To the Owl.

Hail, solemn fowl, well plumed and stern of eye!
With Pallas in mythology connected,
Why were you for a destiny so high
Selected?
Was it for vocal melody? Ah, no!
(You should not try to sing, indeed you ort n't!)
Was it for beauty? Nay; 'twas that you're so
Important!
For all that human nature seeks to own,—
All that is best in what men see before 'em,—
May be summed up in this one word alone:—
"Decorum!"
Would we were all like you, most sapient bird,
If all the legends of your wisdom true are;
Would we were all as pompous and absurd
As you are!

ARTHUR.

* The kind indulgence of the reader is respectfully re­quested on the occasion of the unwonted intrusion of the letter "r" into this word. There was no alternative, except to drop the "r" in "important," a step whose dudicity should cause us all to hesitate.

Books.

Books! how dear the word, and how stupen­dous its signification! Books; the repository of man's loftiest accomplishments and the source of instruction to endless generations! Through them we converse with the sages and poets of all ages and observe the habits and appearance of the meanest of their contemporaries. By them, anni­hilating time and space, we stand in the presence of the venerable Fathers of antiquity and hear from their very lips the wisest instruction. We listen with rapture to the various accounts of the beginning of the world and the destiny of man. We are told of the beginning and progress of society, of the development of nations, and the formation of governments. We are told of man's lawless ambition and tyranny, of the outburst of awful revolutions, and the struggles of mighty empires.

We forget ourselves and associate with the people of thirty centuries ago. We live, feel and think as they do; we know their dress and mode of living; we see them at their daily work in time of peace, and in time of war march with them to battle. In a word, we follow man from his first appearance in this world to the present day, observing his advancement to the highest de­gree of enlightenment and his fall to the darkest ignorance and degradation. We see him in the beginning as he lives in the light and service of the Creator; again, as he wanders in sin and misery; and again, as he is rescued by the death and merits of the Son of God.

We behold the germ of every branch of knowl­edge and its gradual development from age to age. Religion, philosophy, literature, science, with all their wise teachings, with all their fatal errors and ridiculous absurdities, with all their revolutions and renewed impulses, are contained in that common repository, books.

"All that philosophers have sought,
Science discovered, genius wrought,
All that the wit of man conceives,
All that he wishes, hopes, believes,
All that he loves, or fears, or hates,
All that to heaven and earth relates,
These are the lessons that they teach
In speaking silence, silent speech."

By them, we traverse the entire universe and even venture into the world beyond. At one time we are guided through every pit of the in­fernal regions, and hear the shrieks and curses and groans that arise from despairing legions; at an­other, we are transported to the highest halls of heaven, to behold the glorious throngs of the elect and the angelic choirs singing their endless alle­luias before the throne of the Almighty. Again, we are shown the heart of man with all its affec­tions and passions, its noble sentiments and petty jealousies, its boundless ambition and endless vi­cissitudes.

What an excellent subject! how profound, how illimitable, how worthy of consideration! What a royal privilege for man to proclaim his thoughts freely to nations and to endless ages; to sit in his easy chair and study the opinions of all the world's great sages! What infinite advantages to the stu­dent surrounded with a host of masters in every branch of learning! Truly may we say of books they are the nourishment of youth, the assistance of manhood, and the consolation of old age.

But there is another side to the subject—a side so dark, so repulsive, and so prominent for evil as to cast a shadow over all that has been said.
Books are, it is true, an abundant source of comfort, a rapid and easy means of instruction, a useful guide, and a spur to all that is great and good; but the evil they contain—the dangerous errors, the foul corruption, the fearful principles—makes them a cause for alarm. The loftiest intellects, inspired by all the craft and malice of hell, have labored long and earnestly in the dissemination of such works; they have clothed their seductive teachings in the most attractive language, and concealed their fallacies with all the cunning of sophistry. Allurements, snares and open warfare have been employed with exceeding skill against all that is good in the moral and social world. Recall the infamous writings of infidel philosophers, religious fanatics and gifted poets, with their vast influence over the minds of the people, and behold the danger of their power! Like one mighty army, exerting all the energy of their talents in the service of Satan, they threaten to extend their dark dominion throughout the entire world. There is nothing to restrain their efforts; the press is free, and their writings are just such as have the most influence with the young and thoughtless. They are growing more powerful and threatening; they are well armed with sophistry, sciolism and rhetoric.

What means of defence have we against so powerful and dangerous an enemy? None, but in weapons of a similar kind. We must oppose philosophy to sophistry, science to sciolism, and truth to rhetoric. We must be thoroughly drilled in immutable principles, and exercised in the detection of falsehood.

But are our books of instruction adapted to this end; or do they not frequently produce the opposite effect? Are they not, for the most part, uninteresting, profuse, and obscure? Open a favorite Compendium Philosophiae, and notice the arrangement of ideas. In an argument, there is, first, the major of a syllogism, with distinctions, limitations, explanations and side remarks; then, buried somewhere in the middle of a page or more, is the minor, equally hedged in and fortified, and away beyond stands the ergo. Now, a simple truth is not such a gigantic, complicated affair that it must be presented with such chevaux-de-frise of attendant clauses and high-sounding phrases.

But this is not the worst method employed, for it has the merit of obscurity; that is, it affords abundant exercise to anyone who has the patience to search for the author's meaning. Examine a common text-book of history, if you want to see how soft and sweet instruction may become. On the first page you see some remarks about theutility of history," "philosophy teaching by example," etc.; then, in the rest of the books of a few hundred pages, you find a chronological detail of extensive details are easily derived; then is excited interest in the reasoning of others. Added questions to this, and you have the darling of all methods. Then the teacher need only know how to read, and the pupil how to memorize. Now, the catechetical system is good enough in its easiest possible form. They develop every detail; they confuse him by superfluous explanations; they disgust and put him to sleep by dwelling on points that are self-evident; they seem to consider him incapable of reasoning, so they do it for him.

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A student thus instructed can stand immovable against a world of sophists; he can cope successfully against a whole class of memorizers, and their teachers, too, on points of controversy. When speaking to the latter, you are astonished and abashed by the readiness with which they can answer the most difficult questions; but press them a little, deny an assertion or two, and they become bewildered, totally unmanned, lost in an unheard of region, with no refuge except the infallibility of books. Philosophical idiots, extraordinary parrots, high-strung automations! Like a dervish with his Koran, they can repeat the whole book, but understand not a word. They can learn more in five minutes than Aristotle could master in a month. Compared to these, the "Dumb Ox" would indeed be such if he aimed to digest well.

How can dyspeptics of this kind be expected to withstand the mighty attacks of infidelity and irreligion? Of what avail are profound doctrines and
mature minds. Well, then, it is to be regretted that reading. • • .

depends his capacity for extensive- and critical application and the quality of his books determine taste for books and application; the student's ap­

pretext for persecuting helpless children.

