The Power of Prayer.

FROM "PREFIUGES," BY MAURICE P. ROAN.

O world, great world, now thou art all my own,
In the deep silence of my soul I stay
The current of thy life, though the wild day
Surges around me, I am all alone;—
Millions of voices rise, yet my weak tone
Is heard by Him who is the Light, the Way,
All Life, all Truth, the centre of Love's ray;
Glory, O Earth, the great God hears my moan!
Prayer is the talisman that gives us all,
We conquer God by the force of His love,
He gives us all; when prostrate we implore—
The Saints must listen; prayers pierce Heaven's wall;
The humblest soul on earth, when mindful of
Christ's promise, is the greatest conqueror.

A Trip to Jerusalem.

LEAVES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL.

(CONTINUED.)

All the country within view of Mount Tabor has been
consecrated by the footsteps of our Divine Saviour, and
the extended view from its summit is one that cannot be
surpassed in interest. Taking the mount as the centre of
a radius extending from six to ten miles, we behold on
every side the scenes of some of the most remarkable events
in Bible history. The student of profane history also finds
here matter of interest. Looking towards the north, we
behold the Campo de Spica, or "Field of Spears," where
were fought some of the bloodiest battles in the annals of
the Jewish nation, and also the scene of a terrific engagement
between the Christian army under Guy de Lusignan and
the Saracen hosts, in the time of the Crusades. The
Christians fought against overpowering odds, perhaps one
to ten, and after the Mount of Beatitudes was taken, lost,
and retaken perhaps as often as five or six times, the
Christian army had finally to yield to the overwhelming
numbers brought to bear against it. Here, at the village of
Ech-Chedjara, also, Napoleon and Kleber on the 16th of
April, 1799, with a handful of troops drove back a Mus­
sulman army of 25,000 men. At a short distance, it is said
the intrepid Murat, at the head of a small detachment, was
surrounded by a large army of Mahometans. Murat,
notwithstanding the fearful odds of the enemy, had
determined to hold out to the last, and to give them at best
daring feats of arms. It is said that after the battle the
marshal's sword-arm and body were covered with gore.
When asked how it was that with such a mere handful of
men he attempted to cope with such an army, the hero
answered that the recollection of the Transfiguration of
our Lord on Mount Thabor, directly opposite, nerved him
with such courage that he recked not the odds. He with­
stood the Moslems until a small reinforcement, which on
the banks of the Jordan heard the firing, came to his
relief, and enabled him to put the enemy to flight.

The Field of Spears has a gradual ascent from Cesaria
Galilee till it reaches the point, or peak, called the Mount
of Beatitudes, distant about seven miles from Mount Tabor.
From the Mount of Beatitudes there is rather an abrupt
descent towards the memorable Lake Tiberias, sometimes
called the Lake of Gennesareth, and Sea of Galilee, on the
banks of which is the modern city of Tiberias, built, like
Nazareth and other places, on the site and from the ruins
of the ancient city, and within a half-hour's walk are "The
Stones of the Five Loaves," marking the place where our
Lord fed thousands with a few loaves and fishes. Even the
Moslems preserve the tradition, and to this day call the
dark basaltic rocks Hedjar el Khamsa Khobzat—"The
Stones of the Five Loaves." M. de Saulcy, whose judg­
ment, owing to the extent of his travels and his scientific
and aesthetic cultivation, may be readily accepted, says that
our Saviour selected for his vivifying work one of the most
beautiful scenes to be found in the world.

The Sea of Tiberias, in whose storied waters I took a
plunge bath, is an expansion of the waters from Lake
Merom, at the foot of Mount Lebanon. The lower Jordan
takes its rise in this sea, or rather lake, and runs its sinu­
ous course in a southerly direction until it empties it into
the Dead Sea. On the north bank of the lake are the
ruins of Capernaum, Corazain and Bethsaida, the last
two of which will be remembered by the merited reproach
of our Lord: " Woe to thee, Corazain, woe to thee, Beth­
saidas: for if in Tyre and Sidon the mighty works have
been done that have been done in you, they would long
going have done penance in sackcloth and ashes. . . .
And thou Capernaum, shalt thou be exalted up to heaven?
shalt thou go down even unto hell." Capernaum, ten
miles further north, and also on the banks of Lake Gene­
areth, was in ancient times a very large and important city,
judging from the extent of the ruins round and about where
it probably stood; the prophecy, however, has been so
strictly and literally fulfilled that the exact site of the city
cannot be traced. That learned investigator of biblical an­
tiquities, the Rev. Dr. Robinson, speaking of the hills cov­
ered with blocks of lava, commanding the western flank

* St. Matthew, xi, 21, 23.
of the Ayn-el-Medaouarah—where, says the still more learned and equally zealous De Saulcy (who visited the country at the same time we were there, and has since given a minute description of his travels in two volumes), Josephus places Capharnaum, and where it undoubtedly stood—says: "I ascended it, therefore, excited with the eager hope of finding some trace of a former site, which then I should hardly have hesitated to consider as the remains of Capharnaum, but my hope ended in disappointment; a few stones had indeed been thrown together, but there was nothing which could indicate that any town or village had ever occupied the spot." Learned investigators have differed considerably in locating the site of Capharnaum, some even placing it at the ruins of Chilceron (which once gave its name to the lake); others, and among them Quaresimus and Robinson, supposing it might be at Ayn-et-Tineh—the "Spring of the Fig Tree." The learned De Saulcy, however, following Josephus, seems to have located it beyond all doubt, namely, at the spring which Josephus calls Capharnaum. De Saucley says: "It seems to me impossible to question the identity of the spring inclosed within the stone reservoir, which I have just described [about fifteen minutes' walk from the hamlet of El-Medjdel—"the. Fortress"—and beyond the Nahr] now called Ayn-el-Medaouarah—"the Circular Fountain"—with the spring mentioned by Josephus, and which he denomimates the fountain of Capharnaum. This last watered and fertilized the plain of Gennesar: the Ayn-el-Medaouarah still waters and fertilizes this same plain of Gennesar, now called El-Rhoueyr ["the Small Morass."] . . . . The fountain of Josephus produced shoals of small fishes; the Circular Fountain still contains the progeny of the same fishes mentioned by Josephus; consequently we are on the territory of Capharnaum when we arrive at the Ayn-el-Medaouarah."

