Cui Bono?

From thy whole life take all the sweetest days
Of earthly joy; take all the lustrous jewels
Of words far-brought by all the learned schools
Since man first thought, then take the brightest rays
Which poets linned with their rose-flushed tools;
Take heart-wrong music chastened with strict rules
Of greatest masters; and in all thy ways
Find things that make men only pleasure's fools.

Take these; beside them lay one soul-felt prayer;
Take these; beside them lay one little deed—
One simple act done for Christ's Sacred Heart—
And all earth's fairest toys, like graspless air
To it will be; this being, then what need
To strive for things that will, with time, depart?

Talk Between Studies.

Language as a channel for the communication of instruction and pleasure may be looked at in two aspects, as spoken or written. In spoken language, or speech, as it is called, there resides a marvellous power. Is it not surprising to think that a speech-gifted man, placed amongst a crowd of learned or ignorant, thoughtful or reckless hearers—all the elements of reason and passion tossed tumultuously together in their breasts—can knock at the heart and intellect of each; not merely knock but gain an entrance, wander through the bowels of his hearers, thread the gloomy labyrinths of feeling, and from their lone places of concealment rouse the fiercest passions. Often in man's history has this wonder been wrought. At one time it is Demosthenes, on the sunny hillside, waving the lifejof eloquence, of oratory, per-

ishes with the rhetorician and the speaker, darkens with their eye, stiffens with their hand, freezes with their tongue. The arms of eloquence are buried with the warriors. Where now is the glowing imagery, the splendid declamation of St. John? Gone,—vanished—like his own status from the grassplots of Pope's villa at Twickenham.

A spirit unquenchable inhabits that intellect to which the printing-press gives a body. Literature is the immortality of speech. For all the generations and for all the ages it embalms the departed princes of learning, and in the eternal pyramids of Fame it watches over and guards their repose. The sumptuous and splendid cities, the gorgeous palaces that since the beginning of time have dazzled and illuminated the world, are now beheld only in the pictures of the historian and poet. Homer rebuilds Troy for us; in the pages of Herodotus live the superb palace of Salis, its lighted hall of odors, Babylon, in fine, as it rose before the prophet's gaze, "the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency"; with Thucydides we take part in the battles and sieges of the Peloponnesian war; with Livy, among the myriad warriors of the victorius Carthaginian, we wind in marshal array down the craggy Alps to devastate the fairest provinces of Italy and undermine the power of Imperial Rome. The darts that pierced the Persian breastplates are mouldering in the dust at Thermopyla and Marathon, but the arrow of Findar quivers at this moment, and will forever quiver with the life of his bow.

There is a fable in Spanish romance of a beautiful woman, contemplating herself in a glass, and of Venus by her power making the reflection permanent. This story was a new and pleasant reading in the history of literature. A book becomes a mirror, with the author's face and features shining in it. Talent gives but an imperfect shadow; genius, a clear and well-defined image: beauty, the intellectual Venus,—whose children are the Shakespeare, the Dantes, the Homers,—breathes the magic of her love and power, and fixes the face forever.

These mirrors of poesy, wisdom and eloquence, possess...
an even stranger and more wondrous power. Illuminated by the sun of fame, they throw bright rays on the countenances of reverent and watchful admirers. The beholder carries away some of the dazzling lustre. Thus it happens that the light of genius never sets, but sheds itself on other faces in manifold hues of varying splendor. Homer lives again in the softened beauty of Virgil, and the learned imagery of Gray revivifies the glory of Spenser.

Nor is it pretended that literature escapes from all the casualties that befall speech, or the sister arts—sculpture and painting. It has its thorns as well as its palms. The splendid libraries of Rome and Alexandria have been consumed by fire, and the priceless treasures of Greece have perished in the sack of Constantinople. A mob shatters into dust the statue of Jupiter, whose limbs, almost instinct with life, whose lips seemed to move, but the fierceness of the Goth, the ignorance of the Crusader have alike failed in destroying or mutilating Helen or Antigone. Zeuxis dies; Sophocles lives. And if we have lost the Jupiter of Phidias, Homer has preserved for us a Jupiter in gold.

Backbiting.

Of all the vices to which the human race is addicted the vice, or rather the crime, of backbiting is, I believe, the most prevalent. It pervades all classes of society. Even among those who have renounced the world and devoted their lives to the service of God, may be found many implicated in that base habit of backbiting. The evil occasioned by this vice is beyond all description; it is a demon that is as fatal to one's reputation as poison is to life.

No one escapes the backbiter: the religious, the noble, the rich, the poor, all—of indiscriminately, become a prey to the venom that falls from his tongue. Many a one has been goaded on to the commission of the most atrocious crimes by the malicious shafts aimed at him by persons of this class; many a young man has yielded to the wine-cup, his hopes forever blighted, and gone down to a drunkard's grave, through the malice of the backbiter.

If there is one person in the social circle to be dreaded, it is the backbiter. We may guard against a robber or murderer, but against a backbiter or slanderer there is no protection. Like the psalmist we can only cry out: "O Lord, deliver my soul from wicked lips, and from a deceitful tongue."

Everyone seems to have a special hatred for backbiting, and yet how very few there are entirely free from this great vice; in fact, there are none. We all often say things of our neighbors in his absence which we would not in his presence; even those we love are often made the subject of our ridicule. Is this charitable? Is this doing unto others as we would others should do to us?

If persons addicted to this vice would for a moment imagine themselves in the position of those whose character they are about to vilify, they would no doubt find it a powerful remedy against this evil propensity; they would not be so likely to pride themselves upon their powers of criticising, and their skill in holding up to ridicule the defects they see in others. Everybody has defects; every stage of existence has its imperfections; every hour of life shows us something in our character that could be improved or perfected. Granting, then, that there is much room for criticising and censuring the actions of even the best of us, it is certain that a habit of this kind once contracted will find plenty of food upon which to grow and flourish. It is all very fine to be sociable and witty, provided it be not at the cost of our neighbor's good name or character. Why can we not possess an upright, generous mind, and speak as kindly of those absent as we do of them when present?

If we cannot say a good word of a person, why say a bad one? Is it not as easy to speak kindly of one, even though not deserving, as to speak ill of him? A kind word costs no more than a slanderous one; but oh, what a difference there is in their effects!

It is almost impossible to estimate the good produced by kind words, or the evil occasioned by slanderous ones. Kind words are the music of angels, the brightest and most beautiful flowers of earth, making a very paradise of the lowest home in the world; they are jewels beyond price, and more efficient to heal the wounded heart and soothe the drooping spirit than all other blessings the world can give. Slanderous words are the fuel, the fire-bands of contention, the basest and most pernicious seeds of iniquity; they are dangerous, poisonous weeds, and more to be dreaded than ravenous wolves. We should therefore weigh well those little messengers, so powerful for good or evil; trying them in the balance of kindness, truth, and charity before sending them forth on their mission; they may leave us lightly laden with smiles and mirth, and return to us loaded with hatred, self-reproach and shame.

