his authority a charm which words cannot describe.

All Christian hearts will be the more inclined to share the grief of the religious families of Neuilly-sur-Seine, of which we are but the feeble echo, when they learn that the last great act of Father Champeau's life, was to receive into his college the Christian Brothers, who had been expelled by the radical administration, which reigns at Neuilly as well as at Paris. And while the three hundred students continued their studies without interruption, Rev. Father Champeau managed to make sufficient room in his establishment to allow the Brothers to give instructions daily to more than three hundred children, until the generosity of the friends of religious education can open for them the admirable free school of which they have been put in charge.

After a life of such devotedness, God will certainly receive into his bosom a just man, who, like Rev. Father Champeau, lived only for the glory of His name. Requi est in pace.
Personal.

—F. Hallman (Commercial), '78, is book-keeper for his father at Galena, Ill.
—Douglas Ryan (Commercial), '76, is in business with his father at Dubuque, Iowa.
—P. McCullough, '76, is engaged in business in Minnesota, and, by all accounts, is doing well.
—G. B. Saylor (Commercial), '77, is now one of the firm of Saylor Bros., Manufacturers, 1311 Popular street, St. Louis, Mo.
—A. Crukelton (Commercial), '72, is now engaged in the farming business at Sherman, Texas, where, we hear, he is doing well.
—Benjamin D. Heeb (Commercial), '77, is clerking for the largest dry-good firm of James Levi & Co., Dubuque, Iowa.

Among the visitors at Notre Dame for the past week were Mrs. E. C. Copeland, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Berkley, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Soce, Chicago, Ill.

N. S. Mitchell, '72, whose card may be found in another column, paid a flying visit to his Alma Mater during the past week. Many of his old friends were glad to see him, and hope to see him visit Notre Dame soon again.

—First-Lieutenant Geo. M. Wheeler, Captain of the Faculty took place on the preceding Tuesday.

—The Class of Botany was out on last Sunday, and received the last of the flower garden that used to grace the entrance to the old College being removed. We are, it is said, to have a green lawn in its place.

—The singing of the Lamentations on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings was very effective. The Lamentations sung by the choir in four parts were admirably rendered.

—Rev. P. W. Condon visited the College of our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis., last week, and reports all well at this institution, except our esteemed friend Rev. T. Carroll, the Vice-President and Director of Studies, who, we are sorry to hear, is very ill.

—Prof. J. A. Lyons, the beloved President of the St. Cecilian Philomathian Association, was, on the 19th inst., contained a long and interesting account of Vice-President Walsh's "Eulogy on St. Patrick," delivered the previous evening, at St. Patrick's Church, in the above named city.

—The 9th regular meeting of the Archconfraternity of St. Cecilia was held in the University auditorium, on the afternoon of the 21st, with an attendance of about one hundred and twenty persons.

Local Items.

—Easter eggs!
—Bulletin will be made out next Wednesday.
—The work in the various shops is quite brisk at present.
—The Class of Bible-History (Junior Department), is doing well.
—Competitions next week will be in the Course of Modern Languages.
—The Band is now rehearsing Il Trovatore and Grand March, in Faust.

—It is near time, we believe, that the Boat Club should be thinking of reorganizing.
—The ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out according to the Ceremonial, as usual.
—We believe the Philopatrians will be the next that will occupy the stage at Washington Hall.
—What about the Senior Baseball nine this year? We expect soon to receive an account from them.
—The Class of Botany was out on last Sunday, and reports vegetation in the same state as a few weeks ago.
—The Mandatum, or washing of the feet, took place last Thursday, at two o'clock. Quite a number of persons were present.
—Last Thursday, being a holiday, the regular meeting of the Faculty took place on the preceding Tuesday. Time and place as usual.

—The hymn Gloria laus, etc., was beautifully sung on Palm Sunday by Masters F. Grever, J. Larkin, P. Nelson, J. Gutherie, and C. Echlin.
—The weather is still in an unsettled state. March is bound to support the truth of the old saying in regard to its coming in and going out.

—The beautiful flower garden that used to grace the entrance to the old College being removed. We are, it is said, to have a green lawn in its place.

—The St. Cecilian's Society-room, is being beautified more and more every day. During the President of this most florishing Society does not neglect his business.

—Next week some of the Fathers at Notre Dame will be on their way to France to attend to business connected with the Congregation of Holy Cross. They will be absent for about two months.