Corzain is about two miles north of Capernaum, but the exact location of Bethsaida is a matter of dispute, some placing it on the east, others on the west bank of the Jordan. De Sauley thinks that Bethsaida-Julias, where the ruins of Tel-Houm are to be seen, is the most probable site, and quotes Josephus and other authorities in support of his supposition. We will not attempt to enter into this matter of dispute, upon which so many learned men have disagreed. Ruins and sepulchral caves are to be seen everywhere around, and the passing traveller is likely to be taken up mostly with generalities and the magnificence of the surrounding scenery. Birds and animals are to be seen in abundance, and our ears are often greeted with the screams of the jackals. I can never forget the stormy night on the hills above Nazareth, when the shrill cries of these famished animals first burst on the startled ears of our party, and the commanding officer cried out in alarm: "Stand ready, men—the Arabs are on us!" "Stand ready, men, the Arabs are on us!" was afterwards a standing joke among the party until I separated from them. The jackals seem to be a species of fox, and are to be seen in great numbers throughout the Holy Land. The dead poor, criminals and others, are not buried in this country, but, as in the time of our Lord, are simply thrown into the open sepulchres hewn in the rock, and the next morning nothing can be seen but well-picked bones, the jackals having devoured every morsel of flesh. I should not wonder in the least that these jackals are the foxes mentioned in Scripture, whose great numbers made then a scourge and an object of dread to the people on account of their depredations in the fields and vineyards. We read also that Sampson tied together a number of foxes by their tails, to which combustibles were fastened and set on fire, and sent them through the enemy's country, carrying destruction wherever they went. Gazelles are also numerous around the Lake of Genesareth; they are beautiful animals, and about two feet in height. Tigers are also occasionally seen; the latter prey upon the gazelles and other smaller or weaker animals. Hence it is never safe to venture out unarmed, and every traveller carries his gun and a brace of pistols ready for immediate use. Even at church, you can see bands of Catholic Arabs and travellers assisting at Mass thus accoutred. These Catholic Bedouin Arabs are excellent Christians, and would put to the blush our milk-and-water Catholics in America. Their Mohammedan brethren, however, are given to theft and plunder, and seem to take special delight in stripping "the Christian dogs," as they call us, of their property and clothing, even to the very skin. Although Mohammedans in religion, the spirit of race is very strong among them; they hate the Turks almost as much as they do the Christians, and apply to them the epithet of "Turkish dogs."

Incredulity, an Unnatural and Untenable Position.

On the very threshold of existence we are called upon to believe. The child must take the judgment of those upon whom he is dependent, or he becomes the pest of his circle, an indocile, untractable being. He must believe his parents, be guided by them, and avoid danger, or death will be the consequence. And who is by nature more trustful, more confiding than the little child? His confidence in those around him is the proof as well as the charm of his artlessness, his innocence. Nothing is more unchildlike than distrust. Here we find the unmistakable evidence that incredulity is unnatural; now let us show that it is equally untenable.

The skeptic says: "I do not believe that which I cannot understand; that which seems to contradict my reason shall never receive my assent. I recognize no authority for the mysteries of faith, therefore I shall not accept them."

Wait, my good friend. Are you about to discard science altogether? Do you wish to subside into barbarism? I trust not. Granted! If so you will find yourself constantly under the necessity of taking on trust that which you cannot understand. Indeed, you must admit that science is full of facts which cannot be explained in any other way. You are too highly enlightened not to accord your allegiance to science, therefore you are convicted of standing on untenable ground.

You dare not question the authority of great scientists, of a Laplace, or a Kepler, for if you do you will be laughed to scorn. Examine, if you will, the entire range of human investigation; analyze with the most searching human investigation; analyze with the most searching scrutiny each point of scientific principle, and you will be driven, if you go not freely, to the inevitable conclusion that science rests on mystery. No branch is an exception, although its laws may boast the utmost clearness and exactitude.

Founded, as they are, on the most accurate observation and the most mature experience, those sciences which have been brought to complete perfection and which are called the exact sciences, follow the one rule. We may pronounce
their principles selfevident. It alters not the matter. All depend on truths of a higher nature, which even the 
scientist himself cannot explain. He may be so fool-hardy as to make the attempt, but he cannot approach. He is under the necessity of admitting them. "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," God has said to the waves of the sea, and thus has He spoken to the intellect of man.

When Sir Isaac Newton startled the world by the results of his deep study, by his profound calculations, many of his disciples could confirm by their own convictions the justice of his scientific deductions. They could philosophy, and make conjectures upon the theories of this wonderful naturalist, yet when they sought to explain the truths on which his theories were founded, they were forced to acknowledge their inability. Why? Because every science is itself a mystery.

We hear of the "undevout astronomer." Such may exist. If there be an anomaly of the kind, he does not admit the mysteries of faith. He studies for years the laws which regulate the heavenly bodies. His observations prove to him that there are certain forces causing one heavenly body to revolve about another. He knows the combined action of the centripetal and the centrifugal forces keeps the planets in a circular path. Can he tell why it is that these combined forces do not cause the celestial orbs to speed on forever, away from the earth, in a straight course? It is evident he cannot. Surely "the heavens declare the glory of God." In the words of Addison:

"The spacious firmament on high, 
And spangled heavens, a shining flame."

Physiology is a science no less mysterious than astronomy. How wonderfully is life sustained by the process of respiration! For example, the child cannot prove to him that there are certain forces causing one heavenly body to revolve about another. He knows the combined action of the centripetal and the centrifugal forces keeps the planets in a circular path. Can he tell why it is that these combined forces do not cause the celestial orbs to speed on forever, away from the earth, in a straight course? It is evident he cannot. Surely "the heavens declare the glory of God." In the words of Addison:

"The spacious firmament on high, 
And spangled heavens, a shining flame."

"The Hand that made us is divine."
Art, Music and Literature.

—John Curran Keegan, A. B., is preparing the life and speeches of his illustrious grandfather, the Right Hon. John Philpot Curran.

—Mr. Eugene Schuyler is writing a life of Peter the Great. Mr. Schuyler is married to a sister of Madame Waddington.

—A Milanese journal enumerates twelve composers who have set "Romeo and Juliet" to music: Benda, Dresden, 1772; Schwanberg, Brunswick, 1782; Marescalfi, Rome, 1785; Carlberg, Paris, 1793; D'Alayrac, Paris, 1796; Steibelt, Paris, 1798; Zingarelli, Milan, 1796; Gioglielmo, 1816; Vaccari, 1836; Bellini, 1839; Marchetti, 1855; Gounod, 1857.

—The city of Antwerp has been in a state of delirium over an immense celebration, in which the whole population took part, in honor of Gounod, the composer of Faust. An address, printed on parchment in illuminated letters, in the style of 1778, and signed to be a work of art, was presented to the composer by the widow of the late burgomaster of the city. At the same time Gounod received his portrait, painted by the President of the Antwerp Academy of Art.

—Though Mr. Irving's idea of an Irish drama, based on the career of Robert Emmet, has been deferred, it has not been abandoned. The reason it has not been followed up is that the playwright intrusted with the work proved inadequate to his task. His blank verse was good enough, and his situations sufficiently sensational, but he failed to cast the central character in a mould satisfactory to the tragedian. Mr. Irving's ideal of the Irish patriot is that of an ardent, high-souled visionary, whose enthusiasm, wild in its aims, is glorified by noble qualities. The creation of the author was more suitable to the melodramatic standard than to the ideas of the lessee of the Lyceum, who paid off the dramatist in disgust, and is at present waiting for some genius competent to realize his dream.

