The Angel of the Spring.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.
Where'er she sets her shining foot,
The violets unfold;
Her pathway thro' the warm wet woods
The buttercups and daisy-buds
Have paved with pearl and gold.

II.
Her eyes are dashed with April rain,
But May is in her mouth
(Behind a veil of yellow hair),
Forever breathing, rosy, fair.

The soft winds of the South.

III.
"Come out into the snowy fields,
Dear little ones!"—she cries:
"The trees are putting forth their leaves.
The birds are building 'neath their eaves.
Blue are the pleasant skies.

IV.
"By garden-wall and meadow-fence
My airy flight I wing—
Arise, my pets! the earth is new
With birds and flow'rs and light and dew;
Come forth, and chase the green lanes through,
The Angel of the Spring!"

Science and Religion.

"The Church neither ignores nor despises the benefits of human life, which result from the arts and sciences, but confesses that, as they come from God, the Lord of all science, so, if they be rightly used, they lead to God by the help of His grace."—Vatican Council, Dogmatic Constitution on Catholic Faith and Reason, Chapter iv.

Reason and faith, spirit and matter, God and nature are opposite poles of philosophy. Without them, there is no clear thinking; without them, religion and virtue, science and philosophy cannot even exist. The belief in spirit, like the belief in matter, rests on its own basis of phenomena, and it belongs to philosophy to reconcile these with each other. When we trace up the history of religion and that of science, we find the former meek and humble, like its Master; the latter, bold and defiant. In fact, the motto of science seems to be a new version of the old non serviam. It is true that the champion of truth has to deal with most strange enemies. Some there are who are of little intellectual acquirements, scientists without science, leaders without capacity, men without genius? Not so: no man who is not endowed with a superior intellect, or who does not possess an irresistible force of character, and a wonderful power of fascination can accomplish or perform great acts of religion or irreligion.

When we look over the pages of history, we meet the names of leaders of both kinds, and by their fruits we can discern who are the warriors against truth and religion obscure men—men of little intellectual acquirements, scientists without science, leaders without capacity, men without genius? Not so: no man who is not endowed with a superior intellect, or who does not possess an irresistible force of character, and a wonderful power of fascination can accomplish or perform great acts of religion or irreligion.

God has so constituted society that it cannot exist without leaders; and, as a necessary consequence, these chosen—the élite of mankind—must be possessed of superior talents to enable them to lead the rest; these talents may be used rightly, or may be abused; if they are used aright, they go to the achievement of immortal deeds in the cause of religion and truth; but if they be used amiss, they will accomplish only the works of the devil, and cause to be disseminated the seeds of error, superstition and vice.

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know them. St. Paul with his burning zeal, St. Jerome with his immortal writings, St. Augustine with his great learning, St. Bernard with his stirring eloquence, St. Thos. Aquinas with his wonderful genius, St. Gregory, Hildebrand, with his indomitable force of character, which nothing could shake—all succeeded most admirably in the holy and noble works they undertook. Arises by his perishable cunning and great eloquence, Luther by his eminent learning, Calvin by his fanatical hate and inexorable will achieved also great works, but sad and inglorious, because ungodly,—works that have caused whole nations to separate from truth and embrace error. These are the children of reason that have caused nations to weep.

Until a comparative recent date, religion and faith and their doctrines—religion—had been always attacked on their own grounds, either in a philosophical, scriptural or a theological manner; but now this is done in the name of science. The enemy imagines that by choosing a new set of arms he will be able to overpower the pillar and ground of truth. Renan tries to rob our Lord of His Divinity by means of philosophy; Semler and Eichhorn explain the mysteries of Christ by physics; Lalanne proves from astronomy that matter is eternal; Darwin would force upon us the belief that man is no more than a favored monkey; Dr. Maudsley will tell us confidently that there is no soul in man, because he never touched it with the scalpel when dissecting the human brain. Again this same individual annihilates free-will by physiology; Lyell demonstrates in his own way that Moses was a bad historian and a worse geologist; and Prof. Huxley would force upon us the belief that there may be a world where two and two do not make four, and that life has a physical basis of which it is nothing but a natural and necessary property. Tyndall destroys the existence of a Creator, by proclaiming that matter possesses "the potency and promise of every form and quality of life." (Belfast address; 1875.) Prof. Fiske, of Harvard University, in his Cosmic Philosophy, claims no other attribute for God, than that He is the "Unknowable." He does not reflect for a moment that "unknowable" is a negative term and therefore implies non-existence. Does not God say "I am who am"? and does He not therefore know Himself? and if so, what reason have we to reject the revelation and manifestation of Himself? Prof. Fiske has a fine philosophic mind, and we feel sorry that he cannot find another name for what he is pleased to call "Cosmic Zeus" than that word which gives full expression to all his ignorance—the "Unknowable." Prof. Fiske is one of those open, outspoken men whom we have mentioned as being less dangerous. In all his writings he is bold and keen-witted; but, in happy contrast with some of his fellows, he is always polite and courteous to his opponents. He is neither an atheist nor a materialist, for he will tell you that materialism is ruled out and relegated to the past; nothing but a scientific fossil, to record its existence some time in the history of science. Can we say as much of Tyndall and Huxley? Alas! no. They begin with the denial of free-will, and pass to materializing the soul of man, as we pass from earth to moon. Prof. Huxley stated that man is nothing but a conscious automaton.

According to these gentlemen thought is produced by the combination and whirlings of the molecules of the brain; hence, religious sentiment and feeling with them, is nothing more than a physical change among the molecules of the brain. Tyndall, in his "Fragment of Science," says that "Faraday's religion was just the result of the eddying of his blood and the whirlings of the molecules of his brain." In fact, religion is nothing but a natural force that tyrannizes over man, and in the words of Tyndall—"mischievous, if permitted to intrude on the region of knowledge, over which it holds no command."