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hold, you may say, these rules were not written

in the wisdom of this world to speak intelligently

for suspicion. When a man becomes too exalted

them, and the fact of knowing them. is a reason

for pressing his eagerness? How develop robust and hardy men by the most effeminate training?

This deplorable evil is as universal as it is in­

jurious; it thrives in the most renowned institu­
tions and pervades all departments. Healthy young men are sickened with sweet-cake and milk, while toothless infants are tortured with hard bread and meat. Beginners in Latin, for in­
stance, give free and rapid translations; those more advanced limp along verbally, decline, conjugate, and "pony" out their lessons. Young pen-men are sometimes taught according to the rules of Geometry, but their first attempts have not usually much of mathematical precision. Young spellers must know all the sounds of the letters and all the contortions of the lips and tongue in pronunci­
atlon. But these are not usually so much insisted upon; the first rules of Arithmetic have always been, and ever shall be, the chief cause of lamenta­tion to beginners.

This is a delicate point, indeed; it calls up many bitter recollections that cry for vengeance; it re­

minds one of the efficacy of the rod, and of the in­
ocent shrieks that daily fill this fair land. Just think of it: ten thousand little boys writhing under the ferules of ten thousand old pedagogues! O frightful torments, endless detentions and despair! Alas! poor little fellows, is there no one to plead for you, no one to avenge you? Be patient; the lash is a wonderful stimulus; it will make you fat and vigorous; you will soon become big boys, and then you can lay siege to the old pedagogue or become like him and enjoy his privilege.

First rules of Arithmetic, first torments for schoolboys, profound metaphysics for babies! If any child has ever appeared or shall appear with a mind so comprehensive for the abstract as to grasp these rules and apply them successfully, set him down as a prodigy—there is not one in a bil­

lion like him. Neither Julius Caesar nor Shake­peare, nor Horace Greenly would ever attempt it. Not one good mathematician in a thousand knows them, and the fact of knowing them is a reason for suspicion. When a man becomes too exalted in the wisdom of this world to speak intelligently to children, let him stay away from them. But hold, you may say, these rules were not written for babies alone, they were intended for more mature minds. Well, then, it is to be regretted that these mature minds are so far behind in their course, and that, on their account, authors should afford to one third of the teachers in the country a favorite pretext for persecuting helpless children.

And this is not such a trivial matter either, be­

cause a child's treatment at school influences his
taste for books and application; the student's ap­

lication and the quality of his books determine the nature of his education, and upon this greatly depends his capacity for extensive and critical reading.

The whole amounts to this: let a child think as a child, but when he becomes a man let him put away the things of a child.

Books are an excellent thing, but they are also a dangerous thing, and to appreciate them properly requires a substantial preparation. Whatever, then, is most conducive to this end should be encouraged and commended, and the contrary de­

cried vehemently and rejected with disdain.

This is all the apology I have to make for so long a declamation in the end; if it seem foolish to men of better judgment, may they pardon too much vindictive zeal; but if it shall afford any consolation to a fellow-sufferer, or preserve some helpless urchin from outrageous scourging with its resulting dreams, it will attain a desirable end.

ALBART F. ZAHM, '83.

Telegraph vs. Telephone.

The question, "Will the telephone supersede the telegraph?" is asked daily, and is a source of anxiety to interested parties. By the public in general it seems to be taken as a fact already accomplished, or nearly so. Some entertain the same sanguine views concerning the development of the telephone as the Georgia "judge," who believes that its principle will soon be applied to the other senses, so that a man can sit down in Atlanta, see a theatrical representation in Cincinnati, smell a bouquet in New Orleans, taste a fresh oyster in Savannah, all at the same time. Telegraph operators read of the possibilities of the telephone with the same dread and misgiving with which they at one time regarded the invention of the duplex, quadruplex, Wheatstone, harmonic and other rapid, labor-saving systems of telegraphing. These in­
ventions have cheapened and increased telegraphy, and they have also increased the demand for labor: even the most perfect of them require Morse operators exclusively.

Such fears and fancies are without cause or reason; for, as yet, there are no facts to justify them. In the reports of the meetings of managers, rail­road men and others, deeply interested, we have seen no movement toward adopting the telephone.
to do the work of the telegraph; nor has it been proved practicable to do so. In the matter of speed and cheapness the telegraph is far ahead of the telephone. The telephone may adapt and call to its aid phonography, or its rival the typewriter. The telephone has already adapted it in Mr. W. P. Phillip's system of steno-telegraphy, by which a speed of two hundred words per minute is easily obtained. The Wheatstone system, which the Western Union Co. has had in practical use between New York and Chicago since March 1st, attains two hundred and fifty per minute, and the new Postal Telegraph Co. claims that by using the Leggo automatic and Gray harmonic systems they can transmit two thousand words per minute, in opposite directions, over a single wire.

Until lately it was thought that the principal check on the telephone was its impracticability for long-distance work, and induction. The first of these has been overcome by recent inventions and improvements, but the latter has thus far defied the efforts of the most skilful electricians. One of them, Mr. E. T. Gilliland, president of western telephone companies, representing nearly $2,000,000 capital, being interviewed by an Indianapolis reporter, said, in answer to the question, "Will not this induction trouble be overcome?" "If it is, the inventor can make millions of dollars. No remedy has yet been found that is not more costly than the disease. If it were overcome, telephoning would be brought nearer to a par with telegraphy on the score of cost of wires, though the latter would still have the advantage of being able, through the quadruplex, to make one wire do the work of four, or, through the harmonic system, of eight—things impossible in telephoning."

Another obstacle has been found in the way of long-distance telephoning in that it will not pay, even were all other difficulties removed. Mr. H. Bentley, president of the Philadelphia Local Telegraph Co., says that we may accept it as a fact that no system of telephony which extends beyond a radius of twenty or thirty miles from any city, however large, will prove a paying investment. One reason, and a valid one, why this strengthened system of telephonic communication would not be feasible is its utter inadaptability to commercial purposes. All transactions in the world of commerce have to be recorded. The telegraph provides for this, the telephone does not. Mr. A. will not sell ten car loads of corn on the strength of mere sound, or Mr. B. 10,000 bushels of wheat on a simple telephonic order. They would be foolish to do so, because there would be no record of such sale, and consequently no responsibility. The telephone represents honor, but that is all; it is not a commercial record. The telegraph, on the other hand, is essential to commerce, and depends for its pecuniary success upon the three great mainstays of finance, commerce, and manufactures. Outside of these it would not pay. The use of the telegraph for mere social or domestic purposes would not defray wire maintenance and service, to say nothing of profits or dividends.