Let us then, drop them carefully as we would seed for the harvest, letting none fall that would grow to foul weeds. If people were to foresee the mischief they frequently occasion, even by one word, they would, I am sure, more carefully study the virtue of silence and restraint. It is better to be considered dull and tedious than to indulge in talk that will sooner or later bring us shame and regret.

Backbiting is degrading to the listener as well as to the speaker, when he in any way approves or sanctions the evil spoken of his neighbor. Circumstances, duty, politeness, etc., frequently oblige us to listen to persons slandering their neighbors; but when we cannot prevent it, we can at least keep ourselves from being implicated, by showing in some way that we do not approve of such talk. It is an unpleasant position to be placed in, to be obliged to unite in slandering our neighbor, or to displease a friend, especially if it be one who is in any way our superior, or one to whom we are under obligations; but of two evils we should choose the less: it is better to offend man than God.

How much more pleasantly we can spend our leisure hours with a person whose conversation is upon literature, art or science; we can at least spend them more profitably than to listen to one who is always dragging into light things that through charity ought to be kept in oblivion. Can there be anything more disgusting than to hear a person constantly trumpeting the faults or family secrets of his neighbor. A person given to such a habit is no better than a bird of prey; and they are little better who are continually trying to find out the failings or secrets of others, in order that they may have something to cast up to them as a reproach, and that they may lower them as much as possible in the eyes of others.

The habit of backbiting is one very easy acquired, but very hard to shake off. Many parents are to blame for their children's growing up backbiters and slanderers; teachers, too, are often to blame; for by praising one pupil
more than another, they cause jealous feelings to spring up in the hearts of the pupils; and the parents, instead of correcting, encourage them, by sympathizing with them.

Woman's tongue is generally deeper stept in this vice than man's; yet they, the lords of creation, are not free from its taint.

There would be one grand reformation in the social world if this vice were rooted out and thrown aside. Then the lords of creation, are not free to rob him of his good name. than they would of cutting their head off; but they have been deluded some way or other, and I believe it is in their not properly understanding the Eighth Commandment.

If they were called upon to give testimony under oath, they would undoubtedly know how to do so to the letter; but if they take the pains to read the explanation of the Eighth Commandment, as given in Father Gleason's Catechism of Dogmatic and Moral Theology, they will find that to observe the Eighth Commandment there is more than that required. A. L. M.

A Week's Visit to Nebraska.

Although the short space of a week does not afford us the opportunity of seeing much of the beautiful country in Nebraska, perhaps a brief account of a visit to the three principal cities of the State would not be uninteresting.

Leaving B — at six o'clock in the evening of Sunday, we of course did nothing, except enjoy a very delightful day in April, after getting fairly out of the city, I had time to view a most lovely sunset. When one contemplates this beautiful stream, one can in no 19
ing the governor a continuance of sixty days to procure more evidence. We returned to the hotel, where, by the way, most of the members of the legislature stopped, and of course after supper there was a great deal of excitement among them; it was interesting to listen to their discussions.

The next morning we visited the insane asylum, which is built of the same material as the capitol, though much larger. It has since been destroyed by fire. We were conducted through the building by the superintendent, to whom we had letters of introduction; and, contrary to the usual custom, he showed us some patients in the worst stages of insanity, and indeed it was pitiful to see the sufferings of those poor creatures; I at least felt easier when I was out of the room. In the afternoon we visited the State University, which is indeed a very handsome building. This is built of a purplish sandstone, which is peculiar to that part of the country, and makes a splendid external appearance. In the interior of the building I noticed that everything was of the highest finish. The next day we visited the salt works. The salt here is made from a lake, the borders of which are covered with salt in the rough state, and also from the salt well that is there. The works were not in operation at that time, and we found no one there but a boy employed to herd cattle; for in Nebraska, every one owning cattle is obliged to keep some one to watch, as there are very few fences; indeed, I saw not one outside of the city. He showed us and explained where the salt was boiled, and the vats in which it was evaporated, as best he could; I sincerely regretted that we did not find some one there who could give us a clearer explanation of the way in which the salt is made. Before leaving L—, I must not forget to mention the Tichenor, which constitutes one of the four handsome buildings I spoke of. It is built of the same rock as the State University, with a mansard roof. Everything inside was finished up and furnished in splendid style.

After leaving Lincoln, I proceeded to Omaha; but to relate the particulars of my visit there would be uninteresting. I remained there but a day, which afforded sufficient time to see all that I cared to see of Omaha. It can, in one sense, be rightly called Chicago on a small scale. It is the home and starting point of all the burglars, pick-pockets and confidence men west of Chicago; and furnishes every city in that part of the country, of its own size, and even larger, with representatives of every branch of wickedness that exists. Still Omaha is a place doing a considerably large business, and being the starting point of the U. P. R. R. is a place through which there is a great deal of travel. That eve I took leave of H—, and arrived in B— next morning, exceedingly well pleased with my trip to Nebraska. M. M. F.

"Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?"
"No, sah; but I've seed 'em kill mice."

—The regents of California University require freshmen to pledge themselves not to join any secret societies. We think such pledges wrong; secret societies should be allowed to die a natural death. They are the legacies of sectarian colleges, the atmosphere of public universities is not congenial to them.—University Press. We think the facts of the case will not bear out the opinion of our contemporaries.

The mind, according to Webster, is the intellectual or rational faculty of man, and is sometimes used indifferently for the understanding, or the power that conceives, judges or reasons. The word is also used in reference to the soul, that noblest part, which bears the image of the Creator.

As there are no two persons exactly alike, so there can be no two minds that resemble each other in every particular. We can scarcely look around us without remarking the different kinds of minds and their various workings.

It is often said, and with truth, that the face is "the index of the soul"; it seems to me that it might be said with equal truthfulness that the mind leaves its impressions on the face. The frivolous mind is constantly changing its opinions, and like a butterfly flutters from one object to another. This change is not apt to be found in a person of a serious demeanor. In the uncultivated and tender mind of the child, the latent powers of a great and good soul lie sleeping. Slowly they unfold, increase in beauty day by day, like the tiny buds of the myriad flowers that deck the plain; each different in color, form and perfume, as the beauteous blossoms opening in the golden sunshine of a midsummer's day. But as flowers when deprived of light and sunshine are often pale and imperfect, so the mind, reared without the sunshine of religion and virtue, is often but a pale deformity of what God wills it to be.

Deep-minded persons verify the proverb, "Still waters run deep"; for we never see them very talkative, or expressing their opinions in a noisy declamatory manner, but like the deep waters of a large river, they pursue their course silently, and seldom fail to accomplish their object.

There are minds influenced by every breath of the world's opinion, just as the fragile reed is shaken by the wind; hence it is needless to say that the works they achieve are generally not stupendous. There are minds grand and majestic whose lofty conceptions have given to the world all those wonders which outlive all time, and after the lapse of ages remain as fresh as if the work of yesterday. Among such may be mentioned St. Thomas Aquinas, who was in his youth called by his fellow students "The dull ox of Sicily." His masters also thought him very stupid, until one of them questioned him on some difficult points, which he readily answered, and on which occasion his master said of him: "We call Brother Thomas a great dumb ox, but the world will one day re-echo to the bellowing of his doctrine." St. Thomas was a most wonderful man; he composed many works, the greatest of which is his "Summa" of theology. He also corrected the works of Aristotle, and drew from them much information. The world re-echoes at this day the doctrines of this great Saint; and he who was called dull in his youth is now one of the Doctors of the Church.