These men imagine that with the destruction of religious feeling in man it will be easy to banish God out of the world, since He is the only motive and end why religious feeling exists at all. Banish religion from the masses of the people, and the consequences must be terrible. If God cannot reveal His will and manifest His divine law, then religion has no object, and the bases of right and justice, virtue and vice, become only so many words to express the necessary changes of the molecules of the brain, something for which man cannot be held responsible. This is truly a lamentable state of affairs, into which the teachings of modern scientists would lead us; and yet the state of different nations where these theories receive credence, prove beyond doubt that they are fast gaining ground, and come to be regarded as true among a large number of the people.

The world is indeed blind, and allows itself to be guided by the blind. Let a newspaper man get a hold of some strange and startling story, and mention a few high-sounding names in connection with it, and the story becomes true, a fact,—as it were, something requiring no further proof. Every one can remember the story of the young Herebel in regard to the inhabitants of the moon, whom it was reported he had seen through his telescope. Not many years ago, Barnum played a clever trick on all the scientists of America, not even old Prof. Agassiz excepted. The Cardiff giant story is still fresh in our memories. Less than a year ago, a man declared as dead, was brought to life by Infusing the blood of a sheep into his arteries, and he was made to live and act like a sheep. So great is the authority of a Tyndall, a Huxley, a Lyell, etc., etc., that let one of these gentlemen start the wildest and most unfounded theory, and without further proof than because a Tyndall or a Lyell says so—therefore it cannot but be so—it is at once accepted. Should Mr. Huxley once say that in the dissection of the human brain he found the soul in the pineal gland, it would be accepted without any further ado. Let Dr. Buechner stand before a Cincinnati audience, or Huxley before a New York one, and they can deal out all the sophistry in philosophy; they are believed, and no one dare stand up and contradict them. Let Mr. Huxley run down our most sacred objects, and it becomes our duty to applaud him. Let Buechner affirm that there is nothing in existence but "matter and force," and scarcely outside the Catholic Church is there one found to oppose him. I cannot help here quoting Mr. Huxley himself in support of this statement.

In a lecture delivered before the Liverpool Philomathic Society in April, 1869, on "Scientific Education," he says: "It was my fortune some time ago, to pay a visit to one of the most important of the institutions in which the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in these islands are trained; and it seemed to me that the difference between these men and the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and of Dissent, was comparable to the difference between our gallant volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard.

"The Catholic priest is trained to know his business, and to do it effectually. The professors of the college in question, learned, zealous, and determined men, permitted me to speak frankly with them. We talked like outposts of op-
posed armies during a truce—as friendly enemies; and, when I ventured to point out the difficulties their students would have to encounter from scientific thought, they replied: "Our Church has lasted many ages, and has passed safely through many storms. The present is but a new gust of the old tempest, and we do not turn out our young men less fitted to weather it than they have been in former times to cope with the difficulties of those times. The heresies of the day are explained to them by their professors of philosophy and science, and they are taught how these heresies are to be met.

"I heartily respect an organization which faces its enemies in this way, and I wish that all ecclesiastical organizations were in as effective a condition. I think it would be better not only for them, but for us." Undoubtedly, there is no man better qualified to judge of these matters than Mr. Huxley. For these are the only men that effectually oppose him, and call out thus at every step he advances in his theories: "Prove first your premises, and then draw your conclusions. You are not permitted to draw a general conclusion from particulars. Never draw a greater conclusion than your premises warrant you. Do not use the argument 'a posse ad esse," etc., etc.

The age is decidedly materialistic in its tendency; it is only a legitimate outgrowth of the delirium of human reason, during the last century. Voltaire, the blasphemous sneerer at everything sacred to mankind, has only succeeded too well to destroy faith among the learned as well as the unlearned. Kant, Fichte, and Hume are the prophets and apostles of modern philosophy, and what a philosophy! A philosophy without God, without truth, a real denial of certitude and metaphysics; for what is idealism but a denial of certainty and objective truth? But it is in psychology we meet with the most absurd theories. Dr. Buechner, the representative of modern materialism, in his work entitled "Matter and Force" regards the brain as the substance of the soul. The brain alone, according to him, performs all intellectual and sensitive operations in the same manner as any other organ in the body performs its own physiological function. Life, again, according to others, is nothing but a correlative force to the chemical and physical forces in nature, which implies, of course, the mutual convertibility of either into the other. Food-stuffs have a certain chemical and physical force which, when coming in contact with the tissues of the body under certain conditions, will be converted into life-force. But Prof. Huxley goes one step farther: he maintains that there is even a physical basis of life, or a so-called life matter; this he calls by the scientific term of protoplasm, or, as Dr. Beale calls it, bioplasm. This substance, of course, appeared in nature spontaneously, and thus he would show the absurdity of a creation and a Creator? Who, to use the words of La Place, "is an exploded hypothesis."

From all this, we see that once those great men get rid of the Creator, there is no theory too absurd for them in the explanation of the origin of matter, of the world, and the beings that live in it. Oken will tell us confidently that matter is eternal, and that everything, not even man himself excepted, must come from the sea. The origin of life he explains in a simple, and to himself (we suppose, at least) in a satisfactory manner. He says: "Whatever is large has not been created thus, but developed first from the brute, and the brute from some other smaller animal, as a mollusk or monad, which itself has been emitted into life by the action of electricity upon a portion of gelatinous matter." Whether Oken ever believed half the stuff he wrote is doubted by the best naturalists. He could not account for the appearance of man in a satisfactory way, therefore, I suppose, he wanted to pass off this question by a stupid joke. Of course, stupid or ignorant people take this piece of nonsense on the credit of Oken's just celebrity as a naturalist, and reasonable people are prevented from refuting him, for fear of bringing ridicule on themselves. I could enumerate, if space permitted, an indefinite number of the most absurd theories and speculations brought forth during the last twenty years— theories which had a run of a few years, and then were put by on the shelf. The great fault with theories in science is, that they are based on the weak and shabby argument of induction. The scientific mode of reasoning is pre-eminently inductive. From a single fact, a general law must be deduced. From the fact that by artificial selection, man can produce in certain animals, so greatly marked varieties, so marked that they constitute races, Mr. Darwin induces at once that what can be done artificially by the selection of man, "may" also be done naturally by nature herself. This "may," of course, soon appears as "are," and this, is not only the case in a few forms of life, but in all. This he calls "natural selection." But he does not stop here; he advances a step farther, and says that by natural selection, not only varieties and races may be produced, but also different species and genera and classes.