—The Columbians desire us to give public expression of their thanks to the ever-accommodating Prof. J. A. Lyons, for the kind interest manifested by him in their Association on the occasion of their late Exhibition.

—Notre Dame is now connected with the telephone Exchange, South Bend, Ind.

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—Prof. J. A. Lyons, the beloved President of the St. Cecilian Philomathian Association, was, on the 19th inst., the occasion of his patronal festival,—made the recipient, by the members of the above Association, of a handsome present in the form of a hat-rack, valued at $31.

—If the person, who had the audacity to purloin a photo from an album in "Island No. 10," regards health as a blessing, and wishes to retain the same, our advice to him would be to immediately return this photo, and in future make himself scarce around those premises.

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—Lent is now drawing to a close. We don't know whether many will mourn for its sad departure; but if we don't know many, we know some that would like to see it go before it came.

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—The章程-olitogram of Pope Leo XIII lately sent to us by the publisher, Joseph Hoover, 626 Arch St., Philadelphi, is admired by all who see it, and pronounced a good likeness of our saintly Sovereign Pontiff.

—The singing of the Lamentations on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings was very effective. The Lamentations sung by the choir in four parts were admirably rendered.

—Some very fine kites might be seen sailing over the campus and the College buildings on the recreation days of the past few weeks. This seems to be at present a favorite sport among some of the Juniors and Minims.

—An extra Competition took place this week in the sixth Greek Class, and a premium awarded to the student who obtained the highest average for duties during the last two weeks. The winner was Francis A. Quin, of Tolenia, Ill.

—Freshie to Prep: "Say, boy, how many beans make five?" Prep—"Are you talking figuratively or hyperbolically?" "Hyperbolically, of course," answered stately Freshie. "On that account for it, then!" replied our young shaver.

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—Services began on Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10 o'clock. Everything was done in strict accordance with the Ceremonial. On Saturday they began at 8 o'clock, as the reading of the Prophets, the blessing of the Paschal Cake, etc., take considerable time. The students, however, attended only the Mass.

—We have received a letter from —, Wisconsin, informing us that, as far as his knowledge goes, "J. E." has no friends in that State; hence we must infer that "J. E.," has enemies there as "he that is not with him is against him." God bless us! it's a terrible world. Who would be a local editor, even for a single day!

—The 9th regular meeting of the Archconfraternity of
the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. Mary was held March 21st. Master C. McDermott told about the "Office of Holy Week." T. W. Weddell read an essay on "The Sign of the Cross," and T. O'Neill gave a very nice and instructive sketch of the "Life of St. Patrick."

—Our weather prophet is ill at ease these times. He cannot tell what's the matter with "that wind." One day it's blowing hard, and the next day it's blowing no place at all. Perhaps it's that curious comet now attracting the attention of astronomers that's causing the mischief of having no " ruling wind" at present.

—Our friend John sometimes imagines that he's awful smart. Just listen to what he said to cousin Mike the other day: "Say, Mike, when does a horse chew the best?" Mike commenced to think, and finally said: "Well, I suppose—well, when—I give it up." When he has not a bit in his mouth "chucked our apt little Johnny.

—We were glad to hear that the feast-day of Prof. J. A. Lyons was not let pass without appropriate celebration by the members of the St. Cecilian and St. Stanislaus Pailopairian Societies, whose kind President Professor Lyons is. His young admirers tendered the eulogium, and hoped that he would see many and many returns of his patronal festival. We wish him the same, as likewise, do not doubt, all his other friends at Notre Dame.

—"Two things you'll not fret at if you're a wise man,—the thing you can't help and the thing which you can." "Well, supposing I can't help anything, what then?" "Do as they do in France." Our friend did not understand this answer, and went around asking every one he met about it. John, we would advise you to be on the lookout for those sharpers, who take special pleasure in playing tricks upon the innocent.

—The exquisite finish of the woodwork in the large parlor, private rooms, and spacious halls of the College reflects great credit on the boss carpenter, and shows plainly that he is a man of taste, and knows how to beautify anything he takes hold of. Our numerous patrons and visitors are amongst the cultured and refined portion of our Western population, and, no doubt, would not wish to see such fine work as the above injurious finish on the part of the painters and grainers. The painting and graining on the old college was something which was admired by all, and could not be excelled. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary that whoever has charge of the work should see that none but first-class workmen are engaged, and that this portion of the work be done in a proper manner.