—The newest volume in the Golden Treasury Series is an edition of the "Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare" by Francis Turner Palgrave. A somewhat remarkable feature about the volume is that the preface and remarks on the poems are placed at the end, and not at the beginning of the book. Mr. Palgrave explains this new departure by saying that there are a few men like Virgil, Homer, Dante, Milton, and Shakespeare, who have "moved through the air with a gracefulness and a serenity transcending "that of "the first number contains a thoughtful article on "The Verb," which will be published monthly. The School Magazine, published at the Collegiate Institute, Kingston, Canada, like Men's College Magazine, published at the University of Chicago, comes to us this week with a request to exchange, with which we cheerfully comply.

—We learn from The Kansas Advance that the College Mercury still flourishes at Racine. We have had but one visit from the Mercury since September last.

—The Queen's College Journal (Kingston, Canada), like good wine, improves as it grows older. "De Nobis No Morsus" and the Royal College departments in the last number are first-class.

—The Quarterly, published at the Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ont., has changed its title to The Hamilton School Magazine, which will be published monthly. The first number contains a thoughtful article on "The Verb," "Answers to Questions at the London University Matri- culation Examinations," useful to both teachers and students, a well-written Sketch of the Life of Goldsmith, a large number of Mathematical Problems and Solutions, etc. The School Magazine not only fills a want, but does it well.

—The Portfolio, published at Hamilton, Canada, every...
succeeding number of which pleases us as much as the first one, thinks "Equitas" acted strangely in assuming the position of "a leader of public opinion" in the article on Voltaire, published in the Scholastic. The exchange editor is so manifold as to make no account of the dash separating the headings, and that the sub-headings were not separated from the body of the matter. Our fair critical friend is partly right, however: the three sub-headings of the article showing Voltaire as a man, as a writer, and as a leader of public opinion would have been more clearly located by prefixing the numerals I, II, and III, to the sub-headings; but as ours is a weekly paper none of those connected with its editorial management can give it as much time as they could wish. "Equitas" may well feel proud of the graceful compliment paid him by The Portfolio.

—The exchange editor of The Philomathean says that "the N. D. S. calls us out of name when he refers to us as courteous." Sorry to hear it. From what we had previously seen of The Philomathean we had no reason to judge otherwise than that the exchange editor was courteous, although he differed with us; but he should know himself best. Because people differ from us in religion or politics is no reason why we should not say to them and to us. He throws the "sectarian" toward us again, this time in parenthesis, but we don't catch it. Matter in parenthesis is the property of the writer, and not of the reviser. Sorry to see the writer of the exchange editor is so closely tied up in his "sectarian" bands; wished to make him share our freedom, but as he is determined to remain tied we cannot help him, and leave him to himself. But says he "can't hurt" his devil; we can. The devil is very proud, would take half a dozen thrustings before a contemptuous look, and hold him in supreme contempt. He cannot eat salt with us.

—It is with pleasure we extend the hand of welcome to the Burlington Weekly Argus, edited by Chas. J. Baker, the first number of which we have received. We believe the new paper will from its nature prove particularly valuable to the people of that vicinity. It holds itself independent of all parties, and free to criticize the actions of all when they render themselves liable to criticism. The bulk of its matter will be devoted to the important local and general news of the day, together with other valuable information. The editor is by no means young in the profession, and when formerly engaged in the journalistic profession was considered one of Iowa's best editors. Judging from the first number of his new paper, we predict that the enterprise will prove a success. It is a good thing for the country to have two or more political parties, and the nearer they are equal in strength, the better; for political intrigues is the universal voice of history." Of Froudish history perhaps; but not of such history as that written by Alison, Cantu, Alzog, Darras, and others who were not separated from the body of the matter. Our fair公积m man's facility with the inverted commas might have given him a chance as second fiddle.

—The exchange editor of the Amherst Student takes us to task for criticisms of ours on some historical points in a Junior prize essay published in the Student some weeks ago. That essay, unfortunately, was on a religious subject, and so strong is prejudice in some quarters that it has committed some of the most grievous blunders, and that Rome has been the centre from which has originated some of the most despicable political intrigues is the universal voice of history." From Voltaire, published in the Scholastic. The exchange editor of The Portfolio seems to make no account of the reduction of the Roman Catholic Church. One would think to read this paper that the Roman Church had never made a mistake [Alas, no!]; for his bigotry, no. We did not even once use the term "bigot," nor any word or words that could reasonably be considered his equivalent. We made no charge against the writer, or our charges were made against the unhistorical errors in his essay, while we do not consider any ill-or bigotry on his part, but to the Froudish histories he had read. Such questions generally have two sides, and a person is fit to pass judgment on them only when he has seen both sides. If one is wrong, why not rebut them, instead of charging, not us (we thank the editor for his rather doubtful personal compliment), but the Scholastic with bigotry. In what is the Scholastic bigoted? Name a single point, and give us an opportunity of seeing our error or convincing you of mistaken identity. Will the editor of the Student be good enough to give us the definition of "bigot" as he understands it? If it applies to a person who has taken all the Catholic be as wise as Solomon and as just as Aristides he is. And for this we are condemned—our charges were against the unhistorical errors in his essay, while we do not consider any ill-or bigotry on his part, but to the Froudish histories he had read. Such questions generally have two sides, and a person is fit to pass judgment on them only when he has seen both sides. If one is wrong, why not rebut them, instead of charging, not us (we thank the editor for his rather doubtful personal compliment), but the Scholastic with bigotry. In what is the Scholastic bigoted? Name a single point, and give us an opportunity of seeing our error or convincing you of mistaken identity. Will the editor of the Student be good enough to give us the definition of "bigot" as he understands it? If it applies to a person who has taken all the

—We have them now—the Scholastic, the College Journal and the Archangel. There are in the order named, each claiming, with the Virginia University Magazine, to be second to no college paper in the land.—Niagara Index.

What can the fellow be driving at? When did any one connected with the Scholastic make the claim he refers to? Never. We are not the conceited popinjays he takes us for. When we or our successors are silly enough to put forward such a claim in behalf of our paper, without opportunity of seeing our error or convincing you of mistakes, yes; for his bigotry, no. We did not even once use the term "bigot," nor any word or words that could reasonably be considered his equivalent. We made no charge against the writer, or our charges were made against the unhistorical errors in his essay, while we do not consider any ill-or bigotry on his part, but to the Froudish histories he had read. Such questions generally have two sides, and a person is fit to pass judgment on them only when he has seen both sides. If one is wrong, why not rebut them, instead of charging, not us (we thank the editor for his rather doubtful personal compliment), but the Scholastic with bigotry. In what is the Scholastic bigoted? Name a single point, and give us an opportunity of seeing our error or convincing you of mistaken identity. Will the editor of the Student be good enough to give us the definition of "bigot" as he understands it? If it applies to a person who has taken all

But we notice that he has been viewing the question through colored spectacles, for he pronounces several of the assertions by letter to Varsari, who was a writer especially patronized by Pope Clement the Seventh. It is an old saying that the issue man thinks everyone else is in the same condition as himself. So if this worthy exchange editor would remove his colored spectacles, he would be surprised to find that it was himself who had been looking at colored spectacles. We would also take the liberty to inform him that Varsari is no longer considered as authority except in so far as he copied the ideas of his contemporaries. Before this worthy editor himself the part of a critic we would advise him to lay aside his colored spectacles and his Varsari, and he will then doubtless be able to give a criticism more worthy of his genius and the paper which he represents.