We may then look upon the mind as the noblest gift of God, and our every effort should be put forth to render it pure and upright, a faithful copy of the Divine original. M. A. H.
As to his merits as an historian, little need be said, as his reputation is universally established. For within half a century his work has withstood the ordeal of hostile criticism, but it remains with not a page defaced nor a line erased. The ease and classic purity of style which characterize it, have ever been admitted; but in all the higher and more essential qualifications of history, in full and impartial details, in clear and methodical arrangement, in deep and patient research, it stands without a rival. Hume may please, Macauley fascinate; but if we seek to gain a correct view of those events which lie far back in the vista of English History; if we desire to be fully instructed in the rise, progress and development of those institutions which form the bases of the British Empire, or seek to gather reliable information in regard to the religious institutions of that country, we must turn to the truthful pages of Lingard.

An Allegory.

While wandering o'er the land of mortals, I came upon a small tract richly covered with verdure, giving evidence of a fertile soil. As I stopped to gaze upon its beauty and freshness, I noticed how tenderly the owner fostered his little possessions; here smoothing down a disproportioned ridge, there plucking up or destroying a noxious weed. I addressed the owner, and was soon interested in his recital of his brief history.

"I call my place Infancy," said he; "as yet its area is small, and its productions limited. At first it was a tangled thicket, requiring two years of cutting and delving to make a tolerable clearing. Being, therefore, as it were, newly cleared, it is yet difficult to manage: as sometimes, after most persevering efforts in toiling over its surface, I find spots of rank and noxious weeds, which heretofore escaped my unwearied attention. But now it hardly fails to give a grateful return for the seed which I have so carefully sown. But, as infancy advances towards youth, it becomes more tractable, and in proportion to its tractability, the greater is the fertility, and the more valuable are the productions: so that in a few years I may reasonably expect those products to be doubled in value. But you, my friend, who I know have not the experience, can hardly be expected to promote a healthy condition of the crops, and prevent their being choked by chickweed and cockle. I labor, and the successful results of my efforts are my desired reward, forming the cup of sweetness from which I imbibe refreshment. Here, in the society of the Great Harvester, I enjoy life in giving shape to, and trimming my productions so as to prevent their being choked by weeds."

The master paused, and I said: "My time is engaged abroad; I must bid you good day. I am a wanderer on the earth; and should I ever pass this way again, it will be my pleasure to stay here for some time." I turned, awoke, and beheld it was but a dream.

Again, I fell asleep, and a vision of fleeting years was before me. Again I seemed to stand before what I knew by a few ineradicable characters, to be the Infancy of my former dream. But what changes had well nigh shrouded it in obscurity. Infancy had enlarged its fields; its posses-
sessions were more magnificent; the revolution was complete, save the domicile of the old homestead. I saw again the master, in whose beard and locks the frosts of sixteen winters had interwoven silver threads. I approached, and greeted him with a kindly greeting: "Friend, how has it fared with you and yours these many years?"

The master gently raised his head, and quietly surveyed me. Satisfying himself, a smile flitted over his countenance, and he said: "Your seeming solicitude astonishes me; for this is a selfish world, and its most thoroughly accepted maxim is, 'Each one for himself.' Whom you now see can no longer be called Infancy; yet I love to think of it, as it was memory transports me to the wasted domains of the past; to the time when contentment filled my soul, and anxiety for the future was unknown. Then all was under my own scrutiny, and I was not alarmed that it would grow beyond my control; but, as the number of my years have increased, so have my fears. The outstretching fields, which are in their prime and youth, are more intermixed with poisonous weeds than they were in their confined space of infancy. Then they were carefully guarded against all noxious plants and bristles, being well cultivated, as long as I could personally oversee them. But my possessions (which I now call youth) grow so rapidly that I am no longer able to keep my eyes upon the whole; still, when I discover weeds or brambles, I burn them, and, as far as possible, purge the land of their baneful influence.

Some, however, escape, though I grub and strike at their roots, and continue their pernicious effects. So difficult is it, my friend, to get rid of these miserable excrescences that, though I employ extra help to assist in their eradication, yet the soil rapidly bears another crop of noxious weeds. It appears to be natural for the soil to wage continual war against my efforts. Already I feel the weight of my burden; and, as I advance in years, the labor becomes still more onerous."

"But," I ventured to interpose, "could you not obtain one to superintend the work as you would do yourself?"

He shook his head, and gravely smiled, saying: "Your youth excuses the levity of your enquiry. No: my possessions are best under me; for, as each one of a brood of chickens finds itself safest under the shelter of its own mother's wings, so my possessions are best directed under my own guidance. I have partially tried what you ask, but I never placed the reins of absolute authority in any other hands than my own. In my experience, I have noticed the gradual decrease of power, which arises from the delegation of one's own special prerogative."

"But," reasoned I, "you cannot expect to live always. Already the stream of your life has nearly ran its course; and will soon be received in the engulfing waters of Death. You cannot fail to see before you its threatening waters." "Your words," answered he, "are true; they bring to mind the thought of my future existence. The thought which gives me most uneasiness is the uncertainty whether after my death that which I leave behind me will continue to remain as it now is. This is the fear, this the thought which renders me most uneasy."

I spoke soothingly, and reminded him that an eternal crown would be the reward of faithful labor. He answered not; his reflections were evidently of a melancholy kind, and I rose to depart.

"Stay, my friend," cried the master, tremblingly; "I have resolved to confide in you. I feel that the vigor of my former years is rapidly declining: if in your wanderings you happen to pass this way, and it I have gone to the bosom of my mother earth, you will act as my representative. Should youth heedlessly squander the riches which I have with so much labor acquired, administer, in my stead, the needed admonition, as it may be of incalculable advantage in destroying the noxious growth of more mature years. Promise me this, and you will bestow a favor on me, for which you may hope to reap, in due time, an ample reward."

I turned to depart, and moving away, I heard sobs behind me, which came from the decrepit master; these sobs greatly affected me, and I also began to weep. I awoke, and the vision passed away.