The Operator and Electrical World of the 1st inst., commenting on the interview with Mr. E. T. Gilliland, referred to above, says: "The views of Mr. Gilliland—than whom no one is better qualified to speak on telephonic subjects—confirm our opinion heretofore expressed that long-distance telephony is too costly a process to become popular, and that old-fashioned Morse telegraphy will continue, for some time to come, the cheap and customary method of electrical communication between distant places. The real relation of the telephone to the telegraph is that of a tributary, not of a supplanter. Its tendency hitherto has been to increase rather than to diminish the volume of business done by the telegraph, for by occupying territory where there was not business enough to warrant the establishment of telegraph offices, which require salaried attendants, it has proved a valuable "feeder" to the telegraph, the amount of new business which it has contributed more than counterbalancing that which it has taken away by competition. There is at present no just ground for a belief that this relationship between these kindred handmaids of commerce is to undergo a change."

Answers to Correspondents.

"LODA WOOD:"—You have been reading Dr. Watts' beautiful poem, beginning:

"The rose was just washed—just washed by a shower—
Which Mary to Anna conveyed, etc.,"

and you are anxious to know how Mary conveyed the shower to Anna. The conveyance was strictly legal, of course. Mary relinquished all right and title to benefits accruing from the aforesaid shower in favor of Anna, her heirs and assigns, etc. Or read Chitty on Contracts, Cornelius a Lapide, de tempesitibus, etc. You will always find Dr. Watts on the side of law and order.

"D'AMPHOUILLE:"—You are reading Virgil, and think you discover a meaning in the celebrated line—

"At Regina gravi Jamdudum saucia cura"

which has hitherto escaped the notice of commentators. But no: "dudum" cannot be made a genitive plural governed by "regina," thus making Dido the queen of dudes. She had trouble enough without that, poor thing. Better call it an accusative of the part affected, placed by a Greek construction after "saucia." This will at least create a sensation in the class-room, and excite the Professor.

"SAPINERO:"—Yes: the Spanish for "Excel­sior" is "Un poco mas arriba."

"WILDE JR.:"—Certainly: you can find plenty of rhymes for parallelopipedon, as thus:

"I met her on the street with a bonnet and a tippet on;
She looked just as neat as a parallelopipedon."

That is rather neat; and it's just as easy as rolling off a logarithm.
"Damble Gummy!"—The Society for Distributing Gratuitous Advice was established here at quite an early date, and has been in active operation ever since. The members, strange to say, are not popular. For conditions of membership, apply to the hierophant.

"Pet!"—No; if you simply wish to scare your aunt, you must not put dynamite in her ear. A publication will shortly appear, entitled "What I know about Explosives, by a Member of the Faculty," which will throw more light on this subject.

"Nosa Lott:"—The passages to which you allude are from "Antipope's Essay on Decorum." They refer to etiquette at weddings and funerals:

"By lamentations loud be not disgrac'd,
But shed your tears with elegance and taste:
Let purest amber gather up the pearls,
And leave their sores and slobbering to churls."

"When standing at the altar side by side
With gentle Hannah, doom'd to be your bride,
Restrain with frowns the giddy bridesmaid's giggle,
And see that everything is quite en règle."  
The last word is to be pronounced "wriggle" by poetical license, and this seeming imperfection is artfully made a charming little "bit" of word painting, suggesting the restlessness of the principal performers.

"Skeeterbuzz!"—No: again we must decline to make puns for the gratification of our subscribers. We are not a mere buffoon. When we do make puns it is always in the interests of morality. Make your own puns. The acute ear will detect many an English word which seems to invite the punster—to say: "Give us a wrest," as it were.

"Susan Jane:"—Yes: pelerines will be cut bias this month, and trimmed with raw onions. See that the dry goods clerk keeps his ears clean.

"Winxie Wunxie:"—Yes: super means "on." Thus: 
dudum est superbum, "the dude is on a bum." Duddum is invariably of the neuter gender.

Books and Periodicals.


—The June number of the North American Review opens with an article by Joseph Nimmo, Jr., Chief of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, on "American Manufacturing Interests," in which is given a singularly full and instructive historical sketch of the rise and progress of manufactures in the United States. An article is presented by the Hon. William M. Springer, on "Incidental Taxation," which is an argument for Free Trade. D. C. Gilman, President of Johns Hopkins University, writes of the "Present Aspects of College Training." Edward Self presents some considerations on the "Abuse of Citizenship," as exhibited in the machinations of the dynamitists against another power. Prof. Isaac L. Rice criticises some of "Herbert Spencer's Facts and Inferences" in social and political science, and Christine Nilsson contributes, "A few Words about Public Singing." Finally, there is a symposium on "The Moral Influence of the Drama," the participants being, on the one side, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, well known as an opponent of the stage, and on the other John Gilbert, the actor; A. M. Palmer, theatrical manager; and William Winter, dramatic critic. 50 cents a number; $5 a year. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York.


This is the only work in the English language which attempts to give a full account of the results of scientific research with respect to the life of man upon the earth in the times preceding "history." The evidence drawn from existing and dead languages; from human remains found in caves; from tools, utensils, etc., discovered in situations which indicate a high antiquity; from the traces of man's presence upon the earth in the remote ages when the rhinoceros and the mammoth inhabited Britain and France, and from a thousand other sources, is here set forth with marvellous clearness; the result is a book that will be read with interest by everyone. In short it is a book for the general reader, and not for the scientist.


Very Rev. Father Sorin himself tells us, in the Preface, why this new prayer-book is offered to Catholic youth, and under the title of "The Angel of the Schools." Alluding to the Encyclical of the holy Father, issued August the 4th, 1879, urging all the universities and important seats of learning to return to the teachings of the Angelic Doctor, and a second letter, issued August the 4th, 1880, solemnly declaring St. Thomas Aquinas the Patron of the Schools of the entire Christian world, Father Sorin continues:

"Very few, of course, will go through the voluminous writings of the great Aquinas, but this is not made a condition before St. Thomas may be considered our Doctor and Patron. For more than six hundred years has he stood before the world, not only as a most extraordinary Doctor of the Church, but also as a most admirable Saint, because his whole life, from the age of five years to the end, shows us, as it were, a mirror of heavenly virtues, as all may perceive, by the brief sketch we give of it in the beginning of this little book. Indeed, we may well con-
gratulate our pious young scholars on the happy selection recently made by the Holy Father of such a Patron Saint for our schools. During his indefatigable but too short career not a blench of character could be pointed to, and the most extraordinary talents were blended throughout with the rarest merits, making of him the most accomplished model that Christian youth can ever study and try to imitate. Who has ever inspired young souls with a greater horror of sin, both by word and example, than the Angelic Doctor? Who, again, has thrown a sweeter charm upon virtue, and made it more attractive? But, above all, who prayed like St. Thomas Aquinas? Who wrote such prayers as those written by him? His Office of the Blessed Sacrament alone would have immortalized his name. The main object of this prayer-book is gradually to bring young souls, innocent children, to pray with our Angel of the Schools in his own words, so as to imbue their tender hearts with his beautiful spirit and reproduce some of his admirable features in society. Thus, while few can penetrate into the mysterious recesses of his divine learning, the multitude will, from infancy, appropriate to themselves the sentiments, and perfume their souls with the amiable virtues of his life. As they become more familiar with the treasures of their new acquaintance, they will delight in repeating, after and with him, the devout prayers he composed, and which he first recited before study, before and after Confession, Holy Communion, etc.