He is ingenious at turning a point, but his ingenuity fails him here. We rested none of our historical points on Varsari, for the very good reason that Varsari was not a historian, but simply a biographer of eminent painters,
and, if so, where is it? Is there any such cut-and-dried matter in any of the numbers above mentioned—covering a space of nearly two months? Further, we would be willing to push the examination back through the last year, and the year before, and the year before that, with the same result. The Editor is the only person we would be willing to ascribe the credit of our paper to. Certain contributors, and to the disgrace of the libeller. Will the exchange editor of the Index now put up, or shut up? Will he attempt to make good his scurrilous charge, or—if he has no other recourse —begin to make an apology for the slander on our contributors? We thought the truculence given the Index exchange man by the Georgetown College Journal last year would have done him some benefit, if not worked his conversion, but this libel on the Section contributories proves him as green-eyed and cynical as ever—turning good into evil, and where evil really exists, not seeing it at all. That's the Index exchange editor for you—a man whom The Chronicle describes, in substance, as the "fellow who rudely sticks the butt of his pipe in everybody's face." If he thinks he can elevate himself by deterring others, he is much mistaken; he is but earning the contempt of everyone. Taken all in all, he is a fitting disciple for certain other men in Geneva, than of the gentle St. Francis of Sales. We regret the necessity of writing this, but justice to our contributors forces us to take up their defense. We fear we are not yet done with ..."
Niagara Index.

of Beloit, towards the better establishment of the chairs of

Physics in Dalhousie College. Dr. McGregor, a gradu­

—

Mc. 

Brunonian.

men, which of you can tell me the name of the greatest of

PrinceUmian.

—^Indignant Senior (expatiating on dishonesty of wash­

—Fall. Freshman—"I—I don't use one, sir."—Br­

—Five hundred dollars have been subscribed by citizens

of the building of the Seminary of Our Lady of the Angels,

—lewiston—December the 9th, ult., was the fifteenth anniversary

—The awakened interest in Celtic literature is remark­able

and promising. Last year the University of Edin­

burgh established a Celtic chair, and we learn that the

University of Paris will follow suit in 1899. After

Irish and Scotch scholars, such deepest studies of

searches in Celtic lore were made by eminent German

scholars, Prof. — We recently heard a rumor, that a

chair of Celtic was to be established here at the University of Notre

Dame.

The London Standard doubts whether the supply of

senior wranglers at the University of Cambridge is not in

danger of exceeding the demand, and says it is melancholy

to think how many men are year after year sacrificed to

the pursuit of mathematical honors. If they miss the fel­

lady students to which they aspire, they have nothing better to

fall back upon than teaching Euclid and algebra to school­

boys. The conviction seems to be general in England that

a high class education is of use to those only who have not to

fall their bread by it.

—The literary exercises for the present scholastic year

at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., opened on Wednes­

day, Dec. 3d, with the semi annual debate, which, we un­
derstand, was a very brilliant entertainment. The train

from New York brought out a large number of visitors.

Among the prominent gentlemen present were Vicar-

General, Quin, Mgr. Seton, Fathers Hudson, Ward, Mor­

lasy, McEvoV, Bobier, McBlhinney and Hurley; Brother

Anthony, of Manhattan College; Judges Donoghue, Shea; the Marquis de Talleyrand, and Mr. John Savage.

—The first number of The University (the new paper at

the University of Michigan) has an article on public his­
ing from which it appears that some of the female clerical

students were hissed, when leaving the class-room, by

those of the sterner sex. The writer in The University

very justly rates them for their rude behavior. He says

that a man should never hiss a woman, no matter how low

she may have fallen. That is very true. And, he might

have added, a civilized community should not force young

students into positions where they are exposed to be

insulted. If co-education is permitted at public univer­
sities it should be after the manner of Harvard, with

separate class-rooms for the ladies. The way in which

the affair is managed at most of the co-educational institu­tions

is simply putting them on a level with the street car,

and we should judge a lady must have a good deal of courage

or a good deal of brass to face the ordeal.

—We learn from The Brunonian that the cornerstone of

Brown University was laid on the 14th of May, 1770.

"The institution," says The Brunonian, "was intended to be

strictly orthodox, accordingly everything must be done in

the orthodox fashion of the times; punch flowed freely at

the foundation ceremonies, and no less than thirty gallons

of New England rum were dispensed to the laborers while

engaged in the work." The College was finished near the

close of the year and immediately occupied by the students.

In the winter of '78 the building was turned into barracks

for the militia, and, later on, into a military hospital. This

continued for nearly three years. In 1780 it was asked for

by Gen. de Corry, on behalf of the French Government, to

receive our ally in the Revolutionary War, for use as a hospital

for his wounded soldiers. The request was granted; the

students once more were compelled to evacuate the pre­

mises, and the tri-color waved from the top of the old belfry.

After the departure of the French troops it was occupied

for the injuries done the building by the troops, and

in 1825 it became known as University Hall. Among

the morose antics in the old halls, the favorite amuse­

ment at one time was the rolling of cannon balls down the

atrium, and an old student who was a heavy drinker was

narrowly escaped having one dropped on his head.

In 1842, during what was known as the Dorr War, the city

of Providence was placed under martial law, and the col­

lege was again, for the third time, occupied by troops

for only a short time, as the troubles soon ceased.

Brown University is now in the foremost rank of Ameri­
can educational institutions.
The New Year.

Since our last publication, Old Seventy-Nine has gathered together all his joys and sorrows; a record of all our actions, good and bad, and the varied events marking his career which he disperses with a bountiful hand.

This change of years—this period when the departing year places his seal upon the record of our actions, and what shall my record of a good life, and feel an invigorated confidence and deter-

mination to continue in the life of virtue. But if, on the contrary, we find that we have during the year, yielded more or less to the treacherous allurements of idleness, dissipation, and sin, that we have neglected our duties and given away to a sort of recklessness in our general deportment, then we should look to the future, and reflect sincerely upon the unspeakable misery it is sure to bring upon a continuation of such conduct, and the valuable opportunities it offers for a reformation of our ways. We should consider every moment of its precious time as special blessings from Heaven, and use them accordingly, both in forming, and carrying out with decision and promptness sincere resolutions to battle and overcome all the temptations that may assail us, and commence a new life upon the strictly virtuous plan. But here—we did not intend upon starting out, anything of the sermonic order, and we fear we have deviated somewhat from our intention, which was simply to give to all our friends the happy greeting appropriate to this season. Of course it was impossible for us to do so upon the day that marked the opening of the new year, as is usually done; however, we do not consider ourselves late; for after all it is not a happy New Year's day we would wish—although we do hope that it was, to all, replete with joy,—but to wish that all the days of the year just barely commenced, will afford the same amount of happiness. To all, then, we wish in its broadest and truest sense A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Christmas at Notre Dame.