After some time I again slept, and a new dream passed before my mind. I saw, riding in a dull-colored chariot-Time, with his hair all silvered over with age, driving be, fore him seven years. After the cortège had passed, I seemed to stand before the scenes of my former dreams; the possessions of my old friend appeared to have acquired an immense extent, but were badly laid out, and overgrown with rank and noxious weeds. This sight convinced me that the master hand, that had so carefully cultivated the estate, lay cold in death; yet it was evident from some half-cultivated spots of the immense tract, that some attempt at cultivation was still made, in order to keep up former appearances. But it was evident that the labor was very irksome; for, some parts of the fields being weedless, gave evidence of better cultivation than other portions of the immense tract, which were completely overgrown with a poisonous vegetation that destroyed every plant in its neighborhood. Farther on, I noticed that what had at one time been luxuriant meadows were now almost obliterated by stagnant pools, whose surface was covered with filthy slime. The crystal stream that once fertilized these meadows was now stagnat in its bed, save where here and there a sluggish eddy, formed by an accumulation of brambles, carried its green and filthy burden along, rendering the atmosphere poisonous from the decay of its filthy effluvium. How impossible, I said to myself, to bring order out of this chaos formed by such neglect. I moved onward, meditating on the sad effects brought on by negligence and wasted opportunities.

Farther on, I passed over some lands which had been reclaimed, and were now carefully cultivated, and which to me seemed a most favored spot; no irregularity, no poisonous weed marred its beauty. Going forward, I arrived at the foot of a small table-land overlooking the whole farm. I ascended, and carefully surveyed the scene presented to my view. I saw a sight sufficient to bring both joy and sorrow to the owner's heart. The whole was a varied panorama of good and evil, which caused me to meditate deeply. For a time I stood in deep thought, during which the promise I had made to the late owner came back to my mind with great distinctness. Having found the new owner, I related to him the prosperous condition in which I once beheld his now declining property, and urged him to make more strenuous exertions. My remonstrance was badly received. The idea that he knew what was best for his own advantage, was as deeply rooted in him as in others whom I had met. I had now, though in vain, performed a promised duty, and saying farewell, departed. I awoke, and it was morning; the sun appeared resplendently bright, and all nature was rejoicing at its appearance. I aroused my dreaming en-
ergles, and arose. My dream was so strongly outlined before me that I began to moralize. Thus it is in the diversified occupations of the human mind: the good and evil thoughts lie near together; they spring up and are nourished in the same soil; the bad often overcomes the good, and where there is more or less perversion. Sometimes the good predominates, and its blessed influence overrides all our actions. In the lives of every human being the sweet and the bitter are concomitantly mingled. Death will ultimately gather in the good and the wicked, both of whom will be weighed in the scales of justice, and the approval or condemnation of each one will be pronounced by an Omnificent Judge.

J. NONPLIENT.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Liszt has gone to Rome.

—Her Josefery is reported to be quite sick at his Connecticut summer residence,—the result of the recent severe hot weather.

—Max Goldstein, who is well known in New York musical circles, is engaged as editor-in-chief of a new Musical Zeitung to be brought out in Berlin in October.

—It is reported from London that Clara Louise Kellogg and Cari Rosa are seriously discussing the feasibility of a grand English opera combination for an American tour, to begin October, 1881.

—Sir Jules Ebenet is writing, and has by this time nearly completed, the Life of Carl Maria V. Weber, whose favorite pupil he was; and he has added a most valuable condensed catalogue of Weber's works.

—Miss Rose Hersee will not be a member of the Strakosch and Hess Company. Mr. Strakosch declined to defend her, that she prefers his rival. During the lover's absence she has been produced at Albaugh's Theatre, Baltimore, by the Mead and McGinly combination. The play is said to have its final volume on Montcalm.

—Among the new music just issued, or about to be issued, are the following: A new opera by J. Strauss, words by Gené; in three acts, entitled Das Spitzentuch; "Nidia," in three acts, music by Genee, words by P. Zoli; "Donna Juanita," music by Suppé, words by Geneé, and Der Porträtadame, music by Wolf. Schaberth & Co., of Union Square, have just published Verdi's latest composition—Der Meister and McOee's Illustrated Weekly, containing about 150 Catholic hymns. These hymns have been carefully selected and beautifully arranged. We recommend it to all Catholic schools and colleges.

We have received from Notre Dame, Indiana, a copy of the magnificent discourse pronounced by the Honorable Judge Dunne in that University, on the day of the conferring of degrees and distribution of premiums. It is a production which should be in every institution of learning, as a brief, elegant and practical compendium of the principles which should regulate the life and aspirations of youth, when, having finished their studies, they have to bid adieu to the most pleasant and poetical period of their existence, to enter upon the difficult Realities of Life,—the title of the discourse. We are sincerely grateful to the University for the copy sent us.—Revista Catolica (Las Vegas, New Mexico.)

College Gossip.

—Another Sun now shineth at Cornell University.

—Because nature furnishes her cat a nip, a man need not expect others to furnish him with.

—Over nine-tenths of all the colleges and universities in the States are under Christian supervision.

—It is said that Dr. Tanner has often fasted from thirty to forty days. No doubt, provided he has depended upon his profession for a living. Ordinary doctors and lawyers, with country editors thrown in, are veterans in fasting.—Ex.

—Miss Annis (who is showing her aunt Jerusha, from Skowhegan, in the beauties of art)—This is Titan's Venus. Isn't she beautiful? See the grace of her pose," etc. Aunt Jerusha—'Wall, now, she is a pretty fair-lookin' gal; but its dreadful unhealthy to sleep with your arm under your head.'

—When you see a man sit down in a barber's chair, pin the newspaper around his neck, and begin to read the towel, you may put him down as absent-minded.—Colleges Message. Yes, and when the barber begins to apply the pin to your face with a paint-brush, try to shave you with a jack-knife, oil your hair with bay rum, and powders your face with cigar ashes, you begin to think that he's a little absent-minded,—a little under the influence of the spirits—of alcohol.

Books and Periodicals.

—"Song Bells" is the title of a beautiful song book, compiled by L. Q. Emerson, the mention of whose name is a sufficient guarantee that the work is a good one. It is replete with choice songs, and will prove an invaluable acquisition to our public schools.

—We have received from D. & J. Sadlier, of New York, the Laudis Corono,—a beautiful hymn book, containing about 150 Catholic hymns. These hymns have been carefully selected and beautifully arranged. We recommend it to all Catholic schools and colleges.

Exchanges.

—We have received the Illustrated Catholic American, Niagara Index, Catholic World, Cornell Sun, and several others, which we cannot notice in this issue.

—We have received the Musical Record for the week ending Sept. 18th. As usual, it is replete with everything in which a music-loving people can take interest. It is always a most welcome visitor.

—It is with pleasure that we hail the appearance of McOee's Illustrated Weekly, which was compelled to suspend publication about four months ago, owing to the failure of subscribers to pay their subscription fees. The amount due Mr. McOee was $150; he has, however, collected a portion of this amount, and will therefore continue to publish his excellent Illustrated Weekly once more.
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Notre Dame, Indiana.