—Amonest the collegiate weeklies received by us, the Notre Dame Scholastic deserves special mention. Although, of course, exhibiting at times that freshness of style which only years of practice can surmount, in other respects, the literary characteristics of this modest weekly would not discredit older hands and more practiced pens. Its contents are varied, instructive and interesting. What is most noteworthy is the self-control and urbanity of tone in which its discussions are conducted. And these are qualifications in which not only youthful disputants, but even publicists of some standing, who have not been regularly educated for their calling, are most likely to be deficient. The Notre Dame Scholastic possesses a more than merely local interest, and deserves general encouragement and support.

—We wonder what will be the man with the spirit of George Washington in him say to the following, which we clip from the South Bend Herald: Of all the blunders that the court on farmer, and some others, make with trees, this is so common as to be almost a proverb. Practically all the country is being made up of small trees—big limbs cut off near the body of the tree, and of course rotting to the heart. This is a great sin against nature, the very limbs necessary to protect the tree against wind and sun, and just where they are most needed, are ruthlessly cut away. But the greatest injury is the rotting that always takes place when a big limb is sawed off; too big to heal over, it must rot, and, being kept moist by the growing tree, is in the right condition to rot, and being on the body the rotting goes to the heart and hurts the whole tree. It is common all over the country to see large orchards mutilated in this way. We often see holes in trees where big limbs have been cut away that squirrels and even raccoons can crawl in. Perhaps the only reason these trimmers would give is, that lower limbs were easier to cut at, and some would say they wanted to raise a crop under the trees.

—"PRELUDES." By Maurice F. Egan.—We acknowledge the courtesy of the Scribes of Notre Dame who have sent us this exquisite little work, which our author has evinced a purity of taste and a delicate poetic intuition that give most happy earnest for the future. The spirit that informs all these short poems, among which the sonnet is the predominant type, is delightfully at variance with that of the general poetry of the day. For in them we do not find that sad repining and those half-
The names of those students who appear in the following list are those whose conduct during the past week has given us ground to believe that he could command us as well in the one sphere as in the other.—Virginia University Magazine.

The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions which are held monthly—Director of Studies.

College Course.


The roll of Honor was not listed in the document.
L. S. & M. S. Railroad.

On and after January 1, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2:15 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9:55; Cleveland 1:30 p.m.; Buffalo 3:15 p.m.

11:05 a.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line, arrives at Toledo 10:05 a.m. Cleveland 1:10 p.m.; Buffalo 4 a.m.

7:15 a.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line, arrives at Toledo 6:40 p.m. Cleveland 10:10 p.m.; Buffalo 4 a.m.

4:15 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line, Arrives at Toledo 2:40 a.m.; Cleveland, 7:00 a.m.; Buffalo, 11:10 p.m.


GOING WEST.

2:13 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Lacrosse 3:55 a.m., Chicago

4:05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5:50 a.m., Chicago

4:50 a.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5:50 a.m., Chicago

8:01 a.m., Ac commodation Arrives at Laporte 9:05 a.m.; Chicago 11:50 a.m.

7:30 and 8:03 a.m., Way Freight.

F. C. Raff, Ticket Agent. South Bend.

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

J. H. PARSONS, Sup't West Division, Chicago.

CHARLES Paine, Gen'L Supt.

Now Ready.

PRELUDES,

An Elegant Volume of Poems, by MAURICE F. Egan.

Published to aid in the Rebuilding of Notre Dame University.

Price, $1.00, postpaid.

Address PETER F. CUNNINGHAM & SON, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Copies may also be had at the Students' Office.

Indianapolis, Peru, & Chicago RAILWAY.

Time Table, in Effect JUNE 8, 1879.

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PERRI & INDIANAPOLIS EXPRESS.

Arrive Peri 7:45 a.m. — — Arrive Indianapolis 11:00 a.m.

9:40 a.m. — — Return.

Depart Indianapolis 12:30 p.m. — — Arrive Peri 3:50 p.m.

11:10 — — 5:50 a.m.

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WoolRUFF'S SLEEPING AND PARLOR COACHES.

Through to Indianapolis!

Allowing Passengers the privilege of remaining in Car until a Later Departure.

Births $1.25. Chairs 50 and 25 cents, according to distance.

Now Ready.