Among the excellent features of the new prayer-book are the short, practical and suggestive prayers before and after Confession, for morning and night, etc., which contrast strangely with the long and tiresome formulas found in nearly all other books, and that have served in no small degree to make the very idea of prayer distasteful, to the old as well as to the young. We could wish, however, that some brief formula of prayers for assisting at low Mass, similar to that of St. Francis de Sales in honor of the Passion, were included, with the Ordinary, for High Mass.

The new prayer-book is in clear type, on excellent paper, and substantially bound. If the margins were reduced a little, this would be one of the most convenient of pocket manuals.

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College Gossip.

—Five of the Sophomores suspended from Bowdoin for hazing, have entered Dartmouth.—University Press.

—Princeton College has just received a gift of $60,000 as an endowment for a new School of Art.—Harvard Herald.

—At the University of Pennsylvania the Senior class vote on co-education stood, four in favor of it, and twenty-six against.—Badger.

—Attendance at prayers is required at Williams College more strictly, it is said, than at any other American college.—University Press.

—Dr. F. L. O. Roehrig, Professor of Sanskrit and living Asiatic Languages at Cornell University, is a grand-nephew of George Frederic Handel, the composer, and is himself a good musician.

—There are four universities in Switzerland— at Basle, Berlin, Geneva and Zurich—at which there are five hundred and forty-three medical students, of whom fifty-one are women.

—The Senior class of Princeton has founded an annual prize in Political Economy. It would be well for every Senior class to leave a like substantial remembrance after them.—Vidette-Reporter.

—A novel educational scheme in the way of an educational bureau has lately been established at Cleveland. It is intended to furnish the masses with valuable information.—Badger.

—Who are "thems asses"?

—We are not responsible for the truth of the following, which we take from an exchange: "At Yale they have raised forty thousand dollars for their athletic grounds, among the students." Can such things be!—Princetonian.

—We are pleased to learn from the Harvard Crimson that it is proposed to introduce boxing at the University of Michigan. We have not learned whether the club will practice in the laboratory tank or cat-boat.—Argonaut.

—William A. Wheelock, one of the trustees of the New York University, University Place, New York, has given to the University the sum of $5000 dollars to be expended in apparatus for the chemical and philosophical departments.

—The name of Professor Sophocles, who has taught his native tongue (Greek) many years at Harvard, does not appear in the elective pamphlet for the coming year. He has been ill all winter, and will probably never be able to teach again.

—Professor J. W. Mailet, of the University of Virginia, has decided to accept the presidency of the University of Texas, to which he was elected some time ago. The endowment of this new university is two million acres of land and an additional cash income of thirty-five thousand a year.

—An alumnus of Oberlin says that Western college life to a large degree, lacks the fun and jollity of the typical New England college. The reason for the difference is not stated.—Harvard Herald.

That Oberlin man must have had a very contracted field for observation. If he spent a year at Notre Dame he would probably change his opinion. But, then, there are different kinds of "fun and jollity."

—The Springfield Republican has the following: "The Boston Advertiser semi-officially demonstrates that Harvard University will continue to honor the chief executive office of the State, by giving the degree of L.L. D. to the man who happens to hold it at present. Thereupon, the Journal raises this warning: 'There will be more than one who will be changed when Harvard College confers a degree upon Gov. Butler. Will our University allow itself to be bulldozed?"

—The eight-annual field-meeting of the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association took place in New York, Saturday, May 27th. Eight colleges were represented. The prize of the day—the silver Challenge Cup—had been won by Princeton in 1876, for three years afterward by Columbia, and for the three years past by Harvard, so that this contest was a rubber between Columbia and Harvard. Harvard captured the prize with 7 first places and 3 second places.
—Samuel Willets, a Quaker, who recently died in New York, has given $25,000 to Swarthmore College, making in all about $50,000 given by him to that institution. It is thought that the College is further remembered in his will.—*Adelphi*.

This is not all; the gifts of Samuel Willets before his death, together with the bequests in his will, providing an educational endowment fund of $100,000 and five scholarships of $5,000 each, amount to not less than a quarter of a million of dollars.—*Swarthmore Phoenix*.

The asinine bigotry of your genuine liberal was seldom better illustrated than in the action of some of the official teachers of France, who are engaged in expurgating the word God from the school-books of that unfortunate land. Thus in *La Fontaine's* fable of *Le Petit Poisson et le Pecher*, the second of the lines—

Petit poisson deviendra grand
Pourvu que Dieu lui prefet la vie,

becomes

Pourvu qu'on lui laisse la vie.

In *La Ferme*, by Delille, the line:

Ah! par les Dieux des champs, que le luxe effronte,

is altered to

Par les amis des champs, etc.—*Catholic Review*.

**Exchanges.**

The writer of "Modes of Punishment" in the April number of *The Wooster Collegian* would do well to read the article in the same paper on "Humor and Slang." He writes a delightfully humorous article, but it would be much better, as much as much more dignified, without the juvenile slangy words and phrases that are mingled in it.

The *Queen's College Journal* is anxious to have fellowships established at Queen's—especially in History, English Language and Literature, and in Modern Languages. The writer in the *Journal* thinks they could be established at small cost to the college and with great advantage to the students. Of the latter there can be no doubt, especially with regard to the advantages offered to graduates who desire to prosecute a higher course of study but have not the pecuniary means for doing so.

The *Adelphi* has been taking long strides onward and upward. Beginning with the February number, the editors set to work with a will and enlisted a large amount of talent for the improvement of their paper, and the high grade of work has since then been kept steadily up to the mark. Each of the monthly numbers has been profusely illustrated with sketches by the pupils of the Art department of the Academy, and the literary department has given signs of decided improvement.

"E. M. Z.'s" translation of the 10th Ode of the second book of Horace, in a late number of the *Swarthmore Phoenix*, is worthy of all praise for the smoothness of its verse and the closeness with which it follows the original. "Geological Genesis," from the same pen, is a splendid piece of metrical composition. The *Phoenix* is undoubtedly one of the best edited of our college exchanges. The exchange department of the number before us shows good taste, a gentlemanly manner, and good writing.