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The prediction made in the vacation number of the Scholastic that the editorial "mantle" would fall upon our shoulders, has—alas, for us!—been verified. Knowing, as we do, from observation, the unenviable position which the editor-in-chief of a college paper must occupy, it is with reluctance that we take our seat, and only wish that the "mantle" had fallen on shoulders more capable of sustaining it than ours. But now that the die is cast, we shall endeavor to do our utmost to give our readers matter both solid and recreative; for by doing this we shall be able to forever tranquilize the murmurs of those who would prefer seeing nothing but solid reading matter in those pages, and of others who would prefer that of a more humorous and recreative nature. The Literary, Editorial, Exchange, Local, and other departments of the Scholastic, will be conducted with a view to the attainment of this end. A word more, and our "bow" to the college world will have been made. It shall be our most earnest endeavor to keep the most amicable relations with all engaged in college journalism. In saying this, we do not wish to be misunderstood, or wrongly interpreted. While doing our utmost to be on friendly terms with all, we shall not, on that account, refrain from giving a fearless and candid expression of opinion upon any point which may from time to time present itself to the notice of the college world. This we shall ever be ready to do. At the same time, we do not wish to be considered charlatanically, —nothing can be more foreign to our intention.

In conclusion, we would say that these columns are open to all; and contributions to the same will be thankfully received. To those who may find fault at the literary character, or otherwise, of any article appearing in them, we simply say: Give us a better one for the succeeding issue, and receive our thanks.

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Men think of happiness as something without rather than within; hence they seek for it in revel, society, and occupation rather than within themselves.
—If our Catholic youth would only reflect for a few moments on the sanctity of our churches, in which our Divine Lord is really present on the altar, and try to exercise their faith in His holy presence in the Blessed Eucharist, they would most assuredly permit no distracting thought to occupy their minds; neither would they be guilty of any unbecoming levity in the presence of their Lord, who has said: "My delights are to be with the children of men." It is deeply to be regretted that quite a large number of our Catholic youth are, perhaps, unconsciously guilty of grave faults in Church, particularly during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. They seem to forget that this Sacrifice is the same as that of Mount Calvary, offered in a mystic manner, without the shedding of blood; and thus they frequently scandalize our non-Catholic brethren, who sometimes assist at our august ceremonies, and thus by their actions appear to deny their faith; or with the scribes and pharisees cry out: "We will not have this Man to reign over us: away with Him! crucify Him!" We read that the Buddhists when entering their temples, prostrate themselves in the most lowly adoration, and would permit themselves to be severely scourged, nay, even killed, before they would move a limb until their blind adoration was completed; and that over, they would retire with the greatest modesty and recollection. The Mahommedans also are said to be most careful to act reverently in their mosques. Let, then, our youth, before entering the church to assist at the august Sacrifice of the Mass, dismiss all distracting thoughts from their minds and most carefully guard their senses, keeping their attention fixed on the priest and uniting their intention with his, and thus they will not only give edification but will draw down upon themselves many graces and blessings.

—This scholastic year, now that everything about the college is completed and in first-class running order, may be considered as the first one in the era of the new Notre Dame. The old Notre Dame, grand though it was,—the remembrance of which can never be eliminated from the minds of all, who were in any way connected with it—would hardly be called grand, when placed in juxtaposition with that magnificent and imposing structure—the college is completed and in first-class running order, may be considered as the first one in the era of the new Notre Dame. The old Notre Dame, grand though it was,—the remembrance of which can never be eliminated from the memory of all who were in any way connected with it,—would hardly be called grand, when placed in juxtaposition with that magnificent and imposing structure—the new University. The superiority of the new building over the old is in every respect made evident by taking a walk through the beautiful corridors and spacious rooms devoted to every college necessity; all modern college improvements in ventilation, light, heat, etc., have been adopted; in a word, everything calculated to promote the intellectual, moral, and physical welfare of the student is employed. Everything thus far seems to portend the success which the new Notre Dame will no doubt meet with in this, the first year of her existence. The number of students up to date is far in excess of the number at the same period last year; and anyone who will take the trouble to consult last year's catalogue, will see that this is saying a great deal, as regards the present number of students. 'Tis true that we have met with a great loss in the absence of Profs. Ivers and Stace, who were obliged to leave; the one on account of the imperative necessity of a change of climate for his family, and the other for a very lucrative and honorable position in the political sphere of action. But though both students and faculty regret their departure from our college halls, still we are again made happy in the acquisition of others, both competent and, in every respect, qualified to occupy the vacated chair. Our faculty was never stronger, nor more devoted to the interests of our students than they are to-day. It is a great pleasure for us to make this announcement to all, who are, and have been in any way connected with Notre Dame. We predict that the scholastic year of '80 and 81, now so auspiciously begun, will be one of the most memorable and prosperous in the history of Notre Dame.

—it is but reasonable to suppose that, did boys, or even full-grown persons, only know the amount of injury done to fruit trees at this time of year, either by climbing amongst the limbs, or throwing stones or other missiles against the branches, they would not be guilty of such acts unless indeed they would wish to show an indifference to the commission of a crime, for which vandalism is but a very petty name. It is a well-known fact of common occurrence that at this season of the year, when the branches of trees are as soft and sappy as corn-stalks, a severe hail-storm often destroys hundreds of valuable orchards beyond recovery, from the bruises received by the tender young growth. What then may be expected as the effect of rocks, or other things, being thrown against them with full force of arm? Even this is not the worst that a tree suffers by such abuse. It may not be generally known that the apple is not an annual product; "it is biennial." Unlike the smaller fruit which buds, blooms and bears the same season, the fruit-buds, or fruit-spurs as they are promologically termed, of apples are always set the fall preceding the ensuing crop; so that the bearing branches of this year had their fruit-buds set since last fall, and upon last year's new growth of wood, and on the bearing branches of next year, the fruit-buds are germinating this season, and upon this year's young wood. Now, as a great many varieties of apple trees bear a large proportion of their crop on small shoots, or fruit spurs, growing down along the sides of the limbs in the inside of the head, almost to the trunk, it may easily be imagined the amount of detriment done in the act of crawling through or treading on those tender shoots; so that in the effort of obtaining a few unripe apples on the top branches there are often young fruit-buds enough destroyed to bear a bushel of fine fruit the ensuing season. Hence it is that a full crop can never be had of trees so misused.

It is a fact, that of the cords upon cords of damaged and decayed limbs, which were pruned from the orchards of this College for some time past, the greater portion of them received their first wounds by having their bark torn away, either by being trampled upon when green, in the act of crawling through the branches, or by being struck by some hard substance thrown from the ground; this was visible from the wounds where the decay first appeared.

It is therefore to be hoped that after this explanation of cause and effect is made, and that as the trees are now making a new growth in the place of what has been cut away, there will be no one seen inclined to show such disregard to the good or evil of the property about the College, as to mutilate the orchard in the manner and with the recklessness, with which it has previously been done.
This precaution is by no means intended to prevent the boys from having what fruit they want, and can procure, without injury to the trees; on the contrary, it is with a view of making it more abundant for them, by saving the young germs in their incipient stage of growth for next year's maturity.