With what unspeakable joy is not the heart of every Christian filled at the mere mention of the word Christmas! With what indescribable eagerness do not all nations await its advent! The hoary old man, whose sun of life is fast sinking below the horizon, appears to become once more invigorated, and assumes that spirit of vitality, of which youth alone is the happy possessor. He chats and laughs with as much mirth, and frivolity as when "in the halcyon days of yore" surrounded by bright, young and happy companions, "the days seemed to be of but an hour's duration." The young man, too, battling manfully with the ups and downs of the world, bails with delight the advent of those Christmas times, during which he may take a short respite from that constant struggle which he is having with the world in order that he may acquire wealth and honor, and still preserve his integrity. But with what rapturous enthusiasm, unsullied joy, and happiness supreme, do not little children, whose hearts have as yet remained uncontaminated by the foul breath of sin, welcome this glorious festival? For them, it is a day on which every innocent desire must be gratified. This is the day to which they have been looking forward with anxious desire supreme, do not little children, whose hearts have as yet remained uncontaminated by the foul breath of sin, welcome this glorious festival? For them, it is a day on which every innocent desire must be gratified. This is the day to which they have been looking forward with anxious

The New Year.

Since our last publication, Old Seventy-Nine has gathered together all his joys and sorrows; a record of all our actions, good and bad, and the varied events marking his career and having shouldered his burden, and bade us farewell, has set forth, cheered on by the exceeding happiness that marks his last few days, to join the great army of years gone by. Gone, indeed, forever—to be recalled never, except it be in the remembrance of some past scene we would in vain desire to enjoy again. To take his place in the present time, the world has been greeted by bright young 1880, who stands with smiling countenance, well laden with the precious gifts of fondest hopes and brightest expectations which he disperses with a bountiful hand.

This change of years—this period when the departing year places his seal upon the record of our actions, and the bright New Year opens another to be filled with those of the future, is of great importance to all, and affords matter for the most serious reflection. It leads us to ask ourselves what has that old year gone by carried off in its irrevocable record concerning me, and what shall my record be in the one just opened by its successor?—a question answerable only by ourselves; for, after all, it depends entirely upon our wills and actions—it is simply to ask and answer what have I done in the past, and what will I do in the future? Even though we realize and know that it is beyond our power to enter into the deep recesses of the past and change the nature of one single act committed, yet a meditation upon our past lives is indeed wholesome, in so much as it prompts us to good resolutions for the future. If we find, upon reflection, that our course has been that pointed out by the hands of virtue and industry, and marked by the continued doing of good unto others as well as ourselves, then will our hearts be filled with joy; we will be impressed more deeply with the real happiness of a good life, and feel an invigorated confidence and deter-

mination to continue in the life of virtue. But if, on the contrary, we find that we have during the year, yielded more or less to the treacherous allurements of idleness, dissipation, and sin, that we have neglected our duties and given away to a sort of recklessness in our general deportment, then we should look to the future, and reflect sincerely upon the unspeakable misery it is sure to bring upon a continuation of such conduct, and the valuable opportunities it offers for a reformation of our ways. We should consider every moment of its precious time as special blessings from Heaven, and use them accordingly, both in forming, and carrying out with decision and promptness sincere resolutions to battle and overcome all the temptations that may assail us, and commence a new life upon the strictly virtuous plan. But here—we did not intend upon starting out, anything of the sermonic order, and we fear we have deviated somewhat from our intention, which was simply to give to all our friends the happy greeting appropriate to this season. Of course it was impossible for us to do so upon the day that marked the opening of the new year, as is usually done; however, we do not consider ourselves late; for after all it is not a happy New Year's day we would wish—although we do hope that it was, to all, replete with joy,—but to wish that all the days of the year just barely commenced, will afford the same amount of happiness. To all, then, we wish in its broadest and truest sense A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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enoned one of the most happy moments of life—among life's most happy reminiscences there is this one which you can never recall."

To the hard-working student, Christmas is also a time of joy. Separated as he has been for four long months from those who are nearest and dearest to him on earth—from father, mother, brothers, sisters, and kind friends, he is o'joyed to think that on this day, he can again enjoy the society of dear ones for a few days, and then, return refreshed both in mind and body, to pursue those studies which will in time enable him to meet and successfully overcome every obstacle to future happiness and prosperity. Christmas, then, is a day of universal joy, and is universally kept. And at Notre Dame, which geographically considered, is but an infinitesimal part of this vast globe, Christmas was duly celebrated. As our limited space will not allow us to chronicle every event which transpired on that day, let it suffice to say that the Seniors, Juniors, and ever-happy Minims enjoyed themselves to their hearts content. As has always been the custom here, Solemn Midnight Mass was celebrated in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart with all the pomp and splendor which the solemnity of the occasion requires. It was really a grand sight, and one not easily forgotten, to behold the magnificent bronzed altar ablaze with the lights of the many candles upon it, and from the reflection of those in the many chandeliers, and from the many sanctuary lamps which adorn the Sanctuary. Then, the long procession of the clergy and celebrant, preceded by eighteen acolytes, as they wended their way from the sacristy to the high altar, 'mid the melodious strains of one of the largest organs in America, made an impression on the senses of all present which time will easily forgotten, to behold the magnificent bronzed altar ablaze with the lights of the many candles upon it, and from the reflection of those in the many chandeliers, and from the many sanctuary lamps which adorn the Sanctuary.

The fashion of trimming and clipping had not then entered every one of them young aspirants to Holy Orders, although in quite various degrees of advancement. Some had finished their studies, and awaited only the completion of the canonical age for ordination. Others were in the midst of their theology, and others had barely commenced the humanities. Such was the home and such the companions of Father Lilly's boyhood. The leisure never recall."}

On Christmas Day, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by R. Rev. Bishop Dufuf, of Galveston, Texas, who has been visiting our University, assisted by Very Rev. Father Corby, Rev. Fathers Lounge and L'Etourneau. The choir under the able instruction of Rev. Father Frère, had practiced a Mass in four parts, which they rendered at this Mass in a very satisfactory manner. Rev. Father Walsh preached a very impressive sermon on the Birth of Christ. After Mass all repaired to the refectory where ample justice was done to the good things with which the dinner table was treated. Vesper, which was sung by the Bishop, terminated the religious celebration of the day. The evening was pleasantly passed by the students, who amused themselves in many ways and managed to have a good time generally.

May we enjoy many a merry Christmas ad multos annos.

It is especially encouraging to one who can command but few external advantages, to reflect that he is by no means dependent upon them for his success in life. It is true that the best results may be expected where a strong self-energy comes under instruction and wise guidance; but while the latter alone can do nothing, the former alone can do much. Besides, it is never quite alone. Capacity and industry always find appreciation and help, and are apt to make themselves all the more useful for their scarcity. All young persons especially can be, and should resolve to be, self-made.
invention is worthily ascribed to a Virgin Martyr, can alone excite.