The *University Quarterly* opens with some "University Reminiscences" that will no doubt be very interesting reading for past and present students of the University of New York. College reminiscences are always interesting; (some of those that we have heard from old-timers of Notre Dame University are particularly so; what a pity some one does not write them up!) The essays in this number of the *Quarterly* are greater in number and better in quality than in one or two previous issues. The second-prize essay on "Nathaniel Hawthorne" will be found delightfully brief by those who like short essays. After the "Reminiscences," G. M. D.'s communication is the most interesting paper. The article entitled "The Founders of Modern Liberty" is a piece of patched-up unhistorical bosh. As a proof, we need only cite the writer's assertion that it was to Calvin "Geneva owed that position of liberty without license, of government without despotism, which enabled her to afford a refuge to the distressed from all lands [Servetus, for instance!] during the terrible persecutions to which the Reformed were exposed."

For a young paper—not yet three months old—the *Boston College Stylus* seems to possess more than a fair amount of conceit. Just imagine this babe of three months suggesting to the war-scarred veterans of the *Index*:—Niagara's world-famed *Index*—that their "ads." be "quietly relegated to the rear," and admonishing them that their paper has "too much of the roar of the neighboring catarract" in its columns! The veteran *College Message*, too, which has no "neighboring catarract" with which a comparison could be made, is warned against "too much of the neighboring catarract" in its columns. The veteran exchange department of the number, the editors set to work with a will and enlisted a large amount of talent for the improvement of their paper, and the high grade of work has since then been kept steadily up to the mark. Each of the monthly numbers has been profusely illustrated with sketches by the pupils of the Art department of the Academy, and the literary department has given signs of decided improvement. The double-dealing in the statement is apparent, beneath the thin cloak intended to hide it. We advise the Exchange man of the *Stylus* to avoid for the future such turgidation, or play upon words; to give a manly and candid criticism; to say what he thinks, or keep a discreet silence.
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 Sixteenth year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:
Choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day.
Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.
Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.
All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class, and by their general good conduct.
Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all, Old Students should take it.

Terms, $1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.
Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—The literary, dramatic, and musical entertainments at Notre Dame are undoubtedly as excellent as they are a unique feature. In no college in the United States—and we doubt if such can be found anywhere else—are there given in the course of a year such a round of entertainments of a varied and pleasing character as we have at Notre Dame. The number of Literary, Musical, and Dramatic Societies existing in the College give excellent facilities for recreation and amusement, as well as instruction, and we are glad to say that these are turned to the best advantage. The large number of societies, and the custom of having each appear in its turn, at stated intervals, prevents any society from being called upon or pushing itself forward more than twice during the year; so that, while instructive, enjoyable, and enlivening entertainments are kept up, there is no undue interference with the studies of the members.

That talent is cultivated in a pleasant manner in the various societies of the college is beyond question, and we believe the good order and gentlemanly deportment of the students at Notre Dame, which contrasts strongly with the loose discipline at many other colleges, is, in great part, owing to the means furnished for the development of superfluous energies, and the entertainment of the student body. To which we may add that the presence of many of the Professors and officers of the College at the meetings and entertainments, and the kindly feeling thus kept alive, add not a little to the happiness enjoyed by all in this comparatively isolated home of study.

—The system which obtains at Notre Dame by which to determine the recipients of the various rewards and prizes at Commencement, is a series of competitions held monthly in each of the classes of the different courses. By means of these competitions the standing of the student in his classes is fixed, a record is kept of the same and a certain percentage given accordingly. At the end of the year, the student possessing the best general average receives the prize. The final competition is called the “triple competition,” from the fact that it is accepted as equivalent to three monthly competitions. It may be seen that this latter offers a student—who has not been too backward—a chance to make up, to a great extent, for past neglect, as it may give him a higher general average, than that of one with a previous better record. Though, of course, one who has held the lead all along will not, as a general thing, lose it at the last moment.

We do not know how a fairer system for apportioning “rewards of merit” could well be devised. It is evident that full justice is done to each student, insomuch as his standing for the whole session is considered, and thereby progress as well as proficiency is suitably rewarded.

In connection with this subject, it may be fitting to say a word in regard to what is known as the “Honor System.” Writers in several of the college papers affect what they are pleased to term manliness and attempt to ridicule the conferring of honors, comparing it to the giving of candy to the children and such like. In times past some of these—thought to poke fun at the SCHOLASTIC Roll of Honor, but they were ably and sharply answered; and since then, they have kept silence, at least as regards us. What we have to say in defence of the system may be stated in a few words. It is a system which owes its existence to one of the great motives of human action. It is a well-known truth that all men—not even excepting the writers above referred to—are led to act, either through hope of reward or fear of punishment. This is a truth which each one’s experience brings home to him and needs no demonstration. And of the two motives the better class of mankind are affected by the former. A system, then, which is based upon a principle so deeply inherent in man’s nature, and which inspires the better of the two motives according to which he will invariably act, cannot but be good and advantageous. Needless to say, such is the “Honor System.”

—The procession of spring flowers closes with the painted cup, Castillia cocinea; and the special interest attaching to the date at which they are first found blooming departs with them. These dates enable us to compare season with season and climate with climate; but after the woods have arrayed themselves in their summer garniture and the numberless multitude of floral gems has succeeded to the early and welcome
series of bloom that told us winter was past, they have no longer the same significance. It is true that a botanical secretary has his rights, and we are loth to cast a damper upon youthful enthusiasm. But when we are furnished with a list of one hundred and forty-three (143) distinct species, more or less, found blooming in one week, it is time for us to remember that the general reader has his rights also. Hence we close our botanical record for the present spring with the announcement that the painted cup is in bloom and may be found in the marshes adjoining Cottin's creek, by those whose boots don't leak and who are not afraid of moccasin snakes. And it is safe to predict the advent of summer bloom. The sweet June roses will soon spread their petals to the morning sun; and the wild grape vine diffuse its fragrance through the woods. The yellow, honey-scented lady's slipper may already be found in its sylvan haunts, and the blue tradescantia is preparing to unfold its delicate perianth. Our indigenous lilies, *lilium Philadelphiicum* and *lilium superbum*, will in a week or two appear in all their pomp, while the sweet water-lilies, *Nymphaea odorata* and *Nelumbium luteum* will gladden the surface of the waters. In the garden, the overpowering fragrance of the lilac has yielded to that of Jove's own flower (*dianthus*), which our German friends, with more Christianity, call the flower of Pentecost, of which children have made "pink." But the rose shall be queen of all.

**The Botanical Editor.**

-A distinguished writer has called the XIX century, "the age of Cyclopaedias," and with good reason is it so. For if ever, in Bacon's phrase, it were possible for man "to take all knowledge for his domain," it is clearly impossible now, when the horizon of learning is daily and hourly widening. And yet never was there such need of wide information. Books, magazines, papers are full of allusions, each of which must be understood, if the subject treated is to be even fairly grasped. An acquaintance, however, with every topic from which these allusions and illustrations are drawn, is entirely out of the question. To obtain the required information, reference must be made to special works gotten up for the purpose. In this way Cyclopaedias took their origin.