—Nearly all the Societies—religious, musical, scientific, and literary—have already completed their reorganization; and we are pleased to note the energy with which they seem disposed to enter upon the duties of their special sphere of action. The Cecilians were, as usual, the first in the field; and the unusually large number of talented and hard-working students that are to be found among the Juniors, gives us assurance that the flag of this favorite Association is, this year, not destined to be lowered. Both Confraternities have begun operations; and we hope that the good work, which they have been the means of accomplishing in the past, will be continued and extended. The Philodemics are already in good order; the Columbians are fast completing their reorganization; the Philopatrons and Sorins are developing the usual amount of enthusiasm among the younger students; the Thespians have traced out for themselves a programme of useful work, which they intend to accomplish during the session; the Orchestra is making ready to swell the general volume of harmony; and before the month is over, we hope to see the Band lending its efforts to enliven matters around the College.

The societies have been the life and soul of Notre Dame for years past. Long arguments are unnecessary to convince our students of the importance of securing the privilege of membership in some or other of them. We have but to look about us in the world, to see that the greatest results are almost invariably due to organized efforts. Where individual efforts is powerless, that of organization is irresistible. In the moral world, religious organizations achieve results which individuals—however ardent their zeal—would never dream of bringing about. Political organizations make and multiply laws, establish and overthrow governments; while the financial world seems to be under the exclusive control of business organizations. Now our societies are seemingly organizations, whose only aim is the improvement of their members; when properly conducted, therefore, may not students expect from them results which, individually, they would never be able to obtain?

There is at Notre Dame an abundance of good material for the societies to operate upon, and appearances indicate an expansion of their sphere of usefulness before the year's maturity.

—G. Knight, '80, is residing at Chicago, Ill.
—J. Rice, '76, is practicing law in Chicago, Ill.
—The Itenbacks are doing well at Indianapolis.
—Jno. McGrath, sailed for Europe yesterday (16th).
—J. D. McIntyre, '76, is residing in Detroit, Michigan.
—Ad. Widicome, '75, is travelling agent for his father's firm.
—M. Kauffman is in business at Cincinnati, where he is doing well.
—M. D. Falvey, '60, is keeping books for his father at Winamac, Ind.
—E. Riopelle, '77, is studying medicine at the Michigan University.
—J. Broghan, '75, has a large furniture establishment at Pinckney, Mich.
—Rev. Father Condon, C. S. C, is the esteemed Director of the Professed House.
—N. Kramer, J. Schulties, F. Wilttsberger, and W. Chaplon are residing at Detroit, Mich.
—Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of Port Wayne, Ind., was at the University for a few days last week.
—L. J. Evers, '79, is at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y. He desires to be remembered to all his friends.
—J. W. Bell, '78, is head book-keeper in a wholesale and retail establishment at Terre Haute, Ind.
—W. Murphy, '78, is practicing law at Grand Forks, D. T. and J. H. Lyons, '72, are doing well in the same place.
—Eugene F. Arnold, '73, has just returned from Europe, whither he went last May, and is residing at Washington, D. C.
—W. Haka, '76, accompanied by his brother Henry, whom he placed in the Junior Department, spent a few days here last week. Will is a "medic" at the University for a few hours on Monday last.
—Rev. D. A. Clarke, '70, editor of the Catholic Columbian accompanied by Miss M. Clarke, and his brother Frank, whom he placed in the Senior department, was with us a few hours on Monday last.
—Among our visitors last week were: Mrs. B. Coghill, Misses E. and A. Myers, of South Bend; Mr. D. Schexnan, lady, and Robert P. Shethan, of Niles; Mrs. P. Hackelt, of M. and B. Hackett, of Jona; Mrs. P. B. Ewing, Philip Ewing and Miss Angela Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Nichols, La.; Mrs. M. B. Start and son, Chicago, Ill.
—We had the pleasure of grasping the hand of W. S. Meyers '74, the friend of our college days, who—married on the 16th inst, to Miss Kelly, a most estimable young
lady of Portsmouth, Ohio— with his young bride, paid a visit to his Alma Mater on Monday last. Will "Jersey" is the very picture of health and happiness. The young couple have our best wishes for their happiness and prosperity through life.


We clip the following from one of the Rockwell papers, in regard to P. J. Dougherty, of the Law Class of '78. It will be remembered that he was quite severely injured in endeavoring to save books from the burning college, April 23d, '78: "Our esteemed friend, of Rockwell, P. J. Dougherty, was last week examined by Judge Ruddick for admission to the bar, and having passed a most creditable examination, was commissioned 'Barrister at Law.' We are glad to note this. Pat is a mighty good boy and has uncommon talent. We predict a successful practice for him."

Hon. W. H. Calkins paid the University a visit on Monday last, in company with Postmaster Pfieger, of South Bend. Major Calkins is one of the five or six men whose eloquence and sound sense could at any time command attention in such a vast and learned body as the United States House of Representatives, and we must therefore regret that the boys did not call him out for a speech. In fact, his visit was such a quiet one, that many were not aware of it until after his departure. We hope the next time Major Calkins visits us—and we hope it will not be long hence—that he will favor the boys with a speech.

On last Thursday forenoon a rumor ran around that Hon. D. W. Voorhees, the Promethean orator of the United States Senate, would visit the University and take dinner here. The boys were in great glee, and counted on a half holiday through the favor of the distinguished visitor, but they were doomed to disappointment. It was not until ten o'clock on Friday that Senator Voorhees came out. He was received with an enthusiastic cheer by the boys, who were on the look-out for him. When Mr. Duer, of South Bend, introduced him, the Senator responded to the enthusiastic reception by a nice little speech containing some good advice referred to elsewhere.

—Welcome!
—"Happy to see you again."
—"Did you have a good time?"
—"I'm very near it—all the same."
—"Hold Orrick!" "Hold Orrick!"
—Weather very cool. Where's the prophet?
—Football seems to be the Juniors' favorite game.
—"Hurrah for this grand and glorious republic!"
—One hundred Juniors the first week. Immense! 
—The "Corporal" has returned. His roundity remains undiminished.
—Twenty-five members of the Cecilians of last year have returned.
—The Minims' Campus has been enlarged, and otherwise improved.
—The students enjoyed a half-day's "rec" on Friday last—Senator Vorhees was here.
—The Minims are as noisy and as happy as ever. Bro. Amandus is their gentlemanly Prefect.
—Wednesday was an excellent day for indulging in such games as football, baseball, and handball.
—The old Mutual baseball grounds are undoubtedly the best at Notre Dame. Bro. Lawrence did the work.

—The Philopatrians have organized. A full report of the election of officers will appear in our next issue.
—The Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary were reorganized last night, a full report of which will appear in our next issue.
—Masters C. J. Brinkman and E. C. Orrick are the young gentlemen who constitute the Junior study-hall "Faculty" for this year.
—The Seniors boast of a two hundred and fifty pounder. We'll bet two hundred and fifty dollars that he'll not be the coxswain of either boat's crew.
—The Minims are filling up the ranks very fast. Thirty-eight on hand, and not a shadow of "homesickness" on any of their bright, happy faces.
—Tanner has undoubtedly made many proselytes; but one who knows says that those around Notre Dame are of a melancholy disposition. Ask Bro. Thomas.