The great catastrophe which destroyed our former college buildings, was in some degree the accelerating cause of Father Lilly’s death. Of an excitable temperament, and anxious to save the valuable instruments that were exposed to danger, he over-exerted himself, nor would he even then take the care of his health that its delicacy demanded. During the ensuing summer he worked with the men that were rebuilding the college, amid the dust and confusion of the vast brick-pile. Finally, consumption set in, and he was confined to the house. When the boys returned in September, the loss of the leader of the band was felt more than any of the necessary trials incident to a residence in an unfinished abode. Still it was hoped he would recover. Not until the end approached did his friends give up all hope.

Rev. E. I. Lilly was born in 1845, at Lancaster, Ohio, and died Dec. 30, 1879, in his room in the Presbytery at Notre Dame, being thirty-four years old. His family is from the western part of Sussex, England, and musical talent is an hereditary privilege with them. His grandmother, Mrs. Redman, now residing at St. Mary’s Academy, together with his mother and sister, who are religious of the Congregation of Holy Cross, are alike distinguished for musical taste and skill. In him Notre Dame has lost not only a favorite child, but one of the co-operators of her era of early progress. May he rest in peace.

Shakespeare’s Seven Ages.

In Professor Proctor’s justly celebrated lecture on Astrology he makes a singular mistake. Having given the astrological order of the planets, as established by the Egyptians, by comparison of the relative swiftness of their apparent motions among the fixed stars, as follows: the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn; he proceeds:

“Again, the planets were supposed to have special influence on the seven ages of human life. The infant ‘mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms,’ was very appropriately dedicated to the moist moon; the whining schoolboy (did schoolboys whine in the days of good Queen Bess?) was less appropriately assigned to Mercury, the patron of those who eagerly seek after knowledge; then, very naturally, the lover sighing like furnace was regarded as the special favorite of Venus. Thus far the order has been that of the seven planets of the ancient astrology, in supposed position. Now, however, we have to pass over the sun, finding Mars the patron of mid-life, appropriately (in this respect) presiding over the soldier full of strange oaths, and so forth; the ‘justice in fair round belly with good capon lined’ is watched over by the respectable sun; maturer age by Jupiter; and lastly old age, by Saturn.”

Now, what is there “jovial” about the “lean and slippered pantaloon, with spectacles on nose and pouch on side; his youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide,” etc.? Is not the gentleman indisputably saturnine? And “second childishness, and mere oblivion,”—why should it be under a different planetary influence from the first childishness? It belongs also to the moon. What, then, is to become of Jupiter? Is he to be left out? No; give him the “justice, with fair round belly,” etc., and leave out Apollo, who would never preside over so obese and inartistic a personage.

And why must the Sun be left out? Is not one of the seven ages beneath his influence? One of the seven, yes; but not one of Shakespeare’s seven. The character into whose mouth Shakespear puts the lines in question, is disposed to take a cynical view of human life. For him, infancy is without tenderness, and old age without honor. Manhood, accordingly, is robbed of its prime—that happy period which follows the subsidence of boyish passions and precedes the imperious desire to rule his fellow-men, which is apt to prevail as the freshness of life passes away. This interval between the age of Venus and that of Mars is governed by the Sun, and the established order of the seven planets is maintained throughout. After old age has passed its saturnine period, the series may begin again. That is, if humanity exceed the term of three-score years and ten, designed for its earthly sojourn, an eighth age, under the dominion of the moon, will supervene.

This age Shakespeare has made the seventh, omitting the fourth of the regular series. Observe, how naturally the astrological character ascribed to the different planets now fits each,—Mercury not excepted, for the schoolboy is ever eager in the acquisition of knowledge, although perhaps not of the kind of knowledge that his teachers think best adapted to his needs. If a man survive the influence of the moon which is exercised in bringing about his “second childishness,” the reign of Mercury again begins,—the storehouse of memory, although closed awhile by “mere oblivion,” is reopened, and the venerable counsellor becomes the benefactor and delight of the rising generation.

Personal.

—Mr. E. G. Ohmer, of ’73, is now in business for himself at Fargo, Dakota Ter., and doing well, which all his old friends will be glad to hear.

—Mrs. Clara Semmes Fitzgerald, from whom a very pleasant and welcome letter was received on New Year’s Day, sends kindest regards to all her friends at Notre Dame.

—Rev. Father Carrier, C. S. C, desires to be affectionately remembered to all his old-time friends at Notre Dame. His health is excellent. He still continues a professor at St. Laurent College where he is much beloved.

—We had a call this week from our old and esteemed friend T. M. O’Leary, of ’74, who is as genial and jovial as ever. Dull care doesn’t seem to worry him in the least. Tom is still engaged in teaching the young idea how to sprout and make a healthy growth at Middletown, Ohio, and is quite successful as a teacher.

—The Rev. T. O’Sullivan, of La Porte, proverbial for being late at train time, accomplished a remarkable feat a few days ago. The train for Plymouth leaves La Porte 10:20 a.m. Father Sullivan was Plymouth-bound; he left the post-office block at 10:20 a.m., having to run (as usual) the remaining distance to the depot, 963 feet and 11 inches, and to the surprise of all who watched the effort, he beat the train, which was ten minutes late! This is called the fastest time on record.

—Rev. Father Knox, of the dioceae of St. Johns, New Brunswick, and an old student of Memramcooe, N. B., has been spending the holidays at Notre Dame among both his old friends, and the many new ones he has made since coming. At the High Mass of Sunday last, he favored us with a beautiful and very pointed sermon upon the infinite merits of the Precious Blood and the great devotion that should be given to it. The discourse was indeed both interesting and instructive. We hope that the visits of Father Knox may be frequent.

—A joyful surprise is but a weak expression of the pleasure we felt on entering a room in the College one day this week, and beholding there the genial face of good Bro.
Alban, from Watertown, Wis. A multitude of happy remembrances of days spent with and under him rushed to his mind in a second. Our only sorrow, was that he had but one day to spend with us. Of course he was kept busy running among his friends, for he has a host of them, who were delighted to see him. We hope he will come again soon, and that we may have more time to visit with him.

—Rev. D. A. Clarke was raised to the dignity of the priesthood last week at St. Joseph's Cathedral, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Burgess, of Detroit. The conferring of honors in favor of the new priest was a source of much happiness to the whole community. The ceremony was attended by a large concourse of people gathered together to witness the ever-interesting ceremony of ordination, and at the close of Mass to receive the first blessing of the newly-ordained, one who had grown up from childhood in their midst. The Bishop was assisted at the ceremony by Very Rev. N. A. Gallagher, of the Cathedral, and Rev. C. Kelly, S.T.D., of Detroit. The following priests were also present in the sanctuary: Fathers Meara, Mulhane and Hanan of the Cathedral, Madden and McGuirk of St. Patrick's, Ahrens of Holy Cross, Speirs of St. Mary's, Hayes of Holy Family, Goldsmith, Vincent of Orphan Asylum, Jesing of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, Campbell of Denson, Fitzgerald of McCluny, Weisberg of Sausal-HiLL.—Catholic Columbian.