Of late years many such special works have issued from the press, but they are far from meeting the popular demand. For either they are too costly, or their range of subjects is special and limited, or the treatment far too technical.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. have lately published a new edition of the American Cyclopaedia which meets every requirement, and merits high commendation.

The price is moderate, within the means of every one who is not afraid to deny himself a few articles of luxury to gain what really forms a compact and valuable library. The range of subjects is exceedingly wide. To science in all its branches, to the literature of every country, to the philosophy of every age, and to art in its widest acceptation, careful and adequate attention has been paid. The student will rarely search its pages for information in vain. And though many of the subjects are, as they necessarily must be, treated in a technical way, yet the treatment is so lucid, the explanation so full, and the language so clear that few men of average ability can possibly fail of understanding the most technical article.

Among the many qualities that a satisfactory cyclopaedia should possess, none ranks higher than accuracy. Partial authorities, misrepresentations of facts, prejudiced opinions are entirely out of place in a work whose sole end is to supply trustworthy information. How many of the modern cyclopaedias fail in this respect. After a close and careful perusal of several articles in which prejudice and inaccuracy are usually displayed, the verdict is forced from us that in this important quality of trustworthiness, Messrs. Appleton's Cyclopaedia excels. Not only will the student and general reader find the information they require, but on its truth they can thoroughly depend.

-On last Laetare Sunday Dr. Shea was the recipient of an address from the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame, which the associate editor of the Freeman's Journal had the honor of presenting. The University of Notre Dame thus inaugurated a custom, to be continued from year to year, of sending to a distinguished Catholic a medal and an address. Dr. Shea's medal and the address, written in elegant Latin, were exquisitely beautiful and appropriate.

Now Dr. Shea, responds in Horatian lines, which show that more than one of the Muses have profusely blessed him. The lines, which we had the pleasure of seeing, but did not publish because they were intended to surprise the Faculty of Notre Dame, were artistically illuminated by one of Dr. Shea's accomplished daughters, a former pupil of the Sisters of the Holy Childhood, at Sharon Hill. The illumination was done in the most delicate and artistic manner. The softness of the hue of the peach-blossom mingled with the azure of spring skies. Were we "esthetic," we should say that the illumination was a poem of spring translated from words into color. It is rarely that we have seen a fine lyric so fittingly set. The work gains additional interest when we remember that it represents the brush of a filial artist illustrating the poetical and classic lines of an illustrious father.

-N. T. Freeman's Journal.

**Personal.**

-Mrs. Captain Lindsey, of Denver, Col., is at Notre Dame on a visit to her children.

-Frank Weber (Com'l), of '79, is now at his home in Laporte, Ind. He intends returning to College next year.

-Jesse Houck (Com'l), of '79, is doing a four-
ish business at Monroe, Oregon, where he is
the leader of the Band.

—Rev. M. F. Campion, ’65, late of Laporte, is
now pastor of the large congregation of St.
Mary’s Church, Logansport, Ind.

—George Nester, of ’76, conducts a good lum­bering business in Detroit. He enjoys an envi­able reputation, and does honor to his Alma Mater.

—Rev. Father Hudson, Professors Gregori and
Edwards, spent Sunday in Detroit, and were the
guests of Rev. Father Van Dyke, of St. Aloysius’
Church.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin is expected
to arrive on next Tuesday. He will be warmly
welcomed by everyone, but especially, we think,
by his “Young Princes.”

—Mr. George Zahm, of Socorra, N. M., was a
welcome visitor to the College this week. He
brought with him a number of fine specimens for
the Museum, for which he has the thanks of the
Curator.

—Col. Elmer Otis, of the 8th U. S. Cavalry,
takes up his quarters at Notre Dame until
Commencement time. The many friends the
genial Colonel has made here are glad to have
him amongst them once more.

—Edgar Milner (Com’l), of ’73, is Superin­
tendent of schools in Benton County, Oregon,
and in good health and happy. As leader of the
Corvallis Orchestra, he is showing the results of
his musical studies at Notre Dame.

—Rev. P. Johannes, C. S. C., of ’75, pastor of
St. Mary’s Church, South Bend, has been for
some weeks seriously ill. We are, however, happy
to say that within the past few days he has
greatly improved, and we hope for his speedy re­
toration to health.

—Among the visitors during the past week
were: Mr. J. A. Mason, Chicago, Ill.; Col. A. G.
Boone, Labeta, Col.; Mr. and Mrs. D. Sheedy,
Denver, Col.; Mr. and Mrs. Charest, Detroit,
Mich.; Mrs. C. N. Fisher, and Mrs. J. B. Handy,
Three Rivers, Mich.

—We learn from the Cincinnati Enquirer that
on the Feast of Corpus Christi the Rev. James
French, of ’78, was raised to the priesthood by
Rt. Rev. Bishop Elder. The newly ordained said
his first Mass on the Sunday following. We ex­
tend our congratulations to the reverend gentleman,
and wish him many years of usefulness in the
Sacred Ministry.

—Prof. Wm. J. Ivers, A. M., ’65, is now the
Principal of Broad St. Academy, Philadelphia.
A letter has been received from him recently, in
which he expresses his regret at being unable to
attend the annual meeting of the Alumni at Com­
mencement. His absence will be a source of re­
gret to the members of the Alumni, as it will be
to many an old friend now at Notre Dame. All,
however, will be glad to learn of his prosperity,
and that he is the same genial, whole-souled gentle­
man as of yore.
— On "Decoration Day" (Wednesday), a delegation from Auten Post G. A. R., South Bend, visited Cedar Grove Cemetery, near Notre Dame, and decorated the graves of the soldiers buried there.

— Mrs. C. Hug, of Indianapolis, has presented a fine billiard table to the Junior members of the Crescent Club. A committee has been appointed to express the gratitude of the Club to the kind donor.

— The following definition of a "boobe" has been handed to us:

"The 'boobe' is impertinent, coarse and mannerless. He shows his independence (?) by disregarding the rights of others."

— The "triples" are in progress, and already several luckless wights have been caught with contraband books and papers. A student who will try to steal a competition has neither honor nor manliness.

— The illuminated address which was sent to the Faculty by Dr. John Gilmary Shea has been placed in the Van Dyke parlor. Those wishing to see this beautiful work of art should call on the College porter, B. Assisi.

— Panels of beautifully-ornamented blue glass have been placed in the doors of the main hall of the "Palace." The young "princes" rejoice in this acquisition not only for aesthetic but also for sanitary reasons. Blue glass, you know!