—The Chapel of the Portiunula, near Mt. St. Vincent's, is undergoing extensive and much needed repairs. When finished, it will be one of the finest chapels at Notre Dame.
—A new store is being built for the Juniors. They could not bear the idea of the Seniors monopolizing the whole trade, hence their resolution to have one of their own.
—"Sancho," "Nep," and "Pluto," are as lively and as noisy as of yore. They do not seem to be well pleased with "Tesser" or "Fearless," the pugnacious curs of Mt. St. Vincent.
—To-morrow being the Octave of the Feast of the Seven Dolors, Mass Faurtolorum, p. 37 of the Kyriale, will be sung. The hymns for Vespers will be found on p. 194 of the Vesperal.
—All should join in the singing during divine service. Don't be afraid to sing too loud. Books containing the Masses, byrnes, etc., to be sung, can be procured at the Students' Office.
—The Rev. Director of Studies visited the Minim Department last Friday. He examined some classes, and expressed his satisfaction at seeing all so orderly and attentive to their studies.
—The secretaries of the different Associations will confer a favor on us, by being prompt in sending in their Society reports. A box has been placed near the Students' Office into which these reports can be dropped.
—And now he's in the Seniors' yard, no more his kite shall fly;
For now he feels himself a man,
Of toys and boys quite shy.
—The oration delivered by Judge Dunne, at the Commencement Exercises of last June, has been published in beautiful pamphlet form; a copy of which can be procured at the Students' Office for 10 cents. Get one.
—Parents having sons at the University, should subscribe for the Scholastic. The Class Honors, Roles of Honor, etc., herein published weekly, will keep them well informed of their sons' standing in class, conduct, etc.
—We hope that our friends in both the Senior, Junior and Minim Departments will send us plenty of "locals," and thereby help us to make these columns what they ought to be—the most interesting portion of the Scholastic.
—Solemn High Mass was celebrated last Sunday by Rev. Father Kirseh, with Rev. Fathers O'Keese and Little as deacon and subdeacon, respectively. Masters Guthrie and Gordon were head-servers, and Master Tinley censer-bearer.
—We shall be very happy to receive communications from everybody. But bear in mind that they must be local news. Do not forget to sign your name to each communication you send us; if you fail to do this, no attention will be given it.
—When shall we again have the pleasure of hearing the harmonious strains of the N. D. U. G. Band? We hope it will be soon. Several of the old members are now here, and we can see no reason why reorganization should not take place immediately.

Local Items.

The old Mutual baseball grounds are undoubtedly the best at Notre Dame. Bro. Lawrence did the work.
Bob Ingersoll, who spoke in South Bend last day, is like the genial warm sunshine to his young friends. A smile of recognition from him makes a Minin feel as big as a Senior, and a word of praise is sufficient re-ward for diligence in studies and good conduct.

The Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education," published at Washington, D. C., Notre Dame University is mentioned as being among the few, out of the hundreds of colleges in this country, which gives any art-training, or possesses any art-collections.

A Junior states that three "hedge-hogs" are to be seen in the northeastern part of the Campus. These hedge-hogs may be seen there, according to our informant, every day at half-past nine, a. m., at one, and half-past three o'clock, p. m. Where are the Nimrods?

Brother Charles did some good work in the Minin Department during vacation. The stands for the new lavatory, which he planned, are the most convenient in the University. There is the greatest satisfaction in whatever Brother Charles directs; his work invariably bears the stamp of his judgment and good taste.

Very Rev. President Corby has the best thanks of the Minims for the many improvements he has made in their Department. With him, there is no regard paid to expense, when it is question of the happiness and comfort of the little fellows, who are even more the object of his care than the larger students of the University.

Our friend John is under the impression that his cheek and chin need shaving, and has therefore provided himself with the necessary tools. He will start business sometime this week. We coincide with him, as far as the shaving of his "cheeks" concerned, but cannot at present give our opinion as regards the other parts of his physiognomy.

Bob Ingersoll, who spoke in South Bend last day, is thus eloquently praised by an eastern paper: "1880 years before Christ, a fool said in his heart: 'There is no God.' 1880 years after Christ, a bigger fool said it right out loud. More tools paid a dollar ahead to hear him say it. God kept on living, and loving the fools all the time. But don't you be a fool."

Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, Ind., arrived here on Tuesday evening, bringing with him his nephew, Master J. Dwenger, whom he placed in the Minim Department. His lordship preached a most eloquent and instructive sermon at the opening Mass on Wednesday, half-past three o'clock, p. m. Where are the Nimrods?

The following letter, sent to Very Rev. Father Sorin five years ago, but which was not received by him until last week, explains itself:

Very Rev. and Dear Father:—I have received your kind letter, dated the 11th of August, and I thank you very much for the kind expressions with which, on this occasion, you have been pleased to honor me. I shall never forget my stay at the University of Notre Dame, and shall look back on the splendid reception in your house as one of the most blissful experiences of my life. I do not know if I would have another horse? What followed can be easily imagined.

The following letter, sent to Very Rev. Father Sorin five years ago, but which was not received by him until last week, explains itself.

The first regular meeting of the Philodemics took place on Monday evening, Sept. 10th. An election of officers for the ensuing session took place, with the following result: Directors, Very Rev. Father General, and Corby; Assistant Directors, Rev. Fathers Walsh and O'Keefe; President, Mr. T. McNamara, C. S. C; 1st Vice-President, Jos. Courtney; 2nd Vice-President, D. Taylor; Promoter, Bro. Amundus; Corresponding Secretary, H. See; Recording Secretary, Geo. O'Keefe; 1st Censor, H. Kitz; 2nd Censor, J. Dwenger; Sergeant-at-arms, E. Howard; Librarian, G. Tourillot; Treasurer, W. Hanavan; Monitor, C. Droste; Marshal, W. Ayers.

An equine came unwelcomed into the Seniors' Campus on Friday last: the "Corporal" "tumbled" again—striking his head on the hard gravel walk. On becoming conscious, and in blissful oblivion of what had occurred, he exclaimed: "Bind up my wounds! give me a piece of pie!" "Deadwood Dick," who was one of the most interested spectators, asked him if he wouldn't have another horse?

The first regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held in their new Society-room Wednesday evening, Sept. 15th. An election of officers for the ensuing session took place, with the following result: Directors, Very Rev. Fathers General and Corby; Assistant Directors, Rev. Fathers Walsh and O'Keefe; President, Mr. T. McNamara, C. S. C; 1st Vice-President, Jos. Courtney; 2nd Vice-President, D. Taylor; Promoter, Bro. Amundus; Corresponding Secretary, H. See; Recording Secretary, Geo. O'Keefe; 1st Censor, H. Kitz; 2nd Censor, J. Dwenger; Sergeant-at-arms, E. Howard; Librarian, G. Tourillot; Treasurer, W. Hanavan; Monitor, C. Droste; Marshal, W. Ayers.

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respect to all the Faculty, I have the honor to be your devoted and affectionate brother in Christ.

CAR. RONCETTI.