So much has been said and written on this theory of Darwin, that we deem it unnecessary to enter any further into its discussion. It is certain that the origin of species must be attributed to different causes than those of "natural selection," "Struggle for Life," or "Survival of the Fittest." What is to be done to check the evil influence these pernicious theories must of necessity have on the mind of the less instructed? Shall we quietly look at the ravages caused by them in the intellectual world, or shall we engage, unprepared, in a scientific warfare, and thus add shame to our inevitable fall in the controversy? No: the only and best effective remedy against these pernicious doctrines, and to root out entirely their bad influence on the better world, is for the defenders of orthodox doctrines to rise on a level with the intellectual scientific standard of their opponents, and when thus completely prepared, let the battle be fought on scientific grounds. Until this mode of warfare be adopted, we shall have to dread and deplore the fatal ravages caused by misinterpreted science.

A. M. K.

The Spirit of Song.

In creating the human race, God endowed its various members with all the faculties, mental and physical, necessary to their existence and happiness. To some, He gave great strength of body; to others, extraordinary intellectual power; the one, He fitted for manual labor; the other, for mental exertion. But there was one gift which He dispersed with a lavish hand; one blessing which He seems to have denied to few; one boon, so precious, that we might almost fancy it to be the reflection of His smile, when in the world's prime He held familiar converse with the yet sinless parents of our race,—the memory of which shortened many a weary hour of the long penance which followed their fall—it is the almost universal spirit of song.
Beautifully does that poet of the affections, Moore, describe its potent charm in the following stanza:

"Mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly;
And the passionate strain, that deeply going,
Defies the bosom it trembles through,
As the mush-wind, over the water blowing,
Rolls the wave, and sweetens it, too."

"Song is the daughter of prayer," and the ever skilful agent of religion. Many a savage heart that refused to listen to her saving truths has been won by her sacred songs.

Chateaubriand relates in his account of the missions of Paraguay that the missionaries, remarking that the savages of that region were extremely sensible to the charms of music, embarked in canoes and sailed up the river, tuning the dipping of their oars to the rhythm of some touching hymn. The Indians, descending from their mountains, hastened to the river banks to listen to the captivating sound, and many, plunging into the water after the enchanted bark. The bow and arrow dropped from the band of the savage, and a foretaste of the social virtues and of the first sweets of humanity seemed to take possession of his wandering and confused soul.

The spirit of song is not the inheritance of the wealthy, nor the acquisition of the savant; 'tis not the prerogative of high birth, nor the result of great intellectual culture. In the comfortless homes of the poverty-stricken are not unfrequently found her most gifted children. Many a weary laborer has been cheered by the merry song of a child, whose voice would yet hold thousands spell-bound, and at whose feet monarchs would hasten to lay their most precious gifts. Many a sorrow-laden heart has been soothed by an artless child, who carelessly sings of a better land.

The spirit of song is the willing servant of nations, whether conquered or triumphing. The songs of the victorious are not less expressive than the sad strains of the vanquished; the wail of the captive melodiously mingles with the chant of the free. The enslaved African, resting after the day's toil before his white-washed cabin, sings his quaint airs as freely as his master does the most classic melodies, amid the assemblages of wealth and beauty.

The universe is flooded with song; every breeze is freighted, every leaf on the forest trees permeated, every bud expanded, and every tiny niche in Nature's temple filled with its sweet spirit. From the moment when the Aurora dispels the shades of night till that in which they once more envelop the earth, the concerts of Nature continue; and, when fair Luna sheds her gentle radiance over the sleeping world, the sighing of the summer wind forms a sweet accompaniment to the song of the nightingale.

The human heart, so disfrustful of the protestations of friendship, gives itself up without fear of deception to the charms of song. Ah! well it knows that

Friendship's balmy words may falter,
Love's are 'en more false than they—
Oh, 'tis only music's charm,
Can sweetly soothe and not betray.

J. A. ALBERT.

---When Kemble retired from the stage, he distributed his costume of Coriolanus amongst his brothers. To Matthew, he gave his sandals, upon which the comedian exclaimed, "I'm glad I've got his sandals, for I am sure I could never tread in his shoes."
sweep them round like a whirlwind; or, if at any point, they met with even a severe repulse, they returned speedily to the attack with fresh vigor and increased numbers. These were brave warriors, those dexterous and indefatigable horsemen. They would beat down the levelled lances with their scimitars; and while the knights, compelled to use their swords, were with difficulty bringing those weapons into play, the quick-eyed Saracens sought and found weak points in which they might drive home their finely tempered blades. And, again, comparatively trifling obstacles, such as might naturally arise from the nature of the ground whereon they fought, would check, and perhaps completely paralyze, the otherwise resistless charge of the heavy-cavalry (it was the old story of the phalanx repeating itself), and would expose them to be sith by the Saracens with showers of arrows, and with the tremendous Greek fire. This Greek fire was the terror of the Crusaders. "Every time," says Joinville, "that the good King (the French Crusader Prince) heard them projecting this fire, which when in the air was attended with a loud roar, he would throw himself prostrate on the ground, and with uplifted hands he would vehemently implore for himself and his army the Divine protection against so tremendous an engine of destruction."

Art, Music and Literature.