— Mr. George Zahm, of Socorra, N. M., has given to the Cabinet of Curiosities a piece of genuine aztec pottery, and a piece of adobe, from the old church of Socorra. The church is upwards of two hundred years old, and is still in a good state of preservation.

— It would be well for the boobes to let the rings alone. It is a piece of childish nonsense to throw the rings and other swinging apparatus with such force that they will be caught on the supports above. None but a boobe will amuse himself in this foolish way.

— On Thursday last, a very interesting game of baseball was played between the "Maple Leaves" and "Excelsiors," of the Junior department, C. Ziegler acting as captain of the former, and P. Warren of the latter. The "Excelsiors" were victors by a score from 12 to 7.

— The contest for the "Mason" Medal is very close and exciting. Master Mug, thus far, is a little in the lead; closely followed by Masters Hess, J. Smith, Zeigler, M. Foote, Dolan, Halligan, McDonald, Brown, Schott, and quite a number of others. But the "triple competitions" will decide.

— The place du palais is beginning to look beautiful. A full account of the rare trees, plants, flowers, etc., which it contains will be given in the course of ages. In the meantime the "Princes" are having a hard time learning the names of the "aristocratic" tree which they daily pass in their promenade by the Park.

— To fill the treasury of the Athletic Association, the Directors gave a luncheon party last Thursday evening. As the refreshments were donated by the College authorities, the result was a financial success. The sum realized will be devoted to the purchase of baseball suits. After the party, some time was spent in various amusements, and a very enjoyable evening was had. The Association returns thanks to B. Paul for kindness shown.

— Our Greek typos have worked nobly on the libretto of the "Antigone," and have it now all ready for the press. Messrs. Quinn, Donahue and O'Connor did the principal part of the "composing," and Mr. Neal Ewing made an excellent proof-reader. These young men certainly deserve great praise and thanks for the time and attention which they have given to this work, to the furtherance of which they devoted all their leisure moments.

— An Entertainment was given at St. Mary's Academy, last Thursday afternoon, in honor of the festival of Mother M. Angela. The President and members of the College Faculties attended, in response to kind invitations from Mother Augusta, the respected Superior. The programme, which is published in St. Mary's columns, gives an idea of the literary and musical excellence of the Entertainment, and was perfectly carried out. All present speak in the highest terms of the marked proficiency displayed by the young ladies.

— Work on the Dome is progressing very rapidly. The eight upright trusses forming the corners of the octagon have now been placed in position, and around them the brick-work, which will extend 12 feet above the roof, is just going up. The spectator may now form some idea of the immensity of the Dome when it is remembered that these iron frames—each 40 ft. in length—which seem to rise to such a lofty height show but one-third of what will be the actual height of the structure. The hoisting of these immense structures is an interesting and attractive sight, and all who have any leisure may be seen daily congregated in the rear of the College viewing the spectacle.

— On the afternoon of the 27th, the first of the championship games of baseball took place. As the grounds were damaged by the morning rain storm, the errors on both sides were numerous. Gallagher and Marlette pitched and caught for the "Whites," and Wheatly and Moneghan for the "Blues." The "Whites" won the toss and, Sentry and Wheatly, for the "Blues," and sent their opponents to the bat, who were retired in one, two, three order. The "Blues" were treated in the same manner, and the audience anticipated a good game. But the end of the next inning showed eight runs for the "Whites" made on errors. At the end of the sixth inning, both nines had an equal score, and from that time they played a good game. Gallagher frequently distinguished himself by his fine playing, and was well supported by his other men. A difficult fly catch to right field was made by Garrett; Moneghan's catching was again much admired, while Morse and Burns at first base played up to their usual, high mark.
The game was won by the "Whites." The following is the score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WHITES.</th>
<th>R. O.</th>
<th>BLUES.</th>
<th>R. O.</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hefferman, 3rd B. and C.</td>
<td>1 4</td>
<td>Moneghen, C.</td>
<td>1 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Garrett, R. F.</td>
<td>2 3</td>
<td>Bailey, C. F.</td>
<td>1 5</td>
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<td>Devoto, 2d B.</td>
<td>1 3</td>
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<td>Pillsar, R. I.</td>
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<td>1 1</td>
<td>Dickerson, L. F. and 3 B.</td>
<td>3 0</td>
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<td>1 2</td>
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<td>1 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arnold, C. F.</td>
<td>1 1</td>
<td>Total</td>
<td>14, 27</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>15, 26</td>
<td>Total</td>
<td>14, 27</td>
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The second game was played on Thursday afternoon, and the "Whites" were badly beaten. The following is the score:

<table>
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<td>Total</td>
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Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—All her young companions joyfully welcome the appearance of Miss Lena Wallace, who has fully recovered from her late illness.

—The closing Music Lecture for the present year was given as usual to all the music pupils in the Conservatory. Subject—Chant of the Early Christians in the "Western Church."

—The Juniors who had the happiness to draw for the enviable badge for polite and lady-like deportment are as follows: Josephine Spengler, Elizabeth Dignan, Mary Dillon, Elizabeth Considine, Clara Richmond, Effie Johnston, Manuela Chaves, Mary Otis, and Dora Best. Elizabeth Considine was the fortunate claimant.

—On the Feast of Corpus Christi, Rev. Father Fitte, of the University, sang the High Mass, and preached on the Gospel of the day. His earnest exposition of the sacred texts bearing on the great Mystery of the Real Presence was well adapted to strengthen devotion. After Mass, all dispersed to assist in the preparation for the procession, which is described below.

—Among the visitors of the week were, Dr. Van Patten, Witsburg, Ark.; Mrs. E. A. Adams, Rockford, Ill.; Mrs. M. A. Stace, Mishawaka; Mr. Malbouf, Mr. P. Barry, Mrs. Burris, Mrs. J. Hobran, and T. M. Sullivan, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Lindsey, Denver, Col.; C. Guilebert, Moreanville, La.; P. C. Sibert, New Orleans; Miss Bryson, Chicago; J. G. Duffield, Galveston, Texas; Mr. Williams, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Col. F. Boone, La Vita, N. M.; James Hawkins, East Park, Ind.

The following is the programme presented at the celebration of the Feast of St. Angela, May 31st.

Entrance Music Divertissement—Schubert Misses Beal and Gove.
Chorus—Misses Beal and Gove. Young

Vocal Class.

"The Voices of Many Lands"—English, Miss M. Clarke; German, Clara Ginz; French, Marion Morgan; Spanish, Manuela Chaves; Italian, Lily Van Horn.

Terzetto—Mozart—Il Trovatore Miss Sullivan.

Scherzino (No. 5) (Opus 18) Misses Reilly, Fenlon, and Babcock.

"Fleurs Caelli, au Jardin de l'Illusion!" Moritz Mozukowski

Miss Lancaster.