The above, we are sure, will be grateful news to the students of '87-74, to all of whom Father Clarke was so favorably known as a student and professor. As a student, he was esteemed and loved by all, and each annual commencement distinguished himself by carrying off the highest honors in class and conduct. As a professor, he won the affection and confidence of his co-laborers and pupils by his amiable manners, and the zeal with which he gave himself to his work. In Father Clarke, the diocese of Columbus has the pride of seeing him have ever shown himself to be a fervent Christian, an accomplished scholar, and a polished gentleman. Without being a prophet we can unhesitatingly say, that if God grants him life and health, he is destined to do great good, whatever may be his sphere of action. He is, and ever has been, an honor to his Alma Mater, and Notre Dame justly feels proud of him.

Local Items.

—"Guess who's in town?"
—The light excursion was enjoyed by all.
—Christmas and New Year's boxes by the score.
—Bro. Alban reported all well and happy at Watertown.
—B. Thomas "set them up" on Christmas and New Year's.
—Alec and Mergy gave entire satisfaction during the holidays.
—The St. Cecilians return thanks to Bros. Leander and Simon, C. S. C., for kind favors.
—Masters O. Farrelly and J. Cabel were the head servers on Christmas Day.
—The Buckeyes beat the Michiganers in a game of handball during the holidays.
—The Guardian Angels presented a fine appearance on Christmas Day. They served well.
—The Rev. Prefect of Discipline, Bros. Theodore and Leander accompanied the boys to Chicago.
—The Juniors return their sincere thanks to the members of the faculty for favors received during the holidays.
—Master J. Guthrie had a pleasant trip to the St. Joe Farm, with a member of the faculty, on Monday last.
—Santa Claus paid his annual visit to the Minims on Christmas Eve and found them ready with stockings hanging.
—Happily all the students who remained during the holidays obtained permission to make at least one visit to South Bend.
—The St. Cecilia Philomathem Society tender Prof. J. F. Edwards many thanks for favors received at the last Entertainment.

—Santa Claus's stock of presents must have been exhausted when he reached the second Junior dormitory, as only two were favored with gifts.
—Master J. Gibbons deserves special mention for the efficient manner in which he discharged his duty as censor-bearer at the Pontifical High Mass on Christmas Day.
—The South Bend Tribune's kind notice of "Preludes," which was handed to Rev. Father Hudson's classes, passed without catching his eye. Such things rarely escape him.
—Mr. J. J. McGrath, No. 174 and 176 State Street, Chicago, has a unanimous vote of thanks from the St. Cecilians for a beautiful Christmas present for their Society-room.

—The Minims drove out to the farm on Monday last. The other departments would probably have gone and done likewise had they not lost too much valuable time in waiting for the snowstorm that never came.
—During the holidays we had the pleasure of a visit from Bro. Alban who, both as prefect and teacher, is so favorably remembered at Notre Dame. Bro. Alban is at present stationed at the College of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis.
—Among those parents who visited their sons here during the holidays were Mrs. Droste and daughter of Cincinnati, Mr. E. D. Bannister and wife, of Launcerburgh, Ind., Mrs. John R. Kelly, of Washington, D. C., Mr. A. Molander, of Chicago, Ill., and Mrs. John R. Kelly, of Washington, D. C., Mr. A. Molander, of Chicago, Ill.
—The skating on both lakes was very fine during the holidays, and pleased those who remained at the College no end of enjoyment. A good fall of snow was anxiously looked for, as the boys wished to take a good sleigh-ride, but unfortunately they were disappointed.

—The Scholastic Annual for 1890, Prof. J. A. Lyons' spicy little production, is out. It contains valuable information and choice original and selected miscellany. Send for a copy to (J. A. Lyons) the University of Notre Dame; price 20 cents.—Western Home Journal, Detroit.
—Bro. Theodore, prefect of the Senior Department, spent the greater part of the holidays at his home in Watertown, Wis. He reports the college to be in a prosperous condition. Father Colovin, so well known and favorably remembered at Notre Dame, is at present in charge of both boy and college.
—On the 29th inst. the Minims made their usual Christmas holiday's excursion to the St. Joe Farm. The mild weather with which they were favored on the day in question, rendered the trip very enjoyable. Their nine mile ride out there, it is unnecessary to remark, caused all at Notre Dame to feel the generous fare received for their benefit by their kind friends of the prairie home-stead.

—Professor J. A. Lyons, of Notre Dame University, Indiana, sends us his well-known and popular Scelastic Annual. This year in its fifty-second appearance, it is a volume of excellent matter and is in every way much superior to the ordinary almanacs of the day. We are sure that every friend of Notre Dame is also a friend of one of the most generous souls of its faculty, and will aid in popularizing this little annual.—Catholic Review.

—The last number of The Catholic Union, of Buffalo, edited by Rev. Father Cronin, the priest and poet, has the following notice of Prof. Lyons's Annual: "The Scholastic Annual for the Year of our Lord 1889. By Prof. J. A. Lyons, University of Notre Dame, Ind. To a bright and sparkling little annual. It contains seventy-six pages of wholesome, useful and entertaining matter. Professor Lyons makes a capital selection. A full alphabetical and calendar index is given, and sorrow is given away. The astrological predictions of a startling but humorous nature.

—The following compliment is paid Prof. Lyons's Annual by the editor of the newsy and spicy Western Watchman, of St. Louis, Mo., a journal that keeps its place with the best.

The Scholastic Annual for the Year of Our Lord, 1889.

By J. A. Lyons, University of Notre Dame, Ind. The fifth number of the pleasant little annual has some very interesting reading in it. True, most of it is compiled; but there are few who could compile with such taste and skill. The matter is also very agreeably alternated, grave and gay, serious and jocose. Where can we call a first-rate number. Price, 25 cents. For sale by P. Fox, 14 S. Fifth Street.

—Bro. Edward, C. S. C., has the thanks of the College Librarian for the following donations: The complete works of Flavius Josephus, the learned and authentic Jewish historian, translated by William Whiston, A. M.; "H. A. de Fehr's, The Jeunis, their Studies and Teaching," by the Abbé Maynard; "The True and False Infallibility of the Popes," by Dr. Joseph Fesseler; "The Vatican Decrees, in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance," by Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster; Bishop Vaughan's Pastoral Letter—Submission to a Divine Teacher neither Disloyalty nor the Surrender of Mental and Moral Freedom; Dr. Newman's Reply and Postscript to the latter, with Decrees and Canons of the Vatican Council.

—We are called upon to make the sad announcement of the death of Rev. E. Lilly, the musical instructor of Notre Dame, which occurred last night. Father Lilly has been in delicate health for some time, from the effects of a cold which he contracted last July, while assisting in the rebuilding of the new College, in which he took an active part. He has since been failing, the disease taking the form of consumption. Father Lilly was an accomplished musician and a thoroughly cultured gentleman in every respect. He was possessed of a pleasant, cheerful disposition and his loss will be deeply felt by his associates, and the pupils of Notre Dame. His age was 44 years. Father Lilly was practically a child of Notre Dame, most of the years of his life been spent there. The funeral services will be held in the Church at Notre Dame to-morrow forenoon.—South Bend Daily Tribune.