—Mr. Henry Kettten is going to Australia.
—Wieniawski's death, at Moscow, is reported.
—Miss Annie Louise Cary sails for Europe May 29th.
—Father Wilowski, the learned priest and antiquary of Treves, has just died in that town.
—Cooté and Tinney's Band, London, will henceforth be under the direction of Charles Cooté, Jr.
—Sig. Luigi Rieci's "Cola di Rienzo" has been produced at the Fenice, Venice, but has not proved attractive.
—Before quitting Madrid, Mme. Christine Nilsson left 10,000 francs for distribution among the poor of that capital.
—Sefior Gomez leaves Italy shortly for Babia and Perú, to conduct the rehearsals of his operas, "Guarnary," and "Salvator Rosa."
—The Boston Ideal Opera Company has made a great success with "The Sorcerer," recently given by them in New Haven, Conn.
—After concluding his engagement at Palermo, Signor Prapuli, tenor of her Majesty's Theatre, goes to Warsaw, to play Radames in "Aida."
—Wagner is expected to attend the Palatine celebration at Rome next month, as also, probably, the first performance of his "Lohengrin."
—Mr. Charles G. Sonntag, a young American actor, has just made his début with success in the part of "Mignon," at the Opera Comique, in Paris.
—The Pope has bestowed the Cross of the Papal Order of St. Sylvester on Alexandre Guilmant, the eminent French organist and composer.
—A Paris critic says: "Esslipf's playing is a sunbeam playing over the keys; a spring sunbeam that goes about the forest, glows waking up violets." O how poetical! —Musical Record.
—The members of the Harmony Vocal Association, Zurich, lately gave three performances of "Antigone" with Mendelssohn's music. They might have given three more with increasing success.
—M. Victor Daruy, the French historian, who was Minister of Public Instruction in France under Napoleon III., is now in Rome collecting materials for a history of ancient Rome, which he proposes to write.

—Miss Minnie Hauk arrived at Naples on the evening of March 3d. She was to make her début in "Mignon." After her Naples engagement, Miss Hauk is to make a brief tour in Germany. She then returns to England.

—The "Prometheus," by Müller, is the last sensation at Berlin. Undoubtedly few sculptors have ever produced a more astonishing group. A child, after gazing a long while at the eagle which devours the giant's liver, exclaimed to his model: "You book on Dante is good for nothing; you must buy another for me." "Why so?" asked the lady. "Because there is nothing in it about eagles being so fond of liver." —Richard Wagner is quite persistent in advising Herr Nohl, who dedicated to him "The Letters of Beethoven": "You must have known what you were doing in dedicating this book to me; you must have known that you would offend that great class who constantly labor to impress the public with the idea that I despise our musical classes. Neither can you be ignorant of the reasons sought in support of this foolish notion; I, therefore, accept your dedication as a declaration of opinion, and offer you my best thanks."

—An English publishing house has in press an entirely new work on Poe, by J. H. Ingram. The book is said to contain a large amount of biographical and literary material. It is made public, including more than fifty new letters, much fresh information about Poe's parentage, his early life in England and America, his school-days, his university and West Point careers. It contains, literary traditions, an explanation of the cause which drove him to stimulants, etc. The work will be issued in two volumes.

—A Paris correspondent of the New York Times says: "Good music-teachers are very rare. I am an old inhabitant of Paris, and have had a good deal to do with music for twenty years. None but the most out of the large number of teachers drawn up by Madame Moricand. Among all the others, the voice is either strangled and thinned out from the first breath into the nasal passages of Madame the great conservatory professor, M. Pax, or else entirely cracked, as it is with Madame Viardot's pupils." —Musical Record.

—Poets were not numerous in the last English House of Commons. Lord John Manners has ostensibly eschewed poetry though there is a well-known couplet—

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility—

owning his authorship, which is likely to last as long as the English language. Mr. H. P. Sheridan is the author of a volume of poems called "St. Lawrence's Well and Other Poems." Mr. J. Baring has tried his hand at a rhymed translation of the "Lyrics of Horace," and Mr. Alderman Cotton distinguished the year of his Majority by publishing a volume of poetry—Sun.

—Colonel James R. O'Beirne, who has spent much time among the Indians, and especially that most powerful and barbarous tribe the Sioux, has for some time entertained the idea of publishing a book narrating his experience among the Indian tribes, their manners, customs, etc. With this object in view, the Colonel (Col. O'Beirne was, by the way, brevetted a General during the late civil war) has been collecting materials during his intercourse as a soldier, and later as an envoy extraordinary of the Government to the Indian tribes of the West, that might prove interesting to the public. He has taken a deep interest in Indian affairs, and his house in Washington possesses quite a museum of Indian curiosities purchased at his personal expense from several of the most noted of the Indian chiefs. Among these are fancy dresses, Indian tomahawks and arrow points marked with blood stains, "medicines" (or, more properly speaking, charms) of various kinds, pipes and tomahawks combined (kind of tree bark), moccasins, scalp, articles of dress ornamented with beautiful bead-work that would not do discredit to some of our civilized young ladies, trinkets of various kinds, and several charts and descriptions of battles drawn by Indian draughtsmen in their rude way. Col. O'Beirne is a pleasing and practical writer; he has had much experience as a correspondent of the New York Herald and other papers, and if he sets himself to the work he cannot fail of
writing a book that will prove both interesting and in-structive.

—The King’s College Record (Windsor, N. S.) for March, contains besides a very fair poem of seventeen stanzas entitled “Memor et Fidelis,” an interesting article on “Superstitions” and the thirteenth installment of “That Room-Mate of Mine,”—which installment, by the way, is unworthy the columns of a college journal, being regard-able, churlish, for the preponderance of bad English and a total absence of humor. Our Nova Scotian contemporary would do well by studying the numerous scenes conjured up in some of our American college papers; they are inter-esting and full of fun, and do not murder the vernacular.

—The leading articles of the last number of The College Mercury are an interesting account of “The Easter Ser-vices” at Recine, and “The Mercury’s Dream.” In the dream figure, of course, the figures of Ghosts and Goblins d—well, we do not feel sure that the goblins can yet be classified as “damned,” though, without a doubt, there is a great deal of damning done in regard to some of them. The Mercury man commits the unpardonable offence of making two bits of a cherry, and gives us only a portion of the “Dream,” with the promise of the other bits a month later. This is extremely aggravating. Friend Mercury, don’t do that again.