Song—Gounod

Miss Fenlon.

Valse Impromptu—V. Schwanns

Miss Campbell.

Greeting from the Art Department—Miss C. Campbell

Song—St. Clair Miss Reilly

Tarentelle (Opus 61) (No. 2)—Heller Miss Fendrich

Solo—Beethoven—Mendelssohn Solo Miss Reilly; Chorus, Vocal Class, Accompanied by Miss Wiley.

Marche Militaire—Schubert

Misses Fendrich and Reilly.
The Procession on Corpus Christi.

At 4 o'clock p.m., the Notre Dame clergy, visitors, and inmates of St. Mary's, assembled in the Convent chapel, and when the *Pange Lingua* was entoned the procession formed in the following order: Cross-bearer and attendants, pupils of the Academy, Societies of the "Children of Mary," "Guardian Angels," "Rosary," "Holy Childhood," carrying beautiful banners brought from France a few years ago especially for such occasions, and numbering over one hundred, the designs adapted to the various confraternities. Conspicuous among them were several emblematic of the great mystery of the day—of the Sacred Heart, etc. The Mysteries of the Rosary and invocations of the Litany of Loreto were also represented. The Minims were privileged to strew flowers before the Blessed Sacrament, which was borne by Very Rev. Father Granger, beneath a rich canopy of white silk; a few paces behind it walked the choir and the members of the Community.

Passing through the southern entrance, the procession moved up the main avenue to the front of Loreto, and divided into circles around the *pater noster* of the "Ave Maria." Here the first Benediction was given. The altar was elegantly adorned with rare hot-house plants, and ablaze with lights, the pavement was covered with a carpet of ecclesiastical designs raised on a groundwork of varied greens, made by the Novices. Loads of lilac branches, covered with their delicately perfumed blossoms, were brought from the lilac avenue, and arose in massive banks, embowering the whole, thickly garlanding the pillars of this sacred shrine. From Loreto, the procession wound along the river bank, through arches reared for the occasion and tastefully enveloped in drapery, evergreens and appropriate mottos, on small bannerets.

"Mount Carmel" was brilliant in pink and green, decorated by the Juniors with everything portable which could serve to enhance the beauty of their offering. Winding through the "Rosary," circling paths surrounding Trinity Arbor, the files again halted and formed a semicircle in front of the Academy; a large altar had been ereeted, fine laces and lights forming the main decorations. Sheltered under the balcony roof, and shaded by the deep foliage of majestic trees, it gave a feeling of repose, which aids so powerfully the spirit of devotion. Benediction was given once more. The *Te Deum* was then entoned, and entering through the convent hall, which was draped in festoons of pure white and blue, the broad stairway covered with tiny lamps twinkling like fireflies among the flowering branches, the procession re-entered the chapel, the organ pealed forth, and all voices united in the last *Tantum ergo* preceding the last Benediction, which closed this day of praise and gratitude to Jesus.

Memoirs of Beethoven.

(Abridged from Ries.)

Ries came from the dusty city to Beethoven's little paradise at Hetzendorf, to take a lesson from his great teacher, who was now, however, more friend than teacher. But Ludwig von Beethoven was not in the mood for given lessons. With comic gravity he said to the young man, as he entered, "Welcome: but I cannot play the teacher to day. Go right down to breakfast, and then we will walk." And so they did. The road, the surrounding country, the sky, and the mood of the walkers were all alike filled with the brightness of early morn. Beethoven talked but little. He was communing with his inner world of tones, humming to himself—for he could never really sing—and Ries, in his reverent timidity, did not venture to interrupt him. Not till after dinner, which they took at a country village, did scholar and teacher carry on a moderate conversation. Ries had another opportunity to cast a deep glance into his master's beautiful character, which was as clear that day as the blooming, fragrant world around them. The conversation turned upon different distinguished musicians. Not the faintest trace of jealousy could be found in this man's great soul. "Handel, Cherubini, Mozart," he cried; "let merit receive its reward!"

"Which of Mozart's works is the finest?" asked "For you, the 'Magic Flute' is Mozart's greatest work, for in that he has shown himself a true master of German music."

"And 'Don Juan'?" asked Ries, much surprised. "'Don Juan' is too Italian; and then, our holy art should never give itself to the service of a scandalous subject."

"Cherubini?"

"He is, among all the dramatic composers now living, the one whom I like best; I like his Church style, also. If I should ever write a requiem, I should remember many beautiful things I have learned from him."

"Handel?"

"Handel is the master of all masters, still without an equal. Go, young man, and learn from him what great effects may be produced by small means."

Ries tried to turn the subject to one of importance to him, thorough-bass. Beethoven was suddenly silent. After a pause, he said: "There are two things, separate by themselves, about which there should be no discussion, thorough-bass and religion."

The first hours of the afternoon were not less pleasant than the morning. Even the old cheerfulness returned, so that on reaching a charming spot, Beethoven stretched himself at full length on the grass. Ries sat down near him in silent satisfaction. An oak, whose proud top had passed a hundred years, stretched its graceful branches over them like a sheltering roof, and a delicious fragrance rose from the flowers surround-
ing. The sun shone with burning heat; a dead, sultry air had taken the place of the free air of the morning. On the distant horizon, a heavy, dark cloud rose like a gray wall, and from this was heard the grumblings of distant thunder. Then the floods of heaven opened, and the rain poured down in streams; the thunder roared as though it would shake the earth from its foundation, and the lightning flashed as if the war between Zeus and the Titans was renewed. This suited Beethoven’s Titanic nature. But it was strange that to-day the black, distant mass of clouds affected him so unpleasantly. He remembered the warning voice of one long beneath the sod: “The cloud, the black cloud!” Beethoven trembled, but feeling ashamed of his weakness, subdued it by his strong will.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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“WHAT did you think of my train of thought?” asked a lecturer of a supposed friend. “I thought it lacked only one thing,” replied the supposed friend. “Ah,” responded the delighted lecturer, “what was that?” “A ‘sleeping-car,’” was the answer.
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2:32 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main
Line, arrives at Toledo, 9:50 a.m.; Cleveland, 2:25 p.m.;
Buffalo, 5:00 p.m.
11:25 a.m. Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5:35
p.m.; Cleveland, 10:10 p.m.; Buffalo, 3:55 a.m.
9:10 a.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at
Toledo, 2:45 a.m.; Cleveland, 7:05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1:10 p.m.
12:20 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line
arrives at Toledo, 5:40 p.m. Cleveland, 10:10 p.m.; Buffalo
3:55 a.m.
6:21 p.m. Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10:28
p.m.; Cleveland, 1:35 a.m.; Buffalo, 7:05 a.m.

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4:55 a.m. Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5:50 a.m.
Chicago, 8:20 a.m.
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Chicago, 10:40 a.m.
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