V. T. MALLOTT, Gen'l Manger, Indianapolis.

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The Chicago & North-Western Railway, embracing 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 California, Oregon, Washington, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, China, Japan, and Australia. Its 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, Minnesota, Dubuque, and all points in the Great Northwest. Its La Crosse, Winona and St. Peter Line is the best route between Chicago and La Crosse, Winona, Rochester, Owatonna, Mankato, St. Peter, New Ulm, and all points in Southern and Central Minnesota. Its Green Bay and Marquette Line is the only line between Chicago and Janesville, Watertown, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Appleton, Green Bay, Escanaba, Negaunee, 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 Cabs are run on all through trains of this road.

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The entire trains, consisting of an entirely new and superior equipment of Bayeaux Cars, Day Cars, Smoking Cars, Palace Reclining Chair Cars and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, run through direct, without change, from Chicago to Kansas City, Chicago to St. Louis, and St. Louis to Kansas City.

No extra charge for seats in the finest Reclining Chair Palace Cars in the world.

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The Best and Quickest Route from Chicago to

Memphis, Mobile, New Orleans and all Points South via St. Louis.

The Short Line to

Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Texas, Colorado, Nebraska, Arizona, New Mexico, California, etc.

The Great Excursion Route between the North and South, and to and from Kansas Lands and Colorado Health Resorts and Mining Districts.

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W. C. VAN HORN,
Gen'l Superintendent.
J. C. McMUdden,
Gen'l Manager.
Who is unacquainted with the Geography of this Country, will see by examining this Map, that the

Its main line runs from Chicago to Council Bluffs, passing through Chicago, Illinois, La Salle, Geneseo, Moline, Rock Island, Davenport, Dubuque, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. This is positively the only Railroad, which owns, and operates a through line from Chicago into the State of Kansas.

Through Express Passenger Trains, with Pullman Palace Cars attached, are run each way daily between CHICAGO and PEORIA, KANSAS CITY, COUNCIL BLUFFS, LEAVENWORTH and ATCHISON. Through cars are also run between Milwaukee and Kansas City, via the "Milwaukee and Rock Island Short Line.

The "Great Rock Island" is magnificently equipped. Its road bed is simply perfect, and its track is laid with steel rails.

What will please you most will be the pleasure of enjoying your meals, while passing over the beautiful prairies of Iowa and Illinois. Through Express Trains. You get an entire meal, as good as is served in any first-class hotel, for seventy-five cents.

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Magnificent Iron Bridges span the Mississippi and Missouri rivers at all points crossed by this line, and transfers are avoided at Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Leavenworth, and Atchison, connections being made in Union Depots.

The PRINCIPAL R. R. CONNECTIONS OF THIS GREAT THROUGH LINE ARE AS FOLLOWS:

At CHICAGO, with all diverging lines for the East and South.
At ENGLEWOOD, with the L. S. & M. S., and P. C. Ft. W. & C. B. Rds.
At WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, with P. C. & St. F. R. Rds.
At ROCK ISLAND, with "Milwaukee & Rock Island Short Line," and Rock Island & Pac. Rts.
At DAVENPORT, with the Davenport Division C. M. & St. P. R. R. at WEST LIBERTY, with the B. C. R. & N. R. R.
At DES MOINES, with the L. S. & M. S. at IOWA CITY, with the "Milwaukee and Rock Island Short Line.
At COUNCIL BLUFFS, with the "Great Rock Island." by the "Milwaukee and Rock Island Short Line.
At OMAHA, with B. N. & E. R. R. in Neb.
At MILWAUKEE, with the C. M. & St. P. R. R. at OTTUMWA, with the Central Iowa R. R.
At KANSAS CITY, with all lines for the West and Southwest.

Tickets via this line, known as the "Great Rock Island Route," and Rock Island & Pac. Rts.

For information not obtainable at your home ticket office, address,

J. L. KIMBALL, General Superintendent.

E. ST. JOHN, General Sales and Publicity Agent.

Chicago, Ill.
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THE NEW NOTRE-DAME.
(MAIN BUILDING)

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The College buildings are massive and commodious, and capable of giving accommodation to five hundred resident students.

The University affords every facility for acquiring a thorough knowledge of:

CLASSICS,
MATHEMATICS,
SCIENCE,

LAW,
MEDICINE,
MUSIC.

To such as wish to devote themselves to Commercial pursuits, Notre Dame gives a more complete business training than can be obtained in any purely Commercial College.

THE COMMERCIAL COURSE
has always received the most careful attention on the part of the officers and Commercial Faculty of the Institution.

In all the courses, the best systems of teaching are adopted, and the best authors for each branch selected.

New Students will be received at any time, their term beginning with date of entrance.

CATALOGUES, giving full particulars, will be sent free, on application to the President.