—The last number of The Cornell Review is a fine sam-ple of college literature. “Disatisfaction,” a poem of nineteen stanzas, if not first-class poetry, has at least some very sensible passages and some fine poetic thought expressed in it. “Woman in the Greek Tragic Poets,” by Frank D. Warner, the recipient of the gold medal for the Woodford Prize Oration of 1880, is a fine classical production and shows familiarity with the writers of an cient Greece. The same may be said of C. D. Smith’s ar-ticle on “The Best Representatives of the Hellenic Spirit,” “Aims of Actors and Agents in History and the Historian’s Results,” and “The Peasant Insurrections of the Middle Ages and Modern Strikes” are well-written articles, but to our view depending more on brilliance of style than depth of thought, at least in portions. The editorial de-partment headed “Paragraphs” is without a doubt the most interesting part of the Review to those beyond the bounds of the University. Here we find a pleasing va-riety of different subjects, all monte with the gold medal for the Woodford Prize Oration of 1880, is a fine classical production and shows familiarity with the writers of ancient Greece. The same may be said of C. D. Smith’s article on “The Best Representatives of the Hellenic Spirit,” “Aims of Actors and Agents in History and the Historian’s Results,” and “The Peasant Insurrections of the Middle Ages and Modern Strikes” are well-written articles, but to our view depending more on brilliance of style than depth of thought, at least in portions. The editorial department, properly so-called, is replete with local matter. Altogether, the present number of the Review is a very creditable one.

—The last number of the College Message has a well-writ-tten article on “The Irishman as an Historian,” in which the “historian” is shown up in a most favorable light. We hope “Historical” will continue to enliven the pages of our southern contemporary with similar articles. As we see things, though, the allusion to the Missionary Tract So-ciety were better omitted. It does not strengthen the ar-ticle, but rather detracts from it. If borne out by stated facts it might pass, but facts should be stated when such allusions are made, else the writer runs the risk of con-demnation on the score of bigotry. The article in the Message recalls to our mind some of the “historical” (?) pictures drawn by Hume,—that, for instance, of Magna Charta, in which Cardinal Langton, the Bishop of Dub-lin, and the English Bishops are left out altogether. Hume wrote to please himself and a certain class of read-ers, placing conspicuous events in the bed of Procrustes and chopping off heads and legs to make them fit it. His account of the darkest of the darkest of the Papi-sta, Enrico d’Altino, says, is the truth occasionally only, for variety’s sake, we suppose. Any one who reads Hume and Lingard, and compares their different statements of the same events, cannot fail to see many of the shortcomings of the former, even though the reading in his head by the latter. Hume’s so-called “History” is of a color with the record of the origin of the London column which was built to commem-orate the burning of the city by the “Papists” (†), but whose true character the poet Pope gives in the concluding his “novel” letter. How did he get out of his dilemma? Was he arrested—or taken before the other members of his family for identification? That’s the sub-stance of what we want to know, but we would like to have the particulars also. Whether he was arrested or not, the editors of The Princetonian should have their friend “Don” tidy up his book before he tells his story, and make him finish it in his own way before giving him liberty. That “Oxford College Story” is unfit to appear in a college paper, and we regret that such a first-class paper as The Chronicle should have been guilty of giving it publicity. It is fit only for such a paper as Don Piatt’s Capital, and Don Piatt’s Capital ought to be squelched by the police authorities until it becomes ordinarily decent.

New Publications.


Some four or five years ago Bishop Ireland, of Minneso-ta, commenced the great work of colonizing with Irish Catholics, the abundance of unoccupied lands in his State. He sought to bring them from out the toil and drudgery in which their lives were spent and wasted away in the crowded city and factories and mills of the country, and en-able them to live as free men in a free country, breath-ing the pure air of heaven. In 1876 his first colony was estab-lished, and since that time his efforts have everywhere proved successful. His works has been extended to other States, and already, within the present year, an as-sociation has been established in Chicago, whose object is to place within the reach of Irish settlers the means of procuring a house and homestead in the lands of the North-west.

The book which Bishop Spalding has just issued has been called forth by this plan of colonization, and its app-earance at the present time cannot fail to give a new and most powerful impetus to the movement which has taken fixed and firm root in the hearts of the people. It is a book, every chapter of which is marked with that logical acumen and depth of thought for which the gifted author is so noted. We regret that our limited space will not per-mit us to give copious extracts from the work itself, but we recommend it to the careful perusal of our readers as a work which brings home forcibly to every thinking mind the one great fact in the present existence of the Church, especially in these United States, namely, that the work of Catholicity is made in the hearts of the Irish race.

Bishop Spalding finds in the movement referred to the means by which the Irish people in America can most effectually carry out the designs of Providence in their re-gard. To them has been intrusted the power of being the highest and noblest that can be given to a nation. What Judas was to the nations of old, the country chosen by God be-fore all the rich and powerful nations of the earth, to re-cieve the sacred revelation, such is Ireland before the nations of modern times.

She received the faith eagerly and joyfully from her great
There is the force of this affirmation weakened by the weight of cohesiveness which enable it to assimilate the most heterogeneous elements, and without which it is not at all certain that the vast majority of Catholics emigrating here would not have been lost to the Church. No other people, to repeat what I have elsewhere written, could have done for the Catholic faith in the United States have done for the Church. The Irish have made the work of the converts possible and effective, and they were among the English-speaking nations, thus describes the work of Ireland in its revival:

"If now we return to explain the rebirth of Catholicism amongst the English-speaking people, we must at once admit that the Irish race is the providential instrument through which God has wrought this marvellous revival. As in another age men spoke of the gesta Dei per Francos, so may we now speak of the gesta Dei per Hibernos. Were it not for Ireland, Catholicism would-to-day be feebly and non-progressive in England, America, and Australia. Nor is the force of this affirmation weakened by the weight of significance which must be given to what the converts in England, America, and the French in the United States have done for the Church. The Irish have made the work of the converts possible and effective, and they have given to Catholicism in this country a vigor and cohesiveness which enable it to assimilate the most heterogeneous elements, at which it is at all certain that the vast majority of Catholics emigrating hither from other lands would not have been lost to the Church. No other people, to repeat what I have elsewhere written, could have done for the Catholic faith in the United States what the Irish people have done. Their unalterable attachment to their priests, their deep Catholic instincts, which no combination of circumstances has ever been able to bring into conflict with their love of country, the unworlly and spiritual temper of the national character, their indifference to ridicule and contempt, and their unfailing generosity—all fitted them for the work which was to be done, and enabled them, in spite of the strong prejudices against their race which Americans have inherited from England, to accomplish what would not have been accomplished by Italian, French or German Catholics. No other people had received the same providential training for this work; for no other people had God required such proofs of love."