—The handsomest tribute we have yet seen to Notre Dame is a volume from the press of Cunningham & Son, Philadelphia, published to aid in the rebuilding of the University. The author is the well known poet, Maurice F. Egan, whose dainty verses have given him a foremost place among the American poets. Mr. Egan is a musician as well as a poet. Listen to him play music if you will; but if you will not, at least drop something into my hand. No one can take "Prelude no. 1" without reading its charming lines from beginning to end. None of his music, however, bears listening to afterwards he would be a niggard, indeed, who would not drop the wherewithal to give him ownership of the book and the same time aid in rebuilding an educational institution whose value cannot be estimated. Mr. Egan has dedicated his book to one of the best young men of the day, Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., the accomplished scholar and successful editor of Ave Maria, one of the leading Catholic magazines of the age.—South Bend Daily Tribune.

—The Juniors were busily engaged during the greater part of the holidays in getting their Oaths of Allegiance. The committee worked with a will, determined that their tree should equal at least, if it did not surpass that of last year; and they had reason to be more than satisfied with the results of their labors. All the members of the committee contributed liberally, and the members of the Faculty who had remained at the College during the holidays assisted in making it a success. The presents were drawn on Tuesday, Dec. 23d. The tree was generally decorated, and its branches fairly groaned beneath the weight of upwards of two hundred and seventy-five prizes. All the dainties and delicacies of the season appeared in profusion, besides a large number of books, toilet ornaments and toys, etc., without number. The prizes which seemed to be looked upon as the most desirable fell to the share of Master Frank H. Grever of Cincinnati, Ohio. All things considered, we do not know any better means of occupying the attention of boys during the holidays than by interesting them in a Christmas tree. After the devoted prefects, Bros. Leander, and Lawrence, the principal credit of the success is largely due to the energy of the members of the committee, Masters F. Grever, J. A. Gibbons, G. Foster, W. J. McCarthy, A. P. Perley, and A. S. Rock.

—Preludes. By Maurice F. Egan. (Published to aid in the rebuilding of the University of Notre Dame). Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son, 517 Arch Street. 1889.

Under this modest title, Mr. Egan has published a volume of excellent sonnets. We recognize in them the same characteristics, though further developed and more mature than those which marked previous efforts—a genuine appreciation of the beautiful in nature, combined with insight into its spiritual meaning and as resulting therefrom, a sound, healthy moral element and purity of thought, which contrast broadly and most favorably with the shallow, mawkish, prurient sentimentalism of much of our modern poetry. Mr. Egan has evidently grown since his previous volume of poems was given to the public—grown in breadth and depth of sentiment, and in mastery over his own thoughts and ideas. With this has he come to more freedom and more power. We are glad to see in the poems which make up this volume an entire absence, so far as we as yet have read it, of those marks of haste and of that which frequently show themselves in the productions of young writers. There is nothing of this that we have noticed. Each of the "Preludes" we have read are like carefully cut and polished precious stones.

—Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The members of the Chemistry class have had a number of beautiful flowers in the flower-bed contributed liberally, and the members of the Faculty who had remained at the College during the holidays assisted in making it a success. The presents were drawn on Tuesday, Dec. 23d. The tree was generally decorated, and its branches fairly groaned beneath the weight of upwards of two hundred and seventy-five prizes. All the dainties and delicacies of the season appeared in profusion, besides a large number of books, toilet ornaments and toys, etc., without number. The prizes which seemed to be looked upon as the most desirable fell to the share of Master Frank H. Grever of Cincinnati, Ohio. All things considered, we do not know any better means of occupying the attention of boys during the holidays than by interesting them in a Christmas tree. After the devoted prefects, Bros. Leander, and Lawrence, the principal credit of the success is largely due to the energy of the members of the committee, Masters F. Grever, J. A. Gibbons, G. Foster, W. J. McCarthy, A. P. Perley, and A. S. Rock.

—At the regular meeting of St. Gertrude's German Literary Society the reading was "Aus der Geschichte der Völker," "Die Verehrung der Töchter," and "Die Wiehlein," by the Reverend Pater F. Geißer, of Munich; and "Die Wiehlein," by Miss Gall.

—At the regular meeting of St. Clothilde's French Literary Society the reading was "Haute Education intellectuelle," by Mgr. Dupanloup. Very satisfactory accounts of
At the regular reunion in the Junior Department the reading was "A Little Sermon"—author not given,—by Miss I. Hackett; "Politesse d'un roi," by Miss S. Papin; "The Elements," by Miss C. Campbell; and "Ounce in David's Royal City," by Miss E. Hackett.

Rev. Father Zumh, of the University, delivered a lecture on Wednesday at 5 o'clock p.m. Subject, electro-magnetism. Many interesting experiments were made by the Rev. lecturer. The constant close attention and eager interest of his audience must have gratified the speaker.

Visitors: Mrs. Mayor Tong, Miss Tong, Miss Keedy, Mrs. Prof. Howard, Mrs. Johnson, P. E. Rupp, M. D., Mrs. Dr. Rupp, Mr. Clees, Mrs. Matthews, South Bend; Mr. Felipe Chavez, Belen, New Mexico; Rev. F. J. Abbot, Rev. J. P. Claffey, Mr. Herrick, Mr. Garrity, Mr. McGrath, Mr. G. Taylor, Mrs. Chynny, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Klein, Mendon, Mich.; Mrs. Brown, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. McGary, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. McKiley, W. H. De Lapp, M. D., Muskegon, Mich.; Mr. Hambleton, Culpe, Ohio; Mr. Murphy, Clinton, Iowa; Mr. Julius, Niles, Mich.; Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Taylor, Goshen, Ind.; Miss Gavin, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. McCormick, Ada, Mich.; Miss Matthews, Waterbury Conn.

An informal meeting of St. Teresa's Literary Society was held on Monday. The Graduate's were called upon for an original essay. "Reason, the Handmaid of Faith," written by the members of that class, was then read. The First Senior Class, an essay entitled, "The Dignity of Woman," was given by the young ladies respecting the proper spiritual and temporal grandeur of the Christmas holidays. The nature of the great festival was cited, as the key-note to the proper spirit which should actuate all Counsel, more especially adapted to those about to depart for their homes, in order to spend the Christmas season with their dear ones there to be united, was added; thoughtful affection for parents, brothers and sisters; consideration and delicate attention to everyone; visits to the poor and suffering, alms-giving, and acts of loving self-denial, were brought forth, as constituting the most acceptable gifts to proffer the Infant Prince of Peace, whose Birth we commemorate on Christmas Day.

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11:05 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 3:30 p.m.; Cleveland 10:30 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

12:16 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 10:30 a.m., Cleveland 5:30, Buffalo, 11 a.m.

5:40 and 6:40 p.m., Way Freight.

GOING WEST.

2:43 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3:35 a.m., Chicago 6:35 a.m.

5:05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5:50 a.m., Chicago 8:30 a.m.

4:50 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 4:10, Chicago 6:10 p.m.

8:32 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9:05 a.m., Chicago, 11:50 a.m.

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