—The first regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathian Association was held Saturday evening, Sept. 11th, six weeks after the beginning of the present term. A resolution of scholars took place, with the following result: Director, Very Rev. W. Corby; General Critic, Rev. T. E. Walsh; Assistant Director, Rev. J. O'Keefe; President, J. J. O'Keefe; Secretary, J. J. O'Keefe; Treasurer, J. J. O'Keefe; Proctor, J. J. O'Keefe; Branch-Officer, J. J. O'Keefe; Treasurer, J. J. O'Keefe; Orator, J. J. O'Keefe; President, J. J. O'Keefe; Secretary, J. J. O'Keefe; Treasurer, J. J. O'Keefe; Proctor, J. J. O'Keefe; Branch-Officer, J. J. O'Keefe; Treasurer, J. J. O'Keefe; Orator, J. J. O'Keefe. An election of officers was then proceeded with, which was carried out on the following list: President, J. J. O'Keefe; Secretary, J. J. O'Keefe; Treasurer, J. J. O'Keefe; Proctor, J. J. O'Keefe; Branch-Officer, J. J. O'Keefe. The Association then adjourned.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

For the week ending September 25th.

Senior Department.


Junior Department.

A. A. Brown, J. H. Bennett, J. A. Boom, C. J. Brinkman, M. C. Bender, C. Metz.

MINOR DEPARTMENT.


Minut Department.

Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago

R AILWAY.

July 18, 1880. LOCAL AND THROUGH TIME TABLE. No. 19.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Going North</th>
<th>STATIONS</th>
<th>Going South</th>
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<tr>
<td>1.05 a.m.</td>
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<td>Michigan City, 9.35 a.m.</td>
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<td>1.35 a.m.</td>
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<td>La Porte, 10.35 a.m.</td>
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<td>Stilwell, 10.40 a.m.</td>
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<td>11.55 p.m.</td>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>Walkerton, 11.05 a.m.</td>
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<td>12.35 a.m.</td>
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<td>Plymouth, 11.35 a.m.</td>
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<td>10.45 a.m.</td>
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<td>Rochester, 12.57 p.m.</td>
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<td>Denver, 1:05 p.m.</td>
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<td>Peru, 1:09 p.m.</td>
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<td>Bunker Hill, 1:25 p.m.</td>
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<td>Kokomo Junction, 2:55 p.m.</td>
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<td>Tippecanoe, 3:16 p.m.</td>
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<td>7.15 a.m.</td>
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<td>Noblesville, 4:09 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>6.10 a.m.</td>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>Indianapolis, 5:00 p.m.</td>
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THE ONLY LINE Running a noon Train out of Indianapolis for NORTHERN INDIANA, and MICHIGAN, and for Toledo, Detroit, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, NEW YORK CITY, and all Principal Points in the EAST.

Elegant Sleeping and Parlor Coaches run between INDIANAPOLIS and CHICAGO, and IND'T'S and MICHIGAN CITY.


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An Elegant Volume of Poems, BY MAURICE F. EGAN,
Published to Aid in the Rebuilding of Notre Dame UNIVERSITY.
Address PETER F. CUNNINGHAM & SON, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>*Mail</th>
<th>*Day Express</th>
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<th>*Atlantic Express</th>
<th>*Night Express</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lv. Chicago — 7 00 a.m. 9 40 a.m. 4 00 p.m. 5 15 p.m.</td>
<td>9 10 p.m</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mich. City — 9 35 a.m. 11 35 a.m. 6 35 a.m.</td>
<td>7 45 p.m. 11 45 a.m.</td>
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<td>Niles — 10 45 a.m. 12 15 p.m. 6 35 a.m.</td>
<td>9 05 a.m. 12 45 a.m.</td>
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<td>Kalamazoo — 12 33 p.m. 1 40 p.m. 3 50 p.m.</td>
<td>4 00 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jackson — 3 45 p.m.</td>
<td>5 00 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ar. Detroit — 6 45 p.m. 8 30 p.m.</td>
<td>5 00 p.m.</td>
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<th>*Mail</th>
<th>*Day</th>
<th>*Kal.</th>
<th>*Atlantic</th>
<th>*Night</th>
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<tr>
<td>Lv. Detroit — 7 00 a.m. 9 40 a.m. 10 28 a.m. 4 55 a.m.</td>
<td>9 10 p.m</td>
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<td>Jackson — 10 23 a.m. 12 23 a.m. 5 00 a.m. 11 35 a.m.</td>
<td>11 45 a.m.</td>
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<td>Kalamazoo — 1 15 p.m. 2 27 p.m. 5 40 a.m. 12 28 a.m.</td>
<td>4 35 a.m.</td>
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<td>Niles — 4 05 p.m. 5 05 p.m. 6 45 a.m.</td>
<td>9 05 a.m.</td>
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<td>Mich. City — 4 20 p.m. 5 20 p.m. 6 45 a.m.</td>
<td>9 05 a.m.</td>
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<td>Ar. Chicago — 6 20 p.m. 7 40 p.m. 10 28 a.m.</td>
<td>11 35 a.m.</td>
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Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH*  
Lv. So. Bend—8 45 a.m. 6 50 a.m. 9 50 a.m.  
Lv. Niles—7 05 a.m. 4 15 a.m.  
N. Dame—5 45 a.m. 4 15 a.m.  
Ar. Niles—9 25 a.m. 7 15 a.m.  
Ar. So. Bend—7 45 a.m.

*GOING SOUTH*  
Lv. So. Bend—8 45 a.m. 6 50 a.m. 9 50 a.m.  
Lv. Niles—7 05 a.m. 4 15 a.m.  
N. Dame—5 45 a.m. 4 15 a.m.  
Ar. Niles—9 25 a.m. 7 15 a.m.  
Ar. So. Bend—7 45 a.m.

*Sunday excepted.* T'Neill. *Saturday and Sunday excepted.*

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Gen'l Manager, Detroit, Mich.  
G. L. ELLIOTT, Agent, South Bend, Ind.
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At PEORIA, with the Peoria Division C.M. & St. P. R. R.
At EAGLEWOOD, with the Chicago & Illinois Midland.
At LEAVENWORTH, with the Leavenworth & Santa Fe.
At COLUMBUS JUNCTION, with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe.
At ATCHISON, with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe.
At KANSAS CITY, with all lines for the West and Southwest.

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GOING EAST.

2 25 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9 50; Cleveland 2 30 p.m; Buffalo 6 05 p.m.

3 10 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 11 10 p.m; Cleveland 10 10 p.m; Buffalo 4 a.m.

4 12 13 a.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 2 40 p.m, Cleveland 7 05 a.m; Buffalo, 11 05 p.m.

5 50 and 4 p.m., Way Freight.

GOING WEST.

3 43 a.m, Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 35 a.m, Chicago 6 a.m.

9 05 a.m. Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 6 50 a.m, Chicago 8 50 a.m.

4 50 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 40, Chicago 8 p.m.

8 03 a.m, Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 05 a.m; Chicago, 11 30 a.m.

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

F. C. Rapp, Ticket Agt., South Bend.

J. W. CARE, Gen’l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

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

CHARLES PAINE, Gen’l pt.

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