In succeeding chapters the author contrasts the peace and security to be found in the country with the temptations which beset the inhabitants of the crowded city. He shows that the inclination of the Irish emigrants to stay and fritter away life in our large cities has more than anything else retarded the progress of the Church in this country. He concludes his book by speaking, in general, of the work of Bishop Ireland, and the Irish Colonization Society in particular, and makes a strong appeal in favor of the movement.

As an appendix to the work, the author publishes two essays which were formerly written by him and printed in the Catholic World. In the one entitled "Amid Irish Scenes," he gives the impressions produced upon him during a brief visit to Ireland; and the other, "English Rule in Ireland," sets forth the inequities and tyranny of England in its government of the Isle of Saints.

The book is well gotten up, printed in large, clear type, and we bespeak for it an extensive circulation.
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 THIRTEENTH 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:
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- 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 of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.
- Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all, OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

The Celebration of the Festival of the Patronage of St. Joseph at Notre Dame.

Perhaps there is no festival of the whole year that is celebrated at Notre Dame with greater solemnity than the Patronage of St. Joseph. This Saint is the special Patron of the Brothers of the Congregation of Holy Cross, as the Sacred Heart of Jesus is the patronal of the Priests; therefore it was that on last Sunday the ceremonies here were of an unusually impressive character. At 10 o'clock, a.m., Solemn High Mass was sung in the beautiful Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Very Rev. President Corby being celebrant, assisted by Revs. Nicholas Stoffel and James Rodgers as deacon and subdeacon.

Brother Basil rendered some beautiful selections on the grand organ, and the Choir was under the able direction of Rev. M. Fallize. At the Offertory, an Ave Maria—solo—was sung in an affective and pleasing manner by Prof. M. T. Corby, of Chicago. The panegyric on the great Saint of the day was pronounced by Rev. Christopher Kelly, who, we must say, did ample justice to his theme.

Father Kelly commenced by saying:—We have assembled around the altar of God this morning, dearly beloved brethren, to celebrate the feast of one of the greatest saints that ever adorned the Church of Jesus Christ—a man whose name is recorded on the Church's annals as one of her brightest and most glorious patrons,—a man whose name is known throughout the whole world, wherever a Catholic priest offers up the Holy Sacrifice, or wherever a Catholic people hear the voice of their pastor. This man is St. Joseph; and we are assembled here to animate our confidence in his powerful protection, and to rehearse once more the oft-told tale of his greatness and his merit.

It is true, there are many saints shining in the kingdom of God to-day, whose names are not recorded in the world's history. Anchorites in the desert, monks in their cells, nuns in their cloisters, priests on their missions, students in their halls, clerks in their office, and laborers in the field have fought and conquered the enemy of our salvation before now; and although there is no record of their names in the books of men, yet there is a full record of them in the books of God's everlasting kingdom. Again, there are names of saints whose fame is so great that the whole world is familiar with them. St. Mary Magdalene, St. Augustine and St. Francis Xavier are names that are known to us all. The glorious St. Patrick, whose children have brought the faith and the Gospel of Jesus Christ to almost every land under the broad canopy of heaven, is a name
which is known throughout the whole Catholic world, and will be known even unto the Judgment-day. But amongst the mighty saints, whose names have been written upon the world's history—amongst the mighty saints adopted by nations as their patrons, whose names are familiar to every household—where religion and civilization have extended—is the name of St. Joseph, the Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Rev. preacher then went on to show that of all men that ever existed on this earth St. Joseph, from the very nature of his office, held the highest place in God's regard. He next proceeded to draw a comparison between the Church and the House of the Holy Family. Wherever upon this earth a Catholic Church is built, there the humble grotto of Bethlehem is placed, as if in visible form before the eyes of men. And, although the sacred temple may be marvellous among the world's marvels for its lofty dome rising high in the air, or for the stately strength of its massive pillars, or for the beauty of architecture and sculpture that adorn its interior; yet, to the Catholic heart, its chief beauty consists in this, that it is designed to be—what it was Bethlehem's privilege to have been—the house of the Holy Family. It is, in the first place, designed to be a shelter for Jesus Christ; for He will live there His wondrous Sacramental life, as really and truly present on the altar as He was in the Manger at Bethlehem. It is designed also to shelter Mary, His Mother. Whilst other so-called Christian churches—with affrontery ruder than that of the inn-keepers at Bethlehem—shut their doors against the Blessed Virgin, forbidding every pictured window or storied wall to reflect her sweet and tender countenance, the Catholic Church, which alone contains Jesus, alone welcomes His Mother, and places her at the right hand of Him who is her Son as well as her God. And from Jesus and Mary she would never separate him to whose guardianship they were confided by the Eternal Father. Hence, from the very beginning of Christianity even to our own day in the faded frescoes of the sepulchral chapel of the Catacombs, in the cathedrals of the ages of faith, as well as in the humble village church of today, near to the altar that bears the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, close to Mary, the Mother of God, the grand and venerable figure of St. Joseph has ever held his due place of honor. It is only thus that to Catholic eyes a church fully realizes its design; for Joseph is the head of the Holy Family of which the Church is the new House of Bethlehem.

As the wisdom of God chose Mary from amongst all the generations of women that ever appeared upon this earth as the one most fitted to become the Mother of the Incarnate Word, so the same wisdom chose St. Joseph from amongst all the generations of men. Bending His gaze into the future Almighty God saw rise up before Him Abraham with his lofty faith, and Melchisedech, the royal priest, and Moses, the faithful servant, and David, the man after His own Heart—He saw Isaias with his soul of fire, and the bravery of the Machabees, and last in the magnificent procession of all the saints, and heroes, and prophets that have ever sanctified the earth, He saw St. John the Baptist with his incomparable holiness. The Searcher of the minds and hearts of men saw them all, and measured out to each the esteem that was his due; but not one did He choose for His work until His eyes rested in pleasure on the perfect soul of St. Joseph, and then, out of the entire human race, him, and him only, did He choose to be the faithful and prudent servant who should rule His household. And, oh! dear brethren, for what a grand and sublime trust was He not chosen. Sublime was the trust reposed in Noah when to his care was committed the Ark, bearing in its frail embrace the hopes of the entire world. Sublime was the trust confided in Aaron when the Ark of the Covenant and the very glory of God was intrusted to his keeping. Sublime was the trust given to David, when the weal of the tribes of Israel was placed beneath his sceptre. But there was something unspeakably more precious than the Ark, or the Tabernacle, or the good estate of a mighty people, namely, the honor of Mary Immaculate; and this—the most precious thing the eye of God looked down upon—was entrusted to the guardianship of St. Joseph. Nay, more, the Son of God Himself—the Second Person of the most Adorable Trinity—was handed over to St. Joseph's charge, and thus Almighty God shared with him His own paternity, and allowed him to be, in a manner, His co-operator in the great mystery of the Redemption.

The Reverend speaker then referred to the divine virtues of faith and charity, which must be reflected in the life of every saint; and having proved that those shone forth most conspicuously in the life of St. Joseph, he continued: To St. Joseph, first of all the human race, did God communicate the knowledge of the mystery of the Immaculate Conception by the power of the Holy Ghost and the Birth of the Son of God, the dim forecasting of which has been the glory of the prophets of old; upon his ear first told the delicious sound of the sweet name of Jesus, and his heart was the first to thrill with the rapturous knowledge that the world's salvation was at length at hand.

Never, until the Judgment day, will we be fully able to realize the happiness and privilege of St. Joseph during those long years of personal contact with our Divine Saviour. Light after light, grace after grace, streamed in upon his soul from Him who is "the true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." The conformity of St. Joseph's will to the will of God was so conspicuous that he has ever been looked upon as the most perfect model of an interior soul.

There was one among the Apostles who was especially called the disciple whom Jesus loved, and when we come to enquire why this title was given him, we are told that it was because Jesus permitted him to recline on His Bosom on the night of the Last Supper. Now, if to be once permitted to rest his head on the Heart of Jesus was proof enough that John was the beloved of His Master, what are we to think of the love of Jesus for St. Joseph, upon whose heart the Infant Saviour so often pillowed His Adorable Head? Nor, in addition to this proper privilege of his own, was he debarred from that accorded to St. John. For there came at length a day—the last of his life—when seeing his Master's eyes filled with tears, and his pulses beat more feebly, and the shadow of coming death fell darker upon him. There stood by his couch Mary, his beloved Spouse, and Jesus, the Son of God; reverently and tenderly did the Virgin raise the drooping head of the dying Patriarch, and laid it where John's head had been, on the Breast of her Son, and thus supported in the conformity of St. Joseph's will to the will of God was so conspicuous that he has ever been looked upon as the most perfect model of an interior soul.

But although St. Joseph has departed from our midst,
and to-day reigns in the kingdom of God's everlasting glory, still his care for each and every one of us is not in the least diminished. Before the year 1870, we honored St. Joseph as the foster-father of Jesus, the Spouse of Mary, the patron of a happy death, and the just and faithful, man whose whole life was one act of unselfish devotion to Jesus and Mary. But on the 31st of December, 1870, the late glorious, immortal and saintly Pontiff, Pius IX, proclaimed him as Patron of the Universal Church. Thus a new glory was added to the one which he had already possessed—a new jewel was added to his crown—and a new motive was furnished us for confidence in his power. It is true, that grand old Mother Church of ours may be persecuted and despised; she may bleed and die in the person of her children; she may have tears in her eyes and blood upon her garments; men may scoff at her as she passes, and fling back with words of insult the blessings she has petitioned for them in her love; she may be cast out from the homes that she herself has built; the strong ones of the world may forge tellers for her, and the wise ones intrigue, so that they may succeed in marring her work, and tearing from her embrace the little ones she is conducting towards heaven—but, as sure as God reigns in heaven to-day, as sure as St. Joseph is her chosen and fond protector, so sure will the day come that shall behold her triumphant resurrection.

Look at the Church's history for the past 1800 years, and you will find that the hand of God has ever guided her and the prayers of St. Joseph have ever protected her.

Here the preacher reviewed the different persecutions and triumphs of the Church for the past eighteen centuries, and concluded as follows: Whatever may change, the Church of which St. Joseph is the chosen patron cannot change. The hills may be moved from their basis—the mountains may fly asunder—nations may rise and fall, and dynasties may disappear—but there is one power, one institution, one teacher and defender of the faith that can never fade or die, and that is the Catholic Church, the immaculate spouse of Jesus Christ.

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Local Items.

- The Philopatarians to-night.
- The weather is rather changeable those times.
- The grounds around the Professed House are being put in order by Brother Robert, who is determined to make it attractive around here those times.
- The students of the Rhetoric Class had a lively debate on last Monday evening, which was enjoyed by December 1870.
- The disciples of "Izaak Walton" are rather scarce around here those times.
- The little garden just in front of the office is being put in order by Brother Robert, who is determined to make it attractive around here those times.
- The baseball players fixed up their grounds on Tuesday to be ready for it on Wednesday.
- The Philopatarians to-night.
- The genial Father Ford is with us again. He looks well, and is as liberal and good-natured as ever.
- Our botanists were out on Wednesday. Their achievements in the world of flowers are not yet reported.
- "Did you hear that terrible storm last night?" was the question asked by many individuals on last Sunday.
- The students of the Rhetoric Class had a lively debate last week as to the advisability of students reading daily papers.
- The little garden just in front of our office is being put in order by Brother Robert, who is determined to make it attractive around here those times.
- A large number of visitors from South Bend and the neighboring towns attended divine services at Notre Dame on Sunday last.
- The soirée on last Monday evening was enjoyed by the present. It was in every way worthy of the musical talent at Notre Dame.
- Two loons made their appearance on the St. Joseph's Lake this week, and, of course, our young nincompoops paid them their compliments.
- It is surprising to see what a number of tramps visit
The College libraries are receiving large donations. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, and Cunningham & Co., Philadelpihia, have acted very generously in this respect.

On last Wednesday, the Star of the East Baseball Club did some fine playing, and, better yet, came out victorious, after a close and well-contested game with the Minutias.

Yesterday, the 23rd, was the anniversary of the great fire at Notre Dame. We noticed nothing unusual in the countenance of the students, except that some were a little reflective.

The second game of baseball between the Eureka and Quakers was played on the 19th last. The Minutias won again by a score of 13 to 6. Mr. Geo. Donnelly acted as umpire.

The great fire-pump which is on trial here for some time, was put to the test by Father Zabem on Wednesday morning. It is without doubt the most beautiful he had seen anywhere in the world after leaving school; Raphela, Mlle. Moniot; Indian Sketches, De Smith; The Acolyte, or a Christian Scholar; Grace Morton, or the Triumphs of Religion; Daily Life of the Sick, Abbé Perregone; Simon Peter and Simon Magnus; The Signs of the Cross in the 18th Century; Life of St. Bonaime, Thomas; Life of St. Theresa; Divine Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, De Coesare; Life of St. Augustine, Moriarily; Life of St. Theresa; Divine Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, De Coesare; Life of St. Ignatius, Senischse; Tigranes, A Tale of the Days of Tradition;...
THE PRINCE OF PORTAGE PRAIRIE
or
THE BURNING OF BERTRAND

Infandum, Regina, jubae renovare dolorem—Virg.
A Grand Spectacular Drama, Written Expressly for an Entirely Different Occasion by a Member of the Faculty, and Entirely Remodelled for this Occasion.

The Prince (Facile Princeps) .... P. Fletcher
Alexander (the nephew of his uncle) ........... P. Nelson
Duke of Gobien (who believes in Civil and Religious Reform) ........ M. Vedder
Marquis of South Bend (Blue Ribbon) ........... G. Rhodes
The Barber of Mishawaka (an Old Fogy) ....... J. Devitt
Water Spirit (not Spirit of Nitre) ............ H. Foote
The Original Arkansas Traveller .......... O. Farrelly
Dr. Pangloss (an ancient Pedagogue) ........... F. Phillips
A Butler (to the Prince), much reduced .... J. Devitt
Time of game—3 hours.


Closing Remarks

GRAND TOTAL.
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.


Roll of Honor.

[The names of those students who appear in the following list are those who have given during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty. They are placed in alphabetical order.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


—In St. Luke's Studio the beautiful wild flowers, now so abundant on the premises, are most faithfully reproduced on shells, panels, plates, colored tiles, and also on silk, and satin.

—Tuesday, the 14th, was a day to be remembered by the Juniors. After a little feast, they took a long ramble in search of wild flowers, through the grove by "Our Lady of Peace."

—Visitors: Mrs. Head, Bristol, Ind.; Mrs. Carter, Bryan, Ohio; Mr. Engel, Goshen, Ind.; Dr. Cole, Kokomo, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Julius, Mr. Carter, Niles, Mich.; Prof. Corby, Mr. Greens, Chicago; Mrs. Patterson, Bryan, Ohio. —At the regular meeting of St. Columba's French Literary Society the reading was "La Madele Imaginaire," "Petits Portraits," by J. T. d'Antinmore; anecdotes from "De la Semaine des Enfants" were also related by the young ladies.

—At the regular reunion in the Junior Department, at which the Rev. Assistant Chaplain presided, the reading was "A Tribute to Joseph Rodman Drake," Fiz Green Halleck, by Bertha Legnard; "L'Ocean n'est pas un flotteur," Le-drus, by Julia Butts; "Der Alte Speilmann," by Olara Ginz; and a translation of the "Pange lingua gloriosae reed" by Catherine Campbell.

—On Sunday, Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, Sol-cem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father L'Etourneau, Rev. Father Hudson and Rev. Father Saulnier, deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Father Hudson gave one of his eloquent sermons, and the Academy Choir which contains several beautiful voices, sang in a manner to honor the occasion.

—At the regular Academic reunion the reading was "The Angels," Charles Warren Stroodard—in the Ars Maria—by Miss Lanecser: "Das Schloss am Meer," Log-wig Uhland, by Miss Mcknon; "The Foster-Father and His Child," Father Frederick William Faber, by Miss Farrell; "La Voiture Partagee," "S Chamford," by Miss Cavenor, and "In Memoriam," by Miss Kirchner. It is given below. A beautiful copy in pen work has been framed and forwarded to the bereaved parents by the young ladis.

—In Memoriam.

MISS MAHER HAMILTON DIED AT ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, NOTRE DAME, IND., APRIL 18TH, AGED 17 YEARS.

Affectionately Insered to her Bereaved Parents by the Pupils of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.


Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—On Monday morning Rev. Father O'Shes said Mass in Loretto, at which the Juniors assisted.

—At the regular meeting of the Christian Art Society the reading was from "Thoughts About Art" by Philip Gilbert Hamerton.
The Tablet of Honor.

For Politeness, Neatness, Order, Amability, and Correct Department.

Senior Department.


Junior Department.


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Arthur J. Stace (of '06), County Surveyor for St. Joseph County. South Bend, Ind.

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